



Status
 ComInk online
 .. Access ID Spoofed
 .. MSP Connections: 1.. success, 2.. success, 3..success
 !! Messages waiting !!
 .. Connection to: Dumpshock ... Success
 .. Access granted: Member level



Mode
PASSIVE

PAN
CONNECTED

Datahaven Issue #2

Following a long hiatus, the Datahaven returns for a second Issue. This issue focuses on the Puyallup Barrens of Seattle. A number of additional articles such as Basic Hacking and Optional Rules for Initiative & Movement are included.

Datahaven Issue #3

Rumors abound about an issue #3. At this point those are just rumors... But if there were to be a a third issue, rumors are that it might focus on Tacoma.

Feeds from Shadow Scene Seattle

- P2.0 Seattle recovering from poly-morphing worm
- Sunset Hill Knight Errant Station #2 closed following bombing.
- Obiss Corporation Tacoma offices reopen following 24 quarantine.
- "Crime Mall" raid under review following collision of two Knight Errant assult helicopters during botched raid. Police commisioner said to be "very unhappy"
- Ares press release claims video of extraction of Dr. Martin Warns is a fake. In other news, Dr.Martin Warns is unavailble for comment as he in working remotely in a Greenland research facility.

Shadow News from Around the World

- Jackpoint back online following unexplained outage
- Aztlan border forces on high alert following extraction of company CEO.
- Recent unexplained movements by great dragons cause for concern?



Dumpshock Status
Date/Time: 13:19:00 GMT
 September 1, 2073
Group: Members
System Notices:
 >> 7 new personal msgs
 >> 17 new responses
System News:
 - Dumpshock Datahaven verson 2 now online
 - Firewalls u...
 If you have
 - OS upgrad...
 September 30th
 - Ronin is seeking details about the events in Aztlan
 - Taking submissions for Datahaven v3.

Response Depreciated
 Due to number of programs loaded

Preferences

Subscriptions

Search

Ignore List

Member Forum

Promotion to Dumpshocked Available

SIN
 John Smith
 UCAS Citizen
 -> P.I. License
 -> CCW License

Subscriptions

- "Buzzer"
 [Fly-Spy Drone]
- Chameleon
- Covert Ops
- Maneuver

- "My Car"
 [Westind 2000]
- Security System
- Maneuver
- Clear Sight

- "Cujo"
 [Doberman Drone]
- Ingram X
- Maneuver
- Clear Sight
- Targeting
- Expert Offense
- Patrol
- Defense

MSP Accounts

- #58A8Q35
 [Chin's AnonImizer]
 Notes:
 For anonymous browsing/posting

- { Real SIN }
 [Intersys MSP]
 Notes:
 Family, friends, Neighbors

- #T89s194
 [Mordor]
 * Message Waiting
 Notes:
 Fixers & Johnsons

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Dumpshock Datahaven, Issue #2 December 2011

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Introduction, Hacker's Node, Prime Runners, Miniature Rules, Last Word
- Russell "Redjack" Petree

Duality, "Hard Life, Easy Streets", Review
- Raymond "Canray" Croteau

Focus Puyallup Barrens (except as noted)
- Redjack & the Dumpshocked Shadow Talkers

Mayday Field
- Joe "Method" Monfre

Ruhrmetall Vulkan (Gatling Shotgun)
- Mark "Mimir" Buchbach

Interview with a Mission's Developer
Russell "Redjack" Petree & Steven "Bull" Ratkovich

Dumpshocked – The Dumpshocked crew!

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Introduction

Welcome to the new Dumpshock Datahaven. You're gonna find things you've seen before like The Black Market, The Seattle Newsnet Screamsheet and Prime Runners. You're gonna find a few new columns like The Scan and the Hacker's Node. I've also brought a surfer of the electron-ocean named Ronin to update the interface.

Your first question is what happened to Bull? Ork Underground, that's what happened. For those of you working in Seattle, he's also hiring.

Rules still apply though: Hack at your own risk. If you try, Ronin will track you down, then Thick Neck Mike will pay you a visit... When he does, you'll learn why he's called that.

» *Are threats really necessary?*

» *Ronin*

» *Perhaps it is more than a little cliché. Let it serve as a warning though.*

» *Redjack*

My name's Redjack. About the only thing that Bull and I have in common, besides a stint here is that we've both been in the Shadows for over 20 years. I'm not a hacker (nor a decker). To drop a clue, I've been called 'the mage without a face'.

» *So... What do you really look like?*

» *Zap*

» *Ok. Point taken about the threats.*

Zap – That no hacking thing? It applies to Princess too.

» *Ronin*

One of the things you might be asking is how to contribute something here? Well, assuming there is ever an update, you can drop a line over at the Dumpshock Forums. Everything will be coordinated from there. Right now, we're just pulling together stuff we like, prettying it up and slapping it together.

I'd like to shout out to all the people running the shadows for the past twenty-plus years. From the people documenting the way things go down to the boots on the ground making the runs. Though it may be aged, the *Seattle Sourcebook* is still a mainstay in my library and the recently released *Street Legends* has allowed me to dispel some rumors about runners who've been around about as long as I have.

So without any more flapping of my electron gums, I give you the second issue of the Dumpshock Datahavens.

-Redjack

» *And given how much he likes to hear his own voice, that took a lot.*

» *Zap*

» *Are you trying to pick a fight?*

» *Redjack*

» *That would break up the boredom...*

» *Zap*

Duality

February 4th, 2060:

0500:00 hours. I get up. The Math co-processor attached to my brain wakes me up at the exact time as I rise out of bed as a vampire might out of a coffin, straight up. The blankets of my bed sliding off of me and showing my pyjama-clad body. Timing is everything.

It takes me precisely an hour to prepare myself for the day. Quick shower, oral hygiene, dressing, eating, soykaf. Everything to get ready for 0600:00 hours, when I get into my Ford AmeriCar and head out into the world to make my 0700:00 shift start at work. With a 14% change in time due to changes in traffic, discussions with people, and issues with alternate routes due to random shootings or something eating cars on the road.

I quickly shower and dress, my clothing having been prepared and waiting for me in the bathroom, a simple dark brown suit, almost black. No overt colours to enhance any emotions in people, something to blend in as much as possible. Appearances matter the most, after all, no matter how important or unimportant the day may be. My soykaf is ready for me by the time I reach my breakfast nook, egg-substitute and sausages cooked to perfection by my automated systems built into the housing unit. Calories precisely calculated for my exercise level and biorhythm. Everything exactly measured.

As it should be. I am an accountant. If I can't handle the mathematics of my own life, how can I handle the math that is required of my job?

Briefcase in hand, traditional more than useful considering the small size of digital storage that I require for my job, I get into my car and drive up to the gates of my community. Expensive, but the added security is worth it. Lowered insurance more than make up for the expense, not to mention the lessened chance of violent crime happening to myself. A nice, safe, boring life is all I ever asked for.

Jerry is at the front gate, manning the guard position while his partner, Daniel, is plugged into the network via his datajack and apparently asleep. He isn't. He's actually scanning all the video surveillance and sensors that are on this side of the security wall; any disturbance gets his attention and investigation. Jerry is more a publicity thing, a public face for the security company than actual security compared to Daniel. He

chats with me for a few moments, asking how I was doing, talking about last night's baseball game, the usual. I have included his conversation tendencies into my travel itinerary. Finally, the steel gate posts and bi-directional tire shredders lower, and I'm allowed to drive through, Jerry wishing me a good day at work. He does his job well, and I make a note to send my compliments to the team at this gate to the gated community organization again. A friendly face helps to calm people in these dangerous times.

Travel is 2.10% faster than usual, traffic faster than usual due to a lack of rain for once, lowering the amount of time that buses are required to stop and pick people up. I am exceptionally early, although that is not necessarily a negative effect. I stop off at the local kaf house to pick up some doughnuts to share with the other workers, a sign of solidarity and community. Even if we do barely know each other, plugged into our dataterminals all day, our workplace happening to be in the digital world of a small-frame database not connected to the Matrix. My company prides itself on the security it provides to its customers. Confirming their own accounting department's work, amongst other things, to prevent a conspiracy to embezzle cred. I have caught four cases of this, one of which was for a prestigious AA-Level Corporation, a country in its own right by law. Five accounts have been added to my company based on my work alone, and I've been given the option for promotion twice. I had to turn it down both times.

It has been my experience that people rise to their level of incompetence. I have risen to my level of competence, and wish to remain here. Also, I'd start having to work more on paperwork, and less on accounting and mathematics, which would bore me greatly. I appreciate the perfection that math has, the ultimate language.

Jill from HR and Angus from IT meet me in the parking lot, taking offered doughnuts. They've met me at office parties and meetings, and Jill has had to call me into her office a few times for recommendations and to give me one of my awards that graces my cubical. We chit-chat for 12.0% longer than required for social acceptance, which surprises me. The only thing I know about them is that they're married to each other, and live in an apartment building, trying to find a place like mine. I offer to put forward a suggestion of them to the housing committee at my community again, and

they accept. Angus states that any issues I have with my systems will be jumped in priority queue. I calculate this will increase turn around in localized terminal issues by 2%, a large number when you consider how fast I can work while jacked into the system with my own datajack.

I move into the office building, smiling on the outside. A calm, quiet life is what I've always striven for.



February 4th, 2070:

1900:00 hours. I get up. My customized Colt Manhunter sliding out of the bed holster that hangs off my mattress, next to the wall of my squat. I scan my area using my new eyes, the infrared spectrum is now visible to me, and I am able to detect heat sources from the small apartment that I keep cool for just such a reason. Even the best thermal dampening suits leave some areas open to heat exchange which I could easily see. Nothing is out of the ordinary.

I get out of bed, sliding gracefully like a gymnast, my blankets sliding off to reveal my body clad in running

pants and a "wife beater" shirt that would be more appropriately named if I were inclined to hit a wife I didn't have. The clothing is suited for quick escapes after throwing on the lined coat that lies next to me for easy retrieval. In a combat situation, timing is everything.

I move to perform my daily ritual of cleaning and dressing in the half-bathroom before the water rationing that the "Landlord" of the building enforces kicks in, my pressed armoured suit hung on the bathroom wall, waiting for me on a nail. Appearances mean a lot in the Shadows. I wish to appear professional. The black of the suit and pure white shirt leave little for memory, only the blood red tie gives the outfit any colour at all, and leaves nothing to the imagination as to what it is I do for a living now.

The kitchen system is outdated and barely operational in some ways, but the kaf maker is brand new and works perfectly. My soysages are overcooked and my low-cholesterol egg substitute is undercooked, but edible. The calorie intake is slightly above that required from my expected exertion for today, however, the extra energy might be needed. Some power bars in my pocket are available for replenishment if required. Some cheap exercise equipment is in the bedroom to burn off the extra if I don't require it. This has the added benefit of using up time and keeping me in better physical condition.

As it should be. I'm a shadowrunner. If I can't keep myself in shape, how am I to survive my occupation?

First, putting on the additional light amour padding around my torso vitals and a pair of plasteel bracers over my forearms, I dress in my suit. I slide the Manhunter into its built-in holster, the cut of the suit designed to conceal the fact that I'm wearing it at all. My experience with wearing it does not provide any of the visual tics that indicate I'm carrying a concealed weapon. The 10mm Caseless pistol incorporates a built-in laser sight and has been modified with an integrated silencer. I appreciate the mathematical perfection of the decimetre calibre, and the only sound made from the weapon when firing is from the movement of the action inserting a new round, and the supersonic crack of the warhead. Not silent, but certainly quiet enough that I won't wake up a whole building by firing off a few rounds.

I think for 22.8 seconds, considering other weapon alternatives, and finally decide to pocket my shock gloves, and slide my telescoping staff into an internal pocket. Sometimes a firearm escalates a situation

above and beyond what is required.

I take the stairs, leaving my apartment at exactly 2000:00 hours. This gives me a 12% leeway for the meeting, accounting for gang disputes on the roads and detours due to newly crumbled buildings blocking the roadways. My heavily customized Mercury Comet is waiting for me in the parking lot built underneath the apartment building, from the days when this was a much more influential area.

Jimmy the Sneak and Double-Barrelled Billy are waiting at the bottom of the stairs, operating as the security door as the actual door is missing. A pair of the gang members that operate in the area, one founded by concerned citizens that liked violence and wished to promote and support a community, and not adverse to making a profit from the deal as well. Billy is paying attention to a portable 'trid that is green-shifted in colour due to age, the porn on it almost impossible without the enhancements available through cybernetics technology or magically modified freaks of nature caused by Halley's Comet.

Jimmy chats with me for 5.7 minutes, this being taken into consideration in my travel itinerary. He does all the talking, with me only nodding or shaking my head in response to what he has to say or ask. A chatterbox, he somehow knows a lot of what happens in the neighbourhood, and is a font of free information. I do not interrupt him, nor begrudge the information he gives, as it can be the difference between life and death on the streets. Finally, he gives and asks all he wants, and I bid him a good night. He gives an honest smile, and says, "You're an all right man, Suit."

I am halfway to my car when I realize something rather startling. It has been a decade today that I lost my life, and all the people I knew back then, I never really knew at all. They were just names and faces, the smiles forced and external, never reaching the eyes or soul. Jimmy's statement to me came from the heart. I shake my head and get into the Mercury, heading to the bar for the meet.

The place doesn't have a name, but it does have a parking lot, with a troll sitting in a booth wielding a shotgun. I make sure to tip the parking attendant, with the promise of more, then arm the security system on the Comet. The bar is typical of the area, broken down, dirty, stained, and smelling of stale smoke, beer, and sweat. It is a place where I've done the occasional meet, and the bartender knows me by the suit I wear, if not by face. He smiles and brings up a plastic bottle of beer from the fridge that actually

works. I learned a long time ago that tipping people gets you far in this world. Memories are often a bad thing, but a change of clothing and I can be any other human on the street in a second.

I take the beer, paying in UCAS dollars, with a 25% tip to keep him happy, and move towards the end of the bar, the darkest part, where the lights have intentionally not been replaced. The heat signatures showing four figures, two large, one quite large, and another approximately my size. I predict two orks and a Troll, with either a human, a short but buff elf, or a tall dwarf. I am mistaken, which is an oddity for me, as one of the large figures is an elf that has had extensive muscle replacement surgery. Sitting beside him is a large troll that I recognize from a few 'runs, working on the other side. We nod at each other, showing no hard feelings. On the other side of the table is sitting a human with a plastic smile that perfectly matches that of my previous co-wageslaves. The final member of the party is an ork that stands beside him, one hand on the grip of a large pistol and the other on the hilt of a sword, both held onto his belt at the waist. The holster and sheath show signs of good care, and lots of use.

I sit next to the elf at the booth, checking the time with my math co-processor, it is 2058:52.94 hours, I am early. While it is not good to be the last one to a meeting, I am showing that I am punctual and professional.

"Gentlemen, my name, as you might have guessed, is Mister Johnson. And I want you to be a distraction..." He opens up, his voice smooth and honest. Having worked for him before, I know that he is exactly this, a fellow professional, but someone who sometimes lets his emotions get the better of him. If he's telling us that we're going to be doing something dangerous, that tells me that I had better bring bigger firearms.



Hacker's Node

An Example Flowchart

The hacking rules can be pretty overwhelming for a neophyte, especially one with little real world experience or understanding of hacking and computer systems. This article is an attempt to provide a basic flow for hacking to get you started. This is not meant to be the only flow to how-to hack. It is something to get you started if you are lost in the rules.

Locate Node:

Pretty much self explanatory, this is the act of locating the node you want to hack. There are basically four different situations a hacker might find themselves in.

1. *Know the Access ID of the node.*
If the node is remote (beyond mutual signal range), you need some way to find it in the matrix. You can equate this to knowing the website address or the phone number of the node you want to hack. If you know the comm code, no roll is required to find it.
2. *Be in signal range of the node while it is in active mode.*
When in mutual signal range of non-hidden nodes, a com will catalog all active nodes. This is the easiest to locate and again, no roll is required.
[[Detect Active/Passive Nodes SR4a 229](#)]
3. *Be in signal range of the node while it is in passive mode and identify it.*
When in signal range of non-hidden nodes, a com will log all passive nodes to which it can communicate, but will be unable to identify them. A variety of methods can be utilized. The most common is to capture the traffic [Electronic Warfare + Sniffer(3)] and analyze it [Computer + Analyze].
[[Detect Active/Passive Nodes SR4a 229](#); [Capture Wireless Signal SR4a 229](#); [Analyze Node/Icon/Etc SR4a 228-229](#)]

4. *Be in mutual signal range of the node while it is in hidden mode and see where it should be.*
Using a scan program, locate the node:
[[Electronic Warfare + Scan \(4\)](#)]
[[Detect Hidden Node SR4a 230](#)]
5. *Be in signal range of the node while it is in hidden mode locate it and identify it.*
Using a scan program, the hacker must first locate all the hidden nodes:
[[E-Warfare + Scan \(15, 1 turn\)](#)]
Once located, it must be identified, much like a dealing with a passive node.
[[Detect Hidden Node SR4a 230](#); [Capture Wireless Signal SR4a 229](#); [Analyze Node/Icon/Etc SR4a 228-229](#)]

Analyze the Node

Once you locate the node, it is best to know a little about the node you are going to try to hack. Forewarned is forearmed.
[[Computer + Analyze](#)].

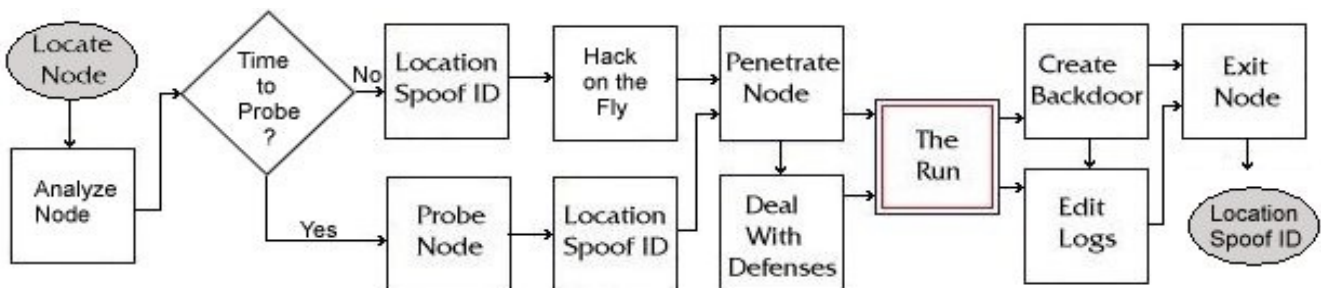
Each hit allows one question from the Matrix Perception list.
[[Matrix Perception Table SR4a 228](#)]

- » *A very safe and easy way to size up the competition*
- » *Macha*

Probe Node/Hack on the Fly:

Once you have identified what it is you want to hack, you now need to locate a vulnerability that you can exploit to gain control of a system. The first decision you need to make is what level of access do you want?

[[Access Accounts SR4a 225](#)]



=> Access Level <=

1. *Public*
You already have this, it's free. On some nodes it equals *no access*. On active nodes it provides visibility to whatever public data the node owner has chosen to share with everyone. For hackers, this is effectively worthless.
2. *User*
This is basic access to the node. Examples: Clerk at a rental car company, office worker in a company, receptionist in an office building.
3. *Security*
Advanced access to a node. Examples: Manager of the rental car company, data security officer in a company, building security in an office building
4. *Admin*
Root, administrator, the All-Being, the One. This is always the person or persons who can do anything and cannot be denied any access. This is the most coveted level for the hacker.

=> Hacking Method <=

1. *Probe the Target*
The preferred method, when time allows, is probing the target node stealthily looks for vulnerabilities in a node's defense that will allow a hacker to gain access to the node. The target only gets one chance to detect the hacker.
[Hacking + Exploit (Node System + Firewall {+3 Security, +6 admin}, 1 hr{VR} or 1 day {AR})
[[Probe the Target SR4a 236](#)]
2. *Hack on the Fly*
Generally considered a brute force attack on a node, this option generally only remains undetected if executed quickly. The target has a cumulative chance of each action being detected.
[Hacking + Exploit (Firewall {+3 Security, +6 admin}, 1 Complex Action)
[[Hack on the Fly SR4a 235](#)]

Choose a Location / Alter Access ID

Sometimes a hacker gets traced back to a physical location. Two ways to minimize exposure is:

1. Before node penetration, choose a location away from the safe house or any of the team's dosses. You can probe the node from a safe house, but don't penetrate the node until you are away.
2. When the run against the node is completed, move to a new location after altering your Access ID.

Altering of the Access ID changes the hardware & network address of your comlink. Care should be taken to avoid being caught on camera when this occurs. Think of this like applying a disguise kit as you are disguising your electronic Identity. My preferred method is (a) Change comlink mode to hidden, (b) change physical location then (c) return comlink to Active/passive.

(Hacking + Software(2) or Hardware + Logic(2))

[[Access-IDs SR4a 224](#)]

NOTE: In some areas it is illegal to not run your comlink in active mode.

Penetrate (Log on to) the node

After you determine what level you want access at, then you must determine how much time do you have to try and find a vulnerability. Penetrating the node is simply declaring that you are exploiting the flaw you found either when probing or hacking on the fly. If hacking on the fly, the system may already be on alert.

No roll is required

[[Log on SR4a 231](#)]

Deal with Defenses

If there is IC active, it is usually preferable to deal with them. The easiest way is if you are an admin to simply command [No roll required] the node to unload the IC. You also should think about suppressing the alert and ensuring the system doesn't attempt a reboot. In a worst case, you may be forced to defend against either IC or a security-hacker.

1. *Cyber-combat.*

A node with defenses will attack hackers with IC and/or spiders. Lower level security system will attempt to crash the hacker's persona. Higher security nodes will unleash dangerous, or even lethal, biofeedback.

[[Cyber-Combat SR4a 236-237](#)]

2. *Alerts*

Some nodes will issue various types of alerts, both internal and external.

[[Alerts SR4a 238](#)]

3. *System Reboot*

As a last resort, some systems will even try to reboot themselves. Hackers can experience dump shock if that reboot occurs while they are still in the node.

[[System Reboot SR4a 238](#)]

The Run

The reason the hacker is cracking a node in the first place. These reasons are varied and infinite and the exact execution up to the GM. Here are some samples

are samples of reasons to hack a node in the first place:

1. Data steal
2. Plant false data
3. Delete data
4. Erase security video
5. Sabotage system
6. Control facility security node to cover & support a shadowrun

Create Back Door

If the hacker intends to return to this node in the future, a back door will facilitate a quick return.. as long as it's not discovered. Generally, this is covered with an *edit* check. I like these to be secret rolls. Further discussion of this can be found in Unwired [pg85], but no hard rules exist.

Edit Logs

Once the hacker has completed their work, usually they want to edit the logs to remove any traces of them having been there. Of course, if they are spoofing someone else's com and access ID, they may very well want the evidence left. This is another one of those things generally covered with an *edit* roll, or three.

Exit the Node

Finally once everything is done the hacker simply needs to log off the node. This is also simply the opposite of the Log On action. [[Log on SR4a 231](#)]

- » *I prefer to also redirect trace just in case...*
- » *Ronin*

An example in play:

Ok. That's all well and good, but let's see it working. To set the stage, let's assume we have a hacker who has a comlink with a response R4, a system R4, exploit R4, stealth R4, browse R4, edit R4, analyze R4, spoof R4, attack R4, armor R4 and all skills at R4. We'll call our hacker: Pony.

Pony needs to hack a cleaning company's system to alter the employee roster and schedule.

He decides that a drive by the company's headquarters is the easiest way to locate their company node. The company is a small company and has a simple computer system so he is not expecting a complex design, rather he suspects the whole company runs off of one system.

During the drive-by, he sees the store-front AR and gets the Access-ID of the node generating that AR. He parks his van in a parking garage down the street and

leans back, going into VR; Hot-Sim VR.

He travels across the matrix to the node and spends a moment to study the node. [Matrix Perception: Computer(4) + Analyze(4) + Hot Sim(2) = dp10. He scores 2 hits] He determines that the firewall is R3 & the node is not on alert.

With plenty of time to probe the node, he settles back and does just that. He decides that he wants administrative right in order to clean all his tracks. [Hacking(4) + Exploit(4) + Hot Sim(2) = dp10; Extended test, 1 hour/iteration. Target is unknown but can be approximated [Firewall 3 + Analyze ? + Admin 6). Hits: 4 + 3 + 5]. After 3 hours, he finds an exploit that will allow him to penetrate the node.

With everything he needs, he jacks out of the matrix and drives a number of blocks away. En route, he changes the Access ID of his com [Hacking(4) + Software(4) + Hot Sim(2) =dp10, target = 2; 3 hits = success].

He finds a place to park with access to two different highways in case everything goes south. He parks, jacks in and returns to the node. He loads up his stealth, attack, armor and analyze programs and logs on. The system node gets one chance to detect him [System(3) + Firewall(3) = dp6. Target = Stealth(4). 3 hits. Good but not enough]. Pony makes it in.

The system is running off the shelf sculpting to resemble an office. A receptionist sits behind a desk, waiting. Several desks sit nearby. He looks around the node to get a better idea about things. [Matrix Perception: Computer(4) + Analyze(4) + Hot Sim(2) = dp10. He scores 3 hits] He determines the following: alert status = none, function of the node = master node for Acme Cleaners, the receptionist is actually IC.

He sits down at one of the desks and loads up his edit program. [Edit R4 + Software R4 + Hot-Sim(2) = dp10]. He creates two accounts for his teammates [hits: 3 & 4], updates the schedule to assign his teammates to service the Widget Inc. Offices next Tuesday night [hits: 3 hits]. He creates a back door [hits: 3 hits] and then cleans the logs of all that he has done [hits: 5].

His work done, Pony logs off the system, jacks out, sits up and drives away. While driving, he alters his Access-ID again.

- » *Yes, the example is simple. We'll ramp it up in future issues.*
- » *Ronin*

Prime Runners

Ronin

Secretive and untrusting, Ronin is generally regarded as a cold, calculating tactician. Former team mates both praise his planning abilities and warn about his poor teamwork skills; His lone wolf mentality.

Piecing together Ronin's past has not been easy; He's gone to lengths to wipe out records and systems with details about himself.

» *I don't really appreciate the details being posted now, either.*
» *Ronin*

» *Having read the original submission, there is a lot missing. It also seems to be gone from my comlink.*
» *Redjack*

» *Really? I'll look into that.*
» *Ronin*

Ronin most likely grew up in the slums outside of Tokyo with the name Gomi. Gomi was part of a crew that did AR for raves and set up network parties to earn nuyen as a young teen. As his skills increased, so did the risks he was willing to take and the scores he took down. Gomi ran the shadows primarily as a loner, banding with others as required for a run, then going his own way. By '71 he was pretty well known in the shadows. He lacked any allegiances, preferring to work through a number of fixers.

Gomi's last run in Japan was against a Mitsuhamas subsidiary: Sidako Industrial. The run went off without a hitch, but somehow some of the stolen code was uploaded to the matrix with the team's logo imprinted into it.

An exec at Sidako took that as a personal slight. He hired a foreign team to clean up everyone involved in the run. Scan was that he wanted to avenge his honor.

» *This part scans true... and the team was imported from Vladivostok.*
» *Fatum*

The team was indeed wiped out, hunted down to the last man, though Gomi was rumored to have escaped. The fixer, Grazier, was even targeted but he too survived.

Gomi was persona non-gratis after this all went down. The fixer, Grazier, was pretty vindictive. He burned Gomi's rep to the ground and put his own bounty on Gomi. Gomi never resurfaced.

» *There is a rumor that Grazier died in a freak vacu-drone malfunction.*
» *Ronin*

» *Vacu-what? No shit? I'm gonna have to use that.*
» *Macha*

Shortly thereafter, a runner named Ronin arrived in Seattle. He settled into the edge of the Parkland neighborhood of the Puyallup Barrens and remained under the radar for over two years. Mostly small jobs, but that same logo from the Sidako job keeps showing up in big jobs. The electron trails usually lead Mitsuhamas subsidiary as well.

» *And I thought I held a grudge.*
» *Zap*

Weeks ago Ronin was linked to the Jefferson airport run. A team slipped in and extracted some cargo from a V-TOL in servicing. They then made their way out in an Ares executive transport, masquerading as a C-level executive before disappearing into the Puyallup Barrens, en route.

» *That was you? *applause* That was an impressive job... but didn't a few pair of police officers get killed?*
» *Zap*

» *Yes. No. They were bounty hunters disguised as Knight Errand officers.*
» *Ronin*

» *I still want to know how your team got from Tarislar to Everett with a six-figure bounty on your heads and every gang in the city with your picture?*
» *Critias*

» *Mistaken identity.*
» *Ronin*

» *That's my line...*
» *Brazilian Shinobi*

One thing to be noted about Ronin is his indifference to most material possessions. He acquires, uses and disposes of most possessions with the same apathy that he does team mates. His equipment roster and tactics tend to change from run to run, generally matching what is most appropriate to the current run. While this disconnection and inconsistent method of operations have served him well to keep him, it tends to alienate potential long term mates.

- » *I can relate.*
- » *Aria*
- » *As is typical, the story gets taller each time it is told.*
- » *Ronin*



Ronin

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	R	Ed	Es	Ini	IP
5	5	5(6)	4	3	4	4	5	7	5	6	10	2

Condition Monitor (P/S): 11/11

Armor (B/I): 10/5; 1/2 form fit, chameleon suit

Skills: Compiling (Crack) 5(+2), Computer 4, Cyber-Combat 5, Data Search 4, Electronic Warfare 4, Forgery 4, Hacking (Exploit) 6(+2), Hardware 4, Pilot Air 1, Pilot Ground 1, Perception (Visual) 4(+2), Registering (Crack) 3(+2), Software (Threading) 4(+2)

Knowledge Skills: Resonance Theory R4, Area Knowledge of Tokyo 4, Area Knowledge of Seattle 3, Contemporary SIMs 3, Matrix Data Havens 3, Matrix Security Procedures 5, Matrix Theory 2, Living the Squatter Lifestyle 3, Street gangs in the Puyallup Barrens 3, Surveillance Techniques 2, Underworld Politics 2, English 4, Japanese N, Or'zet 2

Qualities: Addiction (mild, alcohol), Analytical Mind, Code Slinger (+2 Exploit), Paragon (Black Hat), Spirit Bane (Toxic Spirits), Technomancer, Vindictive

Submersion Grade: 5

Echoes: Biowire, Multiprocessing, Overclocking, Acceleration R1, Mesh Reality

Complex Forms: Analyze 5, Armor 5, Attack 5, Browse 5, Command 5, Encrypt 3, Edit 4, Exploit 7, Scan 2, Sniffer 1, Spoof 3, Stealth 5, Tracking 3, Smartlink

Activesoft Complex Forms: Automatics 4, Disguise 4, Etiquette 4, Gymnastics 4, Infiltration 4, Throwing 4, Unarmed 4

Software: Activesoft: Pistols 4, Activesoft: Blades 4, Activesoft: Clubs 4, Activesoft: Climbing 4, Activesoft: Running 4, Activesoft: First Aid 4, Activesoft: Long Arms 4, Activesoft: Swimming 4, Activesoft: Pilot Aircraft 4, Activesoft: Pilot Ground 4, Activesoft: Heavy Wpns 4, Pirated Activesoft: Medicine 4, Agent 4 with Attack 4, Armor 4

Gear: Contacts R3 [Flare comp, Ultrasound, Vision Enhancement R3], EarbudsR3 [Select Sound R3, Spatial Recognizer, Audio Enhancement R3], CMT Clip with Vector Xim OS, 10x R1 Micro cameras with Adhesive Backs, 10x data chips, WiFi Dampening Blanket, Chameleon Coat Duffel Bag, Signal Scanner R6, Directional Blocker R1, Fly-spy [Camera, Motion Sensor, Range Finder, R2 Maneuver, R3 Covert Ops, R3 Chaser, R5 Signal Upgrade, Ultrasound, Vision Enhancement R3], Fly-spy [Camera, Motion Sensor, Range Finder, R2 Maneuver, R3 Covert Ops, R3 Chaser R5 Signal Upgrade, Ultrasound, Vision Enhancement R3]

Weapons: *Varies.*

Note: He is known to possess a number of SInS at any given time, burning them as needed. The above listed drones are the minimum drones in his possession. Other drones come and go as needed or as are appropriated.

Miniatures Rules

Changing Initiative & Movement

In my home games, we love to throw down a blank battle map and pull out some miniatures. It's even better when Ironworker breaks out his terrain and miniatures; some of his conversions (like the ork runners) are pretty impressive. In some game systems, the rules work fine with miniatures. Without some tweaking, Shadowrun is not one of those games.

Three second long combat turns with some characters taking 3 seconds worth of movement at one time and other people taking a move every one or one and a half seconds becomes chaos and more than a little unfair. The easiest solution to us was simply to level out the movement.

COMBAT TURNS & INITIATIVE PASSES

As an update to RAW [SR4A, 144], each turn remains 3 seconds long but passes are updated as follows:

- 1) There are 3 movement passes per combat turn, each lasting one second. Characters earn movement on their initiative score (as referenced below) losing it if not used in the pass. Movement and action occur simultaneously. When one occurs, both either occur or are lost.
- 2) On movement passes 1-3, characters earn their action passes as appropriate. Characters with only one action only earn an action on the first movement pass, etc. Characters with 4 passes, earn an action on the end of the third movement pass. Characters with 5 passes earn an action at the end of the second movement pass.

* Characters with 3+ actions lose any held actions when a new one is earned.

* Characters with 3 or less passes may act in any pass after they have earned a pass. They may not act more than once in any given pass. Ergo, if a character with 2 passes holds action until movement pass three, he only gets one action in the turn.

Held Actions

With this change, we are left with one area that sometimes gets abused: held actions. Several options exist:

- 1) No change. As long as using a held action does not provide multiple actions in a pass (for characters with less than four actions), just go with it.
- 2) Using a held action changes initiative number for the remaining pass(es). After the first pass, initiative number is just the order of play anyway.

MOVEMENT

As we tested out tweaking initiative, we also took a second look at movement and that the current rate doesn't divide by 3. Another nagging fact is that non-augmented humans are considerably faster than Olympic class humans. To that end we changed RAW [SR4A, 149] to support movement passes and align movement *closer* to real life:

Walking: Walking is defined as leisurely moving by walking. Walking insures no penalties to actions.

Running: Running is effectively jogging. It incurs the standard penalty of -2dp to ranged combat. Other penalties assessed by GM judgment call.

Sprinting: Sprinting is all out. Effective ranged combat is not capable when sprinting. Characters can use the Running Skill to increase movement. Hits are capped at Running Skill +1. Ergo, characters who are defaulting can still get a success.

Reminder [SR4A, 136]: The game master may apply modifiers for various types of terrain (slippery, rocky, and so on) and other conditions.

Race	Base Rate Per Second			
	Walk	Run	Sprint	Sprint/ Hit
Human,Elf, Ork	1.5m	3m	6m	+1.0m
Dwarf	1.0m	2m	4m	+0.5m
Troll	2.5m	5m	9m	+1.5m

The table is rough and not perfect either, but it serves our intent.

Effects of Additional Passes on Movement
Reaction augmentation that increases the number of physical passes that a character receives also affects their ability to pump their legs faster. Shouldn't this translate into faster movement?

We are currently testing an increase of 30% per additional pass (round off to the nearest half meter; Limit 2 increases) .

Example: *Human with three passes walking = 1.5m/sec + 60% (1.5 * .6 = .9) = 2.4. Round to 2.5m/sec walking rate.*

Race	2 Passes			3 Passes		
	W	R	S	W	R	S
H/E/O	2m	4m	8m	2.5m	5m	9.5m
Dwarf	1.5m	2.5m	5m	1.5m	3m	6.5m
Troll	3.5m	6.5m	11.5m	4m	8m	14.5m

This now makes faster characters faster than Olympiads again.

Hard Streets, Easy Life

The street lights of Tarislar were close enough to reflect off the construction plastic I had replacing the glass in my squat. The place wasn't much, but it had water-tight walls and ceiling, and the noise from the neighbors wasn't so bad. I also got a small connection to the wireless matrix from the elven part of the barrens, enough for text from my fixer on the few occasions he could find work for me.

I slowly slid the slide of the old, beat-up Colt Manhunter back, locking it back into place, and checked out how the action worked on it. The laser sight built into it had long since had stopped working, but it still threw old, cased .45 ACP rounds in a straight line, and that's all I needed it to do. The action felt clean again, a little loose, but that was the design, to chamber dirty rounds. A round from the magazine moved easily into the chamber. "A working man's gun", the old 'Runner had put it to me when he first handed it over when I was still just a street punk in a gang. He had shown me a larger world than just the three blocks that my group had claimed as territory, money to be had, and, far more importantly, respect. When you're fourteen and an ork, respect doesn't come easily, or often at all, and my gang gave me a lot of it after they found out I'd be on an actual Shadowrun. That was just over a year ago now, and things have only gotten harder.

I snorted now as I sat at the desk that had come with the place, a relic of when it was some ancient office building. Only the bottom drawer still worked, and the only "file" it held was marked "Dan Jackles Whiskey", and was a plastic bottle, almost empty. I "opened" the file and poured a shot of it into a broken mug, then made it a double, and finally upended the bottle.

Money came and money went, fast times, hot women, good friends. When the money was there. When it wasn't, there's always my old buddy Dan waiting for me to come back home to my pathetic squat and the old dog that also shared the place with me, or I shared it with him, I never was quite sure. All I knew is that I had to feed him, or he'd take a bite out of me to make sure we knew who was really in charge.

Work was never the problem. Lots of people had work for someone who was mercenary and deniable. There was no lack of folks that wanted others shot in the face after all. Ones who could pay, that was the issue.

I was halfway through my first swallow when the door that shouldn't open did. It was steel and had three locks on it, one of which should have sounded like a gunshot in the night right beside my ear.

Not exactly an unusual noise, but this close it'd be impossible to miss, and the woman walked in. She was like some chipheads' silicon dreams: Leggy in leather pants she must have been sewn into, obviously busty in the revealing outfit she was wearing, with a beautiful slim face and delicate pointed ears. The two small scars under her left eye only accentuated her beauty rather than detracting from it. My left hand kept the mug to my mouth as I swallowed the harsh synthanol and my right moved up to point the Manhunter at her, my only response to her breaking into what was my home and castle.

"Still mad at me?", she asked, leaning forward. Her enhanced elven charms were almost falling out of the lacy black bra that was all she was wearing under the open, armored, synthleather biker jacket, showing her vulnerability in this situation, and that she wasn't here for a fight. The last time I'd seen Blackie had been when she was leaving me high and dry, laughing as she flew off hanging on a ladder from a helicopter with the target while security was surrounding me, "I'm sure that I can make it...up to you." she said, the pause causing her breasts to swell interestingly, straining the bra almost to the breaking point.

I let the mug drop to the desk with a click, and just snorted, "Come back when you got hips for a litter." I said, "You're hardly eunabo to me, slictch." I said, using one of the few words I knew in Or'zet, what was supposed to be my "Native Tongue" as an ork. What a laugh, it's been around shorter than I have.

"Maybe some fahd then?" She asked, reaching into her jacket. The harsh clack of the hammer moving back on the pistol in my hand caused her to freeze and break out into a cold sweat. I had no idea what a fahd was, but I didn't like the sound of it. Slowly, she pulled out a pouch, the contents jingled, "Actual, old fashioned gold. Money comes and goes, even nuyen, but gold will always be gold, won't it, my old friend? I need your help, I need a street monster, and you're one of the meanest."

I outright laughed at that, "Take gold from an elf. I was born at night, gorognagit, but it wasn't last night." I told her, throwing a bit of an elven insult at her. Wasn't sure what it meant, but it usually got people fighting in the elven ghetto. She reddened in anger, so it worked, but tossed the bag on the desk nonetheless. I had to admit, the sound of the metal-on-metal, it sounded more like money than the click of plastic that a credstick made, or the flutter of paper money. It had an appeal to it.

I stood up, towering over Blackie as I decocked my pistol and stood over her as the door finally

slammed closed, the locks clanking shut painfully loud. She jerked at the closeness of our bodies and the sound. "Fine, you can tell me what you need in a minute or so."

"Why a..." She started, but I grabbed her by the hair, and drew her up to my face, kissing her hard. She hardly resisted, and then there was no resistance at all. Sometimes I like 'em skinny.



Blackie needed someone found, and that someone dead. Seems she had decided to burn another person badly, one not as forgiving as me. She gave me a slightly out of focus holo of the guy, the reason why he was pissed which was almost identical to my own, and the bag of gold. That said, I still left her in just her lacy undergarments as I took her leathers as a trophy and stalked off into the night. If she was quick and discrete enough, she could get back to her elven brethren quickly enough to not have to deal with any of my fellow street monsters. My revenge done,

she left with just a cry of "Wineg!", ork. Well, she got that right. She should be happy I left her boots and didn't make her run barefoot through the trash and rubble strewn streets.

Moving through the streets in my ballistic armor-lined trenchcoat and fedora, the rain a stinging wet that refused to be strong enough to actually clean the streets from the trash and refuse. Or the garbage that said people left behind. Every block I walked was a different gang's territory in this part of the deepest, darkest Puyallup Barrens, each time I was hassled by some punk that thought size and a beat-up pistol or some street cutter made him or her a man. Some I just looked and made back down, others I had to be more physical with, never enough to anger the rest of the gang, but enough to get the respect needed to keep walking without being hassled. I needed to get my shoes shined.

In the last year, I taught myself, painfully slowly, how to read. I learned one main thing from the few books I'd been able to get my hands on. One main thing was that things don't change. Rich are rich, poor are poor, and there are some people that just have an ear for news. Sammy the Shine Boy was that person I knew. His ancient shoe shine booth dated back to time immemorial, and the crippled, limping elf with the claw-like left hand was almost as ancient it seemed, hardly the "Boy" that his nickname held. He'd been at the job a long time.

"Hey man, 'zappin'?" Sammy asked as he moved and worked the brushes over my surplus combat boots. I had gotten them at a store that claimed they were CAS Army Surplus, were acid resistant, completely water-tight, and would last longer than I did. So far, I hadn't been lied to, but they often needed work to give them a shine. Thus I always visited Sammy at least once a month, kept him on a payroll of sorts in the way of big tips. Time to collect.

"Looking for some guy. Breeder. Might be on the down low, but more likely looking for vengeance with blood in his eye and a bullet in his hoop." I said, as he worked the brush one-handed with a skill that couldn't be believed.

"Looking for an elven biff with black hair and a penchant for taking all the proceeds of a 'run for herself? Think I know the guy already. Some ex-suit who things his drek don't stink and that we're all beneath him. May not think much of a woman that does stuff like that, but if she's from around here..."

"She is. Born in the ghetto, worked hard to get out. Probably why she's so hungry." I told him. She told a different story, but too many other folks remembered her from when she was knee-high to a dwarf. When you don't leave home, you can't escape your past. Me, I didn't even bother trying.

"Makes sense. Everyone thinks elves got it easy, beautiful people and all that rot." Sammy said, raising his ruined hand, "Got this fighting against the thugs taking my mother away from me when they threw me in the warehouse. Lucky, right." Frag, if that was the Night of Rage, how old was Sammy? "He's moving around the edges of Tarislar, too smart to go there himself. Get himself a lethal case of dead if he did, and knows it. Not stupid, I'll give him that." Sammy worked at the shoe shine for a bit with the brush, holding the tin tight against his chest for a bit, thinking. Probably trying to decide if it was worth risking angering this person to talk to me about him, then he decided, "Yeah, OK. He should be somewhere around the corner of 702 and 7. The 709 bar might be a place to check." I nodded as he finished shining my boots, and I dropped one of the unmarked gold coins into his hand. Sammy's eyes went wide as he saw that, and bit into it for some reason. It took a tooth mark, which made him look at me with all the more amazement, "Damn man, she must be desperate."

"She burned me as well, Sammy. I could have just as easily shot her as taken the job. It don't come any more desperate than that." I said with a hard smile.

The 709 bar was a long hard hike, and a dive

of a place that I had rarely been to before. The guy, however, he stood out like a break-dancing Sasquatch at a Humanis Policlub meeting. The only one in clothing that cost as much as the bar's stock of liquor, the only one that was clean, and the only one threatening the bartender, "I gave you a trid pic of her, I gave you her aliases, I gave you all you need to know. Now take my money or I'll just shoot you right now and we'll see if the next guy in line at this piece of..."

Blam Went my Colt Manhunter, the heavy double-action pull making the shot go into his shoulder. The guy in the suit turned to look at me, amazed that I hadn't even bothered with anything, just drew and shot. Sparks flew forth from the cybernetic limb that now hung limp from his body. He tried to move

his own pistol towards me, some massive mother of a revolver that would have scared me a year before, but my semi-automatic already had another round in the chamber, and this shot was a single-action pull of the hair trigger, and was center of mass. The heavy steel-jacketed round slammed into the human, just above where the suit crossed over itself, where only his lighter kevlar-weave of his shirt would protect him. Crimson blood spurted out from the nearly half-inch hole that appeared in his outfit, spraying the bartender's face.

The stiff looked up, amazed, trying to get a hold of his pistol in nerveless fingers, "Wh, why?" was all he asked as I leveled my hand cannon down to his face.

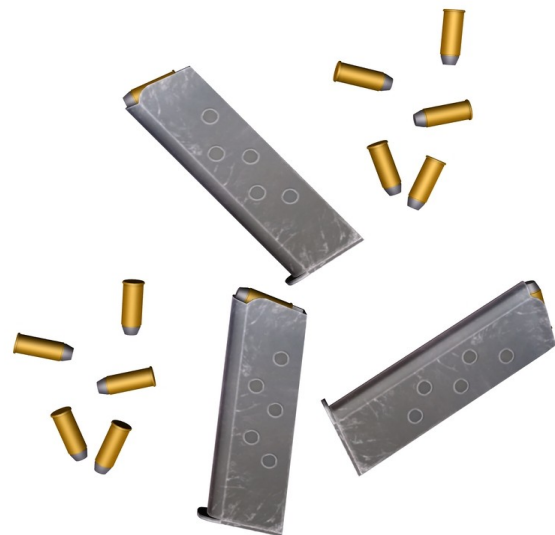
"Mr. Johnson sends his regards." I said after pulling the trigger a third time.

I was out of the bar before my brass finished dancing on the floor.



Joe's Escort & Collections
No job too small, no problem too large.

[Long term rates available]



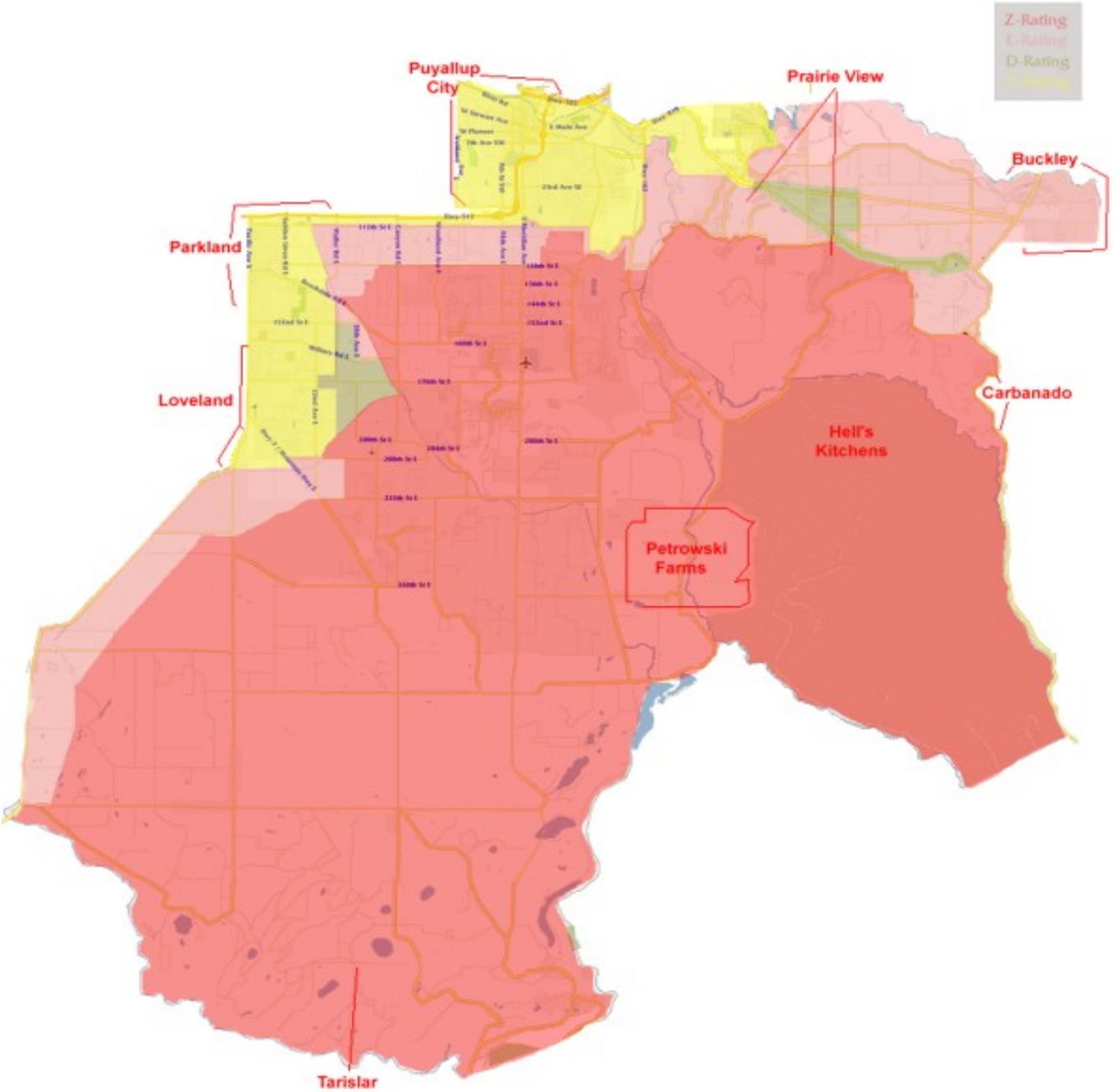
The Scan

The Puyallup Barrens

This issue of the Scan is focused on the Puyallup Barrens of Seattle; A hell on earth created by the eruption of Mount Rainer in August of 1980 and perpetuated by the suffering wrought by the more despicable of its inhabitants.

The Puyallup Barrens sit in the south-east corner of the Seattle metroplex and in the past 50+ years, little has changed. The Hell's Kitchens area

bubbles with lava fields which keep a constant supply of dust blown up in the air. The majority of the Barrens still receive a Z security rating from Knight Errant with any rule of law coming from gangs or the syndicates.



The Scan

The Puyallup Barrens: Gangs

One thing there is no shortage of in Puyallup is gangs. Kids in most areas of the Puyallups don't dream of college or a job as a suit, they dream of making the cut.

Gangs also come and go: The Silent P's, The Princes, Gold Dragons and countless others. A constant in Puyallup is the churn of the street gangs, each with dreams of expanding turf and influence.

Mid-Tier Gangs

Reality Hackers

Territory: Puyallup City
Colors/Symbols: Silver & Gold
Connection Rating: 4, Mid-tier gang
Membership: +4, 200-250, mostly humans
Influence: +3, Metroplex Wide
Magical Resources: +0, Few members
Matrix Resources: +4, Pervasive
Allies: Choson-Ring
Enemies: Yakuza

The largest gang of the Puyallups, the reality hackers have been shaking it up for nearly three decades. Their position is continually challenged by smaller gangs but the RH avoid direct confrontation and deal with problems behind the scenes. Over the past half-decade they have started sponsoring smaller gangs to build a recruitment pipeline; They only recruit stealthy, strategic thinking gangers however, leaving some gangs disillusioned with the relationship.

- » *Several members of the RH are former Combat Bikers. Johnny "Lightning" Argone is one of the better known.*
- » *Stahlseele*
- » *One of the Hacker's lieutenants who goes by the handle Neon Mech has a personal beef with the Ork Underground. Born there, he resents it for some reason. He and his crew have been clashing regularly with the Skraacha for months now.*
- » *Bull*

Chulos

Territory: Prairie View, Carbanado
Colors/Symbols: Brown
Connection Rating: 4, Mid-tier gang
Membership: +4, 100-150, mixed Latino
Influence: +4, National
Magical Resources: +1, Minority of members
Matrix Resources: +1, Active Matrix Presence
Enemies: Black Rains

A gang with a century of history based in California, their Seattle charter is in a building phase. Working from the Prairie View neighborhoods, they are challenging the Black Rains and warring with a number of smaller gangs as they rapidly expand.

- » *Had a run in with a charter in Denver. They demand unflinching loyalty and displays of ethnic pride.*
- » *Enkidu*
- » *The are starting wars on all fronts. Not a good long term strategy.*
- » *Zap*
- » *The new charter president, a troll they all call Madre is trying to make a name for herself.*
- » *Critias*

Third-Tier Gangs

Black Rains

Territory: Carbanado
Colors/Symbols: Black & Gold
Connection Rating: 2, Neighborhood gang
Membership: +3, 90-100 orks
Influence: +1, District
Magical Resources: +0, Few members
Matrix Resources: +0, Individuals only
Allies: Cascade Ork Tribe
Enemies: Chulos

The only gang in Carbanado, the Rains had enjoyed exclusive control of smuggling, protection, prostitution, etc there for years. Recently, things have been shaken up by the Chulos recent expansion. They have also suffered defections from a number of disillusioned members of the proper ethnic heritage to the Chulos.

- » *Why would they want it?*
- » *Sengir*

- » *The Rains' total control of the turf makes it a good point to cross the border, if you can secure passage. The current turf war is changing that though. Several trucks that slipped across the border were hijacked en route. The effect is us moving to other routes.*
- » *Hitch*

Forever Tacoma

Territory: Loveland
Colors/Symbols: Red & Orange
Connection Rating: 2, Neighborhood gang
Membership: +3, 90-100 orks & trolls
Influence: +1, District
Magical Resources: +1, Minority of members
Matrix Resources: +0, Individuals only
Allies: Mafia

This gang, most notable for their orange slickers over their armor and ventures in gambling & protection rackets. They recently had a falling out with the Yakuza, changing the landscape in Loveland.

- » *Nothing will ruin your day like a trio of trolls in orange slickers deciding to play road polo with your head.*
- » *Critias*

Gold Dragons

Territory: Puyallup City
Colors/Symbols: Gold & Black
Connection Rating: 2, Neighborhood gang
Membership: +2, 40-50 humans
Influence: +1, District
Magical Resources: +1, Minority of members
Matrix Resources: +0, Individuals only
Allies: Yakuza, Lord of Yen

Downtown Puyallup City's current gang of influence favors only human members. Like the Yakuza, they have been known to recruit from the Lord of Yen.

- » *I knew a runner who went by the handle Katana who came up in this gang, then to the Yakuza. Very trustworthy.*
- » *Black Mamba*
- » *Just another street gang in the Puyallups. A dime-a-dozen.*
- » *Zap*

Neighborhood Gangs

The Chosen

Territory: Central Puyallup
Colors/Symbols: Brown Buckskins
Connection Rating: 1, Neighborhood gang
Membership: +1, ~15 AmerIndian posers
Influence: +1, District
Magical Resources: +1, Minority of members
Matrix Resources: +0, Individuals only
Enemies: Yakuza

This gang was founded in the early 50's by a Sioux brave who used the handle the Chooser. In the mid-50's its membership was around 50, all of mixed race. They are easily distinguishable by their penchant for dressing in native American styled clothing. The Chooser and a number of his "braves" died in an Yakuza ambush in the early-60's. They are currently led by the original medicine woman for the gang, a dog shaman called Walks-in-the-Rain.

- » *One of the more colorful gangs in the Barrens, this gang's strength is also their weakness: They are bound by oath to protect the people of their territory.*
- » *Critias*
- » *The Choser was very honorable. I was saddened to hear how he died..*
- » *Redjack*

Fly Boys

Territory: Shady Acres Airport
Colors/Symbols: Flight jackets
Connection Rating: 1, Neighborhood gang
Membership: +2, 20-25 mixed races
Influence: +1, District
Magical Resources: +0, Few members
Matrix Resources: +0, Individuals only

This gang claims the Shady Acres Airport as their turf. Working with some area fixers, they have established several safe-houses and secure warehouses in the area, which is the gang's primary source of income.

- » *"Mostly harmless".*
- » *Critias*
- » *I think that was my line.*
- » *Zap*

Lifters

Territory: Crime Mall
Colors/Symbols: White band
Connection Rating: 2, Specialty gang
Membership: +2, 30-35 mixed races
Influence: +1, District
Magical Resources: +1, Minority of members
Matrix Resources: +1, Active presence
Allies: Mall Monsters
Enemies: Thumper-Busters, Lords of Yen

This gang controls the turf around the Crime Mall and provides security on the nights the Mall is open. They have an agreement with the various senior vendors that keeps them armed. Those same agreements keeps them at war with neighboring gangs.

- » *The Lifters run an occasional side-racket, of sorts, connecting vendors with would-be buyers. If you're having problems making the contacts you need inside the Mall, the Lifters are happy to arrange a meeting... for the right price.*
- » *Method*



Lord of Yen

Territory: North of the Crime Mall
Colors/Symbols: Gold Nuyen Symbol
Connection Rating: 2, Specialty gang
Membership: +2, 30-35 humans
Influence: +1, District
Magical Resources: +0, Few members
Matrix Resources: +0, Individuals only
Allies: Yakuza
Enemies: Lifters, Mall Monsters

This street gang holds sway over the area north of the Crime Mall. They are allied with the Yakuza and harass customers headed to/from for the Mall.

- » *They were half again this size two weeks ago. They got uppity and jumped my crew on our way home. They are allergic to acid and lead...*
- » *Zap*

Mall Monsters

Territory: Under the Crime Mall
Colors/Symbols: Green Goblin Mask
Connection Rating: 1, Neighborhood gang
Membership: +2, 20-30 orks
Influence: +1, District
Magical Resources: +1, Minority of members
Matrix Resources: +1, Active presence
Allies: Lifters
Enemies: Lords of Yen

This gang of the Underground runs the tunnels underneath the Crime Mall. They are fiercely protective of the tunnels and extract "rent" from anyone who lives close to the mall and "tolls" from anyone traveling to/from the Mall. They are high tech, maintain wireless coverage in the tunnels in the area immediately beneath the Mall and have a trio of shamans in their ranks. In the event of KE raids, they insure that vendors who have paid their insurance policies get away.

- » *Unlike most of the gangs that run in and around the Underground, the Monsters aren't exclusively ork. They'll let almost anyone in, provided they know their electronic gear.*
- » *Bull*
- » *Puyallup is riddled by tunnels, even though in most places it's not as extreme as in Carbonado. So be friendly to the guys who know the underground, you never now when you might need an alternate route. And remember to bring a canary...*
- » *Sengir*
- » *A canary? That's so 19th century. Wouldn't it be better to carry a hand-held atmospheric analyzer to detect traces of any gas? I carry such a device with me at all times.*
- » *Brazilian Shinobi*
- » *Built in Air-Supply or Oxy-Rush for emergencies. You would not believe the kind of situations that stuff is useful in . .*
- » *Stahlseele*
- » *If nothing else, being immune to your own gas grenades is nice.*
- » *Jones*
- » *I've heard rumors that not all the lost souls that run afoul of the Mall Monsters are killed. Sometimes those that disappear into the tunnels are... recycled.*
- » *Method*

Meridian Maulers

Territory: South of the Crime Mall
Colors/Symbols: Red & Violet
Connection Rating: 1, Neighborhood gang
Membership: +1, 10-15 mixed
Influence: +1, District
Magical Resources: +0, Few members
Matrix Resources: +0, Individuals only

This gang claims the turf south of the Crime Mall. They are barely holding their own and generally look for easy marks trying to slip away from the Mall avoiding more lethal turfs.

- » *One of the lieutenants, Blue-Dog, is the younger brother of a Parkland Son called Ritz. I expect some recruitment (and arming) will be occurring.*
- » *Jones*

Thumper-Busters

Territory: West of the Crime Mall
Colors/Symbols: Red. Bats.
Connection Rating: 1, Neighborhood gang
Membership: +2, 20-25 mixed
Influence: +1, District
Magical Resources: +0, Few members
Matrix Resources: +0, Individuals only

A gang recruited from the neighborhood, they war with the Lifters simply because the Lifters have stuff worth taking. All the gang members carry red baseball bats in addition to whatever firepower they are packing.

- » *Slamm-0! claims that the Thumpers founder (who went by the handle Mighty Casey) played pro ball for the Seadogs before getting tossed out for illegal cyber. I haven't been able to track down any confirmation on that yet, however.*
- » *Bull*
- » *Given the prime location west of the Mall and on Meridian Ave, this gang spends more time fending off land grabs on their borders than any offensive actions.*
- » *Badge*

The Parkland Sons

Territory: Parkland Neighborhood
Colors/Symbols: Black and white
Connection Rating: 2, Specialty gang
Membership: +2, 30-55 mixed
Influence: +2, Sprawl-wide
Magical Resources: +0, Few members
Matrix Resources: +0, Individuals only

This go-gang calls the northwest corner of the Puyallup District home and as so, their turf spills into both Tacoma and Fort Lewis. A significant percentage of the Sons are former military giving them an edge in training and equipment, but they tend to try to keep under the radar of larger gangs. They earn almost exclusively by smuggling.

- » *They also do milspec stuff?*
- » *Sengir*

- » *They make deliveries for the Family, but they don't work their own deals... at least not anymore.*
- » *Zap*

Sallah

Territory: Tarislar
Colors/Symbols: Unknown
Connection Rating: 2, Specialty gang
Membership: +1, 10-15 elves
Influence: +1, District
Magical Resources: +1, Minority of members
Matrix Resources: +0, Individuals only
Enemies: Spikes

Formed by a lieutenant formerly of the Princes, this gang's name means 'silence' in Sperethiel. They keep a low profile and membership is a secret, though many of the members are known by 'those in the know' in Tarislar. The gang's primary focus seems to be to strike at the Spikes and they seem to be interested in little else. Interestingly enough, they are pretty much overlooked by Laésa.

- » *Urban legend?*
- » *Enkidu*

- » *Yes.*
- » *Critias*

- » *Hey! Let's keep the disinformation elsewhere.*
- » *Zap*

The Scan

The Puyallup Barrens: Organized Crime

What would a conversation about the Puyallups be without organized crime? Seattle has a considerable number of syndicates operating within its borders and while not all chose to fight for the scraps of the Barrens, those that do take advantage of the distinct lack of law enforcement.

The following Seattle syndicates have no discernible presence in the Puyallup District.

- **Mafia: The Finnigan Family**
- **Mafia: The Ciarniello Family**
- **Yakuza: Shotozumi-gumi**
- **Yakuza: Shigeda-gumi**
- **Triad: The Octagon**
- **Vory v Zakone**

Of course, 'no discernible presence' doesn't necessarily mean that they never operate in the Barrens.

Laésa - "The Forgotten"

Based in Tarislar, this organization was formed from the various elven gangs in the area. With thousands upon thousands of displaced elves having moved into the area of Tarislar, Laésa, while small, is growing in power.

Like the origins of many criminal organizations around the globe, Laésa is as protective of the people of Tarislar as they are of the land itself. Laésa polices the worst criminals, protects the people from outside elements, funds schools for both classic education as well as several carromeleg dojos. It provides work for countless residents from maintaining infrastructure for power to several underground hydroponic gardens for raising various herbs, vegetables, coffee beans and ingredients for a number of home grown pharmaceuticals.

Make no bones about it, Laésa is a criminal organization. They do not tolerate faltering loyalty or competition. They set violent and bloody examples and they have corrupt elements within their ranks. They are involved in protection, prostitution, dealing & smuggling.

- » *In recent months, they have been tightening their hold on the smuggling route through Tarislar. Elves have an easier times than others, but everyone pays a toll.*
- » *Hitch*

» *Never forget the Laésa and Ancients are forever butting heads. The things they have in common are the things that force them apart; they want to control the same turf, the same people, the same smuggling routes, the same Robin Hood image. Neither group's keen on sharing, so instead they've started to hyper-specialize. The Ancients are more deeply entrenched with the Puyallup natives, but the Laésa tend to have the edge among refugees. The Laésa are better at smuggling in and out of the Tir, the Ancients to and from elsewhere along the coast. The Ancients get the call for courier runs that are expecting trouble, the Laésa for gigs requiring the utmost secrecy -- you can pay a little extra for a laésa option, where they'll take a hit right after a drop-off, so you can have confidence in them not knowing what they delivered, or where it was from. Both groups are respected by the community, both have strong ties to Tarislar, but the Laésa are growing while the Ancients are going through some leadership changes. They're on the rise while their rivals have plateaued. Give 'em a few years, and these guys could be major power players elsewhere in the Sprawl.*

» *Critias*

Mafia: The Gianelli Family

A family in decline, the Gianellis needed to do something. Joseph Gianelli pulled a group together from outside Maurice Bigio's inner circle to create his inner circle. It is rumored that several powerful mages are included in that circle, much akin to Rowena O'Malley's strategy with the Merlyns.

» *I think everyone already knows that includes one of our regulars. Would you care to comment Zap?*

» *Redjack*

» *No.*

» *Zap*

[**User Ejected: Princess**]

» *Princess – You have been prohibited from editing or deleting sections of this entry. For now your posting restrictions have also been suspended.*

» *Ronin*

» *Ooooo.. A little hacking I presume?*

» *Aria*

The Gianellis recently shored up in their operations in Loveland. Alliances with Forever Tacoma have helped to solidify that position and alliances with the Parkland Sons have secured supply lines for weapons from Fort Lewis to the Mall and points beyond. This supply line, in turn, has enabled them to reinforce their position in the Mall pressing advantage against the Yakuza in that area. This has come at a price to their Tacoma operations, but more on that later.

» *A focus on Tacoma is in progress.*

» *Ronin*

» *Some things are better left alone...*

» *Zap*

Seoulpa Rings

The Seoulpa Rings more closely resemble terrorist organizations than a syndicate, but their cell-based structure and secretive operational model is the only thing that has allowed them to survive the nearly three decades of war with the Yakuza. Most of the rings are small and lacking recognizable leadership. Several of them are larger, with leaders who have a significant public awareness.

Despite the best efforts of the Yakuza to exterminate them, small cells continue to pop up all over the Barrens. Expatriated or immigrated Koreans and their descendants, with backing from the Jo-Pok, form a significant pool to draw from. Ironically the Yakuza war against the rings, seen as a war of racial cleansing, serves as a catalyst that drives the creation of new cells.

These cells operate in numerous neighborhoods, primarily just inside the Barrens, staying mostly within Z-rated areas. Protection and theft to organ-legging and slavery... Nothing is off-limits and few opportunities to interfere with or cause harm to the Yakuza are overlooked.

Yakuza: Kenran-kai

A young organization by relative standards, Kenran-Kai has a problem with the reinforcement of the Gianelli family in the Puyallups. They have, however, been making headway against the Seoulpa Rings, having obliterated several cells over the past few months. This forward momentum has served to temporarily keep Shotozumi-sama placated against the failures in dealing with the Mafia. The rapid succession in which they dispatched the rings has only served to fuel the rumors of a ninja clan.

» *I don't know about ninjas, but those Yak blades are sharp. Their war with Seoulpa Rings is a bloody mess. It's nothing compared to that Tempo drek, but it's bloody. This battle with the Gianellis is just business. Dirty nasty business, but just business. There's no ferocity and hate. Plenty of snobbery about honor, but this doesn't seem personal.*

» *Badge*

» *With Don Gianelli feeling the Yakuza are appropriately bogged down with the Koreans, he's withdrawn most of his attention from the district and has left the day to day affairs to an idiot nephew of his. The Gianellis have theoretical manpower, but some major organizational and logistics issues as a result. It's only a matter of time before the Kenran-kai seize the initiative again and the Mafia go back to losing ground, like they've been doing for the last several decades.*

» *Critias*

» *The situation is in hand and being dealt with.*

» *Zap*

Triad: Yellow Lotus

This triad has been shoring up their Seattle operations after the extermination of their parent organization. As the sole remaining branch, they have worked hard to stay under the radar and out of conflicts with other organizations, both local and global.

They focus on two areas: Imports of Kong BTL's and illegal immigrants. The disposition of the BTL's is obvious, however the immigrants usually end up working in numerous sweatshops, brothels, as slaves or worst case, as unwilling organ donors.

Given the lack of law enforcement in the Barrens, the Yellow Lotus operate a significant number of their operations in locations from there.

» *I am skeptical that they will be able to remain neutral as the conflicts in the Barrens escalate.*

» *Zap*

Triad: Eighty-Eights

With a proclivity for technology, the 88's have little to draw them to the Barrens short of the neighborhoods with Asian immigrants.

» *They have begun to quietly sponsor a few gangs in the Barrens. This has gone unnoticed so far by the other Syndicates.*

» *Ronin*

The Scan

The Puyallup Barrens: Interesting Places

Mayday Field: Hell's Kitchens

Situated in the ashen wastes of Hell's Kitchen is a smuggler's den like no other. At one time this rural airstrip probably had another name, but now-a-days the locals call it "Mayday Field". Part airport, part black-market bizarre and part post-apocalyptic fortress, the outpost is a common way-point for smugglers coming and going from native territory. The centerpiece of the field is a makeshift compound built on (and out of) the carcass of an old USAF cargo plane that crash-landed here when Rainer erupted in 2014. The plane remained buried under ash for almost thirty years before it was rediscovered.

» *The plane's fuselage and skin aren't the only things the smugglers recycled. The plane's communication and sensor equipment have also been salvaged and upgraded over the years. The smugglers have used this dated tech to secure the surrounding airspace and set up a local AR environment.*

» *Bull*

» *There are rumors (street legends, really) that the smugglers also recovered an entire shipment of milspec weaponry from the plane's cargo. Anything that's still around would be obsolete by now, but there are at least three heavy antiaircraft emplacements surrounding the field that I can assure you are fully functional. I've seen them chew up more than one incoming aircraft the smugglers didn't recognize.*

» *Critias*

The Field is home to a loose coalition of veteran smugglers and black market merchants. At any given time, the Field supports a steady flow of air traffic. Often smugglers will stop at the port to refuel, offload their cargo or just lay low long enough to throw off any pursuit. Mayday Field has also become something of a trading post for the rabble that live in the surrounding wasteland. They travel to the Field to barter for supplies and often camp around the outskirts of the field or squat in the various abandoned hangers.

» *Mayday Field isn't just a handy refueling stop for runs into native lands. It can be a lifesaver when the Salish drone defense system shoots your bird full of holes.*

» *Hitch*

» *Because of its isolated location and hostile surroundings, Mayday Field has some unique market forces. Mundane items like air filters, canned food and medical supplies can easily be traded for contraband like weapons, drugs or any number of things salvaged from the ash.*

» *Method*

» *Awakened individuals often travel to Hell's Kitchen in search of more esoteric rewards. Oddly enough, this smuggler port has become a commuter hub of sorts. If you know the right people (and for the right price) you can catch a ride from the city out to the Field. Just don't ask any questions about what else might be on the plane.*

» *Redjack*

While it may look like a lawless hellhole, there is some authority here. The "sheriff" in these parts is a surly old ex-military pilot that goes by the name of Jackson. He doesn't fly much anymore (word is he had a nasty run-in with the Cascade Orks) but he commands enough respect from the community to keep the peace.

» *Jackson might appear to run things at Mayday Field, but the reality is that he's the only guy all the other lowlifes could agree on. Any authority he has is only his by default.*

» *Badge*

» *That may be true, but it works. Not everybody at the Field gets along, but disputes and confrontations are bad for business. At least the old timer is around to keep things in line.*

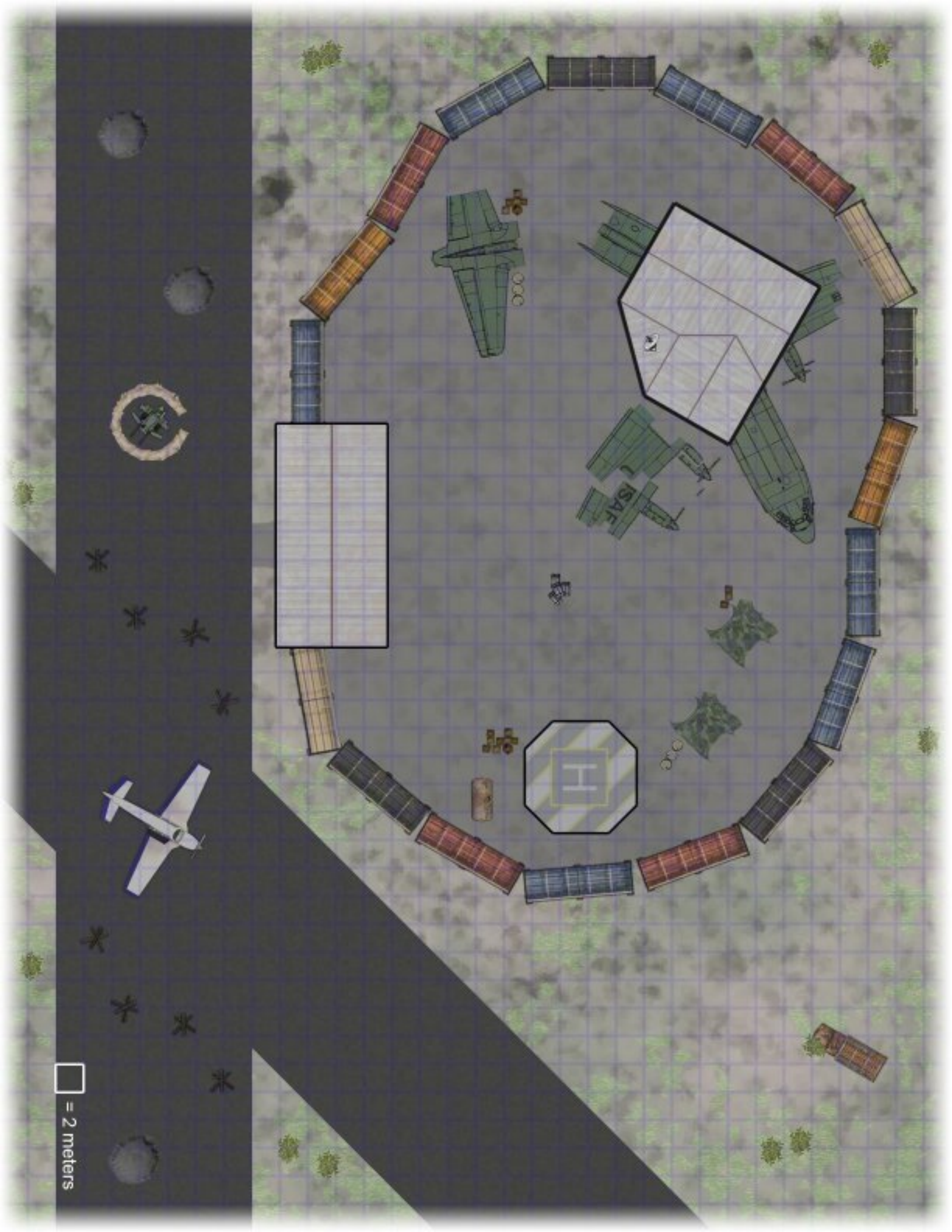
» *Brazilian Shinobi*


» *Jackson also has an arrangement with Hell's Kitchens Tours to insure that tourists don't get a chance to record incoming birds or the strip itself... Their matrix security however, could use some work.*


» *Fatum*

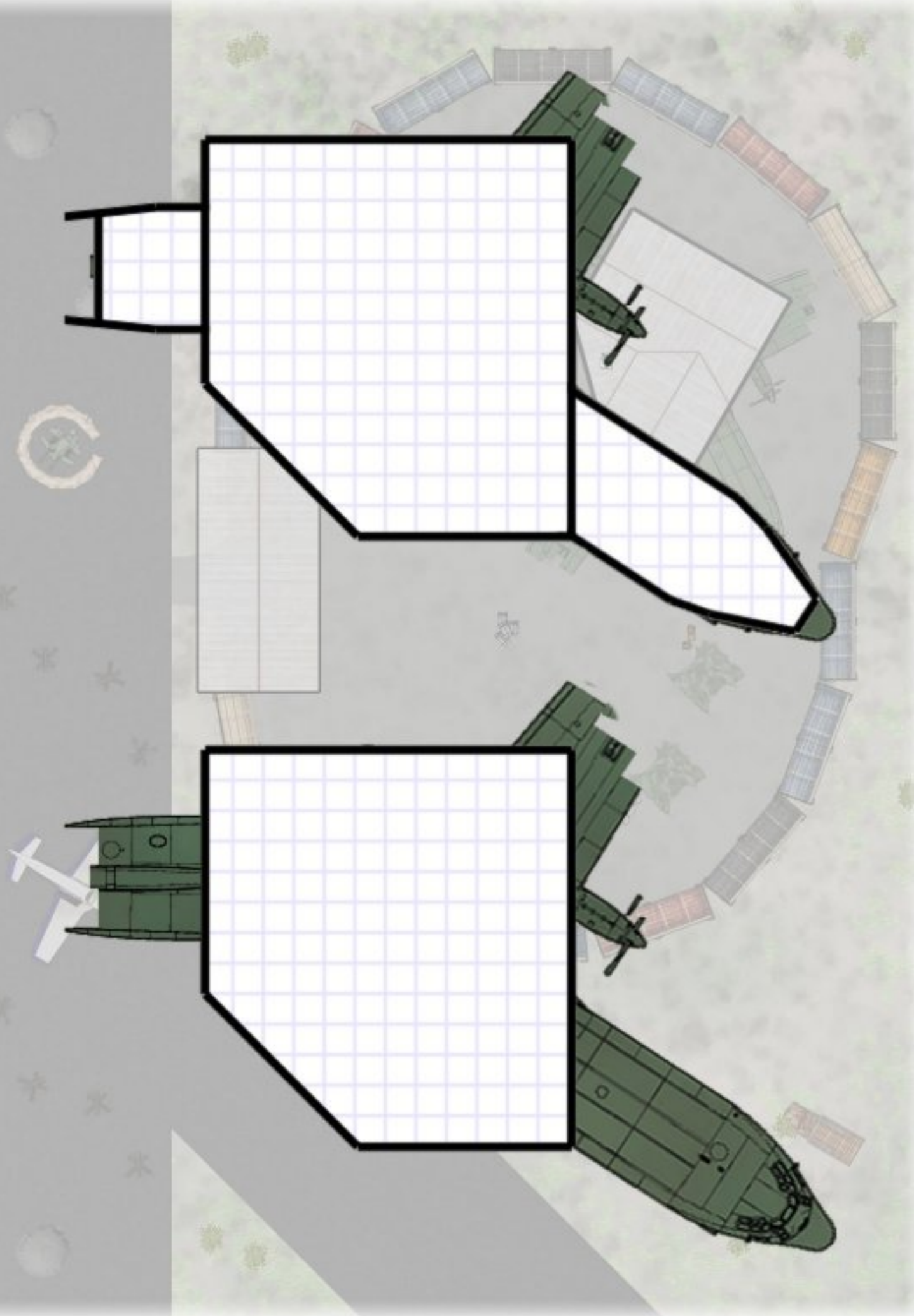
» *Jackson has a teenage daughter who the locals call Rivet and she happens to be a wiz when it comes to aircraft mechanics. Your bird might not look pretty when she's done with it, but it will fly.*

» *Hitch*



 = 2 meters

 = 1 meter



Chin's Quikie-Stop: Hwy-7 & 260th

This particular Quikie-Stop had ceased to be a franchise for years... or decades. Given its location deep in the barrens, it is more Mad-Max than Seven-Eleven. The bars on the doors and windows are a constant fixture and the figure on the roof is undoubtedly a sniper member of security. Only certified cred or scrip is accepted in a location like this and its presence is a bastion for the downtrodden who live nearby.

» *Chin also runs an exchange for corporate scrip for black bank transferred nuyen. His exchange fees are better than a lot of places (4.25% ± 1.75%), but don't expect to exchange more than 2,500¥ at a time. Watch the currency market close enough, and you can even make par at times when he's trading at his lowest. He'll also accept UCAS\$ and CAS\$, which is not originally indicated. No QuebecF accepted.*

» *Dead Money*

» *That's why I always prefer to be paid in goods or the all mighty nuyen.*

» *Brazilian Shinobi*

Crazy Joe's: Hwy 7 & 224th St E

Crazy Joe's is a stuffer shack/road house. A retired runner, his security team is top notch and use a mix of GEL rounds and REG, depending upon the nature of the conflict. This is generally the furthest point south that a cab will travel.

» *It's far enough out that it's a nice place for a hand-over but keep it off-premises lest Joe get all antsy.*

And avoid the crab-cakes. Taste like ash and grease.

» *Enkidu*

Crime Mall: 136th St. E. & 122nd Ave. E.

Lone Star and now Knight Errant have been trying to put this place out of business since it opened after the first Crash, but so far they've had no luck. It's no wonder—this three-story abandoned mall on the outskirts of Puyallup is the best place in town to find just about anything illegal you might be looking for. Weapons, armor, drugs, pirated software, electronics, cyberware, magical gear—if you can think of it and it's not legal, odds are that somebody here is selling it. It's simply too useful to too many people to allow the Law to shut it down. In the past couple of years some of the core "merchants" there have chipped in to upgrade the place's defenses (including an AR network designed to confuse the hell out of anybody who doesn't belong there) and they charge the small fry a nominal fee to allow other vendors to participate. There's high

turnover among the smaller merchants as they get picked up by KE or each other in disputes over pricing, but the big ones have been there for years and are well-versed in staying out of trouble.

[*Also see: Runner's Havens 116-117*]

There are known entrances to the Underground that ensure the escape of the Mall's tenants during the raids. The Mall is not open every night, but rather only a number of nights per month to reduce KE's ability to effectively execute operations.

What kind of weapons are expected to be carried around over there?

Crime mall is security rating Z. No police, except when there is a raid and then they always expect heavy opposition. It's almost a no man's land. There are of course pay offs to keep raids to a minimum.

And what kind of crowd is found there on nights that it's open?

There is an unwritten rule about open violence: Expect to die. Think of a subway car with every passenger armed for protection. The minute someone attempts a robbery a dozen people shoot them. The big hitters (mafia, several big time fixers, arms dealers and smugglers) provide security for themselves that extend to the areas of the mall.

I was thinking of bringing [insert weapon here] for protection, the question is whether to put it in a business suitcase or simply slightly concealed on the inside of my armor jacket, held by some kind of strap over my shoulder?

Any of the above is fine. Only carrying the gun in your hand will cause problems with 'local security'. Vendor security forces tend to carry all types. Those working security tend to have little mercy on people causing problems. Also, getting to and leaving the mall is where you are most likely to have a problem. That is when the vultures seek to relieve those with a lot of tech and little security of their burdens. A gang controls the underground. They are well organized and only the crazy or stupid mess with them.

» *'Mall' is a bit misleading. It is part warehouse and garage sale, part backstreet deals, part shadow bazaar (like those in Berlin, only a little less dangerous). And it's not only 'work gear' that's on sale here - pirated games and electronics parts from backyard techs and warez gangs, bootleg designer clothes and accessories from the mob's sweatshops, even some smaller labels sell here because, I suppose, they figure it gives them an edgy reputation. Also, here's where many stolen cars end*

up, chopped up nicely, and some enclaves in Puyallup sell homegrown biodrugs out in the open. And underground literature and banned polyclub manifestos and such crap, if you're into this. Sometimes even bigger corps use the Mall as a pipeline to feed the SINless with new product for extended field tests, Global was particularly notorious there some years ago. Traders change every time, of course, and so does what's available.

Unlike many other shadow markets, this is not run by one syndicate, though most seem to consider it neutral ground. But when tension runs high, like in 71 with the Tempo craze, better not count on it, and firefights here can get real ugly real fast.

» Macha

» The family has recently been working to clean up Yakuza connected vendors. Be warned.

» Zap

Mall Office: Crime Mall

Located on the second floor of the Mall, this is the name given to a former restaurant now serving as a the on-site bar. Smokey Joe is the proprietor. A former runner of some repute, he now claims the bar and has several times been challenged. Joe is ruthless in maintaining his position as owner of the Mall Office.

The decor of the office is pretty unique. There is a long bar that runs along the far wall and out to the middle of the floor making it kind of a "T" shape. There are twenty-eight stools along the bar. Seven along each of the four lengths. Along both walls, left and right, in the room are a number of booths with curtains. You know from experience that each of the twelve booths have white noise generators as well as sound dampeners. Using the booths brings a minimum drink charge every fifteen minutes. There are six tables with four chairs out on the floor area and finally, there are 3 larger rooms in the back for rent.

» Joe manages to keep everything running without becoming beholden to any of the syndicates

» Zap

» His half-brother is a coyote of some repute working Seattle to the Tir.

» Hitch

» The number of Johnsons and runners that Joe is acquainted with either make him well positioned to be a fixer in his own right...

» Stahlseele

Frederickson IHOP: 5606 176th Street East

Many decades ago this IHOP was an award winning franchise; But that was decades ago. Now the windows are all boarded up and the neighborhood is rated Z by Knight Errant. Inside the lighting is dim and conversations are hushed. The proprietor is a human everyone calls Piggy. In the previous decade, there was a saying, "Eat where the truckers eat". In the Puyallups, its "Eat where the runners eat". This is one of those places. Piggy's prices are a little higher than other places in the Barrens, but he tends to mix in less soy and buys real ingredients grown in the Puyallups. Local thugs, runners and even various gang consider the IHOP unspoken neutral ground.

» Laésa grows coffee in hot houses under ultraviolet lighting like dealers grew marijuana in bathrooms and basements before its legalization. Piggy has worked a deal to buy from them, though I'm not sure how he managed it...

» Critias

» The coffee is surprising for its purity, but I'm still concerned about where the sausage comes from.

» Zap

» Soy (58%), snake meat (27%), bonemeal (11%), garlic (3%), other (1%).

» Mímir



Hamdorf's: 19020 22nd Ave E

The burger joint is just up the street from Loveland Quinn's. This is a favorite with both the locals and the crowd that frequents Quinn's; it is always packed at lunch.

» More for the wannabe gangster types than runners or local gangers, though I did once meet a Johnson here.

» Sengir



Jacki Chin's: 20315 Mountain Hwy

This little hole in the wall noodle house boasts quality noodles at reasonable prices. In the past decade, no less than three different oriental women have been called Jacki Chin.

- » *To the best of my knowledge, the establishment has no ties to any syndicate.*
- » Zap
- » *On a whim, I did a cost/profit analysis on the facility using footage from a surveillance drone. Inconclusive.*
- » *Dead Money*

Java Jane's: Pacific Ave S & 170th St S

Situated in a strip mall in the northern part of Loveland, this little coffee shop is a favorite amongst locals. The proprietor is friendly dwarven woman named Jane.

- » *I have seen Jane come out from behind her counter with either a broom or a shotgun to deal with rude customers and wield both with equal effect... and she makes a mean cup o' joe.*
- » Zap



Raven's: 18110 A St

Raven is a talismonger with a soft spot for hard luck cases and good people down on their luck.

- » *Despite being a talismonger on the edge of the Barrens, his product is of exceptional quality.*
- » Redjack
- » *Due to local quirks in the mana sphere his animal reagents are particularly suited for crafting divining foci. On the other hand his mineral reagents have a strong resistance to technological hybridization so for that purpose it is better to source them elsewhere.*
- » Mimir

Shady Acres Airport:

208th St E & Tom Wright Road

Formerly a small, private airport, Shady Acres has long since fallen into disrepair. The hangers were later used as warehouses prior to being completely abandoned. In recent years, one gang after another has claimed the territory.

Women, Infants & Children's Soup Shelter: 18020 B St E

Formerly a WIC center prior to its closing in the 30's, the building became a woman's shelter overnight for many of the women it formerly assisted. Nora was a child who lived here with her mother. Now an adult of about fifty, she has been the proprietor for nearly thirty years after stepping up when most of the staff was killed one night by a drunken ork man coming to take his wife back home. She stood in the doorway with an old .357 magnum the staff had stowed away for one of the abused women. In the end, the ork went out feet first and Nora was nominated to carry on. These days Nora and others provide soup and shelter for the down and out.

- » *The funding for this place is not always legitimate, often a combination of Shadowrunners "Hooding" or Crime Syndicates showing a positive face with dirty money. The security is quite effective, consisting of ten women (±five women) with a variety of handguns or shotguns that cannot be properly predicted due to chaotic exchange of equipment.*
- » *Dead Money*
- » *Security indeed is quite tough now, after some jokers tried to raid Nora's for bodies to sell to the Yaks for their puppet houses. These people have built connections with the more radical feminist groups, especially the fringe girls with Mother Earth. Just their kind of thing. It's reasonable to expect a feminist-minded witch with security, even though there probably isn't always one.*
- » *Macha*

The Scan

The Puyallup Barrens: Contacts

Jackson

Archtype: Smuggler
Sex/Race: Male Caucasian Human
Affiliations: None
Rating: 3
Uses: Smuggling, Aircraft, Puyallup Barrens

This grizzled old man is in a tough spot and he knows it as the sheriff of Mayday Fields. He's not out to make friends, but rather to keep a bunch of lawless smuggler types from killing each other and making a few nuyen in the process.

He is a tough negotiator and years of military combat experience have made him pretty capable of following up with aggressive-negotiations as well. His ability to talk through most situations has kept him in place for nearly half a decade.

His daughter is his hot button though. A sharp young woman coming of age in a camp of desperados keep a father constantly vigilant. She has also been referred to as a mechanic savant, despite her age.

- » *He is an adept, though he refuses to acknowledge the fact.*
- » *Redjack*

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	M	Es	Ini	P
4	4	4/5	3	4	4	3	5	3	6	9	2

Condition Monitor Boxes (P/S): 10/11

Armor (Ballistic/Impact): 10/5

Powers: Inc. Reflexes I, Kinesics R1, Combat Sense R2

Active Skills: Close Combat Group R2, Firearms Group R4, Negotiation R5, Etiquette R3, Intimidation R5, Perception R4, Leadership R2

Knowledge skills: Smuggling Routes R5, Smuggler hideouts R4, UCAS Border Patrol R4, Salish-Shidhe Border Patrol R3, NAN Area Knowledge R3, NAN Tribes R2

Languages: English N, Salish R3, Makah R2, City Speak R2, Or'zet R1

Gear: Armor Vest, 1/2 body form fit, Commlink (Device R3), Contacts w/ Imagelink & Smartlink, AR Gloves, Ares Predator IV, Ares Desert Strike

Java Jane

Archtype: Coffee house proprietor
Sex/Race: Female Caucasian Dwarf
Affiliations: None
Rating: 2
Uses: Street rumors, meeting place, coffee

Standing at 1.21m tall, this middle-aged dwarven woman is the namesake and owner of Java Jane's Coffee House in the Loveland. She has become a local landmark for commuters and early risers alike.

She has a soft heart for those who are kind and those who are trying to overcome their situation. She has little patience for rude or mean persons and has a pet-peeve against profanity in her store.

She markets her coffee as real and locals swear by it. In any case, its high quality attracts people from all over the Barrens and a number of gangers, mobsters and runners take a personal interest in her safety and continued business operations. As such, she tends to hear street talk.

- » *Rumor is that she has a connected cousin in Tarislar who supplies her kona coffee grown in local green houses.*
- » *Zap*
- » *Officers in Loveland may be few and far between but they all know about Jane's.*
- » *Badge*

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	Es	Ini	P
4	3	3	5	4	4	3	3	6	7	1

Condition Monitor Boxes (P/S): 10/10

Armor (Ballistic/Impact): 4/1

Active Skills: Artisan (Coffee) 3 (+2), Clubs (Brooms) 1(+2), Etiquette (Street) 2 (+2), Longarms (Shotguns) 1(+2), Perception 3, Throwing Weapons (mugs) 1(+2).

Knowledge skills: Area Knowledge: Seattle (Puyallup) 2(+2), Bars and Clubs 3, Business 2, Coffee 4

Languages: City Speak N, English R3

Gear: 1/2 body form fit, Commlink (Device Rating 3), Glasses with Imagelink, AR Gloves, Remington 990

Kaboom

Archtype: Arms Dealer
Sex/Race: Male Latino Dwarf
Affiliations: Mafia
Rating: 3
Uses: Weapons, Armor

A fixture of the Crime Mall on the second floor since the mid 60's, Kaboom has established several supply chains, mostly through his mafia connections.

He travels with several bodyguards, usually a pair of dwarven brothers called Stone & Judge and/or a number of heavily armed orks. He has been known to outsource security, though.

When at the Mall, he generally brings lower end AK's and the like rather than risking higher end stock. He can have other, more specialized gear delivered from his warehouses fairly quickly; The better the delivery fee, the quicker the delivery.

He has also been known to buy and resell some second hand stuff, if there is profit in it.

» *I was on a job in Seattle last fall and made my way to the Mall for gear. This crazy dwarf was able to get a pair of LAWs and an Ares Alpha. Charged me through the nose, but I had them within two hours.*
 » *Stahlseele*

» *I had an associate who overpaid for low end crap from this shyster.*
 » *Macha*

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	Es	Ini	P
6	3/5	3/5	5	3	3	3	5	x	8	1

Condition Monitor Boxes (P/S): 11/11

Armor (Ballistic/Impact): 12/7

Cyberware/bioware: Imp. Reflexes II, Muscle Toner R2

Active Skills: Firearms Group R5, Armorer R5, Explosives R3, Negotiations(Bargain) R3(+2)

Knowledge skills: Firearms ID R6, Syndicates(Mafia) 2(+2), Seattle Gang Knowledge R1

Languages: City Speak N, Spanish R3, English R3

Gear: Armor Jacket, 1/2 body form fit, Commlink (Device R4), {Various heavily modified SMG's}

Mr Fix-It

Archtype: Cyberware/Bioware Dealer
Sex/Race: Male Russian Elf
Affiliations: None
Rating: 3
Uses: Cyberware, Bioware, Street Docs

This greasy, user-car salesman buys and sells first, second and even third-hand cyberware and bioware. *Caveat emptor* is the motto for his customers.

That said, Mr Fix-It delivers. He has connections in several local body shops, both legal and illegal. He also has connections to foreign suppliers and, if rumors are true, to organ leggers.

» *One of my buddies went missing on a job three weeks ago. Earlier this week Mr Fix-It was hawking his cyber legs. It cost me through the nose but he sold me the information, that allowed me to make a connection that, in turn, led me to the guy who double crossed my buddy.*

» *Mimir*

» *I've dealt with a number of his customers. The ones who paid for quality got it. The ones who went cheap, got cheap.*

» *Method*

» *I'm pretty sure this guy was a mid-level EVO exec about four years ago in charge of sales to western North America. If so, there is a certain military officer in Vladivostok who would like a private conversation.*

» *Fatum*

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	Es	Ini	P
2+2	3/6	3/6	2	6+1	3	3	3	2.8	9	4

Condition Monitor Boxes (P/S): 9/10

Armor (Ballistic/Impact): 9+3/4+5

Cyberware/bioware: Synaptic Booster R3, Muscle Toner R3, Ceramic Bone Lacing, Orthoskin R3, Tailored Pheromones R1

Active Skills: Influence Group R4, Biotech Group R2, Pistols R2, Unarmed R1

Knowledge skills: Cyberware ID R5, Bioware ID R4, Corporate Politics (EVO) R2(+2), Medical Theory R2

Languages: Russian N, Czech N, City Speak R4, English R3, Japanese R2

Gear: Actioneer Business Suit, 1/2 body form fit, Commlink (Device R5),

Nora

Archtype: Women's Shelter Manager
Sex/Race: Female Caucasian Human
Affiliations: None
Rating: 2
Uses: Safe houses, Street rumors

An adult of about fifty, Nora has been the manager of the Women, Infants and Children's Soup Shelter for nearly thirty years. Since that one night when a drunken ork man came to take back his wife, and killed the previous manager in the process, Nora stood in the doorway with an old .357 magnum the staff had stowed away for one of the abused women and sent him back out feet first.

She is a no nonsense woman who is skeptical about the motives of those who come to help the shelter, having dealt with a number of frauds over the years.

» *An honorable woman who has spent her entire life looking after others. She is an inspiration to the people who come through the shelter.*

» *Critias*

» *I'm looking into rumors that she occasionally traffics an attractive young woman to the Yakuza so as to keep a positive cash flow and keep the shelter open.*

» *Hitch*

» *I am confident that rumor will be proven false.*

» *Critias*

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	Es	Ini	P
3	3	3	3	3	4	2	5	6	7	1

Condition Monitor Boxes (P/S): 10/11

Armor (Ballistic/Impact): 0/0

Active Skills: Pistols (Revolvers) R2(+2), Athletics Group R1, Perception R2

Knowledge skills: Safe Houses R3, Seattle Area Knowledge (Puyallups) R1 (+2), Underworld Politics R2

Languages: City Speak N, English R2, Orzet R1

Gear: Vintage Colt Revolver

Piggy

Archtype: Restaurant Owner/Manager
Sex/Race: Male Caucasian Human
Affiliations: None
Rating: 1
Uses: Street rumors, meeting place

Despite his name, Piggy is a bald, scrawny man of indeterminate years. He has run the Frederickson IHOP for several years, arriving one day from parts unknown and setting up shop.

The relative high quality of the food has made him a local favorite. He pays protection to the local gang du jour and generally keeps trouble out of his little corner of the world.

» *I had a meet at this IHOP a few weeks ago. I should have known that the Johnson couldn't afford my services when he chose this location. Anyway, my first impression of Piggy is that he looks like a child molester.*

» *Hitch*

» *Ok, he is a greasy, weaselly looking guy, but I wouldn't go so far as to say he looks like a child molester. And when you're running low on nuyen, the food is pretty reasonable as long as you don't think about where the meat comes from.*

» *Critias*

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	Es	Ini	P
2	4	2	2	2	4	3	2	6	8	1

Condition Monitor Boxes (P/S): 9/9

Armor (Ballistic/Impact): 0/0

Active Skills: Blades R2, Perception R2

Languages: English N, City Speak R4

Knowledge skills: Cooking R2, Home repair R2

Gear: None

Raven

Archtype: Talismonger
Sex/Race: Male Black-Asian Human
Affiliations: None
Rating: 2
Uses: Magic supplies, contacts & information

Raven is a soft spoken man somewhere around sixty years of age. He has a penchant for taking in strays with magic talent. His is however firm in his convictions and finds a quiet way to express his displeasure with those he takes in who do not uphold the same personal strength of character.

His shop is noticeably absent of advanced technology. That fact combined with his other personality traits had leve to speculation that he might follow the mentor spirit of Eagle.

- » *When in Seattle, I have taken to getting my thaumaturgical supplies from Raven. I have also come to enjoy speaking with him.*
- » *Redjack*
- » *Reasonable quality arcana: Yes. I find Raven himself to be a bit holier than thou and preachy, though.*
- » *Zap*

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	M	Es	Ini	P
3	4	3	3	4	3	5	4	3	6	7	1

Condition Monitor Boxes (P/S): 10/10

Armor (Ballistic/Impact):

Spells: Levitate, Shape Change, Detect Truth

Active Skills: Sorcery Group R3, Conjuring Group R2, Enchanting R2, Arcana R4, Perception(Visual) R1(+2)

Knowledge skills: Magic Theory R4, Seattle Area Knowledge R2, Magic Threats R2

Languages: English N, City Speak R4, Sperethiel R2

Gear: Foci(?)

Smokey Joe

Archtype: Bar owner, fixer
Sex/Race: Male Caucasian Human
Affiliations: None
Rating: 4
Uses: Street contacts, meetings, Mall info

Smokey Joe was a runner working in the Northwest in the late sixties. The rumors are vague, but on a run into the Tir only half the team came back. After that run, he retired.

Rumor has it, he went an a nine month drinking binge. When it ended, he started showing up on Mall nights (nights the Mall is open) with some security, a few kews and cases of sandwiches,

Within a year, he'd started doing some work cleaning up one the second story cores. He cut a deal with the lifters to keep it from being vandalized during off hours. He named it The Mall Office.

Now, after several years, Joe has made a name for himself not only as a bartender but as a middle man; As a fixer.

- » *Joe has a number of staff including bartenders and physical security. He out sources the matrix and magic work though.*
- » *Zap*
- » *Joe collects as many favors as jobs he arranges. He is very shrewd about repayment of those favors, always getting his value.*
- » *Ronin*

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	Es	Ini	P
5+1	4/6	4/5	4	3	4	3	4	3.175	9	2

Condition Monitor Boxes (P/S): 11/10

Armor (Ballistic/Impact): 10+1/5+1

Cyberware/bioware: Muscle Toner R2, Wired Reflexes R1, Plastic Bone Lacing, Orthoskin R1

Active Skills: Automatics(SMG) R4(+2), Perception(Visual) R4(+2), Close Combat Group R3, Heavy Weapons R3, Thrown Weapons (Lobbed) R4(+2)

Knowledge skills: Seattle Area Knowledge R4, Alcoholic Drinks (Microbrews) R4(+2), Tir Tairngire R3, Underworld Politics R3, Gang ID R2

Languages: English N, Sperethiel R4, City Speak R3

Gear: Armor Vest, 1/2 body form fit, Ingram Smartgun X, contact lenses, earbuds, Comlink R5

{All gear is upgraded; Adapt as needed}

The Scan

The Puyallup Barrens: Black Market

Hitch's Fly-Spy Mark II

Response	3	Handling	+1
Pilot	3	Acceleration	3/15
Signal	4	Speed	15
Firewall	3	Body	1
Sensor Rating	4	Armor	0
Sensor Cap.	3	Cost	10,000¥

Sensor Package: Range Finder, Motion Sensor, R4 Camera [Thermographic, Ultrasound]

Hardware Upgrades: R2 Improved Take Off/Landing, Chameleon Coating, Upgraded Signal

Software: Maneuverability R3, Clearsight R3, Covert Ops R3, Chaser R3

A significant upgrade to the stock fly-spy, this baby was built specifically with shadowrunners in mind. It excels in both reconnaissance and shadowing targets by swapping out the covert ops and chaser programs.

- » *Drones are my eyes and ears. The right drone in the right place has saved the lives of too many teammates to count.*
- » *Hitch*
- » *Too costly for what a watcher can do for free.*
- » *Zap*
- » *Your watchers? I think perhaps you should spend the nuyen.*
- » *Brazilian Shinobi*
- » *I acquired a drone similarly upgraded on a recent run. I like the well rounded nature of these specs.*
- » *Macha*

Hitch's Roto-Drone Terminator Series

Response	3	Handling	0
Pilot	3	Acceleration	10/25
Signal	6	Speed	100
Firewall	3	Body	3
Sensor Rating	4	Armor	9
Sensor Cap.	6	Cost	21,000¥

Sensor Package: R4 Radar, R4 Camera [Thermo, Vision Mag, Low Light, Vision Enh R2]

Hardware Upgrades: R2 Improved Take Off/Landing, Chameleon Coating, Weapon Mount, Upg Signal

Mounted Weapon: Ingram Smartgun X w/dual drums (100r each) & Chameleon coating

Software: Maneuverability R3, Clearsight R3, Targeting R3

With plenty of ammunition and even a selection of rounds, this is a solid, airborne, short-range weapons platform.

- » *I designed this can of whoop ass following an incident last year where my friend Blaze ran into a pack of zombies. Her entire team was saved by her roto-drones.*
- » *Hitch*
- » *The weight of the armor and extra ammunition puts a severe strain on the both the engine and fuel supply of this model. If you're going to spend this much on a roto-drone, then spend a little more for a few more upgrades, especially if your runs generally take you on extended outings.*
- » *Sengir*
- » *I have vid of one of these on the outskirts of Tarislar last week. Was that you crossing over Hitch? You crossed over a little harder than the situation required and a custom drone like this is like a business card.*
- » *Critias*

Ruhrmittel Vulkan (Gatling Shotgun)						
DMG	AP	Mode	RC	Ammo	Avail	Cost
7P	-1	FA	4*	50(d) or belt	16F	6,500¥
9P(f)	+5					
Std. Upgrades/Accessories: Minigun, Metahuman Customization (Troll), Gas Vent 3, Heavy Barrel, Melee Hardening.						

*As with all heavy weapons, double all uncompensated recoil, but do not apply the additional doubling for firing a shotgun in burst fire mode.

Marketed heavily to "enthusiasts", the Vulkan was originally designed for intense combat situations in urban areas. In such close quarters its short range has a negligible impact on its performance and the high rate of fire, extensive range of ammunition, and high stopping power make it a great asset for any heavy assault team. Still, outside of the military, this weapon is most commonly seen in the hands of enforcers for the various crime syndicates as its appearance only serves to highlight its nature and instill fear. The heavily reinforced design of the weapon allows it to be used as a portable ram for lightly reinforced doors as well as helping to counteract some of its recoil. With both its weight and a gas vent system as standard, some smaller trolls still struggle to control this weapon -- effectively prohibiting the other metahuman races from using the weapon without use of external or cybernetic support. When activated, the barrels require 1 Complex Action to reach firing speed and make an easily recognizable and audible electric whirring sound.



» I have a Mr. Johnson who is personally interested in one. He stated he was going, and I quote, "Duck Hunting". If someone can point me to a model that can be Tripod Mounted, it would be greatly appreciated and compensation will be provided in the form of my services.

» Dead Money

» Hey, if you provide the materials and facilities necessary, just send a word and I'll be happy to customize it to your needs of "duck hunting".

» Brazilian Shinobi

» It's not for me, but a person I know. I'll send the contact info posted to your account to him after arranging a finder's fee. I wonder as to the variety of ducks he is hunting if he requires such a weapon, however awakened and toxic creatures may require such a system.

» Dead Money

» Really, if you're going to need that much destructive power, might as well just use an automatic grenade launcher. Or an artillery strike.

» Jones

» Yeah, say what you will, but Germany is still up top when it comes to weapons. This thing is maximum damage in minimum packet. Anything larger will probably do the same to Vehicles that this one does to anything under Vehicle. Have Problems with the Spike Wheels following you on your way up to Seattle from doing Business? Just open up the rear of your Vehicle, let it spin up and most of them WILL decide to fuck with something else instead . . The Rest of them? Well, they won't fuck with anything ever again. By God i have nothing against Troggs, but this thing here? This cuts through the Lot as if it were just Dandelion Eaters. I'd keep one for myself, but it's too impractical to carry around. If you know where you can get a Vehicle with this in it, then you can do a full frontal Assault on smaller military compounds. Well, if you don't care if there's anybody alive at least."

» Stahlseele

» Remember what (some guy) said about the HVAR? This, but more so... squashing buckshot against armor even faster then ever...

» Lindt

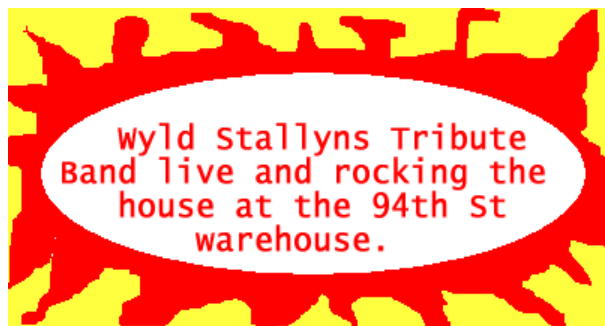
The Scan

Scream Sheet

Hey Chummers! Gile Juniper here with the news from the street. Today I'm in the other Barrens... The Puyallups. Overlooked by most, this little corner of Seattle is home to a number of runners, syndicates and other nefarious types. Yes, I'm talking to you!

First bit of action to reach my ears today was about an incident in Prairie View. A soup kitchen there came under siege by a group of Trolls for reasons not yet fully understood. The soup kitchen's security contractor, White Eagle Security, responded with force, but were no match for half a dozen trolls. Witnesses said one of the trolls was a minotaur and speculation connects them to the Wyld Stallyns Tribute Band.

- » White Eagle Security is a Humanis front and the attack was to shut down a soup kitchen that is actually a front for attacks on metahumans across the Barrens.
- » Bull



- » These trogs can throw down with a range of everything from Goblin-Rock to century old metal ballads.
- » Ronin

Knight Errant was successful in putting an end to a smuggling operation that was responsible for bringing a number of AK's in from Russia to the metroplex and points beyond. The operation was messy and most of the smugglers died in the operation. KE is still on the lookout for the brains of the operation, a large troll who calls himself Khan.

- » Rumor is that Khan is part of Hitch's crew.
- » Zap
- » I wouldn't say "crew".
- » Hitch

Investigation continues into the deaths of two KE officers several weeks ago. The officers died during a routine traffic stop several blocks from Underworld 93 when a perpetrator fired APDS ammo from an assault rifle into the armored cruiser's windshield. The entire incident was caught on the cruiser security cams. The van was later found burned out downtown. It was a rental van, but hackers destroyed the rental records. KE has referred the incident to the Organized Crimes Unit.

- » That crazy Russian in the vid is Iron. I thought he was also running with Hitch. It seems like our local smuggler has fallen in with company who keep running afoul of Knight Errant. You know they call it "Shadowrunning" for a reason, right..?
- » Zap
- » We are not the company we keep.
- » Hitch

Classifieds

Wanted: Team of 4-6 who are able to move goods across the Seattle borders for a night's work. Ask for Fletch at the Mall Office.

For Sale: 1 case of AK-74s. As is, no questions. Post at The Well to Reno about birthday candles.

For Sale: One katana weapon focus. Recently without an owner. Post here. Zap.

Wanted: Access codes for Puyallup City Hall command node. Need expires in 6 hours. Post Here. Aria

- » PM me.
- » Ronin

A laundry shop burned to the ground last night in Puyallup city. Investigators on scene initially reported finding a dozen bodies in a back room, but an official report by the fire marshal identified those as dog carcasses.

- » Yakuza soldiers. One of them was an adept who was fairly proficient with his katana.. Just slow.
- » Zap

Datahaven Review

This Old Drone

- » *I was scanning for some information on the Ares Sentinels the other day and came across this. Granted, the underlying file from ShadowSEA is corrupted, but you can overlay the original that's floating around at your leisure. The existing comments are easily distinguished from our board.*
- » *Ronin*

Old Drek Can Still Kill You DED-Dead:

A chummer of mine in logistics in, well, I won't say which military, she sent me this data packet of refurbished equipment that is being offered from various sources. Thought it might be useful as it's going to a lot of military units, mid- to low-level corporations, and "Legitimate militia units". It's all old stuff, some very old, but parts are being made for them again and they might see more and more use. She remembered my, *ahem*, occupation now, and forwarded it to me in the idea that I might be interested in what is coming into the market, or back on the market, or however you say it. (Hey, English is my second language, I think I'm doing quite well!).

I pulled in some favors, and found that a number of Megas and some minor corporations are using old tool and die equipment, and those new Nanofaxes to cheaply make the spare parts, if not whole new units from scratch, at a cheap price. A lot of these are found in second- and third-world countries, so labor is cheap for the factories, and I'll admit I don't understand much about Nanofaxes other than they're technology that's close to magic.

The point is that this stuff is coming back, and is already here. You can find a lot of these things in junk yards or rusting in the back of some warehouse in a lot of places, and make for the perfect deniable tools.

~ Hey, I thought that was what Shadowrunners were for. - RRW

~ This is the Shadowrunner's version of deniable tools. - Money

OK, I have to be honest here, I kind of messed up the file when I stripped away the protection and other hackery stuff on it, so it's not as pretty as the other versions that are probably flying around the other sites, but I don't see anyone on DDH providing their own copies of this, so, there.

~ A Troll that can't use a computer. Color me surprised. - Pride

- » *A Humanis punk who needs twenty-to-one odds to fight little elven girls. Color me surprised.*
- » *Aria*

Ares Sentinel "P" Series Drone [small drone]

~ Hardwired system with no wireless makes this baby unhackable by modern means. You got to go Old Skool with this system. While you could take the power out to them, they often have a UPS in place for just such an occasion. On the bright side, a HEAT Grenade or even a good explosive shotgun shell into the track before and after the drone sticks it in place. This, however, is not subtle. - Rick O'Shey

- » *The hardwired isn't as big a problem as most people make it out to be. There's a few security RFID chips out there on the market that work as re-transmitters. Low signal range, but that's better than no signal range, just get it on the track and you're golden. I use a paintball gun loaded with a few and conductive glue.*
- » *Fatum*

Ferret RPD-V1 Perimeter Drone [mini drone]

~ Dese tings iz great ta punt. Butt ah pain otterwise. - Murphy

~ Some modern refurbished and "Product Improved" models (Called the "RPD-V1" in advertising) come with Chameleon Coating, making them quite concealable. Their tire tracks, however, can still be seen. And that all goes to pot when the searchlight comes on. - Money*

- » *A number of shadow clinics that have long-term care have these with UV cameras and Searchlights running security, taking advantage of the number of cheap used models on the market. They use the UV Spectrum to not interrupt with the sleep of people that can see in the infrared spectrum. Some clinics also have flashing strobe lights on them if they detect something wrong from a biomonitor feed, the software is easily found on various data havens. I heard the modification is catching on in even legitimate hospitals.*
- » *Method*

- » *Saeder-Krupp is the company marketing and selling the RPD-VI* mentioned by the ShadowSEA poster.*
- » *Stahlseele*

Aztechnology GCR-65S [mini drone]

~ *Oh man, I cut my teeth Drone Rigging on these babies on the NASDRONE circuit! They are a lot faster than you'd think! Of course, mine were race tuned, so that might have been why. - RRW*

- » *The target designator needs to be upgraded if you have the original version, but other than that these still work fine for pointing out where the little bombs should go for the big jobs. I've also had one that was set up as a rangefinder that could scan a room for hidden compartments, came in handy when I had to find a tin of spiced ham.*
- » *Brazilian Shiniobi*

Aztechnology Hedgehog Signal Interceptor [small drone]

~ *Want to see a drone burst into flames? Find an original one of these and turn it on in a Spam Zone. For practical purposes, it's great in rural areas when you're looking for signals that aren't supposed to be around. Even small farms buy these by the truckload, set the farm animals RFID tags to "Friendly" to the units, and even rustlers in "Hidden" mode give themselves away with the smallest transmission. - RRW*

~ *Didn't see you as the farming type, RRW. - Money*

~ *Everyone has a history. Some people, like you, have so many you can't keep track. - RRW*

- » *Obsolete and worthless? Hardly. Set it up right, and you can have it scan for "Bio-Rhythm Based Signals", or Technomancers as some call them. Just make sure you have it set to passive, or they'll think their way in. Perfect if they're trying to pass themselves off as a Hacker.*
- » *Macha*

» *Yeah, because that worked so well in Kiev. There are still people trying to collect a "Technomancer" bounty on me there! And I still have the rope burns. And the scars from the pitch fork. And then there's what the cake maker did! Just glad I got away from the butcher of Kiev...*

» *Fatum*

- » *So it gets false positives when Technocritters are around. Hardly my fault.*
- » *Macha*

Renraku Evening Mist [mini drone]

~ *Sounds more like a perfume than a drone. - Money*

~ *That's because it's translated from Japanese- Tiny Trog*

~ *I was thinking of the Japanese name. - Money*

- » *It does sound like a brand of perfume.*
- » *Redjack*

» *It is now. Just came out on the market along with refurbished versions of these, "The smell of superstars", playing on it's use with performers. I've found them useful in a variety of ways as well with the right chemicals, they can substitute for a real emergency in a lot of ways, and roll away, no one the wiser. Upgrade the software, however.*

» *Enkidu*

Yamatetsu Watcher 4890 [small drone]

~ *Best investment I ever made. I found a bunch in the dumpster that had been modified for aquatic use, and they flush ducks like nothing else. I had some manipulators added, and they even retrieve. I still miss the dogs my Grandfather had, however. - Money*

» *The aquatic use models the ShadowSEA poster (We're referencing them a lot, aren't we?) probably got some models that were previously modified for use in toxic zones. They're remarkable resilient to the chemical soup in those areas with the right sealant, and they're a major pain as other drones tend not to survive so well in those areas. Have no idea why it had manipulators.*

» *Sengir*

» *Or they could just be bird flushing drones that someone upgraded from (There's dedicated drones for that now that look more appealing, and rich), which do have manipulators. I've had to cover a few high profile people while they went out quicksilver pheasant hunting. Not everything is about Biz.*

» *Stahlseele*

MCT Hachiman [medium drone]

~ *Old, but still useable. They're been rotated out for newer MCT models, but MCT subsidiaries use them extensively. In fact, it's rare to see them outside the MCT umbrella. - Rick O'Shey*

» *Hate hate hate these things. So many people have come to me shot up by these things. Oh, and the ammo load-out is usually set to maim a target rather than kill them, so they can be interrogated.*

» *Method*

» *The firewall on a security drone like this is surprisingly easy to get through. But as soon as it's off site, there's so many security RFID tags that start screaming you just can't keep it. Pity, they're kind of cute, and I want one as a pet. Better than a big dog for home security.*

» *Aria*

Areodesign Systems Condors (LDSD-23/LDSD-41) **[large drone]**

~ *Advertising, observation, and data drops are perfect items for these units. Secret messages can also be hidden in them, and I know for a fact that the Cascade Orks use different ads to show when smuggling routes are safe or not, and make a bit of legit cred on the side. - Truth*

~ *They also have a small amount of cargo space you can hide from ground-view if you know the right techs. High-bulk items are no-goes, but you can get a decent load of BTLs on a few of these and with how common they are... - DrugHunter*

» *The perfect thing to use for observing paranormal that don't mind electronics. They can silently patrol and follow groups of anything that doesn't run too fast and watch them for days on end with the right replacement quick-charge battery cells. Also, very green running, even if their manufacture isn't. I once had them following a herd of New Boar and was able to write a few papers on their migration patterns, as well as mating habits ([3.2mp purged - Ronin](#)) And that's how I got my thesis for my minor completed.*

» *Critias*

» *Or, you know, use them to observe a target discretely. Or for over-watch during a 'run.*

» *Black Mamba*

» *Yeah, you could do biz with one. I've done that too*

» *Critias*

Aztechnology Liebre Surveillance/Pursuit RPV **[large drone]**

~ *Oh we hated these in the Yucatan. Forest cover or no, these always seemed to find us. Or, at least, they thought they did. They'd shoot down a decoy, and we'd respond. Too bad there were more of them than we had anti-air. - Tiny Trog*

» *A lot of these got dropped on the black market in Seattle. As long as you're not using them against Aztechnology, the squealers they have inside of them won't go off; It is a pain to find all of them.*

» *Zap*

» *Weakness in the wing spars that was never fixed. Limited lifetime on frame, especially if used at top speed or in high gravity maneuvers. Maintenance hogs if older models. Replacement wings suggested, but engines and rest of airframe suitable for most tasks.*

» *Hitch*

CAS Windjina [large drone]

~ *Militias in the CAS still use these. Sometimes even for their intended purpose. - RRW*

» *Heard from some old chummers that these are starting to turn up second- and third-hand in and around Bogota. I wonder where they might be really coming from, hm?*

» *Brazilian Shinobi*

» *Russian knock-offs of these are being made from various factories, um, somewhere. Modern electronics and Russian engine design, but the rest of the unit is identical to the CAS model. Still has a hole in the firewall I can drive a T-34 through while blindfolded.*

» *Fatum*

Eirrann-Tir Finsceal [medium drone]

~ *One of these delivered the fact that I have a death warrant in the Tir to me. With high velocity rounds. - Money*

» *These are just seeing export to areas that the Tir Tairngire has military alliances with. And boy do those wanker Princes whine online about how their "intricate designs" are being used by " cele" (Non-elves).*

» *Macha*

» *They're not as angry as you make them out to be, it's mostly the designers and former company heads that are upset that they were kicked out of the country just as these started turning a profit.*

» *Critias*

» *If one of these spots you, put the engines to the red line and keep them there until you're out of Tir territory.*

» *Hitch*

Lockheed Kestrel [small drone]

» *A lot of these are starting to be sold second-hand to advertising companies, who use them as mobile Spam Bots. Bad news, Spam Zones move now. Good news, you can use them for discrete observation platforms, until someone gets AR-Rage and shoots it down.*

» Hitch

» *Dumpshock is a bitch, let me tell you.*

» Aria

Fed-Boeing Courier [medium drone]

~ *A number of criminal enterprises use stolen Couriers for short-term retransmission units for BTL-Downloads over a broad area. They're often rigged with a self-destruct system that goes off when whoever hacks them tries to examine them. - DrugHunter*

» *Fix the firewall, and you have a decent re-transmitter that blends into the cityscape at a good price and availability. Encrypt a communication with a lot of "Noise", and you have a system to allow for a TacNet over a broad area.*

» Stahlseele

» *Replace the firewall, you mean. This thing is so easy I hacked one with a Meta Link in AR.*

» Fatum

Lone Star Strato-9 [medium drone]

~ *Police Forces that are still city-owned/controlled are getting these by the bulk. They aren't, however, getting the training that goes along with them. Still, a burst into the hood of a speeding car still works just as well for a local yokel as it did for the Star. - Rick O'Shey*

» *These disappeared from LS's garages during the change over to KE. Funny that, and now they're turning up anywhere the money is. Sometimes local yokels, but sometimes they're supporting less legitimate enterprises.*

» Zap

» *Rumors are flying as to who did it, but it looks like its a number of teams that did different sites. Some criminal, some Lone Star, some Knight Errant trying to make LS look bad, some say AIs stole them all.*

All sorts of things. Any could be true.

» Aria

Ares Air-Supply [large drone]

~ *Do I even need to say how useful these are for suppliers? - DrugHunter*

» *These things are a blessing when you're behind enemy lines, cut off from supplies, and are doing things that make fighting dirty look good. They originally had a bit of software that spotted smoke and IDed the specific color given to a unit, so that enemy forces couldn't just pop smoke and steal the supplies themselves.*

» Jones

» *I heard you have two yourself, as a Zombie Survival Plan. Or was it Ghouls?*

» Aria

» Both.

» Old Man Jones

Ares Guardian [medium drone]

~ *Dese be only in da low-end corpie places. And iz gettin' replaced quick like, too. - Murphy*

» *Worthless in any role, and can't be upgraded. The only thing that can be recycled on these are the engines and the weapon.*

» Hitch

» *Not useless yet. I've seen a rigger with some sweet cracked targeting programs and upgraded dogbrain AIs that used them in a mass rush. Yeah, the firewall is my cop, but when you have a dozen of them coming at you, you can't hack them fast enough.*

» Fatum

Cyberspace Designs Wolfhound [medium drone]

~ *Perfect for deniability in this day of RFID tags on everything. You can find them in junkyards everywhere, and back tracing them is next to impossible. - Tiny Trog*

~ *Yeah, but they're so rarely used now that they blend in like a Troll at a Humanis meeting. - Rick O'Shey*

» *Second-rate hardware for use against second-rate targets.*

» Stahlseele

» *Good for use as "Noise" when launching a lot of drones at once, especially if you can get them at fire sale prices.*

» Hitch

RQ-4 Global Hawk [large drone]

~ Only place I've ever seen one is in a Rigger Bar near, well, it was in a Rigger Bar. - Money

- » I think I know the bar he's talking about. The original owner used it during the US/NAN War.
- » Hitch

MQ-1 Predator [large drone]

~ Wow, now we're talking Old Skool. My Grandfather cut his teeth with early "Rigging" (Look Ma, no Datajack!) by hacking into Predator Feeds. - Money

~ Anywhere the US Army deployed in large numbers, you can find a huge amount of scrapped versions of these. That includes South America where they had the "War on Drugs" going. The Yucatan Rebels used them as decoy and really big anti-drone countermeasures, wasting the Azzies ammo on these while our better stuff went right by. - Tiny Trog

~ So, Russian WWII Mass Rush tactics with Drones. I approve. - Rick O'Shey

- » Ah, the old tactics, they work well! This drone does not fly well under the command of General Winter, however.
- » Fatum

MQ-9 Reaper [large drone]

~ When hired to keep the Azzies supply trains from moving, we found a bunch of these in some scrap yards. We loaded them up with scrap metal and whatever else was around, and some explosives, then have them fly over the road ways. The Azzies would shoot them down with expensive anti-drone missiles, and scatter tire-piercing caltrops for us. Two birds, one stone. - Tiny Trog

- » Oh man, controlling these from the on-site remote control box in the Twenty-Teens and -Twenties was the best way to get close air support you could rely on. After all, you were guiding them. I hated relying on the video game children that got to play half-way around the world, however.
- » Jones

Taranis Mk IV [large drone]

~ My Uncle wrote about hating these things with a passion during the Euro Wars. Other than that, I have nothing to comment about them. - Money

- » Anyone with pay data on these, contact me privately.
- » Macha

- » I don't get it, a EuroWar design being rebuilt? Yes, nanoforge built, but still, this thing is almost as old as I am.
- » Jones

A-47D Pegasus [large drone]

~ There's a major upgrade to the basic air frame going on. More on that as details come. - Rick O'Shey

MiG Skate [large drone]

- » Estonian Air Force, what a joke. Sure, it was a good Russian design, but that was far too long ago. I'd rather trust a Hind than one of these. Still, might be fun to hack them all and see which ones can fly.
- » Fatum

Dassault Electron [medium drone]

~ These things made us waste more ammo than anything else the Azzies had as drones. Pieces of drek. - Tiny Trog

- » Typical French design problems, been around since between the Great Wars. Not worth the materials it's made out of, or the paper its manual is printed on.
- » Stahlseele

EADS Talarion [large drone]

- » The modular design of this drone makes me glad it's still in the air. The S-K maintenance program doesn't check the credentials of the "Security Companies" that use them too closely, either.
- » Hitch

EADS Barrakuda [large drone]

~ A cruise missile with a return policy. Of course, it has to get through Anti-Drone Fire to return, but that's true of every drone. - Rick O'Shey

- » Nice to see something that isn't considered disposable for once.
- » Jones

Black Knight [large drone]

~ These are quite useful if you have a few extra bits of software and hardware available. I was able to get one, well, never mind how, and my Rigger set it up so that we could designate our own targets with specially-fitted laser designators in the field. We still have it. - Rick O'Shey

» Amazingly, I've used these as stretcher bearers when I have to do triage, mounting a stretcher between them on modified trailer hitches. The stretcher has a biomonitor built into it, as do the drones. They also have Drone-based MGs and the standard software to go along with them. Better than a lot of triage nurses I've hired over the years.

» Method

» Old and still kicking, just like me!

» Jones

M1216 Mule [large drone]

~ The Yucatan Rebels had designs for these and were able to cobble quite a few of them together. They used them on supply runs through underground caves as opposed to anything in direct combat. I know I was always happy to see one, as it meant ammo and food. - Tiny Trog

» I can confirm that an Ares Air-Supply can carry one of these, with a minimum load out of magazines and first aid kits. Barely.

» Jones

» The Ork Underground uses a custom-made version of these to move essential goods around with some extensive security systems built into them. And a firewall that the military wishes they had. Oh, and a really pissed off old decker who will get mighty slotted off if you mess with them.

» Bull

MQ-8 Fire Scout [large drone]

~ There are stealthed and upgraded versions of these that fly through the cities, looking through windows, and using... [Deleted By SysOp] - Truth

~ JUST PROOF THAT YOU'RE PART OF THE CONSPIRACY! - Truth

» Actually, I am seeing some of these flying around Tarislar, and they're not being controlled by any of the locals as far as I can find out. They're getting shot down, but they keep coming nonetheless. Makes me wonder what they're looking for, and who is really in control of them.

» Critias

» Not just Tarislar. They're in Loveland and Puyallup proper as well, also being shot down by the locals. I also got some radar returns that might be them skirting Hell's Kitchen, too.

» Hitch

» I caught one peeping at me while changing, didn't even hear the damned thing. I gave it a show, and it flew off. I was in the Redmond Barrens at the time, however. What IS going on?

» Aria

» A few are following certain trucks on the highways all over the Sprawl as well. Unmarked ones. Inquiries were made, and were rebuffed not very politely. Very unusual situation indeed. This is disturbing.

» Zap

Interview with the Mission's Coordinator

Redjack: Ok, here let's just start the Mission's Coordinator Interview here: "Bull, thanks for agreeing to an interview for the 2nd issue of the Dumpshock Datahaven. As memory serves (and my copy), you were in the interviewer chair in issue #1. How does it feel to be on the other side of the interview?"

Bull: "Weird, as always. About a zillion years ago, before there was Dumpshock, before Deep Resonance even, I had my crappy little web page, and I had a couple "Cameos" in Shadowtalk thanks to winning a contest Mike Mulvihill ran on the old ShadowRN mailing list (I got to be a Shadowtalker in Target: UCAS, and then a couple freelancers like Steve Kenson used Bull in later books). Back in probably 98 or so, I was at Gen Con and some random guy at the FASA booth, where I was hanging out doing my fanboy routine, comes up to me, see's "Bull" on my name badge, and goes "Are you that Bull, that runs the website? I love your page!". That was... Awkward, strange, flattering, and awesome all rolled up into one.

It's been what, 15 years since then? And I still feel the same way whenever anyone recognizes me, or wants to interview me, or whatever. I'm just this guy, you know? (To misquote Hitchhikers Guide to the Galaxy). I'm just a Shadowrun fan who's lucky enough to be able to work on a product that I love.

Long-winded answer, I know, but... I'm good at those."

Redjack: "Wow! You seem to have answered my first several questions - all good though. So let's talk about how it is to be the Missions coordinator. Season four is well underway, Gen Con 2011 is over. All that has to feel pretty good."

Bull: "Heh. I'm pretty sure I'm still numb from Gen Con. Between Missions, Origins Prep, Gen Con Prep, plus my day job which has me working crazy hours, the last month or so have been insane. But the cons are past now, which is always bittersweet. It's a relief that they're done and I can relax now, but at the same time, I live for the cons. They're a chance to really get out there and be myself and be surrounded by my peers, by friends I don't see nearly often enough, and a chance to make new friends.

I'm grateful to everyone who helped out and I've been blown away by the response to Missions and the convention we put on this year. We had a TON of Shadowrun players this year running through a drekload of Missions adventures, not to mention the special events such as the Boot Camps, the Scramble, and the Tournament. The response has been overwhelmingly positive and everyone seemed to have a great time. And that, right there? That makes me feel fantastic, because that's why we do all this work.

And yeah, I know I kind of veered around the Missions Coordinator aspect and talked about the Shadowrun Events Coordinator stuff I did this year. To be fair though, you didn't actually ask me a question "

Redjack: Exactly! No need to ask questions when I already have the answers!

As an attendee at Gen Con this year, let me say the games were great! So, since we are talking about your work as the Shadowrun Events Coordinator at Gen Con... I played the tournament. Absolutely over the top! A prime runner's mission took my table by surprise and had us stoked. But I've got to ask for some hints about the big reveal regarding Aztechnology. We players all know the really bad stuff they've done from blood magic to the bridge. What can we expect as ripple effects from this data making it out to the world at large?

Bull: "We wanted to tie the Tournament into Street Legends some, and to the larger Shadowrun plot and world at large. Let players have some fun and go balls-out for a change. Overall, it seems to have been a success!

As for the big "reveal" and followup/ repercussions from the Tourney, I honestly don't know what's going to happen and how it will effect anything. I would like it to, just because one of the coolest feelings players can have is to feel like they matter, like they have an impact on the game. We ran a Renraku Arc Shutdown tie-in adventure one year, and one of the players from that Tournament STILL talks about how cool it was to be a part of that, and to feel that he and his team were at least in part responsible for Deus taking the Arc down.

Scott Schletz wrote the tourney this year, and he's one

of our freelance corps. And Jason Hardy, SR's Line Developer, oversaw the writing. So I imagine that these will form a seed of things to come at some point, thought I couldn't say when or how."

Redjack: Ok. You've been great; very open. Some time we should compare war stories from the Shadows of the early 50's. For now, let me close this interview with some questions that are actually Missions related. The new season, that is back in Seattle, is well underway. There is a new FAQ and a new focus and your namesake is a pivotal fixer. Beyond the obvious, what things most excite you about this current season?

Bull: "What DOESN'T excite me about Season Four, really?"

There's just so many things I'm thrilled with about how Season 4 is turning out. Everything from layout to art to writing. I cannot say enough good things about the job Matt Heerdt has done with making Missions look like the single best Shadowrun product on the market, and the art that Ian King and AAS have been cranking out for us has been tremendously cool. Getting new art in my email is like Christmas morning! Plus the writers and proofers I have working with me have just been amazing. It's really fun to see how a simple idea of concept can grow into a full fledged adventure.

I've had fun getting to stretch my own writing chops a bit. I did *CMP 2011-02 Copycat Killer?* for the conventions last year, and had a blast. I'd never written an adventure before, and was really worried about it because as a GM, I never really plan my adventures out in too much detail, and what plans I do make are tailored very specifically to the players I have. So writing an adventure is a huge challenge, because you have to take into account a lot of different aspects to the game. Add into that Missions' somewhat restricted nature because of the time frame the adventures need to fit into, and they become a very unique challenge. So that's been pretty cool.

I have a lot of freedom with Missions as well. I run everything we do past Jason Hardy, the main SR line Developer, but he's been really encouraging and supportive, even when I want to do something crazy, like throw a Battlemech into a Convention Mission!

We're now working on integrating the Missions events even more into the core storyline as well. We've already seen news items popping up in the Jackpoint Logins that refer back to events in Season 4. the write up I got to do for MacCallister in Street legends touches on the events in Missions as well, and there

should be some more follow up in Artifacts Unbound as well. We're also looking past the current story arcs into the back half of Season 4 (Season 4.5, I refer to it). We'll get to follow up on Buried Underground, the Ork Underground storyline currently going on, and we're looking into new and interesting ideas from upcoming books to see what we can borrow to really give players a way to feel like they're involved in some of the goings on in the Shadowrun world.

And that brings me to the thing I'm probably most excited about, and it was one of my original goals for Missions when i started out... the Ork Underground. the OU has always been this fascinating concept, but that's all it's ever been... a concept. It gets mentioned pretty much anytime Seattle gets mentioned, but the actual hard data on the OU that had been written down in the past 20 years literally fit on a single sheet of notebook paper, written longhand. There was so little detail on it that it was almost funny.

So going in, I had two goals. The first was to start defining the OU, to make it important to this season of Missions, and to make it some place interesting and fun that players would want to go to. the second was to get an Ork Underground eBook done. And we have one in the works, so that's pretty awesome.

Reviews and feedback have been overwhelmingly positive so far, and I'm thrilled that something I've had a hand in shaping is something folks are enjoying and playing.

It's been a fun ride, I hope it continues to be a fun ride, and to everyone who's played in Missions or helped work on Missions, let me just say "Thank You!" Without you guys, we wouldn't be here."

Redjack: Bull, Thanks so much for taking the time to chat with us. We are continuing to expect great things from you and season 4.

Good luck on your new apartment. With your power and water problems I was beginning to wonder if you had moved into the Puyallup Barrrens!

We wish you the best in all things!

Dumpshocked

To provide a little insight into the Dumpshocked members who find themselves making comments in the Datahavens, we've included a mini-bio.

Redjack

Description: A hermetic mage shadowrunner in and out of the shadows since 2050.

Expertise: Hermetic magic, summoning, metaplanes, initiation & enchanting. To a lesser degree: dragons, business & central to western North America.

Posting style: Matter of fact with a diversified vocabulary. Can be witty, depending on his mood. Sometimes states the obvious and will admit if he's wrong, but digs in if he's right.

Stahlseele

Description: Human street samurai/mercenary/bodyguard from Germany, operating worldwide, but most of the time in North America and Germany.

Expertise: Germany, especially the ugly shadowy side. Weapons and Gadgets, Urban Brawl and Combat Biking.

Posting style: Matter of fact, kinda flat, sometimes sarcastic. Tries to take most things not too seriously.

Brazilian Shinobi

Description: A Brazilian, Elven Adept who used to be in Hualpa's army before going freelancer.

Expertise: Close unarmed combat, infiltration and investigation specialized in Psychometry.

Posting style: Tries to focus on the matter at hand but won't pass an opportunity to make a joke or a pun, also likes to make inside jokes.

Black Mamba

Description: Elven Assassin since 2050

Expertise: Renegade Moonlight Thorn. Specializing in quiet kills, intrusions and extractions.

Posting Style: Severe superiority complex. Cold, silent and honor-bound.

Fatum

Description: Young, overconfident hacker runner from Russia.

Expertise: Moderately competent in Matrix technology: Hacking, though not Resonance. Russian & European politics. To a lesser degree: Vory & underworld politics.

Posting style: Overconfident, self-righteous and too sarcastic for his own good.

Zap

Description: Elven mage. retired from running and now tied into the Seattle mob.

Expertise: Seattle underworld, history, paranormal animals, magic theory, enchanting and Binford brand power tools.

Posting Style: Smug, wise-ass, cocky.

Macha [Hermit]

Description: Veteran elven runner turned Tír na nÓg shadow asset; Deliberately vague about her relationship with the Tir. Residences in London, Dublin, or Seattle.

Expertise: Matrix, especially electronic warfare and rigging, but not the Resonance. The shadow scene in Europe, the Arcology (was part of the Arcology). To a lesser degree: Euro-Elven politics, Euro nobility politics and general old-times talk.

Posting style: Fairly reasoned, though will burst into anger mode if provoked. More than a little arrogant at times, especially toward newer hackers. Dislikes and distrusts Technomancers, hates AI and the Infected, especially Type I. Gleeeful that the Tairngire regime is gone, since she has some beef with the council of princes she will refuse to explain. Uses English rather than American vocabulary, might occasionally use Sperethiel for greetings, insults, and the likes if desired.

Enkidu

Description: An adept elf face running in Denver.

Expertise: The con, fashion, music, clubs, drugs and the ins and outs of the jet set.

Posting style: Deeply cynical and jaded. He's quite blunt most of the time especially of talking about people and their motivations. Will wax lyrical about music and clothes though. Sometimes peppers his vocabulary with Sperethiel.

Sengir

Description: Mundane human, expert for places like the SOX, frequently "visits" corp installations hidden away in such places.

Expertise: Contaminated areas (Europe and America), protection measures, critters encountered there, B&E techniques. To a lesser degree: magical weirdness and what mundanes can do about it. Some war stories about the kind of stuff corps hide in such inhospitable places

Posting style: Very careful to keep his street and online identity separate; likes to complain about "anarchist dreamers", "wannabe gangsters", "pinstripe smoothies", "military dropouts", etc

Dumpshocked

Critias

Description: A Portland-born elf, raised and educated as a civilian in the Tir. Double-major in history and theoretical thaumaturgy. Currently in Tarislar, Puyallup Barrens, Seattle.

Expertise: Tir politics and history, military history, Hermetic theory and practice, paracritters, elven syndicates/gangs (focus: the Ancients and Laésa).

Posting Style: Generally wordy, professional & academic, but he's been in the shadows long enough that he slips into a conversational mode and slang-heavy at times.

Method

Description: Corporate cyber-surgeon turned street doc; arranged his own extraction after corp experiment killed his wife.

Expertise: Medicine, surgery, drugs, biological sciences and research, street doctoring, black market ware and medical gear

Posting style: Logical (methodical), scientific, ethical. Usually objective, but is biased against corporations (especially Mitsuhamā)

Old Man Jones [Karmalnferno]

Description: Ex-career-military vet of advancing years, hermetic mage with some cyberware including an arm.

Expertise: Military gear and operations, Ares megacorp, "remembering stuff" from the 2010s to the 2050s. Some Hermetic magical knowledge, mostly with a warfare or special ops purpose.

Posting style: Gruff but professional. Tends to bring up the "I'm too old for this" bit a lot, and prefers old-fashioned approaches to shadowrunning (no wireless, etc). Tends to be paranoid in his planning for EVERYTHING that might possibly happen. Yes, he does have an equipment case in his car just in case a dragon shows up.

Dead Money [CanRay]

Description: Nondescript Caucasian human male. SINless since 2060, when an unknown organization attempted to assassinate him. Works the Shadows as a soft-infiltrator and a money launderer.

Expertise: Accounting, economics, mathematics, money laundering, Parkour/freerunning, living off the grid. To a lesser degree: Wageslave lifestyles.

Posting style: Robotic, precise & mathematically accurate to at least two decimal places at all times. Completely emotionless.

Hitch [LadyJack]

Description: Female elven smuggler working western North America; Mostly: Seattle, L.A. & Denver.

Expertise: Smuggling, drones, aircraft, border security. To a lesser degree: Military units, corporate security and protocols.

Posting style: Reserved. Informative.

Mimir [Shortstraw]

Description: A new to the scene support specialist (adept rigger/medic).

Expertise: Science and technology (inc medicine), magic theory and enchanting, corp activities.

Posting style: Uses technically correct language - no slang as well as correct spelling and grammar. Unwilling to post his opinion in areas in which he is not expert but geeks out over sota equipment and loves to share all he knows (even after people tell him to stop). Posts about corp activities tend to be suspicious to the point of paranoia with particular focus on Evo. Does not get drawn into personal conversations and as he occupies his rigger cocoon during runs (and most of the time not running) other runners are very unlikely to know any physical details.

Aria

Description: Female elven technomancer of indeterminate origin whose team were all recently killed.

Expertise: Wireless matrix & Seattle shadows. To a lesser degree: History & the ancient world.

Posting Style: Whimsical and playful. Pretends not to take things seriously unless it impacts on her friends, then she is curt and professional.

Badge [ggodo]

Description: Former Lone Star detective turned Fixer, Married, one daughter. Lost his SIN in the Crash of 64 then ran the shadows. Regained his SIN & job in 71, Lost the job in 72 when KE took over. Holds a grudge against KE.

Expertise: Organized Crime, Narcotics, Police and security

Posting Style: Educated, but rough. Speaks with slang left over from the Fifties, Occasionally talks about "Back in my day. . ."

The Last Word

Ok, so that's the second edition of the Dumpshock Datahaven. A lot crammed into an edition and it's been two years since the previous issue, but it's back for at least one more issue.

I'd like to say that this will be a regular occurrence, but truth is that it takes a heck of a lot of time to put this together. A labor of love, but still an unpaid labor.

Each day since I started working on this, I tried to work a little (or a lot) more on it. A little formatting, a little writing, a little tweaking. Some days, heck some weeks, Real-Life pulled me away. Slowly but surely it grew in size and quality. The same for the dumpshock VPN interface. I wanted an interface that I could adapt in the future; currently there are 7 layers to that.

Over the past week, I've found that we have some strong supporters and several of the supporters post very little, if at all. To all of you: Thanks.

This issue is dedicated to:

First and foremost, LadyJack. Without her support, enthusiasm and interest, I would never have started it.

To those who have sat in my table-top games. Without all those players over the years, the game would have sat on the shelf.

To the players at GenCon and ShaunCon. 12+ hours of gaming a day may be a strange vacation to some, but gamers understand.

To my pbp players and GM's. Despite our RL conflicts, these games are the glue that keeps me connected to Shadowrun between games.

To the people who have written for Shadowrun, both professional and amateur. Your breath gives it life and like other things in life, it may be imperfect, but it's ours.

Finally to Dumpshockers. Game on!