

SHADOWRUN

GHOST CARTELS™



CATALYST
game labs™

A SHADOWRUN CAMPAIGN

A BAD BEAT ROCKS THE STREET

The shadows are abuzz about the new drug in the sprawl: tempo. It takes the user on a unique trip, better than anything experienced before. Druggies can't get enough of the stuff, and even beetleheads are giving it a shot. Tempo's popularity shifts the balance of power between the syndicates and soon the blood and bullets are flowing. **Ghost Cartels** drops the runners into the action, involving them in the drug deals and power plays shaking up Seattle, Los Angeles, and Hong Kong—even taking them all the way to the jungles of South America.



SHADOWRUN

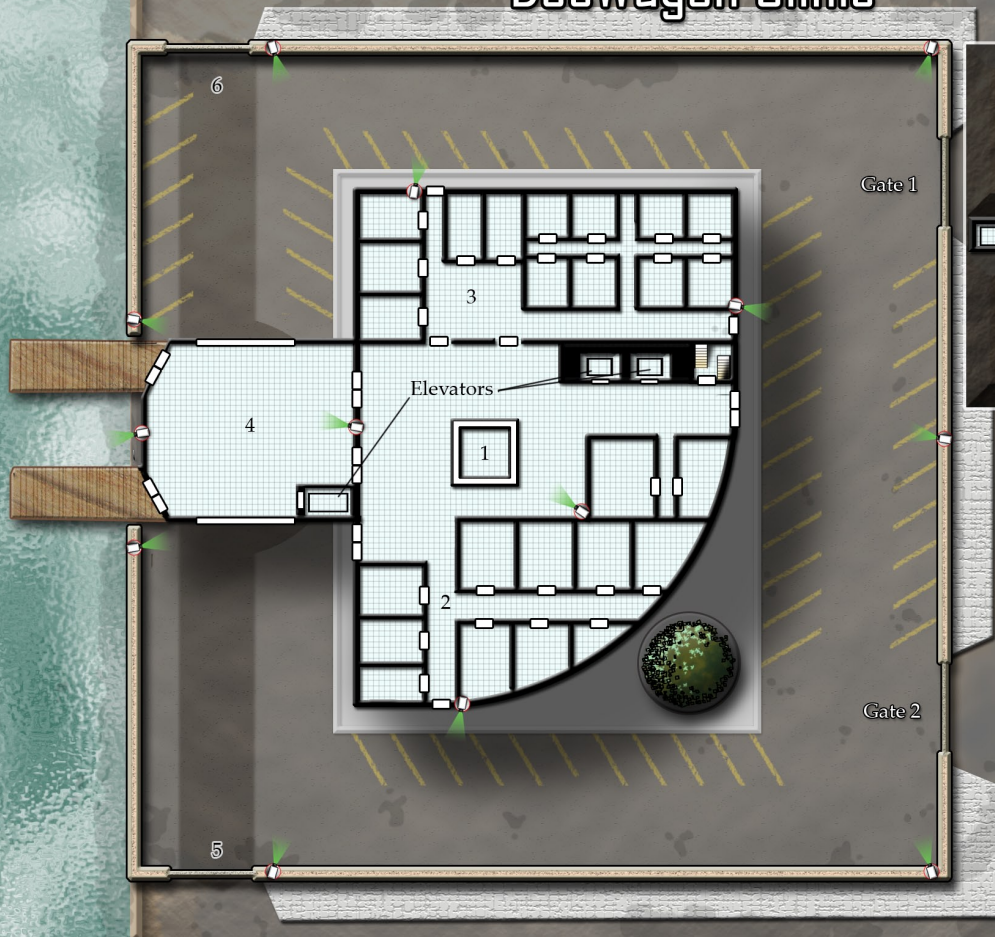
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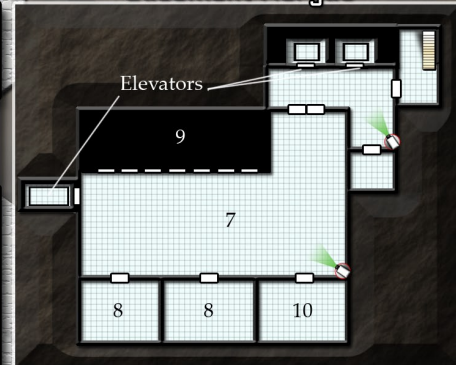
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WEBSITE: CATALYSTGAMELABS.COM

DocWagon Clinic



Basement Morgue



1. Reception Area
2. Clinic Offices & Triage
3. Admin & Temp Housing
4. Garage & Internal Docks
5. Ambulance Entrance
6. Employee Gate
7. Morgue
8. Storage Rooms
9. Cold Storage Lockers
10. Coroner's Office

10 Meters



SCM

Caine's Den



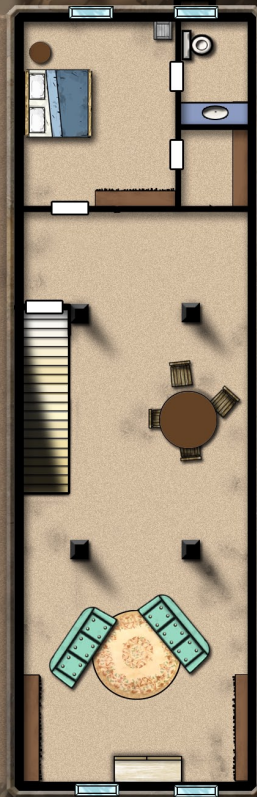
1st Floor



2nd Floor



3rd Floor



4th Floor

10 Meters

SCM

Garden of Eden

(Backroom)

- 1. Casino
- 2. Admin Offices
- 3. Stairs to Basement
- 4. Private Game Room
- 5. Interrogation Room
- 6. Casino Kitchen
- 7. Storage
- 8. Employee Entrance
- 9. Sewer Pipe

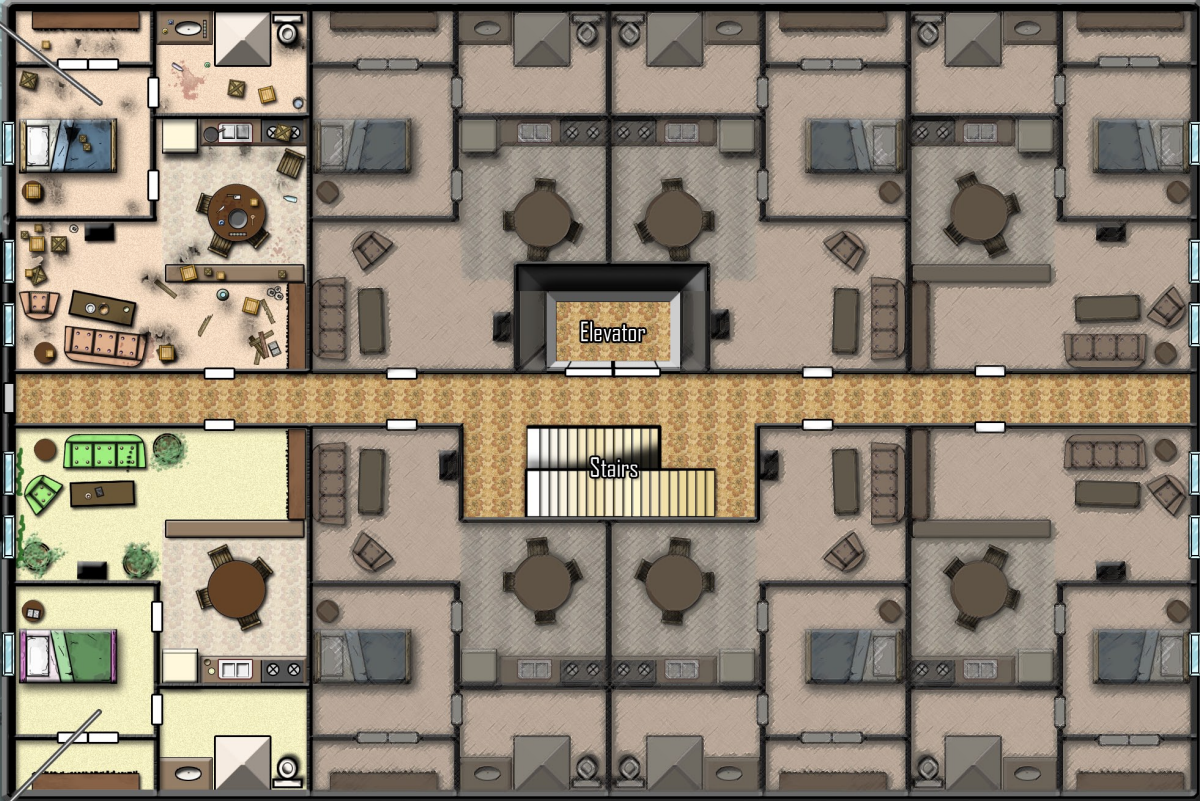


Vilamoura's Apartments

Drug Lab Apartment



Fire Escape



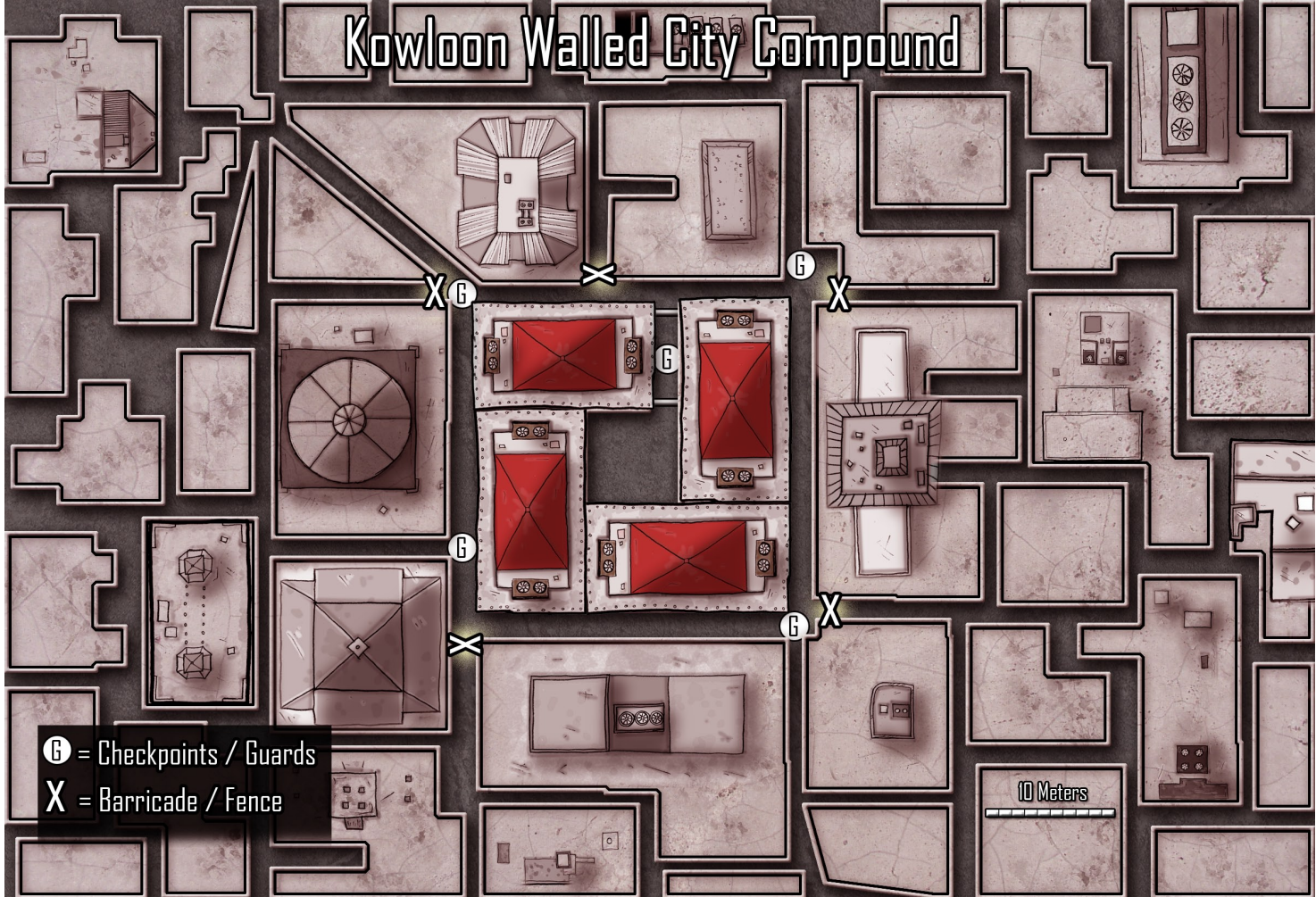
Vilamoura's Apartment

10 Meters



SCM

Kowloon Walled City Compound



G = Checkpoints / Guards

X = Barricade / Fence

10 Meters

Kodachi Stronghold



1st Floor

2nd Floor

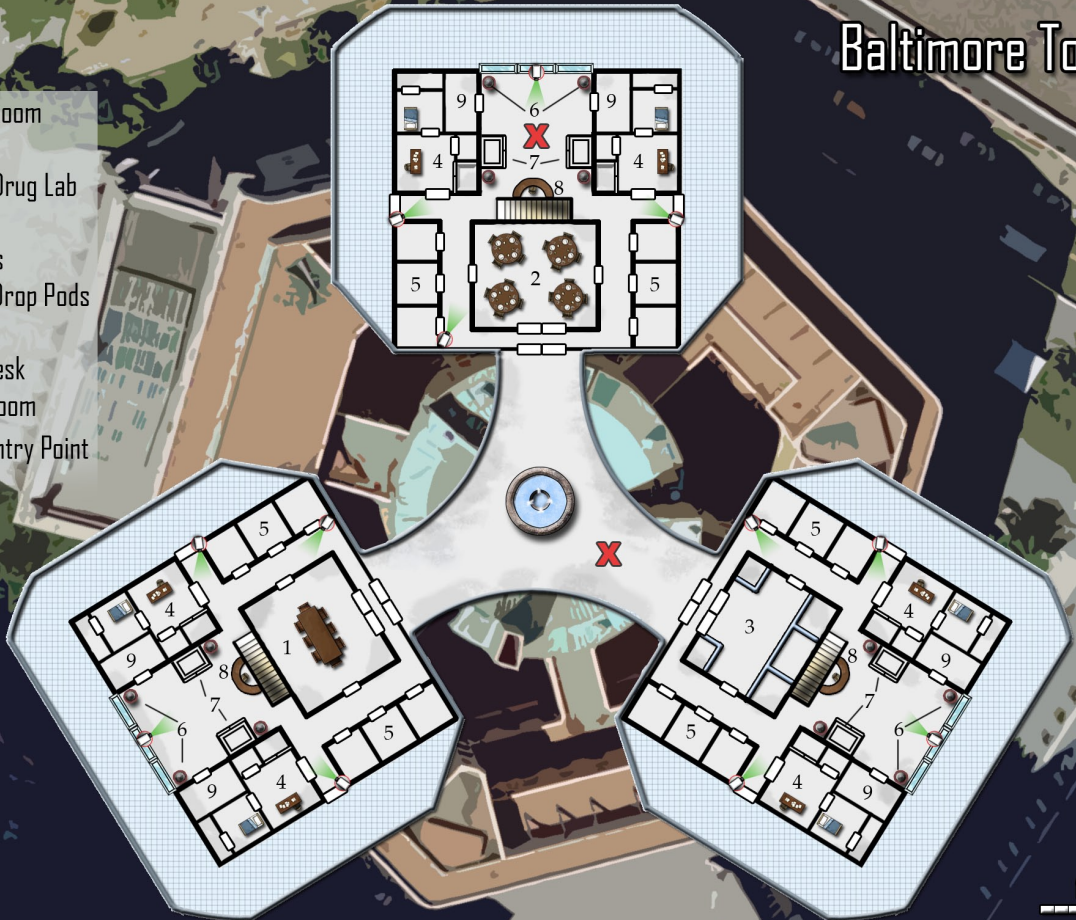
3rd Floor

10 Meters

SCM

Baltimore Towers

- 1. Conference Room
- 2. Dining Room
- 3. Improvised Drug Lab
- 4. Office Suite
- 5. Small Offices
- 6. Emergency Drop Pods
- 7. Elevators
- 8. Reception Desk
- 9. Public Restroom
- X** Attackers' Entry Point

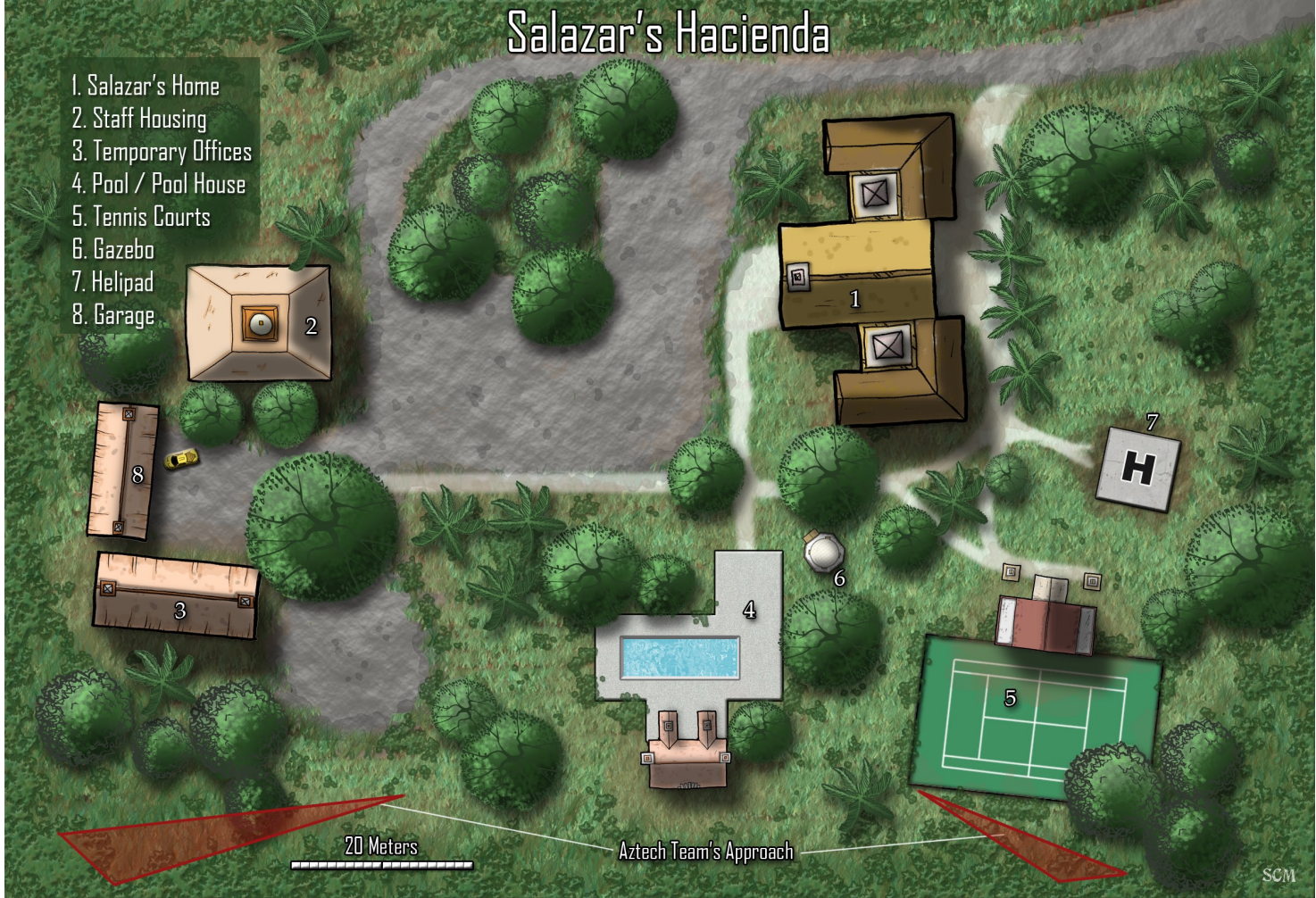


10 Meters

SCM

Salazar's Hacienda

1. Salazar's Home
2. Staff Housing
3. Temporary Offices
4. Pool / Pool House
5. Tennis Courts
6. Gazebo
7. Helipad
8. Garage



20 Meters

Aztech Team's Approach

SCM

Primeira Vaga Terreiro

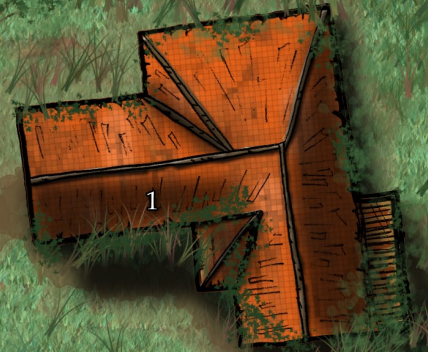


2



3

4



1

6

5

- 1. Fazenda/Main House
- 2. Old Coffee Mill/Tempo Storage
- 3. Senzala/Magical Lodge
- 4. Terreiro/Ritual Area
- 5. Gameleira Orchard
- 6. Shooting Range

10 Meters



SCM

GHOST CARTELS



**CATALYST
GAME LABS**

... TABLE OF CONTENTS ...

JACKPOINT LOGIN	4	FIRST TASTE	60
A NEW HIGH	5	I'M YOUR PUSHER	62
Street Vibe: Drug Haze or Magic Boost?	8	What Is Going On	62
NSI Editorial: Gang Violence on the Rise	14	THE BIG PICTURE	64
In Memorium: Maria Jones	14	Flashpoint: Seattle	65
Drug-Related Gangland Shooting Claims 10	14	ALLIES, ANTAGONISTS AND COMPLICATIONS	66
Gang Warfare	17	ADVENTURE FRAMEWORKS	70
Drug-Fueled Party Leads to		A Stranger in Our House, Part I	70
Sexual Assault, International Incident	19	A Stranger in Our House, Part II	72
Global Distribution	22	Body Snatchers	73
So What Is It?	26	Dirty Pretty Money	77
Hong Kong Flareups	27	The Trouble with Tempo	78
Interpol Priority Inter-Agency Alert	29	Tokyo Fireworks	81
UoS Students Expelled	29	Spin-Offs and Sidejobs: Adventure Seeds	84
Knight Errant Tempo Assessment and Analysis	31	CAST OF SHADOWS	84
Orange Alert: Communiqué 71-08-49	34	Kaz Yakamura	84
Matrix Trafficking of Tempo Growing Problem	36	Dae	84
LA Bloodbath	38	Chikao Inoue	86
Prelim Incident Report, File 711211-0624-LMW	38	Chulsoon Gray-Wolf	86
Wanted: Graciela Riveros	43	Caine	87
GAME INFORMATION	46	Alec Littletree	87
Gameplan	46	Xa Firebird	87
As Time Goes By	46	GRUNTS AND MOVING TARGETS	88
Get Connected	48	THE SOURCE	92
Hey Man, Nice One-Shot	48	JUMP START	94
The Razor's Edge	48	SEATTLE: THE FIRST TASTE IS FREE CHEAP	94
In The Line of Fire	49	What's Going Down in Seattle	94
NOTES AND RESTS: TIMELINE	50	Allies, Antagonists and Others	95
PROS AND CONS	52	SEATTLE ADVENTURE FRAMEWORK	96
The Usual Suspects	52	Flipside	96
The Ghost Cartels	54	Seattle Spin-Offs and Sidejobs	100
KondOrchid	55	HONG KONG: SMOKE ON THE STREETS	100
THE TEMPO WORLD TOUR	55	WHAT'S GOING ON IN HONG KONG	100
CAST OF SHADOWS	56	Flashpoint: Hong Kong Free Enterprise Zone	101
Jaime Salazar	56	ALLIES, ANTAGONISTS AND OTHERS	102
Henry Uribe	56	HONG KONG ADVENTURE FRAMEWORKS	103
Graciela Riveros	57	Retributive First Strike	103
Riveros Possessed	58	The Kowloon Massacre	105
TEMPO	58	Hong Kong Spin-Offs and Sidejobs	107



NEO-TOKYO: BETRAYALS	107
WHAT'S GOING ON IN NEO-TOKYO	107
Flashpoint: Neo Tokyo	108
Allies, Antagonists and Others	109
NEO-TOKYO ADVENTURE FRAMEWORKS	110
Boom and Bust	110
Expendable Assets	112
Neo-Tokyo Spin-Offs and Sidejobs: Adventure Seeds	114
LOS ANGELES: EVE OF THE STORM	114
What's Going On In Los Angeles	114
Flashpoint: Los Angeles	115
Allies, Antagonists and Others	116
LOS ANGELES ADVENTURE FRAMEWORK	117
Problem on Approach	117
Los Angeles Spin-Offs and Sidejobs	118
CAST OF SHADOWS	119
Sacristán	119
Jorge Rhys	119
Hak	121
Tse Ye Mu	121
Jurojin	122
Smalls	122
José Vilamoura	122
Vilamoura Possessed	122
Yama King Chin You	123
GRUNTS AND MOVING TARGETS	123
THE FINAL CUT	126
RISE AND FALL OF TEMPO	128
WHAT'S GOING ON	128
ALLIES, ANTAGONISTS AND OTHERS	129
THE BIG PICTURE	132
The Underworld	132
Aztlán and Amazonia	132
The Secret of Tempo	133
Primeira Vaga	134
FLASHPOINT: DISTRITO CARACAS	134
FLASHPOINT: ESTADO AMAZONAS E PARÁ	136
ADVENTURE FRAMEWORKS	137
Escape from LA	137
Cleaning House, Part I	140
Cleaning House, Part II	142
Burned at Both Ends	144
Betrayal	146
Wrap Party	150
Spin-Offs And Sidejobs: Adventure Seeds	150
CAST OF SHADOWS	151
Tenoch	151
César Da Silva	152
Yajé	154
Rayo, Ork Gangboss	154
Domingo 'Ding' Ramos	154
GRUNTS AND MOVING TARGETS	155
MAPS	75
DocWagon Clinic	75
Caine's Pad	79
Garden of Eden (Backroom)	83
Vilamoura's Apartment	98
Kowloon	107
Kodachi Stronghold	113
Baltimore Towers	139
Salazar's Hacienda	145
Primeira Vaga Terreiro	149

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(cool links)
<http://forums.dumpshock.com>
(Shadowrun fan forum)



Connecting Jackpoint VPN ...
 ... Matrix Access ID Spoofed.
 ... Encryption Keys Generated.
 ... Connected to Onion Routers.
 > Login

 > Enter Passcode

 ... Biometric Scan Confirmed.
 Connected to <ERROR: NODE UNKNOWN>
 "Corporation: An ingenious device for obtaining
 individual profit without individual responsibility."

JackPoint Stats
 34 users currently active in the network

Latest News
 * <sticky> This private p2p MoSoSo network is now gamma. There isn't software anywhere that doesn't have a fault, though, so report any glitches to me. - FastJack
 * <101171> I've finally updated the JackPoint Filofax and JobBank subsystems so you shouldn't get the 4011 error. [Download 1.8b patch]. - FastJack

Personal Alerts
 * Your "xploit3r" agent has an 2 urgent messages for you
 * You have 8 new private messages
 * You have 2 message queued for anonymous re-routing
 * You have 18 new responses to your JackPoint posts
 * You have an appointment with Mr J in 19 hours, 12 minutes [agenda]
 * Your Shagalicious friend of the week Unna will be at Dante's Inferno tonight [map]

Your Current Rep Score: 48 (93% Positive)

Current Time: November 27, 2071, 2115

- PREFERENCES
- FEEDS
- TASKS
- LINKS
- HISTORY

Welcome back to JackPoint, omae;
 your last connection was severed:
 7 hours, 08 minutes, 41 seconds ago



Today's Heads Up

- * The latest buzz on AR, VR, Technomancers and AIs has you confused? Well, everything you ever wanted to know about the Matrix 2.0 (and some you didn't) is in this guide to the digital dataverse. [Tag: [Unwired](#)]
- * If you've been to the wild side and returned to yak about it, how about sharing your thoughts on our guide to the great urban wildernesses of the day? [Tag: [Feral Cities](#)]

Incoming

- * I'm looking to expand the JackPoint functionality with several new database resources, an expanded toolset, and several advanced options aimed at all you runners out there. The rundown on the new options will be available in this handy guide. [Tag: [Runner's Companion](#)]

Top News Items

- * Gang clashes in Tacoma (Seattle) claimed another three victims on Friday. This latest episode, in what has been the most violent outbreak of gangland conflict in the last decade, prompted Metroplex Governor Brackhaven to declare, "I wish to reassure Seattle citizens that this mayhem will not be allowed to continue unchecked. My office is coordinating closely with Lone Star, the Metroplex Guard, and Federal authorities to cut this problem at the root." [Link](#).
- * The UCAS Department of State has heightened the travel advisory warning for the Caracas to Category Two after three UCAS citizens were abducted by armed gunmen in the city yesterday. The fate of the three men, forensics experts attached to Interpol, remains unknown. The DoS noted that the change in status had been under consideration since September. Category Two advisory, the second lowest among four levels, is applied to countries where travelers are urged to take safety precautions and to carefully consider the necessity of their visit. [Link](#).
- * Talks between the UN Secretary General's office and representatives of the virtuakinetic and synthetic intelligences that continue to hold the Geneva Matrix hostage have broken down again yesterday, after SolMedia investigative reporters unearthed evidence that Swiss corporation Genome is close to providing a drug capable of suppressing technomantic abilities. [Link](#).

- CHAT
- MESSAGES
- FILES
- POSTS
- NEHUS
- SEARCH

Active

ComStar Firewall

Active

Jack-in-the-Box Antivirus

Active

SpamWitch Filter

On/Receiving

Commcode

Excellent

Signal

Active

Hidden Mode

Local Map

GHOST CARTELS

Launching Search Agent // Wanderly

Locate Posts/Files tagged with: "Tempo", "Ghost Carrels", "Olava", "Komun'go", "Fatima", "Haze", "Shotozumi-reno", "Black Chrysanthemums", "Aztechnology", "David Cartel", "Uribe"

Set Search Parameters: date 01/01/71-present

Set Search Parameters: relevance 100% to 45%

[Fuzzy Logic Routines engaged 14:0:08]

790 hits

[Sorting by date, subsorting by relevance]

[View all](#)

CONTINUE

ADVANCED SEARCH

SAVE



Coyote hated the pasty-faced corp spawn, with their real leather jackets and their fat pampered asses. The boys were out of their league; this was First Nations turf. He savored the nervous glances they kept giving him. Ram was dealing tonight and Coyote and a few other First Nations were along as muscle. While Ram talked to the corp boys, Jitters passed Coyote a thin dermal patch.

"Here, man," Jitters said, with a high-pitched giggle. "Why let those assholes have all the fun?"

Coyote slapped on the patch. He'd tasted tempo once before and it was a *primo* ride. Nothing else like it, not in Seattle, and that's why the First Nations would be the top dog in the Sprawl soon. Money from the shit-for-brains wageslaves had paid for the new Uzi IV he had, and Ram had promised him some first-class wires soon.

Jitters was still giggling beside him. Coyote felt a smile curve his lips as the first rush hit him, made him feel light and fast and so damn good. The corp boys had scattered. Ram looked over at him and shook his head. Coyote smiled back, feeling the euphoria tingle through his blood. Another group of buyers approached and Ram turned to talk to them. Coyote felt a laugh rumble in his chest, pure joy at the wageslaves and their money. Man, wires would be so *hot*. The gray rain falling began to sparkle, the dark street lighting up with a pearly light. Coyote looked over at Jitters, seeing his friend surrounded by a dazzling aura of greens and oranges. Ram was surrounded by a golden-pink glow, black streaks running through the bright colors, harsh and ugly against the light.

"Ram—" Coyote began to talk, but the squeal of tires drowned him out. The pretty pink glow surrounding Ram flashed dark red, and Coyote felt something warm spray against his face. *What the fuck?* He turned, tried to grab his gun, but he couldn't focus, couldn't—*think, man, move*. Disoriented, dazed, he heard screaming. Jitters was looking up at him, blood bubbling out of his mouth, not laughing now. Jitters' dazzling green and orange lights had turned dark, the dirty color of dried blood.

Helplessness, terror, anger, hate—emotions buffeted him, choked him, and Coyote was helpless as he knelt in his friends' blood. The light around Ram was gone, *gone*, and Coyote sobbed. Jitters was trying to scream through the frothy blood. Coyote had his gun now, and his hands were steady as he looked up at five pulsing red lights—*no, Cutters, fucking Cutters, not lights*—he raised his gun, squeezed, felt the firm kick as the bullets pierced those pulsing red lights, punched through into flesh and bone. The red lights shattered and sprayed and ripped into black screams.

Oh god oh god oh god....

Tempo let Coyote see Death for the first time. Kneeling in the blood of his friends and enemies, his mind snapped.

//archive/alerts/recovered//

Gang Alert! Crimson Crush vs. First Nations

If you're operating in Seattle keep clear of Touristville, Redmond. The First Nations gang is expanding their turf at the expense of Crimson Crush and things are getting bloody. Second major clash last night—6 dead and one of the Crimson safehouses burned down. Odd thing is the First Nations has been keeping its collective head down since it cut it ties with the Yaks. Something has them gearing up for action, though, if they're expanding from Everett into Redmond and the Verge. That's also Dogmen turf... the Nation has been providing security for the smuggling outfit for a while now, so maybe the two things are tied?—Riser

// uploaded alert item :: user Riser :: 03/02/71//

//trash/recovered//

LA-LA-LAND P2.OBLOG

Post-Orpheus

PartyTime!

Taking a break from the red carpet and star-studded dos of Angeltown this week, yours truly opted for a change of pace. Contrary to what killbuzzes out there believe, plenty of people appreciate Post-Orpheus. Yours truly was invited to the UCLA Media Studies Easter Break Megabash as guest-of-honor. Venue: Hipnoise (36 Irving St., off Marriott and Barkley)—definitely underrated at 3 sunbursts by Jim Kong btw, earns at least 4 sunbursts stars in my book.

VJs Kaffit and Synthonic did the honors for the evening, setting the tone with some rave grooves and afroflash rhythms that had the dancefloor rocking. As usual at Uni-raves like this, platters of some mildly entertaining home-cooked CalHots did the rounds, as well as derms of some more exotic (but perfectly legal) substances including a brilliant new party fave: tempo. Get this: it's mildly hallucinogenic but it opens you up to all the emotional output from the crowd. And its magical too! Dude, what a high! Figure in the pulse-pounding music and hormone fest that a college dance party is, and you'll get the idea. A wild time was had by all. Never a slow night in the City of Angels!

Coming up this week: dinner with Joe "The Dude" Kliebermann at Vincenzo's.

<full simrecording available>

//temp file deleted :: user Dr.Spin :: 03/12/71//

//archive/closed threads/recovered//

- More on that new drug that's got the gangs all riled up.
- Sunshine

Private Message

//Trash/recovered//

From: Sally

Subject: Friday Dance Rave @ Lazarus

Know you've been feeling down babe and a little up trancing to clear your head might be exactly what the doctor ordered. If you bring that hot bod, I'll bring a little pick-me-up, I've been dying to try out this new buzz called tempo. I got my hands on a couple of patches, and I'm happy to share the bliss.

Later babe, Sally

// temp file deleted :: user Haze :: 03/16/71//

Message Intercept

//trash/recovered//

From: Trina

Subject: TempOMG!

I tried it last night! Sally and her boyfriend took me to a club in Tarislar where they knew a guy moving the stuff. I think his name was Biggs, or Biggie, or Smalls; something like that. Anyway, I have tried a lot of shit and this is better than all of it. You've got no idea. It's brilliant. What is taking you so long to try it? I'm heading back out to the Daisy Chain tonight. That dealer said he'd be there around midnight, just when the party starts taking off. There's a lot of poseurs who hang out around that area but it's worth it to get your hands on "flipside." You wanna go with?—T.

//upload misc intercept batch_260471 :: user Riser

//Archive/Newsfeeds /recovered//

RECORD DRUG SEIZURE

New Seattle Intelligencer [INN]-31 March 2071

SEATTLE, UCAS: A drug raid in Tarislar yesterday evening turned up 45.8 tons of Leäl, the largest single seizure in Seattle history. Police operating on a tip from an unknown informant raided a warehouse known to be a hangout of the Ancients motorcycle gang. After a brief gun battle that left 1 officer and 8 suspects dead, police were able to take control of the scene and seized the drugs.

NTPD PINS THE FISH ON DRUG SMUGGLERS

Pink Tentacle [NTT]- 04/01/71

NEO-TOKYO, Japan: After weeks of investigative work, members of the Neo-Tokyo Police Department have conducted their first bust. Police seized nearly fifty kilograms of the street drug tempo being smuggled into Japan inside freeze-dried fish. The smugglers are believed to be members of a Korean organized-crime syndicate looking to expand into the Japanese market. NTPD detectives credit the bust to a reliable tip-off from a concerned citizen. While not classified as a narcotic in Japan, tempo falls under a general ban on importing spices or herbs without paying a tariff, a law originally passed to prevent the circumvention of standard trade regulations concerning traditional Chinese medicine.

E-Trend Quote of the Day

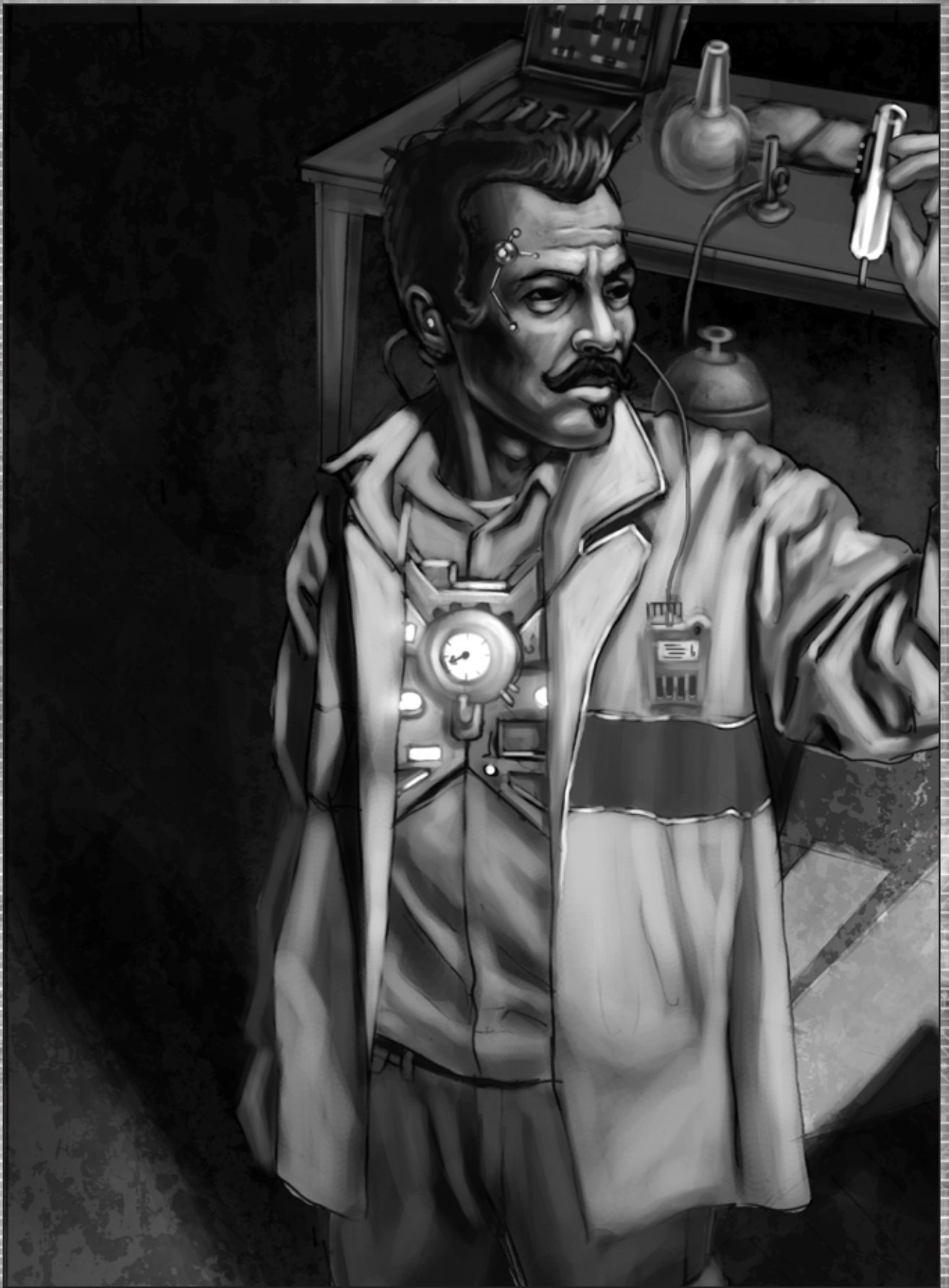
E-Trend e-zine [Horizon]-04/13/71

"I wasn't programmed for this shit."

-Cyborg Bob,

talking about his experience with flipside





//upload newsclip item :: user Sunshine :: 04/30/71//
STREET VIBE: DRUG HAZE OR MAGIC BOOST?

Street Magic: "Word-of-mouth straight to your comm, bypassing the middle man since '65."

Posted by: The Gemini Twins

We here at SM bringin' you the Vibe each week—or whenever we can find the time—have always maintained a fondness for substance use. We know some of you think that has damaged our ability to bring you accurate reporting, and at least one of you has messaged us to let us know you find us incoherent. (We'll send you a reply, DerangedAngel, as soon as we give a damn.) *Au contraire!* You can blame our editor for that. [Editor's note: The Twins should be thankful. The corps are strangely touchy about stolen research disseminated on advertising boards in major metropolitan areas.]

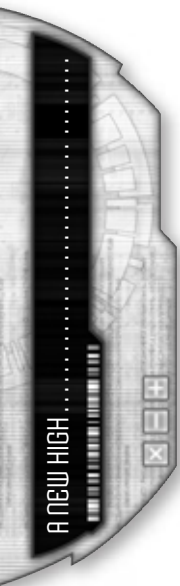
There's an interesting and fun new substance on the scene called flipside. Now, we've played with deepweed before, and that was quite a trip. (Especially when your brother the adept leaves his shoes behind for the first time and finally sees why your ally spirit scares a lot of fellow magicians.) Flipside, however, makes deepweed look like a bag of herbs in comparison. Here're our favorite reasons why:

- **Pretty pictures:** It's got a nice, mild hallucinogenic effect. Lights twinkle and sparkle, rainbow tracers, an added depth to everything, all that noise. You're not as likely to have a bad trip. We still recommend not leaving your PAN open for spam arrows, however, while you're on it. That new Aztechnology-sponsored cooking show advertisement is scary and may kill your desire for soyburgers forever after.
- **Between you and me:** Who knew empathy could be so much fun? Slap a patch of this on, and soon you'll know for sure if that hot babe really *is* into you, or is scoping out your less-talented brother as he keeps claiming. And if she's flipping too, the fun just doubles. Hubba hubba.
- **Pretty pictures, part 2:** Hey, another walk on the wild side! This is what gives flipside its name; like deepweed, now anyone can peek into the astral. Boy, they'll let anyone in these days. We're not worried about this, because we always have Bob to keep the riffraff at bay. [Editor's note: Bob is such an undignified name for a spirit, especially one that delights in picking its teeth with piasma bones.]
- **Skraa!** Well, you'd shout *something* in Or'zet, anyway, after the rush hits you. It's like being hit between the eyeballs with a pre-orgasmic shot of endorphins and that sensation you get when BASE jumping from the ACHE, at the same time. We can think of a few magical uses for that, our favorite idea involving calling over to the Sisters of Ariadne next week to propose a little skyclad ritual.

If any of you miscreants think up new and creative uses for flipside, drop us a line and let us know! We're always looking for new ways to entertain ourselves in between trips visiting Uncle Corp to correct credflow issues. Until next time, our little *ujnort* friends, remember this: Christmas trees make great lightning rods, never forget where you put your shoes, and always hold your end of a spirit bargain, because those bastards can be really inconvenient when you are indelicately disposed.

//end attachment//

- So no one knows what's in this tempo shit or how it does what it does?
- Snopes
- Isn't that the case with most drugs? What does your average addict know or care about the composition of NovaCoke?
- Red Anya
- Yeah but they have no idea what the downside is here.
- Snopes
- Downside? Just like most drugs, a lot of the lures are drawbacks. Besides the whole addiction thing, tempo seems pretty soft on the face of it: you zone out on a mellow high, get all touchy-feely and synced to other people, even get a fleeting glimpse of the magical otherworld and all those pretty lights. On the other hand, it can go from simply distracting to downright suicidal if you happen to be in an emo-club. It's too early to tell what other drawbacks might pop up, cause the dealers certainly aren't advertising (assuming they know). Might be you slowly go insane, or damage your aura as you flip back and forth from the astral to the physical like an epileptic having a fit.
- Sticks
- I'm waiting on some results. The tempo you get on the street is highly processed. No markers or DNA remnants I can backtrack. Nothing so far. There are a couple of substances out there that could be baselines for the hallucinogenics and astral flashes, but I'm not sure what's behind the empathic boost. My gut feeling is the primer might be plant-based, but it's just conjecture at this point. For all I know this might even be something like the Royal Jelly coming out of Chicago.
- Nephrine
- See what you've done? Now how am I supposed to get a good night's sleep?
- Sticks
- Well, nothing's certain at this point. The Triads were pumping credits into fungal-based drugs and I know of at least one Golden Triangle outfit that's been trying to get genetweaked bees to produce BAD-laced honey.
- Nephrine
- What kind of screwed-up moron do you need to be to use this stuff? Beetles are bad enough, but at least we all have an idea how ASIST works.
- Snopes
- Want to know how screwed up you need to be to use tempo? Try growing up in the Barrens, having your good-for-nothing, gangsta father take off on your mother the second she decided not to abort you. Try growing up dodging bullets while Mom works two jobs to pay the rent on a decrepit two roomer and has to whore herself out to a local gang to protect you from the other predators. Try growing up thinking you're deadweight dragging her down. Fuck you with your high and mighty, Snopes.
- Haze



- Raw nerve?
- Red Anya
- You're on the flipside, Haze? Because you're a Mama's boy with Daddy issues?
- Slamm-O!

• Yeah, you could say that! Day didn't go by that I didn't think everyone would be better off if I was dead. Thinking it would be easier on Mom if I wasn't around. Never quite drummed up the courage though. Then I discovered the Talent. My ticket out of my life, the edge that separated me from the rest of the gutter-trash. I finally got work and got paid. Not a wagemage job; I didn't follow the rules well enough for that. But local fixers hooked me up with jobs and I worked every angle to stay on top. Mom is living in a nice house in Snohomish now that I pay the rent on. It doesn't come close to what I owe her.

- Haze
- Come on. You're a magicker, omae. Why the fuck would you go do something stupid like take flipside?
- Snopes
- Tempo is a tool, no more no less, but it does give me an edge. The only reason why I'm out of the Barrens and still alive is because I have an edge that makes me stand out from all the other desperate people.
- Haze
- I'd think your Talent was edge enough. Seems to cut it for most magicians I know.
- Pistons

• At first it was, but it's not that easy anymore. These days I'm not intimidating street thugs or summoning up elementals to watch over a back-alley cash exchange. I've got a good rep going but that doesn't mean I get to pick and choose jobs. Work I'm taking these days is more demanding too. Flipside is another edge, another advantage in my pocket. Sniff a vial and I can feel what everyone else feels at meet. I know when Mr. Johnson is trying to screw me better than I ever could with the Sight. If he's desperate, greedy, or just plain dense, it doesn't matter; flipside gets me on the right wavelength. I can tap into his vulnerabilities and take advantage of them. I can sense when a job pitch is bad news and know when to walk away. I've become invaluable as my crew's face and flipside helps me do it. Flipside also sharpens my senses and wakes up the astral world around me, where I do so much of my work. Flipside is a tool in my arsenal, and if it happens to also make me feel pretty good and let's me escape from this fucked-up, broken world around me for a little while, so much the better. Honestly, I don't care how tempo works, I only care that it works.

- Haze
- Stay frosty, Haze. It's not worth gettin' jammed up over.
- Riser


- Sorry. So anyway, the secret's out, I'm using flipside. I've got a handle on it.
- Haze
- Taking refuge in ignorance does not become you, my friend.
- Man-of-Many-Names

• Whatever! So maybe it's not the smartest move I've made, but the stuff works. If it gives me a small advantage that keeps my friends alive, then it's worth it. Skip the lectures. I got this far on my own and I'm not about to believe that all of the sudden you all care about my health and well-being. Besides, I have it all under control.

- Haze
- Keep telling yourself that, omae. Last time you catch me showing concern.
- Slamm-O!

• Jeezus! How many hackers use Hot ASIST, even when it's as dangerous as BTL? It's addictive, but you all use it to stay ahead of the curve. Tempo isn't really your thing, but who are you to lecture anyone about it?

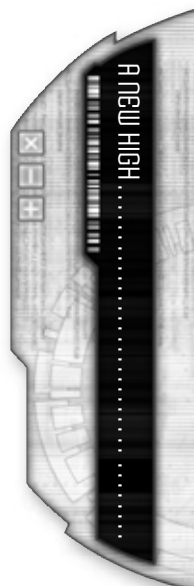
- Netcat
- //thread auto-archived :: 06/07/71//
- //archive/closed threads/recovered//
- //uploaded newsclip item :: user Sunshine :: 04/07/71

Message Intercept 

To: Mizagi
Subject: Flipside!

Our operation remains shielded from the Mafia spies, but progress is slow. The drug is being moved primarily by two gangs; your former associates, the First Nations, and on a smaller scale, The Ragers. We are also looking into three possible independent dealers. I have come to believe that the Ragers are being supplied by the First Nations, but it remains unclear who is bringing the drug in. A small band of shadowrunners have become involved in efforts to occlude the truth. They have observed in the presence of both gangs, which could indicate that they are in service of the primary distributor. With your permission I would like to make arrangements to intercept them. It is possible these runners may listen to reason and give up their employer. Should they choose otherwise, there are ways of finding out what they know. – **C.Inoue**

//uploaded as intercept batch_260485-04/71
:: user Riser





//archive/LoneStar_rips/recovered//

Report commissioned by Weekly Seattle Division Conference 12.71

RANK 3+ OFFICERS ONLY

GANG CRIME PRIORITY REPORT

Preliminary analysis of the sudden rise in gang-related street crime registered by our patrols in the last three weeks indicates the situation is far more complex and widespread than can be attributed to the usual turf wars and shifting alliances. Conflict flashpoints, initially restricted to Redmond's Touristville, Tacoma's docklands, and Puyallup are expanding rapidly. Our informants and infiltrated assets all suggest that the situation is linked to the appearance of a new Bioengineered Awakened Drug on the scene—tempo, aka flipside (see report LSGD-767.03:10:71)—and expansion of distribution gang-based networks.

Intelligence Analysis Department has cross-referenced similar evolving situations in five other metropolitan areas under Lone Star contract, but no definitive intelligence on the source of the drug is currently available. The following report highlight the principals involved in the street-level tempo-dealing. Despite the issues and restrictions on actions outlined in LSGD-767.03:10:71, per recommendation of the Division Conf. 12.71, covert assets have been retasked and additional intelligence gathering efforts focusing on tempo distribution in the Metroplex have been initiated.

- This article has been tagged by someone in your network.
- Accessing Tag ...

- The Feds and the Star are in an uncomfortable position apparently. Their hands are pretty much tied when it comes to dealing with the root of the problem. They can slap fines for distributing unregulated drugs, but nobody's doing jail time over tempo. You better believe the Governor's safety and security platform is taking a hit.
- Sunshine

- The regulation thing right?
- Nephrine

- Yup. Unlike other drugs, BADs are somewhat of a legal free-for-all. In jurisdictions like the UCAS, some fall under pharmaceutical regulations, others under thaumaturgical substances, but very few are currently listed as controlled substances (those that are tend to be combat drugs). It's almost a case-by-case basis, and tempo isn't covered at all right now.
In other places they're considered hard drugs by default, but in some jurisdictions such as the Pueblo and Sioux, they're perfectly legal and qualify as medicinal drugs....
- Sunshine

- Herbal substances have always been a minefield, particularly in the NAN.
- Nephrine

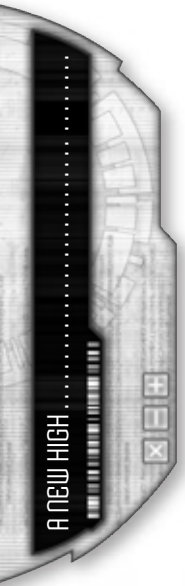
- Well, distribution of an unregulated substance is still illegal, which means the Star can still pick up dealers. You get slammed with a fine and get your rapsheet updated, but no one is doing time in the slammer for it.
- Sunshine

SITUATION ANALYSIS

According to our sources, the emerging tempo market in Seattle is being managed by a handful of factions. All appear to be relatively small operators, a fact which suggests a third party source and involvement in the distribution network—all indications are that tempo is not local. Identification of wholesale distributors has been prioritized accordingly.

The First Nations gang appears to be the primary supplier of the drug with more market segment-specific sales being generated by the Ragers and finally the Kumon'go Seoulpa Ring. All three present excellent opportunities for collusion, given their individual struggles. The question repeatedly surfaces is who's funding the operation?

The growing curiosity of the larger syndicates makes the timing ideal for trying to reach an arrangement. Also notable are the signs of megacorporate interest in the drug. Intel-gathering efforts on the part of Horizon, Aztechnology, and local corporation Chemtrex have been detected.





LONE STAR INTERNAL MESSAGING SYSTEM

- Pay close attention to the scan on the Kumon'go. It's the first I've heard of their involvement.
- Riser

RANK 3+ OFFICERS ONLY

First Nations

Analysis of multiple street sources points to this Native American gang as our primary source for the Seattle metropolitan area. All indications are that the group lacks the processing and refining resources for wide-scale production, which reaffirms our suspicions of third party involvement.

The First Nations gang is led by a Salish elf known as Blood-of-the Buffalo (Case ID:2344160) and recruits primarily from disenfranchised Haida and Salish youths in the sprawl. The gang currently numbers circa 130 members, sharply inflated from last year's numbers after a recruitment drive earlier this year. Gang Crime has been tracking the gang's activities through an undercover operative planted last fall. Unfortunately, our agent has been so far been unable to infiltrate Blood-of-the-Buffalo's inner circle and information on the source of tempo seems carefully restricted to core members within the gang. The group appears to be motivated by a need to reestablish themselves as a formidable presence in the local gang scene, but the question of how they are funding tempo distribution remains (assuming they do not have hidden production facilities of some sort—IA suggests less than 10% chance).

Originally based out of Everett, the First Nations has been actively attempting to reestablish themselves as a local power ever since they severed its ties with the Shotozumi-rengo.

Recent expansion into Crimson Crush territory and the borderlands area in the Redmond Barrens, while initially thought to be linked to the gangs' association with the "Dogmen" smuggling outfit as well as their suspected transnational links to the Koshari, should now be reevaluated in light of tempo distribution and warehousing. The Redmond border region known as the Verge is an unpatrolled Z-Zone, ideal for such operations. Either the Dogmen and/or the Koshari would represent ideal partners for the trans-logistical backbone of the operation. First Nations is also suspected of providing outsourced protection for the Komun'go and several small-time smuggling operations, which may explain the Seoulpa Ring's connection.

Distribution seems to be currently expanding from Downtown and Everett clubs and the University campus area to street corner dealers and so called "fliphouses." This expansion and resulting turf clashes will only pick up speed as tempo becomes more popular (per IA's most recent prediction models.)

- What are the chances the source is some corporation?
- Nephrite
- It's definitely a possibility. I doubt the First Nations have the organization to put something like this together on their own, let alone finance it.
- Sunshine
- Have to agree with Sunbeam there. No way are they doing this on their own. It's been an uphill struggle to break away from their Yak lapdog image, and all of a sudden they're dealing drugs and packing serious weaponry?

LSDB-BRIEF

Gang Identification: First Nations

Identifiers and Colors: Blue, predominantly AmerInd, no meta-bias

Numbers: Approx. 130

Principal Figures: Blood-of-the-Buffalo (leader), Walks-with-Spirits (lead shaman)

Known Allies: Dogmen, Komun'go, Shotozumi-rengo (discontinued)

Turf: Eastern Everett expanding into northern Redmond and the Verge.

A NEW HIGH

SEASOURCE FASTFACTS

NEW QUERY :: The Verge, Seattle

Colloquial reference to the strip of land between Salish territories and Redmond (Seattle Metroplex), heavily damaged in the last eruption of Mount Ranier. The land rights to all property in the area were purchased by Federated Boeing within weeks of the tragedy, apparently as a public relations move to bolster the public image of the company. Though they purchased the land, nothing was ever done with it. In time, squatters moved into the area, setting up shop in abandoned buildings and storefronts. Some streetwise squatters use power spliced from buried power lines or portable generators to power their businesses. The area is marginally patrolled by the Metroplex Guard and the Salish-Shidhe Border Patrol, as both consider the border their jurisdiction. The location is also a haven for gangs and criminal elements, foremost among which the Crimson Crush and First Nations gang. (Entry last updated: 05-03-71)



LONE STAR INTERNAL MESSAGING SYSTEM

RANK 3+ OFFICERS ONLY

They're rolling in nuyen. A friend of mine just sold them four crates of mil-spec automatics—that doesn't come cheap.

- Riser
- Why would a corporation want to form a relationship with drug dealers?
- Icarus
- Tempo aside, drug dealers have access to a steady supply of users that companies often subject to human testing as a way to work out the kinks before submitting new drugs to the FDA for testing. I remember how it was in my corp days. You blow it during an FDA trial and your drug won't see the light of day for at least another nine months. That's two business quarters, or instant death in the drug world. Makes better sense to test it out on some brainless twit who shows symptoms of whatever you're trying to cure. Hell, in some cases a company will give someone the disease just so they have someone to cure.
- Mr. Bonds

Ragers

The **Ragers** have been operating out of the Tacoma Docklands since the early 60's and have been on Gang Crime's low-priority Threat list for almost as long, despite their penchant for violent crime.

In recent months, the gang has established working relationships with the **Gianelli** family, and more recently, the **Bilotkiy Vory**—leading to an elevation in Threat index.

Currently all indications are that The Ragers' tempo operation is being funneled through a lieutenant calling himself **Caine** (Case ID:2800169), one of the handful of non-orks in the gang. Caine has a significant criminal record for his age, including one outstanding warrant on an arson charge. His exact whereabouts are unknown but he appears to be operating his drug ring without the knowledge of his superiors or of either of the gang's syndicate allies. In fact, it appears Caine has gone to great lengths to hide the operation from the larger syndicates, even lying to higher-ups in the gang chain about where he gets the drugs, when they are coming in, and when they are being sold. On these few facts, we can presume that Caine is making a power play for leadership of the Ragers.

We have been unable to identify Caine's source, but he is moving significantly less product than the First Nations dealers. His operation may, however, be easier to backtrack to source.

- I thought these guys were small time. How did they get a line on tempo?
- Haze
- The Ragers are definitely small fry. The way I heard it, they were being supplied by one of the other groups on the list. Might be that the Kumon'go is supplying both groups, because out of the three the syndicate is the only group not taking ownership of their sales. That sounds like they have something to hide. Then there's the Yakuza to think about. Yaks practically owned the First Nations until recently. That relationship went sour around the same time the Kenran-kai tried to bury the Kumon'go. I don't have any proof of this, but I am starting to think that those two are working together. They both have the NAN angle and both of them have a strong working relationship with the Dogmen; so much so that it's put Tamanous on edge. I'm still trying to figure out exactly how the Ragers fit into the picture, though.
- Hannibelle

LSDB-BRIEF

Gang Identification: Ragers

Identifiers and Colors: Black and gray, predominantly ork and troll

Numbers: approx. 100

Principal Figures: HardRain (leader), Moloch (It), Caine (It.)

Known Allies: Gianelli family,

Turf: Tacoma Docklands

A NEW HIGH.....

CAINE





Kumon'go Seoulpa Ring

Along with the Choson Ring, the Komun'go is one of the surviving Seoulpa Rings after the most recent bout of Yakuza conflict. The Komun'go's past dealings with the Shotozumi-rengo have left them serious depleted and seeking support from all corners. They have allied, at least temporarily, with the Dogmen. This relationship sprang from a tribal association between the leaders of the two groups. The Dogmen aid the Kumon'go in most of their organ-legging, flesh trade, and pharma-trafficking into NAN territories—primary sources of income in recent years.

The Ring is currently led by Chulsoon Gray-Wolf (Case ID:293112) and a loyal cadre of augmented thugs known as "Stand Over Men". A handful of Ring members operating under the authority of lieutenant Kaz Yakamura (Case ID:2931162) have been moving the product in the corporate sector. However, on the streets there seems to be no indication this syndicate is selling tempo.

The greatest point of interest here is that the leaders of the drug operations from gang to syndicate generally have not been faction leaders. Decentralized leadership, a staple of the corporate world, has never been an aspect of gang or syndicate culture. However, here we see yet another drug operation being completely run by an underling. This particular underling is known to the corporate world. According to our records, his father is most likely Hideo Yakamura, a Yakuza liaison to Mitsuhamma through the 50's. It was the discovery of Kaz, a bastard child by a Korean prostitute and a troll, that forced his father into retirement. Kaz was never recognized by the family or accepted into the family business. He is believed to have wandered the Ork Underground for years before surfacing as a member of the Kumon'go, gradually ascending the ranks.

- I'm calling bull. Two street gangs operating on the same playing field as a Seoulpa Ring? I just don't see it happening, especially since the First Nations lost their Yakuza backing.

- Mika

- I'd love to say I'm with you, Mika, but I picked up a dozen hits of tempo from a guy I know in the Kumon'go. They definitely have access to the drug. Could be the researcher has his distributors mixed up. May be that the Kumon'go is running the operation and using the gangs as a primary distribution network.

- Riser

- That would make sense, considering the beating the Komun'go have taken from the Shotozumi-rengo over the past couple of years. They had to pull back operations in many parts of Seattle just to have a chance at survival. I can see them using gangs to push a new product. That way the gangs are taking all the risk while they sit back and reap the profits. But a group like that still wouldn't have the capability to produce the drug. They have to be getting it from someone. That someone is doing a very good job of staying out of the spotlight.

- Pistons

- FYI—I'm not sure what the corporate connection may mean at this point but I've heard through the grapevine that Aztech and Chemtrex (which has been known to deal with the Komun'go on occasion) are involved somehow. Aztechnology's interest is nebulous at this point. They may or may not be linked to the ultimate source, but Chemtrex mostly deals in off-the-shelf generics. It looks like someone on the board has decided to explore the medicinal properties of the current not-so-cheap thrill.

- Mr.Bonds

//end file

RANK 3+ OFFICERS ONLY

LSDB-BRIEF

Syndicate Identification: Komun'go Seoulpa Ring
Identifiers and Colors: Korean-AmerInd membership
Numbers: approx. 60+
Principal Figures: Chulsoon Gray-Wolf (leader), Kaz Yakamura (It.), Ju Kon (It.), Sutton Lao (mudang)
Known Allies: Choson Ring, Dogmen, First Nations, Blood Mountain Boys
Turf: Snohomish, northern Redmond

CHULSOON GR



A NEW HIGH

KAZ YAKAMURA



NSI EDITORIAL: GANG VIOLENCE ON THE RISE

by Stephen Hawke

Blood is running on our streets and authorities seem powerless. This weekend saw another 14 deaths in three separate gang confrontations and two armed robberies. It makes you wonder what tomorrow's headlines will be like and how far this will be allowed to escalate. The chilling weekend death toll includes four innocent bystanders caught in the crossfire and one Lone Star officer killed in the line of duty.

According to official sources, most of the incidents are narcotics-related. With more than a century of dealing with designer drugs, then Better-Than-Life, and now Bioengineered Awakened Drugs—will the legal system always remain one step behind?

Probably the most troubling aspect of the rise in urban violence across the sprawl is the government's inability to deal with the speed of changing events and new technological developments. With law enforcement agencies limited to slaps on the hand, one-night lockups, and inconsequential fines—the new generation of drug dealers and their thugs are back on the streets mere hours after being arrested. If this continues, the writing is on the wall. The mob violence Seattle witnessed in the late Fifties will pale in comparison.

Bioengineered Awakened Drugs may be the current bogeyman, but it could easily have been the next big thing in nanotechnological or electronic narcotics instead. Until we face the fact that current Federal and Metroplex legislation—often subject to powerful corporate lobbies—is woefully inadequate and outdated, the proverbial light at the end of the tunnel might indeed be the next train.

The “safety and security first” platform that carried Governor Brackhaven into office seems increasingly shaky, though there is little the Governor's Office can do but pressure both the Federal legislature and the local law enforcement to address the issues. This by no means exempts the Governor from taking a long hard look at the root causes of cyclical flare-ups and the persistent gang and crime problems of inner cities.

All these issues are equally important long term. Right now, however, honest, hard-working Seattleites would like to know what is being done to keep them “safe and secure.”

S.H.

//end attachment//

- Those “three gang confrontations” involved the First Nation, the Chulos, the Ancients, the Blood Mountain Boys, the Ragers and the Halloweeners. I have it on good authority that at least a couple of those are getting kickbacks from the Mob and the Yaks to put a damper on First Nations tempo-dealing before it takes an even bigger bite out of flagging BTL sales.
- Riser
- BTL sales have been in trouble for a while. Independent Matrix distribution from international sources and crackers have been the bane of the bigger BTL syndicates for years now. The bottom line has been shrinking, which is why a lot of outfits have returned to drugs. Control of the pipeline and physical dependency seem to outweigh the higher risks of drug trafficking. A hacker can crack a BTL, but drugs give you a leash on the (ab)user.
- Kay St. Irregular

- Hanzo Shotozumi is not pleased by this turn of events. I'm sure life will be getting more complicated for the First Nations and their backers soon enough.
- Mihoshi Oni

//archive/memorials/batch recovered//
IN MEMORIUM: MARIA JONES

• Death should be a familiar presence by now. I've seen its face in countless eyes, heard its spectre in the news, felt its icy grip coming closer with the passing of years and friends. Still it shakes me every time. Maybe I'm getting softer in my old age, but each time it feels like a hole has opened up and swallowed another piece of the puzzle. There are way too many gaps in the picture these days, and each gap has a name. The newest gap is, if you didn't already know or guess from the article below, Maria “Fatima” Jones. Whatever else you could say about her, she never gave up. We weren't particularly close, but I brought her onto JackPoint because of that. Anyone who knew how hard she fought for anything would know that.

Hat's off to you, Maria. Glad to see you took a few of them with you.

- FastJack

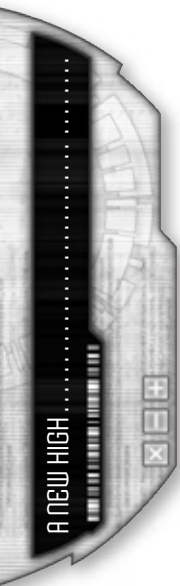
//upload newsclip item :: user FastJack :: 06/09/71
DRUG-RELATED GANGLAND SHOOTING CLAIMS 10
IndyMedia [IND]—06/08/71

SEATTLE, UCAS: The Tacoma docks exploded in violence late last night, when a gun battle erupted between what Lone Star believe to be members of the First Nations and the Ragers gangs. Sources say the fight may have resulted from a turf dispute linked to the increasingly profitable street trade of the new drug known as tempo. Drug related violence and petty crime has spiraled across the Metroplex since the drug's first appearance more than six months ago. Last night's violence is only the latest such incident to make the news, as increasing numbers of adolescents and young adults turn to crime to fuel their habits. Metroplex authorities and Lone Star have done little to stem the spiral of criminal activity.

Among those killed, at least six were positively identified as members of the First Nations or the Ragers. One remains unidentified, while the remaining three were identified as Maria Jones, a black ork woman residing in Downtown Seattle; Matthias Jones, a black man DNA-matched as Maria Jones' younger brother; and Semyon Gorobets, a Ukrainian national. All have unverified criminal backgrounds, known to associate with elements of organized crime and the underground shadowrunner community.

//end attachment

- Shit, Gorobets is Vory. He was in tight with Tsar Bilotkiy. I'm not sure exactly how he fits in with this mess, but my bet is he had to play messenger to the kiddies playing in their backyard without permission. It fits with what I've heard.
- Too bad about Fatima. She was alright.
- Riser
- The First Nations has definitely been expanding the scope of their operations and stepping on a lot of toes as a result. Same for the Ragers, they're getting to big for their britches. This isn't the first time shoot-outs have occurred, and it probably won't be the last.



Tempo has become #1 competition for BTL sales, and there are many gangs and organizations unhappy with that.

For anyone that's interested, we'll be holding a wake for Fatima at Powerline tomorrow night. Come say your goodbyes in the meat or in VR.

• Turbo Bunny

• I should've been there. God damn. I should have been there; I had a damned good idea what she was walking into, and I let her go without backup. I trusted that it would shake out OK, like it always did anytime she got involved. But like her, I should have known better. Now she's gone, and I'll never see her smile again.

I've got a copy of her commlink files. We'd agreed that she ought to have all of her information backed up, at least. People, there's a lot in here, things you really need to know. It's not just the usual turf wars and new drugs, but something worse. Fatima didn't get to root out exactly what it was, but we knew she was getting close to something big and bad, something that could rival the Mob Wars over a decade ago.

This is for you, Fatima baby. Let the others figure it out now. I'm done with it. DC is nice this time of year, anyway.

• Pistons

//batch file attachments uploaded

:: user Pistons ::06/09/71//

*May be too little, too late, but Matty ain't going like Coil,
and ending up like Haze isn't better either.*

Blood is blood. Buunda to the fuckers who say otherwise.

—Maria

(06 May 2071) [22:25:48]

//upload Uniformat text attachment//

Personal Diary

[April 28, 2071]

[...] Saw an unexpected face while meeting up with Six at the Fractured Helix tonight. I never heard of Coil rolling anywhere without at least two other Drakes with him, but there he was in a booth with a few girls who could've been U-Dub students or hookers pretending. No others of his gang in sight. He seemed particularly happy, but who wouldn't be happy to be the meat in that sandwich? Will ask another time.

//end attachment

//attach chat file

/user Fatima has logged on

/user Pistons has logged on

[Pistons] Now that's out of the way ... Thought you ought to know there's a lot of that new drug going in and out of the Fractured Helix.

[Fatima] What, flipside?

[Pistons] Tempo.

[Fatima] Flipside, tempo, don't matter except who's usin'. So ...?

[Pistons] So, I've heard too many mentions to make it something casual. Old corp connections, high-roller buzz, shit like that. The university brat packs are flush with it. I don't know where they're getting it, but they're passing it around like candy at Halloween.

//Archive/Newsfeeds /recovered// P2.0 ALERT—GRUDGE MATCH!

LOS ANGELES, PCC: Users **Kane** and **Alex Machine** will settle their differences in a pit match on a sand bar outside LA city limits. The feud between the Most Notorious Man in the CAS and the Hollywood Hardman allegedly began at the beginning of the summer when they and their film crews ran into each other while both were raiding a corporate research lab that was allegedly experimenting with the new Awakened drug tempo. While Kane had the early advantage in the rating-blockbuster fight that followed, Alex Machine's revelation of a previously unknown cyberimplant weapon turned the tide; the fight was declared a draw by combat experts as both participants and their crews had to evade Pueblo Corporate Council security.

SHOTOZUMI DENIES RIFT

New Financial Times [FN]—05/11/71

SEATTLE, UCAS: Hanzo Shotozumi, president of Eden Investments, denied reports that the group is considering a split. The denial comes after the Eden group posted estimated first quarter losses of close to seven million, all of which stem from a much maligned decision to invest in the failed East African shipping company, TradeCo. Though the figure is just a blip on the radar, experts say it points to a growing discontentment from Shotozumi's Japanese counterparts in the way he does business. Read More.

EMPRESS HITOMI ANNOUNCES PREGNANCY

Neo-TokyoNow newsfeed [SCB]— 04/02/71

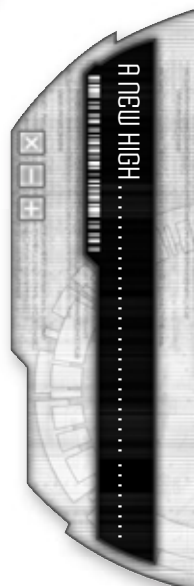
NEO-TOKYO, Japan: The Emperor and Empress of Japan today announced at a news conference that they are expecting the birth of their first child later this year. While too early for Imperial doctors to conclusively determine the sex, the 27-year-old primigravida has said she hopes for a boy.

NEWS REPORTER IN DRUG OVERDOSE

New Seattle Intelligencer [NN]—04/19/71

SEATTLE, UCAS: Jania Shields, beat reporter for the NSI, was found dead in her home early this evening. Best known for her 2069 expose' on the Or'Zet rock culture, Shields was seen as a cutting edge journalist willing to take every risk to get her story. It is unknown what story she was working on at the time of her death, but sources close to the Intelligencer indicate that it had something to do with the much talked about drug, flipside. Lone Star has promised an investigation into her death. She is survived by her mother and sister.

Urgent Message...



[Fatima] You say that about every new drug that comes out. They're always going to be popular for a while until everyone into self-abuse has tried it at least once.

[Pistons] Maybe.

[Fatima] C'mon.

[Pistons] OK, maybe you're right. Still, watch out. You could find yourself stepping on toes that weren't there before.

[Fatima] I'll be fine. Besides, I've got to find Matty now.

[Pistons] Matty?

[Fatima] My half-brother Matthias. He left home, and Mom's distraught enough to contact me without letting The Asshole know.

[Pistons] That's bad, if she's willing to risk your stepfather's anger like that. Any idea where he's gone?

[Fatima] Not a solid one, no, but it's likely to be far from wherever The Asshole's Humanis buddies are likely to be looking. I hear Matty's on the outs with him.

[Pistons] The streets, then.

[Fatima] Pretty much. Anyplace I've gone is permanently tainted, so Matty will head there first.

[Pistons] Good luck with that. Let me know if you want any help picking up your brother's virtual trail.

[Fatima] I will. By the way: you looked good last night.

[Pistons] Are you flirting with me?

[Fatima] Does that bother you?

[Pistons] No. But now I know when you're really smiling and not hiding behind the teeth. Ping you later.

/user Pistons has logged off

/user Fatima has logged off

//chat session archived:: user Fatima

:: 05/10/71//

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MOM Community Forums - Seattle 2070

Thread Title: Dealing with loss (2)

:: Thought I'd share what I saw today. I'm shaken and in pain. I'm hoping voicing this will help. Some of you may remember me talking about Danielle. For those that don't know, I was her sponsor. Danielle was eighteen, her father works all kind of hours at the local autoshop and her mom is a waitress at a diner by day and a Downtown restaurant at night. The family's better off than most around here, but Danielle was alone most of the day and developed a wild streak. I got to know her first a couple of years ago, she was going through a pretty bad phase. A boyfriend had her hooked on Novacoke and she was in a bad way. If he hadn't ODED I don't know what would have happened. It scared her just enough to look for help. I took her under my wing when she came to the Renton MOM outreach clinic where I used to put in a few hours every week. I can't begin to tell you how proud she made me. In a year she'd turned her life around. She had kicked the habit, dropped her loser friends, her grades were up, and she won a Horizon media scholarship.

Then, a couple of weeks ago she stopped answering my calls. I've been worried, but with Mark still suckling I haven't had the time to go round. I did yesterday. Lone Star was there. Danielle is dead. They tell me she had been missing since the previous week and her parents hadn't noticed for three days. They tell me Danielle killed herself yesterday. According to the officer, she was caught in the middle of a shop theft spree at a Downtown mall.

She must have been high on something because she beat two security guards senseless and then ran from the police. They chased her to the roof of an apartment and she just jumped. She jumped... it makes no sense. The officer says she was definitely doing drugs. Something new, called "tempo." He asked me if I knew where she might have gotten it! Me! I just don't understand. It's nothing like the Danielle I knew.

:: Tori Q

:: Sorry to hear about your loss, Tori. Hang in there.

:: Knitalicious

:: Man that sucks. My heart goes out to you, but I've seen this before. Sometimes the problem runs too deep and there's nothing you can really do.

:: Fatima

:: Word, sister. There are a lot of temptations out there.

:: Candy

:: I'll be round tonight, Tori. With Jim out of town you definitely need a shoulder.

:: Susan

:: Just keep in mind, you can't save them all, and you'll kill yourself trying. At the end of the day kids make their own choices and all you can do is steer them on the right path.

:: DrPhil

:: I know what you're going through Tori. My kid sister's gotten herself deep into this tempo thing. I've talked to her and she keeps telling me it's no big deal. She says all the college kids are doing it at the clubs and parties around campus. It's the hip thing. It's supposed to be some magical compound.

:: Devlin

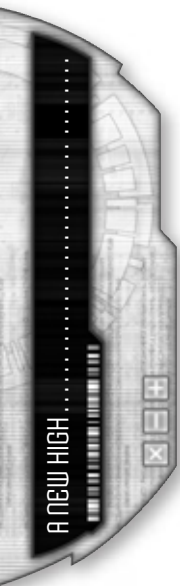
:: Used to be we just had to worry about the kids downloading BTLs, now drugs are back in fashion?

:: Candy

:: They never went away. I know a lot of people were into recreational drugs while I was at college, but this is different. Sally's talking about whole parties with this tempo theme. The whole magic schtick it's got going is luring the kids in. It's the latest greatest feel good. I confiscated my sister's stash before my parents caught on but a couple of days later I caught her with that unfocused, off-in-the-distance look she gets when she's doing tempo.

:: Devlin

:: I know exactly what you're talking about Devlin. The headmaster of the school where I work in Bellevue used to pay off the local dealers to stay away from the school kids. They took the bribe, probably though public school kids weren't worth the business. But recently a new gang moved in, Native American, and they couldn't care less about the arrangement. They're selling round the corner. We've had Lone Star drive by a couple of times and scare them off but they end up coming back. It's getting so I have kids high on flipside, I think that's what the kids call it, in every other



class. You can make them out by the unfocused look in their eyes. Like they're daydreaming while looking right at you.

:: CommunityTeacher2

:: It's more than that. Apparently this drug allows mundane metahumans to briefly glimpse the spirit world and the auras of the living. Children should not be playing with such potentially dangerous abilities.

:: Councilor Bear

:: It's not just kids though, far from it. I was at Dante's Inferno's a couple of nights ago and a bunch of corporate suits were doing flipside. They were talking trash about how it was going to get them laid and even handed out a few derms.

:: Devlin

:: That's definitely strange.

:: CommunityTeacher2

:: I'll definitely be bringing this up at the next MOM meeting. Maybe we can do some pamphlets and start a little word of mouth campaign? Only the spirits know how many families might be dealing with this if it's as widespread as you're suggesting.

:: Knitalicious

//end attachment//

//link to thread :: 05/17/71//

GANG WARFARE

• So it's escalating. It's Wednesday, and this week's bodycount is up to 12 with last night's Tacoma drive by. This latest hit was apparently a Chulos retaliation for First Nations' violating their turf.

• Riser

• Yeah, Ragers, Drakes, Skraacha, Chulos, hell, even the Halloweeners—everybody's taking sides. You can cut the tension on the streets with a monowire. Spirits forbid you get caught in one of these scuffles by accident.

• Fatima

• Yeah. Of those twelve Riser mentioned, 5 were civvies caught in the crossfire.

• Sunshine

• That spiraling matches what my Seattle sources report; the Shotozumi-rengo and their allies are getting involved. BTL sales have been in a slump for a while; everyone and their mom churning out low-grade moodies and backroom studio beetles over the Matrix and undermining the syndicate's action. But now tempo has really taken the wind out of sails. We're talking chip sales at their lowest since the Crash 2.0.

• 2XL

• So this is all tempo-fueled?

• Netcat

• Well, yes and no. Tempo is definitely at the heart of the flare-up, but the violence isn't so much about distribution and control. Those seem to be pretty solidly in the hands of a handful of gangs and one of the Seoulpa Rings, if you believe the rumors. Some of the

gangs are using their tempo profits to arm themselves, build up numbers, and claim new turf; others are fighting them off, and a few are just grabbing the opportunity to shake up the status quo and make a name for themselves. It's more than that now, though. That hit on Toju Shotozumi has the clan on the warpath. First, they went and stirred up a hornet's nest by targeting the Gianellis. Then they shifted gear and Old Hanzo himself ordered the Kenran-kai to take out the Komun'go Ring. It's getting bloody out there.

• Riser

• Lone Star comms chatter is off the charts. It's not just gang clashes and drive bys either. Crack the right encrypted channel and you get an earful of armed robberies, assaults, carjackings, burglaries, and thefts. You know these flipheads will do anything to get the nuyen for their next dose!

• Slamm-O!

• Lay off, Slamm-O!

• Haze

• He's got a point Haze. I'm sure you know what addiction does to families and friendships.

• Fatima

• Believe it or not there is a difference between casual users and hard-core addicts... people have been smoking pot and chewing coke for centuries before righteous lawmakers made them illegal.

• Haze

• Come on, Haze. This isn't about hard and soft drugs. You know what a slippery slope it is. We've both seen too much of the real thing to kid ourselves.

• Fatima

• I've said this before, but tempo is just another gimmick for me. Call it a crutch if you will, but that's all it is. Plus, I've yet to see any evidence that it has any long term side-effects.

• Haze

• Not entirely true, Haze, and you know it. We know it's addictive, highly addictive by some reports and there have been several ODs already. That reporter in Seattle for one. It's far too early to tell what long term use will do to you.

• Butch

• Have it your way. Me, I'm fine. Just mind your own business and I'll mind mine.

• Haze

• You should know better.

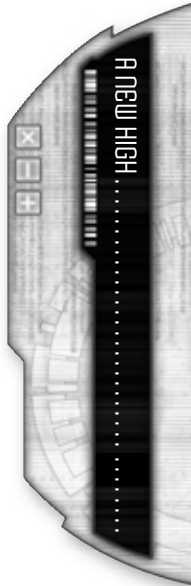
• Fatima

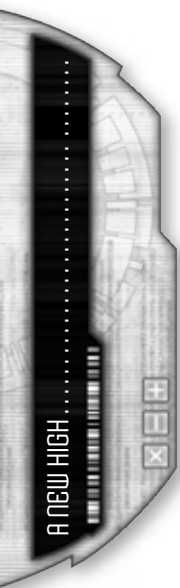
• What's with the sudden interest in my personal life, Fatima? I'm telling you I'm fine. I've got a handle on it.

• Haze

• Chalk it up to this whole flipside thing striking close to home. You're not the first.

• Fatima





- Tried the flipside thing once, down in LA. Didn't particularly tickle my fancy—or any other part of my anatomy for that matter. I'm fine too.

- Kane

- Kane, mate. I'd never call you fine.

- 2XL

- If things weren't so bleak, I'd be ecstatic at seeing Brackhaven squirm. The sprawl is going to hell in a handbasket and the vaunted safety & security policies he was touting all through the campaign are nowhere to be seen. And people thought the virtuakinetic craze last year was bad!

- Sunshine

- He's been doing a good job of shifting the blame to the Federal government, but the buck only goes so far and he's tanking in the opinion polls.

- Dr. Spin

- Komun'go warehouse in Touristville Redmond went up in flames yesterday, fire spread to three neighboring buildings, 8 dead retrieved from the rubble so far. Kenran-kai's usual overkill.

- Mihoshi-Oni

- Yeah, well the Seoulpa are giving back as good as they're getting. They're flush with tempo money and that buys a lot of allies. The Yakuza's money laundering op through the Dimeline Connection on-line casino went down yesterday. Pretty sure it was Choson hackers.

- Riser

- If you're wondering, it's not just Seattle. The UCAS and CalFree are also seeing crime rates shoot up along with intersyndicate warfare. Tempo has tipped the balance in a lot of different places. A couple of old timers at the Intelligencer tell me they haven't seen anything like this in almost 100 years.

- Sunshine

- I can vouch for the East Coast situation. The war over flipside has brought a lot of bad blood to the surface and it's getting messed up. The Commission is divided. Several of the smaller families in the CAS and Miami are actually dealing in tempo now. I'm hearing even the Sioux are hushing up similar troubles in their backyard.

- Kay St. Irregular

- I hear the younger Mobsters are more than a little pissed at the old guard on the Commission. A lot of the upstarts claim the old hands are too conservative and cautious for their own good and that's why the Mafia has been losing ground to the Yakuza and the smaller syndicates for years now. There are even threats from some of the younger family heads that they'll strike out on their own if the Commission doesn't review its strategy.

- Fianchetto

- So are the DEA and FBI just twiddling their thumbs? I understand that this is a public relations disaster for Lone Star, but the Feds seem to be sitting it out too.

- Sneaker

- From what I hear they're playing it low key, but they've got all the relevant taskforces on high alert just waiting for legislation to go through. Interpol's IDEA seems to be coordinating and directing intelligence gathering efforts globally but it's too early to tell what they'll do.

- Kay St. Irregular

- Good to know. I have a friend doing stint with Interpol. Still owes me for spotlighting one of his busts. I'll post if he offers any juicy insight.

- Sunshine

- Bugger me, but the logistics and distribution dynamics of this drug are just wrong. Nobody has stockpiles this big and a natural growth cycle this fast is nearly impossible. How the hell are they keeping production on this scale hidden?

- Nephrine

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To: Fatima

Subject: Matthias

I dug up what I could about Matthias based on what you gave me. If his commlink is on, he's ghosting a lot. Still, I was able to track back to his last known and reported location. According to the map I'm looking at (and I'm attaching), he dropped out of sight on the border between Downtown and Tacoma. You've got friends there, right? You've mentioned the Creeps and Bot'Kham before; maybe they can help.

Speaking of gangs, I saw your friend Coil the other day. He's not looking so hot, even for him. I thought he might give me some grief, but I'm not even sure he saw me, to tell you the truth. The only thing he seemed focused on was a neo-tribal he was talking to. You know I don't take Coil too seriously, but I didn't want to stick around for whatever beat-down he was about to deliver. Not my problem.—Pistons

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Personal Diary

[May 25, 2071]

Thanks to Creep help, I tracked Matty down eventually to the areas outlying the Tacoma Mall. God, what a mess he was. Between a poor to non-existent diet, squatting in some truly dodgy places and selling himself for spirits-knows-what, he was lucky to even be alive. Got him back to my place in a Bot'Kham loaner car.

One of them told me Matty bought some flipside from a contact of theirs. This wouldn't bother me a lot, except a few doses (some used, some not) fell out of Matty's pockets while getting him cleaned up. As I stared at the remains of an oily rainbow sheen on one patch, the Creep told me a little of what he'd heard about this drug. Then I slipped him 20 nuyen, and had him tell me how he heard it: another smuggler, non-Creep, brought in a shipment through the Ork Underground. This smuggler liked ork porn, and traded info for tusker cooze. Said he was delivering to a NatAm gang.

I'm going to look for this guy. I need to know what Matty was doing, and how much trouble he's gotten himself into.

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**DRUG-FUELED PARTY LEADS TO SEXUAL
ASSAULT, INTERNATIONAL INCIDENT**
NewsNet [NN]-06/09/71

SEATTLE, UCAS. A Lone Star spokesperson has now confirmed that law enforcement is seeking a “person of interest” in the alleged sexual assault of nineteen-year-old Mikayah Lakesong, daughter of Allen Lakesong, diplomatic attaché with the Salish-Shidhe embassy on Council Island. According to the alleged victim, the assault took place last Saturday night in the women’s restroom at the Tacoma dockside nightclub Arrowpoint, a popular spot with Seattle’s young AmerInd community. Lone Star is not confirming rumors that blood tests show Mikayah was using tempo at the time of the assault. Lone Star spokesperson Sergeant Michael Donati said, “We are not releasing the results of Ms. Lakesong’s blood tests at this time. Our focus is on investigating this incident and finding our person of interest in this ongoing case.” A Salish-Shidhe appointed lawyer representing the Lakesong family added, “Whether or not Ms. Lakesong used poor judgement that night, a crime has been committed here against an innocent woman and the Salish-Shidhe nation stands behind its citizens and will see that the perpetrator faces justice.”

Despite Lone Star’s silence on the matter, eyewitness interviews indicate that there was heavy tempo use in the Arrowpoint nightclub at the time of the incident. Lone Star has not released a description or sketch of the person of interest to the public, but our sources tell us they are seeking a Caucasian male elf between the ages of twenty and thirty with short blonde hair.

- A Caucasian elf? What the hell was an elven white boy doing at the Arrowpoint? That’s the land of the braves, First Nations turf.
- Marcos
- Wait, wait, wait, hold up a tick. First Nations turf? Isn’t Haze working with some First Nations soldier? Isn’t Haze a Caucasian elf? Bloody hell.
- Netcat
- Come on now, Haze? Sure the guy is a bit of a self-absorbed alpha male, but he’s not stupid enough to do something like this.
- Rigger X
- Maybe not normally, but you heard him awhile back. He’s been using. Do we really know what is going through his head these days?
- Netcat
- Fuck you guys. I was there, is that what you want to hear? Some First Nations guys I know dragged me out to celebrate something. I don’t know what the hell they were celebrating, but it was an opportunity to make some professional contacts. Yes, the tempo was flowing. The First Nations are neck-deep in the stuff. But I don’t lose my head on tempo. Everything is clearer on tempo.
- Haze

**BRACKHAVEN FINDS A NEW ZEN
META [M]-05/14/71**

CARTWRIGHT, Salish-Shidhe: Political heiress and drug artist Tiffany Brackhaven has turned the small Cascade Ork town of Cartwright into a artists’ mecca. Since moving there two years ago, Brackhaven has stepped away from her life as the sole heiress to the Brackhaven empire and focused her attention on her controversial drug art. In that time, Cartwright has blossomed into a thriving ork community attracting thousands of visitors each year. Not one to seek the spotlight, Brackhaven attributes the town’s success to local businesses and the willingness of the people to accept her and those like her. Most recently Brackhaven herself has accepted something new into her life. Brackhaven has admitted to using the medicinal drug, tempo, also known by its street name, flipside, as a way to help her maintain focus and complete her work.

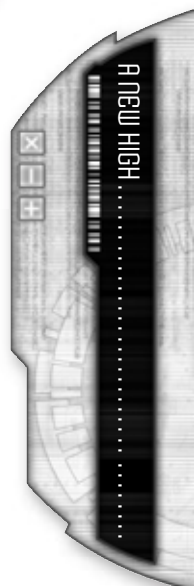
**MURDER IN THE GARDEN OF EDEN
New Seattle Intelligencer [NN]-05/16/71**

SEATTLE, UCAS: Chaos at the Garden of Eden tonight as Red Star paramedics failed to resuscitate 57-year old Toju Shotozumi, noted Seattle philanthropist and investor. Exact details about the cause of death have not been released, but Lone Star and Garden of Eden, Inc. corporate security forces have released trideo images of suspects in what they are calling a murder investigation. Red Star arrived first on the scene, followed by CrashCart and DocWagon. No word yet on whom the other victims of the attack might be. Read More.

**LONE STAR TO RECRUIT FORMER MILITARY
New Seattle Intelligencer [NN]-05/18/71**

SEATTLE, UCAS: In what is being called a response to escalating gang violence, Lone Star public relations spokesperson, Maxine Poocha announced today that Lone Star would be hiring former Metroplex Guard officers to bolster its overtaxed Seattle Fast Response Division. The move comes after weeks of escalated gang warfare throughout the city. Poocha admitted Lone Star FRT forces had been caught flat-footed by the sudden spike in gang violence. “We were unprepared to handle the level of firepower and military efficiency these gangs are operating with,” she stated. Poocha went on to say that the move would allow the police force to “get out on the street in greater numbers and protect the city from criminal elements.” Read More.

Urgent Message...



MARKET OPENING-07/25/71

Broker Pham is eager for your business. Prices updated every fifteen minutes.

Red Orchid (25% +/- 3%)—46¥ (high 56, low 43)

Suicide (48% novacoke, 25% RO, 25% T)—89¥ (high 94, low 88)

Tempo (64% +/- 8%)—44¥ (high 51, low 42)

White Heat (48% RO, 48% T)—158¥ (high 158, low 158)

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- Do you know this girl, Haze? Is this thing being pinned on you?
- Sticks
- I don't know who that girl is. I mean, there was a girl that night at the Arrowpoint, sure. It's a nightclub full of gangers, there are always chicas around. But the girl I met—I never even got her name—she wanted it. I could tell; the tempo makes it so obvious. I dipped into the astral and I could see what she wanted, plain as day on her aura. She didn't have to tell me, she didn't have to say anything. She was an open book to me. We were in total sync on the tempo.
- Haze
- Haze, I think you should get out of town. Seriously.
- Sticks
- Are you really protecting someone who assaulted a nineteen-year-old girl while high on God-knows-what?
- Sounder
- Hey, we don't know that he really did it. The First Nations could be setting him up. The First Nations' enemies could be setting him up. We all know the Ragers are out for First Nations blood, maybe they paid off the girl to get the cops on Haze and his First Nations buddies. Maybe some First Nations scum raped the girl but they pin it on the white elf because he's not AmerInd. We don't know, so put down the damned pitchforks.
- Sticks
- Haze sounded pretty self-incriminating to me.
- Sunshine
- And what are we, a fucking nunnery? Jackpoint is a network of self-styled criminals, all of us here are guilty of some crime or another. I'd bet half of us have rap sheets. How many of you have killed a security guard in order to complete a run? That security guard probably had a family. Did you turn yourself in to Lone Star? Did any of us turn you in? Who the hell are we to start picking and choosing which crimes are acceptable to us and which aren't?
- Jimmy No
- All I want to know is if the First Nations killed Fatima and if Haze had anything to do with that. I'm not going to lose any sleep over some spoiled Salish brat slumming it in Seattle, but there were First Nations gangers in that firefight that Fatima was caught in. If I find out that Haze was there or that he helped these assholes kill her, he'd better pray that Lone Star finds him before I do.
- Pistons

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:: user Kay St. Irregular :: 06/05/71//
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WHAT IS THE EXCHANGE?

The Exchange is a shadowrunner-oriented virtual private network operating mostly in and around the Seattle area; participants are asked to do short, safe tasks which directly or indirectly benefit other shadowrunners. In return, the network analyzes the participants' needs and asks others to help out as they are able. It is believed there is a direct formula that correlates the number of attempted and successfully accomplished tasks with how often you have benefited from the Exchange.

Instant Karma

The Exchange exists to promote mutually beneficial scenarios; the more good you do the more good things will happen to you. By the same token, attempting to damage or abuse this system may earn you "Bad Karma"—a period of time during which the Exchange will not be available for you. Attempts to subvert the system will result in a karmic penalty as the Exchange will begin to work against you. This will continue until you stop attempting to hack the Exchange and make amends.

Life on the 'Change

The latest patch for the Exchange has included an anonymous messenger program. It is speculated that the usernames are related to some sort of rating system, as they change over time.

—from *A User's Guide to the Exchange*,

- I swear to God, I wasn't there, Pistons. I knew the First Nations and Ragers were fighting over tempo, but I didn't know Fatima was involved. I wouldn't have let it get to that point if I knew. Lone Star is breathing down my neck, shaking down my contacts to find me. The First Nations aren't lifting a finger to help me. They'd probably turn me in if they knew where I was. I have to leave Seattle for awhile. I don't know when I'll be back on Jackpoint. I'm really sorry about Fatima. I'm sorry about everything.
- Haze

Urgent Message...

A NEW HIGH...



//begin ExChat session 1000101101//

K113: Holy shnitckes! Well, it's officially Mob War III in Seattle right now. Anybody know who's behind the hit on Toju Shotozumi?

K223: Seoulpa Rings are claiming credit, and it looks like the Yaks believe him. The oyaban has put a two million nuyen bounty on Chulsoon Gray-Wolf's head.

K86: Gonna be a weird fight. The Seoulpa Rings are more like guerrilla paramilitary cells than big syndicates these days; they have their choice of Yak targets but there's nothing for the Yaks to really hit back against.

K340: I wouldn't say that. This just in: one of the Choson Ring's online casinos has just gone off-line ... permanently.

K86: Big whoop. What's one online casino next to the head of the Shotozumi-rengo's *sokaiya*?

K223: In terms of the underworld economy? A lot. That casino was a major laundry operation for the Choson Ring's illegal cred, not to mention a cash cow all on its own. No matter how much cred that the Seoulpa Rings net from tempo sales, they can't spend it openly without laundering it.

K340: By the same token, Toju Shotozumi's death puts the Seattle Yaks in a real bind. The old man was about to buy out MegaMedia. Now the whole deal's fallen through and the investors are moving ahead to merge with Mitsuhamama Media. That's pretty bad considering the time and money the Shotozumi clan invested in the buy out.

K113: Ever since that mess at the Garden of Eden, I've been getting about twenty or thirty directions a day... but things seem to really be going my way too, like I'm speeding down the synchronicity highway and the karma police forgot to turn on their radar. Anybody know why things have kicked into high gear?

K223: I think the reason for the sudden up-tick is that the Exchange is under attack.

K86: No way.

K340: 223 might be on to something. I don't know anything about the rest of you, but I've been getting a lot of work lately—and a lot more calls during work, if you know what I'm saying.

K86: This mess with the Seoulpa Rings and the Yakuza has everybody working hard. Doesn't mean much; we have a dangerous line of work.

K223: A lot of us on the Exchange are riding the Kumon'go gravy train...do you think the close proximity helps the Exchange coordinate events so we'd help each other out? That'd be pretty sweet.

K114: So say somebody connects the dots—lot of runners on the Exchange, working together helps it work quicker—somebody decided to attack the Exchange?

K114: <= was 113!

K340: Could be, 114, though I don't know how they plan to do that. You could take out individual members, natch, but the software is *very* well protected.

K114: But it would be the Yaks, right? If most of us are working for the Kumon'go.

K86: Hold on there fussy-britches. I never said I worked for the Kumon'go. That's one step away from dealing with ghouls. I have scruples.

K223: Who says you aren't dealing with ghouls now, 86?

K340: Betcha this is why the Exchange didn't come with a chat option to begin with.

K114: Hey, that's a thought. You think the 'Change evolved the chat program as a defensive measure? Help us coordinate?

K86: I don't subscribe to the idea that the Exchange is a self-evolving program, 113. I believe in the Great Coder.

K340: It might not be the Yakuza. In fact I'm fairly certain it isn't.

K223: What do you mean?

K340: All of the families in Dona O'Malley's Seattle are invested in BTLs almost as much as the Yakuza, and the beetle trade is taking a huge hit. Numbers Ciarniello, the head of the family, was injured during the attack on Toju Shotozumi (they were playing poker), leaving his son Chrome in charge until he gets better. Despite the fact that the body of a Gianelli button man was found on site, the Mob is presenting a united front—which tells me they know something we don't. The Gianellis are professing their innocence, so I'm assuming Dona O'Malley figures it was a frame job. The Shotozumi-gumi on the other hand can't afford to lose face for the loss of Toju. They're retaliating against Giannelli operations and the Mob ain't going to take it lying down.

K114: You seem pretty knowledgeable about the Mafia, 340.

K340: It's not polite to pry, 114. Anyway Dona O'Malley is keeping Chrome occupied by letting him lash out at the Yakuza and Seoulpa Rings operating in his territory, but mark my words by this time next week the Mob and the Yaks will be at each others' throats.

K86: What about the Triads? Don't they have a heavy trade in Kong chips?

K223: Demand has gone down, but the Yellow Lotus has come up with a twist on fliphouses. They're speedballing tempo with other substances and trying different combos at different fliphouses like they used to do at opium dens.

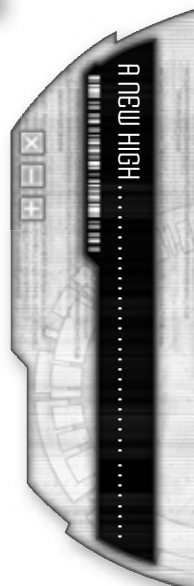
K340: I can't tell for sure, but what I think the Dona wants is The Exchange itself and hopes one of the users has the key to the sourcecode. It's gotten to the point that a lot of Exchange users have been teaming up in partnerships or small groups to improve interactions.

K86: Hmm. The way you describe it, O'Malley sees it as some sort of mass strategy software; if the Exchange works this well with a bunch of disconnected users, imagine what it would be like combined with actual tactical software packages; O'Malley could wire together every made man in Seattle and turn them into a formidable army.

K114: I'm a little worried about what these developments will do to the Exchange, though. The more users engaged in this mob warfare mess, the more will get dragged into it doing small favors at the behest of the Exchange. Not to mention that the small Exchange runner teams are probably playing merry hell with the rating system. I wonder how much karmic credit and debt a runner can rack up?

//end ExChat session 1000101101//

Urgent Message...



//archive/closed threads /recovered//

GLOBAL DISTRIBUTION

- So are we any closer to finding out where tempo is coming from? That this is going on so long is giving me shivers.
- Turbo Bunny

Private Message

To: Kay St. Irregular
Subject: Shotozumi hit

No, definitely not the Gianellis, but Shotozumi doesn't seem to want to listen. They found the remains of a Gianelli button man on site and that's proof enough for him—personally I think it smacks of a framejob. The Garden was neutral ground and Joe Gianelli just isn't that stupid. Plus, the hit put Numbers Chiarnello in the DocWagon ICU. Joe Gianelli would never have sanctioned that. But things are fucked up, Toju was a first cousin and old Hanzo can't afford to lose face. Someone's got to pay. You can count on the Gianellis taking some serious hits in the next few days. Going to be interesting to see Dona O'Malley's next move. If something doesn't defuse the situation, this is going to get really nasty.

—Riser

- The drug seems to have rippled out from the Rim as far as I can tell. Drug distribution hubs seem to coincide black market hotspots along the Pacific Rim—LA, Seattle, H-K and Macao. Caracas seems to be the only exception to that rule, since it's on the Atlantic, and it's probably the hub for a lot of the product going up the Carib League and the Eastern seaboard, probably Europe too. The CAS is probably being fed through Miami and New Orleans. Akimura mentioned something about a new Krewe and some flare-ups between the local mafias. Don't know exactly what's going on in Europe and Africa, waiting to hear back from Anya but she's been swamped lately. Disregarding the inconsistencies in the amounts of product being shipped—almost unbelievably high for a BAD—what gets to me is this is the megacorporate-grade logistics involved. We're talking regular flow through a dozen major ports worldwide. That's impressive for any major syndicate.

- 2XL

- Personally I think Caracas is the giveaway. If anyone's using Caracas it's the Cartels. The two big boys in town are the Andes and the Olaya. My money's on the Olaya.

- Marcos

- Now that I think of it, there've been rumors floating around that the Olaya are in bed with KondOrchid, a Paraguayan transnational shipping operation with AA status. I've always thought it was Azzie propaganda but it would explain a lot.

- Glasswalker

- It is definitely *not* a purely North American phenomenon. tempo is spread globally. For some intel on the other side of the Atlantic, I contacted an acquaintance of mine in Hamburg yesterday. She



sometimes works as an independent contractor for the DeMeKo and we had a short chat about the incidence of flipside in northern Europe. Hang on a sec, I'll copy-paste that part of the conversation for you to read.

- Sunshine

//attach chat transcript :: user Sunshine//

[Sunshine] Did you read the précis I sent you on flipside?

[Snow-WT] Yes, I browsed through the files yesterday and reached out to some acquaintances in the milieu. The American name is odd, it never caught on this side of the Atlantic.

[Sunshine] I doubt that the name was chosen for marketing reasons. *display grin* That streetname is descriptive and catchy too.

SEASOURCE FASTFACTS

NEW QUERY :: Krewe

Krewe[1]: A Krewe (pronounced “crew”) is an organization or group that puts on a parade for the Carnival season. The term is best known for its association with New Orleans Mardi Gras.

Krewe[2]: Criminal homegrown gangs of New Orleans that pattern themselves after the traditional Krewes of Mardi Gras. The name reflects either their territory or particular area of interest (crime).



[Snow-WT] True.

[Sunshine] So what did your sources dig up about the drug?

[Snow-WT] Here you go. Tempo's a very mixed bag; it's neither being sold as a designer high for the uber-rich nor the usual snort-and-forget street crowd. In fact, it's a hit at both ends of the market. It's all the rage in Paris, Vienna, and Monaco—where Europe's high-and-mighty gather. I had a word with Mme Rose, an acquaintance familiar with this market, a couple of hours ago on the Helix. She says the drug's all the rage among the glitterati entourages on the local scene too, ranging from red carpet starlets, haute couture designers, starving artists, gene tweekers and wizcoders up to the European aristos.

[Sunshine] The old farts on the Grand Tour?

[Snow-WT] "Old" is a loaded term, when you can afford Léonization. I have no idea where these people are getting the drug (yet), but I'm looking into it. Anyway, tempo's a runaway hit. It's trendy, edgy, and en vogue. But now that you mention them, Mme Rose told me one of the latest trends for the sophisticates is organizing small, private "emo-séances" where an "actor" is drawn through a powerful emotional episode triggered by technological or magical means so connoisseurs on tempo can savor his/her unique emotional output.

[Sunshine] That sounds a bit... well, twisted is the word that comes to mind.

[Snow-WT] You could say that. These parties are like the occult séances back at the turn of the twentieth century when the privileged were drawn to the occult and spiritualism. I can't really explain the theory, but a spellslinger I know tells me you can push your tempo experience up a notch if you get an empathic feedback loop going by tripping in an appropriate psychoactive astral environment, one that naturally resonates with and enhances individual emotional output. So some places are more—let's say—appropriate than others. But for really "twisted," my contacts tell me there's a seriously hardcore version of this trend surfacing in places like Hamburg and Amsterdam—I bet the same is happening on your side of the Atlantic. Specialized "providers" operate vice-dens, S&M dungeons, and even a few decommissioned prisons and toxic environments where connoisseurs can have custom tailored tempo trips enhanced by the tainted psychoactive astral environment.

[Sunshine] Now, that's seriously twisted.

[Snow-WT] Yeah, and for the truly extreme Awakened experience some locals in Hamburg will take you on a "trip" (in both sense of the word) out on the polluted North Sea or the Black Tide marshes.

[Sunshine] Crackbrained.

[Snow-WT] Speaking of which. A friend just paged me about some trouble going on at the Empire. It's just a couple of blocks away and I am on my way there. I'll keep you posted when something new comes up.

Snow-WT [Contact] set to busy. *"I am working. Please contact me if it is really important. Vielen Dank."*

<snip>

Snow-WT [Contact] available.

[Snow-WT] Now that was interesting.

[Sunshine] What? Interesting story?

[Snow-WT] Sort of. Just standing beside a BuMoNA ambulance. Here, subscribe the link from my cam <device 322346.21 link>.

[Sunshine] Ugh, tasty. Who mauled the razor boy? He appears to be pretty heavily augmented.

[Snow-WT] That's why he was at the Empire. It's a cyber-fetishist club, a hotspot for the local cyber-underground. Just bribed the paramedic for some details on the razor's death with the prospect of a later quickie (Don't even start, I am NOT making it a habit. This one was cute). According to him, the vic was a borderline cyberpsychotic with a long record of psych problems. He snorted some sort of narcotic in the little boy's room and when he returned to the main floor, something about all those cybergoons crowded together made him snap. Went right over the edge, tried to kill some people. Unfortunately for him, some weaponized chromies with spurs and implanted cyberguns were around and tore him to pieces. He had some of the powder left in a small plastic bag and the doc let me have a look at it. It's tempo, I'm pretty sure. Fits the description in your file.

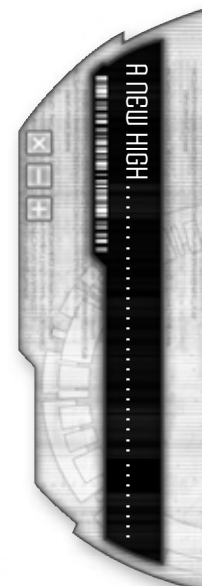
[Sunshine] Yeah, and it's not just the users, it's become the perfect excuse for all the dealers and syndicates to jump at each other's throats. You know, the "people pissing in other people's backyard" type of problems.

[Snow-WT] I definitely need to look deeper into this story. It might explain some of the flare-ups we're seeing in the AGL. Might even be worth some euro from one media outlet or another if this is as hot as it seems. I'll do some more digging on that and get in contact with some people with "friends in the family". I'll let you know if something crops up. Keep me updated if your contacts bring up something new as well.

[Sunshine] Promised.

//end attachment//

- Not unexpected if you ask me. The chance at a peek at the spirit world without actually being Awakened is going to be tempting. But if this drug heightens emotional responses, most people aren't going to be prepared to for what they might come across on the other side of the veil.
- Winterhawk
- No wonder the guy snapped. If he was already unbalanced, there's no way of knowing what exposing himself to the barren auras of other augmented might have triggered in his brain. It took me some getting used to the sense of emptiness and... well, loss is probably the best word for it that emanates from the heavily wired.
- Ethernaut
- Haven't got much to add regarding what's going down in Europe but I can tell you they're moving tempo through Lagos and Capetown bigtime. I heard that the Rain Queen has taken as personal interest in this matter since its causing big trouble in the townships. Before you ask, I have absolutely no clue why. All I heard from Anansi is that Shinzeli is snooping around in the city. That is rarely a good sign. If I was to bet, I'd say that old pirate Barreto is the one bringing the



//archive/misc. /recovered//

To: Mr. Bonds

Subject: Re: Tempo Distribution in Neo-Tokyo

Mr. Bonds,

These past months have seen the Yakuza and the rest of Neo-Tokyo distracted from the squabbles between the Watada and Wanibuchi-rengos. From the first (of April), our proud Neo-Tokyo Police Department has had enormous success dealing with tempo coming to our shores—though as is often the case, it will take some time for the quaint niceties of law to fully catch up with Sixth World narcotics. As of this writing, the drug known as tempo, flipside, or *xi shi* will only be illegal to import starting on August 1st—provided the bill passes, which it is likely to do. In the meantime, police and customs agents are seizing and impounding shipments under a rarely-invoked regulation regarding Chinese Awakened medicines.

No doubt it is curious to you that none of the Yakuza in Neo-Tokyo are taken up with the tempo trade; the answer is as complex as it is simple. Since the first major shipment was seized, tempo has been viewed by all of Neo-Tokyo as a product of foreign criminal syndicates. All of the hopeless addicts (as well as more casual users, of whom there are many more) and the crimes they engage in to afford the drug are seen as their fault—thanks in no small part to the media, who have taken a proactive measures to attack foreign syndicates, particularly the Bratva (a local affiliate of the Vory v Zakone), the Red Dragon Triad, and the Korean gangs associated with the Jo-pok.

The current dispute of the Watada-rengo leadership aside, I have heard that the Wanibuchi-rengo have voted at least twice on the matter of tempo distribution in Neo-Tokyo, with the measure being defeated by a narrow margin on the advice of Jurojin.

—Otaku-Zuku

The First Rule of the Matrix: Data may never be moved, only copied.

To: Otaku-Zuku

Subject: Re: Tempo Distribution in Neo-Tokyo

Sensei,

Okay, so the Yaks aren't dealing. Where the hell are these other syndicates getting their tempo from? It kinda fits the modus operandi of sprawls like Seattle, but it's very different from Hong Kong or Seattle.

—Mr. Bonds

I have a Masters in Forensic Accounting and a degree in Management-Fu

To: Mr. Bonds

Subject: Re: Tempo Distribution in Neo-Tokyo

Mr. Bonds,

From the Yakuza, of course. It is stupid to assume that in such a prosperous metroplex as Neo-Tokyo, with such a large criminal organizations, and such a terrific market has been "skipped." I have every confidence that at least one of the gumi, or even one of the rengo, is deliberately selling the tempo directly to the Bratva, the Triads, and the Jo-pok in order to expose and discredit them. If that is their plan, it is working marvelously. The NTPD have arrested more Koreans in the last three months than in the last two years—and that's saying something, given the racist leanings of some of our fine, upstanding officers.

The true villains will reveal themselves in time; when they move to take advantage of the territories left behind by the fallen foreign syndicates, or when they start dabbling in selling tempo themselves.

—Otaku-Zuku

The Third Rule of the Matrix: The Matrix is a multi-dimensional array. Don't think linearly.

stuff into the city. He is one of the few remaining *tsotsi* gang bosses with enough connections and he's got ties to African smugglers and buccaneers. It's a big op even for him, so he's probably the middleman for some foreign syndicate trying to crack the African market. Being that tempo is being moved inland from Capetown and Lagos, though, I think its safe to assume the source isn't African.

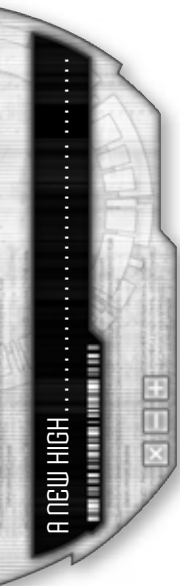
- Picador
- Not sure about Barreto. Interpol intercepted a shipment after it was unloaded from a Universal Omnitech cargo tub, but I don't know for sure what its ports of call were.
- Marcos
- Well, the Cape isn't the only place going to hell in a handbasket. The Maghreb and the Arabian underworlds are in turmoil. It's outright war here. The big boys eliminating the small fry; any upstart that sticks his neck out and starts dealing on local turf is brutally ex-

ecuted. 25 executions so far in Istanbul, Ankara, Damascus, Medina, Baghdad and Dubai, including several shadowrunners. All killed by the Grey Wolves; they make a point of leaving a warning at the site. Since the Wolves have ties with both the Kabul maffiya and the Golden Triangle drug trade, its understandable why they don't want tempo cutting into their margins.

- Am-mut
- Were the dead associated with any known group? Any global connection?
- Goat Foot
- No one I know of. Some were just minor dealers, some smugglers. I wouldn't have guessed any connection, but the Grey Wolves seem to know more.
- Am-mut

// thread auto archived 09/15/71//

Urgent Message...



To: Otaku-Zuku
Subject: Something You Should See (was Re: Tempo Distribution in Neo-Tokyo)

03/71	408,784 (+44.6%)
04/71	685,122 (-71.0%)
05/71	964,730 (+236.0%)
6 mnth	(+337.8%)

Sensei,

I think you should see this; it's part an annotated priceline report from the NTPD Narcotics Division. Can you tell me anything about the user demographics or sales penetration?

—Mr. Bonds

You can take your Keynesian economics and shove it.

//upload Uniformat spreadsheet attachment:

1. Better-Than-Life Chips

Time Period	Units Seized (Change)
12/70	111,153
01/71	204,823 (+84.3%)
02/71	165,402 (-19.2%)
03/71	156,526 (-5.4%)
04/71	148,610 (-5.1%)
05/71	145,821 (-1.9%)
6 mnth	(-1.2%)

Steady decline in number of units seized since introduction of tempo in February; probably due to price and novelty of the new drug.

2. Novacoke

Time Period	Units Seized (Change)
05/68	134,840
05/69	—
====	
12/70	118,285 (-4.6%)
01/71	124,033 (+4.9%)
02/71	119,736 (-3.5%)
03/71	120,495 (+0.6%)
04/71	117,321 (-2.6%)
05/71	112,920 (-3.8%)
6 mnth	(-6.3%)
1 year	(-4.5%)
2 year	(-)
3 year	(-16.3%)

Some of the data lost in probable hacking incident on 12 Dec 2070; request for restoration of back-ups is still being processed, but the steady decline of novacoke and other "traditional" chemical stimulants and narcotics is clear.

4. TEMPO

Time Period	Units Seized (Change)
12/70	—
01/71	202,798
02/71	282,700 (+39.4%)

The 1 April 2071 bust accounts in part for the figures, but it is very clear that the amount of tempo flowing into Neo-Tokyo since its introduction has more than tripled. Much more strenuous measures need to be taken to curtail tempo use or we may be facing a similar problem with other BADs in the future.

//end attachment//

To: Mr. Bonds

Subject: Something You Should See

Mr. Bonds,

I find those numbers very disturbing. In Neo-Tokyo, the assumption has been that the identification of tempo with foreign syndicates has tainted its market value. Upper crust club-goers see it as too crude to use publicly, while the poorer immigrants often can only afford the cheapest cut material—it should thus come as no surprise that Choson Alley and Sub-Tokyo are homes to the worst addicts in Neo-Tokyo, with many of the SINless immigrant workers exhibiting the dazed, sleep-walking patterns and poor hygiene common to long-term tempo abusers.

On the other hand, a small segment of the drug culture, the local kusuri-zuku (Medicine Tribe) has latched onto the popular effects of tempo in Los Angeles and Seattle, spreading it among the art crowd and college students. Hidden among the kusuri-zuku are the kusuri-uri, drug dealers that often masquerade as legitimate sample vendors, medical therapists, and nurses, whose "medicines" are little more than vehicles to deliver illegal narcotics to their victims. Once the victim is addicted, they are in the kusuri-uri's power, not even knowing the true name of the drug they are addicted to.

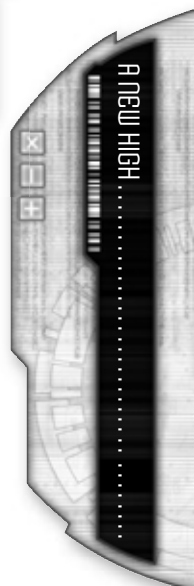
I've heard about that scam, but I thought it was an urban legend. Usually falls to housewives, grandmothers, or teenaged kids. Some conman at the supermarket, or a traveling priest, or a pretty girl walking by at school hands you a free sample of a new drink, or cigarette, or some oil to ease your back pain, and you get one taste and you're hooked. Pretty soon you're desperate for it and you're out of cash, and then the kusuri-uri tries to talk you into theft or, more often, prostitution. Many citizens fall through the cracks pretty fast if they can't kick the habit at that point, which is very difficult.

—Otaku-Zuku

The Unity Law of the Matrix: They that write the code make the law.

//file archived :: user Mr Bonds:: 05/28/71//

Urgent Message...



X-PERIENCE TEMPO ART

The Gallery Art Blog-05/22/71

William Ferguson, New York's zeitgeisty painter of contemporary art who recently became very famous among the local in-scene through his expressionist work, admitted that he is currently painting under the influence of tempo. In an interview recently held online in a virtual representation of this studio in Manhattan, he stated he "always wanted to feel the beauty, power and energy of the astral space" which as a non-Awakened is barred to him. Ferguson has described the experience under the influence of the drug both "mind-blowing" and "a revelation". He has reported to work frenetically on a new portfolio depicting his experiences and visions under tempo use, named "The Great Beasts". Read More.

SEVENTH VICTIM FOUND

New York Times [NYT]-05/28/71

SEATTLE, UCAS: A body was discovered last night in Downtown, Seattle. Though the police are staying quiet about the particulars, they have confirmed that the unnamed victim did die in the same manner as previous victims found throughout Seattle in the past few weeks. This is the seventh victim to be found of the serial killer some periodicals have taken to calling the Fahrenheit killer, after rumors surfaced of the victims all being burned in identical, yet peculiar ways. Seven weeks, seven corpses, and still no answers from Lone Star. According to one local reporter, this is a case Lone Star doesn't want to solve. "There has been a lot of serious criminal activity happening here over the past few months, most of it centering around the explosion of Tempo. Police don't have the time to think about a murderer who is targeting lower-class victims." Local authorities refused to comment for this article.

REPORTER DIES IN KOWLOON MASSACRE

MetaLife [Evo]-06/13/71

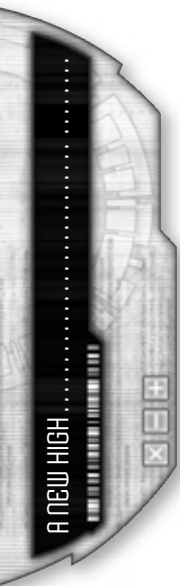
HONK KONG, HKFEZ: Reporter Ryan Doyle was interviewing local orks and trolls in Hong Kong's poorest district when he was caught in a flash-riot that erupted between two of the local gangs, both involved in the drug trade. Caught between both sides, Ryan bravely made a live feed broadcast of the battle, continuing his efforts even after being shot. Ryan Doyle died of blood loss thirty-three minutes into the battle, his eye-cameras still streaming trideo footage until their battery back-ups died. That footage represents the only record of the Kowloon Massacre. We at Fomorian Times salute Brother Doyle for his noble effort to bear witness to this tragic loss of metahuman lives. Doyle is survived by his wife and three sons. Read More.

Urgent Message...

//Archive/Closed Threads/recovered//

SO WHAT IS IT?

- Drugs aren't really my thing, but I keep picking up the creepiest rumors about flipside. I don't think we can chalk it all up to urban legend either. It's been almost six months since we started hearing about tempo, and I know some of you were looking into it. Anyone figured anything out?
- Netcat
- No one knows for sure. I've done purity tests: every batch of raw tempo is identical, right down to the grain size and trace elements. I've backtracked a few trace elements and I'm pretty sure it's organic and plant-derived. I'm convinced there's a single source. My money's on South America, but I'm still looking.
- Nephrine
- Conjecture, or have you found something?
- Butch
- Nothing I can pin down morphologically, but the chemical breakdown of the active ingredients in tempo reminds me of angel trumpets, which are endemic. This being a BAD it might be a natural hybrid or some biotech-enhanced culture, which means it might easily come from somewhere else.
- Nephrine
- Well, at least that rules out some new type of Insect spirit ploy.
- Sticks
- Well, it's not impossible that it might be could be plant material subjected to a digestion process...
- Nephrine
- Yuck! Tell me you're trying to gross us out.
- Sneaker
- I'm not.
- Nephrine
- So it could be bugs behind this?
- Sticks
- It's a possibility I can't rule out. After all, who knows what the hell's going on in the jungles south of Bogotá? Though to be honest I'd expect traces of digestive enzymes if that were the case. Could just as easily be one of those bioreactors I keep hearing Genesis is testing in Paraguay. What I *can* tell you is that I finally got my hands on some uncut stuff—the raw material. Refined tempo looks like brown sugar crystals glossed with oil; real rainbow slick. The finished product requires a bit more processing and usually cutting with filler.
- Nephrine
- And it stinks if it gets too warm. Not that I've run any of it, mind you.
- 2XL.



- Never even crossed my mind.
 - Red Anya
 - How much do they cut this stuff for users?
 - Butch
 - Quite a lot. Based on street samples I acquired, I'd place it at 1-2 grams of active ingredient per dose. The rest is filler or some other drug like red orchid or marijuana—though mixing doesn't seem to be as common in Seattle as in other places. Street prices vary 50¥ in one sprawl, 150¥ in another; but it's mostly supply and demand issues rather than proximity to the source as far as I can tell.
 - Nephrine
 - That's a nice margin. Would you believe a client of mine offered me a derm to help with my bedside manner?
 - Butch
 - Having been under your knife, that would be a resounding "yes."
 - Kane
 - Anyone heard anything about what it does to virtuakinetics?
 - Netcat
 - No. Why? What have you heard?
 - Butch
 - Oh nothing. Nothing relevant. Just thought I'd ask.
 - Netcat
- //thread auto archived :: 09/11/71//

//Archive/Closed Threads/recovered//

HONG KONG FLAREUPS

//upload newsclip transcript /Emerald Media:: user Ma'fan :: 08/06/71//

- This file has been tagged by someone on your network.
- Accessing Tag ...
- You've probably heard by now about the Kowloon Massacre. News media are saying over 5000 dead and I don't think they're padding the figures. More than 24 hours later, the fires are still burning. Many of the blocks are isolated by the flames and several more have collapsed. The sky's still crowded with media drones while Emergency and Rescue units are picking people off the roofs where they can. This was what the evening news had to say about it.
- Ma'fan

//Archive//Lone Star_rips/recovered//

SUBSTANCE ABUSE RELATED CRIMES ON THE RISE!

The links between substance abuse and crime has been well-documented and widely known for the better part of two centuries, and yet the problem continues to afflict inner cities. In fact, almost three-quarters of all BTL addicts and chemical drug abusers acknowledge they have committed multiple crimes to feed their habit when questioned.

It is a Lone Star priority to break this damaging cycle for the improvement of safety, security, and welfare of the communities in our contracted cities. In recent years, our officers have detected a significant increase in drug-related crimes in particular.

What are Drug Related Crimes?

Drugs are related to crime in multiple ways:

Drug-defined offences are crimes that violate the laws prohibiting or regulating the possession, use, manufacturing and distribution of illegal or unregulated narcotics.

Drug-related offences include crimes to which a drug's pharmacologic effects or dependency are the major contributing factor (such as violent behaviour because of drug effect or drug withdrawal), but also include crimes that are motivated by the user's need to support continued drug use (acquisitive crimes such as theft, robbery, organ legging, soliciting, or prostitution). The latter often leads to the distribution of the drug itself by the abuser, who will enter a vicious circle of physical, mental, social and financial dependence.

What We're Doing to Tackle Drug Related Crime

The Joint Metroplex Initiative, launched in conjunction with contractors such as Seattle's Brackhaven Administration and the Houston and New Jersey Mayor's Offices to tackle the influence of chemical and digital drugs, focuses on the most dangerous drugs, damaged communities and problematic drug users, who cause the most harm to themselves, their families and communities.

The strategy comprises a five-point approach:

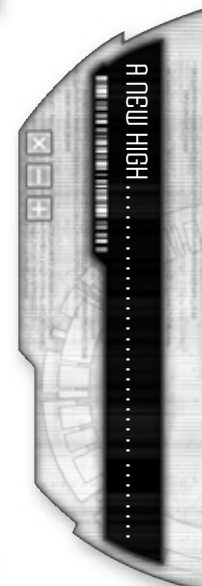
- Crackdown on drug-related crime targeting dealers and their support organizations,
- Reduce supply of illegal drugs by severing narcotraffic and shutting down electronic download sites for electronic narcotics like BTLs;
- Preventing youths from becoming drug users by Matrix-assisted education and awareness campaigns;
- Reduce drug use and drug related offending through mandatory rehab and psychological treatments—through our Narcotics Intervention Program;
- Restrict light "drop-in" facilitator drugs like cannabis, Ex-2 and bliss, expand peak monitor and regulation programs on sirmsense software.

The Lone Star Narcotics Intervention Program

The Narcotics Intervention Program is the key element of the strategy to tackle drug-related crime. It offers offenders whose crimes are drug-related the support they need to kick the habit.

[<Do you want to know more?>](#)

Urgent Message...



//LinguaCell-D audio-to-text transcript enabled//

Wherever you may be in Hong Kong tonight, the glow of the fires in and around the Kowloon Walled City should be visible. Dozens of fire fighters and emergency units have rushed to the Walled City, in the wake of what is already being called the bloodiest triad conflict in the history of Hong Kong.

Though details are sketchy, unconfirmed reports place the loss of life in the thousands, including both criminals and the unfortunate inhabitants caught in the crossfire. It is believed that drug-related violence broke out between two rival triads and quickly escalated out of hand, resulting in the immediate deaths of dozens and the setting of numerous fires that have since claimed hundreds more. Gunfire and explosions were heard as early as four in the afternoon, but by nine o'clock hundreds of wounded and dying have emerged from one of the city's worst slums after fighting broke out between rival Triads.

As our viewers can see through our mediadrones on site, fires continue to consume several blocks at the center of the Walled City. Thick smoke is pouring from the narrow streets obstructing our view, but we can make out figures waving on some of the roof tops... oh no... spirits preserve us! Two more tenements have just collapsed throwing even more dust and smoke into the air and dragging down at least one firefighting blimp.

As viewers can see on the left, aerial fire-fighting units are dropping flame-suppressant foam and retardant chemicals in the hopes of dowsing the flames that have already swallowed full a quarter of the Walled City. Authorities have cordoned off the immediate area, but emergency services are being forbidden from entering the Walled City and are simply tending to those who manage to escape.

According to our sources in the HKPD, the area is highly unstable and unexplained magical phenomenon are further endangering any rescue attempts. Following last year's Queen Elizabeth Hospital incident, authorities are proceeding with extreme caution.

More updates as they arrive on our desk. Premium viewers may access channel 201 for continuing live feeds from our drones on the scene.

//end attachment//

//upload Unifomat text attachment :: user Ma'Fan
:: 08/06/71//

- This file has been tagged by someone on your network.
- Accessing Tag ...
- This is a transcript of an audio journal I snagged from the commlink of a KE detective in Hong Kong. Thought you all might be interested with all the flipside trouble that's going on particularly after the Kowloon disaster.
- Ma'Fan

June fourteenth, twenty seventy-one. Illegal loft housing in Kwun Tong—building 647 A Aberdeen Lane, fifth floor, third from the stairs on the left. Time is zero one sixteen. There are three bodies, all SINless, human, and male. Given the amount of blood and the blood trails out the door I'd say there were at least two more victims, who were dragged off later. Time of death is approximately two hours ago.

First impressions: this was a sloppy hit. Two of the men have a hexagram tattooed on the back of their neck about the collar line: number 49—Revolution; also denotes the rank of foot soldier in the Triads; remember to bother Hwang in Organized Crime for Triad gangs that use those markings. Third victim is dressed differently; some sort of sanitation worker's outfit. There's a holographic sticker or derm of a big-breasted cartoon girl on the back of his hand.

All three of them were shot; given the angle of fire from the bullet holes they could have been shooting at each other. No casings; either someone did a thorough cleaning or they used caseless ammunition.

Kitchen counter is clean. Only thing in this place that is. Someone took the time to swipe whatever was on it and wiped it down—no debris on the floor; they took it with them. Magnified view of counter shows samples of pink powder—possibly red orchid, cut with bliss or heroin—ask forensics to dig out a sample for the lab. Nini always complains I send her too many bullets and not enough flowers and chocolates.

No windows, but the walls are thin enough someone must have heard something, or even taken a round. Someone called this in, but none of the neighbors are talking. Hell, none of the neighbors are here.

June fourteenth, twenty seventy one. Time is eighteen seventeen. Third victim recently had lower left arm surgically replaced; fingerprints match a criminal SIN to Cham Lon, a known member of the Black Chrysanthemum Triad. Convicted of participating in a body lottery, did six years, got out. I'd say chances are good he got back into the old line of work and his luck ran out. Subject also has unknown substance in his system, possibly a narcotic. Nini says the lab is overbooked and I won't get results today.

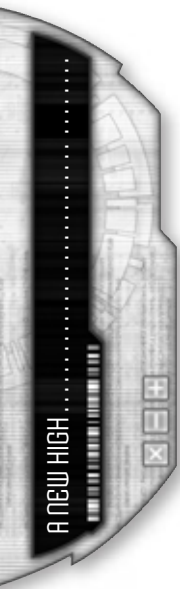
Hwang in OrgCrime confirms hexagrams belong to Triad soldiers of the Golden Army; who answer to the Smoke Circle Society. Captain wants a report by tomorrow.

Story so far: possible Triad conflict. Drugs involved. Could be nothing; a deal gone bad, some personal issue. Unless something turns up, this is all dead ends.

June fifteenth, twenty seventy one. Time is zero eight twelve. Patrollers found two more scenes like the one I found yesterday. Mix of bodies that lead back to the Black Chrysanthemums, the Smoke Circle Society, or their affiliate gangs, all in Kwun Tong. Evidence of drugs at all scenes, either red orchid or the unknown narcotic we pulled off of Lucky. Looks like the Triads are deciding on who controls this territory. Captain says I'm assigned to a special Task Force tomorrow with narcotics and organized crime. Remember to buy milk for Nini.

June sixteenth, twenty seventy one. Time is thirteen zero six. This isn't just your usual territorial nonsense. There are seventy-eight bodies from thirty-two crimescenes, all in the last seventy-two hours. The media hasn't picked up the story yet, but the brass is worried. It looks like a major confrontation.

Something weird about this. Traces of drugs at every scene. Doesn't feel like hits and retaliation, though that's probably coming. Are the Black Chrysanthemums hitting the Smoke Circle Society's lesser labs and dealers to curtail distribution? Would



explain the new narcotic. Lab guys still can't give me a straight answer on what it is except that it's an organic compound. Nini says they've put in a consult with Magical Resources; they must be seriously in over their heads to waste their budget on that kind of requisition.

//end attachment//

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//archive/closed threads/recovered//

INTERPOL PRIORITY INTERAGENCY ALERT

Review security footage from Chek Lap Kok airport graciously ceded by Knight-Errant has identified **Henry Uribe** (aka Enrique Uribe; The Diplomat) among arrivals two weeks before preceding the Kowloon Incident. His presence in the metroplex is believed to be directly connected to the current crisis. IDEA urges all agencies to adjust surveillance and data analysis to take into account this new data. You will find biometric data and reference files attached.

IDEA is coordinating international and intercorporate investigation of tempo trafficking, and your cooperation will be greatly valued by both Interpol and your sister agencies tackling this problem.

Uribe is a registered citizen of KondOrchid, SA, a double A corporation based out of Guayaquil (Ecuador) and a former Colombian senator. He is also a known middleman and principle negotiator for several South American drug cartels and well-connected in diplomatic circles and high society in several major nations. He is believed to be a leading figure in the Olaya Cartel and a blood relative of Jaime Salazar, president of KondOrchid another primary in our investigations—per the dossier forwarded by Aztechnology Corporate Security to all networked agencies on 30 June.

Keep in mind that Uribe has successfully challenged and won criminal cases against him in six different countries; various agencies have failed to prosecute charges of transnational criminal conspiracy, corruption, and influence trafficking in the courts. Uribe is wanted for questioning in Aztlán, Korea, and Great Britain for suspected criminal association. There are no current outstanding warrants. Any surveillance undertaken must be discreet.

Your cooperation is appreciated,
Majia Wright

Maja Wright

IDEA Division Head

- This file has been tagged by someone on your network.
- Accessing Tag ...
- Thought I'd add this little tidbit courtesy of my term at Interpol to spice up Ma'fan's thread.
- Sunshine

//end attachment//

//thread auto-archived :: 21/09/71//

//archive/chats/recovered//

/user Nephrine has logged on

/user Haze has logged on

[Haze] It's 03:13 local. Mind telling me why I'm up at the 13th hour?

[Nephrine] Here.

//upload attachment :: user Nephrine :: 06/22/71//

The Use of Parapharmaceuticals to Influence Metaplanar Travel in Postmodern Los Angeles

By Jacques Mandelleon, Graduate student at the Thaumaturgy Department, University of California Los Angeles.

Background: Many pre-Awakening shamanic cultures have made use of psychoactive substances in their rituals to achieve altered mental states which may nowadays be seen as an attempt to achieve astral projection or metaplanar journeying. While normally unnecessary to perform these tasks in the post-Awakening era (see my paper on **The Use of Parapharmaceuticals as Geasa, a Cost/Benefit Analysis**), a 2033 study by Dr. Anton d' Venescu revealed that some pharmaceuticals may assist in aspects of metaplanar journeying by guiding the initiate to a specific plane through the use of altered state when used in conjunction with a symbolic cosmology, which was inherent in many cultures. Quoting the maxim of the microcosm affecting the macrocosm, the altered state of the magician in navigating this symbolic landscape would serve as a roadmap to bring their astral self to a designated—and unfamiliar—metaplane. This paper will address an aspect of d' Venescu's research as applied to the recent rise of the parapharmaceutical known as tempo, which has lately appeared on the streets of Los Angeles.

//end attachment//

[Nephrine] This is a sample of an abstract for an Applied Thaumaturgy paper that was to be published last month. The author died when a rogue plant spirit escaped its owner's control and went on a small rampage through the off-campus housing. Funnily, all of Mandelleon's research was destroyed, and no one could find the summoner or the spirit afterwards.

[Haze] Probably a prank gone wrong. You know how those UCLA Thaum undergrads get.

[Nephrine] Yeah, until I saw this.

//upload attachment :: user Nephrine :: 06/22/71//

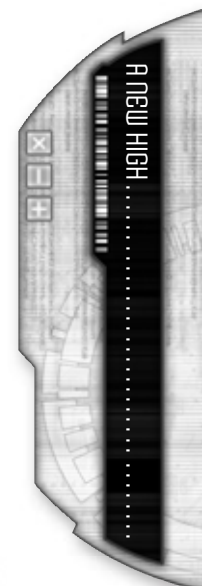
UOS STUDENTS EXPELLED

New Seattle Intelligencer [NN]-28 June 2071

SEATTLE, UCAS: Pharmacology students Lateesha Yang and Arnim Obolu have been expelled in absentia and are facing criminal charges after fire officials responded to a call in Lab 3. The alarm triggered last Sunday was caused during processing of the Bioengineered Awakened Drug flipside. A search of their dorm rooms also revealed traces of flipside, a handgun, and various drug paraphernalia. Yang and Obolu have not been seen since the incident, and are believed to have gone into hiding.

//end attachment//

[Haze] Okay, so three college kids messing with tempo—which, despite what the NSI would have you believe, still isn't a Schedule I drug yet—go tits up or missing. That's probably about the national



A NEW HIGH.....



average. So what?

[Nephrine] Lateesha and Arnim came to me for help.

[Haze] Aren't you a little old to take in strays?

[Nephrine] They had information. Our old friend Jorge Rhys was in Seattle, Haze.

[Haze] No fucking way. That little geek fucked off south of the border twenty years ago. You know how many charges he's facing?

[Nephrine] I remember the scarred lung tissue when he screwed up brewing a batch of Warp at MIT&M in '59. I remember getting busted by the FBI at 19 because Jorge was buying chemical weapon formulae and test results from the Army. And I remember you and Jorge have a history.

[Haze] You could say that. Is that why you called this little tête-à-tête? To talk about Jorge fuckin' Rhys?

[Nephrine] That's part of it, yeah.

[Haze] Okay, straight infodump: Rhys is from this weird Welsh colony in the middle of Amazonia. Brilliant chemist, particularly interested in pharmacology and Awakened biochemistry. Secretly one of those sad bastards that wishes he was a mage; he had a major hard-on for alchemy. Did some important theoretical work in early magical compound formulae; nothing that rendered a stable result, but it got him a ticket to MIT&M in '58. Isolated active components of nova scorpion and naga venom; he was working on some old tribal potion, an hallucinogen that was supposed to open you up to the spirit world or something. Tried it on himself, almost died, whipped up a batch

of superhallucinogen that killed two people and left five certified geniuses with permanent neural damage, including my girlfriend at the time. Legged it to Amazonia, hid under a rock.

[Nephrine] I think Rhys might be behind tempo, or at least working for whoever is. I mean, think about it: ran to the Amazon, his career shot to hell, a certified genius with an interest in hallucinogens and Awakened drugs...makes sense he'd get involved with the BAD trade one way another.

[Haze] What's your interest in all this?

[Nephrine] I'm hoping to synthesize a substance to wean users off of tempo addiction. As it is, there's no universally accepted treatment; it's down to cold turkey and willpower.

[Haze] Which must work fine for magicians, who have the mental discipline to spare, eh?

[Nephrine] Everyone has their limits, Haze. Don't overestimate yours.

[Haze] This isn't going to turn into another frickin' teetotaler lecture, is it? Because I'm fine, I'm in control of it. I don't need a boogie-man story about Jorge fuckin' Rhys, okay Neph?

[Nephrine] Haze, I'm not here to talk to you about your life choices, but you knew Rhys back in the day, right? And now he's back and killing kids that are looking into tempo. I need to understand why.

[Haze] I think you need to spell it out for me.

[Nephrine] I need a sample of tempo. A big sample. I also need to examine an addict, see what the changes are in the biochemistry, how it's expressed, where it collects in the body, where the body excretes it.

[Haze] You need a guinea pig and a source. I didn't know this was a business conversation, Neph. Lotta shit-work processing urine and crap, isn't it?

[Nephrine] I have a couple lab assistants that need to earn their keep.

[Haze] Okay, okay...meet me at the biohazard dumpster behind the Body Mall. Not the ghouls' cafe, the other one. Say 2300? You'll need about 5k certified on you.

[Nephrine] I'll see you then.

/user Haze has logged off

/user Nephrine has logged off

//chat session archived :: user Haze :: 08/22/71//

Private Message

From: SJohnson
Subject: Job Opportunity

The Smoke Circle Society and the Black Chrysanthemums are two of the biggest Triads, not to mention the two involved in the nastiest crime in Hong Kong, if not all of Asia. The Smoke Circle has a lock on the trade of red orchid, but the BCs brought in tempo and snowed them under. Right now is the perfect time to introduce something even hotter: toad stone. I've got fifty keys I need delivered to the Ten Thousand Lions. No money up front but you get 10%—and a lot more when business picks up. Whatya say, omae? Want in? Drop me a line.



- The following document and map landed in my inbox earlier today. I'm sure some of you will find it interesting.
- Snopes

//uploaded as Uniformat text attachment :: user Snopes :: 07/22/71//

**KNIGHT ERRANT
TEMPO ASSESSMENT AND ANALYSIS**

To: ROOK@AD1.Detroit.Ares.Matrix
 Date: 31 July 2071
 From: Basq@KE1.Detroit.Ares.Matrix
 Encoding Enabled

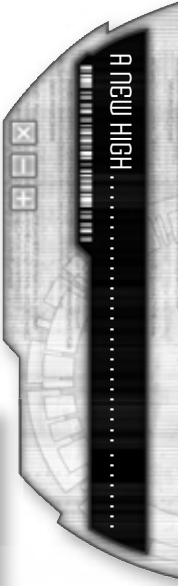
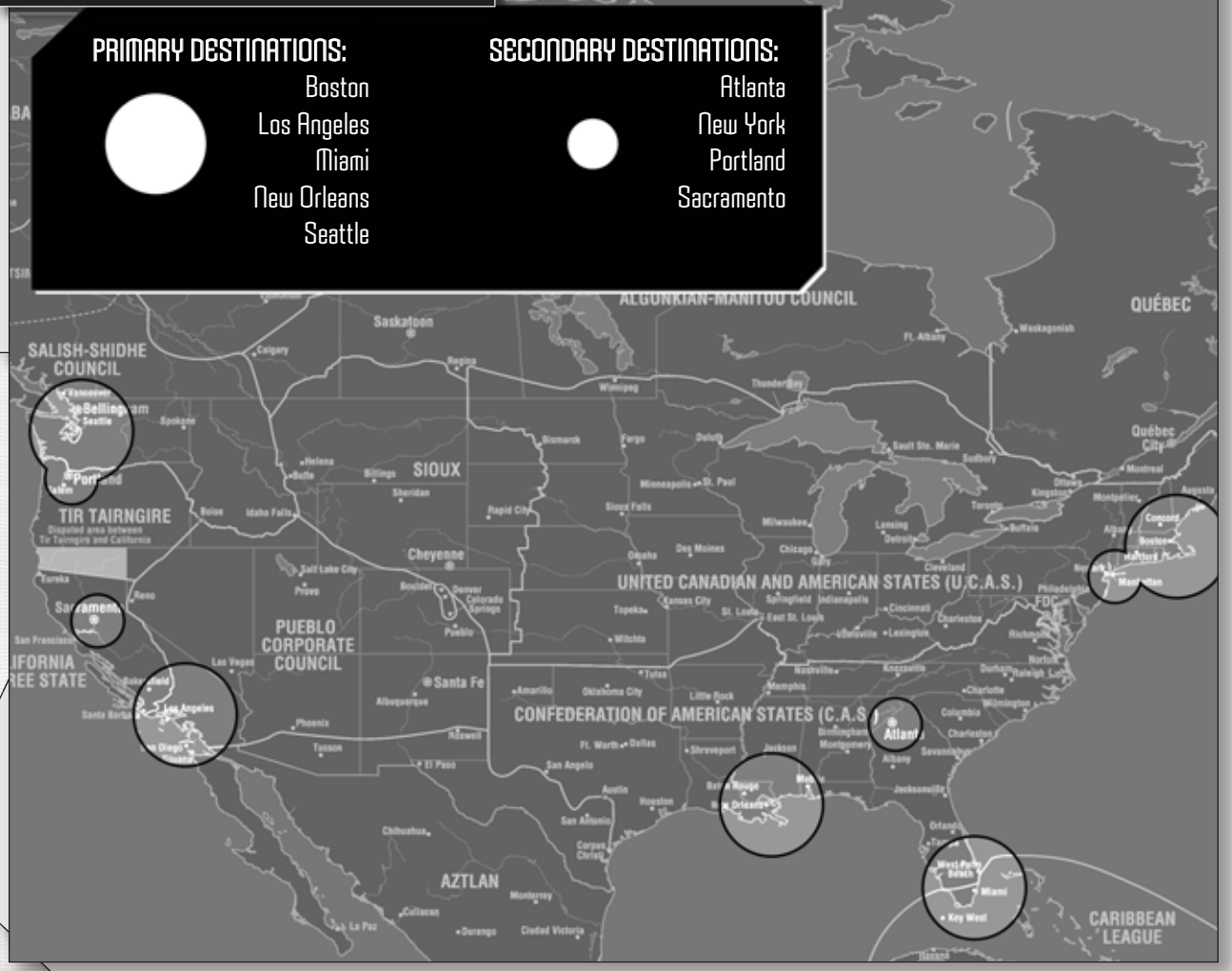
Sir,
 Generic geo-economic models for drug marketing have failed to find the work with tempo; the angles of distribution on this are just plain weird. With your average illegal drug experts can use statistical analysis of purity, reported and estimated use figures, street cost, and related crime incident density to determine the geographic epicenters of production—the source—and distribution. Most of the general assumptions—higher use in areas

geographically close to the source, higher price and lower purity the farther from the source (using transportation links, not just sheer distance) don't appear to apply. Long story short: we can't find where tempo is coming from.

While we initially considered that tempo might have multiple sources, which would throw off the figures, our chemists disagree. Chemical analyses from crime and corporate research labs indicates it is the exact same substance in every case, right down to the crystal size, trace elements, and the really unusual organic compounds. Tempo is always cut locally, but it's being produced uniformly from a single source, shipped raw, and processed on site. I believe we're looking at a deliberate attempt at obfuscation, and the supplementary evidence seems to back this up.

Every major sprawl on the Pacific Rim, North and Latin America, and Europe seems to have a single primary distributor, and they all buy from the same source. You can't always stick a name to who's the major player in a given metroplex because the syndicates work to keep their own trickle-down network hidden, using gangs and intermediaries to sell tempo on the streets instead of doing it directly, but I've been pulling drug purity comparison rates from Interpol databases and there appears to be a high probability of it. I can say with confidence that at least thirty metroplexes worldwide

KNIGHT ERRANT 2071 DATABANK:
TEMPO DISTRIBUTION IN NORTH AMERICA



are receiving pure (98-100%) tempo from a single source, which is cut and sold and cut again. Most of the syndicates have a previous history of peddling Awakened drugs; this was probably a deliberate attempt to throw off local police forces.

By normal behavioral models, there should be at least one geographical region or sprawl with a higher per-capita tempo purity and quantity than any other, a source region surrounded by addicts, farmers, chemists, something—and I can't find it. To the best of my knowledge, none of the tempo-dealing syndicates have the facilities to produce tempo in the quantities it is being sold, or the ability to hide it if they did have such facilities. The difficulty with BADs isn't in the manufacture, it's in securing the Awakened source material in quantity. The source could probably make as much money just selling the source material and letting the syndicates make their own—but then, of course, they would be giving up their monopoly on product production.

We're still not sure if the tempo source material is animal or herbal—mineral has been pretty much ruled out, unless somebody's mining some incompletely fossilized flora or fauna somewhere, or maybe subjecting a pre-organic material to an organic digestion process—and given the quantity of tempo we're seeing, it is much more likely that the source is a plant material or product of some kind.

Our initial suspects were the Ghost Cartels of Latin America, but they've been keeping fairly quiet—little evidence of tempo use or manufacture outside of major cities like Caracas, Bogotá and Metropole. Our other suspects are just as unlikely: in every sprawl, the distributors always a different syndicate and many of them are in direct competition. If the Black Chrysanthemums in Hong Kong and Macau are selling tempo, their counterparts in Honolulu or Manila aren't, but their rivals are. You see the same thing everywhere around the world: the Mafia in Marseilles has a lock on the tempo trade in that sprawl but over in Paris it's the Vory v Zakone. That's not to say that the Mafia in Paris aren't selling tempo, but they're obviously not the source—they're buying it from their friends over in Marseilles at wholesaler prices, smaller volume, and often cut and mixed with other drugs.

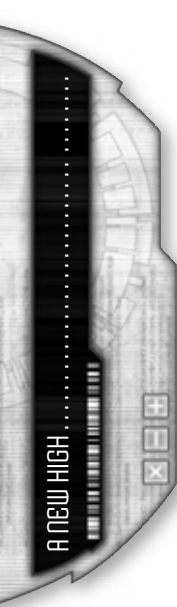
Tempo spreads into smaller towns and metroplexes too small to have a principal supplier through this secondary market. It's largely a matter of economics: if a tempo syndicate has a line, then it effectively has a monopoly in that sprawl. If it goes to another major city which has its own tempo syndicate, it'll be competing directly with that other syndicate on that group's home ground. By the time it hits the streets the tempo is maybe 25%-33% pure; and more expensive due to transportation and other costs. If the Marseilles Milieu is buying tempo directly from "the source" and selling it to the Paris Mafia, they aren't going to sell it at cost—they'll at least have a mark-up for transportation and probably security as well. This cost will be carried down to the dealers and customers on the Paris streets, which would normally make it more expensive than the tempo being sold by the Paris Vory. To match their competition, the Paris Mafia would have to lower their price—and thus see less profit from their sales.

Hong Kong represents an interest scenario not only because of our local interest, but because of an ongoing price war between the Black Chrysanthemums and the Smoke Circle Society, who are fighting to push their respective products—tempo and red or-

chid. I really don't know of another sprawl that has two syndicates pushing comparable Awakened drugs in such quantities. A couple of the fixers have even set themselves up as "drug brokers," keeping tags on which Triad gang is selling at a given price and purity. The Black Chrysanthemums currently appear to have the edge.

This entire distribution setup is a deliberate attempt by whoever's really behind tempo to keep from being targeted. Whoever it is could be making a gazillion creds selling this to anybody and everybody themselves, but they haven't. If there were multiple sources, you'd see all kinds of leaks and independent sellers out there by now, but I've been crunching the numbers on the last six months of tempo activity the prime distributors have been fairly static—no one has started selling tempo and then stopped, and all of the new sellers buy it from the "original" tempo syndicates. What's more, after a period of eight to six weeks, the amount of tempo on the streets skyrockets. It's like everyone tests the waters before really committing... or maybe it just takes that long for the first big shipment to get in. The closest economic model I can place on it is the franchise system. Of course, if the source decides to charge more, then the tempo syndicates will either have to ante up or see the trade fall to their competitors; that's the point of a monopoly. Even if a tempo syndicate gets brought down in a war with the other criminal organizations or law enforcement, the "source" could just switch to another gang in the same sprawl. There's very little risk involved, for a drug ring.

Another oddity is Neo-Tokyo; we haven't been able to pin down who the principal distributor is in that sprawl. All of the tempo coming into N-T is through smaller foreign syndicates. That would make sense if they were buying it from their fellows in



Private Message



To: Nephrite

Subject: The Automatic Sticker Machine

This is the Matrix source I was telling you about earlier; an anonymous node where buyers and sellers can get together. I think that a few of the regular sellers are actually sales-agents; it's probably how management pays for the site. There's a credit system in play where buyers and sellers can rate each other on the transactions—whether it arrived in the mail, purity, did the cred transaction go through okay, did the customer OD—we call those last ones dead droppers. You write it up before you use it and if you don't cancel it, this little skull-and-crossbones pops up on the seller's rating. You hear the usual bullshit about how some people only trust the sellers with three or four kills because otherwise their shit's too weak.

I don't know how this works into Slamm-O!'s business model though. Is it one syndicate behind TASM, or is it the mythical source? Could it all be on the secondary market? I'd have to buy samples from every seller and try to track back the delivery routes. It's really nasty, y'know, having the ability to just order a couple dozen derms to show up in your postbox in a day or two. Enticing, the kind of thing I don't need right now.—Haze



other sprawls for resale in Neo-Tokyo, but the prices are lower and the purity is higher than comparable secondary distributor syndicates in other sprawls. We can't figure out why a big sprawl like Neo-Tokyo wouldn't have a principle syndicate, unless perhaps it is the actual source of tempo—but then, there are no known facilities that could provide the raw material.

It seems suspicious to me that the smaller, foreign syndicates are getting such loud press and big busts from the NTPD. There's a pattern there. Who benefits when the smaller syndicates in Neo-Tokyo fail? The Yakuza. I suggest we keep an eye out for Yakuza organizations capitalizing on the failing foreign syndicates. Until that time, we're working on a twofold approach: brute-force statistical analysis on ancillary data and looking for aberrations that might help us narrow our search, and pressure on the smaller tempo-distribution syndicates to give up their supplier.

I will be in touch.

Captain James Dead Tree,
Knight Errant Department of Occult Crime, Awakened
Drugs Enforcement

Signature Block

End Encoding

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/user 2XL has logged on

/user Kane has logged on

[2XL] Hey there Johnny Reb.

[Kane] Hey yourself, Yankee. How's biz on the West Coast?

[2XL] Jumpin'. Flipsides's all over down here.

[Kane] That a fact?

[2XL] Yessir. Ol' Sticks told me the Ancients have a pipeline running up I-5 from LA up through glowy San Francisco, Sacramento, Portland and Salem. They're in bed with whoever's supplying the Koshari in LA.

[Kane] And how would our old buddy Sticks know that?

[2XL] Well, to hear him tell it, he's got a special relationship with Rosa Azul. She's head of the LA Chapter of the Ancients.

[Kane] Heh. What were his exact words?

[2XL] "We make sweet hate to each other."

[Kane] Sounds right. Listen now, speaking of LA, I've got a little proposition for you...

[2XL] The answer's no, even if you bathe.

[Kane] Ha. Ha. Seriously now. The whole PacRim's gripped in tempo-fever. You can't move this stuff fast enough. I've got a line in L.A.

[2XL] So is this by-contract or are we playing entrepreneurs?

[Kane] Little of both. I've got a contract for the first run, but if we plan ahead we can make this a regular gig.

[2XL] Okay, so say we do this. What're the scam?

[Kane] One word, hoss: mushisushi. Tokyo's going crazy for the bug food. Paying primo credo for these big ass bugs, the bigger the better right? I've got the stats right here: one point six-five metric tons of giant bugs coming into the 'plex every day, dog. You think they check all those shipments? Hell no. Keep the top couple racks clean and we can stuff the bottom racks full. After we sell the tempo, we can turn around and offload the bugs too.

//Archive/Newsfeeds /recovered// DJ TRIDECHROME OPENS REHAB CLINIC Malevolent Press [H-T]-07/15/71

GLACIER PEAK, Salish-Shidhe: The Right Reverend DJ Trideochrome, anointed of Gaia, licensed masseuse and magical healer, oldest official human member of the Cascade Ork tribe (and a former Eagle Scout!) has opened his Thunderbird Lodge on Glacier Peak, just north of the Seattle Metroplex, to care for individuals suffering from the spiritual illness of flipside. As part of their 500-nuyen-a-day therapy, DJ Trideochrome states sufferers receive the run of the spa (including the Magma Room and the Glacial Melt Frigorium), full-body aura massages, and therapeutic synth composition classes.

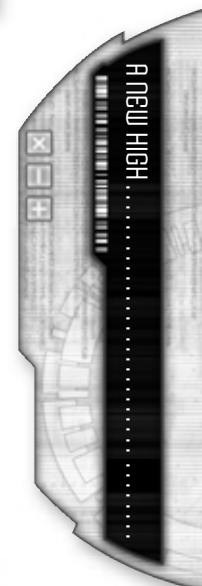
GOVERNOR ANNOUNCES CRACKDOWN New Seattle Intelligencer [NN]-07/16/71

SEATTLE, UCAS. Governor Brackhaven has recently taken a beating in public opinion polls for the city's inability to halt the widespread tempo-related violence. Josephine Dzhugashvili has stepped forward as one of Brackhaven's most outspoken critics, calling for widespread audits of Lone Star officers and government officials suspected of accepting bribes from the criminals behind the devastating drug. Brackhaven's position wasn't helped when it was discovered his only remaining relative, niece Tiffany Brackhaven, was behind a large import of tempo. Information about Tiffany's tempo addiction was leaked to the media last week, along with the scandalous reports of Governor Brackhaven's long-time knowledge of her condition. Documents leaked showed that the Governor not only knew about his niece's addiction, but stated he "hoped she passed it around to all her tusker friends." Civic leaders have asked how a Governor who wouldn't even seek drug counseling or intervention for his only niece can be trusted to deal firmly with the dealers, pushers, and smugglers flooding the city. Dzhugashvili has stated that she remains committed to eradicating the "tempo menace" from Seattle. She reported today that she's cooperating with Interpol's Drug Enforcement Agency in their investigation of Governor Brackhaven and that "more damaging evidence will soon come to light." A campaign to seek Brackhaven's impeachment is gathering growing momentum. Read More.

Dispose of the evidence. I dig this mushisushi thing, man. It's like revenge and a crunchy snack at the same time.

[2XL] Yeah...I ate a roach once, on a bet. My mother nearly died when she found out; the docs told her I must have the immune system of a devil rat. Seriously though, where the hell you gonna get these bugs? How you gonna move 'em?

Urgent Message...



JACKPOINT JOBBANK*Ten jobs have met your criteria. Listing 1-10*-----
Type: Wetwork**Salary Range:** ¥¥**Location:** Seattle, UCAS**Job Desc:** Target is a minor organized crime figure. Do it right, and you'll have as much work as you want.**Reqs/Timeframe:** Bring your own weapons.**Contact:** Mr. Johnson

<Yes>/<Ignore>

Type: Courier**Salary Range:** ¥¥**Location:** Portland, Tir Tairngire**Job Desc:** Bagman needed. Three days, max.**Reqs/Timeframe:** Must provide own transportation.**Contact:** Mr. Johnson

<Yes>/<Ignore>

Type: Bodyguard.**Salary Range:** ¥¥¥**Location:** Seattle, UCAS**Job Desc:** One to ten days, providing security and extended operational assets for touring business delegation.**Reqs/Timeframe:** No Koreans or AmerInds. Magicians a bonus.**Contact:** María Fyolek García Sacristán

<Yes>/<Ignore>

Type: Musclework**Salary Range:** ¥**Location:** Hong Kong Free Enterprise Zone**Job Desc:** Will be asked to work with others.**Reqs/Timeframe:** No connection with the Smoke Circle Society or Red Dragon Triads.**Contact:** Jong-Min at the Golden Ape

<Yes>/<Ignore>

Type: Smuggling**Salary Range:** ¥¥¥**Location:** Macau**Job Desc:** Across the pond to Hong Kong. Heavy resistance expected.**Reqs/Timeframe:** Must be willing to accept Wuxing corporate scrip.**Contact:** James Beckworth

<Yes>/<Ignore>

Type: P2.0 Frame up**Salary Range:** ¥¥¥**Location:** Los Angeles, PCC**Job Desc:** Link simstarlet with flipside abuse on P2.0. Details and drugs will be provided as necessary.**Reqs/Timeframe:** Must be an accomplished hacker and photogenic. Cosmetic surgery provided as necessary.**Contact:** Elliot/Margaret Dulchess, Viral Marketing Agency

<Yes>/<Ignore>

Type: Astral Security**Salary Range:** ¥¥**Location:** Los Angeles, PCC**Job Desc:** Astral security needed for metaplanar journey experiment.**Reqs/Timeframe:** Adepts with astral perception preferred; no technomancers please.**Contact:** Dr. Charles Montefort, UCLA Department of Thaumaturgy

<Yes>/<Ignore>

Type: Pick up and drop-off.**Salary Range:** ¥¥**Location:** Neo-Tokyo, JIS**Job Desc:** Simple delivery. Milk run.**Reqs/Timeframe:** Fluency in Russian a bonus. Discretion absolutely necessary.**Contact:** Mr. Johnson

<Yes>/<Ignore>

Type: Personnel Retrieval**Salary Range:** ¥¥**Location:** Seattle**Job Desc:** Retrieve misguided teen from Seattle Barrens, deliver to rehab.**Reqs/Timeframe:** 3 days. Complete Discretion.**Contact:** Mr. Johnson

<Yes>/<Ignore>

Type: Bounty collection.**Salary Range:** ¥¥¥¥**Location:** Caracas**Job Desc:** Snatch wanted criminal before authorities, deliver to Johnson.**Reqs/Timeframe:** Fluent in Amazonian and Aztlaner Spanish a plus. One week.**Contact:** Mr. Johnson

<Yes>/<Ignore>

[Kane] I got a guy. Retired entomologist from the Fort Lewis Zoo; he's been working up an aquafarm in one of the deep lacunas. Giant isopods. Weigh nearly two kilograms each. He's got this bathysphere, goes down to feed and harvest. I've got a line on a space for a commercial cargo ship leaving L.A. for Neo-Tokyo in two weeks. Way I figure it we do maybe four or five hundred bugs a trip, right? So that's maybe three hundred keys we can work in easy. Cost us maybe four thousand for setup costs, eight to be safe; we'll make twenty times that when we make the delivery. Go back and do it again.

[2XL] Forty grand each a trip, yeah? So why you need me for this? Sounds like you got it all sowed up.

[Kane] Because I trust you. You're like a brother to me. I need somebody like you at my back. And I'm flat broke.

[2XL] And you need to get out of town. Ares on your ass again?

[Kane] That too.

[2XL] What the fuck did you do to piss them off?

[Kane] I was house-sitting Damien Knight's castle in the Thousand Islands when I set his favorite Persian rug on fire trying to get a wine stain out.

[2XL] <snort>

[Kane] Seriously man, I need this. You need it too or I wouldn't be coming to you. The best part is that mushisushi is spreading all 'round the PacRim. We can go to Lima, Manila, Hong Kong, anywhere.

[2XL] No Hong Kong. I've had it up to here with the Triads these days.

[Kane] So you're in?

[2XL] Sounds like a plan so far. Look, let's meet in the flesh and talk about this some more, okay?

[Kane] You got it. Meetcha at the Picnic Tables day after tomorrow, say noonish?

/user 2XL has logged off

/user Kane has logged off

//chat session archived :: user 2XL :: 08/15/71//

//archives/intercepts/recovered//

//uploaded Uniformat text attachment :: user Sunshine :: 09/15/71//

ORANGE ALERT: COMMUNIQUE 71-08-49

Interpol Memorandum

Confidential, to be distributed to National Central Law-Enforcement Organizations and federal police task forces.

Communiqué 71-09-49

Subject: Tempo Traffic and Repercussions

With reference to the last communiqué 71-04-48, which dealt with the description and preliminary assessment of the new drug called tempo or flipside, the drug and its distribution has been evaluated a major threat by Interpol authorities. Central committee and

Interpol's Drug Enforcement Division head Majia Wright are meeting representatives from several major governments to push through anti-BAD legislation over the next two weeks, but interagency intelligence exchange and coordination will continue in the interim.

Meanwhile, based on the knowledge collected by infiltrated operatives, positioned in organized syndicates, and information pooled from all authorities investigating the narcotraffic, Interpol's Drug Enforcement Division has become aware that the global introduction of the drug follows a certain pattern that was intentionally obfuscated by the drug's "producer" or "primary distributor", henceforth described as "the Source."

Contrary to our earlier analysis, intelligence now suggests that there is just one source that has supplied all major metroplexes. Whoever has shipped the drug to the local criminals and drug providers (secondary and tertiary distributors) appears to be delivering pure refined tempo of same composition to the different syndicates. Since at this point every major criminal organization (or faction thereof) seems to be involved in the distribution and trade of tempo in one part of the world, it has proven next to impossible to apply logistics datamodeling to pinpoint its origin.

Although a plethora of forensic labs are working to determine the origin of the drug based on composition and chemical trace mapping, the major hurdle has been to acquire a sample of the pure drug. We believe that processing for administration (ie. patch, injection, inhalers, etc.) was performed locally, which further side-tracked attempts at early identification of the problem. According to our sources the drug appears to be cut and further processed locally before distribution to enhance profit margins—this process has further obscured the origin.

However, based on samples that were acquired by national law enforcement agencies in drug raids in Neo-Tokyo in April, in Seattle in May, and Germany in this month we can now confirm, that all samples displayed nearly 100% chemical identity, establishing that the drug does indeed originate from a single common source—based on chemical composition and microscopic amounts of trace we currently believe the drug to be emanating from South America.

What we could reconstruct from intelligence so far, is that the Source has sent so called "first taste" samples to a number of potential middlemen in metropolitan areas across the world, with particular incidence on major transport and commercial hubs/ports. Our current estimation puts the amount in the scale of at least two kilos of tempo (possibly even more), worth roughly 100.000 nuyen. This first taste samples allowed the local secondary or tertiary distributor an introduction and "trial run" of the drug on the local scene unnoticed by authorities, as well as allowing the smaller criminal organizations involved to bankroll further buys. The depletion of these initial stocks would explain the global price increase we registered in late April-May.

We have been trying to trace the occurrences on the different continents back to their origin, which has proven extremely difficult. One promising avenue has been forensic analysis of travel between primary distributions hubs (see below) in the months following the initial outbreak, and cross-referencing with known Latin American drug-connected figures.

It seems clear now, that Seattle and Los Angeles were the main distribution hubs for the American West Coast and Native American Nations. It is also the region where the drug is currently

most wide-spread. Like a virus, it has infected most sprawls gradually moving inland. Lax Native American legislation regarding herbal compounds has further facilitated quasi-legal expansion into new markets.

Subsequent spread along the Eastern seaboard of North America, the CAS, and the Caribbean League seem to have epicenters in New Orleans, Miami, and New Jersey. Interestingly, the distributor did not rely exclusively on underworld sources to distribute tempo along the East Coast, but also used low-influence corporate executives and corporations. Regular tempo distribution has since reached as far inland as Gary, St. Louis, and Cheyenne.

To the south, lack of cooperation agreements with Carib League authorities results in an intelligence void in the region. And, despite Aztechnology demonstrated eagerness to cooperate, Aztlan authorities have been extremely reserved on actual figures.

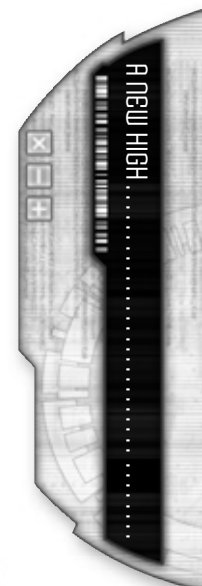
Another hub seems to be the Near East, presumably Cairo or Istanbul. Tempo has spread from the Middle East both towards Greece and the Balkans and along the coastal cities of the Arabian Confederation and the Near East.

Europe seems to be a notable exception. While Europe was flooded by the drug from north to south by Scandinavian Viking gangs, the Dutch Penose and the Akula (renegade Russian submarine crews originating from Kronstadt, see report [345122-23](#)), the European distributor triggered hostile responses from the syndicates, especially the prevalent mafia and related sub-organizations (see organigram [727468-a00](#) for current assembly of the Mafia families) all over the Mediterranean Sea. From what we know some the Albanian Fares and the Arabic Al-Akhirah Aswad Mayia made a bargain with the Source, most likely to step out of the shadow of the big syndicates and families and raise in power promised to them by the provider. Somehow the Italian Mob however got wind of those deals (probably due to the shift of power in the Milieu Marseille that took place unexpected) and lead to a retribution from the Mafia as a whole, especially by the *Fratellanza*, the enforcement arm of the *Alta Commissione*.

There have been repeated incidences with violent clashes between fratellanza cadres and members of both groups in Lisbon, Marseille, GeMiTo, Trieste and Barcelona, where tempo was supposed to be brought into Southern Europe *en masse* for further distribution. As far as we know, the mafia is watching all major routes into Southern Europe by cargo transport (shipments, air cargo, street or rail) as well as smuggling.

Aetherpedia Keyword Search: Alta Commissione

The Alta Commissione is an inter-syndicate governing and regulating body of the European mafia syndicates, in which each major syndicate holds a seat: the Sicilian Cosa Nostra, the Naples Camorra, the Calabrian N'drangheta, the Sacra Corona Unita, the Marseille Milieu, the Spanish Vásquez organization, the Corsicans and the Turkish Grey Wolves Maffiya. The Commissione functions on cooperation of all member syndicates against outside influence (Vory v Zakone, Yakuza, Triads) by foreign syndicates and negotiates (and sometime decides) when inter-syndicate conflicts arise that threaten the Italian Mob as a whole.



Agents and special track hounds that were trained with tempo within the last weeks have been dispatched to all major metroplexes worldwide to work with the national authorities to counteract the influx of tempo in all major cities to trace the route back to the Source.

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// uploaded newsclip item :: user Slamm-0!
**MATRIX TRAFFICKING OF TEMPO
GROWING PROBLEM**

The Washington Post online edition [Ind] - 07/06/71

While the omnipresence of information and the mobility that the Wireless Matrix has enabled has been a boon to the economy following the Crash 2.0, it has provided entirely new fields of criminal entrepreneurialism—the most recent and troubling aspect of which has become enabling retail of illegal drugs and controlled substances through almost untraceable temporary nodes.

This tactic is familiar to law enforcement and regulating authorities as a method of illegal BTL program purchase and download. The recent proliferation of online chemical drug distributors, however, especially with the drug known as tempo, has thrown a new twist into an already complicated legal situation. Many of these distribution sites allow the legal online ordering of drugs from international jurisdictions where the drug is not illegal. According to the CCMA and GOD, authorities identified over 1.5 million nodes worldwide offering to sell illicit drugs, mostly tempo, but also legitimate pharmaceuticals and other chemical compounds.

Suppliers hiding online under false identities openly advertise the drug in public nodes, bringing it and its “miraculous” effects to the attention of the average Matrix user. According to FDA reports, adolescents and young adults in particular have been found to be particularly susceptible to this tactic, providing the second most common “first taste” situation when it comes to tempo. Tempo’s reputation of granting magical abilities and flashes of arcane “astral sight” have proven to be the primary lure for teens and young adults—facilitated by the glorification of magicians or Awakened characters like Suki Red-Flower in trideo entertainment shows.

Matrix drug dealers often arrange sales with both curious dabblers and hardcore addicts via innocuous niche virtual chat sites, post or forum boards, which are not indexed by search routines and depend on word-of-mouth referral by customers. Of even more concern, many dealers or advertisement spam mislead the user by explaining how to use the drugs, implying that if the drugs are used properly (by following the instructions provided) they pose no risk to the user. Drugs are later shipped to the customer in discreet and almost undetectable packages via bonded courier services or inconspicuous delivery drones.

// end attachment

//trash/temp_files/recovered//

//logon to Hidden Network

//transmit passcode...

//access granted, connecting to Magick Undernet

//connected

//accessing private chat node

3 users present (Ethernaut, Immortelle, Delta Queen)

user Ratchet entering the chat

[Ratchet] Bigger

[Immortelle] Hey Ratch, whatsup?

[Ethernaut] Hey.

[Ratchet] Nearly got robbed by a punk while crossing U-Dub’s campus. Stuck a popgun in my face and ordered me to transfer money to him. He was clearly a tempo druggie, unfocused eyes, emaciated and unnaturally unemotional. Easy to recognize them these days.

[DeltaQueen] Let me guess, sugah, you showed him the error of his ways? <display grin>

[Immortelle] <nod> That’s one way of putting it.

[Ratchet] I struck him with a ‘bolt, but I didn’t kill him.

[Ratchet] First it was just people in clubs, smiling silently as they caught glimpses of the astral, eyes and mouth wide-open like kids in a candy store. It was cute, in a weird way. Now? Take a look at any news blog. Every channel reports a drug related-crime, advertises drug counselling help lines. You cannot cross the street without having to fear that someone will jump you for drug money. Don’t get me wrong, I’m used to that in Redmond, just not in Downtown and Bellevue.

[Immortelle] I think that it feels stranger for most of us since we’ve been Awakened to the spirit world for years. Maybe I looked the same when I first experienced it, honestly don’t know.

[Ratchet] Well, it’s not just the flashes of astral space that’s hooking them—though the whole taste of magic is a big draw. Flipside heightens your natural empathy and intensifies your emotional output. It’s billed as the perfect party drug but I’ve heard even suits are using it as an empowerment tool.

[DeltaQueen] Clubhoppers are definitely not the only ones doin’ the dirty to tempo. A coupla bordello’s down the French Quarter have added it to their menu of “performance enhancers.” Don’t ask. Ya don’t want to know...

[Ethernaut] I get the clubset hormones pounding with the music and grinding bodies, but I wouldn’t expect a brothel encounter to be big on emotion to tap into...

[DeltaQueen] The way ah understand it, sugah, if both the parties take da tempo dey can jumpstart some sorta feedback loop even if one isn’t initially in da mood—if you get mah drift.

[Ratchet] Can you say date rape?

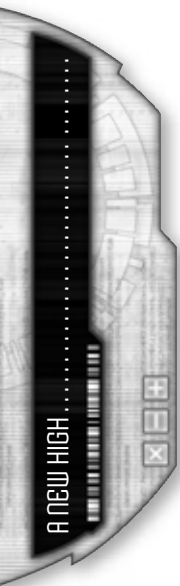
[DeltaQueen] Maybe, but remember that it’ll boost any bad emotions too. Either way, it smacks of bad mojo to me. I gotta sense about these things.

[Ratchet] Well, it’s certainly making a mess of things here in Seattle. Petty crime is soaring, but it’s worse than that. The gangland fighting between the Mob, the Yaks, and the Rings is spilling over and we’ve got blood running on the streets. The Shotozumi-rengo is taking a beating.

[Ethernaut] I have to agree, the “tempo crisis,” as the pundits call, it has been escalating. Nice to see Joey D. back in action, calling out Brackhaven on the reforms he’d promised.

[Ratchet] Almost feel sorry for the prick... almost. The whole thing with Tiffany B. must be embarrassing <smile>.

[Ethernaut] I’ve been talking with friends in the business who’ve been following this whole thing closer than I have and they’re concerned. BADs are nothing new, they’ve been around for a while, but the sheer volume being moved here is astounding. Friend of mine tells me the only thing keeping BADs from going mainstream has been problems with mass production, but with



// Saeder-Krupp Prime Memorandum
// to be distributed internationally to every corporate citizen, (sub)contracted worker or subsidiary employee and family members
// to be displayed in all languages
// high priority tagging

!!IMPORTANT DRUG WARNING REGARDING TEMPO!

It may be that *some people* have offered, advertised or pushed you a new substance called tempo (also known as flipside or other names, see here) as a panacea with astonishing effects that imposes no more danger than alcohol or analgesics.

The truth is that tempo is a highly addictive and dangerous Bioengineered Awakened Drug (BAD) known to have serious side-effects ranging from simple disorientation to hallucinations.

What you NEED to know:

- No matter how tempting it may be to see the astral space, DON'T take it!
- DON'T be fooled by the false promises people might make you! It will make your life miserable!
- It is NOT a "light party drug," whatever people may want to make you believe!
- DON'T take it simply because your friends, family, or peers take it!

We at Saeder-Krupp are concerned and express our regrets to all those of our family and associates that have relatives which suffer from the abuse of tempo or other drugs.

Be assured:

- Distribution of drugs is a crime that will be prosecuted!

To fight the emerging tempo drug threat in mega-corporate jurisdictions, we need your help to support our internal security and national authorities.

So if you are worried about drug crime in your arcology, workplace, local area, neighbourhood, or club—whether you are simply concerned or have a specific problem—you can contact your local S-K Crime Prevention Representative. [<Click Here>](#)

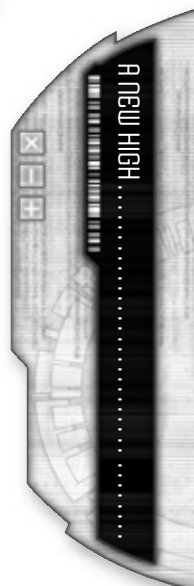
If you are seeking help because of drug abuse, please contact your Corporate Psychological Assistant in your local S-K node. They will provide you with the help that you require. Be assured we are not letting you down!

For S-K citizens and employees who might be experiencing the repercussions of drug abuse upon their family lives, and for those who have already successfully overcome similar problems through our Drug Counselling Program, we set up a global forum for citizens to share their experiences and exchange.

[<Click Here>](#)

Saeder-Krupp—Always at Your Side

Urgent Message...



tempo it seems like there's not a sprawl where it isn't showing up. And it doesn't seem to discriminate between upbringing, race, or social status. There are university professors, corporate executives, and politicians feeding the monkey. People are blowing their salaries on tempo, selling properties, loosing their jobs...

[DeltaQueen] Becoming SINless. The Mob cats here in da Easy are making up for lost profits by buying SINS off tempo addicts. Once you in, it is hard to get out.

[Immortelle] It's not like magician's aren't immune to an addiction or two.

[Ethernaut] Point taken. Don't know what it is about this tempo crap that gets under my skin. Maybe the whole thing with it cheapening the Talent...

[DeltaQueen] Ah could see how that might rub ya the wrong way.

[Ratchet] Well, just remind yourself of all the juicy shadowbiz this is stirring up.

[Immortelle] Not to rain on anyone's parade, but you should look beyond the silver lining. I've already lost one of my contacts to

the drug... and I know at least a dozen shadow denizens that have a flipside habit. You going to count on an addict to watch your back, secure the gear you need, and keep from skimming? I'm not. And what about the syndicate shitstorm this has kicked up? Violent clashes, gunfights, drive-bys, arson... I don't believe the cops will keep out of this for much longer.

[DeltaQueen] Don't ya worry ya pretty head too much, the authorities are stretched as it is dealing with the symptoms. Armed robberies, holdups, theft, prostitution. Plus tempo detox apparently makes people aggressive. Ah'm sure the shields have mo' than enough on dere hands to worry about little ol' me.

[Ratchet] <nods> Getting so you can't grab a couple of hours sleep without the Star's sirens roaring past. The police officers are overworked and twitchy. Not that the cops are immune to temptation... a little birdie tells me 5 keys of raw tempo pulled a vanishing act from the evidence room lockup yesterday. It's the sorta thing that restores your faith in the system.

//chat closed//

//end temp file//



JACKPOINT JOBBANK*Thirty jobs have met your criteria. Listing 1-5***Type:** Intel Gathering**Salary Range:** ¥¥, Negotiable**Location:** Hamburg**Job Desc:** Looking for info on who deals tempo in the clubs in Hamburg Mitte and wholesale source. No close contact required. Attractive remuneration.**Reqs/Timeframe:** Surveillance specialists favored. Discretion essential. No addicts.**Contact:** Medic <Yes>/<Ignore>**Type:** Protection**Salary Range:** ¥¥¥/Negotiable**Location:** Seattle, Tacoma docklands**Job Desc:** Protection needed (Matrix, astral, physical) for special delivery (including operator protection) to be escorted to target location within city limits. Interference likely. Armed and armored transportation available. Generous compensation.**Reqs/Timeframe:** Starting in 24 hours, assets should be on call and at location within 10 minutes max.**Contact:** Mr. Johnson

<Yes>/<Ignore>

Type: Extraction**Salary Range:** ¥¥**Location:** Seattle, Renton**Job Desc:** Team needed to locate and recover missing teen (18). Believed to have been abducted into sect.**Reqs/Timeframe:** Immediate.**Contact:** Mr. Johnson

<Yes>/<Ignore>

Type: Snatch&Grab**Salary Range:** ¥¥**Location:** Redmond/Salish Shidhe Council**Job Desc:** Intercept and divert shipment of controlled substance. Small convoy, well-armed on the move. Destination: Cascades.**Reqs/Timeframe:** 48 hours**Contact:** Caine <Yes>/<Ignore>**Type:** Demo job.**Salary Range:** ¥¥**Location:** Renton and Tacoma**Job Desc:** Arson and property destruction, soft targets, medium security. Extreme prejudice required.**Reqs/Timeframe:** 72 hours. No Mafia affiliation.**Contact:** Michiko Kano

<Yes>/<Ignore>

//archive/closed threads/recovered//

LA BLOODBATH

- Hey, big news out of LA. This is hot off the networks, sent courtesy of my friend Doc. Apparently it was just hit the networks a few minutes ago, courtesy of an "unnamed" Pueblo cop on Pito. Doc said rumors down in the sunken city are that Trevor Phippen's taking bribes from *someone* and has been suspected of leaking intel to the media before...
- Fastjack

//uploaded Uniformat text attachment

:: user FastJack :: 09/11/71//

PRELIM INCIDENT REPORT, FILE 711211-0624-LMW**Recording Officer, Lieutenant Lillian Windfeather****Location: Baltimore Towers, Los Angeles****Incident Details:**

At 8:15 PM, Downtown ACPS notified Pueblo Corporate Council Police (PCCP) of multiple suspects of an unknown crime(s) leaving the Baltimore Towers. Two minutes, 31 seconds

later, ACPS reported unregistered aircraft approaching the Baltimore Towers rooftop. Approximately fifty seconds later, the Baltimore Towers security personnel sent out a PanicButton distress call to the Central Processing Center (CPC). ACPS had already dispatched a small four-person detail to the site of the unknown suspects and was following them via sensors and airborne drone array (for details of ACPS data, see file 711211-0625-lmw). A Pueblo Security detail was immediately dispatched to the Baltimore Towers. CPC also notified the property management firm. Per Pueblo General Law, magical security was sent to ascertain the incident at the Baltimore Towers and a detachment of security hackers was sent to access the Baltimore Towers network. Baltimore Towers does not have extraterritorial status, and as such, PCCP had full access rights and has seniority in any pursuing investigation. Multiple ACPS hubs in the immediate vicinity of the Baltimore Towers were damaged simultaneously—preliminary forensics analysis suggests a highly illegal HERF gun attack, though no weapons were previously detected in the vicinity.

Magical security returned promptly with the report that the upper-floor wards were undisturbed, but that there was one casualty in the security center and what appeared to be multiple armed intruders were on site. They were given permission to access upper-floor wards. Security hackers corresponding with CPC reported the central network had been crashed and was in the process of rebooting; Baltimore Tower Matrix personnel were no long subscribed to the network. Based on these reports, SWAT was scrambled and dispatched to the site.

Note: Total response time for magical assets was 2 minutes 35 seconds. Response time for Matrix assets was 2 minutes 45 seconds. Response time for primary dispatched team was 5 minutes 8 seconds; SWAT reported to site at 12 minutes 35 seconds (within required timeframes for location) after activation.

SWAT was able to secure the building without incident. The first detective on site called in Lieutenant Windfeather, homicide, who was also first on-site to the penthouse suite. Captain Trevor Phippen, seconded to the Pueblo Pharmacological and Substance Regulation Authority—Special Task Force second on scene.

PCCP transcript protocol, 71-09-11 21:07 hours

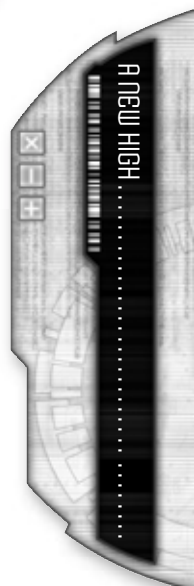
ID 3498-373-97 (RT)—Lillian, I *need* that prelim ASAP. Governor Escalante's on his way to the Chief's office and I've got 15 minutes to get there with a full report.

ID 3937-200-36 (LW)—It's a mess, captain. A fucking mess. I think you'll want to come straight here.

RT—And have the Governor tramping through a crime scene? I don't think so. Just tell me what you've got so far.



Urgent Message...



//Archive/Newsfeeds /recovered//

AFRICAN TEMPO: A DIFFERENT BEAT

London Times-Dispatch [Regency]-08/04/71

NAIROBI, Kenya: Amakuru Mwangu, a dignitary and prince of the Luhya tribe was temporarily detained yesterday on arrival at the Nairobi International Spaceport from Lagos. Security canine handlers stopped the influential Luhya tribesman and insisted on him and his luggage being searched after three security animals tagged him as a possible suspect. Investigation of the luggage revealed seven kilograms of khat mixed with tempo, which Mwangu claimed was solely for recreational use. Tempo is typically heavily adulterated before arriving in Africa, and local drug dealers mix it with the herbal stimulant khat to form a hashish-like substance called "wanga". Mwangu was allowed to continue traveling after paying a small fine for not securing his materials properly.

DRUG RAZZIA AT SIX LOCAL PHARMACIES

Keimzeit Beepscream Ticker [RNN]-08/07/71

NORTHRHINE-RUHR, AGS: Six German pharmacies located within the Northrhine-Ruhr-metropex area were searched by 70 police officers of the Landeskriminalamt (State Office of Criminal Investigation), Customs Investigation and Saeder-Krupp corporate guards yesterday. The accused, six pharmacists and one employee, are suspected to have provided the processed and refined drug to a yet unknown distributor within the metropex area. "The confiscated amount of twelve kilos of raw tempo is high enough to supply the whole drug scene of the metropex for a week" said an observer of the LKA. Due to the presence of armed representatives of Triple A monolith Saeder-Krupp, it has been speculated that corporate employees might be involved in this matter, though Essen has denied any connection. [Read More.](#)

FAMOUS PAINTER KILLED BY DRUG ADDICT

New York Post online edition - 09/05/71

NEW YORK, UCAS: Yesterday, William Ferguson, the Big Apple's most famous artist, was killed in brutal hold-up/murder in his studio in lower Manhattan. According to NYPD Inc., the craving offender shot the painter two times with a gun after Ferguson refused to hand out his supplies of tempo, setting the studio ablaze before security could intervene and destroying the painter's upcoming work. This incident has refueled the discussion to put more screws on the distributors of tempo (and narcotics in general). According to the NYPD, the police will triple their efforts to put an end to the vending of the drug in NYC as the drug is "a threat not only for chip heads and druggies on the streets but to every upright citizen." [Read More.](#)

DOWNTOWN BLOODBATH

Sunview Media broadcast [HRZ]-09/12/71

LOS ANGELES, PCC. Yesterday's Baltimore Tower's Massacre has put Governor Escalante in the hot seat. Anti-drug groups have been asking some tough questions—like how the powerful and corrupt South American

drug lords were able to arrange a meeting in the prominent new Baltimore Towers. An anonymous source has confirmed that Governor Escalante owns a 3% share in the building. Sources within the struggling Pueblo Drug Enforcement Agency have also confirmed that a full scale tempo lab was operating on the top floor. Protests staged in front of City Hall have called for the resignation of the Governor. With this scandal, on top of the recent rise in street crime, will the Governor's popularity come crashing down?

A statement by Governor Escalante, issued by his press office at 3 AM this morning: "Last night's violence at the Baltimore Towers has been determined to be the result of in-fighting among dangerous drug lords. Fifteen people were murdered in cold blood, including a heroic Towers security guard. Those responsible for his death as well as the deaths of fourteen unidentified others are still at large. Images of these criminals will be broadcast immediately following my announcement. I have authorized a reward of 50,000 nuyen for information that leads to the capture and arrest of any of these individuals. These criminals are dangerous and presumed armed. Do not attempt to approach them. Contact the PCCP if you see them or if you have any information." [Read More.](#)

BLUE ROSES BANNED AT SCHOOLS

Los Angeles Unified School District PTA Newsletter [Horizon]-08/02/71

LOS ANGELES, PCC: After consultation with representatives from Edgewalker Pharmaceuticals and the Pueblo Corporate Council Security Force's Narcotics Division, the PTA has unanimously voted to ban the sale or ownership at schools in the Los Angeles Unified School District of the "blue rose" temporary tattoos. These tattoos have been found to contain a possible narcotic substance which has not been approved by the Pharmacological and Substance Regulation Authority. Ownership or use by students, faculty, or staff is to be met with a suspension from school for up to seven days (without pay, in case of staff); sale will be met with expulsion or termination of employment. [Read More.](#)

OVERSIGHT BOARD ANNOUNCES OPERATION "ZERO TOLERANCE"

News at 9 [BBCWorld] - 10/10/71

LONDON, UK: Sir Colin Woolsey, spokesperson for the Oversight Board, just confirmed the rumors that nation-wide roundups in the London, Birmingham Industrial District, Merseysprawl and Scotsprawl are currently being conducted by joint Oversight operative and the police forces. According to Sir Woolsey, the goal is to "eradicate the roots of evil that threaten the country from the out and the inside." Insiders fear that the "Zero Tolerance" anti-drug campaign is just another disguise to detain supporters of the anti-governmental Pendragon movement and other political dissidents with the inculcation of drug trafficking or dealing. [Read More.](#)



LW—I've got fifteen dead bodies. Fourteen in the north tower dining room plus the Baltimore's security spider got his brain fried. I've got a network that's been crashed, security cameras with no footage, and no witnesses. And I've got that asshole Phippen dancing around trying to claim jurisdiction.

RT—Phippen? What the hell is he doing there?

LW—Forensics found a cache of tempo in a temporary lab set up on the South Tower penthouse.

RT—What? A tempo lab? In the *Towers*?

LW—Oh, it gets better. Phippen has preliminary IDs on three of the bodies: a Manuel Tamayo, head of the Andes Cartel; Oscar Callente, Morales Cartel; and Maria Sacristán, Olaya Cartel. Whitmore practically shit his pants. The boys have a pool going on how long it'll take Interpol to get on scene. Looks like our assailants interrupted a cozy dinner meeting between some of the biggest South American drug lords. We've yet to identify the other dead. From their clothes and the weapons they were carrying, I'd guess that nine of them were bodyguards of some sort.

RT—I'm contacting the Chief... [pause]... we'll be there in ten. What *else* do you have up there, Lillian?

LW—I've yet to track down the scheduling admin for the Towers, but onsite security says a business conglomerate from Latin America had reserved the three penthouse suites for the week of December 9 –13. The corp's name was Tradex. I've requested info on the corp, but I've got a feeling the search will come back empty.

The victims appear to have been having dinner in the North Tower dining room. From the disposition of dead bodies and blood-spray, I'll say an assault team came in through the front door. I believe there were several more dead or injured who were removed from the scene. Blood trails on the skybridge indicate at least four heavily injured metahumans were airlifted out. Forensics is at work right now, but I gotta tell you, there's pools of blood up here. Sorting it out is going to take a while. The death of the spider tells me that someone subverted the Matrix system. Whoever did so knocked out all the security cameras and backups, and we have no footage for the last twenty-four hours.

RT—*Shit*. What *do* you know?

LW—I've been on-scene for approximately 23 minutes, Captain. There's no security footage, none of the bodies have comlinks on them, and all the files and records for the meet have been scrambled. I've got my 'trix boys going through the network with a fine tooth comb. I doubt they'll find anything. This was a professional hit. They locked down the security on other floors, fried communications, and killed the spider. My P-CSI says that some major mojo went down. Astral is all lit up like Christmas

time and it's going to take a while before it's cold enough for her to getting any signature readings. I've got ACPS saying there's at least one unregistered helicopter in the vicinity and that eight vehicles departed the building within 16 minutes of the Matrix going down. All have escaped the Downtown surveillance area. I've got other reports that some number of people left the building, but the sec detail lost 'em in the waters. Haven't had time to review the ACPS data yet. With the way the night's going, they probably hacked the ACPS nodes that weren't fried. Positive identification is going to be a bugger.

RT—What the fuck were they doing in LA? At the *Towers* of all places?

LW—Eating shrimp bisque.

RT—Funny, Lil. If those Interpol bastards get there before me, Wright is going to have a field day. Get one of your 'trix monkeys to stall the elevator or something. *Do not* let them on our crime scene before I get there. And damn it, light a fire under forensics, will you?

LW—Yeah, yeah. I've got incoming from ACPS. See you when you get here.

//end attachment

//archive/chats/recovered//

//search JackPoint users...

Profile: Glasswalker..... Status: Currently Online IM: <YES/no>

/user Glasswalker has logged on

/user Nephrine has logged on

[Nephrine] Hola amigo. Got a second?

[Glasswalker] Hola yourself, Neph. What's up?

[Nephrine] I've been hearing rumors that things are getting pretty wild down your way.

[Glasswalker] Well, between the Ghost Cartels at each other's throats and riling up all the local factions, the Azzie's bombing in and around Bogotá, and Interpol *everywhere*, it's a fucking mess. Bogotá's not a great vacation spot right now.

[Nephrine] So it's true the Azzie's are bombing Amazonian territory?

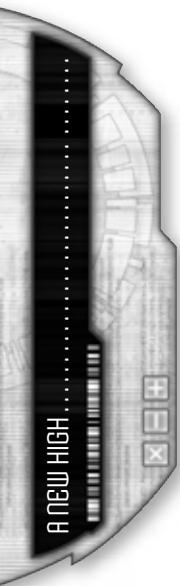
[Glasswalker] More like "neutral territory." Of course, it's always hard down here to tell with Amazonia and Aztlan; who knows where one starts and the other ends? But a couple of estates outside Bogotá are up in flames, a few factories and warehousing facilities, and the media's saying it was Azzie missiles. Makes you wonder, though. Marcos is in Caracas right now, or was last I heard. I'll ping him...

[Nephrine] Sure, the more the merrier.

/user Marcos has logged on

[Marcos] Did I hear someone mention Ghost Cartels?

[Nephrine] I was just asking Glasswalker what the hell was going on down in the Big Green.



[Marcos] Worst I've ever seen. I was actually thinking it might be time to do some work up in LA or San Diego.

[Glasswalker] It certainly is getting harder to work around here. Interpol and Azzie agents are cracking down on dealers, fliphouses, suspected labs... and runners, of course. Guess the logic is that if we're runners in Amazonia, we've worked for the Cartels. My sources say something big is going on in the rainforest, too. Lot more spirit activity. I was thinking it was time to head into the *Muralha Verde*. Wanna come play, Marcos?

[Marcos] Shit, I'd take a three-way fuck-fest by the Azzies, Interpol, and Amazonia before I go into the jungle with you again. I just paid to get the last of the scars removed from the last time.

[Glasswalker] Heh.

[Marcos] Laugh now, but some day, I'm gonna get you back for that.

[Nephrine] Not to interrupt the love-fest, boys, but what are the Cartels doing? Things in my neck of the woods are batshit crazy right now. Entire gangs getting wiped out, the Mob and the Yaks fighting in the streets, hospitals overrun with tempo junkies who can't get their fix. Lone Star's swamped. I thought having tempo around was bad, but it's nothing to what Atlanta's like *without* it.

[Marcos] The Cartel's are hurting, omae. Particularly the Olaya. Interpol's hunting down the leaders one-by-one. The other Cartels have hung the Olaya out to dry. Aztechnology's got the port locked tight here, and rumor is that *La Guaira* was Olaya's Atlantic shipping hub. Every ship that wants to dock or to leave gets searched by Interpol's IDEA agents, and the ones that claim extraterritoriality and refuse to let the agents on board? Well, the Azzie's have got four warships sitting outside the port. Azzie's say they're only there to support Interpol. Caracas is free territory, so Amazonia's having a shit-fit over it but the Azzie's aren't intruding on Amazonian waters. No ships are getting in or out without IDEA's stamp of approval.

[Glasswalker] Bet that's going over well.

[Marcos] Oh, yeah. People are already stockpiling food and supplies, scared that IDEA's gonna keep out shipments of food. Prices for the basics have shot up. If this keeps up a couple more weeks, things are gonna get *bad*.

[Nephrine] Are the Azzie's boarding ships?

[Marcos] Oh, no, they don't want to get Veracruz'd again. But they've blown a couple of small smugglers out of the water, claimed they were running tempo. Not enough left of the boats to prove them right, or wrong. But get this. Not only is Aztechnology playing nice with Interpol, but they've got some sort of Corp Court mandate or warrant or something against KondOrchid.

[Nephrine] KondOrchid? Why is that name familiar?

[Marcos] Huge transshipping corporation in South Am with offices and operations in pretty much every major port on the South Atlantic and PacRim... starting to see the connection? It's based out of Ecuador, but it's long been suspect that it was bankrolled with drug money. CEO's a nobody but apparently, the President turned out to be Jaime Salazar, head of the Olaya Cartel...

[Nephrine] Fuck me. In plain sight. No wonder the Feds were keeping quiet.

[Glasswalker] Yeah, well, around Bogota, the Azzie's are being a bit more blatant, but then again ORO and the David cartel are well-connected locally. Bombed multiple "fields"—although all my sources say tempo's harvested somewhere else, and what went up was GM coke. Fighter jets have flown over and bombed a couple of labs, too. Claimed they were really manufacturing tempo. Amazonia border patrol tangled with a squadron of Azzie planes a few days ago; Amazonia's claiming the planes were violating neutral airspace agreements, Aztlan's saying they had Interpol affiliation and therefore were legal. For a minute, everyone thought it was about to be war, but not yet, apparently. So far, Azzies and Interpol have stuck to airstrikes and missiles—no Azzie soldiers or IDEA agents on the ground in Bogotá yet—at least not openly. I have it on good authority there's some covert units around, maybe even Jaguar Guards. And I've heard rumors that a sizable force is somewhere nearby. People are panicking, saying the Azzies are camped just outside the city. I *know* Amazonia is gathering troops nearby. I've got a couple of shifter friends in the Amazonian forces, they were "redeployed" over here last week.

[Marcos] At least you don't have Azzie troops in the streets yet. Caracas does. Azzie's have hated the Cartels as long as they've existed, and now they've got Interpol to make 'em look like the good guys as they hunt the Cartels down. I haven't heard of them going after any non-tempo related targets yet, but it's just a matter of time. KondOrchid and Riveros Applied Mimetics are being investigated and assets have been frozen. Riveros is MIA.

[Nephrine] Graciela Riveros?

[Marcos] Yes. You know the *puta*?

[Nephrine] Know of her. She has something of a reputation. Should have figured she was involved.

[Glasswalker] Must feel like home, eh, Marcos?

[Nephrine] What's the status on tempo? What's all this doing to supplies?

[Marcos] From what I can make out local supplies are dwindling and I don't see more tempo coming down the pipeline if the Azzies have anything to say about it. They're cracking down so hard here in Caracas that I'd be surprised if the Cartels can scratch their own asses without getting blown away. Place is about to go up in flames, you ask me.

[Nephrine] Well, if you need a place to crash, you're always welcome here in Atlanta.

[Marcos] Thanks, Neph. Might just take you up on that.

[Glasswalker] If Caracas gets too hot for you, Marcos, my digs are a lot closer than Atlanta... And it's always *so* fun when you come visit...

[Marcos] I swear—

/user Glasswalker has logged off.

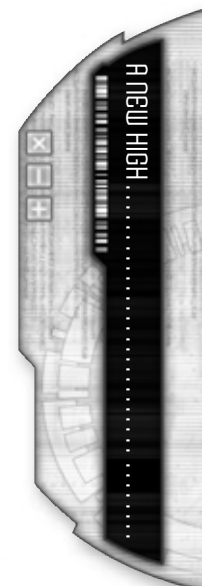
[Marcos] He's such an ass. Catch you later, Neph.

[Nephrine] Anytime. And thanks for the intel.

/user Marcos has logged off

/user Nephrine has logged off

//end temp file



//archives//intercepts/recovered//
//encryption key applied/data bomb defuse successful//
OPERATION ANTI-VENOM

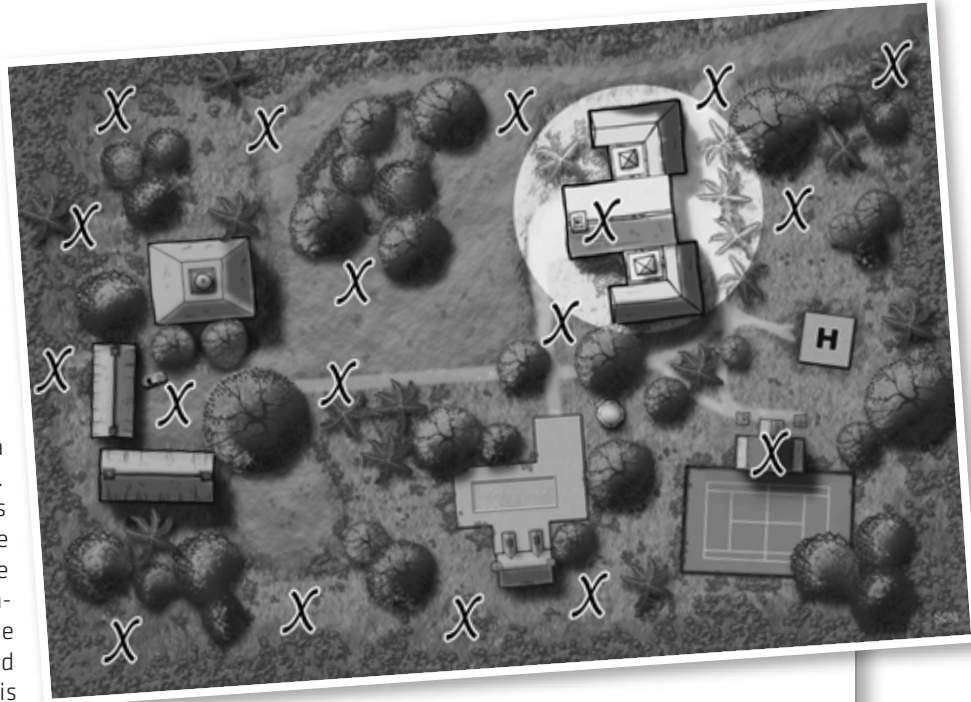
Profile: Primary target is located in a secluded estate 40 kilometers outside Bogotá. Recon reports the presence of significant armed security on-site (approximately 20-30 metahumans). On-site security are below average in skills and training, armed with AK-97s and similar standardized weapons. Limited cyberware is expected in the majority. (Threat class category: I). They will likely be linked via internal commlinks to a central security system node, with a signal available on 50% of estate. Security for estate also includes RAMhound biodrones, which are deployed at nightfall. Surveillance for estate is provided by three high-altitude drones. Surveillance drone feeds have been intercepted and are providing credible intel for this operation.

Primary target is accompanied by between 4 and 6 dedicated bodyguards. Previous surveillance indicates bodyguards are heavily modified with beta-ware or higher class cyberware and bio-modifications. (Threat class category: E) Standard procedure indicates at least one bodyguard is a magician; there is no current intel on level of skill (default threat class category: D)

Estate has auxiliary personnel. Domestic staff is utilized in place of drones. Recon indicates eight to ten internal domestic staff and six external (this excludes hired labor for plantation). It is probable that relatives of primary target are on site; consider them targets of opportunity.

In the last twenty four hours, a secondary target of opportunity has arrived on the estate. (See attached visual IDs) These are believed to be independent assets employed by Graciela Riveros. Analysis indicates a high probability that independent assets may be able to provide a link to Riveros. Independent assets are *not* to be killed during this operation.

To maximize the weaknesses of the estate security, Operation Anti-venom will strike at sunset. RAMhound biodrones will be on standby until full dark. Surveillance drones are least effective in the changing light. Metahuman guards with unenhanced vision will also be slightly impaired.



Assignments are as follows:

Hacker Two: Subvert high-altitude surveillance drones prior to unit deployment. Provide Hacker One with direct feed from drones for integration into battletec software.

Hacker One: Maintain battletec and provide counter-hacking support.

Secondary Unit: Be prepared to shadow Indies to Bogota. Probability indicates they will continue on to Caracas via air. A support unit will be waiting in Caracas. Unit 2, after verifying touchdown in Caracas, support unit will assume shadowing. It is vital that the majority of the Indies survive to report back to Riveros. Complete specs on Indies is not known, assume they are in threat class C and operate as per SOP.

Tactical command resides with the *Cuacuahutin*. All personnel are to obey the *Cuachicqueh* without question.

Targets:

Primary: Jaime Salazar (IMAGELINK)

Secondary—known Olaya Cartel members, presence verified:

Henry Uribe (IMAGELINK)

Mário Gomez (IMAGELINK)

Esperanza de Tavira (IMAGELINK)

Raul Mantilla-Coelho (IMAGELINK)

//end file//

//archive/intercepts/recovered//

WANTED: GRACIELA RIVEROS

Wanted for drug trafficking, murder, conspiracy to murder, kidnapping.

Graciela Riveros is a Latino human female, age 46, 5'6", approximately 135 lbs. Last known hair color was blond, eye color was brown. Please note, the attached photo is recent, however Riveros has access to state of the art bio-modification facilities and may have changed her physical appearance.



Cyberware Augmentations: unknown.

Bioware Augmentations: unknown but extensive modifications suspected.

Awakened Potential: suspected but unconfirmed.

Known associates: Jaime Salazar, Olaya Cartel; Henry Uribe, Olaya Cartel; believed to have contacts with several terrorist groups, including Primeira Vaga and TerraFirst!

Riveros is a highly intelligent and highly educated woman, with expertise in bio-modification, genetics, drug technologies, and bioengineered-awakened drugs (BADs). Riveros is suspected of being the creator of tempo as well as several other BADs. Riveros is also the owner and sole proprietor of the biotech corporation, Riveros Applied Mimetics. Riveros is known to be a high-level member of the Olaya Cartel. Riveros has eluded capture during multiple IDEA stings; she may have a source of information within the Caracas Police. All future operations involving Riveros (or known associates) is to be classified Black Alpha. <Full Profile>

Riveros last known location was the free city state of Caracas. We believed she is still at large in Caracas or surrounding areas.

Riveros is wanted alive for questioning.

//end attachment//

- I know many of you have been watching tempo and the Ghost Cartels. Those of us up the well haven't had much direct exposure to the drug. Still, I hope this encrypted link that I, ahem, came across, will be interesting. Don't say I never pull my weight (which I just realized makes very little sense to someone who lives in micro gravity).
- Orbital DK

//attach Uniformat text attachment :: user Orbital DK//

//HiTone-Key decryption

Presiding Justice Hino: Zurich Orbital Corporate Court is reconvened in Special Session. This is a closed session and confidentially protocols apply. Case number 3870t8j34895-i93, re: Interpol vs. KondOrchid, SA. All Justices present on Z-O station. Present via dedicated VR feed: Majia Wright, division head for Interpol and Geoffrey Anderson, attorney for Zulimar Law Offices representing KondOrchid. Petition motioned by Aztechnology corporation of Tecnocitlán. The contents of this hearing and the statements made herein are classified.

Interpol, on behalf of its signatory nations, has petitioned that the Corporate Court grant a full search and seize warrant against KondOrchid, an AA extraterritorial corporation based out of Guayaquil, Ecuador, and suspension extraterritorial privilege during prosecution if clear and incontrovertible evidence of criminal activities is found. The motion has been sponsored by Justice Ana Villalobos of Aztechnology.

The Justices are convened to hear the final presentation and rule on the motion before the Court. All relevant data has been presented to the Justices prior to this hearing. The Justices have each affirmed that said material was received and reviewed.

The formal request has been logged that the Corporate Court sanction a search and seize warrant against all KondOrchid and subsidiary assets, corporate citizens, and personnel. An auxiliary motion has also been presented to suspend KondOrchid's extraterritorial privilege; thereby subjecting the corporation and its personnel to criminal prosecution and punitive measures as dictated by national and international law(s).

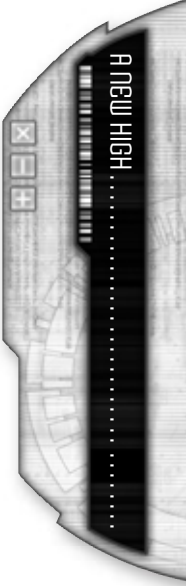
The case for the warrant and suspension of extraterritorial privilege as presented to the Court yesterday by Ms. Majia Wright, in case file 3870t8j34895-i93, argues that Jaime Salazar, President and CEO of KondOrchid, did knowingly violate multiple international regulations regarding the shipping and distribution of illegal and unregulated substances for profit, and that he purposely used the extraterritorial shipping and logistics infrastructure of KondOrchid to commit said violations on behalf of the criminal organization known as the Olaya drug cartel.

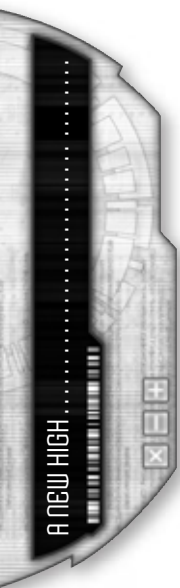
Given that Mr. Salazar and KondOrchid are the subjects of possible of legal actions, and violation of the confidentiality of these proceedings might compromise successful future prosecution of this matter, neither has been officially notified. Should the Court ruling favor the petitioner, however, the warrant must be served within 24 hours under article 542 of the Business Recognition Accords (BRA).

Per article 542b of the BRA, to ensure representation, KondOrchid's legal representatives, Zulimar Law Offices of Caracas have been notified and are present today by Court order to represent KondOrchid interests *in absentia*. Zulimar and Mr. Anderson have been informed of Court confidentiality protocols regarding informing their client of these proceedings and have been briefed on the possible penalties for violation of sigil.

Mr. Anderson, do you wish to make a statement to the Court at this point?

Mr. Anderson: Yes, your honor. First, I would like to reiterate my client's innocence in the accusation presented. As our supporting documentation shows, Mr. Salazar was unaware that his corporation was being used to ship drugs. Mr Salazar believed Graciela Riveros, the true criminal in this matter, to be an honorable and upstanding corporate citizen, CEO of a prominent biotech firm in Caracas and a honorable partner of KondOrchid's. As evidence, we've presented the signed contracts between KondOrchid and Riveros, where she states she is shipping biotech materials and goods. All of her manifests presented to KondOrchid's shipping masters were for materials legal in Caracas and in the ports of call. It has only been since Interpol's motion that we have even become aware of the problem, and I am sure my client will be mortified to learn of Ms. Rivero's malicious intent. In this matter, Mr. Salazar is as much a victim as any of those poor citizens exposed to Graciela Riveros' toxic drugs.





Presiding Justice Hino: Thank you, Mr. Anderson. Ms. Wright, do you have any statements to add to the brief you submitted to the court?

Ms. Wright: Yes, your honor. Interpol has reviewed Zulimar's filing. My superiors consider the possibility that Mr. Salazar was unaware of the cargo his corporation was transporting to be ludicrous, given the evidence already presented clearly indicting KondOrchid of direct involvement in the trafficking of tempo, novacoke, and several other narcotics. Intelligence provided by Aztechnology, the fruit of several years' worth of covert investigation on substance traffic through the Nicaragua Canal, confirm our suspicions that KondOrchid's involvement is extensive.

Given the evidence we have provided of the direct involvement of KondOrchid personnel in tempo traffic in various countries and corporate jurisdictions, we are confident that further prosecution will reveal undeniable evidence of hierarchical involvement. It is Interpol's opinion that Mr. Salazar was instrumental in the manufacture and distribution of tempo. But even were that not the case, Interpol believes that Mr. Salazar and the board should be held criminally accountable for multiple violations of international accords by KondOrchid. Though we acknowledge that evidence of Mr Salazar's direct responsibility is largely circumstantial, we believe there are more than ample reasons to authorize the warrant against KondOrchid, and we are positive that the warrant will bring new evidence to light. We have no doubt that the questioning of Graciela Riveros and/or Mr Salazar will also prove enlightening.

International warrants have already been issued against Ms. Riveros and her RAM laboratories in Caracas. A joint IDEA-Aztechnology force is deploying in Caracas as we speak to seize and apprehend Ms. Riveros.

Interpol does recognize that several unanswered questions remain, some quite troublesome. However, without this warrant we predict a continuing degradation of the security and safety situation in sprawls around the world.

Presiding Justice Hino: Thank you, Ms. Wright. Justices, are you prepared to vote on Interpol's petition for a warrant? Very well.

Abstain: 3
Nay: 1

Presiding Justice Hino: Thank you all. A Corporate Court warrant will be issued immediately. Now, can we have a vote on the motion to suspend extraterritorial privilege for prosecution? A "Yea" vote will suspend KondOrchid extraterritoriality. A "Nay" vote keeps KondOrchid's extraterritoriality. Please place your votes.

Yea: 4
Nay: 9

Presiding Justice Hino: Thank you. KondOrchid's extraterritoriality will stand. This session is closed. Thank you to all participants for your presence. Good day.

//end file

- Wow, what the hell was that vote? That makes no sense at all.
- Sneaker
- Actually quite to the contrary. Interpol vs. KondOrchid sets up an interesting legal precedent that the corps don't want to see taken too far. Who knows it might one day bite one of them on the behind. I'm surprised any of them voted for suspension of extraterritorial privilege at all.
- Mr. Bonds
- Well, Aztechnology's gunning for KondOrchid *and* Salazar, wanted them badly enough to toe the line with Amazonia and risk a full blown border war... But preserving KondOrchid would make sense if they wanted to decapitate the corp and then seize control. Hmmm... Don't mind me, just my paranoia at work.
- Glasswalker
- Could be Salazar cut some sort of backroom deal. I don't think Zulimar would risk a Corp Court sanction for breaking confidentiality, but if they did Salazar could feasibly weasel his way out of this.
- Kay St. Irregular
- Not sure he got the chance though... Buzz around town is that the Salazar family hacienda outside Bogotá was targeted immediately after the raids started.
- Glasswalker
- And Riveros is MIA? Man, this stinks. Interpol's offering a big reward for her. They seized her RAM labs and home in Caracas? And get this, Ding Ramos is in town. Arrived the morning after the Interpol/Aztech force deployed... Tell me this doesn't smell fishy.
- Marcos
- Yeah, I was wondering the same thing. Since I installed a little backdoor into Interpol awhile back—and the mooks haven't found it yet—I took a little look-see. Here's a fun fact. Though Riveros is listed as MIA, Interpol actually recovered a body from her burned down villa. The body matched her DNA workup (per RAM records) and dental records. Majja Wright, of IDEA, was officially reprimanded for questioning the forensic expert that did the ID. She's on an unpaid leave of absence right now.
- NetCat
- Majja's known as a real straight-shooter in law enforcement circles. Not above using shadowrunners to get intel, but when she makes a case, she does it by the book, 100%. Nickname is the "Squeaky Clean Wright." Sounds like she got screwed over when she wouldn't go along with a cover-up. I've always liked her, though—maybe I'll go look her up while she's on "vacation" and see if I can lend a hand.
- Fianchetto
- Hey, nice work with the backdoor, 'Cat. How long you've had it?
- Slamm-0!
- Seventeen days.
- NetCat
- Beats my record, then. Wanna go celebrate?
- Slamm-0!



//Archive/Newsfeeds /recovered//

STC REFUSES TO BAN TEMPO

Cheyenne Eagle tribal newsblog—10/15/71

CHEYENNE, Sioux Nation: The Sovereign Tribal Council announced today that despite all evidences for the addictive potential of tempo, it won't ban the drug. David Blacksilver states in an interview that "we will not patronize our tribal members. They should be given the chance to see their surroundings as our shamans perceive it. It would be wrong to bar them from that experience." He further said that "we count on the responsibility and rationality from each and everyone using the drug". The STC is also campaigning for legit commerce and explicit labelling of the drug like any other pharmaceutical. It will prosecute illegal distribution and trading but not the use.

BAD BABY BOOM

NewzByte newsfeed [NN]—11/26/71

SEATTLE, UCAS: We know what you were doing on St. Valentine's Day, flippers. Almost ten months since the first reported cases of the Bioengineered Awakened Drug flipside, the first crop of pregnant moms-to-be are giving birth, and the word is BAD babies. "We're looking at very low birthweights," said Dr. Kelly of Seattle General Hospital "And also an unprecedented degree of polydactyly. There may also be some developmental disabilities, but we won't know that until the children grow. The ones that survive, that is." [Read More.](#)

BORDER TENSIONS FLARE

Frontline Reporter [AP]—11/10/71

BOGOTA, FS. Tensions have skyrocketed at the UN today, when Amazonia representative Paiva Acuo boldy denied Aztlan accusations of sheltering the wanted criminals behind tempo and of providing safe haven for the laboratories and growing fields of the Ghost Cartels. Interpol IDEA top official Majia Wright presented the agency's findings in a closed-door session with top UN officials. After the meeting, UN officials held an open forum with member countries. Multiple countries testified on the growing tempo problem within their borders, including the Pueblo Corporate Council, UCAS, Germany, Kenya, France, and Great Britain. Amazonia was noticeably absent from those testifying.

Aztlan's representative made a motion to create a joint Interpol-UN task force to seek out those responsible for the production of tempo, including tak-

ing military action against growing fields and known laboratories. The other member countries were cautiously supportive of the motion, although CAS and the PCC both counseled for a peaceful resolution, asking Amazonia to voluntarily work with Interpol to eradicate the Ghost Cartels. Amazonia denied any association with the Ghost Cartels and said its own internal police forces were investigating rumors of Cartel laboratories manufacturing tempo within its borders.

UCAS made a motion to seize the assets of any and all corporations involved in the transportation and distribution of tempo. The Corporate Court will hear the motion in next week's special session.

Amazonia warned that any military action by Aztlan within Amazonia borders would be seen as hostile and would be met with an equal and appropriate response. [Read More.](#)

MONDAY MADNESS

Venevisión News bulletin [VVN]—11/10/71

Last week's record-setting weekend death toll of 117 people was blown away by the figures released this morning. 324 people died over the bloodiest weekend ever seen in Caracas.

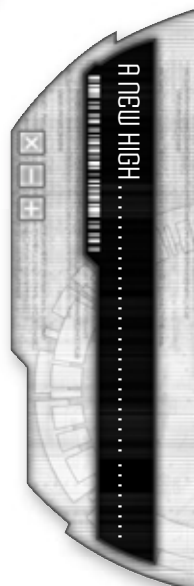
Palco leaders have attributed the majority of the deaths to bombings and assaults on known tempo-houses and labs, but gang violence has also risen sharply in the last several weeks. General Marón has said that as long as Interpol and Aztechnology remain set on their course of persecution and aggressive pursuit of known tempo dealers, the death tolls will continue to rise. In an inflammatory speech, General Marón called for the UN to reign in Interpol and Aztechnology assets.

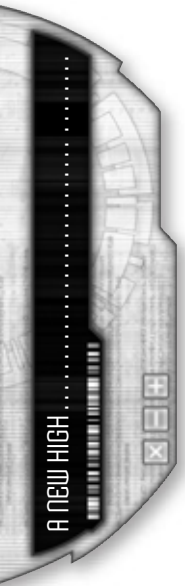
MAJOR DRUG BUST

Live NewsNOW feed [HTB]—11/14/71

VICTORIA, HKFEZ. HKPD have made the "bust of a century," finding what they say is over 15,000 doses of raw tempo in the warehouse behind me. As you can see, HKPD SWAT team is now exiting the building, which they had surrounded and cordoned off during a tense 3 hour standoff. The standoff only ended when officers swarmed the building. Reports of several casualties among the criminals inside have not yet been confirmed, although paramedics are on scene. In an exclusive NewsNOW interview, a HKPD confirmed that those found inside were members of the notorious Black Chrysanthemums. [Read More.](#)

Urgent Message...





GAME INFORMATION

Drugs can be bad; but when they are BADs (Bioengineered Awakened Drugs) they're worse. Factor in high popularity and addiction, rival criminal syndicates, and interests that will stop at nothing to be king of the hill, and that's an explosive cocktail that promises to spill over onto anything and anyone it happens to touch. Tempo, the drug du jour, comes out of South America and takes North America (and other continents) by storm, sparking a drug war the likes of which hadn't been seen in over eighty years. Chaos and conflict ensue, rippling through lives from all walks from the streets to the penthouses and everything in between.

In the following sections we present all the information needed to allow gamemasters to chronicle these events in a campaign, integrate pieces into a story of their own, or simply inspire a one-shot game briefly intersecting with characters' lives."

GAMEPLAN

Ghost Cartels is a departure from the usual *Shadowrun* books in that it combines features of several different campaign and adventure styles.

While *Ghost Cartels* is primarily meant for gamemasters, players may be interested in reading portions of it. Some portions of the book are designed for player reading though. The preceding material in the first chapter consists of fiction elements that illustrate how the drug tempo can affect anyone in the sprawls of the Sixth World over time—from distributors to junkies, innocent and cynical bystanders to law enforcement—and so may be of interest to anyone wanting to play through the subsequent events. In fact, these have been devised so that gamemasters may photocopy various elements to use as player handouts.

Each of the subsequent chapters in this book, *First Taste*, *The Source*, *The Final Cut*, presents one of three interconnecting "campaign tracks" that may be played either sequentially or separately. These attempt to offer gamemasters the utmost flexibility. The central story line unfolds through adventure frameworks that spotlight pivotal moments in the plot, and which can be run either as a full-fledged scripted campaign, used as adventures selectively sprinkled throughout an existing campaign, or simply offered up as one-shot games. Whichever way gamemasters opt to use these frameworks, each chapter includes several additional sections which provide background context, faction profiles, and other gamemaster aids. Though different chapters may have nuances, all tracks include the following basic sections:

What's Going On: Presents a basic plot synopsis of each story arc and describes how events unfold, who is involved, and how the big picture comes together.

Flashpoints: Provides a basic overview of the sprawl the story arcs unfold in and its denizens, and directions for other *Shadowrun* reference sources on the location.

Allies, Adversaries and Complications: Describes the major factions involved, their leading figures, and their agendas.

Adventure Frameworks: Breaks down important plot points into a playable scene-by-scene framework that can be easily tweaked to a group's particular style of play or existing campaign. Each framework is divided into a Setup, multiple Events or scenes, a Climax and Sequel sections.

Spin-offs and Sidejobs: Offers a number of additional simple adventure seeds that either play off events in Adventure Frameworks or propose other potential tempo-related story ideas.

OTHER BOOKS

While all that is needed to run the story arcs in this book is the *Shadowrun, Fourth Edition* core rulebook. Many of the characters and adventures in this book make use of material published in the advanced rule books *Street Magic*, *Augmentation*, *Arsenal*, and *Unwired*. Should any of these be unavailable, the gamemaster should feel free to default to alternatives from the core rulebook.

Given that large portions of the campaign tracks that follow unfold in Seattle, Hong Kong, Neo-Tokyo, Los Angeles, and Caracas, both gamemasters and players may find the *Shadowrun* location books *Runner Havens* and *Corporate Enclaves* useful sources for additional background information on the settings and adventure ideas.

Urgent Message...

Cast of Shadows: Provides background and stats for the major and minor NPCs involved in the Adventure Frameworks.

Crime Scenes: Describes the primary locations spotlighted in the Adventure Frameworks and offers useful details and maps.

Grunts and Moving Targets: Includes quick reference stats for any grunts or new vehicles that make an appearance in the Adventure Frameworks and might prove useful.

AS TIME GOES BY

Gamemasters wishing to weave any or all of the plot tracks in *Ghost Cartels* together will find that each chapter's adventure frameworks are presented sequentially and potential plot bridges between the various tracks are noted. Characters may begin as just another group of shadowrunners making ends meet, and wind up working for one of the most prominent *jefes* of a Ghost Cartel at the height of tempo's popularity. Doing so means that characters will likely end up traveling as the action begins in Seattle (although, of course, gamemasters may choose to modify key points in order to start in a different location) and takes them to Hong Kong, LA, Caracas, Bogotá, and possibly even the forbidding heart of the Amazonian rainforest.

While the events described in the latter chapters of this book develop three central story arcs to the overall action, and while these tracks are important to understanding events, they should not be seen as exclusive. The rise of tempo has far-reaching implications and is a potential mother lode of plot devices and alternative ideas for the enterprising gamemaster. A general timeline is presented (see *Notes and Rests*, p. 50) to highlight the flow of events.

Each campaign track presents ways for characters to become involved in the action; other possibilities could be developed and explored instead, drawing inspiration from the timeline or the preceding fiction. For instance: a group could decide to run an alternate campaign using law enforcement characters instead. Vice cops may get to hear rumors of a new drug getting heavy distribution, while units devoted to gangs and organized crime would get more than their fill of action as tempo's popularity rises. Homicide units would eventually have their hands full when all hell breaks loose on the streets. Undercover agents could play out



TO THE BEAT OF A DIFFERENT DRUM

Ghost Cartels, as written, plays like a typical shadowrunner campaign. Gamemasters may like to try running games using this book in alternate milieus; tempo and the conflicts that naturally erupt in its wake touch on every facet of life. Any person from any walk of life can become entangled in the intrigues and fallout involving tempo.

Besides the obvious plot hooks that might get alternative campaign types directly involved in the central plot line, all of them will feel the fallout of the underworld unrest, random street violence, and the rise in drug-related crimes and violence on the streets. The pervasiveness of the tempo phenomenon means characters may have to deal with both casual and hard-core addicts even in unexpected situations: from corporate boardrooms to back alley rendezvous.

LAW ENFORCEMENT

Drug wars not only involve vice departments but also homicide, organized crime, and gang-related investigations, as well as the typical barrage of arrests for violence, drug possession, drug sales and more. Street level campaigns can be run from the viewpoint of the cops instead of the criminals, with characters taking similar tacks to the police investigations presented in the game fiction. Although gamemasters may be tempted to reinforce the fact that characters are just doing their jobs, police characters can still get involved on a personal level—partners can get shot or develop a habit, family members can be threatened by gangs and syndicates displeased with actions the characters take, and so on.

CORPORATE

Corporate campaigns can be a mixed bag, depending on a gamemaster's desired level of gameplay. As the perfect social drug, tempo spreads through the prosperous and well-to-do ranks of the corporate middle- and upper-classes, offering a windfall of adventures ideas. Characters might be lower to middle managers on a daily scramble toward the top, with tempo presenting either an obstacle or an opportunity. Trying to get in good with a hard-partying boss could lead a character to become a dealer. A cutthroat negotiator or broker might be willing to risk addiction for the little extra edge tempo's empathic effects provide. Another might find herself addicted to the drug and struggle with the effect it could have on her work.

Higher-placed characters might be RGD researchers or black op agents looking for ways to exploit the drug for the company's benefit, whether that's tracking down a source of the drug to use for experimentation, trying (in vain) to reproduce the compound in a lab, or fending off competitors with the same ideas.

MILITARY AND MERCS

Military and mercenary units are as prone to drug exploitation as any other individual or organization, possibly more so given their dangerous and stressful line of work. Whether they're targets, security for the pushers, or deployed as part of the later war on tempo, the drug war offers innumerable opportunities for soldier and mercenary-based plot devices.

In some cases, such as the South American cartels, mercs may work as the enforcement arm of a pusher organization or syndicate. They might also defend against such an enforcement arm when local police are insufficiently effective. Some military units might also participate in (in)voluntary tempo experimentation, as "the brass" continue the search for a perfect combat drug. Any resulting deaths may be particularly difficult for families and friends to investigate due to the military's insular nature.

EMERGENCY MEDICAL SERVICES

Any EMS provider, whether DocWagon or another company, will find their hands full with tempo-related emergencies: overdoses, unforeseen side effects of "normal" doses (such as cardiac or respiratory distress), violence under the influence or violence related to the drug war itself. Whether the victims are innocent bystanders or drug abusing contract-holder, characters on an EMS team may find themselves careening from one emergency to another as the tempo craze escalates.

Placed on the urban front lines, characters could easily find themselves sucked into their own personal tempo-related dramas if a friend, family member, loved one, or even a partner and team member becomes an addict or victim.

HIGH SOCIETY

A high-flying campaign might take place within the ranks of jet-setting high society, whether the characters are corporate moguls, old family aristocrats, politicians, megamillion or -billion media stars, or their security details.

Such campaigns can spawn a variety of scenarios as characters meander through club "slumming," decadent parties, hedonistic drug binges, family members indulging in the same, and rubbing shoulders with the more criminal-minded society members (like Henry Uribe or Jaime Salazar). Any number of opportunities present themselves to involve characters in the tempo-fueled drug war, whether as scions of the Sixth World elites or simply members of their personal entourages entangled in their employers' indiscretions.

MEDIA AND ENTERTAINMENT

In the ubiquitous world of media in 2070, journalist, performer, and entertainer characters can spawn a large range of campaign opportunities. Reporters and newshacks will have their work cut out for them. The social impact of the tempo phenomenon, the bloodshed of the drug war, the underworld turmoil, the mysterious origin of the new drug and the human face and tragedies of addiction provide a myriad of story hooks.

On the other hand, leaving the cameras behind and standing in the spotlight offers equally interesting possibilities in the troubled days of the drug war. A troupe of characters could be musicians, stage actors, simsense stars, performance artists, and any supporting roles such as roadies, technicians, coaches, managers, or members of their entourage. Any can become addicts, pushers, victims, unwilling participants in a fellow entertainer's slide into tempo-related destruction, or experience guilt by association through unscrupulous managers or agents.

Urgent Message...



the campaign arcs pretty much as outlined, pretending to be shadowrunners to infiltrate and dismantle a powerful international crime syndicate.

Tracing tempo back to the Ghost Cartels would result in characters interfacing with Interpol and related international agencies interested in shutting these South American kingpins down (and eventually set them up as awkward bedfellows for Aztechnology's later involvement). Do they step aside and let these organizations take over the work they have started, or do the characters insist on remaining an integral part for some reason (whether it's personal like the loss of a loved one, professional pride, or a desire to jump ship to a new employer)?

GET CONNECTED

Where there is an existing campaign already, gamemasters may decide to integrate different adventures instead of the whole book. This can be done according to the level of play within the campaign—street, corporate, jetsetting pro—or perhaps instead keeping focus on a particular region.

For example, campaigns centered in Hong Kong may benefit the most from some of the adventure frameworks featured in chapter 3, *The Source*. Street-level campaigns could easily integrate the events in *First Taste*, tweaking the events presented as similar developments are likely to take place in locations other than Seattle. Making such modifications may mean some work, but with the help of books like *Runner Havens* and *Corporate Enclaves*, gamemasters will have an easier time of it. Veteran *Shadowrun* gamemasters might also wish to mine older sourcebooks for inspiration.

HEY MAN, NICE ONE-SHOT

It's equally easy to use any one of the adventure frameworks as the foundation of a game not tied to any particular plots and campaigns. Simply read over the material to decide how much experience the characters will need, find out what location or locations in which it takes place, and flesh out the adventure from there.

Some of the material presented in fiction in Chapter 1 can also be mined for adventure ideas. Different AR windows additionally have maps, profiles, handouts, and other information useful to the gamemaster.

THE RAZOR'S EDGE

For decades, drugs had no real rival in the substance abuse market. One might favor buying one kind of drug over another, but drugs were their own monopoly. When technology developed simsense, the Better Than Life (BTL or "beetle") chips or downloads (which either pushed or eliminated safety restrictions on various sensory tracks) came on the market. Drugs didn't just have competition: they had trouble.

Simsense and BTL provide a unique addicting experience, one largely mental but highly effective. The joke about hooking up a monkey's brain to a button so that it stimulates its pleasure centers, thus enabling it to do nothing but hit the button until it died of starvation, became a very grisly reality in the mid-twenty-first century world of *Shadowrun*.

Use and abuse of any substance never goes away, however. It just develops a devoted user base and niche manufacturers who innovate in order to sustain profitability. It is this willingness



to experiment that brought about designer drugs first and later Bioengineered Awakened Drugs. Some of these new drugs on occasion find enough favor to push chips out of the top spot, but not usually for long. Tempo shakes up that status quo, another factor that sparks the drug war.

There are several reasons why drugs otherwise retain popularity and momentarily outshine the brain-burners, the biggest being physical dependency. Although BTLs foster a high degree of mental dependency, drugs typically have physical dependency as an added component that some users can never fully kick. So long as users' bodies physically crave the product, rehabilitation is not quite as likely and ensures that they keep buying.

In addition, the same advances in technology that make BTLs so widely available also work against them: chips and downloads can be hacked, tweaked, cracked, and disseminated without the original source's by-your-leave—with the wireless Matrix, these things have only become more common. Drugs, on the other hand, have a greater chance of being controlled and tracked, both in supply and demand. This grants the syndicates involved much greater control over both product and consumers—though the risk of interception is also greater. At the very least, a shipment of drugs that "disappears" can be traced to a destination and forcibly recovered; independent beetle crackers might only need to copy the original chip's code to mass produce their own without anyone being the wiser.



IN THE LINE OF FIRE

Aside from the immediate “beneficiaries” of the tempo drug war, individuals and institutions alike garner a share of the drug war’s fallout. From corporate profits to the destruction of a character’s entire social network, government measures to control and contain the violence to a death in the family, gamemasters have a wealth of plot devices to interweave in games and campaigns.

Alphabet Street: AAA to the CIA

From governments to corporations, law enforcement agencies to military groups, financial institutions to intelligence agencies, many different organizations (some with alphabet soup names) in the Sixth World suffer or enjoy spillover from tempo’s popularity.

Governments, for example, may feel some of the worst effects as overall crime rises in relation to the movement of tempo in their respective streets. Insecurity and instability lead to discontent; citizens will press officials to take action, while legislatures search for means to limit or destroy sales by passing laws to change the drug’s legality in different arenas or situations (such as possession, distribution, or being under the influence). Leaders, like Seattle’s newly elected Governor Kenneth Brackhaven may seek to present positive and strong anti-drug messages to their people, while the powers behind the throne may seek to exploit each situation for their benefit. Even if a region’s government is not to be the gamemaster’s focus, elements of it can be seen in the form of speeches overheard on a trideo or characters hired to protect or ferry documents important to tempo-related legislation in the scope of a large campaign.

Law enforcement agencies will quite likely be swamped, struggling to deal with tempo’s violent splash onto the streets. As heat and tempers rise, pressure will come both from within and without: supervisors, shareholders, government leaders, distraught citizens, and syndicates, all of them either wanting them to either hinder or help tempo sales. Many a good cop could go bad and bad ones go worse, once they begin raiding potential drug warehouses and drug deals. Any positive contact with the Ghost Cartels could only compound matters. A gamemaster could make a police unit the focus of an entire campaign and follow the characters as they deal with the daily pressures and temptations that only grow like ugly weeds.

Intelligence agencies (like Interpol) and military units see much the same spillover as law enforcement agencies do, except to a much higher degree. High level campaigns might see agents and special forces units tangle with ambassadors and their lackeys, elite defense forces allegedly under a government’s control, dangerously skilled drug distributors and their bodyguards, or leaders of the drug cartels themselves as they track the larger shipments of tempo and untangle the web of finances and backroom deals required to move the product worldwide.

Corporations tend to see either allies or enemies. To some, tempo may be an ally or tool; to others, tempo is a dangerous enemy that destroys bottom-line profits through either straightforward drug abuse or deflecting profit to some other organization. Biomedical and biochemical companies might seek to unravel tempo’s mystery in order to create anti-overdose medicines or make their own. Firearm and combat-support oriented companies might look to enhance personnel’s abilities with tempo or manufacture a way to give an enhancement to someone else ... for

a price. Magic-related companies, such as those dealing with talismongering, could embroil characters in a plot to look for tempo’s biological and magical source—and if not that, then something remarkably similar. With flipside affecting magicians just as much as the unawakened, however, some of the latter companies may have employees who feel no remorse at betraying such an investigation if it keeps them in secure and paid positions. Any corporation that has ties to the Yakuza would receive particular pressure to scuttle any tempo advances and profits, whether it directly benefited them or not.

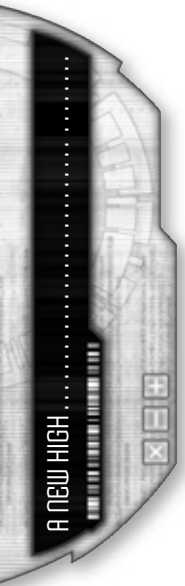
The Metahuman Touch

Tempo affects individuals in different ways, any of which a gamemaster could incorporate as plot devices in her game.

Depending on whom characters regularly socialize with, tempo could be the thing that destroys his social circle. Long-time friends or trusted contacts might become users. Gangs and street-level friends would be in the thick of the drug war, facing the threat of death every day. Trying to cheat death while still following orders or simply grimly hanging on for another day’s survival, with no choice to do otherwise despite a friend’s pleas, would put a terrific strain on some characters. Others may find those they had considered friends pressuring them to take the drug, deal the drug, protect a shipment, make a hit against someone stealing some of the profit, or related activities. If none of this is to a character’s tastes, the friendship could find itself either wearing thin or on the verge of destruction. With pushers and addicts to be found in any segment of society, any character might find himself with a problem on his hands when a friend starts heading down that path. Fights, threats, and even death from overdose could scatter a character’s social circle to the four winds.

Family and loved ones may find themselves in similar straits, making the problem ever more urgent to a character. How far might she go if her lover, a known tempo pusher, turns up missing after a major drug deal? Or if a sibling became an addict, turning to increasingly desperate and risky behavior in order to support an exorbitant habit? Characters in that situation may find themselves constantly putting out fires while balancing work demands, with the potential to have to choose between the two in an agonizing personal struggle. Does she help her sister escape the bunraku parlor she’s working in to supply her fix—a parlor belonging to the Yakuza boss the character is performing shadowruns for—or does she leave her there for now, knowing her sibling is sinking further into dependency and despair? In the middle of a run, does he cut and run when his boyfriend makes a frantic call, begging for help with the gang leader he stole money and several doses of tempo from? Does the character ask fellow runners for help or go it alone? These kinds of questions and situations can introduce an intense personal element to not just a game but an entire campaign, keeping the players hooked on the action.

Tempo goes from teen-rave and party drug to the drug of choice on the streets of Seattle in a few weeks. Tempo’s unique high offers tantalizing glimpses of the mysterious world of magic and emotion that is astral space. That it functions as an empathic booster and social enabler makes it trendy and cool. Recreational use, however, soon becomes habit and with it comes the high costs of addiction. Ultimately it’s Joe SINner that has to deal with the human effects of tempo.



NOTES AND RESTS: TIMELINE

The Ghost Cartels, having taken one too many financial beatings from substance abuse kings like the Yakuza, Mafia, and Vory, have been feverishly working on their favored creation—Bioengineered Awakened Drugs—in order to find the one thing that will let them become the power brokers they used to be. When an outfit comes to the Olaya Cartel and Graciela Riveros with the makings of tempo and an offer to assist with production, they jump at it. Once a reliable production process is in place, other drug labs are opened in Bogotá and elsewhere to prepare for an onslaught on an unsuspecting drug market.

The summer of 2071 is an especially hot one, and only becomes hotter with the introduction of tempo. Even as the seasons change, events unfold to make the rest of the year just as metaphorically hot—at least until someone is able to shut down the Cartel's kitchen.

Early February (Week 1): The Olaya Cartel, having built up a significant stockpile of tempo, makes contact with local organizations in key areas, the test markets for the “first taste” samples. The Olaya strategy is to work with smaller outfits and underdogs rather than big time syndicates—this ensures maximum negotiating leverage and averts potential conflicts of interests. The Cartel selects the Komun'go in Seattle, the Black Chrysanthemums in Hong Kong, the Koshari in Los Angeles, and similar gangs and organizations in other major cities and sprawls. Each is to receive 30,000 doses and is free to use or form its own distribution network to get the drug out to selected target clients.

February–March (Weeks 2–6): To prepare for distribution, the Komun'go Seoulpa Ring in Seattle establishes a strategic alliance with their sometime partners, the First Nations gang, encouraging them to build up their numbers to support their new product. Only the leaders of the First Nations are aware of the Komun'go involvement.

Tempo samples arrive in North American, Pacific Rim, European, African, and other markets worldwide. Cartel-selected organizations pass them on to affiliated gangs and pushers. The drug hits the streets at an aggressive pace. Initially sold at nightclubs, raves, universities, and gang fests, extremely positive word-of-mouth spreads about the cool new high available for sale.

March–April (Weeks 7–13): The major syndicates take note of the rising popularity of the new party drug. Tempo begins to take a bite out of BTL and other substance abuse sales—though it remains still a minor annoyance. As tempo gains marketshare in Seattle, the Shotozumi-reno task the Kenran-kai with looking into the matter. The Komun'go tries to ensure there are no leaks about its involvement.

The Olaya's strategy of diversifying distribution pays off, muddling intelligence gathering and cross-referencing efforts. Conflicting reports identify all sorts of different pushers, from independents to rival gangs to minor syndicates. Street violence and turf wars are on the rise as gangs try to protect their interests or grab a piece of the tempo pie. The media's first brush with tempo comes as reports of overdoses and deaths surface.

The bigger syndicates (Mafia, Yakuza, Vory, Triads) gradually feel the hit from tempo's popularity as it starts to undercut their BTL and drug trades. Syndicate-backed gangs lock horns and violence increases as dealers get pressured to reduce or stop tempo sales. Behind the scenes, the syndicates investigate who or what is behind the drug, with the Yakuza already having a head start. None of this slows the nearly viral demand for tempo, which grows and spreads to new social circles even as stockpiles diminish.

Early April (Weeks 11–13): Olaya Cartel envoy Henry “the Diplomat” Uribe takes the helm of the Pacific Rim tour—Seattle, Hong Kong, Neo-Tokyo, Los Angeles, and other locations—to finalize the terms of the deals with the various local distributors. Envoys for tours to the other markets are selected. As first taste stocks diminish, prices rocket and the scramble to control tempo becomes even more violent. In Hong Kong, Triad clashes are on the rise. In Seattle, the Komun'go are having an increasingly hard time concealing their participation and are eventually outed to their enemies. The Yakuza take exception to the Komun'go's growth and initiate a campaign against the Seoulpa Ring and its allies.

Negotiations between the Olaya delegation and the Komun'go Ring stall as the Korean syndicate's leaders have second thoughts. The escalating violence and determined members of the Komun'go force everyone's hand and the deal goes through. Deals elsewhere are reached more smoothly.

April–June (Weeks 14–20): With the groundwork already laid, tempo's popularity takes off as the first regular shipments arrive in sprawls around the world. It makes its way into the upper classes as people realize it can be used to heighten empathic responses among the suite of other effects the rich and powerful favor in drug use. Olaya-controlled, extraterritorial KondOrchid operations are used as legal façades for shipping and distributing the drug worldwide.

The Komun'go Ring's troubles start in earnest in Seattle, so it starts cutting deals. Street violence escalates as a result and law enforcement begins to take note. As reports begin to trickle in, Vice taskforces dedicated to studying the Ghost Cartels begin to connect the dots. Police gradually encounter more and more tempo users on the streets, though arrests and drug busts remain low as yet due to lack of legal regulation of BADs in general (thanks in large part to the Ghost Cartel's lobbyists).

Though also suffering, the Seattle Mob takes the opportunity afforded when an overconfident Shotozumi-reno overextends themselves against an unexpectedly resilient and nuyen-flush Komun'go/First Nations/Dogmen alliance, seizing back turf and rackets long lost to the Yakuza.

Early May (Weeks 15–17): Henry Uribe's entourage visits the second stop on the Olaya Cartel's Pacific Rim tour, Hong Kong. They arrive just in time to seal the deal during tempo's first major delivery, kicking off a drug price war that sets the different Hong Kong Triads at each other's throats in an effort to remain on top of the drug market heap.

Spiraling violence between the Black Chrysanthemums and the Smoke Circle Triads sets the Hong Kong underworld on fire. Both sides pull out all the stops in what promises to be a bloody



and vicious campaign. The remaining underworld powers move in like jackals waiting to pick apart the first to show weakness.

Satisfied with their end of the deal, the Olaya delegation discretely bid their leave and depart for their next stop. In North America and in Europe, the other Olaya delegations meet similar success, although in Europe the Mafia's Alta Commissione begins to express its displeasure at being shunned.

May-June (Weeks 18–22): Henry Uribe's entourage arrives in Neo-Tokyo to cut a deal with the Mita-gumi. Formal negotiations proceed at a leisurely pace.

Unwittingly, however, the Olaya delegation steps into a complex web of intrigue and betrayals orchestrated by the free spirit Jurojin. The Japanese underworld is divided and, for reasons of his own, Jurojin wishes to rebalance the sides in this latent conflict. With the aid of the Mita-gumi, which is reselling tempo to minor foreign crime outfits, Jurojin manipulates the media and Japanese racism by painting tempo as a foreign vice peddled by foreign criminals who want to pollute Japan with their filth. At the same time, the Mita-gumi portrays themselves as the traditional defenders of the people to boost their present status, helping clear out the foreign drug peddlers and seizing their territories and drug dealing operations.

June–August (Weeks 20–28): Street violence and drug related criminality reaches new heights in various parts of the globe. Governments and law enforcement are slow to act decisively.

The first cases of secondary effects from tempo abuse pass unnoticed: unrelated individuals, always tempo users in positions of power or members of other syndicates, begin causing big problems in different ways, such as sabotage, angering the wrong people, picking fights, and more that only serve to increase the trouble. As in Seattle gang violence escalates into inter-syndicate warfare in major sprawls, gangs try to muscle in on the tempo business, prove themselves worthy of the distribution deal, or align with bigger players out to stop tempo trade. All the underworld factions use the chaos as an excuse to regain turf, settle old scores, change the balance of power, and make grabs for dominance. The shadow community makes a killing (often literally) in the conflict and on drug-related runs.

Mid June (Weeks 22–26): The first Interpol, federal, and regional law enforcement agencies' analyses of the new drug start to emerge. As media awareness rises, they focus on the true cause of the crime wave that is sweeping the streets. The press, at least initially, approached tempo more like a "harmless" recreational "soft drug" such as MDMA (otherwise known as Exstasy), rather than a hard drug like crack, crystal meth, or novacoke. Corps also begin to take an interest, thanks to the press and increasing usage among its employees. These include Horizon, Universal Omnitech, Aztechnology, Zeta-ImpChem, and others with an interest in pharmaceutical drugs or biochemicals.

The pressure, shockwaves and sheer visibility of tempo make the remaining Ghost Cartels increasingly troubled. Not only are their own operations coming under fire, but the Olaya have managed to retain a monopoly on the new drug—it has proved impossible to reproduce in the laboratory. The Cartels call for a summit, a "Ghost Council" of all the major Cartels, on neutral

ground. Los Angeles is chosen. The intent of the Olaya at the summit is to appease the remaining Cartels and negotiate terms for a little *quid pro quo*, where the Olaya gets to use the other Cartels distribution networks to move tempo while they get a cut of the action. This would not only ensure the Olaya Cartel isn't fighting a war on two fronts, but that the other cartels have a vested interest in keeping tempo flowing. A date is set for September. An Olaya representative, Sacristán, is sent ahead to organize the secret summit, while Henry Uribe continues his Pac Rim tour on to Vladivostok.

June-August (Week 24–32): Syndicate violence plateaus as syndicates consolidate gains, assess losses and damage, regroup and bury the dead. During the lull, the first newsdesk-worthy tempo-related deaths are reported among long-time users: mostly deaths to overdose or related abuse among street folk and "undesirables." These casualties are described often in the media as withered, hollow, or husks of themselves; loved ones often report that tempo addicts become apathetic, depressed, unhealthily thin, mentally unstable, and unable to appreciate anything not related to the drug. Several parties begin making serious attempts to backtrack the drug pipeline to its origins—other syndicates, law enforcement, Aztechnology & Aztlán, and even vigilantes out to avenge victims of the drug war.

Tempo is spreading beyond the initial distribution areas and further into outlying regions at alarming rates.

Henry Uribe's tour continues on to Seoul then Honolulu; while in Europe, the Olaya delegation is recalled once the Alta Commissione demonstrates its displeasure with the cartel's gall at flouting the *Famiglia*—by assassinating the Olaya representative.

August–September (Weeks 32–38): The tempo-triggered crisis, now extending far beyond a simple drug war, has reached alarming levels. All over the world, areas affected by tempo-related violence become fed up with the situation. Starting in Japan and spreading outward like falling dominoes, legislatures kick into overdrive and institute harsh laws against tempo trafficking and possession. The fallout in Seattle is immense, both publicly and behind the scenes, as some politicians find themselves out of favor (such as Kenneth Brackhaven) and others are in the limelight once more (such as Josephine Dzhugashvili) for their actions, real or perceived, in reining in the street terror.

Regulations and crime control programs are finally ushered in. When Lone Star and its counterparts finally crackdown, tensions are inflamed further as police intervention interferes with everyone's business.

After travelling from Honolulu to Portland earlier in the month, Henry Uribe arrives in Los Angeles to finalize the details of the distribution deal with the Koshari and their allies, the Ancients.

Early September (Week 36): After weeks of organization the Ghost Council is set to begin. Representatives from all the 4 major Ghost Cartels and several of the smaller ones arrive and the secret summit is held at the Baltimore Towers. Unfortunately, Aztechnology and the David Cartel violently sabotage proceedings—killing several major figures and seeding distrust and suspicion among the survivors. Its plan floundering, the Olaya Cartel's own unity fades. Riveros becomes convinced that Salazar and Uribe might sell her out if the going gets too tough and sets



in motion her own plans to escape the noose—with the help of a mystery ally linked to the true source of tempo (see the *Secret of Tempo*, p. 133)

September–November (Weeks 38–46): Hurt by the crackdown and the David Cartel’s harassment—but still raking in large profits—the Olaya Cartel loses the support of the other Ghost Cartels and buckles under the growing pressure. It’s no surprise when Aztlan begins to lobby nations and other corporate powers support for a full-fledged paramilitary action against the Olaya Cartel’s assets in South America. Interpol and several other law enforcement organisms are favorably disposed; but Amazonia, getting wind of this, warns against any violation of neutral territories, sending border tensions higher with the potential threat of an Aztlan–Amazonia war looming on the horizon with (Olaya strongholds) Caracas and Bogotá directly in the firing line.

The South American frontline ignites into a hot bed of espionage and shadow ops entangling both national governments, the Olaya and David Cartels, Interpol and other anti-drug agencies.

November (Weeks 46–48)

Ignoring the warnings, Aztlan military forces support a wide-scale paramilitary intervention by Interpol and affiliated agencies in Caracas and Bogotá. With Interpol approval and the Corporate Court’s blessing, Aztlan forces perform airstrikes against Olaya plantations, factories, and numerous other assets in several South American nations, including Amazonia. Amazonia lodges a formal complaint with the Corporate Court and Interpol’s directors before mobilizing its military to the demilitarized border regions around Bogotá and Caracas.

While Interpol seizes damning evidence in raids on KondOrchid and Riveros Applied Mimetics facilities, Aztechnology covertly attempts to eliminate the surviving leaders of the Olaya Cartel. Backed into a corner, first Salazar and then Riveros cut deals with Domingo Ramos. Salazar wins a reprieve for his corp and Riveros vanishes into the welcoming arms of Aztechnology with the secrets of tempo.

With the Olaya Cartel almost gutted, demand for tempo is higher than ever but supplies around the world are limited to stockpiles of 3 to 4 months. The possibility that the pipeline may dry out spurs more underworld turmoil.

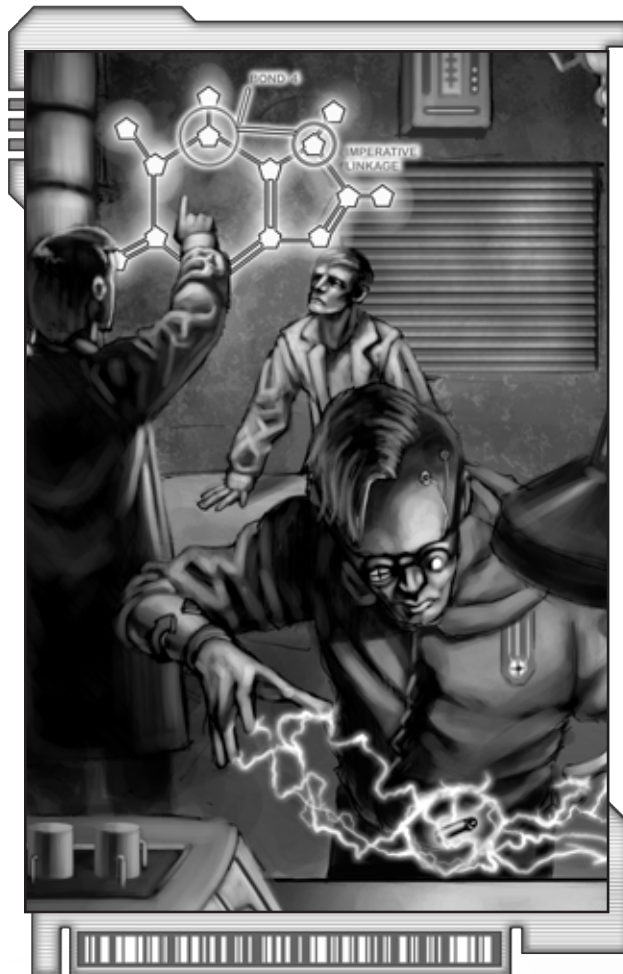
Whether the David Cartel (and Aztechnology) is able to take over tempo production and seize Olaya turf is beyond the scope of *Ghost Cartels* and will be developed in future *Shadourun* books. The ultimate outcome and shockwaves of the violent shake up to the global underworld status quo and the question of what the true agenda of the group behind tempo cultivation will also wait for future books.

PROS AND CONS

From tempo’s pushers to its opponents, the gamemaster can use the following profiles to understand the powers behind the events of *Ghost Cartels* and how they may affect her game.

THE USUAL SUSPECTS

Rarely do syndicates ally with each other, considering each other rivals the vast majority of the time. With the arrival of tempo, they are truly a house divided. None agree on what to do, and the strain and arguments increasingly come from within.



Mafia

Seen as an organization that is tradition-bound and slow to adapt, the Mob has been forced to modernize and swallow many prejudices in recent years. While the old Code and Omertá still serve them well, competition and necessity have led to changes in the way the Mafia does business—and now the tempo crisis poses both a challenge and an opportunity to the Mob families gathered under the aegis of the Commission (in North America) and the Alta Commissione (in Europe).

The Mafia has always been one big dysfunctional *famiglia*, and the appearance of tempo does little to change this. Different families approach tempo in different ways. Some smaller families embrace it because it is a drug, and therefore more “traditional” and “natural” than chips; others operate at a remove (if they touch it at all) in distaste for its magical “taint.” Still others are cautious and push for a more neutral stance, perhaps from being too hidebound to change with the times or, instead, adopting such a wait-and-see policy to avoid things considered too dangerous or risky for bottom-line profit. Part of these families’ hesitancy also comes from not knowing who’s behind it, if they haven’t been tipped off about it already. Why support a drug that may profit an enemy more?

In Seattle, most of the families are either cautious or against tempo sales, but Rowena O’Malley realizes it’s a greater challenge to the Yakuza’s interests than her own and may just be the oppor-

tunity she needs. In New Orleans, smaller and more ambitious families cut secret deals with the Cartel to push tempo right under the Dame's nose. In places where the Mafia feels outnumbered, the families are more willing to plug into the distribution network, gambling that tempo sales will help boost their numbers and bring them back to the top of the heap. The Olaya Cartel tries to keep its dealings with the Mafia to a minimum since it is a direct rival, but has no problems with leading its black sheep astray from the flock.

In Europe where the Cosa Nostra, the Camorra, and their allies are well-entrenched, the Alta Commissione takes a very dim view of the Olaya supplying smaller outfits and local upstarts. When tempo begins to trickle into European sprawls, the monetary losses are insignificant compared to the Olaya flaunting the Alta Commissione's authority by not coming to the Mafia first—it sets an unacceptable precedent. A cadre of the Mafia's top hitmen known as the Fratellanza, is sent to rendezvous with the Olaya delegation and present a message. They catch up with the delegation in Lisbon, and slaughter the Olaya representative. The message is simple: if the Olaya won't deal with the Mafia in Europe, they will not be allowed to deal with anyone at all.

The American Mafia pursues similar, but not so direct tactics in many East Coast sprawls, particularly those families that deal more in BTLs and other digital forms of substance abuse that suffer when tempo crashes the market. The newer generation, though, begins to look for ways to still profit—particularly among crowds that speedball tempo and BTLs—a trick the mob picks up from the Triads.

Yakuza

Arguably the most powerful and richest of the international crime organizations the Yakuza have always excelled at making the most of what both technology and tradition have to offer. Over the years since the Crash 2.0, its technological savvy opened the way for it to invest massively in BTL distribution and cash in on wireless advances. Illegal BTL downloads have become a major source of income for the Japanese crime syndicates.

Officially, this places the Yakuza rengo in Asia and North American dead against tempo. Not only does the Yakuza prefer to maintain a "good citizen" image wherever they are installed (especially in Japan), but the drug also interferes heavily with BTL and simsense sales as people seek out this unique magical high instead. Not even the beetle market's slight recovery after discovery of tempo/BTL speedballing softens the Yakuza's hardliner stance.

In Seattle and several North American sprawls, tempo directly undercuts Yakuza BTL interests. Using gangs and shadowrunners as proxies, the Yakuza strikes back at tempo dealers and operations. The Shotozumi-rengo, in particular, is so furious to discover the Komun'go Seoulpa Ring is behind its troubles that it is goaded into a three-way conflict with the Mafia and the Komun'go. The fighting turns fierce and makes street violence especially bloody, hastening the legislation that attempts to put a halt to tempo sales in Seattle forever.

On the other side of the Pacific things are not so clear cut, however; one finds a few clans eager to profit when the Olaya Cartel offers its deals—or so it would seem. In Japan, tempo plays perfectly into the free spirit Jurojin's plans for the Mita-gumi and

the latent conflict between Old School and New Way Yakuza. The Mita-gumi responds favorably to the Olaya's overtures, but it plans to resell tempo to smaller *gaijin* syndicates who will take the fall later, paving the way for Mita expansion and bringing the two major factions back into balance. Once tempo has spread through the communities and street crime has spiked, the Mita-gumi orchestrates the revelation of *gaijin* involvement.

The outrage is palpable. *Gaijin* drug-peddlers cannot be tolerated. The police cracks down harshly on the drug dealers and the Mita-gumi swoops in to seize territory and fill the void in the wake of police crackdown. Unfortunately other gumi take exception to Mita expansion—targeting members of the Olaya delegation in retaliation.

Triads

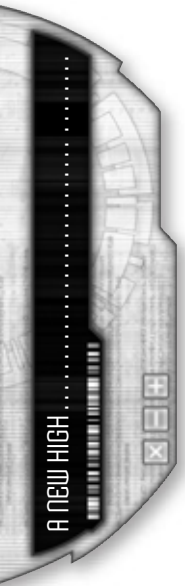
The Chinese syndicates, known in North America sometimes as Tongs, have a history with drugs that traces back to the opium dens that flourished after the Opium Wars in the mid-1800s. Because of this, one might think that they would be quite supportive of tempo and encourage or take part in its distribution. However, the Triads in China are divided and several already possess BAD distribution alliances with Southeast Asian drug lords, tempo is unwanted competition in their primary markets. Fortunately Olaya feelers identify a potential partner in Hong Kong, a well-connected Kowloon Triad called the Black Chrysanthemums. It views tempo as ideal to redress the local balance of power and overturn the Smoke Circle Triads market dominion. Hong Kong drug designers are also the first to try splicing different combinations of tempo and other Awakened drugs.

Though there is still a tendency toward tradition and feelings of territoriality in America, the Triads are more pragmatic and have embraced emergent technology. It's the Triads in Seattle and Los Angeles that, inspired by their H-K counterparts, first combine BTL technologies particularly emotive enhancers or "moodies" with tempo use for designer experiences. Eager to compensate for losses in the initial tempo boom, the American Triads cut deals with the Olaya's local partners to resell tempo at exclusive "tempo dens".

Vory v Zakone

The Russian mafia, being a more vicious and practical organization, generally has no troubles with tempo—so long as they get their due. It's only when the drug interferes with their business, whether through sales, violence, or seeming disrespect (such as invasion of perceived territory), that the Vory steps in to either demand a cut or whatever other concessions they can be satisfied with.

The *organizatsi*'s insular nature is a plus. On occasion, the Olaya Cartel even approaches select Vor first, admiring their brutally efficient methods when taking into account a future need for force to control both supply and demand. Though the Olaya shy away from the powerful Russian *avtoriets* (crimelords), they have no issue with making deals with street-level Vory factions in Vladivostok and St. Petersburg. Chips, drugs, it's all the same to the Vory; neither gets favored more heavily than the other. Profit, however, may demand differently as the drug war comes to a head.



Koshari

Originating in the Pueblo Corporate Council, the Koshari came from the Kachina Society and SAIM in the days of the Lone Eagle incident. Unable to settle down even after the establishment of the PCC, they went underground and turned to organized crime. Thanks to their basis in Pueblo, the Koshari also have operations in Denver, Las Vegas, and Los Angeles. They specialize in smuggling: usually BTLs, CalHot moodies, designer drugs, and talislegging. They've also avidly expanded into other illegal activities as opportunities present themselves (such as ID forgery, prostitution, racketeering, and more). It is just this sort of flexibility combined with the kind of power they have been amassing that attracts the Ghost Cartels when they look for distributors local to their target tempo markets. They are a perfect example of what the Olaya Cartel would be searching for in its outside alliances.

Like the Komun'go Seoulpa Ring, the Koshari recruit different gangs and other contacts to push or protect tempo shipments in local markets, such as the Ancients and Los Verdugos in Los Angeles, some native or metahuman gangs in Denver and Vegas, and local chapters of the Ancients elsewhere. As tempo grows in popularity, the Koshari are more than willing to suspend distribution of all beetles in order to effectively support the drug, turning technological resources toward keeping it flowing steadily throughout their market.

THE GHOST CARTELS

The Ghost Cartels originated in the major drug cartels of Central and South America in the late twentieth century, the *narcotrafficantes*, which were primarily known for aggressive, ruthless, and often very violent practices related to the growing, production, shipping, and distribution of drugs like marijuana and cocaine. In the twenty-first century, several of those drug cartels came together to help form the foundation of what is now known as Aztechnology, which in turn played an integral role in founding Aztlán. They made the remaining cartels an offer they could not refuse: join and serve them (whether as AZT or the government), or be eradicated.

Those cartels that managed to survive fled to their strongholds in South America (primarily Columbia and Brazil) and continued to sell drugs, suppressing competition from BTLs through means both legitimate and illegal. When the Amazonian government was in its fledgling state, the cartels went out of their way to help establish it in order to curry favor and keep attention away from their businesses so they could continue to flourish. As time went by, they have managed to remain on the outskirts of Amazonia, walking a tightrope existence that has allowed them to survive—or come back from the dead. Hence the name *Ghost Cartels*.

The Ghost Cartels are made up of the Olaya Cartel, the Andes Cartel, the Morales Cartel, the Cachoeira Cartel, and many other “smaller” Cartels (like the Castañeda group) that nevertheless are locally powerful in their own right. Rivalries notwithstanding, these cartels loosely sup-

OTHER GHOST CARTELS

Though there are several more smaller and local outfits, three other South American cartels dominate the international drug trade.

The Andes Cartel

Based out of Guayaquil (Ecuador), the Andes Cartel is led by Manuel Tamayo, a former cattle rancher turned drug lord. After Aztechnology Security reputedly killed his family, Tamayo viciously climbed the ladder to the top spot in the Cartel and transformed it into his personal revenge vehicle.

One of the most traditional of the Ghost Cartels, its main operations lie in Peru, Southern Amazonia, and Argentina. As a thorn in Aztechnology's side and an outspoken supporter of the Great Colombia policlub, Tamayo and his Cartel have been hardest hit by the David Cartel's consolidation in Southern Aztlan (a former Andes stronghold) following the pacification of the Yucatan. Tamayo's vendetta rages on regardless. Only one of the six men responsible for his family's death survives: Diego Chávez, Aztechnology's Chief Operating Officer.

The Morales Cartel

A vicious dwarf called Angel Fuentes' runs a near-monopoly of Bolivia's drug exports through the Morales Cartel. Fuentes sympathies towards Bolivia's communist government are well known, though it's hard to tell who manipulates whom. There is more to the unholy alliance between El Comandante's regime and the Morales Cartel than meets the eye. The cartel is said to act as Velazco's hidden hand, especially in Peru and Paraguay where they sponsor and arm left-wing insurrectionists against Lima's Japanacorp-controlled government—for no apparent profit. It is rumored that the Morales Cartel possesses several secret labs in the Paraguayan jungle, working on paracritter-based drugs using technologies provided by Bolivia's charismatic dictator.

Outside South America, the Morales Cartel is well-connected with smaller syndicates in Southern Europe and North Africa.

The Cachoeira Cartel

The Cachoeira's boss is a dangerous Amazonian known as Zeca Diabo—a former hitman for the Metrópole ganglords and South American politicians. No one's quite sure how he came to call the shots in the Cachoeira Cartel, but no one dares question his authority. It certainly helps that he's rumored to be a vampire. The Cartel's stronghold lies in Ciudad del Este (Paraguay), and they dominate most of the inland drug smuggling routes into and out of Argentina and Amazonia, using speed boats or drones operating from hidden airstrips. Rumor has it that Zeca Diabo cut a deal with some bigshot in the Argentinean establishment; they guarantee safe routes through the militarized border and the Cachoeira help deliver aid and weapons to the Uruguayan rebels giving Amazonia a hard time.

Urgent Message...



port each other, recognizing that more profit can be made that way rather than diverting resources to unnecessary infighting. Should anything happen to threaten profitability for all, however, it can be assured that the offending party will be dealt with in an unforgiving manner.

The Ghost Cartels finally scored big when they began dealing Bioengineered Awakened Drugs (BADs). What means the narco-trafficantes employed to modify Awakened plants is still a matter of intense speculation, but the results are undeniable. Various BADs have taken the global market by storm in the past couple of years, offering junkies a tainted glimpse of the Awakening—“tainted” because it seems that some of these substances have been seen to have interesting side effects besides addiction. Whether this is intentional or not remains to be seen.

THE OLAYA CARTEL

One of the major players among the Ghost Cartels of South America, the Olaya Cartel (formerly the Cali Cartel) is the group responsible for tempo’s processing and its top-level distribution. The Olaya promotes the belief that it produces tempo itself, but this is not the case. It is headquartered in Guayaquil, with major operation centers in Bogotá and Caracas. It also possesses close ties with elements of the Amazonian government. The group frequently uses KondOrchid, a transnational shipping and transport corporation owned by cartel leader Jaime Salazar, to carry hidden cargoes of narcotics to ports in the Pacific Rim, South Atlantic, and elsewhere. Adept at knowing how to hide these products in their ships in order to evade detection and taking full advantage of its extraterritorial status, KondOrchid has long been suspected but never caught. Between KondOrchid and employing dedicated smugglers operating along the Andean Highway and over the *Muralha Verde*, the Cartel is able to ship the drug in its various forms for processing and distribution to its target markets around the world.



KONDORCHID

Headquarters: Guayaquil, Ecuador

President: Jaime Salazar

CEO: Anibal Casimiro Pereira

Subsidiaries: Kondorchid Cargo, Tradex, Ribamar Shipbuilding and Offshore Construction, PanAmerican Rail

A double-A rated transport and shipping conglomerate, KondOrchid is a legitimate front for the Olaya Cartel. Once a Pan-American transporter, Salazar has invested his drug fortune into a diverse portfolio that earned KondOrchid the much sought AA designation back in 2061. KondOrchid also owns shares of Aerial Industries, a Latin subsidiary of the German Zeppelinwerke in Métropole, through numerous bogus corps out of former Bogota, using the company’s huge network of zeppelin routes to distribute their goods (and dope) throughout Amazonian and even Aztlan cities. Its cargo vessels ply the shipping lanes of the Pacific and the Caribbean. Its assets in the Atlantic have expanded

greatly to fill the void left by the once-powerful Gunderson corporation of Miami.

Secretly KondOrchid handles the drug traffic all over the southern continent from Ecuador to other South American sprawls and far beyond. Locally it’s an open secret that the corp is an implement of the Cartels, but with the exception of Aztlan and Amazonia, no SouthAm government dares risk the Cartels’ wrath. Their vessels, zepps and trucks pass unchallenged. In North America and Far East Asia, KondOrchid is much more discreet and makes full use of its extraterritorial status to foil the official inquiries and investigations.

THE TEMPO WORLD TOUR

Although part of *Ghost Cartels* focuses primarily on the Pacific Rim delegation, there are several other tours taking place to ensure tempo’s smooth shipment and firmly-placed distribution deals worldwide. These include the North American Eastern seaboard, Europe, and Africa.

Pacific Rim

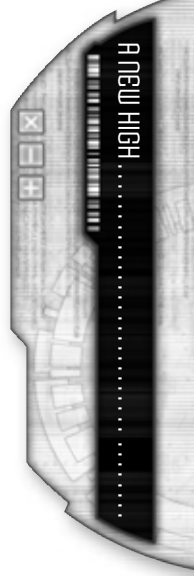
Spearheaded by Henry Uribe, the Pacific Rim tour begins in the Seattle metroplex. From there it moves to Hong Kong, Neo-Tokyo, Vladivostok, Seoul, and finally Los Angeles to ensure tempo’s distribution backbone—should all the other diplomatic tours fail, the drug can be moved from these cities to others along adjacent interior regions and spread in that manner. KondOrchid’s shipping is also most likely to succeed in this region, something the Olaya Cartel hopes to count on in the days following the tour. Lastly, most of the organizations with which the cartel wants to do business have branches, allies, or contacts elsewhere; if deals are sealed, this makes it easier for the other diplomatic tours to succeed.

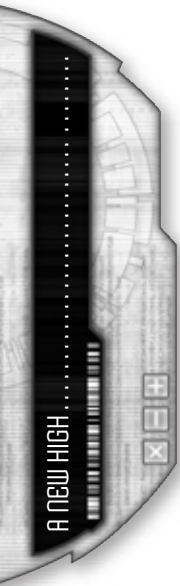
North America

This tour, led by Mário Gomez, a protégée of Henry Uribe’s, begins in Miami (Carib League). It then heads northwest to New Orleans (CAS), travels east to Atlanta (CAS), heads north along the UCAS seaboard to DeeCee, New York, then tracks west to Detroit, Gary, and finally Cheyenne where it ends in early Fall. As the last two cities on this tour include Koshari or disenfranchised Ute only too eager to prove something, they are more for the sake of formality than a need to persuade them to distribute the cartel’s product. It’s the corporate-dominated cities along this tour that require some finesse, thereby not only enabling the diplomatic group to move through said cities and find their contacts, but making certain these individuals, gangs, or other organizations are willing and able to move tempo through their respective drug markets.

Europe

The European tour faces a difficult task. The European scene is polarized between the Mafia, the Vory *organizatsi*, and the various local ethnic mobs. The Olaya Cartel has opted to approach smaller factions to retain negotiating leverage and ensure no conflicts of interest arise. This means flouting the Mafia’s Alta Commissione and dealing with the Vory only when no alternative presents itself. Filipe Munoz, one of KondOrchid’s high-level execs leads the tour under the artifice of looking to expand KO presence in European countries.





The trip begins in St. Petersburg. The Olaya deals with the local Vor and shirks Moscow's powerful Red avtoriets trusting the St.Petersburg and Vladivostok mobs to hammer deals of their own in the Russian heartland. The delegation makes a brief stop in Oslo where it strikes a deal with an alliance of local Viking gangs. From there, they progress to Amsterdam where they deal with the Dutch Penose. Spiraling violence between the Dutch syndicate and the Tremaine-Guliyev *organizatsi* holds sway over much of Amsterdam because of tempo, and that is what first tips off the Alta Commissione to what's going on. Amsterdam is followed by a brief stop-over in Liverpool where deals are cut with the local Yardies. The Olaya's subsequent visits to Marseille and GeMiTo provoke the Mafia's Alta Commissione ire—this is traditional Mafia territory and this is disrespect that cannot go unpunished.

A statement needs to be made. When the Olaya arrives in Lisbon for the final visit, Munoz and his security detail are very publically assassinated by a Mafia hit squad.

Africa

A short tour around major Near East and African hotspots is left to Ant3nio Cordoba, a disgraced Amazonian diplomat-cum-Olaya negotiator. The local markets aren't expected to be particularly profitable, but the cartel wants to milk every possible source.

Partnering with a faction of the Gray-Wolves in Istanbul, the cartel hopes to open the gates the Black Sea region and Southeast Europe. From Turkey it's off to Beirut, where one of the Hamas militias is interested in following up on a most successful first taste shipment. Cairo proves an unexpectedly problematic stop as the city is under a curfew and transit limitations after a series of magical terrorist attacks by a group calling itself the Cult of Isis. The deal with the Al-Akhirah Aswad Mayid syndicate eventually goes through regardless. From Cairo, the delegation proceeds to lawless Lagos where Cordoba actually auctions the right to distribute tempo among the feral city's warlords—unfortunately for the top bidders, the Olaya's chosen strategy leaks enough intel that several of the initial shipments are hijacked and diverted.

The final (uneventful) stop in the tour is Cape Town, where the Olaya have contacted the Hard Time Kids, one of the biggest gangs in the Fringe and outlying townships.

CAST OF SHADOWS

The following individuals are the movers and shakers behind the Olaya Cartel, the obvious driving force behind the tempo phenomenon and the wider underworld war it triggers. All three of these characters participate to some extent in one or more of the campaign tracks in Ghost Cartels. Though the player characters' interaction with most of them should be limited, they are presented here for ease of reference. Always keep in mind that these individuals are among the most dangerous and cunning criminal minds in the world.

JAIME SALAZAR

Jaime "the Boss" Salazar is the CEO of KondOrchid, a Grand Tour socialite and a "concerned citizen" of the Amazonian nation. With the help of his uncle, Henry Uribe, they transformed the remains of the Cali cartel into the Olaya Cartel and the force it

is today. Not only that, but Salazar has put his cutthroat business acumen and his penchant for bold moves to good use elevating the family business—South Am shipping and transportation giant KondOrchid—to double-A status.

Salazar is in his late thirties. Despite being married with a few young children, he is a known playboy and philanderer with several mistresses on the side. His dark, intense eyes betray a similarly dark temperament. He is always immaculately groomed and dresses conservatively. Suave, sophisticated, passionate, and amoral in equal measures, Salazar plays the Latin aristocrat to the hilt.

Although his leadership style is still bold and unconventional, he has mellowed since his early years on the Olaya throne. He now contents himself with bold moves and daring ideas—hence pushing tempo and its insertion into the worldwide drug market. Like his uncle, Salazar is a Colombian nationalist and a strong supporter of the Great Colombia policlub, along with several other separatist movements. He chafes at seeing his homeland parceled out between Amazonia and Aztlan.

B A R S C I L W Edg Ess Init IP
5 (9) 3 (4) 5 (9) 4 (5) 7 5 4 6 5 1.0 14 1 (4)

Condition Monitor Boxes (Physical/Stun): 13/11

Armor: 13/8

Skills: Athletics 4, Amazonian Portuguese N, Aztlaner Spanish 5, Blades 5 (Machete +2), Colombian History 5, Influence 4, English 5, Etiquette 5 (High Society +2), Firearms 5, Ghost Cartels 6, Corporate Politics 4, Intimidation 5 (Physical +2), Latin American History 4, Latin American Religions 4, Leadership 6, Street Drugs 4, Unarmed Combat 3

Qualities: Augmentation Addict, Exceptional Attribute (Charisma), Guts

Augmentations: (All deltaware) Adrenaline Pump (3), Damage Compensator (11), Dragon's Hide, Nictating Membrane, Orthoskin, Platelet Factories, Suprathyroid Gland, Titanium Bone Lacing, Wired Reflexes (3)

Gear: Closet full of custom-tailored Mortimer of London suits over FFBA half suit armor [w/ insulation (6)], mirrored contacts (flare compensation, smartlink, image link, skinlink), Eichiro Hatamoto II in Quick-Draw shoulder holster, gold cruciform, ring set with a large emerald (anchored Force 5 personal Mana Barrier spell; trigger: touch emerald to lips), mojo bag (anchored Force 5 Shattershield spell; trigger: contact with a magical barrier), Platinum Rolex watch (disguised custom commlink w/skinlink and nanotrodes, [Firewall 6, Response 6, System 6, Signal 6, Exploit 6, Black Hammer 6, Scan 6, Stealth 6, Agent 6 (Pilot 4)])

Weapons:

Fist [unarmed, DV6P, Reach 0]

Machete [blade, DV6P, Reach 1]

Eichiro Hatamoto II [heavy pistol, DV7P, AP -1, Mode SS, RC 0, 1 (m), w/ smartgun system, imp. range finder]

HENRY URIBE

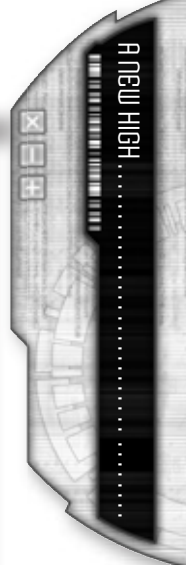
A former Colombian senator, nicknamed "the Diplomat" for his ability to negotiate and talk with nearly anyone, Henry Uribe has been the Ghost Council's international envoy for more than two decades and one of leaders of the Olaya Cartel for even longer.

Uribe is a smooth-talking, friendly-looking and dignified man in his early sixties. Uncle to Jaime Salazar, he otherwise





INTERPOL WATCH LIST:
09/05/71



HENRY URIBE

Aliases: "The Diplomat," Henrique Uribe
Age: 63
Known Affiliation: Olaya Cartel, Ghost Council
Criminal Record: IDEA-344212/002-41
Status: Restricted



JAIME SALAZAR

Known Aliases: "The Boss," James Salazar
Age: 34
Known Affiliation: Olaya Cartel, Kond Orchid
Criminal Record: IDEA-344212/321-41
Status: Restricted



GRACIELA RIVEROS

Known Aliases: "The Maker," "A Patroa Blanca"
Age: 45
Known Affiliation: Olaya Cartel, Riveros Applied Mimetics
Criminal Record: IDEA-344212/331-41
Status: Restricted



has no family of his own—his devotion to the Olaya Cartels' interests keeps him too busy and he feels he has enough brothers and sisters to carry on the family bloodline. He handles any social situation with aplomb, able to speak with low-tier criminal organizations one minute and any country's Prime Minister the next. Although he numbers many friends and allies within the Amazonian government, the Roman Catholic Church (his brother Alfonso is a bishop), and Amazonian-based policlubs like Great Columbia, Uribe also has detractors in the form of enemies within Aztechnology and the Mafia thanks to his efforts to keep BTLs out of the South American markets.

Uribe is completely ruthless and considers everyone else, even his right-hand woman Sacristán, expendable. An expert diplomat whose reputation precedes him, Uribe is the perfect choice to lead the Olaya delegation to the client syndicates around the PacRim.

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	Edg	Ess	Init	IP
4	3	3	4	6(9)	4	5	5	3	5.52	7	1

Condition Monitor Boxes (Physical/Stun): 10/11
Armor: 10/6

Skills: Amazonian Portuguese N, Aztlaner Spanish 6, Blades 4 (Machete +2), Chinese 5, Con 6 (Seduction +2), English 5, Etiquette 6 (Diplomatic +2), Firearms 4, Ghost Cartels 6, Intimidation 5 (Mental +2), Japanese 5, Latin American History 4, Leadership 5 (Persuasion +2), Negotiation 6, Street Drugs 4

Augmentations: (deltaware) Penile Implant (Deltaware), (beta-ware) Tailored Pheromones (3), Leonization

Gear: A dozen Synergist Business Line suits [w/ shock frills and insulation (5)] over FFBA half-body suit, Fairlight Caliban running Vector Xim, Machete, Smartlink contacts, a pair of gold-plated Ares Predator IV's with APDS rounds (4 extra clips), vintage Rolex watch, medallion of St. Christopher (solid silver)

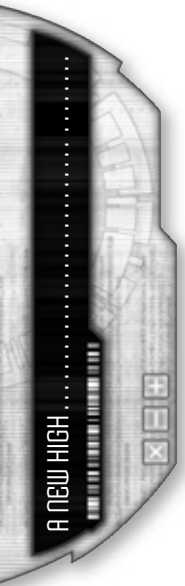
Weapons:
Ares Predator IV (2) [heavy pistol, DV 5P, AP -4, Mode SA, RC 0, 15 (c), w/ smartgun system, stick-n-shock ammo]
Yamaha Pulsar [taser, DV 6S(e), AP -half Imp, Mode SA, RC 0, 4 (m), w/ smartgun system]

GRACIELA RIVEROS

One of the few successful women in the Ghost Cartels, Graciela Riveros rose to *jefa* of the Olaya's Caracas branch by being twice as ruthless and devious as her male competition. Her moniker, "the Maker," comes as much from her genemod and biotech work for her own company (Riveros Applied Mimetics) as from the manner in which she has remade herself through technology. Her work has supplied the Olaya Cartel with the vast majority if not all of its BADs. She is also the bridge between the Olaya Cartel and its source of raw material—a secretive group in Amazonia calling itself *Primeira Vaga*—and she alone in the cartel is privy to the secret behind tempo's production and why it cannot be reproduced in a laboratory.

Ms. Riveros is an attractive blond beauty who appears to be in her twenties—thanks in no small part to ample use of her own company's genetherapies and biosculpting techniques. For all her





physical appeal, Riveros is cold and calculating, a born manipulator, often prey to brooding mood swings. She is implacable, highly intelligent and will use every possible resource to stay informed, from the latest gene modification research to political maneuverings in Caracas.

Other than her apparent loyalty to the Olaya Cartel, she owes no one else her allegiance or devotion. During the course of the *Ghost Cartels* campaign, Riveros is placed between a rock and a hard place, and is forced to claw her way out, something she does with ruthless practicality, a powerful instinct for self-preservation, and a little help from an unexpected ally—see Chapter 4, *The Final Cut*.

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	Edg	Ess	Init	IP
4	3	4	3	4	5	6	4	4	3.6	9	1

Condition Monitor Boxes (Physical/Stun): 10/10

Armor: 4/3

Skills: Amazonian Portuguese N, Arcana 1, Artisan 3 (DNArt +2), Athletics 1, Automatics 4, Aztlaner Sign Language 4, Aztlaner Spanish 6, Biochemistry (BADs) 6 (+2), Caracas 4, English 6, Exotic Ranged Weapon (Oral Dart) 3, Genetech 6 (Genetic Infusions +2), Influence 4, Latin 4, Medicine 5, Olaya Cartel 5, Parabotany 5, Perception 2 (5), Politics 3, Street Drugs 6

Qualities: Scorched, Spirit Pact

Augmentations: (All deltaware) Biomonitor, Gastric Neurostimulator, oral dart (loaded w/K-10), permanent Genetic Infusions (Braveheart, Endure, Inspiration, Sideways), reusable autoinjector, modified Shiawase Executive Suite Goldline [w/implanted commlink (equivalent of Fairlight Caliban running Iris Orb OS), image link, attention coprocessor (Rating 3), engraved datajack, math SPU, smartlink]

Gear: Armani business suit, leechband, leather purse, makeup, Lucifer lamp flashlight (10 hour-bulb), two doses of ekyelebenle antivenin, lighter, leather backpack (medkit, chemistry kit, two applications of artificial skin, roll of twenty empty slap patches, respirator modified to accept inhalers, liner holds 2 doses of long haul and 2 doses of overdrive, chemsniffer (6), gatorskin clothing bag (three changes of clothes, back-up chemistry kit, hazmat suit, optical chips containing backup documentation on tempo production and testing)

Weapons: PPSK-4 Collapsible Machine Pistol [auto pistol, DV 6S, AP +2, Mode SA/BF, RC (1), 30 (c), w/smartlink, advanced safety (biometric scanner, Riveros only), Pilot upgrade (Pilot 3, Firewall 6), and ammo skip system; the clip is loaded with capsule rounds, alternating between dopadrine mixed with DMSO, ekyelebenle venom, and a rating 6 acid (10 of each), compounds do damage separately]

Notes: Riveros has been prepared as a living vessel (p. 86; *Street Magic*), and suffered Essence loss from experimental genetic infusions.

RIVEROS POSSESSED

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	Edg	Ess	Init	IP
4 (12)	3 (11)	4 (12)	3 (11)	8	8	8	8	1	3.6	20	2

Condition Monitor Boxes (Physical/Stun): 14/12

Armor: 20/19

Powers: see Yajé, p. 154

TEMPO

Central to the series of events that unfold in this book is tempo, which other segments of society (some street elements & magicians, for example) call flipside. Characters who delve into the mysterious source of tempo are lead to believe that it is a BAD developed by Graciela “the Maker” Riveros of the Olaya Cartel, a South American Ghost Cartel.

The drug is derived from a unique hybrid: angel’s trumpets (*Brugmansia*) and an Awakened variant of the *gameleira* (strangler fig) tree, the *gameleira torcida* (twisted strangler fig) tree. The angel’s trumpets grow as large as small trees, with large drooping flowers, all parts of which are toxic and contain the alkaloids scopolamine and atropine. It has long been used as an ingredient for the shamanic drug, *ayawaska*. The *gameleira torcida*, on the other hand, is a parasitic tree that wraps itself around the roots and branches of another tree, eventually killing it. The *gameleira* itself, long considered holy in Afro-Brazilian cultures (among others), gained particular notice in its variant form from the Olaya Cartel’s mysterious source for its potent narcotic properties. The resultant hybrid greatly resembles a creepy and sinister version of the banyan tree, with the sweetly lemony-smelling trumpet flowers dangling from its branches like bait on a hook for the unwary.

Although the flowers retain some potency, it is the bark of this hybrid that produces the central ingredient for tempo. It is harvested and rendered into a clear crystal powder that, when hit with the right light, produces its signature oily rainbow shimmer that guarantees its authenticity. From there, it is further processed into the consistency of brown sugar for ease of transport, then further into finer powders for snorting or creating pills, or melted into a rainbow-slick liquid for injections or dermal patches. The final form only matters to the end-user inasmuch as it can affect the speed of the high.

Tempo’s name comes from an Afro-Brazilian religion, Umbanda, which is related to Santeria, Vodoun, and Candomblé. It’s a name for one of its *orixás*, or gods, also known as Gran Bwa (translated as “Great Tree”). The *gameleira*, or banyan, is sacred to Tempo-the-god. When the drug was being produced and marketed, the name stuck in order to entice a more entertainment-oriented club crowd, who would easily appreciate its musical appeal and add to its popularity. Anyone with an idea of its origins may also associate it with the notion of a “primal beat,” and the emotional rush the drug produces. The drug’s nickname, flipside, comes from street-level users—they see it as allowing them to see another magical side of life, something not necessarily their own. Slang for taking the drug is sometimes known as “flipping.”

Duration: (10 - Body) hours, minimum 1 hour

Effect: +1 Body, +1 Perception, High Pain Tolerance 2, Astral Sight, -1 Willpower, +2 to all Skills in the Influence Skill Group

Street Value: 50–150 nuyen per dose

Description: Tempo is highly addictive, ranking right up there with the most addictive narcotics and BTLs. Its apparently innocuous effects, however, lull users into believing the risk of addiction is low. Most users end up gaining a Mild addiction after a couple of uses, with the severity often increasing with each use. Before the user knows it, she feels as if she can’t function without it. Gamemasters can play with this, as appropriate given the character’s attributes, past history, and present activities.

For example, a character who might casually use the drug at a party but who otherwise has no history of addiction and has a





INCOMING FEED.....



high Willpower might require a couple of uses to develop a Mild addiction—even if she’s not likely to run across it again, when she does she will have a difficult time resisting the urge to take it. For yet undetermined reasons, 5 percent of the population is completely unresponsive to tempo.

When ingested, the drug will typically take up to five minutes to take effect if administered directly to the bloodstream, (by injection or dermal patch), and up to ten minutes with most other methods of delivery (typically inhalation or ingestion). A human with a low Body attribute using a patch may experience a faster high onset than a troll with a high Body attribute popping a pill.

Once the drug enters the bloodstream, users will experience an initial euphoric high and general sense of well-being not unlike novacoke (minus the twitchiness). This effect levels out as the user’s senses are opened to the emotions of others around her. The drug effectively taps the user into astral space as a psychoactive medium, allowing users to feel the ambient emotional energy around them while heightening their own empathic responses.

At the same time, tempo’s serotonin stimulators produce mild hallucinations that embellish what its users see and feel, making them somewhat disoriented and suggestible. The combination of these two effects somehow allows users to catch fleeting flashes of astral space and auras while under the effect. Additionally, the dopamine rush produces a numbing effect that can allow users to tolerate more abuse than normal, often with accompanying feelings of imperviousness. For this reason, it has been used as a party drug, combat drug, and sometimes date-rape drug. BTL users who speedball with tempo are sometimes nicknamed “crybabies,” due to seemingly overemotional responses to any stimuli.

One important if little known side-effect of tempo, is that it inhibits technomantic abilities. Technomancers who take tempo benefit from the drug’s empathic enhancing abilities and are subject to its addictive effects, but never quite manage to access astral space and find their Resonance abilities dampened for the duration of the high. The effect is cumulative and the gamemaster should temporarily reduce the technomancer character’s Resonance ratings by a number equal to the number of times she has taken the drug (ie. a technomancer who has taken the drug three times will find her Resonance reduced by 3 next time she takes tempo). The effect is temporary and wears off when the drug’s high wears off.

Over time, addicts develop such problems as insomnia, apathy, depression, loss of appetite, psychosis, schizophrenia, anhedonia (loss of ability to feel pleasure), and severe weight loss. Strangely, most of these side-effects also plague those in withdrawal.

Addicts also develop tolerance to intense sensations and pursue the next hit in order to feel anything at all. It takes greater doses of the drug to produce the same effects they remember from their earliest uses. A burnout resembles a nearly unresponsive ghost of herself, seemingly withered from the inside out, and may indulge in forms of self-abuse (like cutting) or extremely dangerous and risky behavior (like driving a car at its max speed during rush hour traffic) in a desperate effort to make herself feel something when not on the drug.

Hardcore addicts and abusers can accrue additional long term secondary effects such as fugue states (lost time and memory), some trance-like or mesmerized states, and temporary personality changes ranging from mild to radical. Gamemasters should refer to *The Secret of Tempo*, p. 133, for further information on these secondary effects.



Kaz Yakamura clasped arms with Blood-of-the-Buffalo before the gangboss got up and left the conference room, his two minders falling into step behind him. Kaz toggled off the privacy function from the table's console, then messaged the all-clear to Kai and Rimmer. The distant subharmonic tingle white noise gives him vanished at the same time.

He checked his display: 11:49. It had taken less than 20 minutes. Things had gone well—the First Nations down payment had been wired to a Komun'go account—but he still felt high strung and tense. Kaz drew an inhaler and plugged in a vial. The soft flowery scent flooded his nostrils and cascaded down the back of his throat. He sat back, closing his eyes, waiting for it.

It didn't take long for the first wave to overtake Kaz, enveloping him, pouring into him. He surrendered to the familiar rush. His lips curved into a smile behind his tusks. Much better. The tension in his neck faded, his vision growing hazy in the darkened room. He stood, lazily slipped on his long coat, and left the room.

As he walked down the corridor, Kaz was amused to see how long the hallway seemed. He strolled out into the main room; the subsonic thrum of the walls and floor beat in time with his body, his blood syncing with the bassline. He remembered the song from his youth: an Elementals ballad: *Songbird*. He wondered whatever happened to the band.

Reaching out a hand, Kaz parted the heavy velvet curtains that separated him from the main floor. The song washed over him, making him more emotional than he'd like. He nodded at Pork standing guard next to the stage, noting the soft blue and purple aura fading in and out of sight, so different from the usual red thermal tinge.

Kaz glanced across the normally dark room beyond the stage lights. Everyone flickered, glowing like so many technicolor fireflies. Mostly it was muted dark blues and purples of the tired and stressed, with some excited oranges, a few horny yellows and a couple of flickering inebriated greens prowling around. For all their gyrations and smiles, though, the girls on stage glowed with muted blues and gray tones of the terminally bored. Dae too. Until she saw him, that is... then she flashed red gold, quirking her head in a silent question. He smiled and nodded to her—he'd see her later.

He crossed to the door, where he reclaimed his Ruger from Billy. The everpresent Seattle rain lightly fell, turning streetlights into magic lanterns. Beyond the ACHE, lightning played within the cloudcover—a brilliant display of color to Kaz's doped senses. Something brushed past him. He almost felt whatever it was, like dry leaves on skin. It smelled like his mother's orchids. Suddenly the glowing vines of a thousand little thorns wrapped around his arms. He fell into oblivion with a smile.

04:02 or at least that's what the bedside alarm said. Kaz jerked awake. Lightning still played outside. Dae lay sprawled on the bed beside him, naked. He's naked too. What the fuck happened last night? Shit, shit, shit. That was a really bad tempo trip.





I'M YOUR PUSHER

First Taste follows the street-level explosion of tempo from its initial introduction into the market through the syndicate war it ignites. Thanks to the Seattle Metroplex's privileged location as between the Native American Nations and the Pacific Northwest, this commercial and transit hub provides the perfect backdrop to this campaign arc. Within the city, tempo's sudden popularity disrupts the status quo among the sprawl's crime syndicates. The resulting underworld turmoil can only be resolved by blood, creating a situation that spills over into all walks of life.

While the plot of **First Taste** spotlights the individuals and organizations involved in Seattle, the story has been written so that most of the elements can be easily adapted to any sprawl. With tempo use quickly becoming an international problem, similar situations will occur in sprawls around the world.

This chapter provides all the tools a gamemaster will need—plot overviews, organization and character profiles, specific agendas, as well as adventure frameworks and seeds—to involve his characters the meteoric rise of the Komun'go Seoulpa Ring, the Olaya Cartel's chosen distributor for Seattle. The adventure frameworks in this chapter are designed to be played sequentially as chapters in an ongoing story, providing the backbone of a campaign arc. At the end of each framework you will also find a sequels section that provides additional adventure seeds. Gamemasters should feel free to add their own stories and twists to the unfolding plot.

While **First Taste** provides all the information you should need to play this developing plotline, the contents of this chapter focus specifically on the plot-related factions and intrigue. Gamemasters may find the *Runner Havens* location book for *Shadowrun, Fourth Edition* useful resource for additional setting information.

WHAT IS GOING ON

Opportunity is everything. Kaz Yakamura, a troll lieutenant in the Komun'go Seoulpa Ring, has been offered the opportunity of a lifetime by a regular drinking buddy. Roberto Záfon, the manager of the KondOrchid shipping facility on the Tacoma docks and point man for the South American Olaya Cartel, has approached him with a taste of a new product his masters plan on distributing—tempo.

Though Kaz doesn't know it, the local Olaya frontman, has been worming his way into the Komun'go lieutenant's confidence deliberately. After Kaz is blown away by the BAD, Záfon hits him with a deal he can't refuse: an exclusive, free "first taste" shipment of 30,000 doses of the new drug.

Recognizing opportunity when he sees it, Kaz takes the deal to Chulsoon Gray-Wolf, head of the Komun'go Seoulpa Ring. Gray-Wolf quickly realizes that if tempo is half as interesting as it sounds, it may well be the key to the Ring's future, but he is aware of the dangers of drawing unwanted attention from the major syndicates. Clashes with the Yakuza almost annihilated the Ring a few years back, so he decides to play it safe. Rather than having the Komun'go deal tempo directly, Gray-Wolf accepts Kaz's deal contingent on the Komun'go staying below the radar and distributing through proxies. Kaz agrees that the risk of exposure is unacceptable. The syndicate understands how much is at stake here and cannot face another war.

Gray-Wolf places Kaz in charge of the tempo deals. He directs Yakamura to use occasional allies such as the First Nations and

the Dogmen to distribute the first taste shipment in Seattle and neighboring Salish-Shidhe territories. As a containment measure, only the leaders and their most trusted lieutenants are trusted with the information about the Komun'go's involvement.

Let the Good Times Roll

Both the First Nations and the Dogmen are close allies to the half-native Gray-Wolf himself. But Kaz doesn't share his boss' ethnic ties. Shortly after the First Nations begin moving tempo on the streets and the drug money begins to roll in, the troll begins to have doubts. The First Nations used to work for the Yakuza; until it can be proven otherwise, he is worried they still might.

Over the next few weeks, Kaz singles out two of the three First Nations' lieutenants—Alec Littletree and Xa Firebird. One seems to be moving more tempo than he should, the other less, and that makes Kaz suspicious. So, the troll hires shadowrunners to watch the two. The investigation reveals that Littletree is reselling the drugs to a third-tier gang known as the Ragers without his boss' knowledge, and that Xa Firebird is in fact an undercover narc. (*A Stranger in our House, Parts I & II.*)

Meanwhile demand for tempo is soaring and it proves to be an instant hit at raves, clubs, and campus parties—it is the perfect social party drug. Not all is going as planned, however: the initial 30,000 doses are quickly becoming depleted, demand far outstretches supply, and even Kaz Yakamura has developed a habit.

Fortunately for the Komun'go Ring, the nuyen is rolling in and the Olaya Cartel seems happy with their performance. The Olaya agree to a first shipment of 100 kilos within a month, along with an "official visit" by an Olaya delegation to hammer out the terms of future distribution.

The growing number of users and potential users anxious to get their hands on the product, however, is attracting the attention of both other gangs and the law. Soon the big syndicates will come looking for who is responsible for the "best high in Seattle." In fact, the Shotozumi-gumi is already beginning to feel the pinch in their BTL sales, and Hanzo Shotozumi has called upon the Kenran-kai to look into the new drug. The clan's leaders assign the mission to the maverick Chikao Inoue.

The Best High in Town

While the effects of tempo are wondrous for some, others cannot handle the high. KXTV newscaster Jania Shields is apparently one such early victim of tempo. The story threatens to bring the undesirable spotlight of media attention; just the kind of notice the Komun'go and its partners do not desire. Runners are hired to snatch the body and properly dispose of it before an autopsy can take place. (*Body Snatchers*)

Jania Shields isn't the only big name hooked on tempo though. Ever since her first taste, Tiffany Brackhaven has been aching for more—and she can afford to pay handsomely. Tribal tensions between Dogmen and the Cascade Orks prevent the gang from getting their product to her, which forces the Komun'go to call upon shadowrunners to deliver. With supply already so limited, though, the shipment diverted to Brackhaven leaves the Ragers' supplier in the First Nations temporarily high and dry, causing the Ragers to default on some of their sales. Though their contact promises to make it up to them when the next big shipment arrives, the Ragers have plans of their own.



Bolstered by earlier success, Caine, the Rager in charge of tempo-dealing, convinces his boss they can cut out the middleman and deal with the Komun'go directly—whose involvement he's tortured out of Littletree. Caine also learns the details of Brackhaven's drug shipment from Littletree, which the Ragers then intercept. Afterwards, they contact Kaz and arrange a meeting though Kaz has been busy dealing with a potential leak (*Dirty Pretty Money*).

The Ragers want to prove that they can move the drug better than the First Nations can, but Kaz Yakamura is seriously angered by the interception of his shipment. He tips off the First Nations and the meeting ends in a bloodbath. First Nations soldiers ambush the Ragers, killing them and everyone else on the scene (including veteran Seattle runner, Fatima).

The Ragers feel betrayed by the Komun'go for setting them up and out them (for a fee) to both the Finnigan Family and Kenran-kai as the true source of tempo.

Up Tempo

Street violence escalates as tempo undercuts established BTL and drug markets, hurting the bottom lines of gangs and syndicates alike. Armed with the information provided by the Ragers, the Yakuza, the Mob, and their allied gangs maneuver to put an end to the disruptive tempo-trafficking (or to seize some of the action). While also hurt, the Seattle Triads and the Vory prefer to strategically wait and watch for an opening to expand their turf or take advantage of a weakened foe. Smaller gangs and outfits also join the fray clambering for a piece of the action.

Komun'go operations soon come under attack from the Shotozumi and Shigeda-gumi. Flush with tempo profits, the Komun'go Ring and its allies initially manage to hold off most of its challengers. With their secret now out, the Ring supports the First Nations and the Dogmen. The group buys new allies among smaller gangs with the promise of a cut of the tempo action—even as supplies are running ever lower. Tempo profits continue to soar despite dwindling supplies, and the BAD continues to insidiously lure in new users from all walks.

Gangland wars break out as different factions jockey for position. Some are interested in the tempo goldmine (ie. the Ancients), others align with the Komun'go and First Nations' foes (ie. the Cutters and the Ragers), and still others are interested in carving their own niche (ie. the Halloweeners and the Chulos). As more players join the fray, blood spills on the streets of Seattle. With drug-related crime, gang violence, and drive-bys spiraling, Lone Star is predictably slow to react. Meanwhile, Dona Rowena O'Malley approaches the Komun'go with a "generous" offer to buy out the Ring's tempo trade—when they refuse, she suggests they take some more time to consider her offer. She is aware the Yakuza is hurting and hopes they will over extend themselves, leaving an opportunity for the Seattle Mob to reassert its claims.

Paso Doble

As the pressure continues to build, an Olaya Cartel delegation arrives in Seattle to meet with Chulsoon Gray-Wolf and Kaz Yakamura and discuss the terms of a regular distribution. Meanwhile, those closest to Kaz Yakamura fail to notice his tempo addiction is fueling a growing paranoia. He is increasingly suspicious of those around him and no longer trusts the Komun'go to back him, even though his popularity among the ranks has never

been greater. He dismisses the cadre of Stand Over Men assigned to protect him and hires runners to protect himself and his lover. As Yakamura's addiction deepens, he begins to have blackouts and time losses—waking up in unfamiliar places with no recollection of how he got there or what he's done—though he won't admit it to anyone.

Despite their differences, Kaz immediately hits it off with the Olaya spokesman Henry Uribe and his second-in-command Maria Sacristán. Negotiations for a regular supply of tempo, however, are slower than expected. Uribe is not pleased, but is willing to give the Komun'go a few days to consider his terms and arrange for payment—4 million nuyen for each monthly delivery of 100 kilos of tempo and exclusive distributions rights for Seattle, and the Pacific Northwest NAN territories. The reason is Chulsoon Gray-Wolf is having second thoughts and stringing out the talks while he makes a decision. Heavy losses are adding up; he is starting to believe the Komun'go should get out of the tempo business while they are ahead.

In order to save the Ring from a war he believes would lead to its eradication, Gray-Wolf secretly approaches the Shotozumi-gumi with the offer of ceasing tempo distribution in return for peace. He knows Kaz and many others among the Komun'go won't accept those terms, so he decides to sacrifice Kaz to the Yakuza, setting him up for a hit by the Kenran-kai.

Set up and outgunned, the tempo-addled Yakamura impossibly escapes the hit with only minor wounds. He's not sure how he survived the Kenran-kai hit (see the *Secret of Tempo*, p. 133); all he remembers is being tasered by Inoue's goons and then waking up later in a Komun'go safehouse, wounded but alive (*The Trouble with Tempo*).

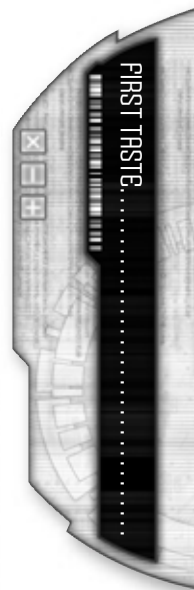
Two to Tango

This isn't the first time Kaz has been face to face with betrayal. It's all business to him though, so he understands why Gray-Wolf thought he had to sell him down the river. Yakamura doesn't want to see the Komun'go divided, so rather than publically confronting Gray-Wolf, he makes a bold move to ensure the Komun'go leader won't have the chance to hang him out to dry again.

With a little help from his new friends in the Olaya delegation—whom he convinces that his plan will unblock negotiations—Kaz organizes the double assassination of the Kenran-Kai's oyabun and a high-ranking member of the Shotozumi clan, framing the Gianelli crime family. (*Tokyo Fireworks*)

To the Shotozumi-gumi, this unwarranted attack on neutral ground is an unforgiveable offense and demands a response. Despite the Gianellis' protests of innocence, the Yakuza summarily firebombs several of the Gianellis' fencing houses and smuggling warehouses, igniting a war—just the fight Dona O'Malley has been preparing for.

As soon as the Shotozumi are committed, Kaz Yakamura arranges for a message to be delivered to Hanzo Shotozumi himself, ensuring that the oyabun knows he has been played. To Shotozumi this is a massive loss of face—being out maneuvered by not only a metahuman, but a Korean one! Any compromise with the Komun'go becomes impossible. The oyabun orders the Shigeda-gumi to annihilate the upstarts and make an example of anyone involved in the Shangri-La murders. Meanwhile, the rest of the Shotozumi-rengo will hold the line against Mafia retaliation.



Gray-Wolf quickly realizes that he too has been out-manuevered and has no choice but to face the coming war. As Kaz predicted, his first move is to cut a deal with the Olaya Cartel and guarantee the tempo pipeline and profits. Gray-Wolf doesn't stop there, however. He has contingency plans of his own. Gray-Wolf begins consolidating his alliances with the Dogmen and First Nations, laying the ground work for deeper cooperation should they survive the next few months.

Crescendo

In the weeks following the Olaya delegation's departure and arrival of the first regular tempo shipments via KondOrchid, the sprawl descends ever further into gangland violence. The Yakuza's reprisals against the Komun'go Ring escalate; the Ring's profitable Body Mall operation is almost gutted. Deprived of one of their most lucrative sources of income, the Komun'go respond by raising prices on tempo and striking out at Yakuza assets, particularly their *sokaiya*; this meets with limited success before the Yaks implement tougher security on their accountants, then hit back by targeting tempo dealers.

The spur of dealer deaths drives tempo prices up. Addicts pay the higher prices because the Komun'go is the only game in town, but quickly fall into debt. Some resort to stealing, prostitution, and other drug-related crimes within a few weeks to support their habit, leading to skyrocketing levels of street crime.

With the Yakuza at war with the Mafia and the Seoulpa Rings, lines are drawn. The Choson Ring is reluctantly dragged into the fight, but the false fingering of the Gianneli family provides the Seattle Mob under Dona O'Malley the perfect excuse to come together and reassert itself, reclaiming lost territories. What started as a tempo-fueled gang war devolves into a full-blown syndicate conflict, the likes of which Seattle hasn't seen in a decade. For a brief while, the shadows thrive with mob war action.

With no end in sight to hostilities, the human cost of tempo continues to climb as well. As more and more civilians are caught up in the underworld violence and tempo overdoses become headline news, pressure from Governor Brackhaven's office finally spurs Lone Star and Federal agencies into action. The authorities meet the rising tide of violence and crime with brutal force: raids are launched against the Komun'go and competing syndicates' interests; Metroplex Guardsmen have to step in to keep the peace in parts of Redmond, Renton, and Tacoma; curfews are set in various districts; and drug-related activities in particular are targeted. Syndicate conflict doesn't stop, but it falters and loses momentum.

Internationally, the Olaya begin to suffer setbacks but tempo distribution is initially unaffected—it takes several months for the events in *The Final Cut* (p. 126) to disrupt the tempo pipeline through KondOrchid. By then, the Komun'go has not only survived but reinforced its position. The smoke is a long way from clearing, but the Komun'go have amassed enough wealth to make them serious players and the First Nations has had a membership explosion. Together with the Dogmen helping to build distribution lanes out of Seattle, these three groups have a real opportunity to make a name for themselves as an alliance—the foundation for a full-blown Native American-Korean syndicate, with tentacles spread across the Pacific Northwest.

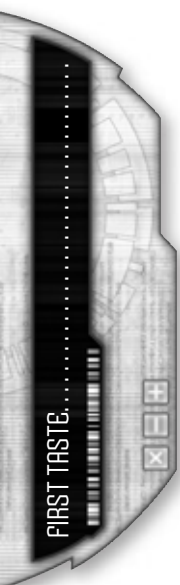


THE BIG PICTURE

Despite its name, the *First Taste* plot arc runs the entire course of the Ghost Cartel's timeline, from the first appearance of tempo, to the gangland turmoil it triggers, through to the escalation into full-blown syndicate warfare and the law enforcement crackdown on drug-related crime. Should gamemasters want to explore other options beyond the events detailed in *What Is Going On*, the effects of tempo are wide-reaching and affect all walks of life (and business) in Seattle over this period. The following sections provide ideas and jumping off points for potential tie-ins to the main storyline.

How the Shadows React

The shadows of Seattle are unusually slow to realize the extent of the tempo problem. Part of this is because of the Komun'go Ring's subterfuge, and part of it is because tempo is initially written off as a passing party and club fad. As the gang violence escalates and more factions become involved, the shadows are shaken awake by the obvious business opportunities and the fallout in the wider community. Fixers and deniable assets are dragged into the underworld turmoil. Even Johnsons begin to show an interest, once the drug becomes widespread news. The virulent ramifications of the drug craze also mean that many runners, their friends, contacts, and families are caught up in the personal side of drug abuse.



On the fringe of society and home to many borderline personalities, the shadow community sees its fair share of tempo abuse. Some users take it for an edge in negotiations or for the glimpses of the astral plane, others to take the edge off the harrowing world of running. As illustrated by the tales of Haze and Fatima, these stories rarely have happy endings.

How the Authorities React

The dust is still settling in the Seattle political scene when the tempo crisis hits. The elections placed the archconservative Kenneth Brackhaven in the Metroplex Governor's seat, and no one has quite determined how that will all shake out yet.

The major obstacle blocking the authorities is that current UCAS legislation is vague regarding bio-engineered drugs, particularly Awakened ones. They are sufficiently vague that a drug lord's attorneys could certainly topple an accusation. New regulations are needed, but those are a Federal matter and bureaucracy takes time—and meanwhile tempo is sparking a crisis the new administration can ill afford. With many city officials and several mayors in the pockets of the various syndicates, authorities are slow to react or raise bureaucratic obstacles. In response, Josephine Dzhugashvili, a former nominee for Metroplex Governor, reappears. She takes to the media, denouncing Brackhaven's inability to keep his campaign promises for a "safer, more prosperous Seattle" and calls for impeachment.

Lone Star and the FBI are both actively investigating tempo and the surge in organized crime activity. Lone Star's initial reaction is to let the gang violence burn itself out—less troublemakers on the street—but as the major syndicates join in, it becomes clear that this won't work. When new legislation comes through, Lone Star uses it as an excuse for harsh crackdown on the warring factions, forcing a tense truce. Even the Metroplex Guard is called out to reestablish the peace in some areas. Both of these developments make life in the shadows hard across the board, even for shadowrunners going about unrelated business.

The FBI has been collaborating with the Drug Enforcement Agency (DEA) investigating Olaya Cartel contacts in several major UCAS sprawls, and it suspects the South American cartel is behind tempo. Unfortunately, the ploy used by the Komun'go to remain anonymous makes it significantly harder for the FBI's Organized Crime Taskforce to identify the source of tempo definitively. Shadowrunners and other felons are useful sources of information and can even be used for intelligence gathering.

How the Corporations React

Many of the well-paid and middle-class recreational users of tempo are corporate employees who pick up the habit at nightspots and clubs. Tales of the edge it grants users in social and business situations begin to circulate. Managers, negotiators, salesmen, and even creative types are all keen for that little extra edge, tapping into their audiences' mood and state-of-mind. Few admit when it becomes a habit though.

Megacorporations with their ear to the ground and consumer trends, like Horizon and Aztechnology, are the first to pick up on the tempo craze—Aztechnology passes the intel on to its **David Cartel**. Others, such as Mitsuhama and Wuxing, become aware of the new drug through their underworld contacts with the Yakuza and Triads respectively.

Several corporations initiate programs exploring tempo's potential as a pharmaceutical or enhancement drug, taking advantage of the fact that most distribution and sale of bio-engineered drugs are not addressed by existing government regulations. Deniable assets are fielded to track down and identify the true source of tempo as soon as it becomes apparent that tempo cannot be reproduced in laboratory conditions. In fact, the three *Ghost Cartels* campaigns tracks can be easily adapted so the player characters are actually double agents following the tempo trail back to its root for a major corporation.

How the Media Reacts

When tempo first hits the streets, the media is still winding down from the recent gubernatorial elections and sifting through the aftermath technomancer/AI hysteria of the previous year. It takes a while for news of the new drug craze to finally climb to news desks, and then it's mainly as short human interest pieces and local luminaries showing concern. It's the small local networks who are first to realize the potential depth of the phenomenon. While overdoses are relatively rare, drug-related crime and gang violence are obvious signs of trouble. More and more reports are filed as the situation on the streets of Seattle escalates.

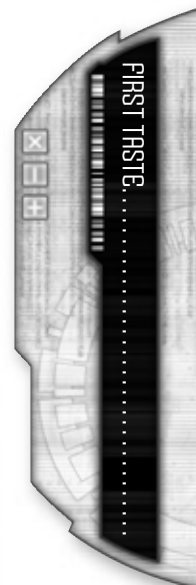
As tempo picks up steam beyond the nightlife circuit and student circles, the media begins to pay more and more attention—putting pressure on the seemingly apathetic politicians and authorities. By the time a full-blown syndicate conflict blows up, however, both big and small media corps are keen to report the action. As reporters from screamsheets, news stations, and local networks take to the streets, runners are in high demand to provide protection, help them negotiate the tense underworld power struggle, and follow leads into dangerous turf.

While most media players focus on the obvious face of the gang conflict, some reporters chase after the elusive source of this mystery drug. Others try to put a face to the human tragedy of drug abuse.

FLASHPOINT: SEATTLE

The Seattle Metroplex is the sole port of the United Canadian American States on the Pacific Ocean. An enclave surrounded by the Native American nation of Salish-Shidhe, the sprawling Seattle Metroplex is an independent-minded city-state and one of the main commercial and trade hubs for the entire PacRim. The sprawl is a fully international city. Seattle houses embassies from its many trading partners in the NAN and around the Pacific Rim, even Latin America.

Seattle is infamous for its damp, rainy and cool climate. The 'plex is often shrouded in dark clouds, as well as being subject to flurries of acid rain and ash falling from the no-longer-slumbering volcanoes of the Cascade range. The Metroplex encompasses everything from the dense urban skyline of Downtown to rural landscapes of Snohomish. It also boasts internationally famous landmarks such as the Eye of the Needle, the mammoth pyramid of the Arcology Commercial and Housing Enclave (formerly the Renraku Arcology), and the subterranean Ork Underground. The sprawl gets its nickname for ubiquitous green crystal Augmented Reality overlay that most Seattleites are familiar with.



FACTS AT A GLANCE: SEATTLE

Population: 3,000,000+

Human: 66%

Elf: 13%

Dwarf: 2%

Ork: 16%

Troll: 2%

Other: 1%

Population Density: 500+ per square kilometer

Per Capita Income: 26,000¥

Population Below Poverty Level: 32%

Corporate-Affiliated Population: 52%

Hospitals: 53

DocWagon Clinics: 25

Felonious Crime Rate: 18 per 1,000 per annum

Urgent Message...

Dark Emerald

The recent elections placed Kenneth Brackhaven, an ultraconservative whom his opponents denounce for his anti-metahuman leanings, in the Metroplex Governor's chair, where he is propped up by the United Corporate Council (UCC) representing the most powerful corporations in the sprawl.

The Seattle Metroplex is subdivided into several districts, each governed by a mayor in the pocket of one faction or another. Two districts in particular, the Redmond and the Puyallup Barrens, were formed by separate disasters that severely marked the city: Redmond by the meltdown of a nuclear power plant, and Puyallup due to a lava flow from Mt. Ranier's explosion during the Great Ghost Dance.

The close proximity of the Native American Nations has a profound influence on the local culture, with neo-tribal fashions and factions constantly in vogue and transmitted through mobile social networks. Many vital imports and exports into and out of neighboring Tir Tairngire and the NAN flow through the City on the Sound. Consequently, the city has an unusual concentration of corporate interests, a prolific cultural scene, and a unique position as a nexus for political and underworld factions.

Crime and Vice

The Emerald City is known for its large, multiethnic population, which has given rise to a diverse and divided underworld. The lawless, economically destitute Barrens crawl with gangs and vice, providing soldiers for the many organized crime syndicates that call the sprawl home. The Shotozumi-rengo, a Yakuza syndicate with connections across North and South America, is inarguably the largest syndicate, led by oyabun Hanzo Shotozumi; he counts under his control not only his own Shotozumi-gumi but the Shigeda-gumi and the smaller Kenran-kai.

Shotozumi's closest rival are the three families of the Seattle Mafia under Dona Rowena O'Malley, head of the divided Finnigan family, who slew her predecessor to claim her position; the other families are the brutal but depleted Gianelli family and the prosperous but vain Ciarniello family. Both of these major syndicates must deal with foreign interlopers such as the Chinese Triads and the Russian Vory v Zakone, as well as locally-grown syndicates such as the newly-minted elven Laésa and the Seoulpa Rings.

It's been more than a decade since the last great underworld flare up, but a lot of bad blood still exists. Tempo provides the perfect excuse for settling accounts and reclaiming lost turf.

Seattle has a strong local shadowrunning tradition. It is particularly noticeable in its large and prolific hacking community, which clusters around the hidden Shadowland node of Dark Emerald. The local Mr. Johnsons and fixers often import shadowrunners from foreign sprawls for their specific skills and combine them with local runner teams.

More information on Seattle and its criminal syndicates is available in the *Shadowrun* sourcebook, *Runner Havens*.

ALLIES, ANTAGONISTS AND COMPLICATIONS

For many years, Seattle has been the scene of massive organized crime; first the Mafia, then later the Yakuza, the Seoulpa Rings, the Triads, even the Vory v Zakone—not to mention the dozens or hundreds of gangs and minor ethnic and racial crime outfits.

The various groups, individuals, and interests involved in this chapter each have a specific motive. With the larger groups, such as the Mafia and the Yakuza, not all factions may be involved or even aware of what is happening. This section serves as a scorecard to clue you into the motivations of the groups involved in the tempo trade throughout this track.

Komun'go

The Komun'go is one of the two Seoulpa Rings still operating in Seattle. The Seoulpa Rings formed out of what was called "the Schism," or split, from the Yakuza—they were Korean members who suddenly found themselves *persona non grata* after the Yakuza purged them in a fit of racist-fed paranoia (or so their version of history goes). The survivors formed what would become known as the Seoulpa Rings. They flourished in Seattle and beyond for years, until new conflict with the Shotozumi-rengo almost wiped the Korean syndicates from the map. The Komun'go in particular saw their numbers depleted in clashes with Shigeda enforcers. Its will to survive as an organization has been seriously challenged.

Chulsoon Gray-Wolf (p. 86), the current Komun'go leader, rose from the wreckage with a surprising plan to restore the syndicate. Half-Korean and half-AmerInd, Gray-Wolf turned to his native brethren for support and to bolster his Ring's ranks—and what has emerged is a Ring that is as close to the Native American tribes as its Korean roots.

By 2070, the Komun'go boasts a mixture of Korean and AmerIndian members, the latter mostly Haida from the Tsimshian nation with a sprinkling of Salish and other local tribes. Gray-Wolf also forged an alliance with the Salish/Haida Dogmen crime outfit. The Dogmen are well-connected in the neighboring NAN and form the backbone of the Ring's cross-border smuggling operations; they also represent one reason why the Olaya Cartel prefers the Komun'go over their preferred contact for Seattle operations, the larger Choson Ring: the Olaya wants tempo moving into the NAN and the Choson's anti-AmerInd bias is a problem.

The Komun'go has survived by dealing in niche activities such as organlegging and the slave trade, where larger syndicates are less inclined to notice the competition. Survival has made them



in equal parts callous, ruthless, and vicious, perfectly willing to deal with Tamanous and other less savory factions. Many in the Komun'go, however, are pushing to expand and take still more risks. The tempo distribution deal **Kaz Yakamura** (p. 84) brings to the table represents a huge gamble for the organization—one Gray-Wolf has entered into hesitantly; the risks are tremendous if the BAD is half as good as it's billed.

Nevertheless, many in the Komun'go are quick to realize the potential windfall the tempo trade represents and flock to support Kaz Yakamura. Even as the situation degenerates, the bigger syndicates become involved, and tempo supplies dwindle—bolstered by the results of the “first taste” sales, many throw caution and fear to the wind, even when the Yakuza comes gunning for those disrupting their chip business.

When it's time to commit to the tempo trade for good, however, Gray-Wolf believes it's time to cut the Ring's losses and sacrifice Kaz. When the troll survives the hit attempt by the Yakuza, the Komun'go Ring comes perilously close to dividing: the younger members of the syndicate would hail Kaz as a spiritual leader, while the veterans and Native American members would stick to Gray-Wolf's hardline leadership. Fortunately neither man is interested in a schism. After Kaz's retaliatory strike against the Yakuza, the potential conflict is buried in the face of surviving retaliation. Fortunately the Komun'go is flush with tempo profits and the Olaya Cartel is ready to begin regular deliveries.

In the following months of the brutal drug war, the Komun'go and its allies consolidate their position and apply their tempo wealth to extending influence beyond Seattle and becoming a full-fledged crime syndicate.

The Komun'go boast a cadre of cybered heavy hitters loyal to Gray-Wolf known as the “Stand Over Men”. During this campaign arc they will mainly serve as personal protectors for Gray-Wolf and Kaz Yakamura, and later as troubleshooters and hitmen when the big syndicates become involved.

First Nations

Tired of being Yakuza lapdogs, the First Nations gang cut their ties to the Shotozumi-rengo and set out to make a name for themselves. **Blood-of-the-Buffalo**, the gang's leader, sees his organization as an AmerInd version of the Ancients. He believes that like the widespread elven gang, the First Nations could be the premiere outfit for his people. Even his recent choice of alliances with organizations such as the Dogmen crime outfit, the Koshari, and most recently the Komun'go Ring fall along racial lines.

When the Komun'go offers to make the gang the main (re)distributor for tempo on the streets of Seattle, Blood-of-the-Buffalo sees it as an opportunity to establish a place in the underworld hierarchy. The decision is a mild source of tension between the Komun'go and Choson Rings, since the Choson have not entirely forgotten their past quarrels with the First Nations—though they are willing to set them aside in the interest of the traditional cooperation between the Rings (and a small cut of the profit).

To avoid leaks, only a select few lieutenants are informed of tempo's true source. Though the rank and file are kept unaware of the Komun'go's involvement, the First Nations quickly becomes fully invested in the sale of tempo, using every conceivable contact and ally to push tempo, moving drugs from Komun'go safehouses



to club backrooms, Dogmen smuggling dens, vice parlors, and local dealers. The First Nations pushers become practically omnipresent, showing up anywhere from hip clubs, to university raves, to street corners.

Merely selling the drug is not enough for the First Nations leaders, however. They see tempo as a brand. Anyone else moving tempo is a threat to their gang and should be eliminated quickly. There are others within the organization that disagree. Some members, more concerned with quick profit than monopoly, have taken to distributing the drug wholesale. They understand the risk involved in this, but prefer personal gain to toeing the line drawn by their leader.

One such gang lieutenant, Alec Littletree, is responsible for distributing tempo to the Ragers. As the campaign goes on, more members will become emboldened to sell tempo to independent distributors and even some of their old Yakuza contacts, exposing fractures within the gang that are unacceptable to both Blood-of-the-Buffalo and the Komun'go.

Unwittingly, the First Nations are also infiltrated by an undercover Lone Star agent, Xa Firebird, whose mission evolves from standard infiltration to discovering tempo's point of entry in the Metroplex so the pipeline can be shut down. Unfortunately for him, his inquiries draw attention before he can finger the KondOrchid trans-shipment company.

As time goes on, the First Nations have to protect themselves and their position as the frontmen for tempo against those who want to prove they are better-equipped to handle the deal and retaliation from those unhappy with tempo infringing on their bottom line. The gang is not above cutting deals with one or two larger gangs like the Ancients (who also share an affiliation with the Koshari), but will attempt to keep out the smaller gangs to avoid a too-small share of the profit when all is done.

As gang warfare escalates and the major syndicates and their gangland cronies (for example, the Blood Mountain Boys and the Night Hunters) join the fray, the First Nations is on the front lines of the turf and profit wars against their former masters. Even more so than the Komun'go, as the visible face of tempo, the First Nations take the brunt of losses during the struggles that follow—but earn the rep they always wanted the hard way.

In the months that follow the tense truce imposed by the law enforcement crackdown, Blood-of-the-Buffalo and his councilors are approached by Gray-Wolf of the Komun'go. He suggests the ambitious proposal of merging their collective assets with those of the Dogmen and forging themselves into a new power in the region's underworld.

The Ragers

The Ragers are a predominantly ork and troll third-tier gang whose turf is the Commencement Bay area of Tacoma. The Ragers consist of a few hundred members, of which a handful are humans who have meta siblings or meta sympathies. In this case it is the human element that runs the tempo trade. Unlike the other tempo dealers, not everyone in the Ragers is even aware the drug is being moved through their organization. It is very much a sideline to their usual protection rackets and strong-arming.

Caine (p. 87), a lieutenant in the gang, leads what few humans serve in the Ragers. A tough, shrewd, and ambitious man, Caine's motivation is to improve the standing of the gang. To ensure he isn't sidelined, he keeps his plans under wraps. Less than a quarter of the Ragers initially know that the gang is moving tempo. More and more are brought in as the First Nations starts sniffing around their territory and their source in the gang fails them.

Once that happens, Caine will explain everything to the leadership. He offers to accept the punishment for dealing tempo without his superiors' approval, but twists the situation so that it seems he's bringing a deal to the table. Caine's supporters will try to obscure the facts as best they can as well.

By now the tempo craze is in full swing and the Ragers' leaders can see what an opportunity for profit it represents. This, coupled with fears that they will lose face by backing down from the First Nations, leads the bosses to authorize Caine to put a plan in motion that will enable them to go to the Komun'go and ask for direct distribution rights.

Caine's plan to seize a shipment of tempo en route to the Cascade Orks backfires. The Komun'go takes a very dim view of the Ragers' presumption/conceit and denounces them to the First Nations. Not only does the First Nations declare war on the gang, but Kaz Yakamura tries to contain the damage by removing Caine from play. Unfortunately for Kaz, Caine has already informed his boss.

Now on the defensive, the Ragers' leadership ruthlessly tries to turn a bad situation around. They sell the information of the

Komun'go's involvement in tempo trade both to the Mob and the Yakuza, offering their services to both.

The Yakuza

The Shotozumi-rengo is arguably the most powerful crime syndicate in the city. Under the leadership of aging oyabun **Hanzo Shotozumi**, the Shotozumi-gumi rose to preeminence by aggressively expanding their operations in the 50's, capitalizing on the mob war of '57 to seize major Mafia operations and rise to the top of the organized crime heap in Seattle. This is not to say that the Shotozumi-rengo's position is secure. Anything can and will happen to dislodge the king from his mountain.

Having established its dominance as Seattle's leading Yakuza clan, the Shotozumi-gumi boldly severed its ties with the Watada-rengo in Japan and declared itself a *rengo* (alliance) in its own right. A brief and bloody bout of house cleaning followed, annihilating the Nishidon-gumi who had remained loyal to the Watada-rengo. The new Shotozumi-rengo relied upon the oyabun's own Shotozumi-gumi, the progressive Shigeda-gumi, and the ultraconservative Kenran-kai (consisting of survivors of the Nishidon clan loyal to Shotozumi).

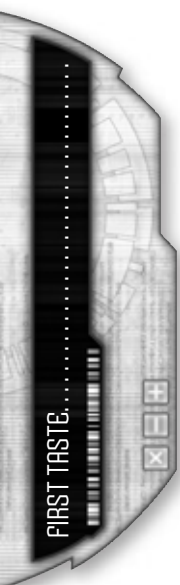
In the years since, the oyabun set about consolidating his holdings and destroying a shameful thorn in his side: the Seoulpa Rings (descendants of the treacherous Koreans purged from the Yakuza in the early Forties). In both goals, Shotozumi has proven enviably successful. On the one hand, not only have the syndicate's traditional money-making operations flourished, but it cashed in spectacularly on the BTL distribution boom brought about by the Wireless Matrix. On the other, only two Seoulpa Rings remain in Seattle. While both still hold out, they have been seriously gutted and Shotozumi believes their days are numbered.

It therefore comes as a surprise when rumors suggest that the Choson Ring is behind tempo, a new Bioengineered Awakened Drug that is taking a bite out of the Yakuza's BTL trade on the streets. Several quick raids and beatings reveal that the Choson are *not* behind the drug, only deepening the mystery. When street buzz suggests that the Yakuza's former henchmen, the First Nations gang, is dealing the drug, Hanzo Shotozumi calls on the Kenran-kai to look into the matter.

A dangerous, young troubleshooter called **Chikao Inoue** (p. 86) and his crew are assigned to the matter. After putting the squeeze on some First Nations underlings, it becomes obvious that the First Nations leaders are keeping their supplier secret from the ranks. Since the gang is openly suspicious of the Yakuza, Inoue's men begin discreetly tailing members of the gang in the hopes of discovering the source.

Meanwhile, tempo continues its skyrocketing success story. From its origins as a party drug, it becomes a hit in increasingly wide social circles. The drug begins to severely hurt sales of other substance abuse products and compromises the Yakuza's BTL download and chip business. Making matters worse, the flaring gang violence on the streets is also keeping regular clients from the Yakuza's bunraku parlors and gambling dens.

Inoue's investigations continue. A couple of weeks later, he uncovers the truth through the Ragers gang. Shotozumi is furious when Inoue reports that the Komun'go Ring and a mystery South American supplier are behind tempo. Shotozumi orders



the Shigeda-gumi, Kenran-kai, and their gang allies to teach the Komun'go and First Nations upstarts a lesson, further escalating violence on the streets.

Mere weeks into the campaign, Shotozumi is pleased to be approached by Gray-Wolf asking for a truce on behalf of the Komun'go. As expected, the half-breed offers up tempo distribution and the head of the metahuman responsible on a platter. Shotozumi cautiously accepts, only to be faced by treachery. The Kenran-kai hit team sent to terminate the troll barely escapes what could only have been a trap.

Days later, **Kosuke Tomizawa**, oyabun of the Kenran-kai and **Toju Shotozumi**, a cousin of the oyabun and the organization's most senior *sokayia* (accountant), are assassinated. Evidence points to a plot by the Gianelli Mob family. Despite the Gianellis' protests, Shotozumi is forced to retaliate or lose face, entering into conflict with the Mob. No sooner has he committed to this than he receives a message claiming true responsibility for the assassinations from Kaz Yakamura in the name of the Komun'go.

Shotozumi is livid at the audacity—being tricked by a treacherous Korean and a metahuman to boot! Compromise with Gray-Wolf is no longer acceptable. Rashly, he declares total war on the Seoulpa Rings and their allies, ordering the Shigeda-gumi to destroy the upstarts.

This action proves unwise, however. Dona O'Malley of the Seattle Mob has been counting on the Yakuza becoming overextended and seizes the opportunity to make a move—bringing the Mob families together in common cause in the process.

The following months prove draining and costly for the Yakuza. The Mob makes its move on several prostitution, gambling, and protection rackets; the Choson Ring embarks on a retaliatory campaign against the Yak's Matrix operations; even the Triads and Vory poach a few unprotected assets. Most galling of all, however, the Komun'go and First Nations survive and invest tempo profits in buying themselves allies that slowly erode the Shotozumi-rengo's manpower. Overstretched, the Yakuza make ample use of shadow talent, as does the Komun'go Ring. The subsequent Lone Star and FBI crackdown only makes things worse.

Only time will tell how the Shotozumi-rengo has fared when the dust has finally settled.

Mafia

The Mob in Seattle is not quite as powerful as it once was, thanks to the infighting that's been a staple of the last couple of decades. With those "differences" now bloodily resolved, the new *Capa*, **Rowena O'Malley**, is looking for every possible chance to unite the families firmly under her rule. The runaway success of tempo takes a few weeks to register to the Mob, but when it does, Dona O'Malley sees it as just the thing to create that unity.

Despite the problems it stirs up, hurting drug and CalHot sales, the Capa is convinced the situation will get the Families working together to track down who's behind the drug, possibly capitalizing on the Yakuza's weakened state to regain lost turf, lost businesses, and settle old scores. Conveniently, Kaz Yakamura's plan to extricate himself from Gray-Wolf's betrayal by setting the big syndicates at each other's throats plays right into Rowena O'Malley's hands—so much so she doesn't even try to approach the Yakuza after the Gianelli family is so obviously framed. Instead

CONFLICTS OF INTERESTS

The adventure frameworks in this plot arc involve the characters with an emerging power in the Seattle Underworld, its ascension fueled by tempo. While profitable, this allegiance may test pre-existing loyalties of longtime runners and their contacts. Play up these difficulties as the unfortunate side-effects of operating in a for-profit industry.

Just as the players are likely to be more interested in making cred than making friends, key players and contacts are going to be interested in maintaining whatever profitable relationships they have. This may mean that there are some contacts that won't help the runners if they're going up against a group the contact does business with.

On the other hand, if the runners are loyalists and only choose to work for one side of the conflict, it might limit the jobs they can take, but it will also strengthen the ties they have with that particular syndicate and create work for them long after the adventures in this book are over. Many of the frameworks can be easily adapted to fit the Komun'go's opposition or to play out in a similar manner if the players chose to play double agents on behalf of their previous associates (for instance, reporting their progress to the Yakuza or the Mob). To avoid derailing the unfolding campaign, though, the gamemaster might consider having Kaz reveal his own allegiance a little later.

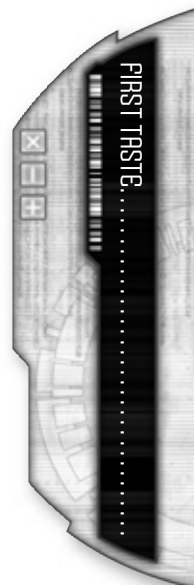
she takes the Yakuza retaliation as an excuse to go on the offensive. The Komun'go can wait.

Less obvious is the opportunity that reemerges to plant a friend in government: **Josephine Dzhugashvili** makes a call for action against the extreme violence, something that current Governor Kenneth Brackhaven seems unable—or unwilling—to do. It would not take long for a dissatisfied public to make noises of impeachment and look to more decisive and effective leadership from Joey D.

Other Seattle Syndicates

As one of the main purveyors of Bio-engineered Awakened Drugs from South East Asia, the Seattle Triads are initially set back by tempo's success. Possessing a much more flexible distribution infrastructure, however, they also discover the potential product synergies of tempo through their Hong Kong connections. As the Komun'go's involvement becomes known, the Triads approach Gray-Wolf in peace. Buying straight from the source, the Triads begin splicing tempo with red orchid and other BADs and exploring tempo's empathy-enhancing with BTLs (particularly Kong moody chips) to create "designer drug experiences." Triad tempo dens pop up in various parts of the sprawl, offering unique experiences for the selective tempo user.

Urgent Message...



Though not heavily invested in drugs, the Vory aren't too happy when the First Nations and Komun'go make inroads into areas of the docks they consider their home turf. Not usually the diplomatic sort, an attempt is still made to show them the error of their ways once they are tipped off to the tempo dealing going on in their backyard. Perhaps the Vory are being used as stalking horses for another power player, but the response when their envoy is killed is quite genuine—and quite bloody, exacerbating instead of quelling the violence that erupts on the streets over the summer.

Other criminal elements in Seattle are galvanized by the tempo situation as well. No one is left untouched.

KondOrchid

Owned by Jaime Salazar, head of the Olaya Cartel, this transnational shipping company is used by the Cartel to move their drugs around the Pacific Rim, Caribbean, and the Atlantic seaboard. KondOrchid boasts extraterritorial status and possesses a logistics and warehouse compound in the Everett docks, through which they move tempo arriving on KondOrchid ships. **Roberto Záfon**, the local depo manager, is the Olaya Cartel's pointman in Seattle and a contact of Kaz Yakamura's.

For more details on KondOrchid and its operations, see p. 55. For details on the Everett facility, see p. 73.

ADVENTURE FRAMEWORKS

The Adventure Frameworks that follow are loosely constructed, giving gamemasters room to inject the personalities of the runners and leave room for their actions (particularly unexpected ones) to impact the outcome.

No matter what the runners do, however, tempo sales will gain momentum, triggering gangland conflict and eventually forcing the Komun'go into a direct confrontation with the Yakuza. Those events happen on too large a scale to prevent; even if something happened to the specific players described in First Taste, that conflict over tempo would eventually bubble to the surface.

This is not to say the players' actions are unimportant. This is very much a street-level campaign. What happens on these jobs will have a serious impact on the immediate shadowrunning community. The needless death of a syndicate soldier or misplaced loyalties could trigger a series of events that affect a runner's reputation, ability to get work, or even their lives outside of the run.

While designed as a street-level campaign, the runners have the opportunity to come in contact with gang bosses, public officials, lawmen, and even a celebrity or two. How they carry themselves in these situations will impact their future reputations. These social situations can be roleplaying challenges, decided by dice, or any combination of the two that the gamemaster sees fit.

The shockwaves of the underworld turmoil triggered by tempo are immense, as is the personal and professional fallout of the latest drug craze. The variety of potential story hooks gamemasters can draw upon is extensive. The gamemaster should feel free to add his own stories and twists to this campaign arc—the events, groups, and characters presented above only scratch the surface of the possibilities opened by tempo and the drug war. Gamemasters may also want to refer to the *Big Picture* section for various hooks and ideas to play off.

As always, adapt the opposition and challenges as necessary to fit the play style of his group and the tone of his campaign.

A STRANGER IN OUR HOUSE, PART I

The First Nations, former Yakuza henchmen, are looking to carve their own niche. Entrusted with the distribution of a hot new drug called tempo by a mysterious supplier, the gang is certain they can win some influence and territory. Their supplier, however, wants to be sure that the gang has cut all their old Yakuza ties and rid their house of moles.

A Johnson contacts the team to do some surveillance and research into two members of the gang who are under suspicion—one for making too much money off tempo and another for not making enough. This adventure is divided into two separate frameworks, one for each investigation. The job entangles the team in a brewing conflict between the First Nations and the gang known as the Ragers. To complicate matters further, they learn that the Kenran-kai and the Finnegan Mob family are already putting out feelers about this drug and its mystery supplier. Armed with a fist full of data, the team has to decide whom to share this information with, a decision that may lead to tough consequences whichever way they choose.

Setup

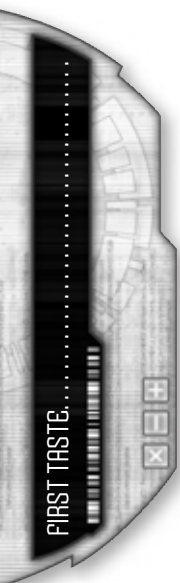
A regular fixer organizes a meet with Ms. Johnson at a Downtown back-alley strip joint named **Tickler's**. Ms. Johnson receives them at the door dressed, if you can call it that, in a see-through lace top with underwear to match. She is as cool and distant as she is enticing. It's a working night, and the raven-haired Asian ushers your group back to a private room "for a show."

When the team settles in, Ms. Johnson retrieves a palm-sized commlink from a darkened corner of the room. From the device, Ms. Johnson copies a file to everyone. The data package contains several pictures of two men dressed in AmerInd-inspired gang attire. Mixed in with the pictures are public domain sat-images of various buildings near the Seattle/Salish-Shidhe border. The file also includes a disposable commcode number for Ms. Johnson.

Ms. Johnson tells them that the images are of two lieutenants and safe houses belonging to the First Nations gang. Their job is to tail these two specific members, **Alec Littletree** (p. 87) and **Xa Firebird** (p. 87), for a week. She wants the team to source what the men are up to, what assets they have, how each target is earning his money, who their contacts are, and if they're connected to other crime outfits. The runners are not to interact with them in any way. Ms. Johnson offers 5,000 nuyen per runner with half up front (though negotiable, Ms. Johnson will not exceed 7,000 a head). When a price is agreed upon, Ms. Johnson will retrieve a certified credstick for half the payment from that same darkened corner, hand it to a team member, and walk out the door.

It won't take much digging to find out that Ms. Johnson's name is **Dae** (p. 84). She's a top seller at Tickler's, a favorite of the handful of mob *capi* that frequent the joint but additional information is more difficult to come by. Runners with underworld contacts might be able to find out that she is definitely not connected to any of the major syndicates or gangs. Corporate connections may be able to reveal that Dae has a large corp clientele and even did a stint with Renraku as a "bonded entertainer" a few years back—but she isn't currently linked to any corporation.

The following framework walks the runners through the investigation of Alec Littletree. The investigation of Xa Firebird is covered by the framework on p. 72.



TICKLER'S STRIP CLUB (AIKI, DOWNTOWN)

Ticker's is a favorite of the blue collar and union set and has recently garnered a lot of attention from the Mafia. It is an independent strip club that distinguishes itself by bringing in an ethnic and racial mix of performers.

The club has a large main room and eight separate "champagne rooms" in the back. A darkened corridor leads to a small conference suite in the back and on to the rear exit. A side corridor branches off to the right to the changing rooms, the management offices, storage rooms, and a kitchen area. The sound-proofed conference suite is generally reserved for private parties. Its location close to the changing rooms and rear exit makes it ideal for bringing people in and out unnoticed.

The Mafia has been trying to strong arm the club's owner, Jacob Bellows (use Club Owner, p. 05, *Contacts and Adventures*) to sell out. Bellows is well-connected and well-loved, however, and doesn't like to be pushed. Jake Hickory and Saul Matlock are the bartenders and good sources of information on the Mob, the clients, and the girls (use Bartender, p.282, *SR4*). Security is made up of two troll bouncers named Benny and Pork (use Enforcer, p. 93, *SR4*), and a semi-retired street sam called Royce (use the Street Samurai, p. 101, *SR4*) who mingles with the crowd and only pitches in if things get out of hand.

THE VERGE (REDMOND)

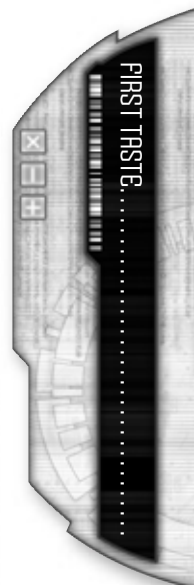
The Verge exists on a two-mile strip of land between the barrens and Salish territory. The area is controlled by the First Nations gang who, until recently, used it as a selling ground for Yakuza BTLs. The zone is a mix of poor Native and Asian citizens with a below average number of metahumans. The people of the Verge have failed at life outside of the zone and come here to live out their lives as squatters. Many of the buildings are rundown or derelict; most are home to squatters. Denizens of the Verge are mostly indigents, squatters, and drug abusers who tend to keep to themselves, but remain aware of the people who "belong."

Dust from the Redmond lava flows layers many of the buildings and streets. The tenements that aren't derelict look like they were. The area is unlit and dangerous at night, and only fools wonder out unarmed. It's a Z-zone through and through.

A large number of disappearances have been occurring, largely attributed to the presence of Tamanous in the Verge. Shadowrunners new to the area will find that they are treated like outsiders until they prove not to be spotters for Tamanous or the Kenran-Kai.

The wireless coverage is irregular at best. Power here comes from splices off of the main city circuit, which allows for lighting. With tap water requiring boiling, sanitation problems, and a healthy and diverse pest population, disease outbreaks are common.

Urgent Message...



Event 1

The first step for the shadowrunners is good old-fashioned legwork. It can be as difficult or straightforward as the gamemaster wants.

Contacts in the gang world can help the runners figure out what the First Nations has been up to since parting ways with the Yakuza. On the surface, the gang has been working with various factions to increase its influence in the Seattle area and beyond (a chapter has recently formed in Vancouver). Preeminent among these are the Koshari (looking to expand into Seattle), the Dogmen and the Komun'go Seoulpa Ring (both of are provided with much needed muscle by the First Nations). As a result of these partnerships, the First Nations has expanded its operations into the Verge in Redmond.

The pictures and maps provide a solid lead on where to find Littletree, but they still have to track him down. Street-level underworld, gang and drug-related connections might be able to tell them Alec Littletree is an up-and-coming lieutenant responsible for pushing tempo in various clubs and vice-dens in Renton and Tacoma. He apparently operates out of a First Nations safehouse in the Verge (from the pictures). Some digging will reveal he's pushing far more tempo and earning more money would be expected—though how won't be initially evident.

The difficulty will be in deciding how to track Littletree and how to remain unseen. He hangs around in a lot of public places

and is friendly with the staff and bouncers in many clubs. He is careful to ensure he isn't followed (by his First Nations cohorts). If the runners are noticed around the safehouse, the First Nations will try to rough them up at first, sending a group of six or more gangers to inquire about the runners' intentions. If the First Nations think the runners are affiliated with Yakuza for any reason, they will call backup and attempt to kill them.

Event 2

The players track Littletree to a Tacoma bar where, if they can get close enough to see and hear him, they'll catch him meeting with a member of the Ragers. He sits down in a back booth with a tall, muscular black man. Littletree hands over a briefcase full of Tempo to the gang, and is given several certified credsticks in return.

Meanwhile, outside of the bar, observant runners will notice that a three-man group of Yakuza soldiers are trying their best to spy on the conversation while remaining hidden. If the team notices the Yakuza, it is likely that the Yakuza will notice them as well. If captured and interrogated, the Yakuza men—part of Inoue's outfit—will reveal only that they work for the Kenran-kai and thus are under that organization's protection. They will not explain what they were doing or even who they were spying on, even under extreme duress. They fear that whatever the runners might do to them is just foreplay compared to the dishonor they will face if they reveal anything.

Climax

Regardless of whether the players have exposed themselves up to this point, they receive a visit from the Ragers. It happens while they are tracking Littletree. A group of Ragers gang members (p. 88) intercept the team, dressed for a rumble and outnumbering the runners three to one. The group's leader is a tall black man who calls himself **Caine** (p. 87), the same man Littletree met with in Redmond. He asks them why they are tracking Littletree.

The gangers aren't looking for a fight because they think the team is working for the Mob; they don't have the resources to enter a prolonged battle with that organization. They have brought their muscle more as a show of force than anything else. Caine wants to make sure that his mole stays hidden, which will continue the flow of tempo to his organization.

Caine will be coy with the shadowrunners, all the while claiming to know who they work for. He advises them to back off before he is forced to make life "very difficult" for them. If the team starts a fight, Caine's men will fight to subdue using stun sticks, saps, batons, and forearm guards.

Sequels

By the end of the run, the runners will realize that they were not working for the First Nations. It should still be unclear who employs Ms. Johnson, but future runs in the track should help to make it clear. Unless the players messed up and killed Littletree or informed the First Nations they were tracking him, the fallout from this adventure will be minimal. The Yakuza involvement in this is at the bottom-feeder level, so if the team seriously injures or kills any of the Kenran-kai spies there will be little immediate retribution—the gumi will probably not hire them for some time, but Chikao Inoue will hold a grudge.

Success in this mission largely depends on what the team wants to do with their knowledge. They have an opportunity to form a relationship with the Ragers by concealing the relationship between that organization and Littletree. Doing so would mean that the Ragers may hire the runners in the future, and it might also lead to gaining Littletree as a contact. If Ms. Johnson later discovers that the runners did not reveal everything to her, however, it will seriously damage their reputation.

If the team reveals what they know about Littletree's sideline, Ms. Johnson will see the job as successful and be willing to hire the runners again. Should the runners inform Ms. Johnson of the Ragers connection, they will be offered a job to investigate the Ragers the same way they did the First Nations.

A look at the Ragers will reveal a gang that has loose ties to the Mob and a leadership that is hungry to grow the gang past its Tacoma borders—Kaz Yakamura will not judge them a threat (which turns out to be a mistake). He actually considers Littletree's sideline as another level of deniability for the Komun'go, and will not denounce Littletree to the First Nations leaders.

A STRANGER IN OUR HOUSE, PART II

The second ganger the runners are to investigate is an elf by the name of Xa Firebird. Firebird is in fact a deep cover agent for Lone Star, though the runners will have to figure this out by themselves. While Xa's mission was to infiltrate and provide intel on the First Nations and their allies, it has since been reprioritized to finding the source of tempo.

With the tensions escalating and gangs already fighting over turf and profit losses, Firebird is taking no chances with his cover. Two factors complicate matters, however. During the six-month undercover operation, he's become romantically involved with his handler (Chief Detective Carla Matthews) and has begun taking tempo himself for the edge it gives him in scoping out his various targets' intentions.

Event 1

Surveillance will reveal Xa is a creature of habit. He is in charge of selling tempo to trendy clubs and parties around Seattle University campus. He's well known in the club circuit and has a several friends that will watch his back, but as an undercover agent he's feeling guilty and holding himself back from selling to kids—which is impacting his sales. Other gang members and some of his contacts think Xa is reliable enough but a bit of an ass-kisser, trying to insinuate himself into Blood-of-the-Buffalo's inner circle. No one really knows much about his background.

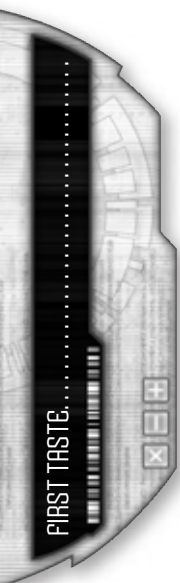
A couple of days into the stakeout, characters watching Xa will notice their first break from routine. After messaging an e-mail drop, Xa visits a sleazy two-star hotel in Tacoma called Harrington's, apparently for a torrid sexual escapade with a "desperate housewife." The room is registered in the woman's name (an alias).

Should the runners suspect this is cover for an information exchange, they'd be right. To confuse matters, however, investigation of the hotel records and/or the room will reveal that the Firebird and the woman are indeed having regular encounters. There are several clues, though—none of them damning individually—as to the true nature of both Firebird and the encounters if the runners are perceptive:

- Xa possesses a SenseSation Livecaster cybersuite (too expensive for the typical ganger) among his minor implants;
- Xa e-messages a blind email address every two days (again unusually sophisticated for a ganger);
- Xa's commlink has serious Firewalls and IC (more telling is that they seem to be legal rather than cracked copies);
- While astral observers may confirm the romantic tryst, they may also notice that while the woman may look like a bored housewife, she possesses extensive headware implants;
- Running the plates of the woman's sedan through DMV or law enforcement databases will reveal it is owned by a shell company (owned in a third degree by Lone Star).

Climax

During one of the stake-outs, the runners will discover Xa surreptitiously following Blood of the Buffalo and several others from a First Nations safehouse. The First Nations leader is taking an unmarked Hermes van (p. 110, *Arsenal*) to pick up another 3000



KONDORCHID DEPO (EVERETT DOCKS)

Transnational shipping AA-corp KondOrchid (KO) is the legal front for the Olaya Cartel across the PacRim. It has depots in all major ports. Seattle is no exception, and KO possesses a warehousing and distribution facility on the Everett Docks.

The Everett facility is a rectangular area fenced off by an electrified 4-meter high fence and encompasses three large automated warehouses with multiple loading docks, two dockside container crane drones, and a two story office building. The large perimeter is patrolled by six GM-Nissan Doberman drones (p. 341, SR4, armed w/ AK97 [AR, DV 6P, AP -1, SA/BF/FA, RC 5, 38(c), w/ gas-vent 3] on a fixed weapon mount and a three-man patrol every half-hour.

The warehouses (Armor Rating 9, Structure Rating 10) are locked (Rating 5 maglocks) and all gates/doors are watched by cameras concealed under the roof—fed 24/7

to the security spider (modify the Drone Rigger on p. 92, SR4, as appropriate) on the on-site 12-man security detachment and a security mage (use Corporate Security Unit, p. 275, SR4) in the office building. All doors also possess an anti-theft shock system separate from the maglock that can be remotely triggered by the spider.

The warehouses have several hideaways for storing illegal drug shipments, mostly under concealed trapdoors or in unused containers. Each warehouse also possesses a manhole for emergency evacuations (equipped with Rating 4 motion sensor, and laser trip wire) leading down to the port's drainage and sewer system.

The area is patrolled by two Force 8 bound fire spirits (elementals) but has a background count of 1 from the barren and polluted industrial landscape—the spirits are ordered only to intercept astral or magically active prowlers.

Urgent Message...



doses from Kaz Yakamura and Roberto Záfon (use Mr. Johnson, p. 284, SR4, adding Underworld Politics 4 to his skill set) at the KondOrchid Everett facility.

Xa will tail the First Nations van in his Cyclops monocycle (p. 108, *Arsenal*) as far as the Everett docks. The runners will have to follow all the way from Redmond to Everett without being detected.

Upon arrival, two Stand Over Men (p. 88) will step from the shadows of a warehouse and take the van through the gates of the KondOrchid depo. After parking his bike in a discreet corner, Xa will be turn out to be a suspiciously skilled infiltrator. He rappels over the fence via a grapple line fired from a nearby roof top, and then skulks into position to film events with his cybergear—out of sight from the runners. Xa will keep his commlink off to avoid detection, only turning his PAN back on when he is a safe distance away.

To find out what Xa is up to, the team needs to infiltrate the secure depo too—unaware that Kaz and the Komun'go are behind their Ms. Johnson. If an alarm is raised or their presence is detected, the gamemaster should field enough force to make the group retreat and escape. If they chose to stand and fight, the combined forces of the Komun'go Stand Over Men, First Nations gangers, and KondOrchid security will overwhelm them while Xa seizes the opportunity to escape.

Sequels

If the players don't think of it themselves, the gamemaster should hint that whatever they witnessed was pretty big and Ms Johnson would probably like to hear about it urgently. Once Dae hears what has happened, she orders the runners to eliminate Xa immediately before he can relay the information to anyone.

If they succeed in reaching Xa in time and destroy any evidence he might have, Dae will be pleased and offer them a 10,000 nuyen bonus.

If they don't, Lone Star will have discovered KondOrchid's and the Komun'go's involvement. They won't be able to act immediately, however, because the intel was acquired in an illegal manner and the South American corp is extra-territorial.

BODY SNATCHERS

The media doesn't care about a drug until its effects escape the confines of the ghetto, or until people start to die as a result. The latter seems to be happening with tempo. Several users have turned up dead in the last few months. With KXTV reporter Jania Shields found dead a night ago, it won't be long before some too-smart-for-her-own-good coroner connects the dots.

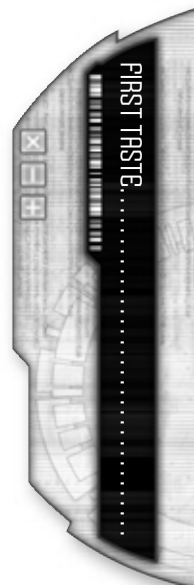
Kaz Yakamura thinks the best way to solve that problem is to snatch the body before anyone can work out the cause of death. He hires the team to break into the DocWagon clinic where the body is being held, snatch the corpse and the records, and deliver the deceased to a group of ghouls in the Verge who know how to disappear a corpse.

Setup

Unusually, a regular fixer calls the runners for a face-to-face meet at a nondescript station on the monorail. When they arrive, he hands each an RFID chip and instructions to meet a Johnson at 77 later that evening.

77 is an ultra-exclusive club in Renton usually reserved for corp functionaries, ranking syndicate members, and their ilk. The runners will only be allowed in with formal attire and the temporary RFID codes they were given. Once inside, the runners are hurried through the posh club, catching sight of some minor celebrities dining in private rooms. They are taken to a room decked out with leather chairs and real paintings to meet a thin troll dressed in a smart business suit. He introduces himself as Kaz Yakamura and claims to be second-in-command of the Komun'go.

FIRST TASTE...



Kaz thanks the runners for their earlier work for him and says he has more work for them.

Earlier that day, a newshack named Jania Shields was found dead in her apartment in Tacoma. She was poking around into the local drug trade and, according to his sources, was also a user. Kaz suspects an overdose is behind her demise.

Shields's untimely death is threatening to draw inconvenient attention to his Ring's activities. He wants the runners to snatch the corpse and autopsy records, then deliver the body to a group of Tamanous organleggers in the Verge. After the runners haggle for a price, he gives them a DocWagon RFID number that belonged to Jania Shields. This is all he has to help them track her body down. He also provides them with one certified credstick to pay Tamanous the pre-negotiated amount and a second credstick with a twenty percent downpayment on the runner's services. When they reach for it, Kaz shows them a black certified credstick—he says there is an additional 10k on it if they can find the records of her investigation and bring that information to him.

Event 1

One the runner's start sniffing around, digging reveals that Jania is survived by a younger sister and her mother, a deeply religious woman who is adamantly set against an autopsy for religious reasons. The mother is fighting to prevent the autopsy from occurring and has already arranged for a private funeral home in Bellevue to host to the viewing and the ceremony.

If the runners decide to approach Mrs. Shields with the offer to steal the body, the mother will be skeptical but will go along with it, so long as the runner doing the talking is persuasive enough. This can be handled through roleplay or by an Etiquette Opposed test. Mrs. Shields defaults from a Charisma of 4 with +2 bonus due to her skeptical mindset.

Jania's sister, Katya, may also be helpful to the runners. She's the only one who knew that Jania was hooked on tempo. She also knows that Jania got her fix from a dealer calling himself Sinn. According to Katya, Jania was digging into a series of killings that Lone Star has been hushing up. Breaking the story on a local serial killer would have made her career; Katya believes her sister started using as a way to get into the drug world and be trusted.

Reports of Jania Shields's death are minor news on all the local networks. Some feeds are saying she was murdered, others say it was natural causes. It's easy to pick up that she is at a DocWagon facility in Tacoma awaiting an insurance-mandated autopsy. When the runners get the job, Lone Star is negotiating with DocWagon and the family as to who will get the body and where it will go before interment. With an investigation underway, Lone Star expects to take possession of the body within 24 hours. This is the window the players have to get the body from DocWagon before it is transferred to the Metroplex Coroner's office. If the runners do not retrieve the body in this window, they will have to recover two sets of autopsy records: the initial DocWagon report and the Lone Star report.

Event 2

The DocWagon Clinic where Jania's body is being held stands on the Tacoma embankment just north of the waterfront. Like police and fire, DocWagon teams respond to emergency calls within their immediate jurisdiction; the Tacoma DocWagon Clinic facil-



ity covers a twenty-mile radius. The medical facility possesses a private dock, a helipad, and an administrative building/temporary housing unit. A quick Matrix search of the building records or an appropriate corporate or medical contact, might be able to tell the runners that the morgue is located in the basement.

Most of the 40-plus people on site are doctors, response personnel, patients, or administrative and maintenance staff. However, given the proximity to Outremer and the noted pirate activity in that area, the clinic a High Threat Response heavy assault water retrieval team as well as the usual air and ground response units. Ground teams consist of five members; a driver, two EMTs, and two medically trained security support officers. High Threat Response air teams include a rigger, an EMT, and three security officers. The water HTR team adds two divers and two additional security officers to the squad.

Gamemasters can have as many or few DocWagon teams on site as they choose; particularly savvy runners may decide to flood the local network with response calls, clearing out the facility before they breach. It can be accomplished by having several DocWagon contract holders to go into medical duress around the same time. If one of the runners is a contract holder, he or she can even opt to fake distress and be delivered to the facility.

When they successfully breach the morgue, they will find Jania still on the slab, naked. A coroner is poised over her ready to make the first laser incision. When he sees the runners, he'll drop his laser scalpel and start screaming.



DOCWAGON CLINIC (DOCKLANDS, TACOMA)

This is the primary DocWagon medical facility for the Tacoma area. Given the proximity to Outremer and the heavy sea traffic in the area, the facility possesses a High Threat Response water retrieval team and a dock of its own, as well as the usual EMT air and ground response teams.

The DocWagon facility is surrounded by a 1.5 meter ferrocrete anti-vehicle barrier (Armor Rating 16, Structure Rating 13) topped with 3 meter razor wire fencing with automated gates. 360-degree cameras (Rating 4) are set at 50 meter intervals along the perimeter fence; further cameras on the rooftop cover the public parking lot. DocWagon relies heavily on meta-human security spiders. In case of serious trouble, the facility's HTR units (p. 74) are called to supplement site security. Camera/sentry guns units [Thermographic and Lowlight sensors, mounted Ares Super Squirt [Squirt gun, Narcojet, AP 0, SA, RC 0, 20 (c)] watch critical entry points (such as the garage and docking bay access doors, admin section entrance), and 2 raildrones (p. 118, *Arsenal*, armed with Ingram White Knight [LMG, DV 6P, AP -1, BF/FA, RC 8, 100 (belt), gel rounds] cover the parking lot and garage entrances from the roof of the clinic. All external doors are reinforced security doors (Armor Rating 8, Structure Rating 9)

In case of intrusion, the basement corridors, stairwells, and elevators can each be hermetically sealed and

remotely flooded with neurostun by security spiders, isolating and incapacitating dangerous intruders.

The clinic occupies the central main building. The docks (for 2 Surfstar SeaDoc water rescue units), a garage (servicing 3 SRT ambulances and 1 HTR ambulance), and a rooftop helipad (for 2 DocWagon CRT Helicopters) take up one of the wings and an administrative/temporary housing unit takes up another.

The morgue is located in the basement of the central building along with equipment and parts storage for the garages and maintenance crews. Corridors provide access to the basements of both wings. Public entrances to the clinic have chemsniffers and magnetic anomaly detectors (see *Scanners*, p. 254, *SR4*) at rating 6.

All external doors have Rating 5 maglocks except the EMT garage, which opens to individual ambulance access codes, and the helipad/roof doors, which are kept unlocked. All internal restricted areas are sealed with Rating 3 maglocks; pharmaceutical, cyberware, bioware, and other biohazard storage areas are locked with Rating 6 maglocks. All doors to non-restricted areas open automatically to the EMT's RFIDs.

There is no security mage present onsite, but two bound Force 6 Beast spirits watch for intruders or unauthorized magic use. A security shaman and mage team (use *Combat Mage*, p. 90, *SR4*) will arrive to provide astral backup in less than a minute if either spirit detects and challenges an intruder.





INCOMING FEED.....

Jania's belongings can be found in a storage box with her name on the top. In addition to her clothes, there is a commlink and several over-the-counter chips. The commlink has notes pointing to research being kept at "Sinn's place." She also has several messages to and from someone named Fatima, who appears to be looking into tempo sales as well.

Climax

The media hounds are already spinning tales about what Jania was into at the time of her death. In order to find the truth, however, the shadowrunners need to track down Sinn. Gang or underworld sources will identify the dealer as a former member of the Chulos gang. Sinn is peripherally involved in the tempo trade, buying small amounts from the Ragers—this is not common knowledge.

Runners who came to an understanding with Caine earlier will find he is surprisingly quick to roll over on Sinn. Threatened by the potential connection to a spotlight murder, Caine has already sent men to silence the dealer; he knows the runners have no chance of getting to him in time. If the runners track down Sinn through contacts other than Caine, they'll walk into the middle of a firefight between the Ragers and First Nations when they arrive.

Sinn (use Fixer, p. 283, SR4, adding Drugs and Controlled Substances 4 to Knowledge Skills) will be happy to turn over Jania's material if the runners can pull his bacon out of the fire. The characters may be surprised to find that the information Sinn and Jania were collecting has nothing to do with tempo distribution, but are profiles of a number of tempo users killed recently. The

spree of killings points to a serial killer on the loose—one targeting tempo users (see p. 84, *Spin-offs and Side Jobs* for a potential follow up).

Epilogue

The meeting with the organleggers to dispose of the body takes place in an abandoned Stuffer Shack on the Verge. As they step from the shadows, it's immediately clear that the runners are dealing with ghouls. Each wears a pistol and a grin, loving the reaction they get from the runners.

After a quick scan of the credstick the leader asks, "Is this a fucking joke? We agreed on twice this amount." The ghouls know they got exactly what they asked for but are curious to see if they can push the runners for more. The runners can end the deception by contacting or threatening to contact Kaz Yakamura. Otherwise they'll have to find a way to talk the ghouls down. If it comes to bullets, the ghouls will back down quickly and then call Kaz to tell them that they were ripped off by the runners.

Sequels

Failure in this run will not result in exposure; it turns out Jania had weak lungs and an allergy. She died from inhaling an amount of smoke that a healthy person would have been able to survive. The runners will get a second chance to prove themselves, but the pay for future runs will be 10 percent less than if they had succeeded. Success will win them the favor of the Komun'go (and later notice from the Olaya delegation).

DOWNTOWN PARKING GARAGE (NORTHGATE, DOWNTOWN)

A 3-story gray concrete abomination dressed in neo-glo graffiti and old posters squats just off the 99 and near several major Downtown thoroughfares. This parking garage is a low-cost alternative for day-commuter parking and offers minimal security. This one belongs (through a shell company) to the Kenran-kai Yakuza clan.

Ramps located centrally link the various levels. Two stairwells on opposite corners provide access to the parking areas. Support pillars and concrete dividers (Armor Rating 16, Structure Rating 13) hinder vehicle movement and, and given the time of day Goldman attempts to reach the FBI, the carpark is near capacity with all types of commuter cars and personal mobility vehicles (that provide both obstacles and cover in the event of firefight).

DIRTY PRETTY MONEY

The Komun'go Ring has experience at laundering money from their operations, but nothing on the scale tempo generates. In order to convince a hotshot hedge-fund manager to aid them with the books, Kaz has to get leverage big enough to force him to break the law and stay quiet. That means some good old-fashioned blackmail threatening what the credit pusher loves most in life. Unfortunately, when faced with blackmail, the man runs to Lone Star for protection. They turn him over to the FBI—and what was a simple blackmail op spirals into a clusterfuck.

Kaz was careful to keep the beancounter as much in the dark as possible, but he fears the FBI will be able to backtrack the trial-run money he provided and expose the tempo operation. Meanwhile, an informant at Lone Star has tipped the Yakuza off about the manager and his possible connection to the mysterious tempo suppliers. Chikao Inoue wants words with the man too, and thus the race is on.

Setup

The players receive an e-vite to a private party at Tickler's. When they arrive they are escorted to the same private room where they met Ms. Johnson previously. This time Dae is dressed in a sensuous black skirt and matching formal top. Her hair is pinned up, exposing nanotatts along the base of her neck. She tells the runners that her associates need help persuading a financial consultant to work for them.

If they accept the job, she tells them that their target is Evan Goldman, a hedge fund manager for Brackhaven Investments. Their job is to gather or create blackmail information on Goldman, then serve as intermediaries for the blackmail operation. She offers payment worth more than the previous job, along with a 2,500 nuyen bonus if the job can be done within 24 hours. Along with the down payment of half their fee, Dae hands the runners a data chip containing a short overview of their target.

Event 1

The first order of business for the runners is to investigate Goldman. He is far removed from the shadowrunning world, so it will take financial contacts or a Matrix search in order to dig up additional intel. Digital records show that there is nothing obvious to blackmail him with. He has neither mistress nor obvious vices. His relationship with his wife and kids is strained by the amount of time he spends at the office. Surveillance reveals that the workaholic Goldman is seeing a psychologist to help him understand how to relate to his family. Meanwhile, his job is demanding more time from him because of his high level of productivity. The

runners will have to fabricate blackmail evidence in order to complete the job. What they choose is up to them: the two areas that Goldman obviously finds worthwhile in his life are his job and his family. The blackmail should focus on one of these areas in order to be effective.

Event 2

Once the runners have the evidence, they are supposed to contact Ms. Johnson/Dae. After she goes over the data she will ask the team to abduct Mr. Goldman and bring him blindfolded to a meeting. For this relatively uncomplicated stage of the operation and its follow up, Dae offers the runners an additional 3,500¥ a head.

Ms. Johnson sets up the meet in the most intimidating place she can find: an abandoned warehouse in the Verge. During the encounter, Dae outlines the terms of the blackmail. She will be testing him with an initial 100,000 nuyen. He is to clean the money through his firm and contact the runners to hand over the clean credsticks in no more than 48 hours. He is told not to try any silly moves; the runners will be watching him.

Goldman sets out to clean the money but he can't bring himself to break the law. Instead, he contacts Lone Star, which has its hands full with the growing gang violence and passes him on to the FBI Seattle Organized Crime Taskforce. The Bureau connects the dots and decides that this may be the break they've been looking for on the source of tempo.

At the same time, a Yakuza informant at Lone Star tips off the Shotozumi-gumi about Mr. Goldman's predicament. The information is passed on to Chikao Inoue's team.

Event 3

How the next part unfolds depends largely on how diligent the shadowrunners are in their observation of Goldman over the next day or so. If the runners didn't keep a close eye on Goldman's calls, they'll have no idea that he ran screaming to the Feds. If they have him under observation, their first clue will be to see him get in his car at lunch time and, in a break from routine, drive towards Downtown Seattle and the FBI field office. If the team hacks his BMW 400GT (p. 109, *Arsenal*), they'll see he has engaged GridGuide and will need only a minute to identify his destination. If they hurry they have a chance of intercepting him.

If they do hack the car, they will encounter an unknown hacker (use stats for the Hacker, p. 96, *SR4*). The hacker is on Chikao Inoue's team and is attempting to divert the car. The hacker isn't expecting trouble, but will be backed by at least one agent with a combat load. If the team's hacker engages the Kenran-

kai hacker and wins, they have only a few minutes to intercept Goldman before three Mercury Comets (p. 342, *SR4*) arrive with Chikao's men.

If the characters do nothing, they will see the car suddenly veer off its original route and head for a multi-story parking facility a block away. Anyone observing Goldman (either astrally or by technological means that circumvents the BMW's tinted windows) will see him first surprised and then panicked when the car doesn't respond to manual controls. If the team follows, they will be ambushed by two of Inoue's men at the entrance ramp to the 3-story parking garage. The men will fire their Ares Alpha grenade launchers at the passing vehicles from behind cement dividers while radioing ahead.

While still in the car, Goldman calls the FBI and warns them he is being abducted. He is told to leave his commlink in active mode and that the FBI's OCT's field teams are scrambling and will home in on its location.

Climax

If the runners manage to get past the Yakuza at the entrance, they have only a minute to get up two levels to where Chikao, his second-in-command, and seven kumi-in (p. 125) are dragging Goldman from his car. Time for a climactic fight scene in a crowded Downtown parking garage.

If surprised, the Yakuza's first plan is to dive for their three Mercury Comets with Goldman in tow and attempt to escape the scene. If this is impossible, two of the cars and 6 Yakuza soldiers will try to hold the attackers while Chikao escapes with Goldman in the third car. The garage provides plenty of cover for all involved and lighting comes from irregularly spaced lamps.

A few minutes into the running fight, a helicopter will drop off an FBI 8-man ERT unit (p. 89) on the top level of the parking structure. The heavily armed ERT unit will descend into the building, systematically eliminating anyone who puts up a fight until they home in on Goldman. The FBI combat mage will provide defensive magic, sustaining a mana barrier spell ahead of the unit, offering Counterspelling, and engaging any spirits with spells. The helicopter will drop a sniper on a neighboring rooftop and position itself over the exit to intercept any escaping vehicles. Fortunately, the building has various pedestrian and fire exits that are unguarded until the FBI ground units arrive.

The runners should ideally recover Goldman (or at least the credstick in his possession) or kill him and eliminate any evidence. If Chikao gets away with Goldman, he will be unable to trace tempo back to the Komun'go but will be able to identify Dae and possibly any distinguishable runners in the future. The gamemaster should tweak things so Chikao survives and lives to fight another day (or failing that, his body is picked up by DocWagon just in the nick of time).

Sequels

The runners have myriad opportunities to take control of their destiny here. If they succeeded in escaping with or eliminating Goldman and recovering Ms. Johnson's credstick, Dae will pay them a bonus. If Goldman fell into the Yakuza's or FBI's hands, Dae will very displeased. It will take a while for her to trust the runners' skills again.

Of course, it is not beyond reason that the runners might want to keep the certified credstick for themselves and say it was destroyed in Goldman's death—without the credstick though Dae's bonuses will be a lot lighter.

Goldman falling into the wrong hands will impact Kaz's plans (and increase his paranoia) but the beancounter does not know enough to compromise the tempo trade.

THE TROUBLE WITH TEMPO

Following the business with Goldman and the arrival of the Olaya delegation to finalize the tempo distribution deal, Kaz Yakamura has started to worry about tightening his operation. His own tempo abuse fuels his paranoia. He's worried that the First Nations, Ragers, and even his own Komun'go are unreliable—particularly given Gray-Wolf's reservations at the initial meet with the Olaya representative.

No longer willing to rely on the Ring's Stand Over Men, Kaz hires the team to provide him and his lover, Dae, with some extra protection and to tie up some loose ends. First on the block is Caine.

The Ragers recently hijacked a shipment of tempo destined for the Cascade Orks and had the gall to offer themselves to the Komun'go as an alternative to the First Nations. Kaz doesn't know how the Ragers found out about the Ring's involvement, but he intends to find out. Kaz wants a word with Caine and sends the runners to grab him.

Kaz soon learns it's too late, however; the Ragers have spilled the beans about Komun'go involvement to the Yakuza and the Mob, and there is no more hiding. It doesn't take long for the Yakuza and their allies begin striking Komun'go operations and putting pressure on the Ring, and Kaz is forced to go to ground. A few days later, Kaz is summoned to a private meeting. The team is left to guard his partner Dae while she entertains at a private poker game.

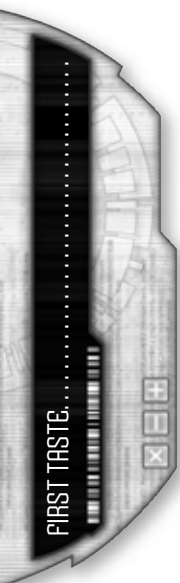
Kaz's meeting turns out to be a setup by the Yakuza. Somehow he manages to escape the executioner's grasp unharmed. His paranoia made reality, Kaz turns to the team to root out the assassins and kill them before they can kill him.

Setup

The runners receive an urgent e-message from Dae, asking that they meet her at Tickler's. When the team arrives they are escorted into the back room to find Dae pacing nervously and smoking. Seated in the center of the room is a clearly agitated Kaz Yakamura. This is the first time the runners encounter the two of them together; it becomes immediately clear that there is more than friendship between the two. Kaz informs the runners that he believes there are people trying to kill both he and Dae. He isn't sure who it is, so he no longer trusts anyone he hasn't specifically hired himself.

With the Olaya delegation in town to finalize the deal, he asks the team to serve as his executive protection detail, guarding Dae and himself while also performing some tasks for him. Dae doesn't want the protection. She thinks his fears are overblown.

If the runners accept the work, Kaz hands each a certified credstick containing half the payment up front. Dae looks at them pleadingly but seems to submit to Kaz's decision.



Urgent Message...

CAINE'S PAD (COMMENCEMENT BAY, TACOMA)

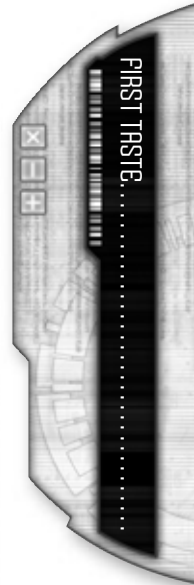
The Ragers' lieutenant lives out of an old three-story run-down brownstone on the Tacoma waterfront. The building, two blocks from the waterfront docklands, is one of the Ragers' chapterhouses. It sits in the middle of a block littered with empty bottles of booze, glo-graffiti, and strung-out hookers. Caine's den serves as a flophouse for the dozen or so gangers under his command as well as the home base for his personal tempo-dealing operation.

Empty during the day, at night the ground floor becomes a makeshift nightclub where dealing begins in earnest. Dealers sell tempo from the kitchen at the back. The backdoor to the alley is barricaded (Armor Rating 6, Structure Rating 9) and all ground-floor windows is boarded up.

The second floor has been done over in ganger chic. It not only has a large living room where the Ragers like to hang and satisfy various urges, but has bathrooms and three bedrooms where they can crash. At any given time there will be between 5 and 8 Ragers (p. 88) in residence.

The stairs leading up to the third floor end in a locked (Rating 4 maglock) reinforced door (Armor Rating 8, Structure Rating 10), which opens into a converted open loft and Caine's personal domain. Only his most trusted men and his current girlfriend are allowed upstairs. Caine keeps a significant stash of tempo in an old manual safe in a corner.

Three Ragers man the front door at all times, while two others keep watch for potential problems and police the area from vantage points around the neighborhood during the day (4 at night), messaging warnings in wirelessly. In case of a police raid or other serious trouble, there's a door in the kitchen leading to the basement, where a wall has been knocked down allowing escape into the sewers. Unknown to his men, the back-window of Caine's loft opens onto a (booby-trapped) catwalk leading to the building across the back alley. Similar makeshift bridges allow escape over the rooftops to a working fire-escape four buildings away and a Harley Scorpion parked in a locked garage. If Caine gets this far, the gamemaster may want to orchestrate a vehicle chase scene through the dockland neighborhoods to the Ragers' main Tacoma stronghold.



Event 1

After escorting Kaz and Dae to the relative safety of their apartment in Renton, the runners get their first side job.

Apparently, the Ragers have become a thorn in Kaz's side. Caine (the Ragers lieutenant the runners encountered in *Stranger in Our House, Part I*) came to the Komun'go with an offer to take over



MORE PLOT BRIDGES

The plot of *The Source* campaign arc in the next chapter (p. 92-125) begins with the visit by the Olaya Cartel delegation to Seattle. There are a variety of potential plot bridges between these two story arcs for those groups wishing to run the storylines sequentially. It's important to note that both Seattle-based adventure frameworks in *The Source* take place before *Tokyo Fireworks*, the final framework in this arc.

Urgent Message...

distribution of the tempo in exchange for paying a higher price per dose than the First Nations do. Instead of coming to Kaz, though, Caine went directly to Gray-Wolf, which led the increasingly paranoid Kaz to believe that he was about to be cut out of the action. Kaz wants the team to find Caine and bring him for a little one-on-one.

The team must first track Caine down to his safehouse and tempo operation in the Tacoma Docklands—not an easy task since Caine is lying low after the recent clash. If the runners talk with their gang or drug contacts before they go down to the area, they will be tipped off to the storm brewing down there. The Ragers and First Nations have been at each other's throats over tempo distribution. With the Yakuza now out for blood and other factions getting involved, Rager security is heavy in the area. A dozen men patrol the blocks surrounding Caine's place in teams of four.

Caine himself is dressed in a tight fitting black shirt that says "Trolls Die No One Cries," blue jeans, and a shoulder holster with an Ingram. He no longer trusts the runners and will shoot them as soon as they enter his sight. His foot soldiers are on the lookout for Nations members. If there are no AmerInd members of the team, they should be able to get to Caine's pad unmolested.

Once Caine is kidnapped or assassinated, the gang members will try their best to kill the runners. If Caine manages to elude the runners, he will make for his hidden bike and run for the Ragers' main chapterhouse ten blocks away.

Event 2

When the runners return Caine to Kaz's apartment, the troll drags him off to a bathroom. For the next few minutes the apartment is filled with tortured screams. When it stops Kaz is drenched in blood. Standing there bloody, he informs the runners that he has been summoned to a private meeting later that afternoon with Gray-Wolf. The runners are to escort Dae to her meeting. He wants them to stay close to her, no matter what. Shocked by his behavior, Dae doesn't bother to complain.

Dae's meeting is actually a job. She's been hired by Mob bigwig Caesar Ciarniello to be his "date" at his weekly poker game with Toju Shotozumi, a Yakuza VIP. Bringing a Korean beauty into a card game is a slap in the face to Toju and certain to distract him from his cards. Each player is allowed to bring in two people, security or otherwise. Since Dae is not a player, the runners will have to wait outside with the rest of the Mob and Yakuza security.

In addition to the two founding players there are a handful of others from the syndicate, including the oyabun of the Kenran-kai and a Fed-Boeing VP. The Kenran-kai soldiers on hand don't

appear to know who the runners are, but it is clear they are familiar with Dae.

Event 3

Towards the end of the game, Kaz calls the runners to let them know there was an attempt on his life. The entire meeting was a setup; instead of meeting Gray-Wolf, Kaz found himself in a room full of Kenran-kai assassins. Kaz doesn't offer any details on how he escaped death—he's not sure what happened. Though the players will have no way of knowing it, tempo's secret side-effect (see p. 133) is responsible for Kaz's impossible escape.

Under the spell of the drug, Kaz Yakamura is coming to believe he is unkillable. He also believes that his position in the Komun'go must be reestablished. This is the time to show his father that he will achieve everything he said he would as a child, even if it means killing anyone who stands in his way. Kaz is ready to take on the Yakuza, the Mafia, and any comers.

Kaz wants the would-be assassins tracked down. He provides the location of his meeting as a starting point, but this event is largely legwork to find the hit team. Kaz offers a 10,000 nuyen bonus for each runner if they'll kill these men for him. As with Caine, Kaz wants the leader alive if possible. If not, he at least wants the leader's body brought to him.

If the team has encountered Inoue's men previously, the characters' should have a good idea of whom they're after. They'll have to milk their connections to dig up a location—and with the underworld now at arms, they have to be careful not to tip off their targets. Chikao Inoue and six of his surviving hitmen are licking their wounds at the Westin Hotel (Downtown) until they figure out how their intel on Kaz was so off.

Climax

When the players catch up with them, Inoue and the hit team have been summoned to report to Hanzo Shotozumi himself. They are leaving the Westin Hotel in a pair of armored Mercury Comet sedans. It's up to the players whether or not they chose to intercept the group. If they don't, the limousines will proceed to Shotozumi's personal mansion and compound in Bellevue where they risk losing track of Inoue—this time indefinitely. The runners will take several weeks to pick up Inoue's trace again. By then, Shotozumi will have punished him for his failure and the loss of face it entails.

If the characters opt to intercept, they should wait until the two limos are on the outskirts of Downtown proper, possibly on a less populated freeway to Bellevue. The car chase and firefight will be brutal and vicious, a fitting climax to Inoue's participation in events. The Yakuza are still carrying their weapons from the hit and Inoue will definitely not give up without a fight.

As long as the team brings back Inoue, dead or alive, Kaz will be pleased with their performance. He'll pay them the promised amount from his own certified credstick and ask them to remain available—he has more work for them.

Kaz is not quiet about having the Kenran-kai hit team killed. Word spreads quickly that the runners did the deed, poisoning their relationship with that syndicate. At this point there is no turning back for the shadowrunners. They've helped Kaz declare war on the Yakuza, so the troll believes they are part of his personal entourage. He'll go to them first before asking any other runner crews or even his own Komun'go soldiers to perform a job.



Sequels

The day after Inoue has been dealt with, Kaz asks that the runners accompany him to a meet with Gray-Wolf. He reserves a private booth for that evening's Supersonics game. Genuinely curious as to how Kaz survived, Gray-Wolf brings a number of Stand Over Men (p. 88) equal to the number of runners plus two. Beneath an obvious sheet of tension, the two men engage in small talk about sports until the game is underway. Kaz then casually opens a briefcase and shows Gray-Wolf a patch of tattooed grey synthskin that he shaved off Chikao Inoue's arm.

He asks calmly if Gray-Wolf sold him out to the Yakuza. Gray-Wolf shrugs, admitting that it was necessary evil. If the roles were reversed he would expect Kaz to do the same. He argues that tempo is bad for Komun'go business in the long run and he wants to cut his losses—Kaz's survival and retaliation have complicated matters, but Gray-Wolf believes he can still convince Shotozumi to call off the dogs if the Komun'go give up tempo.

After some heated back and forth, Kaz tells the Komun'go leader he won't denounce Gray-Wolf's treachery to the Ring and risk a schism, but warns that if he has anything to do with it, the Komun'go will be dealing tempo for a long time to come. He then turns and leaves the room.

TOKYO FIREWORKS

Kaz Yakamura has been sold out by his own boss. Pragmatist that he is, Kaz discards the possibility of outing Gray-Wolf involvement to the organization; it would divide the Komun'go Ring when they most need to stand united. Instead, with intelligence provided by Dae, Kaz hatches a plan that will set the Mob and the Yakuza at each other's throats, send an unequivocal message to the Shotozumi-gumi, and ensure Gray-Wolf will have no choice but to follow Kaz's lead, all in one blow.

Aware that he cannot pull this off alone, Kaz meets with Uribe and Sacristán of the Olaya Cartel in private and outlines his plan. Uribe is quick to see that the plan will force the reluctant Gray-Wolf back to the negotiating table and ensure the major syndicates are occupied long enough for the Komun'go to get their footing with regular supplies of tempo. The Olaya delegate agrees to finance the operation and tells Sacristán to offer any assistance necessary.

Setup

After the facedown with Gray-Wolf, Dae has convinced Kaz to retreat to the Ork Underground where she has paid the local Sraacha gang to protect him. Kaz contacts the runners and asks them to meet him at The Mother Load, a popular Underground bar, and promises to make it worth their while. If the group does not include at least one ork character or someone with local connections, the gamemaster is free to make the trip to The Mother Load as "interesting" as he wants.

When they arrive, Kaz ushers them into a dim-lit backroom. He's deliberately vague to begin with, but honest. He offers the group 250,000 nuyen (20 percent up front) for some high profile network. He warns them they may need to leave Seattle until things cool down. As part of the deal, Kaz is willing to provide for new SINS, travel documents, and can even arrange temporary employment with the Olaya delegation while they are out of town.

If the runners are reluctant, Kaz can point out that the Yakuza are out looking for them after their last job. A trip out of town might provide a welcome respite.



Only after they agree will Kaz spell out his plan. He wants the Shotozumi-rengo's senior *sokayia* Toju Shotozumi and the oyabun of the Kenran-kai assassinated during their weekly poker game with Caesar Ciarniello at the Shangri-La Casino, and he wants the runners to frame the Mafia Gianelli family. The players have five days to plan and execute the hit.

Event 1

The first step should be to scope out the target. Kaz has some public domain data and the runners may have visited the Shangri-La Casino in *The Trouble with Tempo*, but it's probably not enough. As the runners may already know, security on site is too heavy for them to walk in, start shooting, and hope to escape with their lives.

Kaz's initial plan calls for the runners to slip into either the Mob-controlled building or into the sewers under the parking lot used by the VIPs and plant explosives before the game starts. Once the players are on site, all the runners have to do is trigger the bombs. It's essential that someone other than the Komun'go take the fall, so Kaz plans to finger the Gianelli crime family—this will be achieved by having the runners plant the body of a Gianelli hitman at the scene and make it look like he wasn't able to get out in time.

The fall guy chosen is Harry "Fingers" Barducci, (use the Weapons Specialist, p. 104, *SR4*) a long-time button man for the Gianellis. Dae has compiled a file that tells the runners where

they can find him. Kaz will also provide any explosives necessary. Grabbing Barducci isn't going to be easy though; he's notoriously paranoid. It's up to the players how they get their hands on 'Fingers, but they need to snatch him with no one the wiser if the subterfuge is going to work.

Event 2

Planting Barducci and the explosives means making it past the Garden of Eden's security before the game starts. If their targets stay true to form, they will be arriving around 8 PM. Security around the Casino is laxer during the daylight off-hours than at night, but the buildings still boast a lot of passive security measures.

The runners' options on where to plant explosives and fall guy are limited. Characters may attempt to pose as hotel guests, casino staff, or cleaning personnel, which are outsourced from a CleanBright! franchise (and all of which have round the clock access to the Shangri-La Casino). Other options include using the sewer network that runs near the back lot, but that will require excavation to place explosives near enough to damage the targets, since the nearest pipes are 10 meters away and 2 meters underground.

The situation is further complicated by the fact that the Casino is under discreet surveillance via remote cameras and drones by the FBI Seattle's Organized Crime Taskforce (OCT). These surveillance systems should be hard but not impossible for runners to detect. If the runners have already had a run-in with the law enforcement (in *Strangers in Our House, Part II*) or in the past, they risk being identified while reconnoitering the target and becoming the target of unwanted scrutiny at the most inconvenient of times. If the OCT realizes what the runners are up to or become too suspicious, they will try to stop them. If that fails, they warn the Garden of Eden management—the Bureau doesn't want the street violence escalating further.

Climax

Their targets, Kosuke Tomizawa and Toju Shotozumi, are due to arrive at about 8 PM via the employees parking lot at the back of the casino. They'll arrive in armored Nightsky limousines (Armor 18), flanked by 2 bodyguards each (use stats for Chikao Inoue's Men, p. 89, modified to human for the Yakuza) and will go straight to the private room. All but two of his bodyguards will wait outside. The game has no set duration and usually runs until the wee hours of the morning.

That evening, Toju will be running fifteen minutes late to the game. Tomizawa and the other players are already present when he arrives—let the shadowrunners sit and sweat it out as his limo finally rolls into view. If the runners planned to hit the Yaks in the back parking lot, they will have to wait until the end of the game to catch both the *sokayia* and the oyabun coming out at the same time. Depending on how well thought out the runners' plan is and how many complications the gamemaster feels would spice the situation, with a bit of luck and good planning (or a little overkill with explosives), their targets wind up dead.

Characters on site may need to flee since, thanks to the OCT surveillance, Lone Star SWAT and FBI units swoop down on the scene within a matter of minutes and detain everyone in the casino. Garden of Eden security will cooperate fully with the police and

PLOT BRIDGES: THE SOURCE

This track is designed as a bridge to take the shadowrunners to Hong Kong for the next act, but gamemasters shouldn't railroad the characters if they decide to stick it out in Seattle or at least leave under their own power. The threat of Yakuza revenge might turn out to be insufficient for some characters to budge. If the shadowrunners choose to remain, they should be able to do so—the characters will have to live with the consequences.

Urgent Message...

offer access to its security and surveillance tapes. Any character caught on camera will be tagged as a suspect within a few hours and have their faces splashed on trid screens in less than a day.

Sequels

The trids are abuzz with news of the attack. According to the media, the death toll includes the Kenran-kai oyabun, several ranking members of the Shotozumi and Shigeda clans, and an executive VP from Boeing. Several members of the Ciarniello family, including old Vince "Numbers" Ciarniello, also had to be hospitalized.

Savvy runners will realize Seattle isn't safe for them in the foreseeable future. Even if they were extremely tight-lipped about the operation, rumors will float up that the shadowrunners were involved with Kaz. The Yakuza and the Mafia are looking for answers and will come after the runners just in case they may know something.

After media confirmation of a successful hit, Kaz calls and confirms their worst fears. He intends to send a message spilling the beans to Hanzo Shotozumi claiming true responsibility for the assassinations in less than 48 hours. Given their recent association with him, it is not inconceivable that they will be on the list of suspects.

If they haven't decided yet, Kaz again offers to help them leave town and to arrange employment with the Olaya delegation for some travelling on the cartel's checking account. If they decline the offer, he asks them to reconsider but ultimately accepts if they wish to remain. It's their funeral. Meanwhile the Komun'go Ring will certainly provide safety and additional work for them. Life in Seattle is about to get very interesting.

If they decide to take Kaz up on his offer, he will tell them to wire him their vital stats for the fake SINS and meet him at the SeaTac Airport in twelve hours (travel bags and essential gear only).

When they arrive, Kaz will direct them to a private VIP lounge where Sacristán is waiting, accompanied by an unfamiliar member of the Olaya delegation. Kaz will proceed to pay the group the balance of what he still owes them on certified credsticks. After that the stranger will offer each member of the group a credstick with a false SIN (Rating 6). He will also offer to make minor adjustments to the data (modify or expand cyberware or weapon licenses, change ages, tweak marital status, etc) in the eventuality that the characters failed to mention anything important to Kaz. He won't be able to remake a full ID in the time available.



Urgent Message...



GARDEN OF EDEN AND SHANGRI-LA CASINO (CASINO CORNER, EVERETT)

Located in Everett's Casino Corner, the Garden of Eden Hotel and Shangri La Casino is a an exclusive high-rollers gambling joint for people that prefer to feel and atmosphere of real dice and cards. Owned by Alex Harisson, the Garden of Eden is considered neutral ground by the major syndicates. What most people don't know is that the backroom of the Shangri-La Casino hosts the irregular poker game between Toju Shotozumi and Don Vince "Numbers" Ciarniello.

Shangri La isn't Las Vegas, which means the security is more vigilant for roaming gangers and Matrix security than elaborate heists. Guards vary, but most use the Lone Star Police Squad stats (p. 275, SR4). No weapons are allowed on the gaming room floor and magic is forbidden. Violators of either policy are offered a complimentary drink spiked with gamma-scopolamine (p. 246, SR4) and taken to a private room next to the guard station, where they're choked with a rubber hose (1 box of Fatigue damage per round) and questioned. If the guards don't like the answers, the body vanishes

Two wagemages (use stats for Combat Mage and Occult Investigator, p. 90 and 97, SR4) and a bound fire elemental (Force 8) keep an eye out for anyone using magic, even adept abilities. The main entrances for the hotel and casino have chemsiffers, cyberware scanners, and magnetic anomaly detectors (see *Scanners*, p. 254, SR4) all at rating 5. Six guards provide physical security.

Shadowrunners will be provided detailed three-dimensional specs of the building; the private room is set directly against the back wall. Wards (Rating 6) and FAB barriers (Rating 5) prevent astral intrusion in secure areas (including private rooms). The main floor of the casino is constantly monitored by two adepts with astral perception. There are security cameras (with low-light and thermographic) in every room except the bathroom stalls, the "interrogation chamber" (listed on the plans as a broom closet), the bedrooms in the hotel, and the private room for the poker game.

The building itself is reinforced plascrete (Armor Rating 24, Structure Rating 15) with wi-fi negating materials (Rating 8); there are no vibration sensors—there's no vault, so tunneling was never considered a major issue. WiFi-inhibiting materials in the walls prevent access from outside the casino. The security system is isolated from the Matrix: hackers have to be physically inside the casino. Those who really need to case the joint will be provided with temporary guest passes and 10k in seed money to gamble with as well as clothing.

It is possible to break in to the basement from the local sewer that passes under the employee car-park at the back. You need the right three-dimensional charts, a guide from the Ork Underground, or someone inside the basement making measurements, but first you have to get through a yard of plascrete, brick, and filler material (Armor Rating 12, Structure Rating 11).

Garden of Eden (Backroom)

- 1. Casino
- 2. Admin Offices
- 3. Stairs to Basement
- 4. Private Game Room
- 5. Interrogation Room
- 6. Casino Kitchen
- 7. Storage
- 8. Employee Entrance
- 9. Sewer Pipe



5 Meters

SCM

When all is agreed, Sacristán briefs them on the terms of their retainers, welcomes the runners to her team, and tells them they will be boarding a suborbital to their next destination, Hong Kong, in a few minutes.

SPIN-OFFS AND SIDEJOBS: ADVENTURE SEEDS

- Someone is killing abusers of the new drug, burning their remains to ash. The brother of one of the victims—an unassuming college student—offers the runners all he's worth (a small magical bauble) to avenge his strung-out sibling's killer. This investigation is a perfect way to bring players into contact with the personal consequences of drug abuse and the drug trade. Some digging reveals there have been three other such deaths and Lone Star is too busy or late to look into them. Digging deeper, they learn the deceased was acting increasingly out of character recently. When they finally track the murderer, they will be surprised to find it is a defrocked Sylvestrine priest and a magician. The man, apparently deranged, claims the victims were possessed by demons and the deaths were an unfortunate side effect of exorcism and not intentional. Dare the characters believe him?
- Drug artist and investment heiress Tiffany Brackhaven is known for taking risks and trying new things. When she stumbled upon tempo at private party, she finally found the high she had been looking for. The only problem is Tiffany is adamant about not leaving her Cascade Ork commune to get her supply. With the Dogmen in a spat with the Cascade Orks, the only way to get the drugs to Brackhaven is via outside courier. The shadowrunners are hired to ferry a supply of tempo to Brackhaven, but it seems that their employer isn't the only one who knows about the shipment—a cadre of the Ragers gang is out to intercept them.
- A government official gets wind of the Lone Star and Federal raids that are about to come down and sends a team of runners to retrieve his son, a user, from a vice-den in Redmond's Verge before he is arrested, possibly jeopardizing the father's political career. Unfortunately, the gang that's got him is the First Nations, who are embroiled in the sprawl-wide gang violence of late. The First Nations know who they have and are holding him as blackmail collateral, so the runners must chase down the gang and rescue the son at all costs.

CAST OF SHADOWS

The following character profiles outline key figures in the First Taste plotline. As these are characters the runners will likely encounter in a non-combat situations, character stats have been sacrificed in place of personality traits and individual motives. The information below should help gamemasters roleplay key players in the situations where they have to interact with the runners.

KAZ YAKAMURA

Grey-skinned with a curved horn jutting from the one side of his forehead, a broken one from the other, and a boxer's nose, Kaz Yakamura is less than pretty. He is over two meters fifty, wiry for a troll, and walks with a slight limp. What he lacks in looks he more than makes up in intelligence, cunning, and sheer drive to succeed. He may not be as menacing as some trolls, but something about Kaz Yakamura inspires respect.

The bastard child of a Shigeda-gumi kobun with a Korean prostitute, Kaz has spent twenty hard years dealing drugs, first as an independent dealer and later as a member of the Komun'go. His years with the Ring have been a constant struggle. Moving through the syndicate ranks has been like trying to walk through Redmond with fresh steaks tied to your back. When he wasn't overlooked for being a troll, his brackish personality and difficulty following orders held him back.

The once-in-a-life-time opportunity brought by the Olaya Cartel represents a chance for the troll to change his fortunes, making good on a promise he swore to his father before being abandoned. So long as tempo keeps flowing, Kaz is certain he will continue to rise in the ranks—and this time no one will stand in his way.

Kaz has been involved with Dae for a little over a year before the action starts. Even he's not sure why she sticks with him. But the stripper is one of the few people he trusts and genuinely cares about. He sees potential in her and would like nothing better than to afford her the opportunity to change her life.

Unfortunately for everyone, it doesn't take long before Kaz too becomes a tempo user. As his addiction deepens, Kaz becomes increasingly paranoid and unstable. He is one of the first addicts to experience the strange side effects of time-loss and blackouts (for the truth behind these side effects is explained in *The Secret of Tempo*, p. 133).

B A R S C I L W Edg Ess Init IP
10(11) 3(5) 3(5) 10(12) 2 3 4 4 3 1.10 6(8) 1(3)

Condition Monitor Boxes (Physical/Stun): 13/10

Armor: 12/6

Skills: Athletics Skill Group 4, Blades 4, Criminal Activities 3, Etiquette 3 (Street +2), Intimidation 3, Negotiation 3, Pilot Ground Craft 2 (Car +2), Pistols 4, Seattle Gangs 3, Street Drugs 3, Underworld Politics 3

Qualities: Addiction (Mild-;Moderate, Tempo), Quick Healer, Toughness

Augmentations: Attention Coprocessor (Rating 2), Dermal Plating (Rating 3), Muscle Augmentation and Toner (Rating 2, alphaware), Wired Reflexes (2)

Gear: Mortimer Greatcoat [w/ non-conductivity (5)] over FFBA shirt, Erika Elite commlink running Iris Orb OS, AR gloves, glasses (w/image link, smartlink)

Weapons:

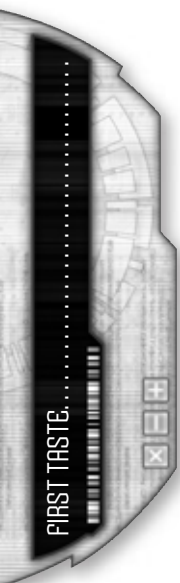
Hardliner gloves [gloves, Reach 0, DV 8P, AP 0]

Ruger Super Warhawk [Heavy pistol, DV 7P, AP -2, SS, RC 0, 6(cy), w/ troll adaptation, personalized grip, smartgun, Ex-Ex ammo]

Ingram Smartgun X [SMG, DV 7P, AP -1, BF/FA, RC 2(3), 32(c), w/ gas-vent 3, smartgun, Ex-Ex ammo]

DAE

A Korean beauty who has relied on her looks for as long as she can remember. Clawing her way up from the gutter, Dae is a self-made woman, almost literally; a stripper by profession, she traded natural hair for mood-sensing monofiber strands that change color depending on the intensity and direction of her emotions. She has cosmetic modifications throughout her upper body, leaving her face as all that remains of her natural beauty. Her aquiline nose is marked with a half-circle scar that makes her seem imperfect—and more beautiful because of the imperfection.





CHULSOON GRAY-WOLF

Known Aliases: None
Age: 37
Known Affiliation: Komun'go Ring
Criminal Record: LS-8457-JT#782-Sea-57
Status: Under surveillance

CHIKAO INOUE

Known Aliases: None
Age: 28
Known Affiliation: Shotozumi-gumi, Kenran-gumi
Criminal Record: None
Status: Location Unknown

KAZ YAKAMURA

Known Aliases: "Kaz"
Age: 34
Known Affiliation: Komun'go Ring
Criminal Record: LS-6733-KK#782-Sea-69
Status: Wanted (Seattle)

DAE

Known Aliases: Deidre Meang, Denise Chang
Age: 27
Known Affiliation: None known
Criminal Record: LS-6733-KK#782-Sea-69
Status: Wanted for Questioning (Seattle)

CAINE

Known Aliases: Terrance
Age: 31
Known Affiliation: The Ragers
Criminal Record: LS-8457-JT#782-Sea-57
Status: Under surveillance

Much more than a pretty face, Dae has a keen mind and is very good at sniffing out a person's desires. That trait led Kaz Yakamura to make her his Ms. Johnson. Dae was genuinely in love with Kaz at one point, but she has seen this quest for recognition go to his head. She remains loyal and helpful but now expects a reward for her devotion. During the campaign she becomes more and more concerned about his state of mind, as he becomes increasingly distant and his dependency on tempo increases.

B A R S C I L W Edg Ess Init IP
2 4 4 2 5(7) 4 3 3 3 5.04 5 1

Condition Monitor Boxes (Physical/Stun): 9/10

Armor: 4/2

Skills: Clubs 2, Con 3, Disguise 2, Etiquette 2 (Street +2), Gymnastics 2 (Dance +2), Negotiation 4, Simsense Star Trivia 3, Street Rumors 3, Strip Clubs 4, Underworld Personalities 3, Underworld Politics 3

Qualities: First Impression

Augmentations: Tailored Pheromones (Rating 2), (alphaware) Fiberoptic Hair, Major Biosculpting (+2 on first impression), Silky Skin. (alphaware) Skillwire Expert System, Skillwires (Rating 3)

Gear: Lined coat [w/ non-conductivity (5)] over designer Second Skin outfit, Erika Elite commlink running Iris Orb OS, Skillsofts (Etiquette Corp 3, Pilot Ground Vehicle 3, Pistols 3)

Weapons:

Stun Baton [Stun baton, Reach 1, DV 6S(e), AP 0]

Colt Asp [Light pistol, DV 6S(e), AP 0, RC 0, 11(c), w/laser sight, Stick-n-Shock ammo]

CHIKAO INOUE

Early in the adventure track the Shotozumi-gumi conscripts a Kenran-Kai troubleshooter to discover and undo the tempo network. They send a newcomer to the Seattle area, someone who hopes to make a name for himself on the job, the second son of a powerful Kyoto oyabun.

Chikao is a thin man, trading the obvious bulk of natural musculature for the efficiency of cyberware. Both of his arms are cyber and, like his entire chest and back, sheathed in tattooed skin. Chikao keeps his jagged blonde hair cut short and away from his face. A nanotattoo on his right cheek flashes through various Katakana symbols which reflect his mood. His eyes, also cybernetic, are a deep blue color. He prefers to wear suits, armored when possible. Despite appearing soft spoken and forgiving, Chikao is a sadist. He enjoys using any one of his small collection of knives on his victims, but is equal at ease with a katana or a submachine gun.

When facing an opponent in battle who is obviously over-matched, Chikao will toy with him for as long as possible, as though he were a matador putting on a show.

B A R S C I L W Edg Ess Init IP
4(5) 5(11) 5(7) 3(9) 4 4 3 3 8 2.57 11(13) 1(3)

Condition Monitor Boxes (Physical/Stun): 11/10

Armor: 11/8

Skills: Athletics Skill Group 4, Close Combat Skill Group 4, Interrogation 3, Leadership 4, Pilot Ground Craft 3 (Car +2), Pistols 6 (+1)

Qualities: Augmentation Addict, Lucky, Martial Arts: Krav Maga (Take Aim and Ready Weapon as Free Actions), Biocompatibility (Cyberware)

Augmentations: (All betaware) 2 Customized and Synthetic Cyberarms [both w/ Agi and Str Enhancements (4), and Armor (3); right arm w/ projectile spur, shockhand, integral commlink, and the left arm w/cybertaser, smartgun, magnetic system], Cybereyes (Rating 4 w/ image link, low-light, smartlink, thermographic), Aluminum Bone Lacing, Dermal Sheath (Rating 2), Muscle Augmentation and Toner (Rating 2), Nanohive (Rating 2), Nano-biometer, Nanotattoos (Rating 2), Nanosymbiotes (Rating 4), Reflex Recorder (Pistols), Synaptic Boosters (Rating 2)

Gear: Aces High jacket over FFBA full suit, DocWagon Gold Contract, Hermes Ikon commlink running Mangadyne Deva OS

Maneuvers: Blind Fighting, Off-Hand Training, Iaijutsu, Two-Weapon Style

Weapons:

Projectile spur [Implanted weapon, Reach 0, DV 8P/14P (when fired)]

Survival knife [Blade, Reach 0, DV 3P, AP 0]

Cybertaser [Implanted weapon, DV 6S(e), AP 0, w/ smartgun]

Nitama NeMax [Heavy pistol, DV 7P, AP -5, SA, RC 0, 10(c) w/ personalized grip, smartgun, APDS ammo]

Enfield AS7 [Shotgun, DV 7P, AP -1, SA/BF, RC 4, 24(d), w/ gas-vent 3, personalized grip, smartgun, slug ammo]

CHULSOON GRAY-WOLF

The leader of the Komun'go Seoulpa Ring, Gray-Wolf survived the Yakuza's campaigns, though he lost many blood brothers to the clashes with the Shigeda-gumi. He has learned the hard way to think strategically and act with caution. He's slowly been rebuilding the Ring to its former numbers, extending the group's interests into every underworld niche imaginable, from the slavetrade, to pharmaceutical peddling, to specialized protection rackets with callous efficiency.

Ambitious, cunning, and totally dedicated to the Komun'go, Gray-Wolf is half-Korean, half-AmerInd, and profoundly proud of his dual heritage. He sees the future of the Ring as extension thereof. In his mid-thirties, Gray-Wolf personal style reflects his pride in his heritage, combining Native motifs and styling with Korean technofetishism.

Chulsoon realizes from the outset what a risky proposition tempo is; it might make the Ring's fortune, but it might also spell ruin. Unwaveringly dedicated to the Ring and its members, Gray-Wolf is a practical man. When forced to choose between the future of his organization and the fate of one of his lieutenants, the choice is easy. When his plan fails and a compromise with the Shotozumi-gumi is no longer possible, Gray-Wolf harbors no grudge. Instead, he dives into ensuring the Komun'go will survive and prosper.

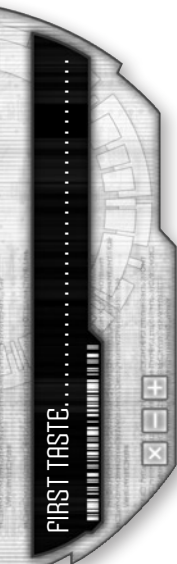
B A R S C I L W Edg Ess Init IP
4(7)[9] 4[5] 4[5] 3[5] 5(7) 3(5) 5 3 4 4.2 1 1

Condition Monitor Boxes (Physical/Stun): 10/10

Armor: 10/6

Skills: Blades 3, Criminal Rackets 3, Etiquette (Street) 3, Etiquette (Underworld) 2, Gang Identification 2, Cracking Skill Group 3 (4), Negotiation 3, Perception 3 (5), Pistols 3, Syndicate Management 4, Unarmed Combat 3, Underworld Politics 4, Yakuza Operations 2

Qualities: Spirit Bane (Spirits of Man), Photographic Memory, First Impression



Augmentations: Adrenal Pump (Rating 1), Attention Coprocessor (Rating 2), Biomonitor, Cerebral Booster (Rating 2), Datajack, (second-hand ware) Encephalon (Rating 1), Platlet Factories, Tailored Pheromones (Rating 2), Titanium Bone Lacing
Gear: Heritage Line leather jacket over FFBA full suit, DocWagon Platinum Contract, Transys Avalon commlink running Novatech Navi OS w/ sim module modified for hot sim, 'trodes

Weapons:

Savalette Guardian [Heavy pistol, DV 5P; AP -5, SA/BF*, RC 2, 12 (c) w/ personalized grip, smartgun, APDS ammo]

CAINE

The veteran lieutenant of the Ragers gang is a black human whose size makes it easy to mistake him for an ork. He is the youngest brother in a brood of five orks and one of the few humans to rise in the Ragers' ranks. His face is a patchwork of ear and nose rings. With his shaved head and leathers, Caine's look speaks "thug," but he is a first and foremost a cutthroat businessman.

Caine prefers negotiations over violence. If it comes down to fists or bullets, he lets his foot soldiers to the grunt work. Caine believes that the Ragers can be a larger organization than what they are. The tempo he is buying from Alec Littletree promises to be the key to their expansion. If the gang claims more territory, then Caine gathers more power and that is what he's really after.

B A R S C I L W Edg Ess Init IP
 5 [7] 5 (7) [9] 4 (6) [8] 4 [6] 5 3 3 4 4 3.5 9 (10) 1 (3)

Condition Monitor Boxes (Physical/Stun): 10/10

Armor: 7/5

Skills: Clubs 3, Computer 2, Criminal Rackets 3, Etiquette 2 (Underworld +2), Gang Turfs 2, Intimidation 4, Negotiation 3, Pistols 2, Unarmed Combat 3, Underworld Politics 4

Qualities: Guts, Toughness, Will to Live, Bad Luck

Augmentations: Adrenal Pump (Rating 2), (all second-hand ware) Spurs, Wired Reflexes (Rating 2), Muscle Toner (Rating 2), Dermal Plating (Rating 2)

Gear: Armored jacket w/ Ragers logo, mirrorshades (w/ image link, smart link)

Weapons:

Colt Asp [Light pistol, DV 4P, AP 0, SA, RC 0, 6(cy) w/ smartgun]

Colt Cobra TZ-110 [SMG, DV 5P, AP 0, SA/BF/FA, RC 2(3), 32(c), w/ gas-vent 2, smartgun]

ALEC LITTLETREE (GANG LIEUTENANT)

Alec is 20 going on 40. A gang tough who grew up in an impoverished Haida community in Redmond, his one goal in life is to get out. Ambitious and loyal only to himself, Littletree sees tempo as the way to bigger and better things than the gang life that's so far protected him. He sees himself as a budding fixer and is always looking to make new friends and acquaintances. Tempo is proving a unique opportunity to make money and contacts. Littletree has not only cut a deal with the Ragers, but he's skimming a little off the top for his own nest egg.

His other secret, one that he has yet to share with anyone, is that he is a social adept—a follower of the so-called Speaker's Way.

B A R S C I L W M Edg Ess Init IP
 4 4 4 3 4(8) 4 5 3 4 4 6 8 2

Condition Monitor Boxes (Physical/Stun): 10/10

Armor: 5/3

Skills: Dodge 3, Etiquette 4 (Street +2), Negotiation 3 (Fast talk +2) (5), Perception 3, Pistols 2

Qualities: Adept, Mild Addiction (Tempo)

Adept Powers: Kinesics (4), Voice Control (1), Improved Ability Negotiation (2)

Gear: Ratty armor jacket, Ruger Super Warhawk, commlink, AR goggles and nanotrodes in head band

Weapons:

Survival knife [Blade, Reach 0, DV 3P, AP 0]

Ruger Super Warhawk [Revolver, DV 6P, AP -2, SS, RC 0, 6 (cy)]

XA FIREBIRD (UNDERCOVER LS DETECTIVE)

John Longfeather is a young Lone Star detective operating deep undercover in the First Nations gang. His original mission was to investigate lingering Yakuza ties along with First Nations support of Dogmen smuggling, but it has since shifted to discovering who's selling tempo to the gang. With the gang war escalating, Longfeather is seriously reconsidering the wisdom of volunteering for this undercover op. He's been trying to ingratiate himself with Blood-of-the-Buffalo, but thus far he hasn't had great success. Nevertheless, Longfeather has a plan to trace whoever's supplying tempo by tailing the gang's leader on a resupply run.

To complicate his situation further, Longfeather has become romantically entangled with his handler, Carla Matthews, and their weekly meetings have evolved into sexual trysts.

B A R S C I L W Edg Ess Init IP
 4 3 4(7) 3 3 4 4 5 3 3.4 11(12) 1 (2)

Condition Monitor Boxes (Physical/Stun): 10/11

Armor: 5/3

Skills: Athletics group 3, Clubs 3, Computer 3, Infiltration 5, Intimidation 3, Law Enforcement 4, Seattle Gangs 4, Leadership 2, Perception 4, Pistols 4 (Browning Ultra-Power +2), Unarmed Combat 4 (Spurs +2)

Augmentations: SenseSation Livecaster cybersuite [Cybereyes (Rating 3, w/ eyelight, image link, low-light, recording unit; Cyberears (Rating 2, w/ audio enhancement 2, damper, recording unit, spatial recognizer; Simrig, Radar Sensor (Rating 3)], Reaction Enhancers (Rating 2), Wired Reflexes (Rating 1), Retractable spur connected to implanted autoinjector w/ Narcoject (3 doses)

Qualities: Magic Resistance 3

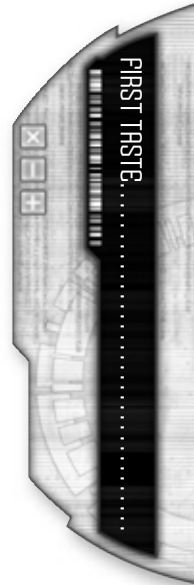
Gear: Armor Jacket, mirrorshades (w/ smartlink, image link and low-light), Hermes Ikon commlink, AR gloves, DocWagon Gold Contract

Weapons:

Stun Baton [Stun baton, Reach 1, DV 6S(c), AP 0]

Browning Ultra-Power [Heavy pistol, DV 6P; AP -1, SA, RC 0, 10(c), w/smartgun]

Cyberspur [Implanted weapon, Reach 0, DV 5P, AP 0, injects narcoject on successful attack]



GRUNTS AND MOVING TARGETS

The following section includes basic stats for the grunts, vehicles and drones the characters may encounter during the course of this campaign arc that have either not been featured in *Shadowrun, Fourth Edition* sourcebooks or vary from published versions. In all cases, only pertinent skills, equipment, and modifications are listed. Gamemasters should feel free to adapt skills, augmentations, gear and Ratings as needed.

Ragers Gang Members (Professional Rating 3)

These Ragers are mainly human toughs under Caine's command. They're hardcore and violent, and have been known to take a combat drug or two to give them an edge.

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	Ess	Init	IP
4(5)	4(5)	4	3	2	3	2	3	8	1	10

Condition Monitor Boxes: 9

Armor: 5/7

Skills: Exotic Melee Weapon (Whip) 3, Etiquette 1 (Street +2), Negotiation 2, Perception 2, Pistols 3, Dodge 2, Intimidation 1, Pilot Ground Craft 2 (Bike +2)

Augmentations: (all second-hand ware) Kevlar Bone Lacing, Muscle Toner (Rating 1), Reaction Enhancers (Rating 1)

Gear: NoPaint, bike racing armor, Thundercloud Contrail, 1 dose Combat Drug of choice

Weapons:

Chain [Reach 2, DV 3P, AP 0]

Browning Ultra-Power [Heavy pistol, DV 6P; AP -2, SA, RC 0, 10(c), w/laser sight, explosive ammo]

Remington Roomsweeper [Shotgun, DV 5P(f), AP -1, SA, RC 0, 8 (m) w/flechette ammo]

Head Banger (Ragers Lieutenant)

A bigger, meaner, and more experienced thug and the only ork in the group, Head Banger keeps his cohorts in line and answers directly to Caine.

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	Ess	Init	IP
7	4(6)	4(5)	5	4	3	3	4	2.7	8	1(2)

Condition Monitor Boxes: 12

Armor: 6/9

Skills: Etiquette 2 (Street +2), Negotiation 3, Perception 3, Dodge 3, Intimidation 3, Pilot Ground Craft 3 (Bike +2), Leadership 2, Automatics 4, Heavy Weapons 3

Augmentations: (all second-hand ware) Dermal Sheath (Rating 1), Wired Reflexes (Rating 1), Muscle Toner (Rating 2)

Gear: Bike racing armor, contacts (w/ flare compensation, image link, smartlink,), Erika Elite running Iris Orb, Thundercloud Contrail, 2 doses of Combat drug Jazz / Kamikaze

Weapons:

AK-98 [Assault rifle, DV 7P, AP -1, SA/BF/FA, RC 3, 38(c), w/grenade launcher, gas-vent 3, smartgun, frag grenades]

Frag grenades [Grenade, DV 2P(f), AP +2, Blast -1/m]

Komun'go Stand Over Men (Professional Rating 4)

Chulsoon Gray-Wolf has invested a significant amount of money into augmenting the toughest and most loyal Komun'go members. They serve a variety of functions as heavy hitters for the Ring, from personal protection to arm-twisting and racketeering.

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	Ess	Init	IP
4(6)	4(6)	4(7)	5(7)	3	3	2	3	3.1	10	1(2)

Condition Monitor Boxes: 11

Armor: 9/5

Skills: Athletics group 3 (5), Automatics 5, Blades 4 (Knives +2), Dodge 3 (4), Etiquette 3 (Underworld +2), First Aid 2, Infiltration 3, Perception 3, Throwing Weapons 3, Unarmed Combat 4

Augmentations: Cybereyes (Rating 2 w/ flare compensation, thermographic, smartlink), Move by Wire (Rating 1), Muscle Augmentation and Toner (Rating 2), Bone Density Augmentation (Rating 2), Reaction Enhancers (Rating 1)

Gear: Armored Jacket over FFBA shirt, Hermes Ikon commlink running Iris Orb, various linguasofts, Stim patch (Rating 6)

Weapons:

Cougar Fineblade [Long blade, Reach 0, DV 6P, AP -1]

Ingram Smartgun X [SMG, DV 7P, AP -1, BF/FA, RC 2(3), 32(c), w/ gas-vent 3, Ex-Ex ammo]

White Phosphorous Grenades (3) [Grenade, DV 2P(f), AP +2, Blast -1/m]

Ju Kon (Ranking Stand Over Man)

Ju Kon is Korean, a Chaos magician, and a loyal member of Gray-Wolf's inner circle. He's profoundly envious of Kaz Yakamura's recent rise from the ranks and is out to prove himself to his leader—and will to take risks in doing so.

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	M	Ess	Init	IP
3	3	4(5)	2	4	3	5	4	4	5.35	7(8)	1(2)

Condition Monitor Boxes: 10

Armor: 9/5

Skills: Athletics Skill Group 3, Blades 3, Conjuring Group 3, Etiquette 3 (Underworld +2), Infiltration 3, Intimidation 2 (Physical +2), Perception 3, Pistols 5, Sorcery Skill Group 4, Negotiation 2, Unarmed Combat 4

Qualities: Magician (Korean Shamanism), Mentor Spirit (Adversary-Counterspelling)

Augmentations: Cybereyes (Rating 2 w/flare compensation, low-light, smartlink), Synaptic Boosters 1

Gear: Mortimer Greatcoat w/FFBA shirt, Power Focus (Force 2), Sustaining Focus (Force 4, currently sustaining Force 4 Detect Enemies, Extended with 4 hits), Hermes Ikon commlink running Iris Orb, Stim patch (Rating 6)

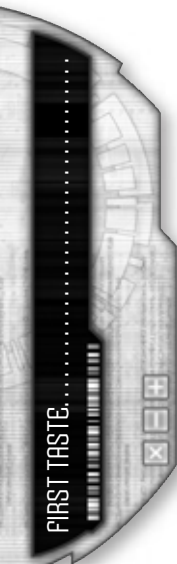
Spells: Powerbolt, One Less Human, Detect Enemies (Extended), Improved Invisibility, Armor, Mob Mood

Bound Spirits: Fire Spirit (Force 4, 2 Services), Water Spirit (Force 4, 2 services)

Weapons:

Colt Asp (LP, DV 6S(e), AP -half, SA, 6(cy) w/ Stick-n-Shock)

Cougar Fineblade (Long blade, Reach 0, DV 6P, AP -1)



Inoue's Yakuza Soldiers (Professional Rating 4)

These are loyal members of the traditionalist Kenran-kai, and either hardened veterans of the Yakuza civil war that destroyed the Nishidon or tough-as-nails newcomers from Japan. The Kenran-kai is very traditionalist and conservative in outlook—metaphobic, magophobic, and misogynistic—as are its soldiers.

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	Ess	Init	IP
5	4(6)	4(5)	5(7)	2	3	3	4	3.25	8	1(2)

Condition Monitor Boxes: 10

Armor: 10/5

Skills: Athletics Skill Group 4, Close Combat Skill Group 4, Intimidation 4, Perception 4, Pilot Ground Craft 2, Long Arms 5.

Augmentations: Cybereyes (Rating 2 w/ flare compensation, thermographic, vision magnification), Wired Reflexes (Rating 1), Orthoskin (Rating 2), Muscle Augmentation and Toner (Rating 2)

Gear: Lined Coats and FFBA half body suit. Hermes Ikon commlink running Iris Orb, AR glove

Weapons:

Katana [Sword, Reach 1, DV STR/2 + 3P, AP -1]

Ares Alphas [Assault rifle, DV 6P, AP -1, SA/BF/FA, RC 6, 28 (c), w/ Ex-Ex ammo, gas-vent 3, folding stocks, smartgun]

HK227X [SMG, DV 5P, AP 0, SA/BF/FA, RC 4, 28 (c) w/ Ex-Ex ammo, gas-vent 3, smartgun]

Morukai Shinomi (Yakuza team leader)

Chikao Inoue's second-in-command for this op acts as the group's lieutenant. This hulking forty-something kumi-in is both awed and fearful of his slightly psychotic younger *kobun*, but shows unwavering loyalty, and expects the same of his men. He is also an adept—a fact he doesn't like to broadcast.

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	Ess	M	Init	IP
5	6	6	4	3	4	3	5	6	6	10/5	1(3)

Condition Monitor Boxes: 10

Armor: 10/5

Skills: Athletics Skill Group 4, Etiquette 2 (Underworld +2), Firearms Skill Group 4, Blades 4 (6)

Adept Powers: Combat Sense (2), Improved Ability: Blades (2), Improved Reflexes (2), Pain Resistance (2)

Qualities: Adept, Guts, Martial Arts: Aikido (+1 dice on full defense and attacks to knockdown)

Gear: Long Coats and FFBA half body suit. Hermes Ikon commlink running Iris Orb, glasses (w/ image link, low-light, smartlink,), AR glove

Maneuvers: Finishing Move, Multi-Strike, Throw, Two Weapon Style

Weapons:

Enfield AS7 [Shotgun, DV 7P, AP -1, SA/BF, RC 4, 24(d), w/ gas-vent 3, personalized grip, smartgun]

Katana [Sword, Reach 1, DV STR/2 + 3P, AP -1]

FBI Emergency Response Team (Professional Rating 5)

All members of the unit are highly qualified and capable veterans of security and paramilitary forces. They are fielded with military-grade equipment and professional tactics to counter any threats the Bureau deems in need of an overwhelming show of force.

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	Ess	Init	IP
5	6	5(7)	4	3	6	4	5	2.6	11(13)	1(3)

Condition Monitor Boxes: 11

Armor: 10/5

Skills: Athletics Skill Group 4 (6), Demolitions 3, Firearms Skill Group 5, Perception 4, Stealth Skill Group 4, Throwing Weapons 4, Unarmed Combat 5

Augmentations: LS *Watchman 2* Cybersuite [Cybereyes (Rating 4 w/ flare compensation, thermographic, smartlink); Aluminum Bone Lacing; Wired Reflexes (Rating 2)], Synthacardium (Rating 2)

Gear: Standard issue: SWAT Armor and helmet [w/ non-conductivity 5, integral bio-monitor, autoinjector loading Stim (Rating 5)], Stun Baton, Flash-Bang Grenades (2), Thermal Smoke Grenades (2), Commlink, Ballistic Shields (every other man)

Weapons:

H&K 227-S [SMG, DV 5P; AP -4, SA/BF, RC 5, 28(c) w/ adv. safety, folding stock, gas-vent 3, personalized grip, smartgun, APDS ammo]

Franchi SPAS-22 [Shotgun, DV 7P; AP -1, SA/BF, RC 4, 10(m) w/ adv. safety, folding stock, smartgun]

Savalette Guardian [Heavy pistol, DV 5P; AP -1, SA/BF*, RC 2, 12(c) w/ advanced safety, personalized grip, smartgun]

* Burst fire requires a Complex Action.

FBI ERT Sniper

Bureau ERT units possess some of the best tactical sharpshooters in the business. Each FBI SWAT team features at least one such sniper, equipped with state-of-the-art weapons and implants.

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	Ess	Init	IP
4(6)	6	5(7)	4	5	6	4	5	2.6	11(13)	1(3)

Condition Monitor Boxes: 11

Armor: 14/12

Skills: Athletics Skill Group 4 (6), Firearms Skill Group 4 (Sniper 6), Perception 5, Stealth Skill Group 4, Unarmed Combat 5

Augmentations: LS *Watchman 2* Cybersuite [Cybereyes (Rating 4 w/ flare compensation, thermographic, smartlink); Aluminum Bone Lacing; Wired Reflexes (Rating 2)], Synthacardium (Rating 2)

Gear: See *FBI ERT Unit* for standard issue gear above. Ballistic shield with fireport.

Weapons: See *FBI ERT Unit* for standard issue weaponry

Ranger Arms SM-4 [Sniper rifle, DV 8P; AP -7, SA, RC 2, 12 (c) w/ adv. safety, bipod, folding stock, personalized grip, smartgun, APDS ammo]

FBI ERT Commander

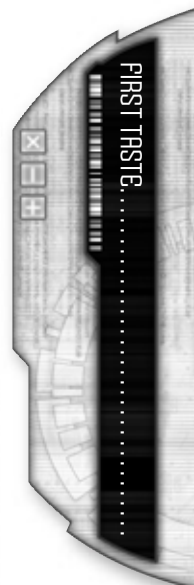
The highly-decorated career officer is an experienced field commander and excellent tactician. He is cool and collected even under fire and will lead by example.

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	Ess	Init	IP
4(6)	6(9)	5(7)	4(7)	5	6	4	5	2.6	11(13)	1(3)

Condition Monitor Boxes: 12

Armor: 14/12

Skills: Athletics Skill Group 4 (6), Demolitions 3, Firearms Skill Group 5, Perception 5, Stealth Skill Group 6, Throwing Weapons 4, Unarmed Combat 4, Clubs 3



Augmentations: LS *Watchman 2* Cybersuite [Cybereyes (Rating 4 w/ flare compensation, thermographic, smartlink); Aluminum Bone Lacing; Wired Reflexes (Rating 2)], Cyberears (Rating 2 w/ damper, spatial recognizer), Customized Obvious Cyberarm [Agi and Str Enhancements (3) w/ shockhand, spur, grapple gun, and integral commlink], Synthacardium (Rating 2)

Gear: See *FBI ERT Unit* for standard issue gear. Petite Brume Grenades (1), Tacnet

Weapons: See *FBI ERT Unit* for standard issue weapons.

FBI ERT Combat Mage

Given the dangers that lurk in the back streets of the Awakened world, a combat mage is an integral part of every ERT unit, cross-trained in combined urban warfare tactics and ready to provide them with counterspelling and mana barriers while they engage the targets.

B A R S C I L W M Ess Init IP
4(6) 6(8) 5(7) 4(6) 5 5 4 6 4 2.6 11(13) 1(3)

Condition Monitor Boxes: 10

Armor: 12/10

Skills: Athletics Skill Group 3, Conjuring Skill Group 3, Automatics 3, Perception 4, Sorcery Skill Group 4, Stealth Skill group 3, Throwing Weapons 2, Unarmed Combat 3

Qualities: Magician (Hermetic)

Initiate Grade: 2

Metamagics: Shielding, Absorption

Augmentations: (All betaware) Aluminum Bone Lacing, Cybereyes (Rating 3 w/ thermographic, flash compensation, smartlink), Synaptic Booster (Rating 1)

Gear: See *FBI ERT Unit* above for standard issue gear. Petite Brume Grenades (1), Combat Spell Focus (Rating 2), Manipulation Spell Focus (Rating 2)

Weapons: See *FBI ERT Unit* above for standard issue weapons.

Spells: Armor, Levitate, Lightning bolt, Mana Barrier, Power bolt, Physical Barrier, Stun ball, Stun bolt.

Bound Spirits: 1 Fire spirit (Force 5, 2 services), 1 Earth spirit (Force 5, 3 services), 2 Air spirit (Force 5, 3 services)

DocWagon Site Security/HTR Personnel (Prof. Rating 3)

In the violent sprawls of the Sixth World, DocWagon's High-Threat Response units are guardian angels, ready to evac clients even under hostile fire and act as a heavily armed deterrent to would-be attackers. DocWagon employs its own security personnel and crosstrains them in small-unit tactics and emergency medical procedures. Members of HTR units serve a "downtime rotation" as on-site security personnel for a week, every third week, backing up the rent-a-cops on site.

B A R S C I L W Ess Init IP
4(6) 4(6) 4(5) 3 4 4 3 3 3.85 8(9) 1(2)

Condition Monitor Boxes: 10

Armor: 12/10

Skills: Athletics Skill Group 2 (4), Districts of Seattle 3, DocWagon Procedures 3, Dodge 4, Etiquette (Street or Corporate) 3, First Aid 3, Automatics or Longarms 3, Perception 3 (5), Pistols 3, Seattle Corporations 2, Unarmed Combat 4

Augmentations: Attention Coprocessor (Rating 2), Muscle Augmentation and Toner (Rating 2), Synaptic Booster (Rating 1), Synthacardium (Rating 2)

Gear: DocWagon Full Body Armor [w/ Fire Resistance (4), bio-monitor, autoinjector with Stim (Rating 5)] and helmet, [w/low light, image link], Medkit (Rating 3) Ballistic Shield (Optional), Erika Elite commlink w/ Iris Orb, flashpak

Weapons:

Enfield AS7 [Shotgun, DV 9P, AP -1 (+1 against armor), SA/BF, RC 4, 24(d), w/ gas-vent 3, personalized grip, smartgun, gel rounds]

Colt Manhunter [Heavy Pistol, DV 6S(e), AP -1, SA, RC 0, 16(c), w/ personalized grip, smartgun, Stick-n-Shock ammo]

DocWagon Site Security Chief

DocWagon hires security personnel on the basis of clean records and field experience. Their recruits often include former military, law-enforcement, or corporate security force personnel. Consequently those that rise to security chiefs are veteran security officers with good tactical and security protocol skills, as well as field command experience.

B A R S C I L W Ess Init IP
4 4(6) 4(6) 3(5) 4 4 4(6) 3 3.65 8(19) 1(3)

Condition Monitor Boxes: 10

Armor: 12/10

Skills: Athletics Skill Group 3 (4) Automatics 4, DocWagon Procedures 3, Dodge 4, Etiquette (Street and Corporate) 3, First Aid 3, Interrogation 3, Leadership 4, Perception 4 (6), Pistols 3, Security Procedures 3, Seattle Corporations 2, Small Unit Tactics 4, Unarmed Combat 4

Augmentations: Attention Coprocessor (Rating 2), Muscle Augmentation and Toner (Rating 2), Reflex Recorder (Athletics Skill Group), Synaptic Booster (Rating 2), Synthacardium (Rating 2)

Gear: DocWagon Full Body Armor [w/ Fire Resistance (4), bio-monitor, autoinjector with Stim (Rating 5)] and helmet, [w/low light, image link], Medkit (Rating 3) Ballistic Shield (Optional), Erika Elite commlink w/ Iris Orb

Weapons:

Colt Manhunter [Heavy Pistol, DV 6S(e), AP -1, SA, RC 0, 16(c), w/ smartgun, Stick-n-Shock ammo]

DocWagon Security Spider

DocWagon employs, trains, and outfits its own riggers and spiders, aiming for versatility rather than overspecialization. As with other members of HTR units, riggers are assigned duty as on-site security spiders every few shifts.

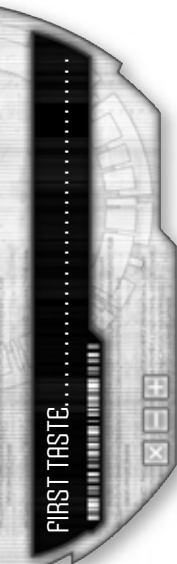
B A R S C I L W Ess Init IP
2 4 4(6) 2 2 5 5 4 3.65 1 1(3)

Condition Monitor Boxes: 9

Armor: 5/3

Skills: Architecture 3, B&E Techniques 3, Corporate Politics 2, Cracking Skill Group 4 (, Electronics Skill Group 3, Gunnery 3, Perception 4, Pilot Ground Craft 4, Pilot Aircraft 4, Security Procedures 3, Security Systems 5

Augmentations: Control Rig, Datajack, Encephalon (Rating 1), Simrig, Senses Boosters, Synaptic Boosters (Rating 2)



Gear: DocWagon Armored Jacket Armor [w/ biomonitor, auto-injector with Stim (Rating 5)], Transys Avalon commlink w/ Iris Orb and hot sim adapted sim module and trodes

Weapons:

Colt Manhunter [Heavy Pistol, DV 6S(e), AP -1, SA, RC 0, 16(c), w/ smartgun, Stick-n-Shock ammo]

DocWagon HTR Shaman

Most of the magicians in DocWagon are holistic healers and medicine men, still a few prefer the adrenaline and high-stakes of operating in the field where their magic can do as much good as possible as soon as possible. Like the remaining HTR staff, they rotate through site security.

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	M	Ess	Init	IP
3	4	4	2	4	5	3	5	6	1	1	9

Condition Monitor Boxes: 9

Armor: 5/3

Skills: Binding 5, DocWagon Procedures, Etiquette (Corp) 3, First Aid 3, Medicine 2, Holistic Healing Techniques, Perception 2, Pistols, Sorcery Skill Group 4, Summoning 5

Qualities: Magician (Shaman), Mentor Spirit (Bear), Spirit Banes (Fire Spirits)

Gear: DocWagon Armored Jacket Armor [w/ biomonitor, auto-injector with Stim (Rating 5)], Counterspelling Focus (Rating 3) Binding Focus (Rating 2)

Spells: Chaotic World, Heal, Mana Barrier, Mana Bolt, Mana Static, Mind Probe, Stun Bolt

Spirits: 3 bound spirits [Patrolling for astral intruders, 1 Force 6 Beast Spirit (2 Services); on standby, 1 Beast Spirit (Force 5, 3 services), 1 Air Spirit (Force 5, 3 services)]

Weapons:

Colt Manhunter [Heavy Pistol, DV 6S(e), AP -1, SA, RC 0, 16(c), w/ smartgun, Stick-n-Shock ammo]

Yakuza Mercury Comet (armored sedan)

These are simply shop-modified versions of the standard Mercury Comet model, with added ballistic glass and concealed armor plating.

Hand	Accel	Speed	Pilot	Body	Arm	Sensor	Avail	Cost
0	15/30	120	2	10	12	1	-	35,000¥

Upgrades and Mods: Anti-Theft System, Concealed Armor, Grid Link, Personal Armor (Rating 4)

FBI Hughes Kestrel C (armed transport helicopter)

In the late 60's, the Bureau updated its transport helicopter fleet with an armed variant of the venerable Hughes Kestrel. The Kestrel C is a transport and tactical deployment helicopter capable of limited area interdiction.

Hand	Accel	Speed	Pilot	Body	Arm	Sensor	Avail	Cost
+2	20/40	150	2	14	18	3	18R	210,000¥

Upgrades and Mods: Personal Armor (Rating 5), Passenger Protection (Rating 4), Rigger Adaptation, 2 Weapon Mounts (external, remote-controlled: turret on nose w/ LMG and fixed wing-mount rocket launchers)

Weapons:

Ares MP-LMG [LMG, DV 6P, AP -1, BF/FA, RC 2 (3), 250 (belt)-mounted]

Fleche Hail Barrage Rocket Launchers [Launcher, 20 rockets -mounted]

Anti-Vehicle Rockets (10) [DV 16P, AP -2/-6, Blast -4/m] Seeker Anti-Vehicle Rockets (5) [DV 16P, AP -2/-6, Blast -4/m]

Zapper Rockets (5) [DV 8S/12S(e), AP +0/-half, Blast -/-4/m]

DocWagon HTR (HTR ambulance)

A heavily armed and armored version of DocWagon's standard STR ambulance, this version is used by High Threat Response ground teams to retrieve contract holders from "hot spots."

Hand	Accel	Speed	Pilot	Body	Arm	Sensor	Avail	Cost
+2	20/40	150	2	14	20	3	18R	80,000¥

Upgrades and Mods: Gun Ports (3), Large Drone Rack, Grid Link, Rigger Adaptation, Valkyrie Module, Weapon Mount (external, remote-controlled reinforced turret on roof with LMG and water cannon)

Weapons: Ingram White Knight [LMG, DV 6P, AP -1, BF/FA, RC 5 (6), 100 (belt)]

LS Flashflood Water Cannon [water cannon, DV 8S, AP -half, FA, RC -, 100(pp)]

Equipment: 2 Evo Orderly drones [w/ Personal Armor (Rating 5)]

Surfstar Marine SeaDoc (water ambulance)

The constructor of the famous SeaCop Marine interdiction speedboat, also produces an ambulance modified model for DocWagon, the SeaDoc.

Hand	Accel	Speed	Pilot	Body	Arm	Sensor	Avail	Cost
1	12/24	60	1	14	14	2	12R	38,000¥

Upgrades and Mods: ECCM 3, 2 Weapon Mounts (external, remote-controlled turret-mounted MMG on forward deck and external, flexible, manual pintle-mounted LMG on the bow), Rigger Adaptation, Valkyrie Module

Weapons:

FN MAG-5 [MMG, DV 6P, AP -2, FA, RC 2 (8), 150 (belt)]

Ingram White Knight [LMG, DV 6P, AP -1, BF/FA, RC 5 (6), 100 (belt)]

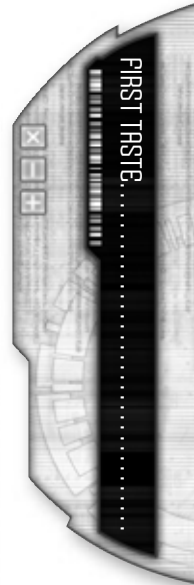
Equipment: 1 Evo Orderly drone [w/ Flotation, Personal Armor (Rating 5)]

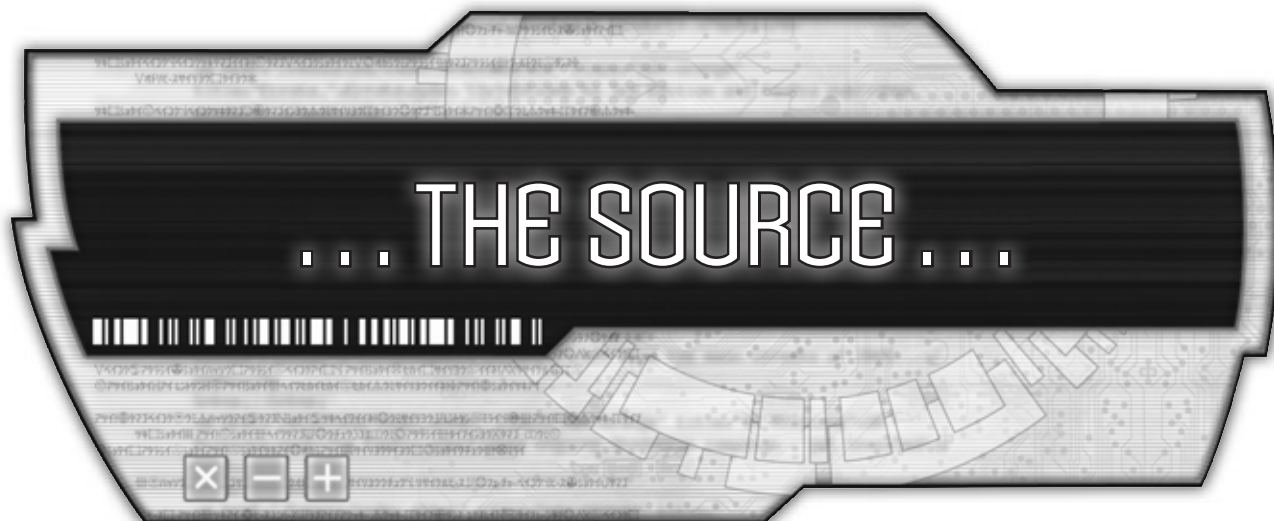
Caine's Harley-Davidson Scorpion (custom motorcycle)

This classic Harley Scorpion custom job is Caine's secret pride and joy. He's pimped it out and added several useful features. It is stored in a locked garage less than a block from Caine's Tacoma pad.

Hand	Accel	Speed	Pilot	Body	Arm	Sensor	Avail	Cost
+2	18/36	144	2	8	12	1	-	20,000¥

Upgrades and Mods: Concealed Armor, Engine Customization, Motorcycle Gyro Stabilization, Pimp Job, Smuggling Compartment (Standard)





"Henry, you are just in time." Salazar was naked to the waist. In his left hand he held the katana that had been gifted to him by the oyabun Sorumori of Metrópole. The gleaming light on the blade struck an unnerving contrast with his black silk pants and Italian leather shoes.

"The Diplomat" barely spared a glance at the bound and gagged man kneeling before his nephew and the tree.

"I need you to go to Seattle for me, and also Hong Kong. All of the cities on the Rim. Seal the deal with those miserable *cabrones*." With a sudden whack, Salazar wedged his blade into the back of his captive's neck. Blood fountained briefly. "Munoz, Córdoba, and Gomez can cover the rest but ... the Rim ... it needs your special touch Henry, that gold tongue and brass cojones of yours! Hah!

"I need you to work your magic. I need you to tell them, 'We need you to be our partner in this. We need you. Most people wait a lifetime for this kind of opportunity. This is like buying Renraku at twelve nuyen a share. We want you to sell our product. We want you to make money. We want you to be happy—because we're selling this to you. Not to those *cabrones* down the street, not to every other *hijo de puta*. You.'" Another whack and the head rolled free. Salazar lifted it up in his right hand, the dripping sword in his left. Blood spattered three thousand-nuyen Italian leather shoes and black silk pants. "Fucking *ladrón!* No one screws with Jaime Salazar, eh? You won't be stealing from me again, *hijo de puta*. Now you're just manure for my fucking tree."

Henry Uribe glanced at the tree in question. Its massive tendrils were slowly choking the life from the ancient Sangre del Drago, the broad expanse of bloated bark marred by stretch marks and knotty modules of cancerous growth. That chemist, Rhys, came up to lop off another fist-sized chunk of bark with an adze. A thin sap ran for a few moments as the wood closed over the wound, leaving a puckered scar. There were scars just like it all around the base of the tree.

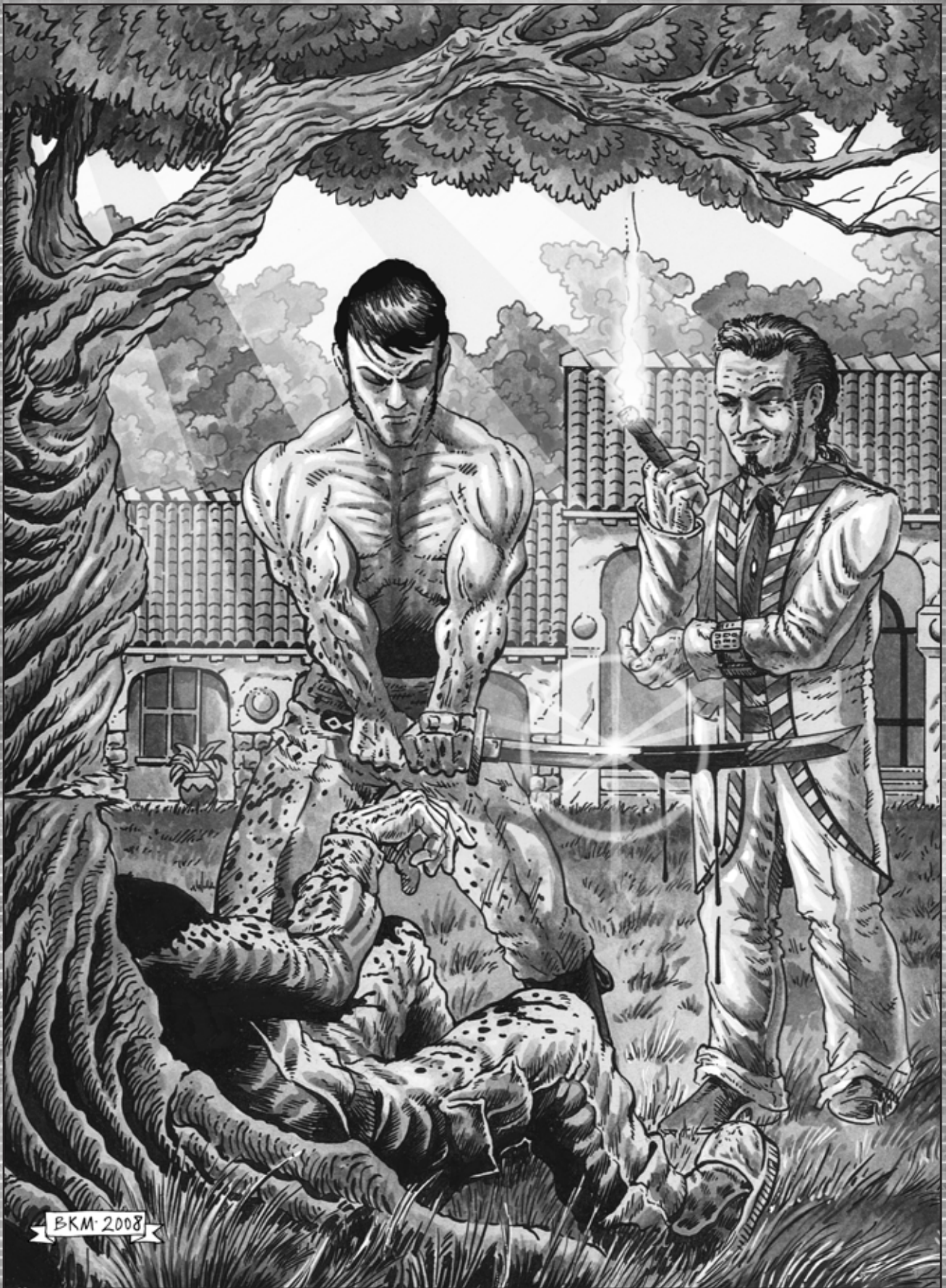
Henry didn't like the tree. It was a necessary evil and a profitable one, but that didn't mean he had to like it. "I'll make the arrangements, Jaime. Sacristán will leave today."

Slowly, the looping tendrils of the trees stretched out to grasp the headless corpse. Blood ran down its roots to feed its hunger, wiry shoots consumed flesh and wrapped around bone. Within minutes, another skeleton was embedded at the base of the tree, a macabre frieze.

"This is only the beginning, Henry. Tempo will give us the money, the power, to do everything we ever dreamed." Salazar wiped his blade clean on his pants. "One day, Colombia will rise again, built on drugs and our indomitable will. We will be feared." Sweat shone on his broad chest. "Take Jorge with you. The *gringos* always need someone to speak a language they can pretend to understand."

Uribe nodded and offered his nephew a *cubano*.





BKM 2008

JUMP START

The **Source** campaign arc is designed to take characters on a journey around the Pacific Rim. They'll see how tempo affects other major sprawls and become entangled in the nebulous machinations surrounding the new drug. This campaign track allows gamemasters to lead their characters from Seattle to Hong Kong, on to Neo-Tokyo and finish their tour in Los Angeles.

Naturally, not every campaign needs to visit every sprawl; a gamemaster whose game is set in Hong Kong and isn't interested in having his player characters travel all around the world can choose to use just the Hong Kong material herein or adapt some of the other frameworks to the situation in that metroplex. Also, while Seattle, Hong Kong, Neo-Tokyo, and Los Angeles are the four sprawls spotlighted in this chapter, gamemasters shouldn't feel limited to these metroplexes. The scripted story sends the characters to Los Angeles with their Johnson, but there's no reason they cannot remain with the Olaya delegation as it travels to other major cities around the Pacific Rim, such as Vladivostok, Honolulu, and finally Portland before wrapping in Los Angeles.

Gamemaster can also use the events in this track as inspiration for one of the other Olaya delegations simultaneously touring North America, Europe and Africa (see p. 55).

MORE PLOT BRIDGES

As with *First Taste*, this campaign track features several potential plot bridges with the remaining chapters in this book. Though the characters can be independently hired by Sacristán to work for her, their names might just as easily come by referral from Kaz Yakamura, her contact with the Komun'go Seoulpa Ring in *First Taste*, providing a direct bridge between the two chapters. Gamemasters should keep in mind that the two Seattle-based adventure frameworks presented below take place before *Tokyo Fireworks* in the preceding chapter.

Additional plot bridges with the next story arc, *The Final Cut*, are presented in *Problem on Arrival*, the last adventure framework in this chapter. Once Graciela Riveros has been safely escorted to the Baltimore Towers, Sacristán will thank the runners and pay them. They will be offered further employment if they wish—protecting Riveros during the upcoming Ghost Council. If they do not wish to continue on retainer, Sacristán will give each a small bonus for their silence and offer to pay their flights back home (wherever that may be)—she will hurry them out of LA to avoid potential leaks. If the characters hail from LA, she will make them an offer they cannot refuse.

Urgent Message...

SEATTLE: THE FIRST TASTE IS FREE CHEAP

In the wake of the "first taste" shipments, the Olaya cartel sends a delegation around the Pacific Rim to negotiate a regular distribution deal with their local partners. First on the list are Seattle and the Komun'go Ring.

Uribe's entourage arrives in town in the midst of soaring crime rates and underworld violence. Tempo has ignited a spiraling underworld conflict and blood is flowing on the streets of the Emerald City. The delegation officially presents itself as a KondOrchid negotiation party. Its presence is intended to be discreet, but there is no such thing as being too careful.

The group's executive and expediter arrives early and quickly realizes they will need shadow talent to supplement their security forces and perform any intelligence gathering or dirty work that needs to be done. Characters who prove themselves working for the delegation in Seattle and who know too much will be invited to accompany the Olaya entourage on the next legs of their journey—this may be particularly fortuitous if they were involved in *Tokyo Fireworks* (p. 81) and need to get out of Seattle for a while.

The Olaya Johnson will pay all travel expenses and take care of documentation if the team agrees to work on retainer as troubleshooters and deniable assets. They will, however, be limited in the weapons, vehicles, and drones they can take with them. Sacristán will arrange for KondOrchid-sponsored licenses for small arms up to SMGs; only powered-down mini and microdrones will be allowed in the luggage. Anything heavier will be procured as necessary.

For more information on Seattle, see the *Flashpoint: Seattle* (p. 65) in the previous chapter.

WHAT'S GOING DOWN IN SEATTLE

Following the initial success of tempo, a small delegation led by Henry Uribe, the second-in-command of the Olaya cartel, travels to Seattle to seal a distribution deal with the Komun'go. The delegation is due to arrive at the same time as the first full shipment brought in via KondOrchid—two hundred kilos of uncut tempo worth eight million nuyen. This is the first stop in an international tour to smooth out tempo distribution with the local partners throughout the Pacific Rim.

Sacristán, Henry Uribe's right-hand woman, arrives discreetly in the sprawl a couple of weeks ahead of schedule to reconnoiter and negotiate the meet with the Komun'go Ring. Arranging for accommodations and security, she sets up shop at the Gates Undersound hotel and contacts **Roberto Záfon**, the Olaya pointman in Seattle, to set up a preliminary meet with the Komun'go's frontman, **Kaz Yakamura**. While she waits, Sacristán puts out her own feelers to assess the local situation and evaluate the success of tempo. She hires local runners for security and muscle instead of importing her own men in order to avoid attracting attention. The shadowrunners won't know who exactly they're working for, though Sacristán plans to offer additional (and profitable) employment to the most trustworthy and capable teams as an enticement for superior performance.

Snags and Setbacks

The initial meeting with Yakamura goes well; Sacristán hits it off with the Komun'go troll and the prep work goes according

to plan. The Seattle underworld may be in chaos, but according to her sources, tempo sales are booming and prices soaring as the “first taste” stocks diminish.

Then, on the eve of Uribe’s arrival, Yakamura unexpectedly calls a face-to-face meeting. The troll demands to know if the Olaya are supplying another syndicate in Seattle—in clear violation of their deal. Most troubling is that he possesses a sample proving someone is selling high-grade tempo under the name “flipside.” Sacristán’s assurances are met with skepticism, along with Kaz’s promise that the Ring will get to the bottom of the matter and find out whether the Cartel is involved or not.

Sacristán is high up enough in the cartel’s hierarchy to realize that the Olaya’s mysterious source may be involved—though what their interest in undercutting the cartel might be eludes her. After consulting with her boss, Sacristán has Záfón contact a fixer to hire local runners to investigate the matter. (*Flipside*, p. 96)

Though the outcome of the investigation produces more questions than answers, it does appease the Komun’go and bring them back to the negotiating table—or so it seems. In truth, **Chulsoon Gray-Wolf** is having second thoughts.

The pervasive and massive appeal of tempo does not go unnoticed in the Seattle underworld. BTL profits have taken a sudden drop to the latest flavor, particularly upsetting the Yakuza and the Mafia, both of whom have now discovered the Seoulpa Ring’s involvement. With the Yakuza now fully invested in the drug war, Gray-Wolf drags out negotiations in the hopes of buying time to cut his losses, much to the consternation of both the Olaya delegation and Yakamura.

Given the escalating gang violence in Seattle and the delays, Sacristán places some runners on retainer. Besides the odd shadow-run, they’re also to handle escort and bodyguarding duties for the rest of the delegation’s stay in Seattle. Uribe has his own security detail, so they’re to accompany Sacristán on fact-gathering missions or to take care of red tape (trips to the Amazonian consulate on Council Island, for instance), or babysit Rhys when he takes a night on the town.

Bigger Trouble

When Kaz Yakamura discovers Gray-Wolf’s plans—the hard way (see p. 78)—he comes to Uribe and Sacristán with his own plan to force Gray-Wolf to play ball. If the Olaya are willing to finance the hit (it’s too high profile for Kaz to fund out of his own pocket), Yakamura will contract deniable assets to kill two high-ranking Yakuza. He will ensure the Shotozumi-gumi is made aware that a member of the Komun’go is responsible (but not before implicating the Mob to bring them into the fray and divide the Yakuza’s forces). The targets are the Shotozumi-gumi’s senior *sokaiya* (accountant), and the oyabun of the Kenran-kai. This will make Gray-Wolf’s compromise untenable and force his hand.

Uribe approves of the audacity of the plan. He does not want the PacRim tour to start with such a huge setback. He agrees to finance the hit and leaves the details to Sacristán and Yakamura.

When the hit succeeds, Gray-Wolf really has no choice but to forge ahead with the deal; the alternative is to see his organization destroyed by the furious Shotozumi-gumi. He quickly agrees to Uribe’s terms and promises to a payment of eight million nuyen upon delivery of the first shipment of tempo.

The transaction takes place at the KondOrchid facility in

TOKYO FIREWORKS

Kaz Yakamura’s hit is outlined in the adventure framework *Tokyo Fireworks* (p. 81) in the previous chapter. One possible plot bridge is that Kaz brings in his now-regular team to do the job, and arranges for them to leave town with Sacristán until the dust settles. Alternatively, characters who started playing **The Source** and are on retainer with the Olaya Cartel may find themselves “loaned out” to Yakamura—though for this operation they will undoubtedly get a big bonus.

Urgent Message...

Everett with the Olaya delegation, their security detail, and any runners on retainer present, as well as the leaders of the Komun’go. Runners who haven’t realized it yet will be faced with the fact that they are at the heart of the tempo trade in Seattle when they are told to guard several kilobricks of rainbow-colored crystals. After the exchange, Uribe will retire briefly to the Gates Undersound hotel and then leave the same evening on a flight to Hong Kong.

If Sacristán is pleased with a runner team’s performance or if they have been vouched for by Yakamura, she will offer them work with the delegation on its PacRim tour—they should be out of town for at least two months; their travel expenses and any (false) documentation needed will be provided. If they accept, they will have only a few hours to collect their luggage and belongings to fly to Hong Kong on a KO charter flight.

ALLIES, ANTAGONISTS AND OTHERS

For a guide to the various groups, individuals, and interests involved in the Seattle free-for-all refer to pp. 52–58. The following sections add two groups to the explosive mix. Keep in mind that each group has specific agendas. Within some groups, not all factions may be involved or even aware of what is happening.

The Olaya Delegation

The leader of the Olaya “delegation” for the tour of the PacRim is **Henry “The Diplomat” Uribe** (p. 56). Henry Uribe is one of the powers behind the Olaya cartel and frequently acts as an ambassador for the Ghost Cartels in general, making deals and smoothing the way for whatever is currently foremost on their agenda. His current mission is to establish partnerships with local distributors and hammer out the best possible tempo deals for the Cartel.

Second-in-command is **María Fyolek García Sacristán** (p. 119), Henry Uribe’s right-hand woman. She is the expeditor in charge of seeing that the Olaya delegation gets to where they are going, sees the people they need to see, has someplace to sleep and eat while they are there, hires local assets, and in every other way moves things along. As the campaign arc plays out, Sacristán should come off as a tough but fair Johnson—if the characters develop some empathy for her, even better, as their loyalties will be put to the test towards the end.

The characters will be hired and act under the direct supervision of Sacristán during this campaign; they will have little or no direct contact with Uribe—and that is intentional. The Diplomat

THE SOURCE



SWEPT UP BY EVENTS

Gamemasters should take care when adapting these campaign tracks to their own campaigns, as it is very easy to fall into the trap of railroad-ing players. It is not essential to the enjoyment of the story arc that players hit every event; canny players will find solutions that skip some events to reach the climax earlier, and that's okay. Gamemasters should not feel obliged to play every adventure framework in the order in which they are presented, or feel constrained from adding plot twists and events. The frameworks presented in *The Source* simply highlight important junctures during the Olaya delegation's stay in each metroplex, which usually extends for a matter of weeks.

While the plot assumes that the characters will fall in with the Olaya delegation, particularly Sacristán, the players and the gamemaster can spin this any number of ways. Groups that prefer their characters not rub elbows with such powerful drug lords could be employed and interact only through intermediaries, especially fixers and Johnsons with whom the player characters are already acquainted.

Players that would normally balk at an invitation to get out of town following the hit on Toju Shotozumi might give the offer more thought if a local Johnson asks them to go to Hong Kong for a one-off gig. Short of blackmail (which the Olaya delegation might resort to if they think the shadowrunners know too much; a particular favorite is kidnapping family members) or force, there is little way to get the player characters from one sprawl to the next if they really don't want to go—and players forced to do something they don't want won't have any fun and might spoil the mood for everyone.

Another option for players who don't want to take their characters to new sprawls—or who, because of injuries or some other reason, cannot follow—is to create new characters in those sprawls who are hired by Sacristán to fill in. Such a character might even be a contact or friend-of-a-friend of the players' original characters.

Remember, the most important thing is to have fun.

has his own loyal security detail and will not be bothered dealing with the “hired help.”

Jorge Rhys (p. 119) is a brilliant parachemist who specializes in Awakened narcotics. Rhys' job is to explain the details of preparing raw tempo into a street-level product to local alchemists, to study its interactions with other drugs and long-term effects on addicts, to supervise purity testing during negotiations, and to brew things up as necessary.

Urgent Message...

Jorge Rhys is technically the next-ranking Cartel member after Sacristán, but if command ever devolved to him, the whole delegation is circling the drain anyway. He'll expect the shadowrunners to do as he tells them to, but he won't be able to enforce any orders he gives them if the shadowrunners decide to blow him off. After all, Sacristán is the one paying them.

Laésa

A relatively new player on the Seattle scene this “ethnic” syndicate arose from the insular Elven communities in Tarislar (Puyallup). Its name stands for “The Forgotten,” and it is well-connected among the Sinsearach tribe in the Salish-Shidhe. Its main focuses so far have been smuggling specialized goods from the Tir and talislegging, though it has been developing a sideline in drugs, primarily the laés variant known as leäl.

While the Laésa's involvement with the plot is incidental, at least one of the group's dealers, a weasel by the name of **Smalls** (p. 122), is involved in pushing a home-cut variant of tempo—though he doesn't seem to be buying it from any of the Olaya's partners. The rest of the outfit is unaware of Smalls' sideline but would be interested in finding out.

Smalls' source provides a potential clue for players that there is something far more complex and sinister to the tempo trade than meets the eye—though exactly what isn't revealed in this plot arc.

SEATTLE ADVENTURE FRAMEWORK

Blood is flowing on the streets of Seattle and tempo sales are rocketing as the Olaya entourage arrives to seal the deal with the Komun'go. The Yakuza and the Mafia have just joined the fray, and Lone Star is finding it increasingly hard to crackdown on the source of the problem—strictly speaking, tempo is not illegal.

Unfortunately for the Olaya representatives, not everything goes their way. Rumors are spreading that there is another source of tempo in town, one not controlled by the Komun'go. That ominous development causes tensions between the partners.

FLIPSIDE

Tempo is the drug that everyone wants, but only the Komun'go have—or do they? Reports of Laesa dealers in Tarislar selling a drug called “Flipside,” apparently identical to tempo, raises trust issues in the Ring's fledgling relationship with the Olaya cartel. A vital part of the agreement between the Seoulpa Ring and the Ghost Cartel is that the Komun'go gets the exclusive on tempo distribution in Seattle; this monopoly lets them set the price for the drug and control its purity.

When Kaz Yakamura, the Komun'go lieutenant in charge of tempo sales, discovers that an elf dealer for the Laésa is pushing flipside derms along with his pixie dust, he confronts Sacristán. Relations between the Komun'go Ring and the Olaya cartel hit a snag. Lab tests confirm that the product really is pure tempo and not a lookalike.

Sacristán wants the matter resolved before Uribe arrives in the next couple of days and decides to find out where and how the elf got the tempo—and put him out of business. Yakamura promises that he too will be looking into the matter.



Setup

The shadowrunners' normal fixer lays the job out for them in his or her "office." His client prefers total anonymity; all negotiations will be handled by the fixer. The job is a relatively simple investigation/snatch. The target is a dealer, an elf scumbag called **Smalls** (p. 122), who works the clubs in Tarislar and the Elven District pushing flipside derms. The mission is to find out where Smalls is getting his product from and bring the person responsible to the Johnson. The fixer tells them that the Komun'go Ring is also involved, which could complicate things. Wherever Smalls is getting his product, the Johnson wants to know before the Scoulpa Rings do.

Payment is a flat 6,000 nuyen per runner, half in advance; this can be bargained up to 8,000 per runner, but time is of the essence. Any or all of the payment can also be in tempo if the runners desire. The fixer can provide the contact of an armorer who can supply the team with non-lethal weaponry or restraining devices, though the cost comes out of their final payment.

To contact and receive instructions from the Johnson, the fixer will provide the team leader an encrypted microtransceiver (Rating 6, Encrypt 6)—the microtransceiver receives data from a transducer and recreates words using a synthesized voice, stymieing any attempt at identifying the person making the call. As far as the runners or anyone else listening know, it could be anyone on the other end giving them orders. The runners can negotiate for more details (which the fixer doesn't have) or more pay (use Negotiation Tests) as normal.

Event 1

Finding Smalls requires good, old-fashioned legwork. The best contacts are bartenders, elven gangers, and tempo addicts in Puyallup; shadowrunners with connections to the Laésa or Lone Star's narcotics division might have an easier time finding him, though they'll have to bribe their contacts to give up the goods. Shadowrunners lacking these contacts can look for likely suspects in Tarislar or the Elven District and use either force or nuyen to get some information, or even pretend to be a buyer looking to score. Hackers might be able to pull Smalls' file from Lone Star; he has a criminal SIN (real name: Francis Lincoln), known associates listing him as a Laésa dealer, and a list of known hangouts in Tarislar and the Elven District, particularly a club called **The Daisy Chain** (p. 98)

Shadowrunners that take too long or are especially loud in their investigations might attract the attention of members of the Laésa, the Komun'go Ring or the Yakuza, all of whom are looking for Smalls as well. Toughs from any of these organization might corner a lone runner who is interrogating a contact to find out what the runners have found out or to simply warn them off.

Event 2

Most nights, Smalls cruises by The Daisy Chain at about midnight, gets a drink at the bar, and heads into the unisex bathroom for an hour to deal. The AR work is the artsy Elven Gothic crap that appeals to the middle and upper-class elves and poseurs that frequent the club, but the acts on stage have been getting progressively darker and more violent, drawing a livelier crowd. Tonight, a European all-elf hardcore band from Pomorya (AGS) is really tearing it up; the leader songstress is using her fang implants to tear into some bloody steak and spit blood at the crowd.

ON THE PAYROLL

Shadowrunners "on retainer" can expect not only a healthy payout at the end of their travel and travails (which can be increased with Negotiation Tests and good work) but also accommodations, travel expenses, and a cost-of-living stipend for food and small items of gear such as appropriate clothing and ammunition. An easy way to handle this is a small online credit account tied to the runner's SIN (real or fake); a typical daily rate is 200¥ in walk-around money, which can be negotiated higher. The daily stipend is a great way to reward or penalize player characters for their actions; a character that gets drunk and falls asleep during guard duty might wake up to find themselves reduced to 15¥ a day—about enough for three meals of fried noodles from the corner StufferShack. To prevent abuse, the gamemaster can rule any cred left in the account at the end of the day is returned to the central account, essentially giving characters a spend-it-or-lose-it maxim.

Retained shadowrunners might also expect their employers to fish them out of certain difficult situations, such as jail or the hospital. However, the cost for any rescue operation, bribes, or hospital fees will come directly out of the shadowrunner's pay—and if the shadowrunner is more trouble than they are worth, Uribe will threaten to leave them to rot. Shadowrunners are also expected to stay in contact; the microtransceiver from the first Seattle adventure of this story arc is a good mechanism, or hacker characters might want to rig up a secure commlink or something else on their own.

Finally, shadowrunners in long-term employment should realize that their duties will typically go beyond what they normally consider "shadowruns." They will be assigned courier work for the delegation, intelligence gathering for Sacristán, babysitting Rhys, as well as any specific missions that are ordered. Considering that they'll be employed for several weeks with the big payoff at the very end (or smaller payoffs at weekly intervals), it behooves them to take care that their employers survive long enough to pay them. Essentially, the shadowrunners have a vested interest in seeing the Olaya delegation through each metroplex relatively whole and successful, which they can be reminded of if their loyalty starts to wane.

This makes a nice cover for interrogating Smalls in the bathroom. A group of Komun'go Stand Over Men (p. 88) are getting ready to vivisect Smalls and put his bagged organs in little coolers of dry ice, one at a time, until he gives up his supplier. The shadowrunners arrive to find the bathroom door locked and hear muffled

Urgent Message...

THE SOURCE

THE DAISY CHAIN (TARISLAR, PUYALLUP)

A struggling nightclub that's found its niche, The Daisy Chain is a hotbed for drug dealing and elven interests. Dark and dingy, the owners have invested instead on a heavy Elven Gothic AR that seems to appeal to the slumming elven brats and wannabes that frequent the club. It's slowly but surely gaining a certain reputation and it is drawing an edgier and more dangerous crowd in recent times. As with many such clubs, tempo is *it* in a big way and the atmosphere at the weekly live gigs is becoming rowdier and drawing bigger crowds.

Several dealers and elven shadow ops work out of the backrooms of The Daisy Chain and it's the perfect place to contact members of Laésa or tap into what's going on in Tarislar.

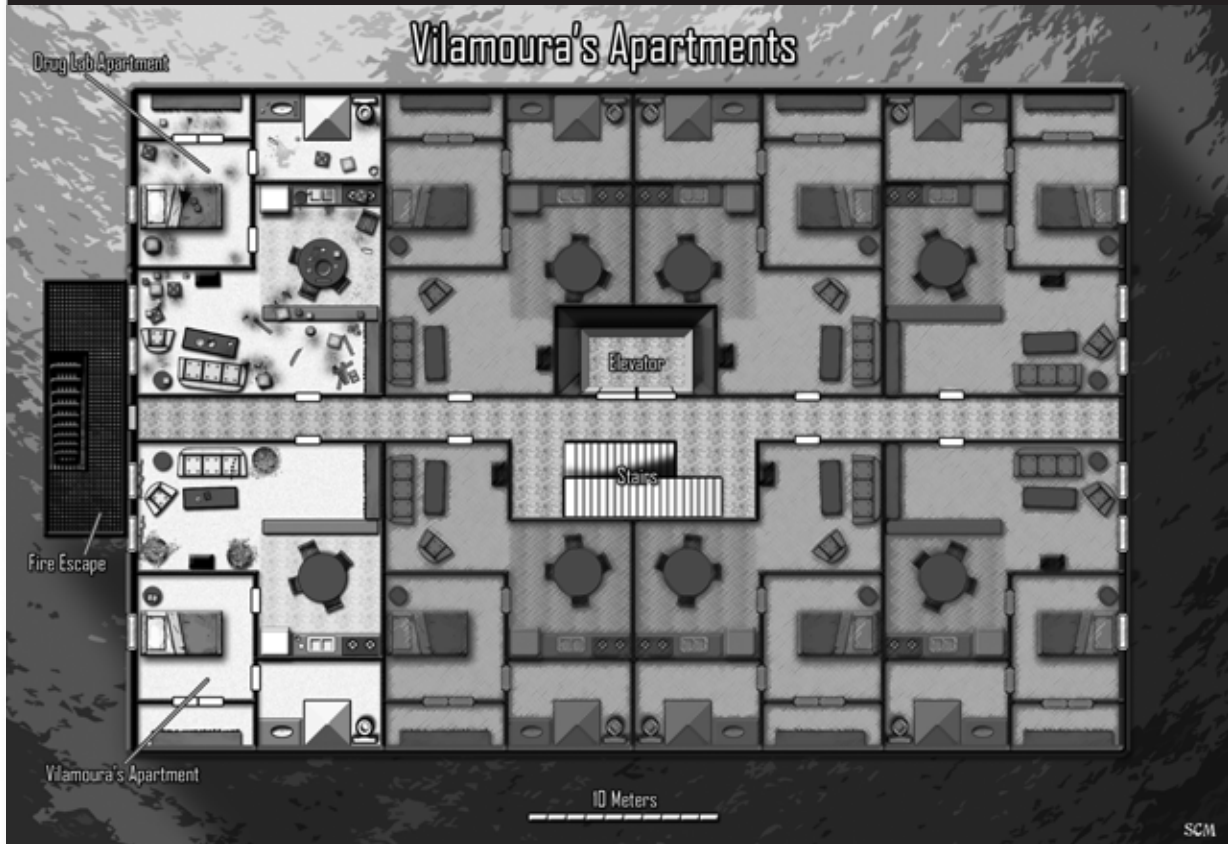
Smalls is a regular and pays the two bouncers and the barkeep to watch his six. Though no one really likes the little weasel, they'll message him about any suspicious parties asking for him, and will buy him enough time to make his escape out of the window in the back bathroom. Smalls keeps a Horizon Revolution parked round back.

VILAMOURA'S APARTMENT BUILDING (ISSAQUATH, RENTON)

Vilamoura (a middling aide at the Amazonian consulate on Council Island) rents two separate apartments, opposite one another, at the end of a corridor on the fourth floor of a late twentieth-century apartment block in Renton. One looks like what you would expect of a middle-wage public servant, more colorful and green than most. Vilamoura is trying, without much success, to bring a little of home (Amazonia) to gray Seattle and has a number of potted plants and colorful drapes.

The apartment across the hall mirrors the first one's single bedroom, kitchen, bathroom, and living room arrangement. However, it has been converted into a makeshift tempo drug lab (think homemade meth-lab). The kitchen and bathroom are cluttered with drug-making equipment and paraphernalia. This is where Vilamoura cooks his tempo drugs and prepares the derms. Small boxes and courier packages are strewn all over the living room, and the bedroom is a similar mess. The place is a fire hazard.

Urgent Message...



screams from inside; it's up to them whether they want to interfere or wait and try to get the information from the Komun'go.

If the team does save him, Smalls will gladly tell them all he knows in exchange for a quick trip to a street doc; if the runners are too late and Smalls and/or the Komun'go are dead, a raid on his Tarislar apartment might give them enough clues to continue.

It turns out that Smalls buys his flipside from **José Vilamoura**

(p. 122), an elf who works at the Amazonian consulate on Council Island. According to Smalls, José claims to get his stuff from an Amazonian connection, a bag man for the Olaya cartel who's been skimming a little off the top and sending it up north in diplomatic pouches a half-key at a time. Only José knows whether this is true or not; the shadowrunners can find him at his Renton flat.





Climax

If the runners call the new information in to their mysterious Johnson, the synthesized voice will ask them if at all possible to subdue and capture rather than kill Vilamoura and to call in for a delivery point.

Upon arriving at **Vilamoura's apartment building**, they will find a pair of conspicuous armored black sedans double parked outside the building and two Yakuza *kumi-in* guarding the steps to the front door. The Kenran-kai soldiers will ignore them unless they approach, in which case they'll warn them off rather than getting into a fight on the street. If they become suspicious, they will let the runners pass, then message a warning ahead so the rest of the hitmen can ambush the runners as they arrive in the elevator or come up the stairs.

Upstairs, the five *kumi-in* (**Chikao Inoue's Yakuza soldiers**, p. 89) have caught Vilamoura in his own apartment and are torturing him. They believe he is somehow connected to the main tempo trade and are trying to pry his source out of him, despite his apparent lack of consciousness. The arrival of the runners provides the ideal distraction, however, and Vilamoura rises like a man possessed (p. 123)—literally, for an astral viewer will see a strange and powerful plant-like spirit enveloping his aura in vines. The elf easily flings his torturer against a wall and flees across the hall before the Yakuza can recover. He bursts through the door into his second apartment, where he processes raw tempo in his kitchenette.

The chemical smell here is overpowering. Most metahumans will need a respirator to get close to the stove area, which is covered with derm-manufacturing gear, stains, and burn marks. The possessed Vilamoura will try to set fire to the volatile contents of his makeshift tempo lab or, failing that, get himself killed—taunting and fighting his attackers with inhuman strength. Elemental effect spells, firearms, or anything more volatile than a narcoject dart is liable to cause a chemical fire.

If the runners can overcome the Yakuza soldiers and somehow capture Vilamoura before the spirit forces him to kill himself, the spirit will abandon the body and leave Vilamoura slumped unconscious on the floor. Should a character try to banish the spirit they will find they are unable to—this is a powerful free spirit.

If they succeed before Vilamoura torches his tempo lab, two kilos of raw tempo—worth 60,000 nuyen to any drug dealer or fixer—can be scraped together in José's kitchenette.

Epilogue

If the runners failed to recover Vilamoura but can prove he is dead, their fixer will pay them half the outstanding amount. If the team has Vilamoura or his body, however, Sacristán will be impressed. They're asked to bring him, bound and gagged (if alive), to the Gethsemane cemetery.

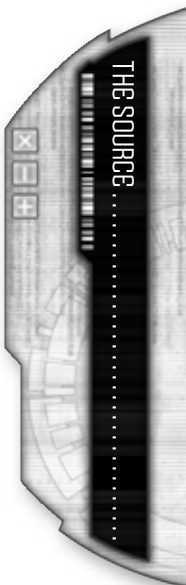
When they arrive, they find a small group including Chulsoon Gray-Wolf and Kaz Yakamura of the Komun'go Seoulpa Ring (who they may or may not know), a distinguished older Latin gentleman, a petite Latina woman, and a few bodyguards—standing near a freshly dug grave; José's name is on the tombstone. The Latina woman walks over to them and thanks them. The voice on the microtransceiver follows her own a split second later as she speaks. She introduces herself as Sacristán and tells the runners a bonus will definitely be in order when they settle up later.

While Sacristán debriefs them, the Latin man (Uribe), Gray-Wolf and Yakamura drag Vilamoura aside to interrogate him if he's still alive—José will blubber incoherently unable to explain or recollect anything about his tempo dealing (both magic and technology will verify this is true since he was "under the influence" when preparing and dealing flipside—he does not even recollect renting the flat opposite his own).

If Vilamoura is dead, the three men will simply confer for a moment and seem to come to an agreement. If he is alive, Uribe will tell the runners to shoot the elf in the head, make sure he's dead, and then bury him. If they don't comply, Uribe looks surprised by their scruples, then kicks Vilamoura into the grave—the elf hits his head against the tombstone as he falls, leaving a red smear. Uribe draws a gold-plated gun and shoots him twice, after which everyone except Sacristán leaves. She'll pay the team after they finish filling the hole. If there are any tempo addicts among the runners, Sacristán will slip a couple full disposable syringes into their pocket before they leave.

Sequels

By this point, the shadowrunners have a better inkling of where tempo comes from than almost anyone else in Seattle—and the Olaya delegation is well aware of that fact. If the team has proved useful, the Olaya will want to keep them close—if the runners have been at all squeamish or show signs of betrayal, Sacristán will order their execution. Particularly savvy (and ballsy) players



might manage to fake Vilamoura's death or mislead the Komun'go Ring and the Olaya cartel about the second source; if so, they're in prime position to make a lot of nuyen undercutting the Komun'go Ring, at least for a little while.

SEATTLE SPIN-OFFS AND SIDEJOBS

- Pharmacology grad students at the University of Seattle have begun to investigate tempo's side effects. At Jorge Rhys' request, Sacristán instructs the runners to get copies of their data and off the troublesome students.
- The ability of the Komun'go Ring to pay for their product is of primary importance to the Olaya cartel, which has invested significant time, nuyen, and effort into the Seattle deal. Once Gray-Wolf is forced to agree to the Olaya's terms, the first payment and delivery is scheduled for the very next day. The cost will nearly drain the Komun'go's coffers—they can't afford for anything to go wrong.
- Unfortunately, the Komun'go men are spotted entering the Bryn Mawr Credit Union in Downtown Seattle to pick up the certified credsticks for the Olaya payment. A Halloween gangster figures something big is up and gathers a flashmob of his cohorts to ambush the Komun'go as they leave the bank—fortunately, Sacristán leaves nothing to chance. The runners are at hand to make sure no one interrupts the Seoulpa Ring's payment.

HONG KONG: SMOKE ON THE STREETS

In Hong Kong, the Olaya delegation will get to witness the effectiveness of their product in a competitive market as the sprawl is already the home of thousands of addicts to another Awakened drug, red orchid. The sudden introduction of tempo will resurrect a feud between two of the great Triads in Hong Kong, sparking a price war and a tide of violence that will peak at the Kowloon Massacre. The Hong Kong underworld will feel the shockwaves for years to come.

WHAT'S GOING ON IN HONG KONG

The Black Chrysanthemums and the Komun'go Ring fulfill similar roles in Hong Kong and Seattle. Both have dealings with an international organlegging organization called Tamanous. Henry Uribe secured an introduction to the Black Chrysanthemums through the Komun'go Ring's Tamanous connections, and Sacristán went ahead of him to work out the details of the deal and prepare the way, the same way she did in Seattle.

Unlike Seattle, Hong Kong already has a strong purveyor of BADs in the form of the Smoke Circle Society, a Triad that deals in an Awakened opiate called red orchid. There is some historical bad blood between the Black Chrysanthemums and the Smoke Circle Society. The Black Chrysanthemums are therefore very amenable to the Olaya cartel's terms. Uribe is very interested in the situation in Hong Kong; while Seattle proves that tempo can be successfully retailed, Hong Kong already has a comparable product on the streets. Hong Kong is, effectively, the first market test of the drug.

Uribe's first move when he arrives in Hong Kong is to meet with the Black Chrysanthemum representative, a Sin Fung named **Hak** (p. 121). After formalities are over, Hak brings Uribe up to speed on the situation; the BAD red orchid is the main challenger to tempo's popularity in Hong Kong.

STARTING IN HONG KONG

The Source track assumes that the player characters are accompanying the Olaya delegation from Seattle and are familiar with at least one or two of the prominent members of the Olaya cartel. Gamemasters whose home campaign is set in Hong Kong might choose to start with the following adventure frameworks instead, in which case they'll need to introduce the player characters to the Olaya delegation as things go on. The circumstance of the *Flipside* framework can also be easily adapted to Hong Kong, though the presence of other BADs will steal some of the thunder from a second distributor of tempo.

Alternately, the shadowrunners might be asked to go to Seattle for a job and fall in with the Olaya envoys there—this would give added motivation to the player characters to accompany the Olaya back to Hong Kong, but getting them to leave again might take some convincing.

Urgent Message...

Price War

Unlike the young and ambitious Seoulpa Rings, the inscrutable powers-that-be behind the Black Chrysanthemums Triad have a full market strategy for tempo. Fronting forty million nuyen, the Triad is going to flood the streets with tempo, undercutting their rivals in the Smoke Circle Society and luring away customers. As insurance, they intend to intercept the Smoke Circle's next shipment from the Golden Triangle, causing product shortage and hopefully a spike in price—creating the perfect breathing room for the Black Chrysanthemums to flood the market with tempo.

The Black Chrysanthemums know that a street war is inevitable. They are already making preparations to defend their key processing and distribution centers and scoping out the targets for their counterattacks. Their plan is that the other Triad will be caught off-guard and unprepared to fight.

As a gesture of good will, Uribe offers the service of the delegation's troubleshooters-on-retainer. As *gwailo* (foreigners), this would afford the Triad greater deniability and play on the Smoke Circle's paranoia that some other force is involved. Hak agrees to the offer and provides Sacristán with all the intel he has gathered on the incoming shipment. Sacristán briefs her runners and hires an independent pirate ship through local fixers for the op. The shipment is successfully intercepted, but not entirely as planned. (*Retributive First Strike*, p. 103)

After this initial success, Uribe takes the Chrysanthemum's invitation to tour their operation in neighboring Macao for a few days, leaving Sacristán to monitor the Hong Kong situation. Jorge Rhys, the Olaya delegation paracheimist, is interested in studying the emerging "drug artist" scene and the effects of mixing red orchid and tempo, and will stay with her in Hong Kong. Runners on retainer are to ensure both of them are secure. Keeping Rhys out of trouble while he pokes his nose where it isn't wanted is a full-time job.

While Uribe is away, the Smoke Circle Society decides to counterattack in an unexpected manner—by dropping the price on red orchid to undercut the Black Chrysanthemums. This ignites a price war, with each Triad trying to undermine the other, even to the point of cutting the purity of the product. By the time Uribe returns a week later, the price war has already developed new angles: chembrokers have sprung up tracking the prices, quantity, and quality of different drugs—principally tempo and red orchid, but also other mundane and Awakened drugs. These middlemen keep in constant contact with the gangs distributing for the different Triads and quickly gain considerable influence and connections within the metroplex. International and local media also start to take a serious interest in the tempo trade, bringing unwanted attention to the evolving Hong Kong situation.

Bullets and Drugs

As the situation on the streets continues to get bleaker, the relentless eye of the media suddenly focuses on the high-profile tempo overdose of Executive Council member Diego Mangabat. Similar situations in other sprawls throw tempo into the public eye and push legislatures into action.

Perhaps more disturbingly, and of profound interest to the Olaya delegation, addicts and lower-tier gangs are mixing the highly-impure tempo and red orchid together, sometimes with other mundane drugs. The University of Hong Kong has taken this to new heights with a sudden spurt of drug artists, who make a name for themselves crafting truly brainbending “splices.” In the tempestuous drug-fueled underworld, the chembrokers compete to recruit these “drug artists” and monopolize their splices.

Back at the wholesaler level, each Black Chrysanthemums and Smoke Circle Society gang has a fortified building where their drugs are processed and distributed rather than individual pushers on the streets; addicts come to the buildings to buy what they need, forcing the competing Triads to snipe at the heavily-armed and armored delivery teams that bring fresh drugs in. Despite their earlier preparations, the two Triads are fairly easily matched; the Smoke Circle Society has a shorter route to their source but cannot match the volume produced by the Olaya cartel.

Hostilities between the Black Chrysanthemums and the Smoke Circle Society escalate to the point that both sides are

using wasted addicts with simple weapons as additional guards on their storehouses; this practice culminates in a massive raid on the Black Chrysanthemum principle distribution center in Kowloon Walled City. The Smoke Circle Society attempts to arm waves of addicts to overcome the entrenched Black Chrysanthemum’s positions, who react by sending their own addicts out to deal with them, enhanced with hoarded combat drugs. The Hong Kong Police Force quickly responds by sealing off Kowloon Walled City, letting the addicts fight to the death for their fixes (*The Kowloon Massacre*, p. 105).

Unfortunate timing, however, means Sacristán, Rhys and the runners providing security for them are caught inside when the siege occurs. The Black Chrysanthemums survive the bloody assault and the event becomes known as the Kowloon Massacre. After a narrow escape, the increased media spotlight and law enforcement attention prompts the Olaya envoys to move on to the next stop: Neo-Tokyo.

FLASHPOINT: HONG KONG FREE ENTERPRISE ZONE

The Hong Kong Free Enterprise Zone (HKFEZ) is one of the many splinter states resulting from the fracture of China: an independent corporate-controlled island port at the mouth of the Pearl River on the South China Sea, right across from the boisterous Macao.

Known both for its pervasive corporate influence and the strong Triad presence, the Hong Kong Free Enterprise Zone is administered by the Board of Governors. The Board groups local corporations and megacorporate subsidiaries who elect an eight-member Executive Council to run the body of government and hand out contracts for law enforcement and other city services. Rather than being staffed entirely by skills and yes-men of a single corporation, the members of the Executive Council typically hold allegiance to a consortium of corporations with similar interests who cooperate to see them elected.

The corporations, in turn, are happy to subsidize the government in exchange for access to the strategic port and free enterprise zone in an area otherwise dominated by the oppressive Canton Confederation. These corporate forces have engendered rebellion in the form of the 9x9 group, a home-grown terrorist network with ties to Chinese superstition and numerology. The binding social fabric of Hong Kong is *guanxi*, which represents the street cred, notoriety, and web of contacts that bind citizens together.

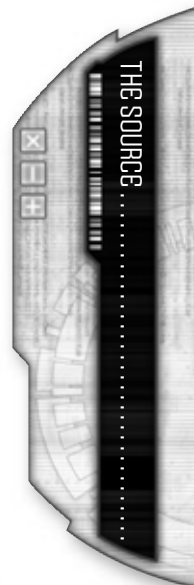
Supercharged Qi

With a climate bordering on the tropical, subject to tsunamis and earthquakes, the local residents of all social classes give credence and support to *feng shui*, the Chinese art of manipulating the supernatural *qi* that runs through the sprawl from the mountains to the sea. Indeed, Hong Kong’s magical landscape is sometimes readily apparent to its denizens, especially around the prominent Wuxing Tower, home of the Wu clan and headquarters of the Wuxing Corporation. The tower has been the focus of many geomantic battles between local corporations and has occasionally manifested an astral shallow for some distance. On the darker side of Hong Kong is the hive of wretchedness known as Kowloon Walled City, a ghetto of impoverished immigrants and

SIDEJOBS AND RUNNING ERRANDS

Given that the shadowrunners are making a healthy living working for the Olaya cartel, their handlers don’t expect for them to moonlight. Still, this doesn’t mean that Sacristán might not loan the shadowrunners out to client syndicates as it suits her needs, or have them run any one of dozens of possible errands. These sidejobs and errands are a great way for gamemasters to expose players to the ins and outs of the underworld in different sprawls, the realities of the tempo boom on the streets, or to incorporate further adventures and plot twists into the central campaign.

Urgent Message...



FACTS AT A GLANCE: HONG KONG

Population: 9,450,000+

Human: 68%

Elf: 9%

Dwarf: 2%

Ork: 19%

Troll: 2%

Other: 1%

Population Density: 7000+ per square kilometer

Per Capita Income: 16,000¥

Population Below Poverty Level: 38%

Corporate-Affiliated Population: 47%

Hospitals: 34 **Doc Wagon clinics:** 9

Felonious Crime Rate: 33 per 1,000 per annum

Urgent Message...

human refuse whose misery, violence, and despair have attracted supernatural predators and scavengers known as the Yomi Kings.

Smoke and Mirrors

The corporations may rule the government, the courts, and the port, but the streets belong to Hong Kong's Triads, which number among them some of the most vast and powerful organizations in the world, with chapters from Seattle to Vladivostok to London.

Several of the Triads shroud themselves in traditional rituals, binding oaths, and mystical ceremonies to ensure the loyalty of their members. Indeed, a new phenomena known as the "bleeding oath" has swept the local underworld, causing police informants and betrayers to die agonizing deaths as they literally bleed out. Hong Kong's many smaller gangs struggle and compete among themselves, often violently, joining the existing Triad organizations or attempting to found their own.

Most influential of these Triads are the **Red Dragon Association**, said to be backed by the Great Dragon Lung; the **Ten Thousand Lions**, critical in Hong Kong's BTL industry; the mysterious **Black Chrysanthemums**, organleggers and worse; the democratic **289s** or "Easy Money Gang;" and the **Smoke Circle Society**, source of the Awakened narcotic red orchid.

ALLIES, ANTAGONISTS AND OTHERS

The following section profiles some of the major and minor factions involved in *The Source* campaign arc. Further information on Hong Kong, its geography, factions, and Triads can be found in the *Runner Havens* sourcebook.

Black Chrysanthemums

A relative newcomer to Hong Kong from neighboring Macao, the Black Chrysanthemums do the bulk of their business in human trafficking and organlegging. They claim the worst slums in Hong Kong as their territory—areas that few of the other Triads seek to contest. Even amid Triads, the Black Chrysanthemums have a reputation for ruthlessness; the mystical bleeding oaths that new members must take cause traitors to die swiftly and painfully from massive internal bleeding.

The Black Chrysanthemums and the Smoke Circle Society have been rivals in dealing BADs, particularly the Awakened opiate known as red orchid. The feud was eventually settled at the insistence of the other major Triads, with the Black Chrysanthemums retaining distribution in Macao and the Smoke Circle Society taking over dealing in Hong Kong—all in all, the Black Chrysanthemums got the short end of the stick.

The Black Chrysanthemum leadership shrouds itself in mystery. No one knows who their leaders are except for the Sin Fung (vanguard) **Huk**, who organizes the takeover and absorption of lesser gangs into the Triad's ranks. Huk, whose name means "cruel" or "carve" in Cantonese, is a thirty-ish veteran of Macao's brothel gangs. He earned his scarred visage from a toxic razorback boar he killed with only a knife. He prefers clothing that suggests the tradition and formality someone of his rank and position should hold—not least because it gives him ample room to hide the weapons he has on his possession at all times. Huk is said to be the only man that can walk safely in the Kowloon Walled City; few of the residents are suicidal enough to trouble him, and he takes pleasure in making examples out of the ones who do.

Smoke Circle Society

This well-established Triad has the most extensive connections with the Golden Triangle drug trade of any of the Triads, including dealing with the Southeast Asian druglord Kalokdam who provides them with red orchid. The Smoke Circles' other major operations are talislegging, illegal trade in animal body parts (for traditional Chinese medicine and other uses) and prostitution, the latter of which is linked to their drug trade—their whores are often runaways from out of town or were kidnapped from their families, then addicted to the Triad's drugs and trained for service.

The *Shan Chou* (head boss) of the Smoke Circles is eighty-year-old Hong Kong native **Shing Li Tai**, the Dragon Head. His Incense Master is the inscrutable **Xi Shi**, a Daoist alchemist and one of the most beautiful women in Hong Kong. Leading the war against the Black Chrysanthemums, however, will be the Dragon Head's deputy, **Xiao Shu**, a dwarf *Wu Fa* who has dealt personally with Kalokdam for years, and the Smoke Circles' *Sin Fung*, **Gēngchén**, the Metal Dragon, a martial artist known for his skill in the *Ars Cybernetica*, his dragon nanotattoos, and the many exotic weapons in his cyberarms.

Other Triads in Hong Kong

While the bulk of the action will take place between the Smoke Circles and the Black Chrysanthemums, other Triads in Hong Kong are also invested in the drug trade. All of them feel the effects of the growing street violence. The question is, who will make a move to take advantage of their competitors' tunnel vision and seize lucrative opportunities?

It is said that the Red Dragon Association enjoys the patronage of the Great Dragon Lung. Whether that's true or not, it is clear that the Red Dragons are the largest and most powerful of the five major Triads in the metroplex. With a complete lock on the gun-running trade into Hong Kong, the Red Dragons look to make a small fortune from the infighting between the Black Chrysanthemums and the Smoke Circles. Some of their

THE BLEEDING OATHS

It is an ancient tradition among the Triads that their newest members are initiated in a series of mystical rituals, during which they swear 39 oaths that confirm both their loyalty and the punishments they will suffer should they betray their brothers or inform on them to the police. Ever since the Awakening, it has been said that these oaths were actually enforced with some mystic power: a traitor might suffer an accident and fall on a box of bayonets (death of a thousand cuts) while in police custody, for example. Recently, however, some of the Triads—most notably the Ten Thousand Lions, the Red Dragon Association, and the Black Chrysanthemums—have begun to administer the so-called “Bleeding Oaths” which feature real, immediate, and fatal consequences for those members who break their oaths.

What this means to the shadowrunners is that many Triad members will go to nearly any length to avoid breaking their oaths, especially when it comes to revealing information about their Triad or even accepting a bribe to look the other way. Even if a shadowrunner successfully elicits some information from a Triad member, that informant will likely die in short order.

Urgent Message...

members might even try to provoke violent confrontations between the two groups.

The Ten Thousand Lions are a relatively new Triad with a grudge against the Red Dragon Association and links to both Wuxing and the Yellow Lotus Triad of Seattle. Of the Triads in Hong Kong, they are the most open to metahumans and the most involved in the trade of cheap BTLs, known as Kong chips, which they smuggle to Seattle and the rest of the PacRim. The Ten Thousand Lions face a serious financial hit with cheap Awakened drugs flooding the market, and may respond by dropping the prices of their already cheap brainbenders more.

The least of Hong Kong's Triads are the 289s, or Easy Money Gang. A more modern and innovative syndicate than their more tradition-bound forebears, the 289s have a relatively democratic inner circle with a representative from each of the larger member gangs. The Easy Money Gang dabbles in talislegging, but nothing close to the scale of the Smoke Circles. The conflict with the Black Chrysanthemums might be their chance to grab a bigger part of the pie. On the other hand, the 289s are much more likely to suffer attrition from gang violence and addiction than the other Triads.

HONG KONG ADVENTURE FRAMEWORKS

The Olaya delegation is in Hong Kong for almost three weeks. The following adventure frameworks spotlight important junctures in events, but represent only two of the plots runners may encounter while on retainer with the Olaya delegation. A few more plot seeds are offered at the end of this section.

RETRIBUTIVE FIRST STRIKE

The monthly four-hundred-kilo shipment of red orchid from Kalokdam's Golden Triangle fields is arriving in Hong Kong by boat. The Black Chrysanthemums want to prevent the Smoke Circle Society from getting the shipment in order to deplete their stores. They'd do it themselves, but they have to remain on friendly terms with Kalokdam since he supplies them with red orchid in Macao. Uribe has offered up the runners' service as a gesture of goodwill.

Setup

Sacristán brings the runners up to date in their suite at the Peninsula Hotel. An AR map of the South China Sea around Hong Kong, freshly purchased scuba gear, and the dull metal bulk of a magnetic limpet mine sinking into the feather mattress make the suite at the Peninsula Hotel look like a war room. The shipment is arriving on a small merchantman to an outlying island on the southern coast of Hong Kong. The player characters are to go out with a pirate crew, dive over the side during the night, attach the mine, and sink the vessel. Simple, right?

Shadowrunners that can't swim or dive will be equipped with skillsofts, or—if they don't have skillwires—given crash course lessons by ex-military divers in the Peninsula Hotel's indoor pool. Gamemasters may let players spend Karma to purchase the Swimming skill at this time. Player characters may also negotiate for reasonable implants appropriate to the job such as cyberfins or an OXSYS cybergill. Half the cost of these will be subtracted from the runner's fee and, due to time constraints, will be a maximum of alpha grade.

Event 1

Sacristán hires the *Pok Guy*, a refitted sixty-foot Harland and Wolff Classique yacht (p. 125), operated by Captain Teng. A veteran of the South China seas, the gracious Han smuggler is aware of the nature of the operation. If he finds the characters pliable, he will try to convince them to seize rather than sink the Smoke Circle vessel. His 6-man crew seems mostly Chinese—that is, each crew member is mostly Chinese, with a sprinkling of ethnic features from the rest of the world. The eight-man crew uses the Triad Posse stats (p. 276, SR4) but adds Swimming 3. Captain Teng uses the Triad Lieutenant stats (p. 276, SR4) with Swimming 3, Navigation 4, and Pilot (Watercraft) 4 instead of Feng Shui.

The crew will generally avoid talking to *gwailo* but will be amiable enough, pointing out interesting landmarks, going over the diving equipment with the team, and telling stories about underwater combat and pirates. This also a perfect occasion to learn more about the area's culture and major players.

It will take two days for the ship to arrive at the right place to intercept the cruiser. The crew's only job is to get the shadowrunners there and back again. During the course of the second day, the *Pok Guy* hits a squall and the runners are forced below decks. By night the worst is over; though heavy rain clouds still rule the skies, the seas are calmer—which Captain Teng says is good because they'll cover the moonlight and help prevent the runners from being seen.

Event 2

As they approach the merchantman's coordinates, the team will find it has veered off course and looks to be heading South-southwest of Hong Kong. Teng lays an intercept course. By the

THE SOURCE



night on the second day, amidst a heavy rain, the runners are geared up and dropped off the ship about 500 meters from their target (invisible in the tropical downpour except for its running lights).

The team are provided with 3 spear guns [harpoon gun, DV 6P, AP -1, SS, 1 bolt] and may take any waterproofed-weapons they possess. Their scuba suits include thermal dampening to help hide them. Because the ship will be in motion and the shadowrunners could never swim fast enough to catch up with it, the runners will be using metahuman torpedoes: torpedoes modified into underwater vehicles—stats as SeaDoo Bolts (p. 111, *Arsenal*) with Handling of -1 and only able to operate underwater.

The team will make their way to the target, use a hand-held millimeter-wave radar device to scan for a spot on the hull with enough metal to hold the mine, set it, and come back. An unexpected danger manifests as the characters near the vessel and detect a large school of sharks following the red orchid-laden freighter. The team will have to fight or finesse their way around the sharks to approach the merchantman and attach the mine.

Climax

Shadowrunners that choose to board the *Yinbe* for any reason—perhaps Captain Teng has talked them into stealing the extremely valuable load of red orchid—will be in for a surprise. In the pouring tropical rainfall, the ship is unnaturally quiet. Only the running lights are on; the bridge, crew quarters, and cargo hold are dark.

The crew has been killed and replaced by a gang of six shedim and one master shedim (p. 123) sometime in the last few days. The master shedim took the place of a *Yinbe* sailor and conceived a plan to make the ship his mobile base of operations. The survivors of the shedim's initial assault preferred the dangerous waters to the fate of their comrades—that's what attracted the sharks and why the ship is off-course.

Once the shedim realize they have been discovered, they will try their best to kill the characters and destroy the *Pok Guy*—they do not want their new home compromised. Fighting spirit-possessed zombies in the darkness of claustrophobic corridors or the rain-drenched cargo deck of the ship should be challenging and frightening. The characters could try jumping overboard, but the *Yinbe* will chase the *Pok Guy* and leave them marooned in the shark-infested waters of the South China Sea.

Captain Teng won't be able to help the runners fight, but if they take the ship, he'll help them guide it to Macao or Guangzhou and fence it and the red orchid (for half the take). If the runners blow Captain Teng off, the ship's Pilot system is set to take it in to a small island in the Philippines—a rigger or hacker character might be able to change the course or take control of the ship.

Sequels

Naturally, the shadowrunners are approached by other pirates on the way to their final destination; thugs on four speed boats armed with submachine guns, shotguns and a couple of pintle-mounted LMGs. Captain Teng's typical response is to let the boats get close and drop homemade grenades on them, but the runners can deal with the situation in whatever way they feel appropriate. If the runners start to get the worst of the battle, have the Macao Marine Authority show up and turn the tide on the pirates.



If the shadowrunners did well by the captain, Teng and his crew might be inclined to help them if the runners are ever in Hong Kong—or any other port that the captain might happen to be at. Capturing the ship and selling in Macao or Goang-zhou will net the runners up to half a million nuyen (or the equivalent in goods), but won't particularly endear them to the Olaya cartel or the Black Chrysanthemums—particularly if they chose Macao, where Henry Uribe is visiting, and word gets back to him.

After returning to Hong Kong, the runners can collect their bonus from Sacristán. She chides the runners if any of the scuba gear is lost or damaged; it turns out they were all rentals.

THE KOWLOON MASSACRE

A problem has cropped up when an apparently tainted batch of tempo arrives at the **Black Chrysanthemums' distribution center** (p. 106) in **Kowloon Walled City**. The runners are to escort Sacristán and Rhys to the site—they are provided with sashes that identify them as Black Chrysanthemums guests to the locals and warns them away.

While the group makes their way through the Kowloon maze, the Black Chrysanthemums receive intel that the Smoke Circle Society is launching a major assault against the center—they have promised a week's supply of drugs for each Chrysanthemum badge an addict brings back. The runners are escorting Sacristán and Jorge Rhys to that facility for a tour when the assault goes down and are caught in the building during the massacre.

Setup

Kowloon Walled City, the slum of the earth. The shadowrunners escort Sacristán and Jorge Rhys to the Black Chrysanthemums' main tempo processing and distribution facility to deal with a possible contamination issue.

Kowloon rivals the worst that the Barrens has to offer. Sounds are strangely muted and little light filters down the vertical canyons. The dim maze that passes for streets is littered with the detritus of humanity: vendors peddling unidentifiable foodstuffs and recycled wares; ragged clothes lines, trash and open air sewage; the elderly and poor making a meager living on recycling electronic trash; skeletal addicts, some slumped in poses of limp abandon, others staggering through stages of withdrawal.

In the blocks leading up to the tempo facility, the runners notice more weapons, more human refuse—a steady procession of addicts and gangers moving to and from the heart of the maze. The stronghold itself takes up four tenements forming a square with a small inner patio. Windows and doors on the first two floors are bricked up and the roads around it are blocked off by plascrete barriers manned by Black Chrysanthemum soldiers. They let the shadowrunners pass without trouble.

Hak, the Black Chrysanthemums' *Sin Fung*, is there to greet Sacristán, his scarred face twisted in a grim expression as he explains the impending attack.

Event 1

Outside the building, the team hears the first gunshots, followed by screams and the pounding of hundreds of feet. Hak has to organize the defense of the building and asks the runners for their assistance. Sacristán orders the runners to support the Triad's *Sze Kau* at the nearest checkpoint and to regroup at the

command center on the second floor if they cannot hold. Hak provides encryption for the Triad's channels; immediately they're hammered by radio chatter calling for units to draw back, herding the invaders into tightly packed streets.

As the rabid red orchid addicts close in, affiliated gangs drop improvised explosives into the crowds, blocking the advance in a series of percussive booms, shrapnel, and flying limbs. Even so, the mob keeps coming. The next wave picks its way over the remains of the first one, setting fire to the buildings and throwing Molotov cocktails over barriers at the defenders. Though both sides have magicians, the close quarters, weak visibility, and background count (3) mean magic is next to useless.

Unexpectedly, the attackers blow up some of the barriers blocking two sealed-off streets and pour into the streets surrounding the stronghold, isolating several groups of defenders at checkpoints and barricades. Those who survive the onslaught fall back to the inner courtyard. Cover fire from the upper windows is met by hails of bullets and improvised explosives.

At the inner gates, streams of allied gang members take refuge inside. Shadowrunners with a head for tactics can either try to help or find Sacristán a secure location as dozens of armed gang members fill up the building. Hak lets them tap into the defender's tactical net, providing real-time intel on the stronghold and its surroundings.

With the outer barriers overwhelmed, the Black Chrysanthemums' stronghold is under siege. The third wave of addicts is herded towards the gates by Smoke Circle Society client gangs. Others try to build makeshift bridges between neighboring tenements and the upper floor windows of the tempo house. Runners on the upper floors around the command center can help repel these invaders.

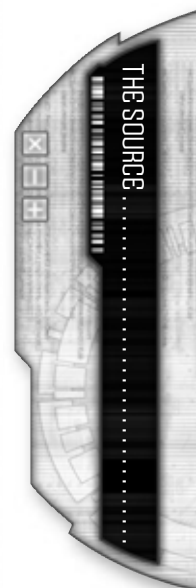
Event 2

To buy breathing space, Hak hands out ampoules of kamikaze to tempo addicts trapped in the courtyard and promises those who survive a year's supply of tempo. Just as the invaders are about to overcome the defenders at the gate, thirty tempo addicts erupt from behind the barricades armed with knives and makeshift weapons, kamikaze giving them the frenzied strength of berserkers. Hak leaves the command center to aid the defenders in the courtyard.

Suddenly a low-flying helicopter does a lazy circuit around the rooftops, burning a searchlight into the narrow canyons of concrete, barely illuminating the addicts dying on the street. During its second pass it comes in lower, dropping spiraling streamers of tear gas into the mob.

At this point, Sacristán has arranged for an emergency evacuation and wants to get to the top of the building. Savvy runners might worry about snipers; practical ones might worry that the fires in the neighboring hovels will spread. On the way up to the roof (no elevators), they will encounter small parties of Smoke Circle attackers who have clambered across makeshift bridges.

Down on the street, the Smoke Circle Society gangs move forward, pushing through the smoky tear gas. Unfortunately, the smoke also limits the defenders' ability to see the invaders until they're practically on top of them. The gates come alive with auto-fire before their defenders are overwhelmed.



KOWLOON WALLED CITY

This maze of poorly built 40-year-old tenements is the worst slum in Hong Kong, densely populated with immigrants, drug addicts, and the Black Chrysanthemum Triad. Daily life in the Walled City is so horrific that its Astral space is warped with misery, desperation, and urban decay. Mana pools and flows sluggishly on the Astral, forming stagnant pools that attract darker beings, feeding and encouraging the physical and astral pollution—the Yama Kings.

Only the Black Chrysanthemums claim Kowloon Walled City as their territory; the rest of the Triads leave them to it. The streets are choked with garbage and streaked with filth; squatters and addicts pack themselves into rooms like animals while ghouls and worse live in the sewers. No one of any age or sex is truly safe walking the streets, which are too narrow, crooked, and garbage-strewn to admit any ground vehicles. Rape and murder are common, and many believe the rumors of cannibalism and worse.

Kowloon Walled City consists of overlapping domains, most Rating 3, but some Rating 4, and all of them aspected (p. 121, *Street Magic*) to various magical threats or corrupted magicians. Mana surges (p. 122, *Street Magic*) are also common, especially when one or more of the Yama Kings manifest (the twisted domains are aspected towards these shadow spirits).

BLACK CHRYSANTHEMUMS COMPOUND (KOWLOON WALLED CITY, HONG KONG)

At the heart of the worst slum in Hong Kong, the Black Chrysanthemums Triad has occupied four run-down apartment blocks. This is the heart of their tempo distribution operation, protected from scrutiny by a lawless labyrinth of cramped streets and alleys, densely packed with immigrants, drug addicts, squatters, and rats. The dim, claustrophobic passageways are dangerous, home to all types of metahuman predators.

A pair of Black Chrysanthemums wujen and two fortified bunkers hold off attackers from above. The assailants haven't given up, though, and are crawling over neighboring rooftops like roaches. In the roiling Astral above the buildings, groups of spirits collide in silent yet lethal combat.

Climax

If the shadowrunners remained in the command center, Hak orders them to hold the nearest stairwell. The Black Chrysanthemums has augmented troops and adepts stationed on the ground level, cutting down the mundane gangers as they emerge into the building. The entrances are blocked with bodies, blood pooling in the courtyard.

The fighting ebbs for a moment and an unnatural silence spreads over the area. Things move on the streets, undisturbed by lingering gas or an occasional gunshot. Astral characters who take note of the disturbance see it as a scintillating darkness—the demons known as the Yama Kings.

A gated archway leads into a 4-by-4 meter courtyard. It is enclosed by the surrounding buildings on all sides blocks and is littered with the paraphernalia of drug abuse and piles of garbage. The only entrances to the buildings are through the courtyard—all external exits and the windows on the first two floors have been cemented or boarded up. The outer walls of the stronghold are heavily warded (Rating 5).

Only Triad members and their guests are allowed inside the buildings. Walls have been knocked down on the ground floor of each building to make room for workspaces, tempo-preparation labs, and armories. The upper floors are home to many of the Chrysanthemums' rank and file; the living areas are clean, rat-free. There are even working sanitation and power generators. Rooms or apartments held by Triad leaders are warded, and there's at least one Rating 8 Wujen lodge in the complex.

Four Black Chrysanthemums soldiers guard the gate at all times while a couple of dealers sell to the addicts from the safety of the courtyard. Several alleys and side-streets have been fenced off or barricaded, allowing Triad check points and lookouts to control the four streets leading to the vice den.

The Smoke Circle's attackers blow up several of the barricades with grenades to spill into the surrounding sidestreets, bypassing the blocks and circumventing the checkpoints. They lay siege to the Black Chrysanthemums den by closing off any obvious escape routes and overpowering the guards outside the complex. The Black Chrysanthemums are out-numbered but much better armed and try to hold their ground. When the main gate proves to be an impassable killzone, the attackers invade neighboring buildings and jump across to the upper windows of the complex.

As fighting spreads inside the compound, the roof becomes the only escape route, an emergency landing zone for Sacristán's ride.

A great furred ape thing descends on the dying addicts, Black Chrysanthemums and Smoke Circle Society alike; a swarm of cockroaches surround and cover a thing ten feet tall, who drags the wounded and weak down through sewer manholes too small for a human body. For a brief moment, the two Triads combine their firepower to take down a troll with three heads, a chain of skulls wrapped around his waist and torso, and a massive sword; as the troll collapses, they are consumed in the sickly glow and sticky, burning slime of a writhing, lambent worm the size of a truck. The shadowrunners can choose to challenge any of the Yama Kings, but they would then be left exposed on the battlefield before the rest of the horrors of Kowloon Walled City.

As both sides fall back, leaving the Yama Kings to their feast, a helicopter hovers over the building, its minigun making short work of a belligerent harpy. It lets down a ladder: the runners' ride is here, if they can get to it in one piece.

Urgent Message...



When they emerge on the rooftop, the characters will find a Yama King, **Chin You** (p. 123) chewing on the remains of two Triad wujen. The ox-headed demon stands between them and their ride and seems impervious to the helicopter's minigun.

Sequels

The shadowrunners are offered a considerable bonus for their loyalty and service if they get Sacristán away from the massacre alive and intact, probably a betaware implant, power focus, or other suitable piece of gear. Shadowrunners that managed to injure or destroy one of the Yama Kings may well be marked by the experience, but it will do wonders for their street rep. If the team aided the Black Chrysanthemums' defense, they might be offered to take the 39 Oaths and become members of the Triad.

HONG KONG SPIN-OFFS AND SIDEJOBS

- The Black Chrysanthemums have had a long association with the ghouls in Hong Kong, using them to dispose of the parts of bodies that they can't sell or use. Lately, the ghouls have been feeding particularly well on the bodies of tempo addict and have become addicted in turn. Jorge Rhys wants the team to accompany him as he observes these addicted ghouls and takes some samples. Unfortunately, the ghouls don't care to be poked and prodded.
- The 289s and Ten Thousand Lions have seen a massive crash in Kong chip sales since the price war between the Smoke Circle Society and the Black Chrysanthemums began. They have begun discussing options with each other. Sacristán has been keeping well-informed on these

events and sends the shadowrunners to disrupt a meeting between the two Triads (i.e. kill them all, leave no witnesses or survivors) and leave evidence suggesting the Red Dragon Association is to blame.

NEO-TOKYO: BETRAYALS

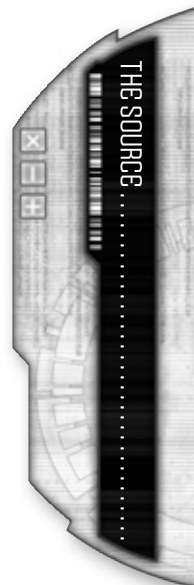
In Neo-Tokyo, the Olaya delegation will be caught in the web of **Jurojin**, a powerful free spirit with ties to both sides of a divided Yakuza underworld, as it attempts to "cleanse" Neo-Tokyo of its foreign syndicates—who also happen to be his own competitors.

As the Olaya group is traveling to Neo-Tokyo by commercial suborbital, Sacristán will confiscate any firearms or explosives in the group before leaving; this gear will be smuggled into Neo-Tokyo by a different route and arrive a few days later.

WHAT'S GOING ON IN NEO-TOKYO

Jurojin has a much more specific use for tempo than his counterparts in Hong Kong and Seattle. Rather than selling it directly on the streets, the **Mita-gumi** acts through intermediaries as a wholesaler, supplying tempo to "foreign" criminal organizations acting in Neo-Tokyo such as the **Bratva**, the **Snake Head** and **Red Dragon** Triads, and the various Korean gangs operating in Sub-Tokyo. These *gaijin* organizations compete with each other for the tempo trade and the Mita-gumi ensure the ensuing media spectacle will further turn public opinion against them. With public outrage from Neo-Tokyo's citizens, the police will be forced to crack down on the tempo trade.

By the time the Olaya delegation arrives in Neo-Tokyo, this process has already started. The news is aflame with reports of vio-



lence between drug dealers and the rise in street crime as tempo addicts resort to theft, prostitution, violence, and other less savory methods to feed their addiction. The Mita-gumi is already heavily invested in their tempo scheme, but needs large shipments—hundreds of kilograms—to fully realize their ambitions. Hence, the Mita-gumi extends their full hospitality to the Olaya envoys as they arrive from the hostilities of Hong Kong.

The group is escorted from the Hanada Aerospace Port to a comfortably large house in Toshima. Before the official meeting, Jurojin shows up in person to discuss certain matters with a special representative of the Ghost Cartels in private. Later, Uribe concludes the deal with the other Mita representatives, largely thanks to Jurojin's support.

The Double Cross

A minor difficulty after the meet is a supply hiccup: a lucky bust by the Neo-Tokyo Police Department captures a four hundred kilo shipment of tempo off a minibus from Hawai'i. The Olaya cartel doesn't have time to bring in another shipment, so "Uncle" Hiro, the standing head of the Mita-gumi, approaches Uribe and Sacristán and offers to provide intel if the cartel will use its own assets to recover the contraband from police lock-up, thus maintaining the Mita-gumi's deniability in the affair.

"Uncle" Hiro discreetly bribes some of the Olaya delegation's bag boys to pose as dealers in a buy with the Bratva and other groups. With a few well-placed tips, Neo-Tokyo's journalists capture footage of *gaijin* delivery boys, sellers, and buyers, fostering the image that the foreign elements of Neo-Tokyo's underworld are responsible for the sudden spike of drugs and drug-related crime in Neo-Tokyo.

A few days after the successful negotiations with the Olaya delegation and the first major sales to the foreign syndicates, Jurojin begins the second part of his plan. Supplied with intel from the Mita-gumi, the Neo-Tokyo Police Department begins a series of precision crackdowns, swooping in on Bratva and Triad warehouses and distribution points, arresting several bosses and seizing hundreds of kilos of tempo. The Mita assist in this on a more local level, muscling out "foreign" dealers and taking over their territories—often with the blessing of the local residents and businesses.

During the course of the next two weeks, the Olaya delegation is treated to tours of the city, wined and dined at the finest restaurants, and given credit lines at the Mita-gumi's gambling dens and bunraku parlors. While the visitors are given VIP treatment and learn something of the Tokyo underworld in the process, the pieces of Jurojin's plan fall into place. Restrictive regulations fall into place and police swoop in on Vory and Triad operations (aided by the Mita-gumi on the street level). The Mita-gumi quickly seizes territories now unclaimed, funneling tempo profits into the expansion.

The sudden expansion of the Mita-gumi brings conflict with the other Yakuza in Neo-Tokyo when the **Wanibuchi-rengo** takes exception to the Mita occupation of parts of Yokohama. After a vote, the Wanibuchi-rengo agrees that the **Kodachi-gumi** will send a message to the Mita-gumi by kidnapping Jorge Rhys and Sacristán—who will be ransomed back in exchange for part of the disputed territory.

These events coincide with the news that the remaining Ghost Cartels are calling for a Ghost Council. Uribe, unwilling to

FACTS AT A GLANCE: NEO-TOKYO

Population: 45,000,000+

Human: 75%

Elf: 9%

Dwarf: 2%

Ork: 12%

Troll: 1%

Other: 1%

Population Density: 6200+ per square kilometer

Per Capita Income: 30,000¥

Population Below Poverty Level: 24%

Corporate-Affiliated Population: 76%

Hospitals: 190

Felonious Crime Rate: 14 per 1,000 per annum

Urgent Message...

compromise, begins preparations to continue on to Vladivostok. He will sanction an attempt to rescue or recover the hostages, but if that is not accomplished he will hire a local shadowteam to eliminate the captives after he leaves Neo-Tokyo for his next stop: Vladivostok.

FLASHPOINT: NEO TOKYO

Neo-Tokyo is the crown jewel of the Japanese Imperial State, the reconstructed capital and star of the Japanacorp world. Boasting one of the highest population densities on the planet, this thriving hive of humanity survives in no small part thanks to a complex and often nebulous framework of cultural mores, millennial traditions, social protocols, and acceptable behaviors.

The city itself is a vast futuristic sprawl of glass and plastcrete canyons and skyscrapers. A filigree of halogen and neon surrounds arcologies and high-tech spires, bound together by the intricate knots of expressways and monorails that are the metroplex's pulsing arteries. This is the most architecturally advanced and sophisticated sprawl in the Sixth World and the pride of the empire. But even in this megalopolis, numerous small parks and shrines sprout incongruously in the crowded ultra-modern cityscape, a visible reminder of the changes and spiritual rebirth wrought during the sprawl's reconstruction following the devastation wrought by the flaring of the Ring of Fire in 2061.

Lost in Translation

To foreigners, the city and its complexities can be equally alien, bewildering, and fascinating as the people and the culture—and no knowsoft or download ever prepares you for the culture shock. Locked in an unending struggle between the emperor and the megacorps, the new and the old order, Neo-Tokyo is a society of contrasts. The economic capital of the Sixth World is a place where centuries-old tradition and culture mingle with corporate neo-feudalism and an unbridled fascination with technology. Though many of the megacorps are global in reach, many are very much nationalistic and racially biased. In fact, racism is still an integral part of life in Neo-Tokyo; foreigners and metahumans are still treated as outsiders despite the progress of the last decade. Women fare only a little better, though the Empress Hitomi's example is bringing about change.

All is not as clear cut and orderly, however, as the perfect façade of Japanese identity and pervasive corporate monoculture would have you believe. The role of the *kami* in aiding the reconstruction of the capital has brought about a rebirth of spirituality among the middle and lower classes. A thriving youth counterculture inhabits the growing pressure cracks in mainstream society. And below it all, the unacknowledged toil of the metahuman and immigrant underclasses is creating a growing malaise.

Black Rain

Neo-Tokyo is enjoying a period of tense peace after years of Yakuza infighting, first over the succession of the Shotozumi-gumi and later the breakaway and formation of the Wanibuchi-rengo, both of which damaged the dominant Watada-rengo. Several changes in leadership in the Watada-rengo have prevented it from reasserting its power. Even today, the current oyabun struggles to restore his empire and bring dissidents into line.

The Neo-Tokyo Yakuza today stand divided among the traditionalists of the Old Way and clans who subscribe to the New School philosophy. Turfs and areas of influence are carefully demarcated. The two major *rengos* (alliances) tip-toe around one another in a slowly escalating campaign of subterfuge and shadow boxing—each waiting for an opening or sign of weakness. With tempo profits filling their coffers and the Mita-gumi seizing new territories, the delicate balance is about to be upset.

Unusual among modern sprawls, the Yakuza operate openly and cooperate with the police for the most part, working together to protect neighborhoods and citizens from random crime. For detailed information on Neo-Tokyo and its underworld status quo, see *Corporate Enclaves*.

ALLIES, ANTAGONISTS AND OTHERS

The situation in Neo-Tokyo is complicated and delicate. The Olaya cartel has approached the Mita-gumi with a tempo distribution deal, since the gumi had been courting expanded smuggling and Awakened drug operations out of Latin America. The Mita-gumi, however, is part of the Watada-rengo, rabidly nationalistic and traditionalist, who believes Awakened drugs are more the style of the upstart Wanibuchi-rengo. Surprisingly, the alliance still goes ahead with the blessing (and subtle manipulation) of the free spirit Jurojin. What exactly his plans are and how tempo fits into the bigger picture of the brewing conflict between Old Way clans and New School gumi is a mystery that slowly unfolds as the Olaya delegation visits Neo-Tokyo.

The Watada-Rengo

The Watada-rengo is exclusively Old School. Since its formation over a century ago, the Watada-rengo, which owes its ultimate loyalty to the oyabun of the Watada-gumi, has been the preeminent power in the Yakuza, both in Neo-Tokyo and around the world. The great dragon **Ryumyo** has extensive influence on the Watada-rengo; formerly he employed his ally spirit Jurojin as his agent in these matters, but since the spirit has gone free (or was released; the details are unclear) he has personally sat in on many upper-level counsels between oyabun.

Oyabun **Maasaki Watada** is the current head of the **Watada-gumi**, and thus the **Watada-rengo**. While theoretically any order he gives must be obeyed by his subordinates, the bonds between the Watada-rengo and its member gumi has more to do with tra-

NEW WAY VS. OLD SCHOOL

The Yakuza, particularly in Japan, are traditionalists almost to a fault. The Old School Yakuza are admired for their principles, their dedication to the destruction of their enemies, their adherence to social protocols, and their skill with violence. Unfortunately, they're also incredibly racist, misogynist, ethnic purists, distrustful of the Awakened (don't even get them started on technomancers), and hidebound. Unsurprisingly, the upper ranks of the Old School Yakuza range from late middle age to geriatric; younger Yakuza are often frustrated at their inability to rise until Uncle Hinjo finally kicks the bucket—which with modern medicine, might be well over fifty years from now!

The New Way began among the younger Yakuza, who formed their own clans and associations that accept homosexuals, metahumans, magicians, technomancers, women—even some half-Japanese—as members. While more diverse and accepting, the New Way Yakuza are not as tight knit as their Old School counterparts, and the degree of acceptance a metahuman or female member gains depends on the gumi—just because the boss says you're in doesn't mean the third-generation kumi-in (soldiers) have to like you.

dition than loyalty. The oyabun must carefully balance any given situation. The Watada-gumi itself is headquartered in Chiba and has extensive dealings and even outright control of the world-famous implant and medical clinics in that district.

The strongest of the Watada-gumi's allies in Neo-Tokyo is the **Mita-gumi**, the largest and oldest organized crime syndicate in Neo-Tokyo—now sadly depleted in numbers by years of Yakuza infighting. Nominally, thirteen-year-old **Hiroshi Mita** is oyabun of the clan, but he is currently being educated by his guardians, the free spirit Jurojin and the Great Dragon Ryumyo, until he is ready to take over. In the meantime, “**Uncle**” **Hiro Yamajima** acts as kumicho in his stead, directing street operations. Besides their widespread protection rackets, the Mita-gumi deals in BTLs and other drugs, and has recently begun dabbling in BADs. Uncle Hiro believes the deal with the Olaya cartel will allow the ancient clan to regain its former status.

The Wanibuchi-Rengo

The newest and most modern of the major Yakuza organizations in Neo-Tokyo, the Wanibuchi-rengo in Neo-Tokyo is comprised of three New Way clans: the **Wanibuchi-gumi**, the **Kodachi-gumi**, and the **Inagawa-kai**. Unlike a traditional rengo, the Wanibuchi-rengo follows a corporate model with decisions about the rengo's actions decided by a vote of the oyabun of the member gumi. The Wanibuchi-gumi have extensive connections with expatriate Yakuza organizations in Latin America and receives the philosophical support and advice of the free spirit Jurojin, who helped them against the Watada-rengo.

Urgent Message...



THE SOURCE





Tomu Wanibuchi, oyabun of the Wanibuchi-gumi, is the titular head of the Wanibuchi-rengo, the first-among-equals. His gumi is mostly concerned with Matrix and white-collar crime, such as money laundering and datatheft.

Yusako Sato is kumicho (head of family, a rank equivalent to oyabun) of the Kodachi-gumi, easily the most violent Yakuza in Neo-Tokyo. Traditional Yakuza look down on them as thugs and barbarians. In fact, the members of the Kodachi-gumi seem to take pleasure in their violent rebellions against common practice.

Michizane Oi is the only elven oyabun in Neo-Tokyo, and the Inagawa-kai is the only strictly metahuman gumi in Neo-Tokyo. Aside from its inclusion of metahumans, the Inagawa-kai is extremely traditional, and maintains one of the ancient ninja traditions—the **Oni do kai**.

Jurojin

Before the break with his former master Ryumyo, the ally spirit known as Jurojin served as Ryumyo's agent to the Yakuza and developed excellent personal relationships with many oyabun as an advisor and friend. After he left Ryumyo's service, the free spirit pursued his own goals: assisting both the breakaway of the Wanibuchi-rengo and sheltering the heir of the Mita-gumi during the worst of the Yakuza infighting.

Jurojin has spent decades as the ally of a great dragon, and his actions always speak of complex plans being laid. While respected and honored by nearly all of the Yakuza in Neo-Tokyo, few are foolish enough to believe the free spirit is acting purely in their

own best interest. He moves between the New Way and the Old School gumi far too easily. Only his lack of interest in temporal power keeps him from being seen as a threat to the rengos.

Foreign Syndicates in Neo-Tokyo

During the several years of Yakuza infighting and the reconstruction of Neo-Tokyo, a number of foreign syndicates and ethnic gangs opened operations in Neo-Tokyo. A bias has arisen against these “outsiders” by the strongly nationalist citizens and the racist Yakuza, but the foreigners survive as they always do—in immigrant neighborhoods and areas that the local Yakuza either don't wish to deal with or don't have the strength to push them out of.

The **Bratva** is the local Vory *organizatsi*, mainly restricted to the docks and aligned with the Vladivostok Vorsk, engaged in smuggling and prostitution. A number of Korean gangs connected to the **Jo-pok** operate Matrix-based criminal enterprises, such as illegal online casinos and cracked software, or run protection rackets on local immigrants in ethnic slums. The **Sea-Tou** (Snake's Head) and the **Red Dragon Association** Triads compete in Japan's large Chinese immigrant population, importing illegal workers from mainland China, Korea, and the Phillipines. Recently, many of these organizations have been concentrating on the weakened Mita-gumi, cutting into its territory and profits.

NEO-TOKYO ADVENTURE FRAMEWORKS

The following adventure tracks can take place at any point during the Olaya delegations three-week stay in Neo-Tokyo, but will have lasting ramifications on the megalopolis' underworld scene.

BOOM AND BUST

The Neo-Tokyo Police Department has intercepted a large shipment (400kg) of tempo that the Mita-gumi were going to sell to the Bratva. Jurojin has adapted this event and the Olaya delegation into his plans: the runners will be given money to bribe corrupt cops in the NTPD, buying back the captured drugs, then turn around and sell it to the Bratva reps. Anonymous tips will make sure that journalists capture both ends of the transaction, letting the blame fall on foreign suppliers and drug dealers.

Setup

With the approval of Uribe and Sacristán, “Uncle” Hiro takes the team aside and offers them an opportunity to make some cred on the side. The captured tempo shipment is a minor news item, buried beneath the announcement of Empress Hitomi's pregnancy. Hiro needs some foreigners to bribe the corrupt cops guarding the shipment in Police Headquarters, then turn around and pose as sellers to the local Bratva. Any of Hiro's men would be recognized immediately, but the runners are unknowns—they're perfect. If they accept, Hiro gives the shadowrunners the keys to a van, mapsofts, a number to an anonymous online account, and more specific instructions.

Event 1

In preparation for the deal, the tempo has been moved to an **NTPD evidence warehouse** (p. 111) in Koto. The shadowrunners are provided with a SunMedia Trideo Repair van to transport the goods. There are five corrupt cops (use Beat Cop, p. 282, *SR4*)

meeting them at the warehouse, all of whom will give the runners shit and act invincible. As far as they care, the team are just errand boys—and no Yakuza lackey would dare kill a cop in Neo-Tokyo.

The shadowrunners can take as little or as much of abuse as they feel like; the important part is to get a hundred 1kg “bricks” out of the warehouse and into the van. It’s up to the team whether they do this by giving the cops the preset bribe (half a million nuyen in Eastern Tiger corporate scrip) or beating the shit out of the cops, breaking into the warehouse, taking the drugs and keeping the money. The Mita-gumi certainly won’t care, so however the runners handle the situation is fine—as long as they are successful.

Perceptive characters might note spyball drones hidden in the eaves of neighboring buildings; these were set up by Mita-gumi tipped-off journalists to capture the deal for posterity. Even if the situation falls to violence, the footage still supports the ultra-violent image of the drug trade and the *gaijin* syndicates. Runners less than thrilled at the possibility of becoming newsbytes can sabotage these cameras or trace them back to the journalists.

Event 2

After the shadowrunners finish loading the van and paying off the cops, the NTPD launches a sting operation. One of the cops is a mole, an honest cop pretending to be crooked to get evidence on the crooked cops—and he has backup. A squad of six SWAT officers (use the stats for the FBI ERT team, p. 89) will burst through the windows of adjoining buildings and rappel into the street, weapons trained on the crooked cops. If the characters act fast, they can get out with the van (and the drugs) without a firefight—the cops’ back-up vehicles are some distance away. If the team runs, one of the corrupt cops will try to hop on or into the van as it speeds away, using his magnetic cyberlimb system to hang on—it’s up to the shadowrunners on how to deal with their passenger.

Characters might be justly paranoid of being caught; they’re in a big van speeding down unknown streets and the cops (and their ever-present traffic drones) are all around. The team doesn’t actually have much to worry about, as the Mita-gumi have taken precautions to ensure their getaway (after all, the Yaks are the ones who told the NTPD about the buy)—but let the players come up with their own plans. If they think to call “Uncle” Hiro, he’ll tell them that he’ll arrange a distraction so that they can make their buy with the Bratva—and remind them to act natural.

Event 3

The meeting with the Bratva is at the infamous **Black Shogun AR bar**, which for tonight only is located in a large street-level apartment in Ikebukuro. Amid the patrons (physical and virtual), the shadowrunners enjoy the relative privacy of the attached garage (in AR terms, a teepee with IC agents in black samurai armor standing outside the flap), where they can park their van and discuss terms with the five heavy-set Siberians who look like AmerInds but talk with thick Russian accents (use stats for Triad Posse, p. 276, *SR4*, with a Street Samurai on p.101, *SR4*, as lieutenant). The Bratva chemist cuts open one brick and after a few minute’s testing declares it 98% pure. Now its time to bargain about price.

NTPD EVIDENCE WAREHOUSE (KIBA, KOTO)

Crimes generate a lot of evidence, and there simply isn’t room in NTPD HQ for the sins of forty-five million people. Most of the evidence is shipped to the evidence warehouse for storage when not in immediate use. A bulky, ugly survivor of pre-reconstruction Japan, the Evidence Warehouse is a ferrocrete bunker (Armor Rating 20, Structure Rating 20) nestled between two residential buildings. On-site security is entirely automated and remote controlled, relying on tracked drones, security cameras, and maglocks (Rating 6) to deter potential thieves and criminals. An AR police officer (Rating 3 Agent, Pilot 3) will ask all visitors for identification and politely answer any of their questions or ask them not to loiter near the building. Emergency response in case of a break-in takes 3–5 minutes to arrive on site (depending on traffic).

Finding anything in the storage facility will require hacking the local system, which can only be done from inside or by physically hacking into one of the subterranean landlines.

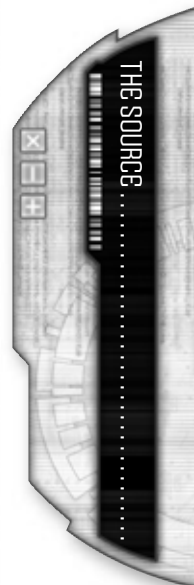
THE BLACK SHOGUN (IKEBUKURO, IKEBUKURU)

A highly mobile AR bar with a dark country/western theme, the Black Shogun’s iconography is heavy on dead wood, desiccated cattle skulls, and spools of rusty barbed wire. A little gambling goes on, particularly poker and faro. Patrons can purchase “drinks” that are short BTL recordings of home-made alcohol and the like. One of the biggest attractions, of course, is the live music, which is piped in realtime; styles include gothabilly, voodoo blues, or steelmill industrial.

In the shadows, the Black Shogun also has a reputation as an illegal currency exchange, buying and selling corporate scrip, nuyen, and national currencies. All such transactions take place within a virtual teepee (actually, another node with higher security); this is also where patrons go to buy chips to gamble with, providing a cover for the transaction. The Black Shogun can also facilitate large credit transfers if set up ahead of time.

For this track, the Black Shogun is going to overlay an empty residential unit. Visitors not viewing AR will only see a dozen or so people walking about, talking to the air (the virtual bar is more crowded); the teepee entrance is aligned with the garage, which is guarded by a couple of Vory combat hackers (use Red Samurai Lieutenant stats, p. 276, *SR4*). The toilet in the single bathroom is stuffed full of used needles and derms; most of the patrons appear to have been using the sink and bathtub.

Urgent Message...



“Uncle” Hiro has instructed the shadowrunners to ask for 40,000¥ per kilo initially, but to negotiate with the Bratva reps—the lowest price they can accept is 25,000¥ a kilo; but if they get the Bratva to pay more than 40k, Hiro has promised that the shadowrunners can keep ten percent of the difference. In other words, if the group convinces the Bratva to pay 50,000¥ per kilo for one hundred kilos, they get to pocket 100,000¥—10% of the extra million nuyen.

When a price is settled on, the Black Shogun Cashier provides the banking service: the Bratva and the shadowrunners both provide him with their account numbers, and the Cashier makes the transfer (for which the cashier earns a 3% commission, non-negotiable). Deal done, all the shadowrunners have to do is hand the Bratva reps the keys and leave.

Climax

When the garage door opens, the glare of police searchlights floods the room. Somewhere behind the obfuscating light someone orders a surrender in clipped English. The NTPD is here for another precision bust, catching the Bratva buying a massive load of tempo. Most runners would bolt at this point, but it will be difficult—plain-clothes NTPD officers are secreted among the Black Shogun crowd, armed with heavy non-lethal weaponry for any drug dealers that try to escape through the apartment. At the first sign of cops, the whole AR bar will shut down and relocate, dumping all of the users. The Bratva will try to fight their way out, backing out the van and spraying the cops with their AK-97s.

The situation is evidently a setup. A clever group will lay down and put their hands on their heads, and things will go pretty smoothly; “Uncle” Hiro will make sure that they get dropped off a couple miles away with no one else the wiser. If on the other hand the team resists arrest, the gamemaster should use magic, tasers, pain inducers and overwhelming numbers to capture the runners. Injuring or killing an NTPD officer complicates matters, and the shadowrunners will probably have to spend the night playing “Bad Cop, Murderously Violent Cop” in a lonely interrogation room before being released in the morning—just in time to see the news reports of last night’s terrific busts on crooked cops and horrible foreign drug dealers.

Sequels

Thankfully, the team will be fairly unidentifiable in the trideo footage, otherwise they’ll have some serious problems with reporters and law enforcement later on, with warrants for their arrest and wanted ads posted on Matrix sites from Neo-Tokyo to Los Angeles. If the shadowrunners lost the drugs, or never quite managed the pick-up, “Uncle” Hiro will be disappointed but understand—after all, the shadowrunners are only *gaijin*. If they are successful, “Uncle” Hiro might try to get the team to pull the same stunt with the Red Dragon Triad in Yokohama.

EXPENDABLE ASSETS

While the Mita-gumi has taken care to conceal its involvement in the tempo trade, once the crackdown begins it can no longer conceal its sudden expansion into the territory of the diminished foreign syndicates—a move that threatens the balance of power in the Neo-Tokyo underworld. The Wanibuchi-rengo votes to resolve the matter by kidnapping some of the mysterious guests that “Uncle” Hiro is keeping and using them as leverage to force negotiations and concessions.

Unfortunately for the hostages, the other Cartels have called for a Ghost Council and Henry Uribe has other things to worry about. He opts to cut his losses and move on rather than be forced into a compromising position.

Setup

The Kodachi-gumi is noted for its violence, and the sudden and massive raid on the Olaya delegation’s Neo-Tokyo quarters is nothing but. At the first sign of disturbance, the characters are immediately called back to help—but they’re across town disposing of a dead body in the bay when the word comes down, and by the time they arrive it’s all over. Scorch marks and small fires—either from an improvised incendiary or a fireball, it’s hard to be sure—mark the ruins of the foyer. Dead bodies lay sprawled where they died. Henry Uribe is bleeding from a small cut above the eye. One of his attendants explains what happened as he extracts a machete from the chest of a dead Yakuza. Sacristán and Jorge Rhys have been captured, and Uribe has been recalled. He plans to leave as soon as possible.

Event 1

This is essentially a moral dilemma. Feel free to hype up the emotion by playing up any familiarity with Sacristán and Rhys and the awful things they’ve heard the Kodachi do to their victims. Some shadowrunners might shrug if off; some might even look to get ahead by taking Sacristán’s place as Uribe’s right hand. Should the runners approach Uribe with the notion to rescue the hostages, he will give them 24 hours, after which he will have the hostages “dealt with.” He might even approach the characters and ask them to silence the hostages before they say too much.

If the shadowrunners show no initiative to rescue Sacristán or Jorge Rhys, have the team help prepare the Olaya delegation to leave. During the pack-up, they hear the arrival of the Mita-gumi and the explanation about why the Olaya were attacked and by whom.

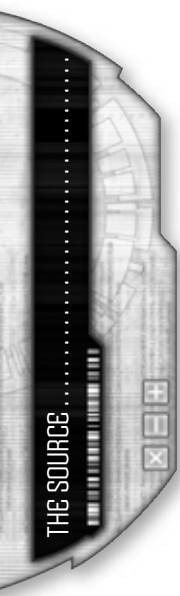
Event 2

If the shadowrunners do go look for the hostages, they’ll have to resort to legwork. The most logical place to start would be the Kodachi-gumi’s stronghold in Yokohama, but the team can try their contacts—including anyone they’ve recently met in the Mita-gumi—to give them more information or to make inquiries on their behalf. It’ll take precious time to get the information the team is looking for, and the clock is ticking—Uribe can be on the next suborbital bound for Los Angeles in a matter of hours.

If the shadowrunners are having trouble, they can get a lucky break when the Wanibuchi-rengo sets up a sit-down with the Mita-gumi; the Kodachi will bring the hostages with them to the meeting as a sign of good faith. It’ll be cutting it close, but the runners might just have enough time to free Jorge Rhys and Sacristán and get to the aerospaceport in time to make the flight.

Event 3

More diplomatic runners might look for a talk with the Kodachi’s oyabun or elder kobun to discuss the ransom or release of the hostages—something the gumi might be more amenable to when they find out that neither the Mita-gumi nor their hostage’s employers care a whit for them. The starting ransom for both characters is half a million nuyen; that’s a 250,000¥ each. If the



KODACHI STRONGHOLD (IZUMI, YOKOHAMA)

The three-storey Kodachi Stronghold in Yokohama is a converted fire station, with the massive ground-level parking garage sometimes doubling as a chop shop. The second floor is half-office and half clubhouse/residential; Kodachi kobun staff the place to take requests and hear complaints from local residents, liaise with the police, and play games. Walls are sturdy (Armor Rating 16, Structural Rating 13) and painted with wi-fi negating paint (8). The top floor is technically the oyabun's office and an apartment where he can entertain his mistress,

but most of it is actually a traditional tattoo and body modification parlor (Rating 6 lodge) where members receive their *irezumi* and the pearls for which the Kodachi are well known. The whole floor is warded (Force 5).

At any given time of day or night, the stronghold will have between ten and thirty kumi-in (soldiers)—use the stats for Triad Posse (p. 276, SR4)—and three to five kobun (lieutenants)—use stats for Red Samurai Detachment (p. 276, SR4). Each kobun will have one spell quickened at Force 3 using Quickening materials (p. 85, SR4). Captives will be kept on the top floor within the mana lodge.

Urgent Message...

Kodachi Stronghold



shadowrunners don't have that much cash on hand, they can take out a loan against what's owed them from Henry Uribe or arrange to deliver the equivalent in tempo. As another option, Sacristán might take charge of the negotiations, using her knowledge of Olaya finances to arrange for payment from her discretionary fund.

If the shadowrunners can make reasonable arguments for the Kodachi not to hold onto the hostages (reprisals, lack of benefit, etc.) and simply don't have the money to pay but have a reasonably good street rep, the Kodachi-gumi will offer to release the hostages on bond—in other words, the shadowrunners now owe the Kodachi-gumi 500,000¥ in goods or equivalent services and the Yakuza can choose to sell the debt to anyone else—including the shadowrunner's enemies. Failure to pay when the marker is called in will result in a rise in notoriety and the sudden appearance of people willing to sell enough of the runner's organs and implants to cover the debt.

Climax

Unless the runners negotiated, securing Jorge Rhys and/or Sacristán will require subterfuge or assault on the Kodachi-gumi—either in the **Kodachi safehouse** where the hostages are being held (located in Yokohama) or while they are being transported to the meeting with the Mita-gumi (in the back of a parlor on Pachinko Street).

After extracting the hostages one way or another, the shadowrunners need to make a mad dash to the aerospaceport—if the 24 hours are past they will also be dodging a group of hitters Uribe has ordered to take out the hostages. The contract killers are augmented ex-Japanese marines, including a sniper and close-combat specialists with custom cyberlimbs straight from Chiba, but no adepts, metahumans, or magicians (use a mix of sample characters from SR4 as appropriate). Fortunately, a moving target in a public

THE SOURCE

FOLLOWING THE DIPLOMAT

Henry Uribe is going to finish his tour while Sacristán heads to Los Angeles for a couple of weeks to prepare for the Ghost Council. This can give the gamemaster another opportunity to work other sprawls into the tour, such as Vladivostok, Honolulu, and Portland. The shadowrunners can still enjoy a few runs in these cities before being sent to help Sacristán out in L.A.

Urgent Message...

END OF THE LINE

If the shadowrunners are tired of being Olaya Cartel errand boys, Sacristán will be more than happy to pay them off when they arrive in Los Angeles and release them to enjoy their hard-earned nuyen. If she still wants to get a little work out of them to help her set up for the Ghost Council before they leave, she might take the precaution of paying them in Aztechnology corporate pesos—a currency that the player characters can't safely spend in Los Angeles or practically anywhere except Aztlan or an Aztechnology facility; Sacristán will promise to exchange the scrip for nuyen, with a bonus, after the runners do a little task for her...

Alternately, this can give the gamemaster a chance to let the shadowrunners play against the Olaya Cartel for a little while, working with local gangs and syndicates where their inside knowledge will be highly valued.

Urgent Message...

place is hard to draw a bead on, which might give the shadowrunners a slim advantage by keeping mobile and sticking in crowds.

If the shadowrunners fail to secure Sacristán, Jurojin will ensure her safe return—though he'll keep Jorge Rhys for his own ends.

Sequels

There's a fair chance that the team will miss the suborbital, which can leave them stuck in Neo-Tokyo and needing to find another way out. Sacristán will be deeply indebted to the runners for rescuing her and will make an effort to pay them back somehow. The best Jorge Rhys can do is serve as a source to feed the shadowrunner's addictions or as a very esoteric contact, but he's also grateful for the rescue.

NEO-TOKYO SPIN-OFFS AND SIDEJOBS: ADVENTURE SEEDS

- Chosun Alley is a major stronghold of the Korean syndicates operating in Japan, but the police cannot conduct a major raid without solid evidence. The team are ordered to plant thirty kilos of tempo and then return with an investigative reporter to "discover" the evidence and deliver it to the police.
- KondOrchid's Japanese subsidiary is facing a subtle attack by the Watada-rengo's *sokaiya*; the Yakuza accountants are buying up promissory notes and debts weighed against the subsidiary in preparation for a buy-out attempt—a buyout that is intended to fail as another shipping corporation, South Sea Imports, Ltd., will offer to be a white knight and block the sale for a fraction of stock. South Sea Imports, however, is owned and operated by the Komata-kai, an Amazonia-based Yakuza gumi that owes allegiance to the Mita-gumi—and with the stock, South Sea Imports could file a minority shareholder's lawsuit, which would consolidate the Mita-gumi's position with the Olaya cartel. Sacristán hires the shadowrunners to block the buyout by stealing the promissory notes.

LOS ANGELES: EVE OF THE STORM

Matters have come to a head in Latin America as the other Ghost Cartels have brought pressure on the Olaya Cartel for exposing them all to outside scrutiny ... and not even cutting them in on the deal! The Olaya Cartel has agreed to call together the Ghost Council, the heads of all of the Ghost Cartels, to meet in neutral territory—Los Angeles (PCC), a major shipping hub for tempo into CalFree and the southern NAN.

While he completes his PacRim tour, Uribe sends Sacristán to LA (assuming she survived *Expendable Assets*; if she did not, a replacement is sent from Ecuador) with the task of prepping the summit. Given the choice, Sacristán will bring the runners with her to LA (particularly if they attempted to rescue her in Neo-Tokyo).

The Ghost Cartels of Latin America are separate organizations with shared histories, rivalries, and business interests, but most importantly they share common foes: Aztlan and the three drug cartels that formed Aztechnology in the beginning years of the Sixth World. The rise of Aztechnology came at the expense of the Ghost Cartels, who were hunted, broken, and forced to flee as one Latin American country after another became another Aztlaner territory. As much as the Ghost Cartels are traditional Latin American drug dealers, they are also united in their hatred of Aztlan, which provides them a degree of common ground and a reason to work out their differences and cooperate against their mutual foe.

The Ghost Council is made up of the heads of the Ghost Cartels, or sometimes underbosses, who come together to work out issues that affect all of the cartels or to work out a peace when two Ghost Cartels become engaged in a conflict that impacts the business of others. Naturally, the location and times when the Ghost Council meets are kept under the strictest secrecy, as Aztlan and Aztechnology would like nothing better than to wipe out them out once and for all.

WHAT'S GOING ON IN LOS ANGELES

Henry Uribe, the Olaya Cartel's envoy to the Pacific Rim, has done an excellent job in solidifying the deals with the various local syndicates. Unfortunately, the cartel's good fortune has raised the interests of the other Ghost Cartels, who are hurting from the competition, the media attention, and the drug war fallout. More importantly, though, they want a piece of the



action. The Ghost Council is called to arrange to a mutually beneficial compromise.

Sacristán has four weeks to organize the Council and Uribe's meeting with the Olaya's local partners. First she meets **Tse Ye Mu** of the **Koshari** and the **Rosa Azul** of the **Ancients'** LA chapter to conclude tempo distribution deals on Uribe's behalf (the delays in Neo-Tokyo have set the tour behind schedule).

After those formalities are dealt with, Sacristán embarks on the necessary logistics, reservations and security arrangements for the Council. She visits different sites and eventually leases three different locations as misdirection: a mansion in Fun City, a Malibu compound, and the two top floors of the Baltimore Towers, a skyscraper in Downtown LA. Once a secure meeting site is established, Sacristán gets her team of runners to go over the Baltimore Towers with a fine-tooth comb, providing a risk assessment and potential attack scenarios using their professional experience.

Party Time

A minor issue that comes up is the sudden death of an Ancients member that was delivering eight keys of tempo—party favors for the visiting *jefes*. Accidents and the occasional loss of a runner are the cost of doing business, but in this case the method of the murder concerns Sacristán sufficiently that she moves to increase security further, fearing that the Aztech-aligned gang elements in LA are making a move that could disrupt the Ghost Council.

FACTS AT A GLANCE: LOS ANGELES

Population: 20,500,000+

- Human: 64%
- Elf: 11%
- Dwarf: 3%
- Ork: 19%
- Troll: 2%
- Other: 1%

Population Density: 750+ per square kilometer

Per Capita Income: 57,000¥

Population Below Poverty Level: 47%

Corporate-Affiliated Population: 62%

Hospitals: 60

Doc Wagon Clinics: 25

Felonious Crime Rate: 28 per 1,000 per annum

Urgent Message...

Sacristán's suspicions are well-founded. An Azzie mole in one of the cartels has warned the corporation of the impending Ghost Council—though not its location—and the triple-A is sending out feelers and looking into cartel activity in the city. They're not only using their contacts in the Los Angeles Ardientes/the Burning Angels gang, but they've even found unlikely allies in the LA Mob, who are displeased by the Koshari and Ancients moving in on their turf on a wave of tempo profits. Tempo is the drug *de rigueur* among Angel Town's glitterati, and as a natural Awakened compound it isn't even illegal under Pueblo law—though that soon changes. The Koshari and Ancients are raking it in distributing in LA and smuggling it into CalFree and San Francisco.

As the date for the Ghost Council approaches, the *jefes* begin arriving. Sacristán commits her most trusted assets to escort Graciela Riveros to the Baltimore Towers. Unfortunately, Sacristán's worst fears are confirmed. Aztlán has assets in place to kidnap the *jefa* as she makes her way through Los Angeles, forcing her and her escort to lead the Aztlán strike team away from the Ghost Council for fear of compromising the location. (*Problem on Approach*, p. 117)

When Riveros does finally arrive, the Ghost Council has already begun.

FLASHPOINT: LOS ANGELES

Los Angeles (and a fair chunk of the California Free State) was annexed by the Pueblo Corporate Council in '61. Ever since, the city has been the focus of increasing corporate interest, especially the meteoric rise of the Horizon Group. The Hollywood babylon came crashing down when a massive tsunami and earthquakes the city struck simultaneously, breaking open a series of ancient underground tunnels and flooding most of the city. Angelinos are a tough breed, however; it takes more than a little water to wash out the bright simstars on parade.

For more details on Los Angeles, see the *Shadowrun* location book, *Corporate Enclaves*.

Two's Company, Three's A Crowd

It's no secret that Aztechnology is fuming over the state of affairs in Los Angeles. Their preoccupation in other areas cost them the prize and they want it back. Support for Aztechnology

THE SOURCE

in the previous Ute territory has given them the impetus to force the PCC to a vote to reinstate Aztechnology's business license. If Aztechnology can sway Los Angeles' large population, the vote may very well swing the right way ... the Azzie way. And in any town with Horizon, the biggest part of getting the vote is winning a PR campaign.

Tempo and the uproar it's caused throughout every layer of Los Angeles society is the perfect platform. The PCC has its hands full trying to control tempo's wildfire spread. Horizon is only prodded to action when it becomes apparent that tempo is hurting its bottom line.

When public sentiment turns against the newest designer drug, Aztechnology plans to be poised to take advantage. Correspondingly, Aztech assets have been secretly pouring into LA, gathering intel, broadcasting the most violent gang flare-ups, searching out the dark secrets of the stars to reveal them as addicts. In other sprawls, the war against tempo plays out in back alleys and between underworld syndicates and gangs. In LA, that war is played out with full broadcast rights ... and it is the opportunity the Azzies have been waiting for. This time, they don't plan to let it slip through their fingers.

Making Waves

The Ghost Cartels have picked LA as neutral territory and as a city with minimal Aztechnology influence. After all, both the PCC and Horizon have worked hard to ensure Aztechnology doesn't operate in Pueblo territory. What safer place to meet than a corporate enclave where Aztechnology wouldn't dare attack them, for fear of Pueblo and Horizon retaliation? It will turn out to be a fatal mistake.

When Aztechnology intel assets get word of the impending summit, they pull out all the stops to strike it down. True, an attack in broad daylight in PCC territory is risky. However, the Azzie powers-that-be believe if they can sway public sentiment towards their side, the PCC will be unable to retaliate and the Azzies will have bolstered their popularity by striking at the criminals behind the devastating drug (and at the same time, showing up the PCC and Horizon as ineffectual). Allying themselves with Interpol to lend themselves authority and international recognition, Aztechnology is poised to crush the Ghost Cartels, once and for all.

ALLIES, ANTAGONISTS AND OTHERS

Aztechnology isn't the only one using the tempo phenomenon to shake up the status-quo. In LA, the underworld is dominated by the mob. Smaller organizations, from the ambitious Koshari to the trid-popular Ancients to the struggling Triads, plan to use the turbulence to cut into the mob's control—all of which makes for some unlikely alliances.

The Koshari

The Koshari are a local AmerInd tribal syndicate that usually deals in talislegging, magical compounds, and illegal magical services; they're also the Olaya's client syndicate for distributing tempo in L.A. **Tse Ye Mu** is a mystic adept and the head of the magical dealings of the Los Angeles Koshari; he reports to his superiors in Las Vegas if he needs extra muscle.

The tribal crime syndicate's LA presence has always been lacking. Although they moved in when the PCC took control of

Los Angeles, the entrenched mafia kept the Koshari from being able to really exploit the new territory. Much of their resources were diverted to controlling Las Vegas. Securing the contract with the Olaya Cartel to distribute tempo was a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity for them.

Tse Ye Mu, the head of the Los Angeles division, is determined to prove himself to his Las Vegas superiors. Now, he's feeling pressure from both the Triads and the Burning Angels as multiple distribution centers and smuggling routes are hit and Koshari assets attacked. Tse Ye Mu doesn't want to call in support from his Las Vegas bosses, but they may send it anyway. And when Tse Ye Mu gets wind of the Ancients pilfering of tempo, he has no choice but to retaliate. The Ancients also have a contract with the Olaya Cartel, however. Tse Ye Mu needs to tread carefully, or else he could end up both alienating the Cartel and losing his contract to the Triads

Triads

Wing, the Shan Chu of the **Sapphire Crane Society**, is a canny old man with an eye for profit. He has allied himself with several street gangs, such as the Ancients and the Burning Angels, balancing their rivalries with his own cunning and determination. Although the Triads have traditionally focused on BTLs, Wing is more than ready to jump on the tempo bandwagon.

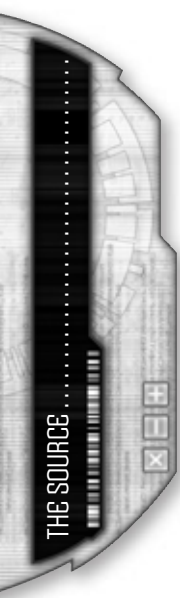
The mafia traditionally caters to the stars (both the trid and the political type). Wing realizes that if he can control the tempo trade, however, those fickle stars will turn to the Triads, giving them a boost in reputation and profits. He has been slowly encroaching on the mafia already—strategic hits on mafia capos and assets have been coordinated by him personally. The earthquakes, floods, and resulting devastation meant that the Triads lost a lot of territory. In this instance, though, that is working in their favor, as the mafia has had a hard time retaliating against the spread-out Triads. Wing's careful cultivation of the Ancients and the Burning Angels (and through them, the Anasazi) is about to pay off.

The Ancients

The all-elven go-gang known as the Ancients has chapters in cities throughout North America and beyond. **Rosa Azul**, the local chapter leader, is well-connected among Angel Town's ruling corporations—particularly Horizon—and has contacts with drug dealers all through Tir Tairngire and the California Free State. **Rosa Azul**, a female elf whose long blue hair covers a half-eaten ear, has traded on the gang's powerful reputation to become the primary smugglers for the Olaya Cartel along the North-South corridor of I-5, running from Seattle to Los Angeles. Unknown to the Olaya, she has also been doing a little dealing on the side with her "blue rose" derms.

While the local LA chapter isn't particularly large (75 members), they are well-organized and can call on reinforcements from other chapters if the situation demands. Their primary foes have been the latino Burning Angeles, but the Koshari are only tense allies at best.

When Wing of the Sapphire Crane Triad approaches Rosa Azul with a proposition to undercut the Koshari, the Olaya Cartel's chosen LA distributors, Rosa Azul is tempted. She diverts some product to the Triads, getting a much higher price for the drug than the Koshari are willing to provide. The Ancients' natural



rivalry with the Koshari comes to the surface as the Triads provide more and more profit for the gang. In a short time, Rosa Azul is faced with a tough decision—continue their arrangement with the Koshari or throw their weight in with the Triads

Los Angeles Ardientes (The Burning Angels)

The Burning Angels seem to have a personal vendetta against the Koshari. Whether this is a street-level ploy of Aztechnology and Pueblo rivalries (with the Burning Angels allied with Aztechnology) or if it is a more personal quest for Sage, the heavily scarred mystic adept who leads the Angels, no one knows. Screwing with the Koshari by disrupting their profitable tempo contract is just the sort of thing that appeals to Sage.

With the Angels' mil-spec weapons and startling (for a gang) ability to make strategic hits, they are in a position to put a world of hurt on the Koshari. The Triads are willing to exploit that. But an even deeper secret is the Burning Angels' alliance with an undercover team of Jaguar and Cuachicqueh Aztech warriors (p. 130–131), loaned to Sage by someone within Aztechnology. The rumor within the gang is that during Sage's pilgrimage into the Mojave desert, she met up with someone high up in Aztechnology and struck a deal. Even her closest lieutenants don't know the details. Whatever the details, Sage has exploited every resource of the Jaguar Guards to help train her gang, gather intel, and ensure that at the end of the day Los Angeles Ardientes will be the top dog in LA.

LOS ANGELES ADVENTURE FRAMEWORK

The following framework takes place shortly before the Ghost Council begins as participants arrive in Los Angeles. If the characters followed Uribe to other locations after Neo-Tokyo, they will have only just arrived when they are thrown into the action. On the other hand, if the characters accompanied Sacristán to LA, gamemasters may want to add some sidejobs and twists of their own to fill the weeks while Sacristán organizes the summit.

PROBLEM ON APPROACH

The day has come. From all across Latin America, the *jefes* and *jefas* of the Ghost Council are coming to Los Angeles today to discuss matters that will affect tens of thousands of addicts, hundreds of thousands of casual users ... and Sacristán is scared shitless that an Aztlaner combat force is loose in the city and ready to strike.

Setup

Graciela "The Maker" Riveros is a renowned drug designer, a *jefa* of the Olaya cartel in Caracas, and many believe the brains behind tempo. She's flying in to **John Wayne Airport** (p. 118) on a private jet, and the team are to wait for her on the tarmac and escort her to the Council. Sacristán has briefed the team that there might be active opposition on their way to Baltimore Towers, but she also has good news: as soon as Riveros is delivered, Sacristán will upload the balance of what she owes the shadowrunners to their accounts and discharge them from duty. The characters should plan how they want to handle transportation with Sacristán before the action starts. They are given KondOrchid access passes to John Wayne Airport.

Event 1

Trouble starts out immediately at the airport; while taxiing across the runway to the corporate hangar area the plane's brakes fail and the nose of the jet smashes into a hangar. The waiting runners will have to decide between jumping into the plane and retrieving Riveros or waiting for emergency services to do it for them. The fact that the service staff arrive on scene suspiciously quickly—within seconds of the crash—and are uniformly well-muscled Latinos or AmerInds with military crewcuts and holes where gold thorns might have pierced their ears should set the shadowrunners scrambling. If the players are too trusting or are simply unobservant, secretly roll Perception to see if the shadowrunners notice their concealed weapons. Worst case scenario, the runners can rush at the plane when they hear the first muffled shots.

The shadowrunners will have to drag Riveros out while her bodyguards hold off the disguised emergency services personnel, then get her through the airport to baggage claim where their GMC Bulldog Step-Van (p. 341, SR4) is waiting. If the shadowrunners thought to include an escort of Ancients, they'll find them holding off a group of Burning Angels gangers. Otherwise, the team's vehicle will explode as they leave the corporate terminal, forcing them to seek alternate transportation—and fight their way past a group of Burning Angels.

If the runners were clever enough to use one or more decoys, their ruse should be successful in drawing off some of the fire while they get the real Riveros to their waiting vehicle.

Event 2

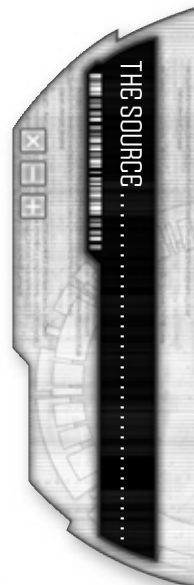
Sacristán will have three routes mapped out between the airport and Baltimore Towers. Unfortunately she didn't plan them to counteract snipers, a demolition team, and an Ares Citymaster blocking traffic—essentially, the shadowrunners can't get farther than halfway on any of the routes, forcing them to get out on foot or seek alternate transportation. If the shadowrunners thought to include the Ancients in their plans, the gangers will accompany them and help in the moving firefight.

Given the large water area of modern Los Angeles, watercraft and hovercraft are excellent means of making progress. Just in case, the Aztlaners have a pair of GMC Beachcraft patrolling the waters on the lookout for Riveros and the shadowrunners. Aircraft, particularly helicopters, are also possible, though that would mean fighting their way back into the airport—or going out of their way to get to another airport.

The sewer, and their ties to the flooded underground tunnels of the **Deep Lacuna** (p. 118), are another possibility, and one that the local Ancients will suggest if things seem hopeless. Of all the approaches, the Deep Lacuna represents fairly even ground for the shadowrunners—the Aztlaners will follow, but be at the same disadvantage as the shadowrunners in underwater combat.

Event 3

Savvy shadowrunners might consider that leading the Aztlaners to the Ghost Council would be a bad idea; if they don't think of it, Riveros can voice her opinion on the matter. In this case, the group will probably change directions, call Sacristán for orders or both. The sudden shift in tactics will throw the Aztlaners off balance and might just let them get away clean. Alternatively, the runners can just try to blow through the Azzies with guns blazing.



JOHN WAYNE AIRPORT (FUN CITY, LA)

A smaller airport on the outskirts of the Greater Los Angeles Area, John Wayne Airport handles a great deal of traffic from Latin America and is especially popular for tourists on their way to Horizon's Virtual Disneyland. Security and customs at this airport are somewhat more lax than at others; cyberware scanners generally (Rating 2) cannot pick up cyberguns as long as they aren't loaded; chemsniffers are a little better (Rating 3). The security guards (use the stats for Corporate Security Guard, p. 275, SR4) have a slight non-Anglo bias, and pinkskins are more likely than anyone else to be picked for random searches. Magical security is a joke; one of the guards has the Astral Sight Quality (p. 24, *Street Magic*), Assensing 3 and Astral Combat 3.

The Olaya Cartel owns half of the baggage handlers; Rosa Azul gets the flight numbers and cred deposits from an anonymous drop box. She bribes three customs officials to look the other way when the tempo shipments come in (disguised as air cargo) and moves them out in a minivan made up like an airport shuttlebus. If the shadowrunners approach her correctly, she might lend it to them.

THE DEEP LACUNA

Beneath the flooded streets of Los Angeles are underground tunnels and flooded sewer lines—even entire streets that survived relatively intact when the earth shifted. The Deep Lacuna is the name given to these tunnels, which experts believe are *alchera*, magical constructs that gain physical substance. During the earthquakes (or possibly when several hundred tons of bedrock supporting some very heavy buildings disappeared), sections of the tunnels collapsed and filled with toxic seawater.

A standing fight with the Aztlaners is bad news; the members of the chase team are elite Jaguar Guards, either adepts or heavily augmented. The shadowrunners are probably outmatched in a straight-up fight, but with guile and a bit of luck might be able to evade or out-wit their opponents long enough to escape. Particularly dedicated runners might be able to pick the Azzies off one at a time until they can safely say the coast is clear and no one is following them anymore.

Climax

After a great deal of difficulty, the runners should be able to escort Riveros the Baltimore Towers, where the meeting is already in process. Triggers fingers should be itchy and feelings tense as the shadowrunners pass their own security, giving signs and countersigns, checking the bathroom for hidden assassins before Riveros goes in to freshen up, and sticking to her like glue. The runners might simply be relieved to be done and see their package off of their hands.

No one has fully mapped or explored these tunnels. Some say they lead all the way to the ocean, others that they contain pre-Colombian native artifacts, or even a tribe of merrow. Amateur divers tell of connections between the tunnels and the flooded sewer system, of sinkholes up to a hundred meters deep where smugglers leave their caches, and sunken bank vaults. Some of the tunnels may not even be flooded. Explorers often mark the tunnels with different signs to indicate safe passage, throughputs and the like.

Shadowrunners who went through the *Retributive First Strike* (see p. 103) scenario can put their swimming and diving skills to use if they want to navigate the Deep Lacuna. Because they're an astral construct, the tunnels are dual-natured, keeping astral forms from passing directly through the walls. Of course, that doesn't mean an enterprising magician can't astrally project to scout out the tunnel ahead.

DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES

Downtown Los Angeles has been reclaimed from the flood waters by Horizon's efforts. The streets are clean, with broad, moving sidewalks to encourage foot traffic (and tourism). Artwork is placed in alcoves along the buildings and towering palm trees line many of the streets. Most of the buildings have been completely refurbished, cleaning up the flood damage and refitting the buildings in Horizon's Art Deco theme, a tribute to the golden age of Hollywood.

Everything is AR enhanced and everyone is required to broadcast their SIN and ID at all times. Business has never been better and the thriving downtown area reflects it. Pueblo police maintain a discreet presence. Horizon's new Automated Crime Prevention System ensures peace and security for visitors and residents.

Sacristán will congratulate them for successfully getting Riveros here in one piece (or mostly one piece, if she was injured), and pays them off as promised—though she has some extra work for them if they want it. Riveros needs babysitting for the duration of the Council, since her security detail was lost at the airport.

Sequels

The most immediate sequel is in the next chapter *The Final Cut*, but the shadowrunners will also have made an impression on Riveros and she might hire them again some time. The Azzies will also remember the runners that thwarted them and be itching for some payback. Since the team has now been paid, they might just want to go home ... and face trouble doing so.

LOS ANGELES SPIN-OFFS AND SIDEJOBS

- The shadowrunners are offered fifteen seconds of fame when the Koshari hires them to appear in a viral marketing

Urgent Message...

THE SOURCE

WHERE TO NOW, BOSS LADY?

At the end of the *Problem on Approach* framework, the shadowrunners are all set to proceed immediately into the events of Chapter Four—but they don't have to. Gamemasters could choose for the Ghost Council to last for several days, with the hit only occurring on the final day, to give the runners time to tie up loose ends or have more fun in Los Angeles before the hammer falls. It is also important to remember that while designed so that gamemasters and players can smoothly transition from one chapter to another, there is no requirement to do so—just because you play through *Problem on Approach* doesn't mean you have to play through the campaign arc in the next chapter. There's plenty to keep the shadowrunners occupied in Los Angeles as it is.

Urgent Message...

advertisement. It promotes tempo as a naturally-derived medicinal supplement and will appear on the P2.0 network.

- A sleazy LA producer has tasted tempo and really liked the ride. If he could get a simsense recording of a flipside trip, he just knows it'd be a big hit. Unfortunately, all the "talent" he has access to refuses to work (much less experiment with illegal drugs while being recorded) for the prices he can offer. The runners are hired to find some good blackmail material on his favorite "pretty young sim-starlet," so he can force her to take tempo with him and then give him the simsense recordings.
- As Pueblo security forces attempt to control the spread of tempo through the LA sprawl, they've confiscated a significant stash of the drug from dealers, drug houses, raves, and parties. They're holding the drug in a secured evidence warehouse on the grounds of the Ontario Airport. A known dealer is about to come up for his trial. His lawyer is willing to pay very well if the "evidence" his client was caught with mysteriously disappears. The catch is that such a significant amount of tempo is very attractive to a number of groups, such as the Triads, the Mob, and the Burning Angels. If any of those groups hear that the runners have liberated the drugs, they'll do their best to find the runners—and the drugs—for themselves.

CAST OF SHADOWS

The following character stats are given to easily use these central characters in your campaign. If, during the course of your adventures one or more of these characters should die, so be it. None of them are immortal or irreplaceable, no matter what they think, and the Olaya Cartel will send someone else out to finish the job even if the Olaya envoys are wiped out to a metahuman.

SACRISTÁN

María Fyolek García Sacristán—Henry Uribe's right hand woman and the principal expediter—is a no-nonsense woman in her late twenties. While her features and skin color suggest a Latin American background, her eyes betray a hint of Asian ancestry—

or a very good plastic surgeon. Though petite and attractive, Sacristán has made it this far in life through hard work, ruthlessness, and skill. Uribe trusts her instincts and judgment implicitly and Sacristán makes sure he is never disappointed. While she has been known to use her feminine wiles to get her way, she's both willing and able to take care of herself if anyone gets too familiar or tries to take advantage of her.

Unlike Uribe, Sacristán doesn't like to waste time on pleasantries or small talk; her business is dates, times, and numbers, and she likes to get it done as quickly and safely as possible. During the tour of the PacRim, Sacristán is responsible for expediting any operations that cannot be deniably handled by the delegation's own security detail—to that end she prefers placing dependable independent assets on retainer rather than hiring unknown quantities each time.

B A R S C I L W Edg Ess Init IP
3 4 4 4 5(6) 5 5 6 6 3.815 9 1

Condition Monitor Boxes (Physical/Stun): 11/11

Armor (Ballistic/Impact): 7/5

Skills: Accounting 6, Amazonian Portuguese 6, Aztlaner Spanish N, Chinese 5, Corporate Politics 4, Data Search 5, English 5, Exotic Melee Weapon (Foot Spur) 4, Exotic Melee Weapon (Knee Spur) 4, German 1, German Ales 4, Ghost Cartels 5, Influence 6, Japanese 5, Perception 6, Throwing Weapons 4 (Throwing Knives +2)

Qualities: Martial Arts (Sangre y Acero: +1 die for Exotic Melee Weapon attacks using a cyber-implant in an unusual location)

Augmentation: (All betaware) Attention Coprocessor (Rating 3), Booster Endosont, Clean Metabolism, Encephalon (Rating 2), Math SPU, Projectile Spur (left knee), Retractable Cyberspur (left foot), Slimworm, Stalwart Endosont, Tailored Pheromones (Rating 2)

Gear: Wyrd Mantis Essence (disguised as perfume), eight Berwick Line suits w/ FFBA half body suit, emotitoy bracelet (3), Transys Avalon running Novatech Navi, three fake SINS (6), Pepper Punch sprayer (1 dose)

Maneuvers: Finishing Move, Focus Will

Weapons:

Knee/footspur [Exotic melee weapon, Reach 1, DV 4P, AP 0,]

Projectile spur [Exotic ranged weapon, DV 7P, AP -2, Mode SS, RC 0, 1]

4 Throwing knives [Thrown weapon, DV 3P, coated with Gamma-Scopolamine (p. 246, SR4)]

Defiance EX Shocker [Taser, DV 8S(e), AP -half, Mode SS, RC 0, 4 (m)]

JORGE RHYS

Rhys is a well-tanned dwarf in his early-thirties with a general lack of social graces except for professional etiquette with other scientists. His bedside manner when "playing doctor" (examining an addict or the effects of a particular drug combination/dosage on a subject) is focused and completely unemotional. When not working, he generally involves himself in reading online trade journals or goes to clubs to try and get some action. He obeys Uribe and Sacristán and never questions his role—designing drugs for the masses is just business and keeps him well within his comfort zone. Despite his awareness of the pitfalls of addiction, Jorge's typical solution to stressful situations is to pop a pill—and he will

THE SOURCE





JUROJIN

Known Aliases: None
Age: Unknown
Known Affiliation: Watada-rengo,
Wanibuchi-rengo, Ryumyo
Criminal Record: None
Status: Location unknown



SACRISTAN

Known Aliases: María Fyolek Garcia Sacristán
Age: 28
Known Affiliation: Olaya Cartel
Criminal Record: None
Status: Under surveillance



HAK

Known Aliases: None
Age: 33-35 (approx.)
Known Affiliation: Black Chrysanthemum Triad
Criminal Record: NHKS-1221AA3L4-Mac-58.
Status: Wanted (HKFEZ, Macao, Canton Confed)



TSE YE MU

Known Aliases: John Mu
Age: 35
Known Affiliation: Koshari syndicate
Criminal Record: 122-890787-PCC-62
Status: Location unknown

happily offer friendly characters a taste of any one of a dozen drugs he carries in his medkit.

B A R S C I L W Edg Ess Init IP
3 2 2 2 1 5 5 4 1 3.795 7 1

Condition Monitor Boxes (Physical/Stun): 10/10

Armor (Ballistic/Impact): 5/3

Skills: Amazonian Portuguese N, Arcana 4 (Magical Compounds +2), Aztlaner Spanish 1, Biotech 4, Botany 4 (Parabotany +2), Chemistry 7 (BADs +2), Electronics 4, English 4, Ghost Cartels 3, Perception 3, Pharmacology 5, Pistols 1, Street Drugs 5, Survival 4
Qualities: Aptitude (Chemistry), Resistance to Pathogens/Toxins (2), Uncouth

Augmentations: (All betaware) Biomonitor, Blood Circuit Control System, Digestive Expansion, Engraved Datajack, Gastric Neurostimulator, Image Link (retinal modification), Olfactory Booster (Rating 6), Taste Booster (Rating 6), Nephritic Screen (Rating 4), Toxin Extractor (Rating 6)

Gear: Aces High jacket over casual outfit, assaying kit, chemistry kit, medkit with one of each drug from *Arsenal*, survival kit, sunglasses (w/ultrasound, image link, microscopic), respirator (6), three doses of tempo, custom commlink w/hot-wired sim module and disabled RAS override [Response 6, System 5, Signal 5, Analyze 4, Attack 4, Exploit 4, Blackout 4, Browse 4, Scan 4, Stealth 4, Agent 5 (Pilot 5)], fake SIN (6)

Weapons:

Defiance EX Shocker [Taser, DV 8S(e), AP -half, Mode SS, RC 0, 4 (m)]

HAK

In the Triads, the *Sim Fung* is like the rock that breaks the current of the river; the first obstacle against which the mighty forces break. Hak is the Sin Fung of the Black Chrysanthemums. The scarred public face of the most hated and feared Triad in Hong Kong, he is the first obstacle that any gang or rival Triad must defeat—and they have failed. Hak needs no fictions to enhance his reputation; in Hong Kong, it is Hak that the enemies of the Black Chrysanthemum fear, and he knows how to use that very well. In Kowloon Walled City, however, Hak will be faced with a battle even he has never seen—and something in him will thrill at the black madness of it.

B A R S C I L W M Edg Ess Init IP
4 5 6(8) 4 2 5 4 6 8 3 3 13 3

Condition Monitor Boxes (Physical/Stun): 11/11

Armor (Ballistic/Impact): 8/8

Skills: Chinese N, Close Combat 5, English 4, Exotic Ranged Weapon (Fichetti Pain Inducer) 5, Firearms 4, Hong Kong 5, Influence 4, Intimidate 4 (Torture +2), Japanese 2, Macao 4, Magic Background 4, Stealth 3, Triads 6 (Black Chrysanthemums +2)

Qualities: Adept, Martial Arts (Kung Fu: +1 dice on block, dodge, and parry melee Defense Tests), Spirit Bane (City Spirits)

Initiate Grade: 4

Metamagics: Adept Centering, Masking, Extended Masking, Somatic Control

Adept Powers: Analytics (2), Counterstrike (2), Improved Reflexes (2), Pain Resistance (8)

Gear: Heritage clothing on top of shin guards, forearms guards, and FFBA half body suit, concealable holster (lower back), hidden arm slide for Yamaha Sakura Fubuki (left arm), contact lenses (w/ image link, flare compensation, and smartlink), knock-off of a Transys Avalon running Mangadyne Deva

Maneuvers: Finishing Move, Kick Attack, Multi-Strike, Off-Hand Training, Set-Up, Two Weapon Style

Notes: Quickened Detect Enemies Spell (Force 2, add 6 additional dice to any test the spell must make)

Weapons:

Butterfly Knife [Blade, DV 4P, AP -1, Reach 0, w/personalized grip]

Fichetti Pain Inducer [Exotic ranged weapon, DV special, AP -half, Mode SS, RC 0, Special, w/ personalized grip and smartgun]

Sakura Fubuki [Light pistol, DV 4P, AP 0, Mode SA/BF, RC (1), 10 (ml) x4, w/ personalized grip, smartgun]

TSE YE MU

Taking his name from one of the great Hopi artists of the last century—or at least he'd know that if he ever bothered to look it up—Tse Ye Mu is a grizzled veteran of the PCC underworld with more common sense than book learning. He's moved to the top of the heap in the L.A. Koshari by grit, fighting dirty, and being three-quarters Hopi in a city full of half-breeds and worse, and he aims to stay there by orneriness, friends in high and low places, keeping his bosses happy, and burying the competition in the Mojave. This tempo business suits him fine, even if he has to deal with a bunch of Anglos and Latinos; at the very least there's money in it—and if there's one thing Tse Ye Mu doesn't like, it's someone fucking with his money. Those people learn right fast that he doesn't let anybody put anything over on him.

B A R S C I L W M Edg Ess Init IP
4 3 3 4 4 4 3 4 8 2 5.2 7 1

Condition Monitor Boxes (Physical/Stun): 10/10

Armor (Ballistic/Impact): 6/4

Skills: Arcana 4, Artisan (Painting) 4, Artisan (Woodworking) 4, Assensing 4, Aztlaner Spanish 3, Drugs 4, Banishing 3, Chemistry 4, Close Combat 4, Enchanting 5, English N, Etiquette 4 (Magical +2), Hopi Culture 3, Koshari Operations 4, Magical Background 5, Magical Goods Value 6, Medicine 4, Negotiation 5, Perception 4, Pistols 4, Pueblo Underworld 4, Sorcery Skill Group 4

Qualities: Mentor Spirit (Artificer), Mystic Adept (3 points devoted to Magic skills)

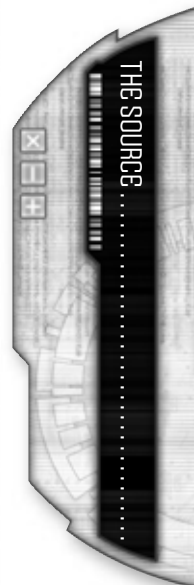
Initiate Grade: 4

Metamagics: Anchoring, Flexible Signature, Psychometry, Quickening

Adept Powers: Astral Perception, Cloak (4), Eidetic Sense Memory, Elemental Strike (Sand), Killing Hands, Magic Sense, Piercing Senses (4)

Augmentations: Customized Modular Cyberarm (left, alphaware, Body 4, Strength 4, Agility 3, w/Scanner System (4) and a Large Smuggling Compartment (feathered serpent toenail clippings), lower arm usually swapped out for either Built-In Assaying Kit, Built-In Chemistry Kit, or Built-In Medkit)

Gear: Lined coat [w/ fire resistance (6)] over feedback clothing, heavy leather satchel w/ unused modular cyberarm attachments; doses of Sage (1), Spirit Strength (1), and Witch's Moss (2) magical



compounds; grizzly bear tooth amulet [Power Focus (2)], Cavalier Deputy [Weapon Focus (4)] in Quick-Draw holster (right hip) w/2 speed loaders, Novatech Airware running Novatech Navi w/ AR gloves, sim module wired for hot sim, and biometric reader, beaded headband with 'trodes worked into fabric, pockets full of pills, derms, and poppers (6 doses of tempo, 4 doses of snuff, and 2 doses of jazz)

Spells: Analyze Magic, Analyze Device, Knockout, Mana Static, Sand Aura, Sand Wall

Weapons:

Cavalier Deputy [Club, DV 4P, AP 0, Reach 0, w/ melee hardening, weapon focus (4)]

Cavalier Deputy [Heavy pistol, DV 5P, AP -1, Mode SA, RC 1, 7 (cy), w/ melee hardening, personalized grip]

JUROJIN

To the world at large, Jurojin most commonly presents the form of an elderly, but not decrepit, Japanese gentleman. This is the least of his lies. At heart, Jurojin is not metahuman, and he has never been anything like a metahuman. As an ally spirit called forth by the great dragon Ryumyo, Jurojin was guided to see the world through the senses and purpose of his draconic master. Now that he is free—though there are many who refuse to believe that Ryumyo would permit the free spirit's continued existence—Jurojin walks the same corridors of power and influence, but this time to his own ends. Certainly the elderly Japanese male form he commonly presents is not his only one, and no one save Ryumyo can accurately guess what his limits, or his goals, may be. For now Jurojin waits behind his masks, inscrutable, and takes advantage of what opportunities Fate may bring.

Jurojin is an ancient free spirit with a double digit Force rating and a huge variety of powers. The gamemaster should feel free to give him any of the abilities and powers of normal spirits and free spirits as needed.

SMALLS

A short, emaciated elf with slick blond hair and chronic bags under his eyes. At his best, this Laésa dealer is a drug-dealing date-rapist who likes to slip laël into the drinks of underagers at clubs. For all that he's bottom-dealing scum—and knows it—Smalls has two things in his favor. For starters, he's still alive and he isn't stupid. He takes precautions—since he knows that he's an awful shot, he keeps his gun where everyone can see it and hopes they try to disarm him first. All he needs is a scratch from his laël-tainted hand razors to deliver the drug. The other thing he has is a line on pure tempo, the hottest new high in the sprawl...and he aims to keep it so he's selling it as "flipside" from his favorite nightclub, The Daisy Chain.

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	M	Edg	Ess	Init	IP
2	4	4	2	5 (7)	3	3	2	2	5.52	7	1	1

Condition Monitor Boxes (Physical/Stun): 9/9

Armor (Ballistic/Impact): 4/2

Skills: Blades 3 (Hand Razors +2), Chemistry 3, Cityspeak 2, Elven District 5, English N, Laésa 5, Negotiation 3 (Bargaining +2), Police Procedures 2 (Rights +2), Seattle Styles 4, Seattle Underworld 3, Sperethiel 4, Street Drugs 4 (Laés derivatives +2), Tarislar 5, Tir Tairngire 3, Urban Legends 3

Qualities: Addiction (Adrenaline junkie, Mild), Natural Immunity (Laés)

Augmentations: Cybergland (6 doses of laël mixed with DMSO, connected to hand razors), Daredrenaline, Dietware, Minor Biosculpting (ears sharpened), Print Removal, Retractable Hand Razors, Sensitive Skin, Silky Skin, Tailored Phermones (Rating 2)

Gear: Inline skates, packet of laés-cigarettes (20), fingernail data storage (5, each with a different BTL), Très Chic armored clothes and leather jacket, DocWagon contract (basic), respirator (Rating 3) modified to accept poppers, monocle w/image link and vision magnification, fake SIN (Tir Tairngire expatriate), certified credstick (1,500¥), two Sony Emperors running Redcap Nix w/sim module modified for hot sim and nanopaste trodes, "sticker machine" that dispenses tempo derms (50 doses)

Weapons:

Colt America L36 [Light pistol, DV 4P, AV 0, Mode SA, RC 0, 3 (c), note: mostly empty clip]

Hand razors [Implanted weapon, Reach 0, ,DV 2P, AP 0, releases laël (p.76, *Arsenal*) on a successful attack]

JOSÉ VILAMOURA

According to Smalls, he is buying "flipside" (processed tempo) from a former client, José Vilamoura, a attaché to the Amazonian consulate on Council Island. A 30-year old Latino, Vilamoura is an unassuming career bureaucrat who began using drugs to salve the constant homesickness Seattle's gray climes bring on. A well-placed friend in the Amazonian diplomatic service offered him a few doses of tempo during a visit months before the current craze and Vilamoura was hooked. Vilamoura, however, is unaware that he has been cooking and selling tempo to Smalls, and that he's continued to receive tempo from his Amazonian source via diplomatic pouches and mule logs. He is doing so under the spell of tempo (See the *Secret of Tempo*, p. 133)

Vilamoura is eventually hunted down by the PCs, who arrive just in time to catch Chikao Inoue's Yakuza soldiers trying to squeeze him for information—which he doesn't possess. When he falls unconscious from the torture, he is possessed by an unidentified spirit (Yajé, p. 154) which tries to flee the location, hence the possessed stats below.

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	M	Edg	Ess	Init	IP
3	3	3	3	4	3	2	2	4	6	6	1	1

Condition Monitor Boxes (Physical/Stun): 10/9

Armor (Ballistic/Impact): 2/2

Skills: Amazonia 5, Amazonia Trivia 3, Amazonian Portuguese N, Aztlaner Spanish 3, Classic Spanish Rock 5 (Hombres G +2), Computer 2, Council Island 3, English 6, Esperanto 4, French 6, Latin 3, Law 1 (Diplomatic Protocols +2), Linguistics 4, Negotiation 2, Spanish 6, Street Drugs 1, Unarmed Combat 1

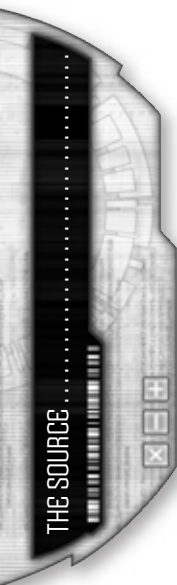
Qualities: Addiction (Tempo, Severe), SINner, Spirit Pact

Augmentations: Biotattoos of Imanjá (left forearm), and his old girlfriend (right shoulder)

Gear: Shirt and trousers, leather jacket, Erika Elite running Amazonian Iris Orb w/subvocal microphone and earplugs, prescription eyeglasses w/image link, 20kt gold crucifix on chain

Weapons:

Fists [unarmed, DV 2S, AP 0, Reach 0]





VILAMOURA POSSESSED

B A R S C I L W M Edg Ess Init IP
 3(11) 3(11) 3(11) 3(11) 8 8 8 8 8 4 6 19 2
Condition Monitor Boxes (Physical/Stun): 14/12
Armor (Ballistic/Impact): 16/16* (* Immunity to Normal Weapons)
Skills: see description of Yajé, p. 154
Powers: see description of Yajé, p. 154
Weapons:
 Fists [unarmed, DV 6S, AP 0, Reach 0]

YAMA KING CHIN YOU (FORCE 9 FREE SHADOW SPIRIT)

One of the powerful free shadow spirits that inhabits the dark corners of the Kowloon Walled City, Chin You is roused by the bloodshed of the Kowloon Massacre just as the other Yama Kings are. Though not quite as powerful as some of the other spirits, Chin You took his name and form from the Chinese demon lord of legend for the fear it induces. An ox-headed minotaur with armored body, Chin You is a fierce fighter and nurtures a rabid hatred for magicians of all types.

B A R S C I L W M Edg Ess Init IP
 12 9 9 17 9 9 9 9 9 3 16 3 1
Condition Monitor Boxes (Physical/Stun): 14/12
Armor (Ballistic/Impact): 14/14*
Skills: Assensing 9, Astral Combat 9, Dodge 9, Exotic Ranged Weapon 9, Perception 9, Close Combat Skill Group 9, Counterspelling 9
Powers: Astral Form, Banishing Resistance, Confusion, Elemental Attack (Blast), Enhanced Senses (Hearing, Low-Light and Thermographic Vision), Fear, Immunity (Age, *Normal Weapons, Pathogens, Toxins), Magical Guard, Materialization, Sapience
Weapons:
 Warhammer [extension of spirit, Reach 1, DV 8P, AP 0]

GRUNTS AND MOVING TARGETS

The following sections contain write-ups for some of the group opposition characters may encounter as well as a couple of vehicles. Only the most relevant stats are provided.

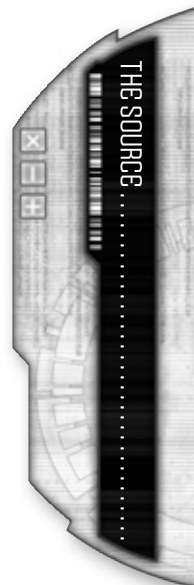
Shedim Force 4 (Professional Rating 6)

A group of shedim, spirit menaces from the Deep Metaplanes (pp. 154–155, *Street Magic*) at the service of a Master Shedim, have killed and taken the bodies of the crew of the Smoke Circle merchantman, turning them into zombie-like creatures.

B A R S C I L W Ess Init IP
 4(8) 3(7) 4(9) 3(7) 4 4 4 4 6 8 2
Condition Monitor Boxes: 12
Armor (Ballistic/Impact): 8/8*
Skills: Assensing 4, Astral Combat 4, Dodge 4, Perception 4, Close Combat Skill Group 4
Powers: Astral Form, Deathly Aura, Energy Drain (Karma, Touch range, Physical damage), Fear, Immunity (Age, *Normal Weapons, Pathogens, Toxins), Paralyzing Touch, Possession (Dead Vessels)
Weapons:
 Machete [Blade, DV (Str/2+2)P, AP -1, Reach 0]
 Steel Pipe [Improvised melee weapon, DV (Str/2+1)P, AP -1, Reach 1]
 Fists [unarmed, DV 4S, AP 0, Reach 0]
Weaknesses: Allergy (Sunlight, Mild), Evanescence

Master Shedim (lieutenant)

Slipping on board the *Yinbe* with the body and memories of a sailor killed in a bar brawl, this Master Shedim has decided the drug vessel would be a perfect mobile base of operations. He has systematically killed the remaining sailors and placed his Shedim servants into their bodies. The last few survivors chose to jump into the shark infested waters rather than giving up their bodily vessels. If the shadowrunners defeat his minions the Master Shedim will try to pass himself off as a survivor of the original crew.



B A R S C I L W Ess Init IP
 4 (10) 3 (9) 3 (12) 3 (9) 6 6 6 6 5.2 15 2

Condition Monitor Boxes: 13

Armor (Ballistic/Impact): 12/12*

Skills: Assensing 5, Astral Combat 5, Counterspelling 5, Dodge 5, Perception 5, Spellcasting 5, Close Combat Skill Group 5

Powers: Astral Form, Astral Gateway, Aura Masking, Banishing Resistance, Compulsion, Deathly Aura, Energy Drain (Karma, Touch range, Physical damage), Fear, Immunity (Age, *Normal Weapons, Pathogens, Toxins), Possession (Dead Vessels), Regeneration, Sapience, Shadow Cloak

Optional Powers: Noxious Breath, Silence

Spells: Stun Bolt, Pulse, Mana Static, Power Bolt, Clairvoyance

Weaknesses: Allergy (Sunlight, Mild), Evanescence

Smoke Circle cannon fodder (Professional Rating 3)

The Smoke Circle Society has gathered a couple hundred addicts from their red orchid dens and vice houses and offered them a week's supply of drugs for every Black Chrysanthemum sash they bring out of the Walled City—as well as the chance to keep anything they can scavenge from the distribution center. To buff up their addict army, the Smoke Circle has provided combat drugs to one in every five attackers—use the numbers in parentheses for the drugged combatants.

B A R S C I L W Ess Init IP
 2 (4) 3 (4) 3 3 (5) 2 3 2 3 (4) 3.4 6 1 (2)

Condition Monitor Boxes: 9 (10)

Armor (Ballistic/Impact): 4/3

Skills: Close Combat Group 3, Pistols 2, Dodge 3, Running 3, Infiltration 2, Streets of Kowloon 2

Gear: 1 dose of Kamikaze (note: High Pain Tolerance 3), flats, vests or jackets

Weapons:

Knife [Blade, Reach 0, DV (Str/2+1)P, AP 0]

Butcher's knife/Machete [Blade, Reach 0, DV (Str/2+2)P, AP -1]

Board with nail [Improvised melee weapon, Reach 1, DV (Str/2+1)P, AP 0]

Steel Pipe [Improvised melee weapon, Reach 1, DV (Str/2+1)P, AP -1]

Seco LD-120 [Light Pistol, DV 4P, AP 0, SA, RC 0, 12 (c)]

Browning Ultra-power [Heavy pistol, DV 5P, AP -1, SA, RC 0, 10 (c)]

Molotov Cocktail [Improvised explosive, DV 5P*, AP - half]

* starts fire, see p. 155, *SR4*

Smoke Circle-allied Gangers (Professional Rating 3)

The army of addicts attacking the Black Chrysanthemum den is led by junior members of the Smoke Circle's client gangs. Violent and out to prove themselves to the Smoke Circle, these gangers are better armed and have no compunction about using the addicts as cannon-fodder and meat shields.

B A R S C I L W Ess Init IP
 4 4 4 3 3 4 3 4 6 8 1

Condition Monitor Boxes: 10

Armor (Ballistic/Impact): 5/3

Skills: Blades 3, Dodge 3, Hong Kong Gangs 3, Intimidation 3, Pistols 3, Automatics 3 or Longarms 3, Triads 2, Unarmed Combat 3

Gear: Armored jacket, commlink

Weapons:

Long knife [Blade, Reach 0, DV (Str/2+2)P, AP -1]

Ceska Black Scorpion [Machine pistol, DV 4P, AP 0, SA/BF, RC 4, 35(c) w/foregrip, gas-vent 3]

Remington Roomsweeper [Shotgun, DV 5P(f), AP -1, SA, RC 0, 8(m) w/flechette ammo]

AK-97 Carabine [SMG, DV5P, AP, SA/BF/FA, RC 3, 30(c), w/ folding stock, gas-vent 2]

Frag Grenade [Grenade, DV 2P(f), AP +2, Blast -1/m]

Black Chrysanthemums *Sze Kau* defenders (Professional Rating 3)

During the assault on the Kowloon distribution center two dozen *Sze Kau*, or 49s, footsoldiers of the Black Chrysanthemum Triad are charged with holding off the attackers.

B A R S C I L W Ess Init IP
 3(4) 4(5) 4 3(5) 3 4 3 3(4) 6.0 8 1(2)

Condition Monitor Boxes: 10

Armor (Ballistic/Impact): 6/4

Skills: Automatics 4 or Longarms 4, Blades 3, Etiquette (Underworld) 3, Intimidation 2 (Physical +2), Perception 2, Triads 4, Unarmed Combat 3,

Augmentations: High Pain Tolerance 3 (from Kamikaze)

Gear: Combat Drug Kamikaze, armor vest with plates, commlink, goggles (w/ image link, low-light, smartlink)

Weapons:

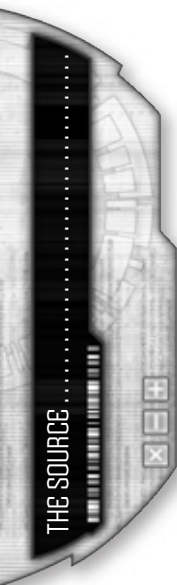
Ceska Black Scorpion [Machine pistol, DV 4P, AP 0, SA/BF, RC 4, 35(c) w/foregrip, gas-vent 3]

AK-98 [Assault rifle, DV 6P, AP -1, SA/BF/FA, RC 2, 38(c) w/ext. smartgun, gas-vent 2],

Katar [Blade, Reach 0, DV 4P(5P), AP -2]

Black Chrysanthemums (Lieutenant)

These experienced Triad fighters are under the command of Hak and lead the *Sze Kau* in the defense of the Kowloon vice den. Some are veterans of the Macao street wars that raised the Black Chrysanthemum to preeminence and are experienced in urban warfare.



B A R S C I L W Ess Init IP
 4(5) 4(5) 4(5) 3(5) 3 4 3 4(5) 3.0 9 2(3)

Condition Monitor Boxes: 10

Armor (Ballistic/Impact): 8/7

Skills: Longarms 4, Blades 4, Etiquette (Underworld) 3, Perception 3, Heavy Weapons 2, Intimidation 4 (Physical +2), Triads 4, Unarmed Combat 3,

Augmentations: Wired Reflexes (Rating 2), Dermal Sheath (Rating 2)

Gear: Combat drug Kamikaze, armor vest, sunglasses (w/ low-light, smartlink, image link)

Weapons:

AK-98 [Assault rifle, DV 6P, AP -1, SA/BF/FA, RC 2, 38(c) w/ext. smartgun, foregrip, gas-vent 2, under-barrel grenade launcher]

Launched mini-grenade [Mini-grenade, DV 10P, Blast -2/m, AP -2, SS, 6(m)]

Vibro-sword [Sword, Reach 1, DV 6P(7P), AP -2]

Kodachi kumi-in soldiers (Professional Rating 4)

Rank and file members of the Kodachi-gumi will be going about their business depending on the time of day. All will have some weapon on them, and in case of emergency they rush to the weapons locker to bring out the heavier firepower.

B A R S C I L W Ess Init IP
 4 4(6) 4(5) 3 3 4 3 4 5.6 8(9) 1(2)

Condition Monitor Boxes: 10

Armor (Ballistic/Impact): 8/6

Skills: Dodge 3, Firearms Skill Group 3, Close Combat Skill Group 4, Perception 3.

Augmentations: Muscle Toner 2,

Gear: Armor jacket, Jazz poppers, sunglasses (lowlight, smartlink).

Weapons: Katana [Sword, Reach 1, DV 5P, AP -1]

Browning Ultra-Power [Heavy pistol, DV 6P, AP -2, SA, 10(c)], w/ smartgun, Ex-Ex ammo]

SCK Model 100 [SMG, DV 8P, AP -2, SA/BF, RC (2), 30(c) w/, gas-vent 2, smartgun, Ex-Ex ammo]

Colt M23 [Assault rifle, DV 8P, AP -2, SA/BF/FA, RC 2(4), 40(c) w/gas-vent 2, foregrip, Ex-Ex ammo]

Auto-Assault 16 [Shotgun, DV 7P, SA/BF/FA, RC 3, 32(drum) w/gas-vent 2, smartgun, slug ammo]

Kodachi kobun (Lieutenant)

The highest ranking Yakuza present in the kodachi stronghold is charged with holding the hostages.

B A R S C I L W Ess M Init IP
 4 5 4(6) 4 3 4 3 4 5.6 4 8(10) 2(3)

Condition Monitor Boxes: 10

Armor (Ballistic/Impact): 8/6

Skills: Athletics 3, Dodge 4, Firearms Skill Group 4, Perception 3, Close Combat Group 5

Adept Powers: Attribute Boost (Agility) 4, Combat Sense 2, Increased Reflexes 1

Gear: Combat Drug Jazz, armor jacket, sunglasses (lowlight, smartlink)

Weapons:

Ares Alpha [Assault rifle, DV 6P, AP -5, SA/BF/FA, 42(c) w/gas-vent 3, APDS ammo, no launcher]

Katana [Blade, Reach 1, DV 5P, AP -1]

Pok Guy (smuggler/pirate ship)

The *Pok Guy* is a 60-foot pleasure yacht, essentially a stripped-down Harland and Wolff Classique III with a couple smuggler's holds (which currently hold a cache of Caribbean rum and twenty-five high-explosive grenades). In addition to standard equipment (which for this crew includes about three firearms and/or blades per member), there is a good deal of diving equipment and a pair of 2-man metahuman torpedoes.

Hand Accel Speed Pilot Body Arm Sensor Avail Cost

-1 20/35 42 2 24 12 2 20 310,000¥

Upgrades and Mods: Additional Fuel Tanks, Amenities (Middle), Concealed Armor 4, Ducted Waterjet, Engine Customization (Speed), Extra Entry/Exit Point (below decks), 8 Gun Ports, Hydrofoil Capability, Rigger Adaptation, 2 Smuggling Compartments (one normal, one shielded), 2 Turbochargers

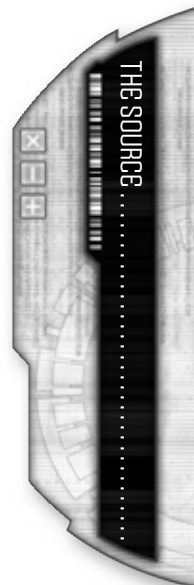
Yinhe (freighter)

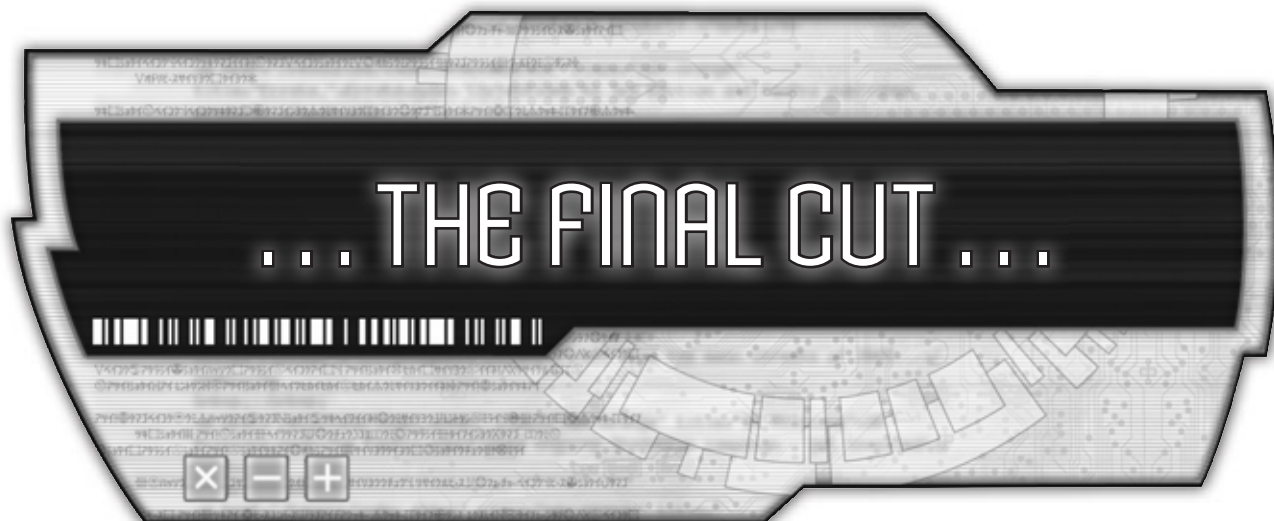
A Wuxing Zen-Lao Class 80-foot merchantman that's seen better days. The *Yinhe* plies the routes of the South China from the Golden Triangle to Hong Kong and Macao.

Hand Accel Speed Pilot Body Arm Sensor Avail Cost

-2 5/15 25 2 30 10 2 18 250,000¥

Upgrades and Mods: Amenities (Middle)





The laboratory was acceptable, if not elaborate, designed to the exact specifications she'd requested. Graciela expected nothing less from Sacristán. It would serve to show the others how tempo was refined, what forms it could take. Along one wall, a dozen small prefab rooms had been constructed, each with a bed and a complex set of medical monitoring equipment. Each tiny cell held a person. Graciela looked each over, approving. Sacristán had found a nice variety of metahuman types and builds. If any of the *jefes* and *jefas* wanted to see the effects first hand, these specimens would do well. She stopped at the last cell, frowning. A emaciated woman lay inside, asleep on the narrow bed, her stick-like arms and legs curled up tight for warmth, her pasty-grey skin stretched so tight over the bones of her face, you could see the pressing outline of her skull. Graciela checked her chart in AR; twenty-one weeks of use in specimen 12. She felt a mild annoyance with Sacristán—surely there were better addicts in Los Angeles. Couldn't she have found one who didn't look like she was on death's doorstep?

Graciela shut the chart down with a firm snap, thinking she'd have to tell Sacristán to procure a better addict. The *jefes* would want to see a product that had long-term potential. Showing them a dying addict was counterproductive. As Graciela turned to go find Sacristán, the addict's eyes flew open. Graciela stopped, surprised. Through the sturdy plastic viewing window, she saw the addict stretch out, then stand, sinuously graceful.

"Graciela," the addict said, her voice whisper soft. Graciela glanced over her shoulder, looking nervously around the empty lab. She stepped into the tiny cell, closing the door firmly behind her. There was barely enough room for one person to stand in the tiny room, and the two women ended up pressed together.

"You shouldn't be here," Graciela whispered. The woman reached up, cupped Graciela's face, fingers pressing into her like hot sticks.

"Is everything ready?" the addict asked.

"Yes," Graciela murmured, "I meet with the *jefes* tonight. Tomorrow I show them this lab. We have enough tempo stockpiled in Caracas and Bogotá to meet all their needs. Within a week, two at the most, we'll have tempo moving through their channels. Everything is going according to plan."

"Will you give them samples, too?" the addict asked.

"And have them turn into this?" Graciela asked, reaching up and grabbing the woman's skinny wrist, squeezing until she felt the bones grinding together. The woman's eyes brightened with laughter.

"Such an unfortunate side-effect," the woman breathed. "I so much prefer your firm flesh to these withered husks. I'll come to you tonight. I shall enjoy experiencing Los Angeles with your sweet body."

"Don't, Yajé." Graciela warned, stepping back, until she was pressed against the door. "It's too dangerous here. Too many people watching."

"Ah, Graciela," the woman murmured, laughter threading through her words, "You can't stop me."





RISE AND FALL OF TEMPO

Tempo's meteoric rise to popularity around the globe has brought unbelievable riches to the Olaya Cartel, drawing attention from major and minor syndicates, gangs, corporations, and governments around the world. In sprawls everywhere, turmoil and bloodshed in the underworld has caused shifts in power among the criminal syndicates, gangs, and even governments.

Interpol, under pressure from multiple governments to coordinate a response, is closing in on the source of the wildly popular drug. As events unfold, the Olaya Cartel will find itself torn from the inside, and tempo's global distribution compromised ... for a while.

The Final Cut takes the runners on a desperate journey to Latin America, the stronghold of the Ghost Cartels. Adventure frameworks begin in Los Angeles and carry them to the deepest darkest Amazonian rainforest. As with previous campaign tracks, frameworks are organized sequentially in a loose story arc. In addition, smaller adventure seeds follow the adventure frameworks, providing gamemasters with additional options to explore the worldwide ramifications of tempo. As always, gamemasters are free to introduce their own subplots and adventures as well as customize the locations presented to best fit their campaign.

WHAT'S GOING ON

Unhappy at the attention (and staggering profits) drawn by the Olaya Cartel as well as the fact that tempo is impinging on their own markets, the Ghost Cartels have called for a summit. The other Ghost Cartels have been ramping up the pressure on the Olaya's operations in their areas, but they are willing to talk before the situation degenerates further.

The remaining *jefes* claim that the Olaya's operations will bring international attention and retribution down on all the Cartels—and this is partially true. The Olaya Cartel, however, knows that what the other Cartels really desire is a piece of the action and has planned accordingly. Now that tempo is a proven commodity, **Jaime Salazar** (p. 56) aims to capitalize even further on it. At the coming Ghost Council, Salazar plans to assuage the *jefes* with a deal they cannot refuse. The Olaya boss plans to “cave in” by offering the other cartels a cut in the tempo trade in exchange for use of their established distribution networks—thereby (hopefully) diverting some of the heat for tempo trafficking onto them.

To host the gathering, the Olaya chose the neutral City of Angels—a conveniently troublesome environment for Aztechnology (AZT) and its David Cartel. The summit is shrouded in secrecy. Unfortunately, a mole in the entourage of **Manuel Tamayo** of the Andes Cartel has leaked first the date and later the location of the meeting to Aztechnology's David Cartel. **Domingo Ramos** (p. 154), head of the David Cartel and an AZT board member, wastes no time in organizing a strike against his opposition. The Ghost Cartels' worst fears have come true. In their greed, they've unwittingly placed themselves at risk of complete annihilation.

The Olaya Cartel's house of cards is about to come tumbling down.

Between A Rock And A Hard Place

A mercenary strike team (for deniability) led by two *Cuachicqueh* (p. 155) strikes the Baltimore Towers on the second day of the summit. Their mission is twofold: eliminate as many Ghost Cartel leaders as possible and snatch **Graciela Riveros** (p. 57)—and with her, the secret of tempo. Her personal security detail was killed during an ambush on arrival and a team of shadowrunners has been assigned to protect her in the interim.

Caught by surprise by the tactical strike, Riveros' guardians are overpowered—but after being stunned into unconsciousness, Riveros rises again and proceeds to wreck havoc among her attackers, slaying several including one of the *Cuachicqueh* with her bare hands and buying enough breathing space that her minders can snatch her to safety. Astral observers among her guardians will note that Riveros is possessed by a powerful free nature spirit of some sort.

Graciela Riveros' spectacular survival from the hit reveals one of her deepest secrets. With the runners aware of her secret, she has no choice but to count on them to help her escape Los Angeles and return to her stronghold in Caracas. Once there, she goes about consolidating her power and weeding out potential enemies. (*Escape from LA*, p. 137)

The runners will be instrumental in helping her as she works to strengthen her position. However, it soon becomes obvious that all is not well within the Olaya. The Ghost Council hit alienates the remaining cartels from the Olaya. Without their support, Uribe and Salazar are reconsidering their commitment to tempo. With the growing pressure on their own distribution networks, the increasing heat from Interpol, and fear of Aztechnology and David Cartel agents, the risk of dealing in tempo is beginning to outweigh the profits. Suddenly, Riveros and Salazar find themselves at odds. Riveros suspects Salazar will sell her out rather than see the David Cartel and Aztechnology declare war on his empire. **Jaime Salazar**, in turn, has grown tired of his dependence on Riveros and her Amazonian sources—and he's starting to worry they may cut him loose. The fallout could spark more than an internal conflict, it could spread like wildfire through the sprawls of South America. (*Cleaning House, Part I & II*, pp. 140–144)

Strange Bedfellows

Things come to head between Riveros and Salazar. Riveros makes a final attempt to bridge the gap between them, sending a peace offering—a modified version of tempo that she believes will be even more popular, with an added hallucinogenic effect. The peace offering never has a chance to work, since Aztechnology sends a full commando unit to strike at the Olaya leaders. (*Burned at Both Ends*, p. 144)

After the dust clears, Riveros finds herself on her own. **Yajé** (p. 154), the spirit who has been possessing Riveros (and unwilling tempo addicts) joins forces with Riveros. They send the runners into the Awakened Amazon rainforest to destroy the gameleira torcida tree that Yajé possesses, freeing her from the spirit cabal that has been the mysterious force behind tempo. This adventure reveals many of the secrets behind tempo's source and fall. Runners—if they survive—will finally learn exactly what forces are behind the creation of tempo. The group's goals, however, will remain shrouded in secret. (*Betrayal*, p. 146)



To add to the Olaya's troubles, governments around the world have been forced to acknowledge the tempo problem as gang and syndicate fighting spills out into public. As more abusers exhibit extreme mood swings and go on violent killing sprees, while other addicts begin wasting away, public sentiment against tempo spikes. Governments are forced to step in with increased law enforcement, social services for suffering addicts, public awareness campaigns, and other measures. In the sprawls, police service contractors such as Lone Star, Knight Errant, the Hong Kong PD, and others clamp down with drug raids and start harassing known dealers and gangs. It isn't enough. Beleaguered governments turn to Interpol to help strike the problem at the root: the Ghost Cartels.

Interpol takes action under the applied pressure. Using intelligence assets, it begins to accumulate data on the players behind tempo and attempts to dig out the secrets behind the Olaya Cartel. Interpol is aware of the scope and magnitude of the Ghost Cartels' operations and that it will strain its abilities to effectively fight back. When Aztechnology steps forward to offer an alliance and the possibility of Corporate Court backing, Interpol quickly agrees. Interpol is well aware that AZT is using it to carry out its own agenda, but the police agency has few options.

Stealing the Show

As an AA-rated corporation, KondOrchid benefits from extraterritoriality and isn't subject to national jurisdictions. Unfortunately for Salazar, there is a clause under the Business Recognition Accords that allows national and international police agencies to petition the Corporate Court (CC) for warrants to investigate criminal wrongdoings on the part of an extraterritorial corporation. It is rarely invoked because of precedent issues and it requires a Big 10 sponsor for the warrant. Once local legislatures and several corporations have outlawed tempo, Interpol does just that with Aztechnology backing. The warrant passes the CC vote.

Amazonia quickly issues warnings that any interference inside their borders or on neighboring neutral territory will be seen as an act of aggression (or even war). Despite that, enough international momentum is generated (surreptitiously spurred on by the Azzie PR machine). Interpol with AZT-loaned forces make paramilitary strikes against Olaya production and distribution facilities in Bogotá, Caracas, the ports of Cartagena and Porto Escondido (in Azzie-claimed Colombia) and raids numerous KondOrchid assets for investigation.

Back in Caracas, runners find the Olaya Cartel and RAM in shambles. Installations and labs have been bombed, the RAM facilities have been raided by Interpol and are under paramilitary lockdown, and Riveros' safehouse has been gutted. Riveros herself is missing. Runners will need to find her to finish the previous adventure, but navigating Caracas has become even more difficult than usual, not to mention that Interpol/AZT forces are also hunting for Riveros.

While they were gone, Aztechnology not only deployed troops in Caracas, but made airstrikes in Bogotá and Cartagena as well, bringing the boiling tensions of that region to a flashpoint. Amazonian authorities are livid. There's a distinct possibility that Caracas will be the flashpoint that ignites the entire region into open war. In the midst of this, runners must locate Riveros and then assist her in extricating herself from the mess she—and the Olaya Cartel—have made. (*Wrap Party*, p. 150)

ALLIES, ANTAGONISTS AND OTHERS

The following profiles provide background and context to some of the major players in the *Final Cut* story arc. Gamemasters can use these as reference when playing through the rest of this chapter or use them as a jumping off point for their own alternative adventures and campaigns.

The Olaya Cartel

Jaime Salazar is in a world of trouble. The bloodshed at the Ghost Council has damaged his reputation—almost beyond repair—with the other Ghost Cartels and cost all of them dearly. Salazar needs to find out who was behind the hit, since it appears to the other cartels that Riveros, who escaped without explanation, may have been involved. Salazar has trusted Riveros for years. It was her idea to start refining and distributing tempo. True, the drug has been wildly profitable. At the same time, it has drawn unwelcome attention and danger to the cartel and Salazar is increasingly worried their suppliers may cease delivery if the heat continues. He's also irked that Riveros has a lock on his pipeline.

The other cartels let Salazar know in no uncertain terms, that they will not assist him in the distribution of tempo (which means they also will not take the resulting heat). In fact, it takes all of Henry Uribe's golden negotiation skills to prevent the other cartels from declaring open war on the Olaya. But even Uribe can't persuade Interpol and foreign governments to ignore the Olaya. Learning that KondOrchid is a front for Olaya Cartel's shipping, Interpol targets the corporation with a CC-approved warrant. When Interpol starts seizing KondOrchid ships and assets, Salazar knows his pet corporation isn't going to shield him any longer. Unable to get tempo to the markets around the world and so cut off from the profits it might bring, Salazar begins looking for a way out.

When Riveros sends runners to negotiate a truce between them, Salazar is on the fence. It's obvious that turning in Riveros and thereby abandoning her and the tempo trade altogether will get Interpol and possibly Aztechnology off his back. The assassination attempt that follows and almost results in Uribe's death is the last straw. Sure that Riveros set up the attempt, Salazar agrees to work with Domingo Ramos and the David Cartel, handing over Riveros in exchange for clemency from Interpol.

Salazar plans to put the whole blame for tempo on Riveros shoulders, hoping to retrieve his corporation's assets by claiming that he was unaware of her manipulation of his shipping assets. Aztechnology, along with several other megacorps, such as Horizon and Wuxing, have pressed the Corporate Court to place an interdiction on KondOrchid, which would negate the AA's extraterritoriality and revoke their AA status. The Corporate Court wants to see proof that KondOrchid is knowingly shipping tempo around the globe. Salazar will have to put all his energy into misdirecting the evidence if he wants to salvage his corporation.

The David Cartel and Aztechnology

In 2015, three major central American drug lords formed a corporation to launder their money and diversify their income. The original name for this corporation was ORO; in 2022 it renamed itself Aztechnology. The David Cartel was one of the three founders, and the head of the David Cartel was Julio Ramos.

GUERREROS

Aztlan's warrior orders are the stuff of legend. Known as the *guerreros*, they are Aztechnology-backed and religiously-indoctrinated initiatory groups. Members may be assigned to work with Aztlan national forces as deemed appropriate by Aztechnology or deployed around the world to support Aztechnology interests.

Membership requires an impressive military and civic background. Magical talent is not essential but is an important factor. In many cases, purity of Aztlaner blood also factors into a warrior's advancement. Contrary to foreign belief, the *guerreros* are trained to be less lethal than regular soldiers since they often take prisoners for religious sacrifice. There are four known orders, and the scope and focus of each is very different.

Ocelomeh (The Jaguars)

The Jaguars are terrifying warriors of legend, the stuff of urban myth. In reality, the Jaguars are exemplary fire-team combat veterans and are organized in exclusive units of Jaguar Guards, elite special forces that operate primarily within Aztech or Aztlaner borders. They protect the most sensitive corporate and national sites. Not all Jaguar Guards are *Ocelomeh*, but all magical troops in the Jaguar Guards are. Jaguars are trained to act in a role on a team and their magical abilities usually reflect this.

Cuacuahtin (The Eagles)

The *Cuacuahtin* warriors are recruited, like other *guerreros*, from various national and corporate military units. Unlike the Jaguars, the Eagles are returned to their original units after undergoing indoctrination. The Eagles are generally put in command of normal soldiers, bolstering their troops with their religious zeal and magical ability. Many are trained in techniques which allow them to enhance the abilities of the soldiers around them or protect the soldiers from harm. The Eagles operate outside of Aztlan as their unit is ordered. Like the Jaguars, they are only distinguishable by a unique shoulder emblem.

Hepassed control of the cartel to his son, Domingo "Ding" Ramos. Once formed, ORO (and then Aztechnology) went after the other drug cartels in Central America and Latin America with a vengeance, attempting to wipe out their competition. They didn't succeed entirely—the present day Ghost Cartels are descended from those cartels that survived the purge. Of the three founders, only the David Cartel still operates in its original form

with Ding Ramos at its head. No doubt Ramos' seat on the board of Aztechnology has helped keep his cartel alive and well in the police state of Aztlan.

After the Yucatán peace settlement, Aztlan turned its attention to ridding itself of "subversive" criminal syndicates in its territory north to south. Before long the David Cartel was the only remaining criminal syndicate of any significance left in Aztlan. Ramos' cartel maneuvered into the void it had orchestrated and quickly took over all those business opportunities.

The David Cartel has its fingers in every imaginable criminal pie in Aztlan, but its remains true to its original specialty: organic and technological drugs (primarily novacoke and high power *moodies*). When it comes to exports, they make every effort to undercut the prices of their competitors in the Ghost Cartels and Jamaican Posses, with unimpressive results so far.

With Aztlan in his pocket, Ramos turned his sights to the rest of Latin America. It's no secret that the Ghost Cartels work hand-in-hand with Amazonia, providing illicit funding, arms, and support for various regional governments, as well as funding insurrections in Aztlan-held territories.

Amazonia's leaders shelter and abet the Ghost Cartels. Aztlan has long had territorial ambitions in Amazonian-held lands; the David Cartel would like to take over the Ghost Cartels. Those two goals are so well intertwined, it is almost impossible to see where the actions of the David Cartel ends and the actions of Aztechnology begin. Either way, decapitating the Ghost Cartels would go a long way to destabilizing opposition to those goals and seeding chaos among Aztechnology's opponents.

Things come to a head with tempo: the enormous profits the Olaya Cartel are enjoying are too tempting for Ramos to resist. He makes it his personal mission to obliterate the Olaya Cartel and then to step into the vacuum, ideally taking over the tempo trade—but to do that, he needs to get his hands on Graciela Riveros and whatever secret ingredient he believes she's used to make reverse engineering tempo impossible.

His plans include seeding chaos at the Ghost Council summit by the assassination of as many Cartel representatives as possible. He also pushes Aztechnology into an agreement with Interpol and sponsors a warrant request against KondOrchid holdings. This earns the corporation some positive publicity, while at the same time earning international approval to destroy the Ghost Cartels powerbase—discreetly claiming territories within the neutral buffer zones on the borders of Amazonia and eliminating his main business rivals in one fell swoop.

Domingo Ramos plays a deep game. He skillfully manipulates Aztechnology assets, Interpol, and public sentiment as pieces in his strategy.

Interpol and Law Enforcement

The international police agency, or Interpol, is the organization that governments turn to when non-corporate problems trouble their metroplexes. Interpol's Drug Enforcement Agency (IDEA) is in charge of the unenviable task of attempting to police the global drug trade. With the laws varying from country to country—not to mention the exceptions and laws you find just by stepping on corporate soil—the job is often overwhelming. What is strictly illegal in one country is perfectly acceptable in

Urgent Message...



another. CalHots are one such example: legal and readily available in Calfree, where they are manufactured, they are a hated contraband in Hong Kong. As a result, IDEA is forced to police the drug trafficking and transportation in many cases rather than shutting down the production or sources. IDEA targets known smugglers or attempts to seize shipments and storage facilities for the drugs in those jurisdictions where they are illegal. They also keep track of the global drug trends—watching for new drugs as they come on the scene, monitoring abuse and addiction levels worldwide, and researching those drugs that seem particularly destructive.

Majia Wright is the head of IDEA when tempo first comes on the scene. As rumors from IDEA's local contacts around the globe start talking about the "hot new BAD," Wright assigns a taskforce to watch the situation and report back to her. The agency quickly realizes that the escalating gang and syndicate violence in sprawls everywhere is a direct result of the tempo trade. Soon after, the first requests for intel from governments start trickling in. Wright steps up the taskforce's mandate.

Assets are placed on the streets, gathering intel and tracking down the source of the new drug. Eventually they discover the Olaya Cartel is behind the trouble.

Offering a hefty reward for the Cartel leaders nets them no success. Attempting to root out the source of the problem in South America, where the Cartels operate with many governments' unspoken blessing, is almost impossible. Instead, in the latter half of 2071, IDEA begins targeting the distributors, coordinating intergovernmental crackdowns on the tempo trade and drug-related criminal violence. In Hong Kong, they seize massive shipments of tempo arriving in the ports. In Lagos, they raid warehouses storing the drug for distribution across Africa. In Seattle, they work with the FBI Org Crime taskforce and Lone Star to crack down on tempo labs and raid multiple raves, hauling in dealers.

When Aztechnology approaches Majia Wright with the offer of a joint operation, to strike at the heart of the tempo trade, she is quick to accept. With AZT sponsoring the petition, IDEA asks the Corporate Council to grant warrants to search and investigate criminal wrong-doings by KondOrchid. The request is granted with votes from several other megacorps (Ares, Wuxing, and MCT foremost) outweighing the abstainers and the only vote against (from Horizon).

Attempting to strike at assets on the troubled borders of Amazonia is a more delicate situation. Wright's expert skill at diplomacy (as well as the ability to call in numerous favors) gathers support from multiple governments, including the UCAS, CAS, and Tir Tairngire. As she travels the globe to mobilize government support, an assassination attempt—orchestrated by Domingo Ramos to fail and be pinned on the Ghost Cartels—validates her message and gives her that much more clout.

In emergency sessions, both the New European Economic Community and the NAN listen to Wright's proposal. Each passes secret resolutions to support the operation. With such strong worldwide approval, Aztechnology and Interpol strike the Olaya strongholds in Caracas, Bogotá, and Ecuador.

GUERREROS (CONT.)

Otontin (The Brave Ones)

The *Otontin* are deep infiltration operatives, and as such are the least likely to ever be encountered (or at least identified). They are primarily trained in techniques of stealth and deception and an Otontin warrior acts alone and usually behind enemy lines. Their duty is to get close to foreign targets that are the most protected, usually for extraction, but sometimes for assassination. Once recruited as an Otontin, connections to the warrior's past are erased: unit, family, and friends. They live only for their order and their mission, assuming any identity needed.

Cuachicqueh (The Shorn Ones)

The *Cuachicqueh* are black ops specialists, or maybe you could call them corporate-military terrorists. They operate in complimentary pairs and, like the Otontin, are often deployed deep behind enemy lines. Unlike the Otontin, they are decidedly less subtle and are trained for sabotage, terror strikes, or brute-force kidnappings. They maintain contact with insurgents or terrorist groups in the target area, but sometimes act entirely independent of those forces. They do not take credit for their actions; if the blame falls on one of their occasional allies, that usually only works to their advantage. Many devout Cuachicqueh can be identified by the historical shorn head and Mohawk or single braid look, though not all follow this tradition.

Urgent Message...

INTERPOL-AFFILIATED NATIONAL AGENCIES

CAS: Alcohol, BTL, and Drug Enforcement Service

EuroPol: Arms, BTLs, and Controlled Substances Division (pan-European)

France: Central Office for Drug Enforcement/OCRS

Germany: Special Department for Pharmaceutical and Digital Drugs/SAPHADIS

Hong Kong FEZ: Hong Kong Police Department - Narcotics Department

Japan: Department of Internal Security and Crime Prevention

Pueblo: Pueblo Pharmacological and Substance Regulation Authority

Salish-Shidhe: Salish-Shide State Police - Special Investigation and Thaumaturgy Division, aka "the Black Feathers"

Sioux: Controlled Substances Agency

UCAS: Drug Enforcement Administration and Federal Bureau of Investigation

UK: Scotland Yard Organized Crime and Substance Control Division

Urgent Message...

THE BIG PICTURE

Though the climax of this story arc is played out in the crowded sprawls and dangerous rainforests of South America, gamemasters may wish to locate their game in a city or country other than those highlighted in this chapter. The tempo boom will have far-reaching ramifications in the underworld, which will continue to be felt in sprawls around the globe for weeks, months, even years to come. Spotlighting the effects the drug has on any particular sprawl can provide gamemasters with any number of angles and plot hooks to develop.

THE UNDERWORLD

The underworld is in turmoil. The carefully maintained status-quo of the big syndicates has been shot to hell and the smaller syndicates, gangs, and criminal elements are swarming, each striving to secure their own future.

Each sprawl's underworld will be different. Some of the bigger shake-ups are transformative in their scope. The LA Mob loses its stranglehold on organized crime to the Triads, Koshari, and street gangs as the smaller players use the tempo conflict to their advantage. Horizon and the PCC attempt to maintain order while chaotic violence spills out into the streets, the neighborhoods, and even the boardrooms. Aztechnology surreptitiously fuels the struggles, hoping to smear the good reputation of the PCC and Horizon. Throughout it all, the media is there, recording, broadcasting, and winning viewer ratings ... in LA's tempo war, the only true winner is the media.

In Seattle, the Mafia will actually profit, using the tempo related violence to attack the Yakuza, regain lost territory, and settle old scores. The Shotozumi-gumi of Seattle has taken a major setback and is on the defensive as the Komun'go Seoulpa Ring and the Mob strike a deal. The Triad conflict between the Black Chrysanthemums and the Smoke Circle shows no signs of abating. The minor syndicates, gangs, and underworld contacts find themselves forced to take sides or be pinched between the big players in their bid for dominance.

In Hong Kong, the underworld is severely strained. There is infighting among the Yakuza, leading one Yakuza clan to an alliance with the Hong Kong police and the others losing face and reputation. Regaining that face will keep independent assets busy for a long time in Hong Kong. In comparison, in Tokyo, the Yakuza civil war has settled back down into its usual move and countermove, with the waves made by tempo no more than a brief annoyance in their centuries of tradition.

After the Interpol-AZT strikes in South America, the tempo pipeline begins to dry up, throwing the situation into even greater turmoil and pushing certain players to even more desperate measures.

The Ghost Cartels

Following the failed Ghost Council, the Olaya Cartel has lost prestige, power, and, worst of all, alliances. The other Cartels have withdrawn all support from the Olaya. Indeed, depending on the outcome of the hit on the Ghost Council, many of the Cartels may have lost key members of their organizations. In the months and years that follow, new leaders will emerge in the Cartels, but in the meanwhile, the infighting will be vicious and

bloody as those that are left fight over the power vacuum. In this chaos, Aztechnology goes after the remaining Ghost Cartels with a vengeance. Dropping all subtlety, Aztechnology—allied with Interpol for more public matters and with the David Cartel for less public ones—hits Cartel assets, locations, and key personnel. Tensions between Amazonia and Aztlan skyrocket, as many of the Cartel assets are in Amazonia territory (and, overtly or not, funded by Amazonia).

The Ghost Cartels are survivors, however. No matter how hard they are hit, they will return. The popularity of BADs and the never-ending desire for new designer drugs means that there will always be a place for the Cartels.

The Olaya Cartel, targeted specifically by a variety of outside interests, is forced to make some painful decisions. Jaime Salazar cuts his ties to the spirit cabal and gives up the profitable tempo trade. He also attempts to sacrifice Graciela Riveros, whom he blames for the fall of both his Cartel and his shipping corporation, KondOrchid.

AZTLAN AND AMAZONIA

These two regional superpowers have been fighting each other for South American real estate and world influence for decades. In many ways, the fights between the David Cartel (Aztlan) and the Ghost Cartels (Amazonia) are a proxy war, with each government funneling assets and funding to the Cartelsto do their fighting for them. The hostilities rise to a fever pitch with the fallout from tempo and the two nations appear to be one shot away from open war. Military assets have been stealthily (or not) massing in border towns. Intelligence assets have been working overtime in both countries.

Aztlan has long desire to expand its southern border, and the presence of so many resources (natural, awakened, political, etc) controlled by Hualpa and his cronies is a major thorn in Aztlan's side. In reality, though, the border is in the hands of the plants. The jungle is so out of control down there that the border shifts daily. Neither Aztlan nor Amazonia can really tell where it is. It's mostly defined by exploratory strikes by Aztlan into Amazonia or vice versa and, because of the uncontrollable land, is mostly occupied by mobile recon forces. Most of the intelligence gathered outside of the cities is obsolete within weeks when the landscape shifts.

The David Cartel, which many view as Aztechnology's underworld branch, has embarked on a campaign to destroy the remaining Ghost Cartels after reasserting itself on its homeland. Since damaging the Ghost Cartels cuts into Amazonian income and profits, as well as Amazonian world influence, Aztlan is fully supportive of the idea. The fallout from tempo will give the David Cartel the opportunity it's been waiting for.

The Amazonian great dragon Hualpa was an active supporter of the Yucatan rebels during the civil war. When Aztlan executed the feathered serpent Dzitbalchén in 2064 (supposedly for his part in the Yucatan peace talks bombing that killed Aztlan President Juan Atzcapotzalco), it enraged many of the great dragons around the world, none more than Hualpa. He'd like nothing more than to wipe Aztlan out and expand his eco holdings throughout Southern and Central America. The dragon has extended his claws into what's left of Colombia and Venezuela, increasing the territory around Caracas to alleviate overcrowding and pollution (and, some speculate, to provide an urban refuge for the metahu-





mans expelled from the healed rainforests, where they are most definitely unwelcome).

A third, secretive player in the Amazonia-Aztlan cold war is the mysterious dragon SIRRURG. Active in the Amazonian revolution aiding Hualpa, SIRRURG has vanished from sight. No one really knows the truth, but rumors link him to eco-terrorists, radical green movements, and even toxic shamans. SIRRURG doesn't play politics or take part in diplomatic discussions and his eco-policies make Hualpa look conservative. Many suspect the two have fallen out, though others believe this is just for show and that SIRRURG continues to operate in secret on Amazonia's behalf, aiding and supporting Deep Green radicals like Primeira Vaga and GreenWar. The buildup of troops along the border may well be one step in his long-term plans for the region.

THE SECRET OF TEMPO

Public knowledge of tempo is widespread as this campaign winds down. However, tempo isn't simply a popular new drug; there's a secret agenda behind its spread.

A few people and agencies have tried to get their hands on samples of the *gameleira torcida*, the twisted strangler fig tree hybrid. Some have even succeeded. In all such instances, however, they have been unable to produce tempo from the bark. The reason is a close-kept secret, one of which not even all the leaders of the Olaya Cartel are aware. Only a select few, such as Graciela Riveros, know the secret.

The truth is the twisted trees themselves have little innate potency; it is only when they have been possessed by a shadow free spirit that the magical properties form within the bark. The possessing spirits apply their powers of regeneration to the trees, which allows the bark to be harvested continuously without killing the host. In addition, the process imbues the bark with the properties that give tempo its ability to open users' senses to the astral plane—and something more.

Tempo is highly addictive. Like all drugs, it has side effects. Medical personnel, drug lords, scientists, and drug enforcement agencies around the world have been cataloguing these side effects, but they've all missed the most startling effect. Long-term tempo use can create a dream pact (see p. 108, *Street Magic*) between the spirits that produce the drug and the unwitting drug addict, allowing the spirit to possess the addict anytime they are asleep, unconscious, or at the peak of a drug high. The drug abusers enter this pact unknowingly. It is enabled by the gradual accumulation of tempo residue in the users' system. Some of the reported long term effects, such as personality changes, trance-like states, and memory and time loss, are actually the result of the spirits possessing the user.

Dream pact possession leaves the possessed vessel completely unaware of anything that occurred during the possession (this is what is happening to Kaz Yakamura in *First Taste* and José Vilamoura in *The Source*). The reports of tempo abusers performing crazy and dangerous stunts, such as racing through rush-hour traffic or self-inflicting wounds, can be attributed to the possessing spirit's curiosity and daring while in a metahuman vessel. Unfortunately for the tempo addicts, while the spirit temporarily gives their bodies the ability to regenerate, once the spirit leaves, the addict's body once again resumes its normal limitations. This can place an addict in a dangerous situation that might result in his or her immediate death.

For example, a spirit curious about the feeling of being shot might possess an addict, then challenge a police officer. When the officer opens fire, the spirit's innate powers heal the living vessel, allowing the body to remain standing and moving long after a normal metahuman would have died. Once the spirit's curiosity is satisfied, it abandons the vessel, leaving an addict facing freaked out police officers, who then empty an entire clip into his or her body. Reports of tempo addicts who believe themselves invulnerable and have massive strength and resistance to pain while high have circulated through every police agency and corporation, resulting in a general policy shift for dealing with those "flippers."

As tempo spreads around the world, more and more addicts reach the point where they become ensnared in the dream pact. The exact number is not known to anyone outside the spirit cabal, but estimates are in the thousands, perhaps even tens of thousands—in all walks of life. Not all abusers who are available to the spirits are used. Indeed, most of the abusers are never touched by the spirits... at least for now. Aptly enough, the true makers of tempo call these addicts "sleepers."

The dream pact effect of tempo remains a close-held secret; even Jaime Salazar and the Olaya Cartel remain unaware of this side effect. Graciela Riveros is the only person outside of Cesar de Silva's cabal that is aware of it. In fact, Riveros has entered into a separate dream pact with the free spirit Yajé, which allows her to survive an assassination attempt.

TEMPO POSSESSION

When possessed under the dream pact, the host is unconscious and completely unaware of what it is doing under the control of the Primeira Vaga spirits. During possession, the spirit's Force is added to the Attributes of the drug user (giving possessed users incredible physical strength and endurance). Mental and Special Attributes are the spirit's own.

A spirit cannot access Resonance through possessing a technomancer. Since technomancers are immune to the effects and addicting properties of tempo, however, this is unlikely to crop up.

While in possession of the vessel, the spirit can use its normal powers. In this case, the spirits are powerful Free spirits, with a number of powers and abilities including Regeneration and Immunity to Natural Weapons (see *Yajé*, p. 154, for a typical example).

Urgent Message...

PRIMEIRA VAGA

The second secret behind tempo is exactly who—or, in this case, what—is behind the creation and manufacture of the drug. Most believe the Olaya Cartel, with the assistance of Graciela Riveros, has created the hybrid *gameleira torcida* tree. In fact they are just the middle man, fronting for Primeira Vaga, a secret group that resides deep in the Amazon rainforest.

Primeira Vaga began as a paramilitary group of eco-radicals integrated in the Amazonian forces during the Awakened uprising in Brazil. As time progressed, the paramilitary group became largely dominated by powerful Amazonian free spirits. Whether this was a direct result of Amazonia's patronage or a coincidental occurrence is unknown.

Later, the force was used to covertly combat Aztlan. During the Yucatán War, they were secretly deployed to aid the rebels. It is believed that during that struggle, the spirits and several of the powerful metahumans in the group became twisted, warped into increasingly radical views. Now, those nature spirits have become avengers of the environment, determined to punish those who despoil nature.

The group is currently led by César da Silva, a twisted Avenger shaman. The group is made up of metahumans, sentient critters, and the free spirits. In the last forty years, they've served as a black ops unit in Colombia and Caracas as well as their stint in the Yucatán. Someone is giving them orders, but for now, there aren't even rumors about whom that might be.

The spirit cabal at the heart of Primeira Vaga prefers to remain behind the scenes. Using César da Silva's contact with Graciela Riveros, the cabal works out a deal with Riveros to use her laboratory and access to metahuman guinea pigs to refine and test tempo. Once Riveros sees the drug in action—including how quickly users become addicted—she's willing to go to Jaime Salazar and the Olaya Cartel. She's convinced the drug can compete with anything else on the market.

Salazar and a few of the top members of the cartel travel to César da Silva's terreiro, where they meet with Silva and see the

remarkable *gameleira torcida* trees. The spirit cabal doesn't reveal itself to the Olaya Cartel. As far as Salazar and his associates know, the trees are Awakened themselves and endemic, which gives them their remarkable properties. Silva and his cabal may plan to use the Olaya Cartel to distribute their drug around the world, but they have no intention of trusting them.

The Olaya Cartel looks simply at the profits and logistics of the new drug and are unaware of the ultimate plan behind tempo. To Silva and the spirit cabal, the profit of the drug is of little concern. Instead, they wish to expose as many metahumans as possible to the drug. The Olaya Cartel's broad influence, shipping capabilities, and underworld contacts make them the perfect partner.

Away from the terreiro, one such spirit, Yajé, approaches Graciela Riveros. The two make their own dream pact, although Riveros is intelligent enough to never sample tempo. Riveros eventually discovers that long-term use creates an unwilling dream pact in the addicts, since Yajé is forced to inhabit addicts to ensure Riveros (and her own) survival while they are on the run from the Azzies and the Olaya Cartel. However, even Riveros is unaware of the ultimate plan behind Primeira Vaga's desire to seed "sleepers" everywhere.

As users turn into abusers and eventually into "sleepers," the spirits of Primeira Vaga will have access to metahumans in all levels of society, in every sprawl on the earth. Why? Well, that's a question that would keep people awake at night—if only they knew to ask it.

FLASHPOINT: DISTRITO CARACAS

Hemmed in by the *Muralha Verde* (the Green Wall), home to twenty three million people, Caracas is a teeming hive of metahumanity poised on the razor's edge. Although Caracas is nominally inside Amazonia territory, the city itself is a free state, a political no-man's land where the overlords include wealthy South American families, corporate interests, and politicians masking their Azzie and Amazonian masters. Everywhere you look, from the pristine (and secure) estates of the wealthy *patrones*—the wealthy ruling class—to the filthy sprawls of *favelas* (shanty towns), the Ghost Cartels slither through, making fortunes off the misery and suffering of the masses.

Graciela Riveros is the local *jefa* of the Olaya Cartel in Caracas. Her fortune and reputation began with her own local corporation, Riveros Applied Mimetics (RAM). RAM specializes in gene tweaking and bio-sculpting, providing custom-made *munecas* (dolls) to clients for the burgeoning sex trade that has made Caracas so famous around the world. The brothels, porn industry, and sex trade depend heavily on the various bio-modder corps that populate Caracas, and Riveros is the top *patrona* of the industry. For more information on Caracas, see pp. 124–127, *Runner Havens*.

El Àvila Estates

The beautiful estates of the *patrones* spread across the slopes of the El Àvila range, where the wealthy can look down upon the sprawling masses of meta-humanity crowded into the dense city core. The estates are vast oases of manicured gardens and old-style plantations, where workers grow an amazing variety of crops, from organic sugar cane to pampered orchids. The homes are typically colonial style, with airy outdoor courtyards and graceful columns



FACTS AT A GLANCE: CARACAS

Population: 23,400,000+

Human: 60%

Elf: 12%

Dwarf: 5%

Ork: 20%

Troll: 2%

Other: 1%

Population Density: 750+ per square kilometer

Per Capita Income: 19,000¥

Population Below Poverty Level: 60%

Corporate-Affiliated Population: 22%

Hospitals: 12 **Doc Wagon clinics:** 5

Felonious Crime Rate: 34 per 1,000 per annum

Urgent Message...

and arches. But no matter how peaceful and historic the homes may appear, the security is always cutting edge, with discrete sensors and drones—often controlled by a spider—backed up by armed guards who patrol the outlying edges of the estates with their tame paracritters. The *patrones* spare no expense when it comes to the safety of their homes and families.

Graciela Riveros' estate is a two-story colonial home with several outbuildings and smaller guest houses scattered about the estate. Inside, she has a state-of-the-art laboratory where she keeps backups of her research and results of her most secret experiments. While she has a full matrix system for her home, it is kept off line at all times. Riveros alone has access to a secured satellite uplink that allows her to contact her offices and laboratories at RAM when she is on her estates. The permanent security force housed on the estate is completely loyal to Riveros, as is the small domestic staff.

A variety of other powerful *patrones* have estates near Riveros. Their security will take notice of suspicious characters who travel in the area. Gamemasters should underscore the difference between the lush estates, enclaves to the rich and powerful, and the crowded, impoverished, dangerous city below. Runners who arrive in Riveros' company will be allowed to pass without question along the roads and through the checkpoints, but anyone who wishes to enter the secured community without her will need to have appropriate ID and passes.

Chacao District

Home to the high-tech bio-tech industry, the Chacao District is a busy urban center with towering chrome and glass skyscrapers linked by high bridges and catwalks. Air traffic keeps the airways as congested as any land-bound freeway system. A Horizon-controlled system attempts to keep accidents to a minimum by requiring all air traffic, including drones, to have broadcasting RFID tags and to subscribe their pilot systems to the central network.

Drug runners, criminals, and thrill-seekers often flout those requirements, darting through traffic and causing spectacular aerial collisions that shower debris down to the streets and pedestrians.

On the streets below, crowds of bio-diesel and solar-powered

vehicles swarm the streets, creating a round-the-clock rush hour. Two-story streetside parking is mechanized and very expensive. Security squads in full combat armor patrol the streets, their armored city masters hogging the roads. Armed drones provide surveillance and air support to the security.

Riveros' RAM offices and labs are headquartered in Chacao, towards the outer edge of the district, in a squat five-story white-washed building that covers a full city block. The first two floors have no outer windows at all and the few entrances are guarded by full security details. The facility operates around the clock, though, and activity within the sterile hallways and labs is a constant bustle of productivity. There are three basement levels below the building, warded and wi-fi inhibited, where RAM's gene spas churn out new *muncas*—willing or otherwise—for the sex trade.

Underworld

Gangs in Caracas are vicious and cut-throat, with only the toughest and most feared surviving the tough competition for the few crumbs the Cartels and smaller syndicates throw to them. There are several top-tier gangs in Caracas. Each of them work for or against the cartels in some form. Along the docks of La Guaira port, the blood-thirsty Alianza gang controls much of the drug distribution. Rayo, a heavily scarred and cybered ork, runs the outfit. The Olaya Cartel has made agreements with the Alianza, since the port figures heavily into the Cartel's shipping plans for tempo and other drugs.

The Olaya Cartel keeps a low profile in Caracas but does operate semi-openly. Riveros keeps her own corporation, RAM, at arm's length from the cartel business. Only those few who know her reputation as an Olaya *jefa* might make the connection between the two. In the poor neighborhoods, the Olaya (and their approved gang contacts) operate tempo houses.

Salazar's shipping corporation, KondOrchid, has a huge official presence at the La Guaira port. La Guaira is the tempo shipping hub for South America, the North American East Coast, the Caribbean, and Europe. The Olaya, and Riveros in particular, have extensive networks of contacts and connections among the underworld *and* the authorities. Their machinations are a significant part of the Caracas underworld, and their political sway is among the most powerful in Caracas.

Politics

The free city is balanced precariously between two regional giants: Amazonia and Aztlan. Although the city is surrounded by the dense rainforests of Amazonia, the powers of Aztlan have always believed the city—and surrounding lands and resources—belongs to them. Both regional powers have ramped up their military presence near the city, although so far each has refrained from making the first move. Intel resources, such as Azzie operatives and the Departamento de Inteligência e Segurança Amazônica, (Department of Amazonian Intelligence and Security), or DISA, have been swarming the city, striking deals and spying on the *patrones*, the Cartels, the gangs, and each other. An already tense situation has reached the boiling point. Will it boil over while the runners are in the city, Or will they be the ones who push the teetering city off its razor edge and spark a regional war?



FLASHPOINT: ESTADO AMAZONAS E PARÁ

The Amazonian State of Amazonas e Pará—which now encompasses the northern regions of former Brazil and most of Venezuela, Suriname, and Guyana—is the beating heart of the nation and has been largely overrun by the Amazonian jungle. It stretches from the borders with Aztlan in the north to the State of Mato Grosso in the south and the Atlantic to the east.

Though the state hosts the Amazonian capital of Manaus, towns and roads are few and far between. Only Manaus gathers more than 10,000 inhabitants; most population centers have significantly less. This is not to say it is devoid of habitation. The jungle is populated by metahuman Indian tribes and communities of sapient paracritters and spirits.

Wild Territories

Travel through the forests is done by foot, cutting a path through the dense foliage, or by boat, braving the many predators of the waters, or by air, which exposes travelers to the ever-watchful eyes of the DISA (the Amazonian CIA). DISA serves as federal oversight department for all matters of security and policing, also functioning as border patrol and intelligence agency. It's the most powerful governmental agency in Amazonia and has eyes and ears everywhere. The border patrol is particularly efficient, with a large percent of Awakened forces (up to twenty-five

INDIGENOUS AND AFRO-BRAZILIAN AMAZONIAN TRADITIONS

In the wildest areas of the Amazon Basin, the shamanic beliefs of the indigenous peoples still hold sway. Native and back-to-nature tribes both revere the animistic and natural deities of the jungle. *Pajés* or *xamãs* (shamans) are as important in these societies as in any traditional Native American community, acting as the wise councilor and spirit guide for the tribe.

Most South American shamanic traditions are possession traditions. Religious ceremonies are performed by the tribal *pajé* or *xamã*. The *pajé* communicates with the spirits of the ancestors and of the forest. They are almost always Awakened and are selected for training by an older *pajé* whenever they show a hint of the Talent.

In other areas of the Amazonian wilds, unusual hybrid beliefs have emerged, combining Catholic, African and Native cosmologies. When the African slaves were imported to Brazil, they brought their religions with them. In the centuries since then, those religions have merged and evolved.

The most widespread beliefs in Amazonia have roots in the Afro-Brazilian religions of Umbanda and Candomblé, with heavy influences from indigenous beliefs, Christianity, and even Islam. These beliefs have one supreme, transcendent god and many divine or semi-divine beings, known as Orishas (also spelled Orixás). In some beliefs these are similar to saints, in others full-blown deities.

Orishas each have their own providence, such as Ogun, the protector of warriors. The common center of these religions is the *terreiro*, (religious grounds or compounds). The *pai-de-santo* (father of saint) or the *mãe-de-santo* (mother of saint) traditionally lead religious ceremonies. The *terreiros* were originally the gathering ground in front of a slave *senzala* (slave quarters/compound) where the slaves were relatively free to practice their beliefs. As such, the *terreiro* is also home to the community, and provides shelter, medical care, education, food and clothing for the poor, and even military support, depending on which Orisha the *terreiro* is dedicated to.

While the central tenets of the religion and even many of the Orishas are similar to the religions seen along the West Coast of Africa (including the predominant Yoruban religion in Lagos), outsiders should be very careful not to make assumptions. Amazonian lineages often combine native shamanism along with Afro-Brazilian traditions.

percent of any given patrol will be Awakened and/or sentient paracritters). The rainforest is deadly and almost impenetrable. The prowess of the DISA border patrol is so legendary, however, that many would-be smugglers, talisleggers and poachers prefer their chances with the forest.

A constant flow of envirofriendly blimp ferries and large riverboats/barges service the major townships and Manaus along established routes, but river traffic is much more chaotic.

My Mother's House

Deep in the awakened rainforests of the Amazon, far from prying eyes, César da Silva's Primeira Vaga (p. 134) makes its base. The tropical jungle is an unforgiving place where most metahumans are unwelcome. A few have learned to co-exist with the powers of the forest, however, revering the spirits and living in harmony with nature. Many of the tribes within the forest are actually non-metahuman, instead made up of sentient creatures such as naga and shapeshifters.

The metahuman tribes tend to be heavily influenced either by native Indian beliefs or the Afro-Brazilian faiths that proliferate in Amazonia, revering the spirits of their ancestors, of nature, and of the many lesser divinities.

The Amazon rainforests were deadly and dangerous long before metahuman-eating groves of trees appeared. Roads have long since been destroyed by the rapidly growing jungle. Entering the jungle without a seasoned native guide and/or previous experience is, frankly, insane; the rainforest is riddled with dangers of all types and from all realms of nature: animal, plant, mineral, and astral.

The tribes that inhabit the forests in the Amazonian Norte live by strict eco-conscious creeds, taking only what they need from the forests to survive and treating the spirits and creatures of the forest with utmost respect. They only harvest enough wood to build their canoes, bows, and *ocas* (huts). Although they use primitive weapons, often laced with toxic compounds derived from plants and animals, plenty of the tribes also are proficient with firearms. The tribes in the Amazon basin mix the Afro-Brazilian religions with their own Native American beliefs, worshiping the spirits of the forest and their ancestors. Among these tribes, the *pajé* takes care of religious ceremonies while the *cacique* (tribal chief) serves as the elder Indian and the leader of the tribe. The *cacique* directs and orients the rest of the tribe.

The tribe nearest to César da Silva's terreiro is a large clan of the Huapa, with almost fifty members living together. The Huapa

THE MASTER PLAN

The reason Primeira Vaga has created tempo and the resulting "sleepers," is a detail that is not revealed during this campaign. No matter how much the runners research tempo, they will find only the barest of hints as to Primeira Vaga and nothing at all regarding the group's motivation. It simply isn't known to the people the runners will interact with during this campaign.

Don't worry. Details will be revealed in future *Shadowrun* books. For now, the mystery is remains just that: a mystery.

Urgent Message...

are primarily hunters and travel the secret trails of the rainforest extensively. Although they are not aligned with César da Silva, they see that the spirits of the forest respect him. They have a policy of leaving him and his associates alone. They will, however, fiercely defend their territory against foreign intruders.

ADVENTURE FRAMEWORKS

The following adventure frameworks involve the players in important events during the unfolding *The Final Cut* plot arc. They are not meant to be all-inclusive or too detailed to better allow gamemasters to both add their own twists and introduce other adventures and seeds to complement events.

EVEN MORE PLOT BRIDGES

If the player characters are following on from the adventure frameworks in *The Source* (or earlier), they can easily slide into the first adventure framework for this chapter. Once Riveros has been safely escorted to the Baltimore Towers, she will retire to a hotel suite in one of the towers to freshen up and Sacristán will offer the characters the opportunity to "unwind a bit." She'll ask if they'd consider staying to guard Riveros during the conference, which will take place exclusively inside the Towers (sounds easy, doesn't it?). If the characters agree, Riveros will stay in her suite until dinner time, allowing the characters some time to rest and recover. If the player characters need more time to recover from earlier adventures, the gamemaster can choose to have *Escape from LA* occur two or three days into the summit.

Urgent Message...

ESCAPE FROM LA

The runners have either been brought in by Sacristán to protect Graciela Riveros for the duration of the Ghost Council or she has extended their previous employment for this final babysitting job (if they took part in *The Source* arc). A particularly astute Perception Test (Threshold 4+) will show that Sacristán is deeply concerned.

If they are new, she tells them they are simply security for a "business woman" in town to attend an important business conference. The fee is 800¥ a head per day of work. She'll also instruct them to dress appropriately; if anyone is carrying obvious weapons, she'll insist that they carry nothing bigger than a heavy pistol or a machine pistol (this is LA, after all, where looks are more important than substance). Sacristán tells them to meet her at the Baltimore Towers (p. 139) in Downtown LA. Downtown security being what it is, that means anyone bearing weapons or with obvious cyberware had better be carrying permits ... good permits.

Set-Up

Unfortunate circumstances caused Graciela "The Maker" Riveros to arrive late at the Baltimore Towers, and the summit has already commenced. Sacristán insists Riveros wait for a break in

the proceedings to join the *jefes*, which has left her in a dark mood. The characters are introduced to their ward outside the improvised drug lab Sacristán has set up for Riveros.

Shortly thereafter, the summit adjourns for dinner—a fully catered event in the penthouse dining room of one of the towers—and Riveros takes the opportunity to join the group. The runners and their ward meet the remaining Ghost Council delegates on the skybridge. After introductions, Riveros and two bodyguards accompany the main group into the opulent dining room (the remaining security is to wait the meal out in the small offices nearby).

Scene 1

The dining room is luxuriously decorated, with real red-wood tables polished to a mirror finish. The view is worth a million nuyen; from up here, the water outside the downtown sea-walls looks almost blue. There are a dozen men and women sitting around the tables in fashionable suits that are obviously well-armed.

Behind each cartel representative stands two bodyguards. Riveros will be allowed two escorts in the dining room; she'll allow the runners to pick among themselves for the privilege, but the runners must be dressed the part (as high-end bodyguards) and behave appropriately or they will be dismissed from the dining room. The rest of the runner team will have to wait in a small room off to the side of the dining room.

For an elegant dinner, the room is full of tension. The people at the table are edgy. It doesn't take long before an argument erupts between three of the diners. In the middle of a loud argument between three Cartel members, the double doors of the dining room slam open. Before anyone can react, several of the bodyguards have been cut down by gunfire.

Scene 2

A mole in the Andes Cartel entourage has leaked the details of the meeting and neutralized Sacristán's security hacker, allowing an Azzie-hired team of mercenaries to blindside the Council. The field team is led by two of their Cuachicqueh warriors, one of which is **Tenoch** (use Tenoch's stats for both, p. 151). The Cuachicqueh's orders are to capture or (failing that) to kill Riveros specifically.

The attackers are split into two forces—Tenoch leads the primary unit with the goal of terminating as many Ghost Cartel luminaries as possible. The second Cuachicqueh leads the smaller unit, which will attempt to grab Riveros. The secondary unit secures the primary escape route (the reception area with stairs, elevators, and emergency drop pods) while Tenoch's team deploys from a helicopter onto the skybridge, barging into the main dining room through the big double doors.

The main doors of the dining room are blocked by the primary unit. The defenders grab any cover they can, overturning tables and taking refuge behind the buffet counter. Runners familiar with Sacristán will see her take a burst of autofire and go down, while bodyguards crowd Uribe and Salazar behind the cover of an overturned buffet table.

Riveros, luckily enough, is positioned near the door to the side corridor—next to the small office where the rest of her security detail (the runner team) awaits. Unfortunately, while diving

for safety she is accidentally knocked unconscious by a bodyguard behind her (it is accidental).

The second unit (coming from the reception area) will try to pin any fugitives in the corridors. They'll use non-lethal weapons and close combat to engage the runners so as not to accidentally injure Riveros. In fact, the second unit plans to herd Riveros and the runners protecting her away from the primary firefight, while the primary unit attempts to wipe out as many Cartel members as possible. Unknown to the runners (or attackers), the spirit Yajé takes over Riveros body once she is knocked unconscious (Masking her true nature). When it appears that the players are about to be overwhelmed, Yajé will spring to action, ripping the Cuachicqueh apart in an amazing display of strength. She'll then hiss to the characters, in a voice completely different from Riveros', that they need to go *now*.

The runners might try to slip past the attackers now moving into the dining room and escape via the skybridge to one of the other penthouses, or try to fight their way through the entrenched attackers to the reception area.

Scene 3

Escaping from the penthouses on the 25th floor of the Baltimore Towers will be difficult, especially with the blood-splattered Riveros in their midst. The strike team's combat hacker (use Hacker, p. 96, *SR4*) has already hacked the Towers and eliminated the building's security Spider. He has co-opted the Towers' security via the spider's system and will lock any doors that might block the escape, lock down the elevators, and track the runners' movements through the pervasive security cameras.

The runners' hacker can either attempt to engage the rival in cybercombat or circumvent the hacked systems one by one. Otherwise, it will seem as though the very building is conspiring to trap the runners and Riveros until more mercs arrive.

The strike team hacker has locked the building's security out as well, but if the runners are able to overcome the Azzie hacker, the building's own security staff will come to their aid.

In addition to the elevator, there are two sets of stairs on either side of the building with heavy fire doors protecting them—the locked doors can be hacked, a successful maglock passkey (rating 4) will open them, or even brute strength can force the doors open. Each building has a helipad on the roof, although the runners would have to hijack or have their own air transport (and deal with the merc's own armed helicopter). Another option—if the team can reach them—are the emergency drop pods installed in the event of a fire or earthquake. These are two-man capsules that shoot down to the ground floor in pneumatic chutes cushioned by shock-absorbing anti-flame foam.

If the runners have a vehicle in the basement parking garage, they can use it (or steal another one). No matter how the runners leave the building (by foot, vehicle, or air), they will immediately encounter another obstacle: the downtown Automated Crime Prevention System. (p. 140)

Climax

Escaping the Towers may seem easy once the runners and Riveros realize how pervasive the downtown Automated Crime Prevention System (ACPS) is outside. It will take only a few seconds for the ACPS to identify the runners as a criminal element—a

Urgent Message...

BALTIMORE TOWERS (DOWNTOWN, LA)

The heroic figures that serve as gargoyles on the three Baltimore Towers are fifty-meter chthonic gods, designed in a wind tunnel and captured in ferroconcrete, plasteel and fluted chrome, with features picked out by windows arrayed in complex geometries. In conformance with the zoning regulations for downtown L.A., to all outer appearances the three tapering towers are swathed in Data Age Art Deco, a deconstruction and revisualization of the Golden Age of Hollywood as it would have been with modern building materials and pervasive AR.

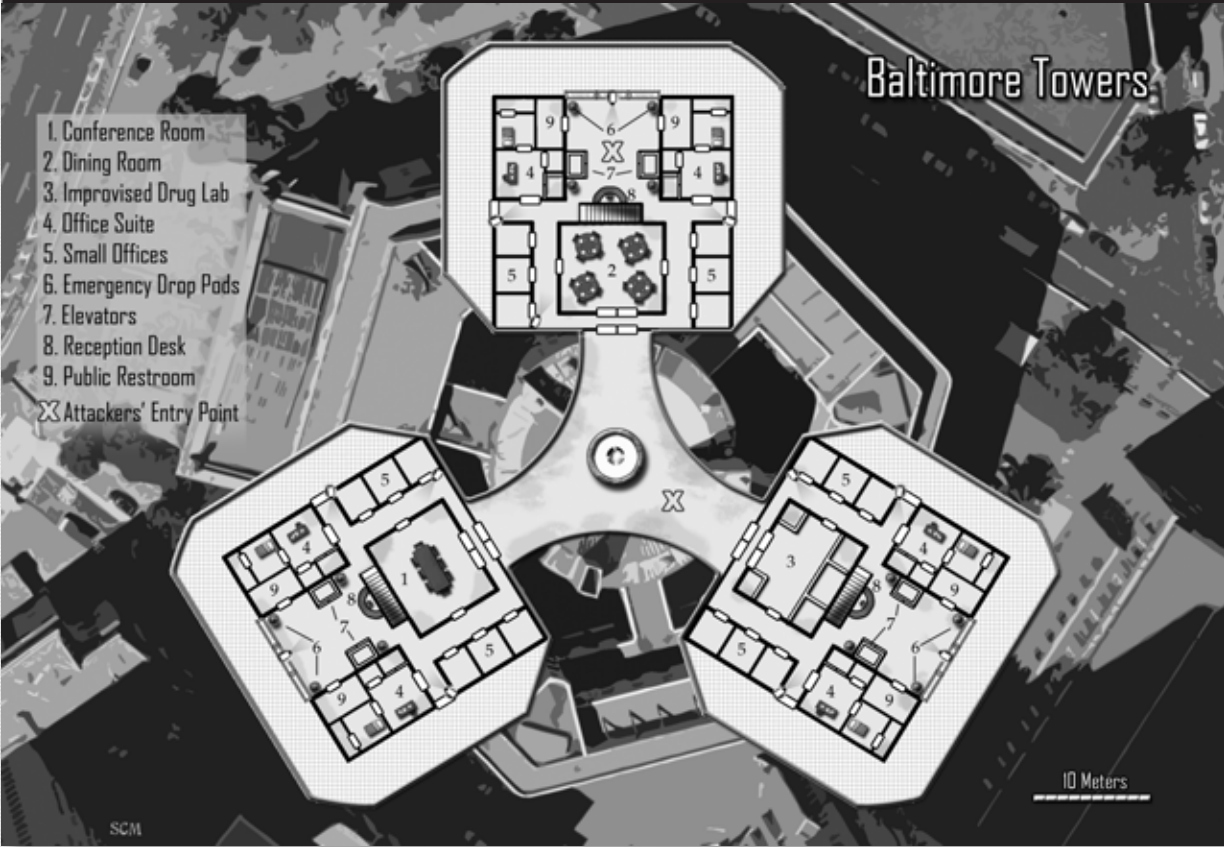
At the pinnacle of these monuments, sunburst crowns and halos of dazzling, mirror-finished chrome hide the bridges linking the top floors of each of the three towers, forming a single continuous level. It is here that the Ghost Council will take place. Three office penthouses sit atop exclusive corporate buildings in Los Angeles. The buildings are linked by covered skybridges and each penthouse has a 3 meter balcony around the perimeter.

As with most of Hollywood, however, this image is only skin-thick. The interior of the building is Neu-Corporate Chic, starkly contrasting sections of black and beige designed to catch but not hold the eye, thin floor-to-floor carpeting engineered to be hard to stain and easy to clean, fifty high-ceiling floors of pre-fabricated modular offices stuffed with ergonomic furniture, office terminals bolted to the floor, and the odd long, low

laminated meeting tables made from layers of pressed redwood pulp. Effectively, all interior furniture and walls are average materials (Armor Rating 6, Structure Rating 6). The doors leading to the suites, main conference room, and stairs are reinforced fire doors (Armor Rating 10, Structure Rating 8). The external scenic windows offering a breathtaking view of the city in every direction are double depth ballistic glass (Armor Rating 8, Structure Rating 9). All exterior walls and doors are wi-fi proofed (Wi-fi Negation 4), though communication via the building's own servers is possible.

Each penthouse possesses a large conference room (one where the Council will be held, a luxurious dining room in the other, and a third that is turned into an improvised lab where Graciela will demonstrate tempo to the Cartel bosses), two big office suites (each of the four cartels present is assigned an office suite in one of the penthouses)—a large office, a room, two bathrooms—and several small offices. Each penthouse is served by two express elevators, an emergency stairwell, and 4 two-person emergency pods. These are two-man capsules that shoot down to the ground floor (24 floors down) in 7 seconds using pneumatic chutes and cushioned by shock-absorbing anti-flame foam.

The security system and cameras of the three penthouses are isolated from the Towers' own security network. They are monitored at all times by a security spider that Sacristán hired (who is killed and replaced by the mole before the attack).



AUTOMATED CRIME PREVENTION SYSTEM – ACPS (DOWNTOWN, LA)

The ACPS is Horizon's newest offering on the digital security front. It is an intelligent system with an AI at its core processing network. Sensors imbedded in buildings, streetlamps, sidewalks, and even the palm trees provide a comprehensive, 360-degree view of the street and ground floors. The full sensor units analyze people and vehicles and can pick up images, sounds, body-temperatures, obvious cyberware, concealed weapons, and some even include pheromone sniffers and chemical scanners. Based on the accumulated

data, the system sends out appropriate responses via drones, police units, mages and/or spirits, or simply AR communications. For example, if it senses a person in physical distress, reads on their ID that they are diabetic, and accesses the person's biometric RFID tag to verify the medical condition, it will immediately send paramedics.

The response time varies depending on the urgency of the situation. The system allows the PCC to provide minimal policing support to the area while maximizing response time and providing appropriate response levels.

Urgent Message...

minute later, an intrepid news feed drone will respond (and every thirty seconds after that, an additional news drone will begin following them). ACPS will issue AR commands for the runners to stop; if anyone is injured it will summon medical assistance, and it will immediately summon a full SWAT team if any runners are obviously brandishing anything heavier than a pistol. ACPS will also erect traffic barriers to cut off the main routes, though escape via backstreets and alleys is possible. It will track the runners until they escape the downtown area, which means they may have to deal with Pueblo security forces, police drones, security mages, or any other obstacle the gamemaster feels appropriate.

Traffic in the area is heavy. The freeways that lead out of Downtown are a perpetual traffic jam. Escaping the area by boat is possible, especially if the runners have any gang or underworld contacts. Once they leave Downtown, the Burning Angels, a local gang (p. 117), will begin following them—the Burning Angels are allied with Aztechnology and they will take every opportunity to kill Riveros. They'll also summon more Aztechnology assets if the runners don't lose them fast. It'll be an outright race to get Riveros out of the area. The spirit Yajé, still possessing Riveros, will inform the runners that Riveros can arrange to have a VTOL waiting at the Hahn Free Market, an island in the middle of the toxic waters of LA. If the runners can get there, the VTOL will take all of them to an isolated airfield just outside LA, where they can escape.

Sequel

Yajé, speaking on Riveros' behalf, will offer the runners significant payment if they'll accompany her to Caracas. As an added incentive, gamemasters may point out the fact that multiple news drones captured the runners' escape on air and that authorities are already attributing the "Baltimore Towers Massacre" to them. LA has gotten very hot for the runners: they'll be a top news item and on the Pueblo's Most Wanted list for days or weeks to come. Yajé will offer them the ability to clear their name if they help her in Caracas.

This framework is intended as a bridge to bring the runners to Caracas and the final story arc. If the runners choose not to go, the gamemaster has several options to continue to run the adventure in LA—proving their innocence in the Baltimore Towers Massacre would be one big one. If the runners can prove Aztechnology was behind the hit, Riveros will be willing to pay for the intel.

CLEANING HOUSE, PART I

Graciela Riveros is home in Caracas. The runners, if they've accompanied Riveros from LA, should now be aware that at least one powerful spirit is allied with the Olaya Cartel. However, the truth about the relationship between the Olaya Cartel and Cesar da Silva's spirit cabal is still shrouded in mystery. Riveros knows the full extent of the partnership—after all, she's willingly allied herself with Yajé, one of the spirits. She also realizes that the Olaya Cartel is headed for dangerous times and that there is a very real risk that Salazar might hang her out to dry. Riveros decides it's time to strengthen and safeguard her own position in Caracas. Since she's unsure where her own organization's allegiances lie, she uses independent assets (the runners) to do so.

If the runners have been with Graciela since LA, they may have figured out that it's the David Cartel and the Aztechnology gunning for the Olaya. If they haven't, the runners should discover that the Azzies are also in Caracas and are out for Olaya blood in the following adventure.

If the runners are new hires, Riveros will have a file on each of them to ensure they are unaffiliated with her enemies, but otherwise give them a loose leash. If, on the other hand, the runners accompanied Riveros from Los Angeles (as part of *The Source*), the *jefa* asks them to stay at her estate, saying she trusts them to continue to protect her and hopes they will continue to work for her.

Set-Up

The guest rooms in Rivero's mansion are spectacular, the housekeeping staff discrete, and the food amazing (and all natural). Riveros will give the runners a night to get settled in then assign them their first job. She'll offer the runners a per diem rate, starting at 1,000¥ per runner, plus room and board. They can increase that up to 2,000¥ a day with a successful negotiation test. If the runners left most of their gear in LA, she'll also put them in touch with a "friend of a friend" who can provide most reasonable gear, although the price will be up to them to cover. (Equipment purchased through this source will be discounted 30 percent.)

Riveros wants to check up on her contacts in the city to confirm their loyalty. She'll provide the runners with a list of names and addresses; how they go about verifying the contacts' loyalty is up to them. She will be quite specific about one thing: if the





INCOMING FEED.....

contact isn't loyal to her, the runners are to eliminate him or her—and make sure, above all else, that the blame for the assassination does not fall on Riveros. She'll suggest the runners make it look like Aztechnology is to blame.

Scene 1

The first contact the runners are to research is the port master for **La Guaira Port** (p. 142). **Ricardo Calvo-Jurada** has held his position for the last decade and the Olaya Cartel has paid him very well to ensure that their shipments of drugs and other goods arrive—and depart—unimpeded by customs or other annoyances. “Ricky” is a creature of habit and spends his time between the Port Authority, the apartments of his two mistresses, and his own flat in a secure high-rise overlooking the sea. He also enjoys slumming at a port tavern, **El Picaruelo** (p. 142), a few days a week.

The runners are to follow Calvo-Jurada and learn if he is still loyal to Riveros. They can hack his commlink, monitor his conversations (although he will run regular checks to ensure no taps), search his apartment or his office, or simply follow him.

If Ricky believes he's being watched, he'll be very discrete. He doesn't go anywhere without two bodyguards (use stats for Cartel Bodyguards, p. 156), but if he believes he's being followed, he'll increase his security by two more bodyguards. If the runners can avoid alerting him, they'll eventually intercept a conversation between him and Henry Uribe, where Ricky tells Uribe that tempo is “too hot” and that (believing that Riveros did not survive the LA attack) “the Olaya are better off without that *puta*.”

If the runners report this conversation to Riveros, she'll coldly remind them of their orders: eliminate any non-loyal contacts and make sure the Azzies take the blame.

Scene 2

The next person she wants the runners to investigate is **Maria Lianos** (use Mr. Johnson, p. 284, *SR4*), an Olaya Cartel “procurement specialist.” Lianos lives in the **Nueva Caracas** red-light district (p. 142) in a concrete apartment block that has “shops” on the first floor and housing in the eight floors above it. On the surface, it appears that Lianos mostly procures impoverished juves for the bio-tweaking brothels. However, she also procures mules for the Cartel and is known in the shadow community as a fixer with good contacts for street sams and razor girls who don't mind doing wetwork and personal security ops.

Lianos is much more cautious and suspicious than Calvo-Jurada, so the runners will have to work much harder to learn if she's still loyal to Riveros. While the runners are watching Lianos, they may pickup rumors of an Azzie strike team also in town. Alternatively, having the runners catch a glimpse of a man matching Tenoch's description (or hearing rumors of a man matching that description) should provide them with some hints of what's to come.

After several days of surveillance fail to produce damning evidence, Riveros will ask them to approach Lianos. One of them is to pose as an out-of-town Johnson looking to use her as a fixer for contract wetwork. At the meeting, they are to say they have been sent by Jaime Salazar (Riveros provides just enough intel

LA GUAIRA PORT (CARACAS)

This major port is where goods of all sorts come into Caracas or ship out to ports around the world. KondOrchid, Jaime Salazar's shipping corporation, uses the port to send out shipments of tempo (as well as other drugs, arms, and the occasional custom bio-sculpted sex slave). The port is run by metahuman labor instead of the more technologically advanced drones you might find elsewhere. Huge cargo ships dock there and their crews can be found carousing in the port-side taverns, clubs, and brothels. The port is surrounded by a double razor-wire fence, which is electrified, and monitored by armed guards. Drones patrol the perimeter and there are several bound spirits which also guard the complex. Inside the fences is a crowded warehouse district, with security provided by each corporation using the warehouses (KondOrchid uses several).

EL PICARUELO (LA GUAIRA, CARACAS)

The port-side bar and restaurant caters to officers and the upper management of smaller port corporations. It has dark painted walls inside and genuine imitation wood tables. At the center of the bar, a crow's nest with potted ferns adds a nautical theme. The menu runs towards local cuisine. Because of the prevalence of crime and gangs in that area of town, the bar's owner has a few well-armed orks out front to provide protection for his establishment. The owner also has a private dining room, which he rents out to small parties—or to those who'd like to meet someone without any prying ears or eyes.

on Salazar to make this credible) and that the target of the hit is one "Graciela Riveros". Depending on whether Lianos accepts or rejects the work, the runners should either kill her or give her an encrypted chip to read and then escort her to Riveros estate. Once they've completed that, Riveros will dismiss the runners to go "enjoy themselves" in Caracas—making it blatantly obvious they need to leave her estate for the evening.

Climax

Riveros' third associate is the boss of the dangerous Alianza gang based by the La Guaira port. **Rayo** (p. 154) is a cybered streetsam in his early twenties—old for a ganger in Caracas. His gang members distribute tempo to a few dozen tempo-houses along the docks. Salazar bribes them to ensure KondOrchid's warehouses and personnel are left alone by the gang. Occasionally, they provide extra security for the cartel—like when the KondOrchid warehouses are full of tempo ready to ship.

Rayo is notoriously cold-blooded. He's also pilfering tempo from the packets the gang is supposed to be delivering to the street-dealers. Riveros will want to eliminate Rayo, but first she wants to know who he's selling to.

The runners will discover Rayo is actually a heavy addict himself. If the runners share that info with Riveros, she'll change their orders—instead of killing the gang leader, she'll ask them to take him a sample of a new tempo mix she's working on.

NUEVA CARACAS (CARACAS)

One of Caracas' infamous red-light districts, Nueva Caracas is home to all matter of sins and vices. It's famous for its *muñecas* (dolls) brothels, where customers can custom order their ideal object of desire, with delivery available in less than a week.

The streets are lit by the glowing neon signs advertising the different brothels, drug dens, and pleasure houses. Bars and clubs pump out loud Meta-Tropicalism music, while tourists brave the dark alleys for depraved pleasures. The atmosphere is a mix of raucous festival and slithering shame, where the desperate come to sell their lives and bodies to the jaded sex tourists.

Casa de los Angelitos is one such brothel. Maria Lianos works with that brothel (among others) and lives above it in a small one-bedroom flat, on the 5th floor. The first three floors of the concrete building are dedicated to the brothel, with viewing rooms (where customers can view samples of the work in person, or via virtual catalogue), sales and ordering rooms, and offices on the first floor. Entertainment rooms, a small clinic, and recovery rooms are on the second and third floors, along with housing for the young girls and boys waiting to become *muñecas*. Floors 4 through 8 are apartments and housing for clinic staff and others. Armed guards stand at all the entrances to the first floor and patrol the second and third floors (but more to ensure the waiting goods don't attempt to leave).

Rayo is suspicious—he's heard Riveros is cleaning house, and he's afraid she's sent the runners to kill him for his thefts. The runners will have to use all their guile and social skills if they want to avoid a confrontation. If they can get Rayo to take the drug (by persuasion or force), he'll experience an all-new high. His loyalty to Riveros will be absolute, since she will become his only source for the drug. If the runners botch the persuasion attempt, Rayo will fight to the death. Riveros will be displeased over his death and the runners will have to work extra hard to make it up to her.

CLEANING HOUSE, PART II

Riveros has more contacts she wants to investigate. If the runners are tired of this work, though, there's other jobs she can find for them. Otherwise, the next adventure track continues where this one left off. The entire time, Riveros is completely cold and focused; she spends most of her time closeted in her private lab on her estate or in her offices at RAM.

Scene 1

The Olaya Cartel has sway over the *Palco*—the political council which controls Caracas—through a network of bribes, blackmail, and corruption among the ruling members. One such member is **Pedro Jiménez** (use Mafia Consiglieri, p. 283, *SR4*), a rich biotech mogul with a decidedly non-professional interest in Graciela Riveros. Riveros' has exploited his feelings towards her in



MÉSON GORDO RESTAURANT (EL ÁVILA ESTATES)

On the lower slopes of the Estates, boasting an exceptional view of the towering downtown skyscrapers against the backdrop of a blue sea, this luxurious restaurant caters to Caracas' powerful and wealthy. A neutral meeting ground for the *Palco* and the various factions in the city-state, Méson Gordo is the perfect stage for dealbrokering and rubbing shoulders with the local elite—if you can afford the menu and the 1000 nuyen reservation charge. The head chef is French and the cuisine is South American fusion. Waiters are discrete and efficient, doing nothing to jeopardize one of the best jobs in town (or the one with the best tips).

The restaurant occupies a converted colonial villa, brimming with Old World charm and state-of-the-art security (including Rating 5 chemsniffers, MAD detectors, cyberware scanners on all doors, vibration alarms on all windows, and localized jammer/white noise generators built into each table). Though this is Caracas and gun laws are lax, no one enters the *Méson Gordo* armed. The restaurant's security forces are wired and well-armed (use stats for the Enforcer, p. 93, *SR4*); troublemakers are given no warning before security swoops in and shows them the door.

order to gain her own influence among the *Palco*. Now, she wants to ensure Jiménez remains loyal—and infatuated. The runners are sent to monitor Jiménez, since Riveros is sure Uribe will contact him soon. Jiménez sticks to the high-class areas of Caracas.

His meeting with Uribe occurs at the most exclusive restaurant in Caracas, the *Méson Gordo*. Security is tight—privacy is ensured by having the dining area warded, and each booth is setup with anti-surveillance measures including a white noise generators and jammers. The runners will need to infiltrate the restaurant in order to observe the meeting—and a lip reading skill, or very, very discrete visual device will be required to discover what is discussed. If the runners succeed in learning what conversation occurs, they will find that Jiménez remains steadfastly loyal to “sweet Graciela.” Riveros, upon hearing the news, will then have the runners arrange a romantic rendezvous between Jiménez and herself

Scene 2

In the final request, the runners are tasked with tailing **Rita Tuero**, a cousin-in-law of Jaime Salazar and a key Cartel member in Caracas. Unfortunately, she's missing. The runners will have to do some serious detective work to track Tuero down. Eventually, they should succeed by asking around on the streets—rumors will start circulating about the body of a woman found by a Tanamous dealer in **La Rinconada**, a crowded social housing district where gangs rule the streets and only the strongest walk alone unchallenged. The runners will have to venture into the dangerous neighborhood to search for the body-part dealer if they want to find out what happened to Tuero.

The garbage-strewn streets of La Rinconada are the hunting grounds of predators, both human and animal. Runners had better be prepared for action because they'll be intruding on the turf of

The central patio is the stage for a daily show of Spanish guitar and the verandah seats are the most sought after. Several local luminaries, such as the members of the *Palco* and Graciela Riveros, pay for the privilege of having tables permanently set aside for business meetings.

LA RINCONADA (CARACAS)

La Rinconada is a crowded urban slum with identical twenty-story concrete housing blocks devoted to the impoverished and deprived. The buildings are decaying on the outside, just like the wretched souls decaying inside. Housing is so crowded that entire families are jammed onto the rickety balconies and jury-rigged platforms that stretch between buildings, forming aerial death-traps for the destitute. The streets are controlled by a variety of gangs, whose constant bloodshed is balanced out by the never-ending availability of young blood. Devil rats roam the streets at night along with a host of more dangerous creatures, drawn to the slum by the availability of metahuman flesh. The recruiters for Caracas' sex trade comb the housing blocks, looking for healthy young flesh—willing or not—to create their newest masterpieces. There is no wireless grid, although pirated electricity keeps the neighborhood running.

Bolivar '49, one of the nastiest gangs in a sprawl renowned for its violence. If they're not careful, the group may be attacked by gangers, a pack of devil rats, or a group of hungry ghouls. If they survive, they'll find that the best way to get information is by offering to pay for it—if they can find residents who are willing to talk to them.

The organlegger has a body-shop behind a second-hand 'ware clinic, in the basement of a crumbling concrete housing block. His security is above average and includes 2 cybered minders (use Street Samurai, p. 101, *SR4*). Smooth-talking, negotiation, or a quick and dirty brawl will get them an interview with the organlegger, who turns out to be a ghoul. He'll admit he's got some goods “on ice” and he's willing to sell the runners the body.

Either through their own observation or by asking the ghoul, the runners will learn that Tuero was severely tortured before her death. The ghoul will also remark, off handed, that “it's a shame whoever cacked the *puta* kept her heart... it's my favorite part.” An appropriate Knowledge Test will reveal that many of the wounds were made by an obsidian knife (shards remain in some of the deeper cuts). Hmm... wasn't the Cuachicqueh that Yajé tore apart carrying an obsidian blade?

Sequel

Riveros will appear very unhappy to find out that there might be an Azzie team in Caracas. Tuero's death will enrage Jaime Salazar and Riveros is worried that he might blame her for the attack. If the runners didn't bring back the body, she'll probably ask them to search out more rumors of the Azzie presence. This could take several more days, which will buy Riveros time to think of a plan for approaching Salazar with the news of his cousin's death.

Urgent Message...

THE FINAL CUT



BURNED AT BOTH ENDS

By now, tensions are more than strained between Salazar and Riveros. Salazar and Uribe are no doubt aware of Riveros' moves to consolidate power in Caracas. When word gets back to them about Rita Tuero's death, they'll assume Riveros is behind the murder. Riveros realizes this and acts immediately to assuage their fears.

Set-Up

Riveros calls the runners into her private study at her estate. She needs them to deliver the body of Jaime Salazar's cousin (along with the evidence they'd uncovered on Rita's death) and take "a little something to sweeten his mood" as a peace offering.

Riveros has gotten word that Jaime and the other Olaya Cartel leaders are meeting at his hacienda outside Bogotá. Ominously, she hasn't been invited, but she feels sure that the Cartel will want to see her newest creation—a mix of tempo with a new ingredient to give the drug a stronger hallucinogenic high. She'll offer the runners the use of her own private plane and pilot to get to Bogotá at triple their regular salary for the two-day trip (of course, if Jaime wants them to stay longer, she'll compensate them for that as well).

Scene 1

When the runners arrive in Bogotá, **Henry Uribe** (p. 56) is on the tarmac with a limo and two SUVs—and a dozen heavily armed Olaya guards (p. 157)—to escort them to the Salazar's hacienda 15kms outside Bogotá. It is obvious that Uribe, at least, isn't pleased to see them. As long as the runners behave themselves, however, he'll offer no violence to them.

The hacienda is a sprawling coffee plantation, with lush gardens of tropical plants stretching out around a beautiful two-story home. The laughter of children playing some game echoes out from the gardens that surround the home. A pair of beautiful Latino women are sitting on the front porch, enjoying the sun. The overall appearance of the hacienda is one of colonial opulence and privilege, but if the runners look around, they'll notice armed guards strolling among the field hands at the edges of the estates. On arrival, the armed thugs will scan the runners with a MAD wand and cyberware sensor, disarming them long before they ever see Salazar. The runners are clearly outnumbered, out-gunned, and in hostile territory. How they behave will determine how long they last.

The characters arrive at the hacienda late in the evening and Salazar is too busy to meet with them immediately (plus, he wants to observe them and give the runners a chance to betray their intentions). He makes them wait overnight and only meets them at the end of the next day. The runners will get a chaperone while they are out of their nicely appointed guest-suites, but otherwise have relatively free reign of the non-family areas of the estate (as long as they pack no weapons). Savvy runners can gather intel without attracting notice, but if they are obvious they'll be politely escorted back to their rooms. While they are there, Salazar's five-year old son, **Carlos**, will sneak into to see them—he's a charming little hellion who keeps his nanny on her toes and makes his father proud. He will also do his best to befriend the runners (and any but the coldest-hearted of runners will be charmed by the charismatic little scamp).



The next evening, near sunset, **Jaime Salazar** (p. 56) summons the runners to him. He's outside in a small gazebo, along with four men and two women, key members of his Cartel. Salazar will give the runners time to introduce themselves and will look over the drug data Riveros has sent, but it should be obvious that he is deeply mistrustful and very angry with Riveros (and, by extension, the runners). As Salazar is trying to decide what to do with the runners, he's interrupted by the sound of gunfire and screams. He'll shout to his bodyguards that Riveros has betrayed him and to kill the runners, but before they can act, camouflaged soldiers emerge from the plantation and open fire on the gazebo.

Scene 2

Uribe throws himself in front of Salazar, taking a spray of bullets meant to kill his nephew. The other men and women in the gazebo are scrambling to escape while their bodyguards exchange fire with the intruders. The gardens offer a lot of cover and places to hide with the dense foliage and flowering bushes. The runners are on their own, since the Olaya guards won't attempt to protect them (or attack them), but the intruders will. The runners' weapons were confiscated but they can probably pick up some guns from fallen Olaya guards, if they want. There are cars parked in front of the house, but getting to them will be a challenge. If they choose to run into the surrounding plantation, they'll discover some working jeeps out in the far fields that were abandoned as the workers scattered for cover. Riveros' plane is waiting for them in

JAIME SALAZAR'S HACIENDA (OUTSKIRTS OF BOGOTÁ, COLOMBIA)

The estate is an organic coffee plantation, with several hundred acres in planted crops. It's located a few kilometers outside Bogotá. The land around the house has lush gardens, a swimming pool, natural springs with crystal clear water, towering imperial palm trees, several outbuildings (including a housekeeper's house, guest cottages, and worker housing), and is surrounded by the native tropical forest. The home is over two hundred years old, lovingly restored to its original glory with white walls (Armor Rating 12, Structure Rating 11), wide windows framed by blue shutters, and a red-tiled roof. It also has all the luxury amenities a modern drug baron demands, such as direct satellite uplinks, a computer nexi of its own (System 5, Firewall 6, Response 5, Signal 4 w/sat link and **IC**: Juhseung Saja 4 (loaded), Watanabe Electric Kitsune 4 (patrolling) IC), tennis/basketball courts, designer pool with waterfall, a gazebo (Armor Rating 6, Structure Rating 7), a private VTOL/helipad, and a safe room/bunker with reinforced doors (Armor Rating 24, Structure Rating 15).

A long porch runs around the entire home with graceful columns and intimate sitting areas. The long driveway is paved and a carriage house, hidden from the main house by a grove of flowering trees, has room for Salazar's large collection of cars. The security room for the hacienda is based in the second

floor of the carriage house, along with a significant cache of weapons. Cameras are placed on the main access points to the property and around the main house and carriage house.

The roads leading to the fields and other parts of the estate are all gravel or dirt, favoring ATVs. The gardens around the house have landscaped lawns with pathways. Large flowering bushes and clumps of palms give it a secluded feel (and provide plenty of cover).

This is Salazar's home when not flying around the globe looking after his many concerns (which is most of the time). The other two buildings in the compound—the former stables and slave quarters—have been converted respectively into host offices and temporary staff housing. The Olaya also control a nearby village (5 minutes drive) where most of the Cartel's soldiers live.

When Salazar, his five year old son, and his current mistresses are in residence, a security detachment of five bodyguards (use stats for Ghost Cartel Bodyguards, p. 156) watch them around the clock in the mansion. The grounds are guarded around the clock by two high altitude surveillance drones (Renraku Stormcloud, pp. 341-342, *SR4*), thirty Olaya soldiers and hired guns patrol. At night these are supplemented by a pack of 6 RAMhounds biodrones (see *Grunts and Moving Targets*, p. 155).

Urgent Message...

THE FINAL CUT



Bogotá, if they can make it there alive. During the gunfight, as the runners engage the attackers or flee, they'll see Tenoch, although it will appear that he doesn't see them. It should be challenging for the runners to escape but not impossible. After all, Tenoch is hoping to follow the runners back to Riveros—he wants at least a few of the runners to live long enough to lead him to their employer. In the confusion, Salazar escapes but Uribe is seriously wounded.

The runners will also see Salazar's little son in the chaos, hiding next to the body of his nanny. With Salazar on the run, the Azzies will take the child if they find him to use as leverage against Salazar later. If the runners decide to rescue the child, Riveros will gladly take the child in (she will also use him as leverage against Salazar later).

Climax

Getting back to the El Dorado international airport in Bogotá, which sits next to the Aztechnology Business Complex, will prove difficult. On the way in they will witness the results of Aztechnology missile and airstrikes against Olaya fields and warehouses (technically in the Amazonian held south). Bogotá itself will be up in arms with Olaya-backed Gran Colombia nationalists taking to the streets to challenge the Aztech forces deploying across town.

After the team negotiates the chaos back to their airplane, it's a tense three hour flight back to Caracas. If the runners contact Riveros to let her know what's happened, she'll ramp up the security at her estate. Otherwise, when the runners get back to Caracas, Riveros will have them meet her at her RAM laboratories. When they do, they'll be leading trouble right to her door and she'll be caught unaware.

Shortly after arriving at the labs, the security warnings will start blaring in AR. Her security's state of response will depend on what the runners told them. Tenoch has arrived with a full Azzie commando unit (use stats for the Aztech Black Ops Soldiers, p. 157) to finally capture or kill Riveros. It will be a pitched battle to escape the labs alive, although if it appears that Riveros is in danger of dying, Yajé will possess her, enabling her to survive almost any attack. Tenoch will not give up until either he or Riveros is dead.

Things seem to go from bad to worse. Riveros will take the runners to a secured safehouse she maintains in Caracas. She may have escaped the Azzies, but a second strike team is waiting to attack—this time, they are an Olaya strike team (use stats for Cartel Bodyguards, p. 156), hired by Jaime Salazar in retribution of her perceived betrayal and assassination attempt on him (if the runners have brought Salazar's son to Caracas, that will also be a motivating reason for the attack). The runners will have to protect Riveros and escape to a safe location, one neither the Azzies or the Cartels know about.

Sequel

Jaime Salazar survives the assassination attempt, but he mistakenly believes Riveros was behind the attack. With Uribe severely wounded, his son kidnapped, his Cartel cut-off from support from the other Ghost Cartels, and his head drug-creator betraying him, Salazar is in a corner.

Aztechnology (and its Interpol allies) take the opportunity to crack down on the Cartel's business around the globe. In response, Salazar decides to sacrifice the profitable tempo drug trade

in order to ensure his survival. He is approached by Ding Ramos with a deal: if the Olaya and other Ghost Cartels hand over tempo production to the David Cartel, Ding will ensure Aztechnology takes the pressure off the Olaya Cartel (if Salazar's son is in Azzie hands, that will be an additional factor in the deal). This puts Salazar between a rock and a hard place since the Olaya don't actually produce the base product—instead, Salazar offers up Riveros and the spirit cabal connection. He is aware that Primeira Vaga will never deal with Aztlaners but he keeps this to himself.

Jaime Salazar is willing to give up both Riveros and his Caracas operations up to preserve his future, so after ensuring the safety of his business (and his son), Salazar will fold and reveal that Riveros is the link to a secret Amazonian source and Caracas the main pipeline.

BETRAYAL

Riveros has been backed into a corner, betrayed by Salazar, and under attack from Aztechnology. She's a survivor, though, and she has contingency plans in place. In addition, the spirit Yajé, who has been possessing Riveros frequently since the Ghost Council hit, is increasingly drawn to the freedom of possessing metahumans versus the virtual slavery of possessing the *gameleira torcida* tree for Cesar da Silva's cabal. If tempo's production dries up because Salazar no longer will distribute it, Yajé loses her primary method for possessing metahumans (see *The Secret of Tempo*, above). Yajé doesn't consciously realize it, but she's become addicted to possessing metahumans. Like any other junkie, she'll do anything to continue to get her fix... including working with Riveros to betray the Olaya Cartel and the Primeira Vaga.

Set-Up

Riveros has word that the Olaya Cartel is combing the streets for her. She's worried, too, that Aztechnology is still in Caracas searching for her (which is true). Interpol has seized Olaya facilities with a Corporate Court warrant and RAM will soon follow.

Riveros and Yajé need a way out. That means they need leverage. They give the runners one more mission, one which will take them into the Amazon rainforest to the grove of *gameleira torcida* trees. The runners are to go to the grove, destroy a particular tree, and return with a yet-unpossessed sapling. If they can do this, she'll pay them 75,000 nuyen a piece upon their return. Riveros gives them the location of the nearest town and a handcrafted compass with a splinter of bark as a needle. The bark is a material link to the *gameleira* and will point them in the right direction.

Scene 1

Primeira Vaga has a terreiro deep in the Amazon rainforest. Riveros will either arrange to get them a boat to travel up the Amazon river from the coast up to the Rio Negro or alternately hire Maria Angela, head of the *Aves de Rapina* (a local smuggling crew), to try to fly them over the Muralha Verde to the nearest township to their target.

This leaves the runners with a tough decision to make. Going down the coast and up the Amazon to the Rio Negro will take them at least two weeks. They'll also have to contend with the

Amazon rainforest, its denizens and their townships, as well as wild shapeshifters, giant anaconda, swarms of disease-bearing, baseball-sized mosquitoes, hostile nature spirits, and poisonous



AMAZONIAN SIDETRIP

City-born runners may be unprepared for the dangers of the rainforest. Riveros will provide Survival skills to anyone interested and the smugglers might be a handy source for tips.

Besides the dangers of the untamed landscape, runners will have to contend with heat stroke, dehydration, and disease. They should try to carry as much water as possible and avoid wearing armor if at all possible—characters wearing any non-environmentally adapted armor (see p. 135; *Arsenal*) will have to make Fatigue Tests every 10 minutes during the day, 20 at night. Rain, humidity and dirt get into everything. If the runners are carrying non-environmentally adapted gear and don't take care to clean their guns every few days they'll find moss, dirt, and lichen compromising electronics and weapons. Each day a non-environmentally adapted firearm or electronics device is used, roll 1D6. If the result is a 1, it jams and must be cleaned with a Logic + Armorer or Hardware (4, 1 hour) Extended Test before it will operate again. If the gear is not regularly cleaned, the gamemaster can increase the likelihood of a jam by 1 per day.

Runners will also note that the high ambient heat and the regular downpours plays havoc with thermal sensors of all types (rendering them useless) and other complex electronics.

Encounters

The following are a few encounters ideas to spice up a trek through the virgin Amazon jungle:

- A couple of days into their jungle trek, the runners encounter a hunting party of Huapa tribal warriors. The Huapa are ferociously territorial and will challenge intruders—in their native tongue and through menacing gestures. Any show of violence or attempt at intimidation will get the trespassers into trouble. The Huapa will fade away into the jungle

and shadow the group, striking from near perfect concealment with poisoned darts only to vanish again into their home ground.

- As the runners stumble out of the undergrowth onto a dirt track, they are startled by the rumble of biofuel engines. A convoy of five trucks (loaded with tempo) speeds into view, moving unnaturally fast over the muddy trail (aided by spirits). The runners have seconds to decide what to do before they are seen.
- As the runners make their way over a ridge, the rain sodden earth collapses under their weight. They are sent tumbling down a ravine in a mudslide. Unless they can control their slide (Agility + Gymnastics or Climbing Test Threshold 2) they'll get hurt (DV 8P -half impact armor) and may damage equipment (at the gamemaster's discretion).
- The dangers and treasures of the rainforest go hand in hand, as the runners find out as they happen a clump of *Aspasia lunata* (an Awakened orchid whose petals glow with a pearly luminescence and a valuable virgin telesma worth 10,000 nuyen) at the foot of a tree. Unfortunately the tree is an Awakened version of the Huacapu tree and its bark is toxic to metahumans.
- One day the runners are surprised when suddenly the foliage ahead erupts as a great anaconda barrels through fighting off four Ant Spirit Flesh forms and a full blown True Form Ant Spirit. The anaconda accidentally trespassed on an Ant hive that has taken over a native tribe. Believing it a spy for the Amazonian authorities, the Bugs want it dead. If characters are unfamiliar with the great anacondas they might not realize the critter is sapient.
- If the runners were not careful to take inoculations before embarking on the jungle trip, one or more of them could contract a tropical disease such as Malaria (p. 132, *Augmentation*) or something more exotic of the gamemaster's design from insect bites or small wounds.

Urgent Message...



flora and fauna. In addition, tribes of metahumans and sentient paracritters make their home in the rainforest. While some might only be unfriendly or suspicious, others will be downright hostile and immediately attack any trespassers—particularly foreigners. An experienced guide is a must, since even GPS and inertial tracking function erratically in the shifting jungle.

On the other hand, with the flaring tensions between Aztlan and Amazonia following the Bogotá airstrikes, DESA border security is going to be tight and flying inland across the Amazonian borders is more dangerous than ever but the smugglers will get them to the small town of Santa Isabel, on the Rio Negro in a couple of days. For there the runners will be on their own; the smugglers will return to collect them within a week. Of course, if the smuggler's stealth zeppelin (p. 158) is intercepted and crashes, the runners will have to deal with many of the same dangers as the river trip.

From **Santa Isabel do Rio Negro** (p. 148), the runners will still need to travel a couple of days through some of the most dan-

gerous terrain on earth to reach the terreiro. A few muddy roads run through the jungle leading to Silva's terreiro, but those roads are monitored by spirits and Silva's Primeira Vaga soldiers.

Scene 2

The terreiro is a spooky place at the best of times—and this certainly isn't one of those times. The runners arrive early in the day but will quickly notice preparations for a big religious ceremony that night. César da Silva will be leading his men in homage to Tempo, the Orisha of the forest in the **Primeira Vaga Terreiro** (p. 149). (Smart runners should realize that the ritual, which is generally noisy, is probably the best time to sneak in to kill the tree and steal the sapling.) There are between twenty and thirty Primeira Vaga guerrillas in the camp at any given time, so charging in would be suicide. However, as long as the runners don't make too much fuss on approach, they will have several hours to reconnoiter the camp as they wait for night... and the ritual.

SANTA ISABEL DO RIO NEGRO (STATE OF AMAZONAS E PARÁ, AMAZONIA)

The small town of about 1,500 souls survives as one of the few trading outposts in inner Amazonia rainforest. Nestled on the banks of the Rio Negro, it is a hot, sweaty town with minimal amenities for tourists or travelers. The mostly metahuman residents are used to seeing trading bands of naga, shapeshifters, feathered serpents, and other exotic Amazonian citizens, so the atmosphere is fairly open and accepting. The locals are also used to smugglers and talisleggers and generally turn a blind eye to minor illegalities as long as it brings money into town.

There are several mechanics who can fix almost anything, although they are experts at jury-rigging, since parts are scarce. **El Tigre Taimado** is a tavern/saloon with a few bare-bones rooms above the bar that the owner, a Ocelot shapeshifter, will rent out to travelers. A small shop beside the tavern sells survival gear and goods that travelers can use to outfit themselves for a trip into the rainforest. There are a few boats available for rent, although the deposit is equal to the purchase price (which should warn runners that the proprietor doesn't expect them to return the boat...). Experienced guides can be found in one of the town's four taverns.

Though the runners have no way of knowing, during the ritual, the terreiro (a Rating 3 domain aspected towards nature magic) merges with a manifesting alchera. A living canopy extends over the whole camp and spirits and animals come out of the rainforest to participate in the rite.

As evening falls a deep, rhythmic drumming fills the air, and the runners can smell the scent of fresh blood. Spirits, drawn to the ceremony and the sacrifice, swarm the area. For once, the dense rainforest works for the runners, as the sheer mass of life in the forest provides some cover from the astral sight. Because of the strange, shifting alchera, the terrain has changed so that the grove of *gameleira torcida* trees circled the terreiro itself and enclosed it in a green canopy. The runners will have to make their way around the terreiro (gamemasters are encouraged to emphasize how otherworldly, spooky, and hostile the terreiro and forest are, to increase the atmosphere of this portion of the adventure). The occupants are focused on the rituals in the center courtyard, which involves a metahuman sacrifice—an officer wearing Aztlaner insignia. If the runners are stealthy, they should be able to bypass everyone without being noticed and finally approach the grove.

The grove itself is at the heart of the alchera. Riveros' compass will point them to the correct tree. It's over 45 meters tall and as thick around as a bus at its base. Skeletons and half-rotted corpses are entwined with the writhing roots. The runners will have to kill the tree completely by cutting it down or severing all its roots—fire, acid, concentrated poisons, a detonation cord, or magic will all work. They also will have to climb up a tall tree, as high as 35 meters, to take a sapling that is growing in the branches of a host tree. There are saplings that are small, a fraction of a meter tall and only a few centimeters thick. Unfortunately, there's no

THE GROVE

Behind the terreiro is the heart of the tempo trade: the grove of *gameleira torcida* trees. The twisted trees, coiling roots entwined with the skeletal remains of sacrifices, tower above the rest of the rainforest canopy. The yellow trumpet flowers dangle from above, each the size of a small tree, casting a sweet, lemony scent that covers the more sinister smell of carrion. Saplings grow in the canopy, often 45 or more meters high, starting their life in the branches of other trees, which they will eventually strangle and consume.

While the home beside the grove is occasionally situated in an alchera, the grove itself is almost always partially, or wholly, situated in an alchera. Most of the grove is in a manifest alchera, a ghostly apparition of writhing vines and insubstantial trees that send misty tendrils toward any metahumans brave enough to venture into the grove. Faint screams echo throughout the grove, although it is impossible to pinpoint their origin. At times, the alchera materializes, shifting the terrain without any warning, going from a low-lying depression filled with swampy water and sucking mud to a mist-shrouded hillside. It is a spooky, hostile place, home to spirits that despise metahumanity. Their hatred coats the astral space of the grove with a cruel taint of suffering, sacrifice, and death.

way to harvest a sapling without taking the branch it's embedded in. Observant characters will notice open wounds in the sides of several trees where the bark has been peeled off and is growing back. Meanwhile the ecstatic drumming rises in intensity.

Climax

No matter how quietly they attempt to kill Yajé's tree, the other spirits of the grove will realize what's happening as soon as the tree dies. When the tree comes crashing down, the noise will attract the armed guards of Silva's terreiro, who will come gunning for them as well. Either way, the runners will be pursued by César da Silva, his soldiers, and the spirit cabal as they attempt to escape the alchera. Geography, distance, and landmarks don't make any sense in the alchera, and it is very disorienting to run through the magical jungle landscape.

Once they are out of the alchera, the rainforest will once again help shield them from pursuit. Unfortunately for the runners, the spirit cabal and Silva's soldiers have no intention of giving up the pursuit and will attempt to track them down. The flight through the tropical jungle can be as eventful and dangerous as the gamemaster desires, but Primeira Vaga will not give up the chase until all hope is lost. Should the runners manage to escape, it is vitally important that they have the sapling with them.

Sequel

If the runners succeed in destroying Yajé's tree, she will be free of the spirit cabal. She and Riveros want the sapling so they can continue to produce tempo. Without the sapling, Riveros will be unable to negotiate in the next adventure. César da Silva and the Primeira Vaga now know that Yajé has betrayed them.



THE PRIMEIRA VAGA'S TERREIRO (AMAZON JUNGLE, AMAZONIA)

César da Silva's terreiro is an isolated compound deep within the Amazon rainforest. The buildings of a coffee plantation long overrun by the Awakened jungle have become the terreiro for the Primeira Vaga's magicians (a Rating 10 Lodge). The colonial-style white buildings can still be seen through the teeming plant life and vines. Twisting vines, as thick around as a man's waist, cover almost every surface of the building. The vines are heavy with yellow and white trumpet shaped flowers, which seem to move as though stirred by a breeze even when the air is perfectly still.

Paths cut in to the jungle growth between the various parts of the compound and some ground has been cleared around the surviving buildings, which serve as a paramilitary training camp for Primeira Vaga (and the occasional Deep Green faction). There are no walls or fences guarding the compound—an important clue for runners who might attempt to approach the terreiro. Primeira Vaga has between 20 and 30 soldiers present at all times (including metahumans, several spirits, and sentient paracritters such as naga, ocelot and monkey shapeshifters, and other exotic species).

The center of the compound is not the old fazenda house, but the senzala (old slave quarters). The red-tiled verandas of this one-story U-shaped building enclose the terreiro (ritual ground) proper. The courtyard was once paved with bricks, but they have long since been broken and buried under a layer of soft green flowering grasses. At the center of the courtyard is a giant *gameleira* tree, the type sacred to the Orisha Tempo. The terreiro opens on to a grove of *gameleira torcida* trees (the secret source of tempo) that merges into the jungle. The terreiro and grove are an aspected domain (Rating 3 aspected towards any type of nature magic).

Regular rituals are held at the terreiro, featuring music, chanting, and feasts. The rituals do something else, as well—the concentrated mana during these ceremonies often shifts the terreiro and surrounding land into an alchera (see p.114, *Street Magic*). In those instances, the home grows much larger, with long winding corridors, strangely shaped windows that show terrifying views of a forest alive with strange plants and trees, and a grand courtyard with a large stone slab at the base of a giant tree. These nights are when the mysterious backers of Primeira Vaga make their appearance.

Urgent Message...

THE FINAL CUT

Primeira Vaga Terreiro



WRAP PARTY

When the runners arrive back in Caracas, Riveros is nowhere to be found. They'll have to track her down in order to get their final payment. Meanwhile, Aztechnology and Interpol have been very busy in Caracas and Amazonia is having a fit. It is not a good time to be in Caracas, but the runners aren't done with the Sin City Sur.

Set-Up

The entire city is buzzing about recent events: Olaya installations have been bombed, the RAM facilities have been raided by joint Interpol-AZT forces and remain under police lockdown, and Riveros' El Ávila estate was burned to the ground in a "freak fire." The sprawl is crawling with Interpol and Aztechnology operatives. Amazonia is throwing a major fit over the "Aztlán aggression," despite the fact that the acts have been in full cooperation with Interpol and Corporate Court approval. Rumor has it that troops are massing beyond the Muralha Verde. It's looking like Caracas might be the flashpoint for an all-out war between Amazonia and Aztlán.

Scene 1

When the runners make their way to the safehouse where they last saw Riveros, they find only a burnt-out shell—local residents will confide that it was bombed several days ago. Riveros is presumed missing since it's rumored that the Olaya Cartel is still offering a significant reward for her, dead or alive. While the runners attempt to find Riveros themselves, they'll learn that Aztechnology has attacked Olaya labs and fields around Bogotá. The local trids are full of impassioned speeches by Hualpa's spokesperson and other Amazonian leaders condemning the hostile actions of Aztlán.

Maneuvering through Caracas is a nightmare, with Interpol agents constantly raiding known (or just suspected) drug houses, production facilities, and arresting any suspected Olaya Cartel members—or associates. Unless the runners were extraordinarily careful in the previous adventure frameworks, they are known associates of Riveros, which makes Caracas a very dangerous place for them right now. They'll have to find their own safehouse and avoid any of their previous contacts if they want to stay hidden. If the runners look hard enough, eventually they'll come across one of the tempo-dens that hasn't yet been discovered by Interpol. A withered, pale woman—a tempo addict—will approach them. It is Yajé, possessing an addict, and she can tell them where Riveros has been hiding.

Scene 2

Riveros and Yajé have been hiding out in a small apartment on the edge of La Rinconada. When the runners arrive with the sapling, Riveros thanks them. Things are a bit tense for Riveros and she wants the runners to help her with one last job. She wants the runners to contact Domingo Ramos, who is in town, to see if he can broker a deal between Aztechnology and Riveros/Yajé. Even if the deal isn't possible, hopefully the negotiations will buy her enough time to escape Caracas with Yajé and start fresh elsewhere.

The runners must contact Ramos and organize a meet. Ramos is staying in his own secure estate up on El Ávila; the run-

ners should be familiar with the area by now. Gaining access to the estate requires some smooth talking, but if the runners can manage—through charm, guile, or by dropping Riveros' name—to meet with Ding, he'll be willing to listen. She's given the runners the same disk with the specs on the new tempo-hallucinogenic combo to whet his interest. Ramos will agree to a meet, but he'll want to ensure it is kept quiet. After all, it wouldn't do for Interpol to find out that an Aztechnology representative was meeting with their most wanted.

Climax

The meeting takes place in an abandoned KondOrchid warehouse on the outskirts of La Rinconada. Riveros will send the runners in ahead of time to secure the building, then ask them to stay to protect her.

Ramos arrives with a group of bodyguards—two of which don't register as living beings to astral senses and are in fact Aztech first generation cyborgs (similar to the MCT Otomo with the Mimic Modification, p. 121, *Arsenal*).

The meeting is tense. Neither side trusts the other, but as long as the runners don't start any violence, Ramos' bodyguards will stay calm. Ramos will ask if Riveros has brought the seedling, which she has. The two will adjourn to an empty room to discuss their business in private. For once, no one intrudes upon the meeting, although a gamemaster can easily play up any paranoia the runners might have by having a group of the Boliviar '49 gang come rumbling by.

Sequel

After two hours, Ramos and Riveros emerge, Riveros carrying the sapling like another woman might hold a precious child. Riveros thanks the runners for all their assistance and tells Ramos that their help has been invaluable. He will carelessly toss the runners a certified credstick, a little "thank you" from Aztechnology. He'll also offer Aztechnology transport to any sprawl the runners would like, since Interpol is monitoring all traffic in and out of Caracas at the moment.

The runners can choose to take him up on it or not; either way, he dismisses them. After spending so much time in Riveros' company, though, the runners have learned that Riveros moves differently when Yajé is possessing her. As Ding Ramos and Graciela Riveros leave the building, the runners are positive that it isn't Riveros getting into the secured van with Ramos

SPIN-OFFS AND SIDEJOBS: ADVENTURE SEEDS

The following are short plotoooks and adventure seeds that can be easily introduced into *The Final Cut* plot arc, expanding on secondary elements of the plot line. Gamemasters should feel free to introduce their own ideas. This storyline develops over several months, and the adventure frameworks above focus only on important junctures in the main story:

- Graciela Riveros has heard rumors of an Awakened plant found in the Amazon rainforest, which when ingested after tempo masks the drug use in abusers (allowing them to pass drug tests). The cartels would like to get some samples of this plant, if it really exists. The runners are hired as protection for a group of cartel scientists who are traveling up the Amazon river to collect specimens.



RAMOS VILLA (EL ÀVILA, CARACAS)

Domingo Ramos keeps an estate on El Àvila since Caracas holds some specific delights for him. He's a very good customer of the bio-modding sex trade there and he likes to enjoy his designer "toys" in the luxury and privacy of his own home.

The villa is a long, single-story building, with two wings that frame an elaborate swimming pool and gym/spa complex. The house has its own small medical clinic (medical facility with a Valkrye module). Several of the "guest suites" can double as lavish prisons.

The front gate has a guard house that is manned by two guards at all times. The rest of the estate is surrounded by a triple-layer razor wire fence and perimeter sentry guns. Ramos doesn't like to be disturbed when he's enjoying himself at home.

Ramos always travels with a six-man executive protection team assigned by Aztechnology; given the circumstances of the Caracas visit, these are supplemented by two *Huitzilopochtli* anthroform cyborgs (see *Grunts and Moving Targets*, p. 155). When about town, Ramos travels in an armored Rolls Royce Phaeton accompanied by at least one armored SUV.

All visitors are carefully searched and scanned with MADs and cyberware scanners (Rating 5). They are disarmed and have offensive cyberware neutralized before being allowed anywhere near Ding.

KONDORCHID WAREHOUSE (BORDER OF RINCONDA WITH LA GUAIRA)

Currently empty, this warehouse has been thoroughly searched and roped off by the Interpol/Aztech intervention force.

The warehouse is a largish empty space, 40 by 60 meters, with two loading docks with wide sliding doors and one single side door (lock now busted). The walls and roof are densiplast sheeting (Armor Rating 8, Structure Rating 9).

Only loose papers and piled up plastiboard pallets (Armor Rating 4, Structure Rating 7) litter the main area, while the rest of the building is deserted. Cameras, security systems, and even lighting fixtures were scavenged by the locals minutes after the last of the cops left the scene. The two offices at the back are relatively intact, but they are not locked. It is just a matter of time before the squatters move in.

On the night of the meet, the place is dark except the moonlight sneaking in through the skylights overhead and the headlights of the vehicles. Graciela chooses the warehouse for the meet because of its relative isolation and because she knows the area well.

Ramos' motorcade parks outside and 2 bodyguards enter the building to scout and make sure Graciela is present before giving their boss the all clear.

Urgent Message...



THE FINAL CUT

- IDEA has noticed that a certain segment of the population has no reaction to tempo. When one of IDEA's agents shares that data with an agent in the Artificial Resource Management (ARM) of the Corporate Court's Grid Overwatch Division, the ARM agent realizes that some of those who aren't affected are technomancers. Since the agent is a technomancer himself, he'll go to any length to bury the data. He and a few other ARM agents hack IDEA and destroy the records, but they discover too late that the IDEA agent investigating has a hard copy at her home. The runners are hired to find those back-up records and eliminate the agent before she leaks any of her findings.
- Interpol IDEA agents have arrived in Caracas and made a large bust in several tempo houses. They arrest every user they found in the houses, holding them in group detaining cells at the local police headquarters while they attempt to figure out who's dealing and who's using. One of the houses was a combination brothel and drug den, catering to foreign tourists who wanted to experience "a whole new level of sexual intimacy." A mid-level S-K executive was caught in the sting. He was supposed to be in a management meeting to review some Caracas shipping interests. Now he needs to get out of jail before his bosses—or worse, his wife—finds out he skipped his management meeting for some "personal time."

CAST OF SHADOWS

The following section profiles major characters in *The Final Cut* plotline. Characters may or may not encounter and interact with these NPCs in person, but all of them play a significant role in the unfolding storyline and their agendas will impact and be impacted by the player characters' actions.

TENOCH

Tenoch is a Cuachicqueh, also known as the Shorn Ones, covert shock troops of Aztlan's special military orders. Cuachicqueh traditionally work in complimentary pairs; Tenoch's partner is killed during the strike on the Ghost Council. Single-minded and relentless in his dedication, Tenoch continues on alone in an attempt to complete his mission and avenge his partner by killing Graciela Riveros. He chases her from LA to Caracas, then follows her plane to Bogotá, and finally goes back to Caracas for the final showdown. Nothing would please him more than cutting her still-beating heart out of her chest.

Tenoch is a battle-hardened veteran of dozens of covert operations for Aztechnology. He keeps in perfect physical form and styles his appearance in the traditional Cuachicqueh style; his head entirely shaved aside from a short Mohawk and braid. Tattoos of eagles in traditional Aztec style ring his neck, and in combat he often wears "blood charms" claimed taken from fallen opponents, such as locks of hair or finger bones.

Like all Cuachicqueh, he is a warrior born, dangerous and relentless. He rarely speaks and when he does his words are few and blunt. His presence is commanding though, and men under his leadership tend to obey without question. As a Cuachicqueh, he prefers to strike from ambush and vanish without a trace, but he is not afraid of physical confrontation—quite to the contrary.

B A R S C I L W M Edg Ess Init IP

6[8] 4[6] 5(7)[9] 6[8] 2 4 3 5 7 4 4.4 9(11) 1(3)

Condition Monitor Boxes: 7

Armor (Ballistic/Impact): 14/12 *or* 8/6

Skills: Aztlaner History 4, Athletics Skill Group 4, Automatics 6 (9), Blades 5 (8), Cuachicqueh Traditions 3, Demolitions 3, Disguise 3, English 3, Infiltration 5, Intimidation 4 (Physical +2), Covert Ops Protocol 2, Negotiation 2, Pistols 3, Shadowing 4, Survival 3, Throwing Weapons 3

Qualities: Adept, Mentor Spirit (Eagle), Martial Arts (ROSS: +1 on called shots to disarm, Take Aim as Free Action, Ready Weapon as Free Action, attacker in melee modifier reduced by -1), Scorched, Bad Luck

Initiate Grade: 4

Metamagics: Adept Centering, Infusion, Masking, Somatic Control,

Adept Powers: Counterstrike (2), Improved Ability: Blades (3), Improved Ability Automatics (3), Missile Parry (2), Pain Resistance (3), Traceless Walk

Augmentations: (All delaware) Adrenaline Pump (Rating 2), Synaptic Boosters (Rating 2), Radar Sense Rating 3), Reflex Recorder (Stealth Skill Group)

Gear: Light military armor [w/ mobility upgrade (Rating 2), thermal damping, ruthenium polymer coating, auto-injector Stim (5)] and military helmet [w/ image link, low-light, range finder, smartlink] *or* armor jacket w/ FFBA shirt [w/ non conductivity (4), fire resistance (4)], nano-paste disguise, smart pouch system [w/ ammo pouch, ration pouch, smart canteen, combat load vest 6 clips]

Maneuvers: Multi-Strike, Off-Hand Training, Set-Up, Two Weapon Style

Weapons:

Macauitl [Reach 1, DV 5[7]P, AP 0 w/ personalized grip]

Nitama Optimum II [Assault rifle, DV 6P, AP -1, SA/BF/FA, RC 5 (6), 30(c), w/ auto-adjusting underbarrel weight, gas-vent 3, personalized grip, smartgun, and APDS ammo]

Underbarrel Shotgun [Shotgun, DV 7P, AP -1, SA, RC 1, 5(m), slug ammo]

2 Frag Grenades [grenade, DV 12f, AP+5, Blast -1/m]

2 High Explosive Grenades [grenade, DV 10P, AP-2, Blast -2/m]

2 Flash Bang Grenades [grenade, DV 6S, AP -3, Blast 10m radius]

CÉSAR DA SILVA

César da Silva is a twisted Avenger shaman (p.137, *Street Magic*) who follows a dark version of the Great Mother. César was born in Amazonia; at a young age he joined up with the Yucatán rebels fighting against Aztlan. His Talent brought him to

the attention of Primeira Vaga, which was operating in support of Yucatán rebels. In the Primeira Vagas' ranks, César quickly made a name for himself as a natural leader and a talented combat magician. In combat, his favored tactic is to channel a powerful bound great form spirit and lead from the front.

César's body is heavily scarred from his years in the rebellion. His bald head is often covered by a Panama hat (César claims his hair fell out after being exposed to Aztlaner chemical weapons).

After Primeira Vaga's previous leader was killed in Aztlan's Yucatan offensive of 2062, César became the leader of the organization and it withdrew further from civilization, retreating into the Amazon rainforest. While the group continues to be aided and abetted by some faction in the Amazonian DISA and government, it has developed an agenda of its own, heavily influenced by César's vision and the spirit cabal at the heart of the group, becoming darker and more savage following the Yucatán conflict.

Under César, Primeira Vaga has continued to attack Aztlaner targets and aid anti-Aztlan factions, but it has also begun training Deep Green eco-radicals in its camps and has now started to export tempo with the aid of the Olaya Cartel. César is aware that the tempo production is only the first part in a much deeper plan and plans his strategy accordingly. He is a fanatic and willing to die for his mysterious cause.

B A R S C I L W Ess Edg M Init IP

3 4 4 4 6 5 4 6 6 4 9 9 1(3)

Condition Monitor Boxes: 9

Armor (Ballistic/Impact): 6/3

Skills: Automatics 4, Aztlaner Spanish 5, Demolitions 3, First Aid 3 (Combat Wounds +2), Heavy Weapons 3, Piloting Ground Craft 4, Regional Politics 3, Sorcery Skill Group 5, South American Religions 3, Summoning 5, Survival 4, Tracking 4, Unarmed Combat Group 3, Yucatan Rebellion 3

Qualities: Magician (twisted *pajé*/shaman, possession tradition), Mentor Spirit (dark Great Mother), Sensitive System

Initiate Grade: 4

Metamagics: Channeling, Invoking, Sacrifice, Shielding

Gear: Armor vest and military fatigues, hardwood spear with flint blade with adorned with feathers and indian geometric carvings [Power Focus (3)], sea shell necklace [Anchored Personal Physical Barrier, trigger Detect Enemy Spell (3 successes)], bead and feather bracelet [Counterspelling Focus (3)], weathered panama hat, military backpack, field kit and rations

Spells: Clairvoyance, Heal, Increased Reflexes, Mind Probe, Stun Bolt, Napalm, Offensive Mana Barrier, Physical Barrier, Power Ball, Ram, Trid Phantasm

Bound Spirits: 2 Beast Spirits (Force 5, 2 services), 2 Earth spirits (Force 4, 3 services), 1 Great Form Air spirit (Force 7, 2 Services)

Weapons:

AK-97 Carbine [SMG, DV 5P, AP 0, RC 3 (4), Ammo capacity, w/ folding stock, foregrip, gas-vent 2]

Walther PB-120 [Light pistol, DV 4P, AP 0, SA, 10(c)]

Spear [Reach 2, DV 4P, AP -1]

Flint sacrificial knife [Reach 0, DV 3P, AP 0]

Note: Da Silva has a Talisman Geas in his spear.





CÉSAR DA SILVA

Known Aliases: "Irmão Silva"
Age: Unknown
Known Affiliation: Primeira Vaga
Criminal Record: AZT-7644//ERDD/344
Status: Wanted (Aztlán, Yucatan)



TENOCH

Known Aliases: None
Age: Unknown
Known Affiliation: None
Criminal Record: No record
Status: Unknown



YAJÉ

Known Aliases: None
Age: Unknown
Known Affiliations: None
Criminal Record: None
Status: Unknown



DOMINGO RAMOS

Known Aliases: "Ding" Ramos
Age: 49
Known Affiliation: Aztechnology, David Cartel
Criminal Record: Restricted
Status: Restricted



YAJÉ

Yajé is a great form free spirit and a member of the Primeira Vaga cabal. While the other spirits in César da Silva's group see the legions of tempo addicts as a single step in a long-term plan, Yajé herself has become addicted to possessing tempo users. There's just something thrilling about vicariously living powerful human emotions and extreme situations (with total disregard for the vessel) that has pushed her over the edge, transforming an avenging spirit of nature into a ravenous shadow spirit.

Craving the singular pleasures of metahuman existence, Yajé has even taken to organizing her own personal trafficking operation (involving among others José Villamoura and Kaz Yakamura, p. 84) to ensure her own private supply of vessels, unbeknownst to the other spirits in Primeira Vaga. Ironically, her peculiar interest in humanity made her the cabal's choice for contacting Graciela Riveros to begin with. Over time Riveros and Yajé have forged a relationship of their own, though not always a peaceful one.

Displeased with the cabal's idea of reducing tempo production to move onto the next steps of its nebulous masterplan, Yajé betrays them and joins up with Graciela Riveros to continue the drug's production. First, however, she must sever her ties with the cabal and ensure Riveros has a *gameleira torcida* hybrid to work with. That won't be easy.

Yajé is a possession spirit, so she lacks a materialized form, but her astral form appears as a massive, floating knot of twisting tropical vines covered in blood-tinged leaves and thorns.

B A R S C I L W Edg Force/Mag Init IP
10 8 8 9 8 8 8 8 8 8 16 2

Condition Monitor Boxes: 8

Armor (Ballistic/Impact): 16/16*

Skills: Assensing 8, Astral Combat 8, Dodge 8, Perception 8, Close Combat Skill Group 8

Force: 8

Metamagics: Shielding; Extended asking

Spirit Powers: Astral Form, Aura Masking, Banishing Resistance, Compulsion, Engulf, Fear, Immunity (Age, Normal Weapons,* Pathogens, Toxins), Possession, Regeneration, Sapience, Spirit Pact

RAYO, ORK GANGBOSS

Rayo is the cold-blooded leader of the blood-thirsty Alianza gang. He is (in some ways quite literally) a self-made man. He sliced and diced his way to the top of the Alianza foodchain. Now he's out to carve his own private kingdom from the dangerous docklands of Caracas. He masterminded the Alianza's recent expansion into tempo-related drug dealing and he's become an addict himself. Rayo is a massive heavily-scarred male ork who enjoys beating his enemies, wielding a sledgehammer iwth his devastating but squeaky cyberarm.

B A R S C I L W Edg Ess Init IP
7 4 3(5) 6(13) 2 3 3 4 3 0.2 6(8) 1(3)

Condition Monitor Boxes: 12

Armor (Ballistic/Impact): 16/14

Skills: Close Combat Skill Group 5, Etiquette 3 (Street +2), Firearms Skill Group 3, Intimidation 4, Leadership 3, Pilot

Ground Craft 3, Pilot Water Craft 2, Running 3, Stealth Skill Group 3, Survival 2 (Urban +2).

Qualities: Tempo Addiction (Moderate), Martial Arts (Kali), Mystery Mod Noise, Toughness

Augmentations: Customized cybertorso [w/ Bod (7), Agi (4), Str (6), and Armor (4)], Customized Cyberarm [w/ Bod (7), Agi (4), Str (13), Armor (4)], Wired Reflexes (Rating 2, alphaware), Cybereyes [Rating 4 w/ low-light, flare comp, thermographic, smartlink, vision enhancement (3)], Cyberears [Rating 2, audio enhancement (3)], Olfactory Booster (Rating 3)

Gear: Armor jacket, Medkit (Rating 5), Harley-Davidson Scorpion [w/ amphibious mod (2)]

Maneuvers: +1 DV on Club attacks, Finishing Move, Set-Up

Weapons:

Sledgehammer [Club, Reach 1, DV 11P, AP 0].

Ares Predator IV [Heavy pistol, DV 6P, AP -2, SA, 15(c) w/ EX-EX ammo]

Defiance T-250 Shotgun [Shotgun, DV 7P, AP -1, SA, RC 0, 5(m) w/slug ammo]

DOMINGO "DING" RAMOS

Domingo Ramos is the "R" in ORO, the company/cartel that formed the central axis of Aztechnology and one of the Latin American megacorporation's directors. Besides his considerable clout inside the Triple-A, "Ding" (as he is known to his few friends) also runs the traditional family business: the David Cartel, the only true criminal syndicate of any size operating within the nation of Aztlan. He is as cool, callous, and calculating in his professional life as he is reckless, passionate and wild in his private life. Possibly his only redeeming feature is his dislike for blood magic and the factions within Aztechnology that make it their own. Those unfortunate enough to stand in his way, like the Olaya Cartel, face one of the most dangerous and powerful men in the Sixth World. He will do anything necessary to accomplish his goals.

Despite being nearly fifty years old, Domingo appears to be only in his late twenties or early thirties, showing the effects of hard living since his elven genetics would tend to make him appear younger. Ding is a suave elf with bronze skin and a sweep of styled, dark hair, always impeccably dressed in haut-couture. The faintest stubble of a mustache and goatee surround his trademark wide, bright smile, often flashed right before ordering someone eliminated or their living destroyed.

Ding is always calm and collected, rarely nonplussed, and never caught off-guard. Though he hides his weaknesses well, he suffers from a serious case of hypochondria and an inflated sense of personal pride and self-importance, which tends to get the better of him.

B A R S C I L W Edg Ess Init IP
5 5 (7) 5 4 (7) 5 (8) 4 [5] 5 [5] 4 6 2.3 9 1

Condition Monitor Boxes: 11

Armor (Ballistic/Impact): 9/5

Skills: Aztechnology Management 6, Cartels Operations 4, Close Combat Skill Group 4, Computer 3, Corp Politics 5, Data Search 3, English 5, Influence Skill Group 5, Intimidation 4 (Mental +2), Pistols 5, Piloting Ground Craft 4 (Car +2), Regional Politics 4, Sports 4



Qualities: First Impression, Murky Link, Spirit Bane (Spirits of Man), Weak Immune System

Augmentations: (all delaware) Clean Metabolism, Enhanced Phermone Receptors (Rating 2), Genetic Optimization (Body, Strength and Agility), Mender endosont, Muscle Augmentation and Toner (Rating 3), Nanohive (Rating 6) supporting O-Cells (Rating 6), Nanosymbiotes (Rating 5), Nanite Hunters (Rating 6), Limbic, Neocortical, Recall neuroamps, Slimworm endosont, Tailored Phermones (Rating 2), Toxin Extractor (Rating 4). EPE Geneware (Double Elastin, Dynamitan, PuSHed, Vegsin), DNA Masking Geneware (Genewipe, Shuffle)

Gear: *Manuel D'Ávila* custom tailored casual suits [w/shock frills, fire resistance (6), nonconductivity (6)] over a FFBA half-suit, contact lenses [w/flare compensation, image link, low-light, thermographic, magnification], a platinum BancoMEX credstick, 1 dose each of Jazz, Novacoke and Red Mescaline in an inhaler, along with anything else he might need

Weapons:

Fichetti Pain Inducer [Special, DV Special, AP- half, SS, RC 0, w/ personalized grip, advanced electroshock safety]

GRUNTS AND MOVING TARGETS

The following section provides profiles and stats for the various groups of grunts, critters, and incidental characters that gamemasters may find useful in running the adventure frameworks in this chapter.

The Baltimore Towers Hit Squad (Prof. Rating 3)

Agents of Aztechnology hire a merc unit in San Diego to execute the strike against the Ghost Cartels and maintain deniability. The squad is under the command of two Cuachicqueh and includes a combat hacker (in place within the Baltimore Towers system prior to the hit), two combat mages, ten mercs and a support helicopter rigger.

Mercs

All members of the strike unit are experienced mercenaries; they will be tactically aware, maximize cover, use suppressive fire, and provide covering fire for one another.

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	Edg	Ess	Init	IP
4	5(6)	5(6)	4(5)	3	4	3	4	3.6	9(10)	2	1

Condition Monitor Boxes: 10

Armor (Ballistic/Impact): 12/10

Skills: Athletics Skill Group 3, Blades 3 (Knife +2), Dodge 4, Firearms Skill Group 5, Infiltration 3, Perception 3, Unarmed Combat 4, Etiquette 3 (Military +2)

Qualities: Toughness

Augmentations: Cybereyes (Rating 3, w/ smartlink, low-light, flare comp), Muscle Augmentation and Toner (Rating 1), Wired Reflexes (Rating 1)

Gear: Light military armor (w/ mobility upgrade 2, biomonitor, autoinjector w/ Stim 4, and gyromount) and military helmet, medkit (Rating 6)

Weapons:

Vibro knife [Blade, Reach 0, DV 4P, AP -2].
Ares HVAR [Assault rifle, DV 6P, AP -1, SA/BF/FA, RC 6(7), 50(c) w/ gas-vent 3, smartgun, Ex-Ex ammo]

Merc Combat Hacker

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	Ess	M	Init	IP
4	5	5(7)	4	3	4	4	4	6.0	5	9(11)	1(3)

Condition Monitor Boxes: 10

Armor (Ballistic/Impact): 12/10

Skills: Athletics Skill Group 2, Blades 3, Cracking Skill Group 5, Dodge 4, Electronics Skill Group 5, Firearms Skill Group 4, Infiltration 3 (Urban +2), Perception 3, Unarmed Combat 4, Etiquette 3 (Matrix +2)

Qualities: Adept, Toughness

Initiate Grade: 1

Metamagics: Adept Centering

Adept Powers: Combat Sense 2, Improved Ability (Hacking) 2, Improved Ability (Computer) 2, Improved Reflexes 2

Gear: Light military armor (w/ mobility upgrade 2, biomonitor, autoinjector w/ Stim 4) and military helmet (w/ Device Rating 5 and Hardening 2), medkit (Rating 6)

Weapons:

Vibro knife [Blade, Reach 0, DV 4P, AP -2]
Ares HVAR [Assault rifle, DV 5P, AP 0, SA/BF/FA, RC 3(4), 50(c) w/ gas-vent 3, smartgun, folding stock]

Merc Combat Mages

The combat mages will counterspell and cast offensive mana barriers around the unit's position. The initial intrusion will dispense with spirit support to avoid tipping of defenders.

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	Ess	M	Init	IP
4	4	5	3	4	5	5	4	6.0	10	1	1(3)

Condition Monitor Boxes: 10

Armor (Ballistic/Impact): 12/10

Skills: Athletics Skill Group 2, Blades 3, Conjuring Skill Group 4, Dodge 4, Automatics 3, Infiltration 3, Perception 3, Sorcery Skill Group 5, Unarmed Combat 2, Etiquette 3 (Military +2)

Qualities: Magician (Hermetic)

Initiate Grade: 1

Metamagics: Shielding

Gear: Light military armor (w/ mobility upgrade 2, biomonitor, autoinjector w/ Stim 4) and military helmet, medkit (Rating 6)

Weapons:

Vibro knife [Blade, Reach 0, DV 4P, AP -2]
Ares HVAR [Assault rifle, DV 5P, AP 0, SA/BF/FA, RC 3(4), 50(c) w/ gas-vent 3, smartgun, folding stock]

Spells: Combat Sense, Detect Enemies (Extended), Levitate, Lightning Bolt, Mana Barrier, Napalm, Nutrition, Oxygenate, Physical Barrier, Powerbolt, Shatter, Stabilize, Stunball

Merc Helicopter Rigger

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	Ess	Init	IP
4	5	5(7)	4	3	4	5	4	5.46	11	1(3)

Condition Monitor Boxes: 10

Armor (Ballistic/Impact): 12/10

Skills: Athletics Skill Group 2, Blades 2, Dodge 4, Firearms Skill Group 3, Gunnery 5, Infiltration 3, Perception 3, Pilot Aircraft 5, Unarmed Combat 2, Etiquette 3 (Military +2)

Qualities: Toughness

Augmentations: Control Rig, Datajack

Gear: Light military armor (w/ mobility upgrade 2, biomonitor, autoinjector w/ Stim 4), military helmet, medkit (Rating 6)

Weapons:

Vibro knife [Blade, Reach 0, DV 4P, AP -2]

Ares Predator IV [Heavy pistol, DV 6P, -2P SA, RC 0, 15(c) w/ personalized grip, Ex-Ex ammo]

Mercenary Support Helicopter (Customized Ares Dragon)

Hand	Accel	Speed	Pilot	Body	Armor	Sensor
-1	10/40	260	3	22	18	5

Upgrades and Mods: Special Cargo (personnel compartment, counts as passenger area), Armor (Rating 10), 10, ECM (Rating 6), Improved Sensor Array, Lock-On Countermeasures (6 uses), Missile Defense System, Removed Manual Controls, Rigger Adaptation, Rigger Cocoon, Signature Masking (Rating 4), 3 reinforced Weapon Mounts (fixed forward), 1 turret Weapon Mount (nose)

Weapons:

Ares MP-LMG, [LMG, DV 6P, AP -1, BF/FA, 200 (belt) on turret, usually linked to MDS]

Anti-vehicle missiles [Missile, DV 16P, AP -2 (-6 vs vehicles), 2 missiles, Blast -4/m]

Light autocannon [HMG, DV 9P, AP -5, BF/FA, 200 (belt)]

Ghost Cartel Bodyguards (Professional Rating 4)

Well trained, discrete, and completely loyal, these men and women travel everywhere with their employers. The leaders of the Cartel travel with an Awakened bodyguard as well, since money is no object (and their level of paranoia runs high). Each cartel representatives has two minders from the options listed below.

Augmented Bodyguards

The Ghost Cartels can afford some of the best augmented personal security professionals available outside the megacorps.

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	Ess	M	Init	IP
4	4(6)	5(6)	4(6)	3	3	2	4	2.4	8(9)	1(2)	1(3)

Condition Monitor Boxes: 10

Armor (Ballistic/Impact): 9/4

Skills: Pistols 4, Automatics 4 (Gun of choice +2), Clubs 3, Dodge 4, Pistols 2, Unarmed Combat 3

Augmentations: Muscle Augmentation and Toner (Rating 2), Radar Sensor (Rating 2), Wired Reflexes (Rating 1)

Gear: Actioneer Business suit and FFBA half suit, sunglasses (w/ flare comp, image link, low-light, smartlink), commlink (Device Rating 3),

Weapons:

Shock gloves [Unarmed, DV 5S(e), 10 uses]

HK Urban Fighter [Heavy Pistol, DV 5P, AP 0, SA, RC 0, 10(c), w/smartgun

Fichetti Security 600 [Light pistol, DV 6S(e), AP -half, SA, RC (1), 30(c), w/ smartgun, Stick'n'Shock ammo]

HK 227X [SMG, DV 6P, AP -1, SA/BF/FA, RC 3 (4), 28(c), w/ gas-vent 3, smartgun, weighted barrel]

HK MP-5TX [SMG, DV 5P, AP 0, SA/BF/FA, RC 4, 28(c), w/ foregrip, gas-vent 3, smartgun, APDS ammo]



Shaman Bodyguard

Personal security magicians are trained in defensive rather than offensive tactics and magic use. They will use spirits, Counterspelling, Mana Barriers, and Mana Static spells to counter attacking magicians.

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	Ess	M	Init	IP
4	4	5	4	5	3	2	4	6.0	4	8	1

Condition Monitor Boxes: 10

Armor (Ballistic/Impact): 9/4

Skills: Automatics 3, Clubs 1, Conjuring Skill Group 3, Dodge 3, Pistols 1, Sorcery Skill Group 4, Unarmed Combat 2

Qualities: Magician (Shaman)

Initiate Grade: 1

Metamagics: Centering

Gear: Actioneer Business suit and FFBA half suit, commlink (Device Rating 3), combat spell fetish, detection spell fetish,

Weapons:

Fichetti Security 600 [Light pistol, DV 6S(e), AP -half, SA, RC (1), 30(c), w/ smartgun, Stick'n'Shock ammo]

HK 227X [SMG, DV 6P, AP -1, SA/BF/FA, RC 3 (4), 28(c), w/ gas-vent 3, smartgun, weighted barrel]

Spells: Detect Enemies (limited), Heal, Knockout, Mana Static, Offensive Mana Barrier, Stabilize, Stunbolt (limited)

Troll Adept Bodyguards

A couple of the Ghost Cartels security assets are adepts specializing in personal protection and defense.

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	Ess	M	Init	IP
8	4	5(6)	8	2	2	2	3	6.0	4	6(10)	1(3)

Condition Monitor Boxes: 12

Armor (Ballistic/Impact): 9/4

Skills: Athletics Skill Group 4, Automatics 4 (6), Clubs 3, Pistols 4, Unarmed Combat 5 (Aikido +2)

Qualities: Adept, Martial Arts: Aikido (+1 for Full Dodge, +1 for Subduing),

Initiate Grade: 1

Metamagics: Adept Centering

Adept Powers: Increased Ability (Automatics) 2, Increased Reflexes 2, Mystic Armor 2.

Gear: Actioneer Business suit and FFBA half suit, sunglasses (w/ flare comp, low-light, smartlink), commlink (Device Rating 3),

Maneuvers: Blind Fighting, Disarm

Weapons:

Fichetti Security 600 [Light pistol, DV 6S(e), AP -half, SA, RC (1), 30(c), w/ smartgun, Stick'n'Shock ammo]

HK MP-5TX [SMG, DV 5P, AP 0, SA/BF/FA, RC 4, 28(c), w/ foregrip, gas-vent 3, smartgun, APDS ammo]

Bolivar '49 Ganger (Professional Rating 2)

Bolivar '49 is a nasty gang with a reputation for violence known across the sprawl. Their main offense is the *línea de fuego*, a drug-fueled raid through a neighborhood with various implements of destruction while on inline skates.

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	Ess	Init	IP
4	4	3	3	4	3	2	3	6.0	6	1

Condition Monitor Boxes: 10

Armor (Ballistic/Impact): 8/6

Skills: Close Combat Skill Group 3, Etiquette 2 (Street +2), Firearms Skill Group 3, Gymnastics 3 (Parkour +2), Perception 2, Running 2, Throwing Weapons 3, Unarmed Combat 2

Augmentations: Genetic Infusion: Sideways (+2 defensive Reaction Tests, +1 all other Combat Tests, +1 to Perception Tests, does not suffer wound penalties)

Gear: Ratty armor jacket with Bolivar '49 Logo, inline skates or bike

Weapons:

Machete [Blade, Reach 1, DV 5P, AP 0],

Ceska Black Scorpion [Machine Pistol, DV 4P, AP 0; SA/BF, RC (2), 40(c), w/ foregrip, laser sight]

Sandler TMP [SMG, DV 5P, AP 0, RC 1 (2), 20(c), w/ foregrip, laser sight]

Molotov cocktail [Imp. throwing weapon, 5P(f), starts fire]

Salazar's Hacienda Security (Professional Rating 2)

Salazar contracts former Colombian and Amazonian army veterans as security for his family estate. Most are loyal and indebted to Salazar personally, having worked for the Olaya boss for years.

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	Ess	Init	IP
4	4	5	4	3	3	2	4	2.0	7	1

Condition Monitor Boxes: 10

Armor (Ballistic/Impact): 8/6

Skills: Automatics 3, Dodge 3, Etiquette 2 (Underworld +2), Pistols 3, Tracking 4, Unarmed Combat 4

Qualities: Martial Arts: Capoeira (+2 to melee dodge Defense Tests)

Gear: Camouflage suit, commlink (Device Rating 3), sunglasses (w/ flare comp, image link, low-light, smartlink)

Maneuvers: Kick Attack, Evade

Weapons:

Fichetti Security 600 [Light pistol, DV 4P, AP 0, SA, RC (1), 30(c) w/ smartgun]

HK 227X [SMG, DV 5P, AP 0, SA/BF/FA, RC 2 (3), 28(c) w/ gas-vent 2, smartgun]

AK-97 [Assault rifle, DV 6P, AP -1, SA/BF/FA, RC 4, 38(c) w/ foregrip, gas-vent 3, smartgun]

Aztlaner Black Ops Soldiers (Professional Rating 4)

Deployed as a covert ops unit in numerous border incursions, these operators are sent to strike the Olaya in Bogotá and later hunt for Riveros in Caracas. The Black Ops unit is joined by Tenoch during both operations. This is a black-ops unit, and as such, the commandos carry nothing which could identify them.

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	Ess	Init	IP
(7)	5(7)	5(7)	4(6)	3	6	4	5	1.6	11(13)	1(3)

Condition Monitor Boxes: 10

Armor (Ballistic/Impact): 14/12

Skills: Athletics Group 4 (6), Close Combat Group 4, Firearms Skill Group 5, Heavy Weapons 4, Perception 4, Survival 3, Stealth Skill Group 5, Etiquette 3 (Military +2)

Qualities: Toughness

Augmentations: (all betaware) *Nuevo Guerrero* Cybersuite [Cybereyes (Rating 3, w/flare compensation, thermographic, smartlink), Dermal Plating (Rating 2), Titanium Bone Lacing; Wired Reflexes (Rating 2)], Muscle Augmentation and Toner (Rating 2), Synthacardium (Rating 2)

Gear: Light military armor (w/ mobility upgrade 1, gyromount) and military helmet, medkit (Rating 5)

Weapons:

Vibro knife [Blade, DV 4P, AP -2]

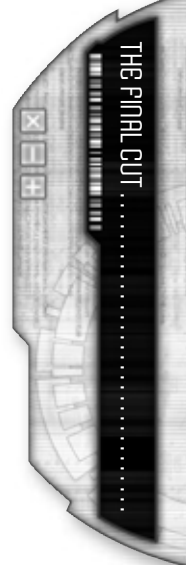
Ares Predator IV [Heavy pistol, DV 5P, AP -1, SA, 15(c), w/ smartgun]

Franchi SPAS-22 [Shotgun, DV 7P; AP -1, SA/BF, RC 4, 10(m) w/ adv. safety, folding stock, smartgun]

Ingram White Knight [LMG, DV 6P, AP -5, BF/FA, RC 5(6), 50(c) w/ smartgun, APDS ammo]

Black Ops Lieutenant, raw Cuacuahtin

The Cuacuahtin warriors or Eagles are put in command of normal soldiers, bolstering their troops with their religious zeal and magical ability. It's said that one unit of soldiers lead by a Cuacuahtin can hold off a force ten times its size, simply by their faith in their captain.



B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	Ess	M	Init	IP
5	5	5	5	5	6	4	5	6.0	6	11	1

Condition Monitor Boxes: 10

Armor (Ballistic/Impact): 12/10

Skills: Athletics Skill Group 4, Close Combat Skill Group 4, Firearms Skill Group 5, First Aid 3, Heavy Weapons 5 (8), Leadership 5 (7), Perception 4, Stealth Group 5, Etiquette 3 (Military +2)

Qualities: Martial Arts: Firefight (1 less penalty for firing in melee), Toughness

Initiate Grade: 2

Metamagics: Adept Centering, Item Attunement (Ingram White Knight LMG)

Adept Powers: Cloak 3, Commanding Voice, Improved Ability (Heavy Weapons) 3, Improved Ability (Leadership) 2, Improved Reflexes 2, Motion Sense

Gear: Light military armor (w/ mobility upgrade 1, gyromount) and military helmet, medkit (Rating 5)

Maneuvers: Evasion, Full Offense, Iaijutsu, Watchful Guard

Weapons:

Vibro knife [Blade, DV 4P, AP -2]

Ares Predator IV [Heavy pistol, DV 5P, AP -1, SA, 15(c), w/ smartgun]

Ingram White Knight [LMG, DV 6P, AP -5, BF/FA, RC 5(6), 50(c) w/ smartgun, APDS ammo]

Aves de Rapina Smuggling Zepp (Custom-built Zeppelin)

Hand	Accel	Speed	Pilot	Body	Armor	Sensor
-2	12/24	80	3	24	20	6

Std. Upgrades: Engine Customization, Lighter Than Air, SunCell, Winch

Modifications: Armor, Chameleon Coating, ECM (6), Lock-On Countermeasures, Missile Defense System, Rigger Adaptation, Signature Masking 3, Smart Armor, 3 Weapon Mounts remote-controlled turrets with LMGs (top, nose and underbelly of blimp)

Weapons:

Ingram White Knight [LMG, DV 6P, AP -5, BF/FA, RC 5(6), 50(c) w/ smartgun, APDS ammo]

Huapa Tribal Warriors (Professional Rating 2)

The Huapa tribe are not backwater primitives, but rather a traditional people that has turned its back on the modern world to live in balance with nature. Huapa tribesmen are accomplished hunters and trackers who know the rainforest like the back of their hands. They are easily identifiable by the ochre and black paint they use on their faces and bodies (which also provides camouflage.)

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	Ess	Init	IP
4	4	4	4	4	3	3	4	6.0	8	1

Condition Monitor Boxes: 10

Armor (Ballistic/Impact): 0/0

Skills: Athletics Skill Group 5, Close Combat Group 4, Influence Group 2, Outdoors Skill Group 5, Dodge 4, Etiquette (Huapa) 3(+2), Exotic Ranged Weapon (Blowgun) 5, First Aid 3, Infiltration 4, Perception 5 (Jungle +2), Shadowing 4 (Jungle

+2), Throwing Weapons 4 (Spear +2) or Archery 4 (Bows +2), Tracking 4 (Jungle +2)

Qualities: Home Ground, Martial Arts: Wrestling (+1 to Subduing Attacks), Sensitive System, Mild Allergy (Pollution)

Gear: Medicine pouch (equivalent to Rating 2 medkit), blow darts,

Maneuvers: +1 to subduing attacks, Evasion, Herding.

Weapons:

Blowgun [blowgun, DV special*, AP 0, SS, RC 0, 1(ml)]

* Huapa dart toxin (Vector injection, Speed 1 CT, Power 12, Effect Stun Damage, disorientation)

Huapa Protector Spirit of Beasts (Spirit of the Rainforest)

Huapa hunting parties are usually accompanied by a protective spirit sent by the tribal *pajé* (shaman). This usually takes the form of a native creature such as a jaguar or anaconda.

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	F	Ess	Init	IP
8	7	8	8	6	6	6	6	6	6	14	2

Condition Monitor Boxes: 6

Armor (Ballistic/Impact): 12/12

Skills: Assensing 6, Astral Combat 6, Dodge 6, Perception 6, Unarmed Combat 6

Force: 6

Powers: Animal Control, Astral Form, Enhanced Senses (hearing, low-light, smell), Fear, Materialization, Movement, Natural Weapon, Sapience, Search *or* Venom

Weapons: Bite attack [Unarmed, DV 6P, AP 0, injects Venom].

Claws [Unarmed, DV 6P, AP 0]

Primeira Vaga Soldiers (Professional Rating 3)

The Primeira Vaga recruits its eco-warriors from the dispossessed and disenchanting in the sprawls of Amazonia and neighboring nations, occasionally its training camps are used by eco-radical groups of various provenances. Soldiers range from idealistic eco-warriors to disenchanting youths looking for a cause to hold onto. None are aware of the group's ultimate agenda.

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	Ess	Edg	Init	IP
3	4	4	3	3	3	3	4	6.0	1	7	2

Condition Monitor Boxes: 10

Armor (Ballistic/Impact): 8/6

Skills: Athletics Skill Group 3, Automatics 3, Clubs 3, Pistols 3, Survival 2, Tracking 3

Gear: Military surplus camouflage suit, canteen, combat harness

Weapons:

Survival knife [Blade, Reach 0, DV 3P, AP 0]

Katar [Blade, Reach 0, DV 4P, AP -2]

AK-97 [Assault rifle, DV 6P, AP 0, SA/BF/FA, RC 2 (3), 38(c) w/ foregrip, gas-vent 2]

Remington 950 [Hunting rifle, DV 8P, AP -1, SS, RC 0, 5(m)]

Frag Grenades [grenade, DV 12P(f), AP+5, Blast -1/m]

Hi-Ex Grenades [grenade, DV 10P, AP -2, Blast -2/m]

Great Anacondas

Great Anacondas are found in the rain forests of the Amazon Basin all the way down to the Pantanal. Reclusive and intelligent beings, Great Anacondas are distant cousins of nagas and are about as powerful as a feathered serpent. Some have allied with the Amazonian border patrol, although they usually prefer to just turn intruders away rather than outright kill them, much like a cat playing with a mouse. Others are hostile to any metahuman intruders or view metahumans as a nice sized snack. Several are members of Primeira Vaga.

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	Ess	M	Init	IP
12	4	7	22	6	7	6	8	8	8	14	2

Condition Monitor Boxes: 14

Armor (Ballistic/Impact): 6/6

Skills: Sorcery Skill Group 4

Powers: Animal Control (snakes), Concealment, Dual Natured, Enhanced Senses (wide-band hearing, thermographic, low-light vision), Hardened Armor 7, Magical Skills, Mystic Armor 7, Natural Weapon, Sapience, Venom

Movement: 15/40

Weapons:

Fangs [natural weapon, DV 7P, AP -2, Reach 2, injects venom]

Whip tail [natural weapon, DV 11S, AP 0, Reach 2]

Constriction [treat as Subduing Attack]

Spells: Confusion, Heal, Mana Barrier, Mob Mood, Trid Phantasm

Hostile Spirit of Plants (Spirit of the Rainforest)

Besides their free spirit allies the Primeira Vaga *xamás* will summon local spirits to fend off attackers, protect the camp, and track fleeing enemies.

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	Ess	Init	IP
7	3	6	8	4	4	4	4	4	10	2

Condition Monitor Boxes: 12

Armor (Ballistic/Impact): 8/8*

Force: 4

Skills: Assensing 4, Astral Combat 4, Counterspelling 4, Dodge 4, Perception 4, Unarmed Combat 4

Powers: Astral Form, Concealment, Engulf, Fear, Guard, Magical Guard, Materialization, Movement, Noxious Breath, Sapience, Search

Weapons:

Unarmed strike [melee, DV 4S]

*Immunity to Normal Weapons

Hostile Spirit of Water (Spirit of the Amazon River)

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	F	Ess	Init	IP
7	5	7	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	12	2

Condition Monitor Boxes: 12

Armor (Ballistic/Impact): 10/10

Force: 5

Skills: Assensing 5, Astral Combat 5, Dodge 5, Exotic Ranged Weapon (Elemental Attack) 5, Perception 5, Unarmed Combat 5

Powers: Astral Form, Concealment, Confusion, Elemental Attack, Engulf, Materialization, Movement, Sapience, Search

Weapons:

Unarmed attack [melee, DV 3S]

Elemental Attack [ranged LOS impact, DV 5P (water), AP -(half)].

*Immunity to Normal Weapons

Shapeshifter (Jaguar)

Shapeshifters are rare paracritters with the unique ability of adopting human form. While in human form, they can wear and use human clothes and gear. In animal form they appear as large Awakened versions of their animal relatives and boast all the innate animal abilities. In the Amazon Jaguar and Monkey shifters are particularly common.

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	M	Ess	Init	IP
5	7	5	5	2	4	4	5	1	6	9	2

Condition Monitor Boxes: 11

Armor (Ballistic/Impact): 8/5*

Skills: Survival 5, Tracking 6, Unarmed Combat 6 (Natural Weapons +2)

Powers: Concealment, Enhanced Senses (Hearing, low light vision, smell), Natural Weapons, Regeneration

Weapons:

Claws [unarmed, Reach 0, DV 4, AP -1]

* Only in human form

Domingo Ramos' Bodyguards (Professional Rating 4)

Mid-level David Cartel hitters acting as an outer guard, and to distract from the *Huitzilopochtli* cyborg heavy hitters doing close protection.

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	Ess	Init	IP
4	4(6)	5(6)	4(6)	3	3	2	4	2.4	8(9)	1(2)

Condition Monitor Boxes: 10

Armor (Ballistic/Impact): 11/6

Skills: Pistols 4, Automatics 4 (Gun of choice +2), Clubs 3, Dodge 4, Pistols 2, Unarmed Combat 3

Augmentations: Muscle Augmentation and Toner (Rating 2), Radar Sensor (Rating 2), Wired Reflexes (Rating 1)

Qualities: Martial Arts: Escrima (Cause damage during a Disarm attack, +1 DV to Blade attacks)

Gear: Armor jacket and FFBA shirt, sunglasses (w/ flare comp, low-light, smartlink), commlink (Device Rating 3)

Maneuvers: Disarm, Two Weapon Style.

Weapons:

Vibro knife [Blade, Reach 0, DV 5P, AP -1]

Fichetti Security 600 [Light pistol, DV 6S(e), SA, RC (1), 30(c) w/ smartgun, Stick'n'Shock ammo]

Ares Executive Protector [SMG, DV 5P, SA/BF/FA, RC 3(5), 30(c), w/ foregrip, gas-vent 3, smartgun]

Huitzilopochtli Cyborg Bodyguard

Reverse engineered from the popular Otomo model, AZT's *Huitzilopochtli* is a new entry into the cyborg market.

Hand	Accel	Speed	Pilot	Body	Arm	Sensor	Avail	Cost
+1	6/12	30	—	7	15 (23/20)	5	24R	175,000¥

Upgrades and Mods: Armor (Concealed), Cyborg adaptation, Improved Sensor Array, Mechanical arm (2), Mimic (Rating 3), Touch Sensors

Huitzilopochtli Cyborg Bodyguard Brain

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	Edg	Ess	Init	IP
—	—	—	—	3	4	2	4	3	0.1	9	4

Condition Monitor Boxes: 12

Armor (Ballistic/Impact): 10/10

Skills: Automatics 4, Dodge 3, Perception 3, Pistols 3, Unarmed Combat 4

Gear: Armor jacket, sunglasses, CCU w/ commlink upgrades (Device Rating 5)

Weapons:

Ares Executive Protector [SMG, DV 5P, SA/BF/FA, RC 3(4), 30(c), w/ gas-vent 3, smartgun]

Ruger Super Warhawk [Heavy pistol, DV 7P, AP -3, SS, 6 (cy) w/ personalized grip, smartgun, Ex-Ex ammo]

