



SHADOWRUN

MONTREAL 2074

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A SHADOWRUN SETTING SUPPLEMENT

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

> Enter Passcode

... Biometric Scan Confirmed.
Connected to <ERROR: NODE UNKNOWN>

"Vous êtes stupide."

JackPoint Stats

15 users currently active
in the network

Latest News

I'm looking for the user who dropped the entire source code for Broken Windows onto the shared storage. I suggest you come forward before I find you. -FastJack

Personal Alerts

- * You have 23 [private messages](#).
- * There are 178 users monitoring your relationship status on [HorizonDating](#).
- * Your booking agent has located three Bellevue clubs requesting your band's services.
- * Your international flight clearance has been approved.

First Degree

Three members are online and in your area.

Your Current Rep Score: 1,614
(88% positive)

Current Time: 13 Dec 2074, 0315 hrs

PREFERENCES

FEEDS

TASKS

LINKS

HISTORY

Welcome back to JackPoint, chummer;
your last connection was severed: 9
hours, 15 minutes, 11 seconds ago.

Today's Heads Up

* There have been requests for more international coverage after so many gearhead downloads, so here's a little info on our French-speaking cousins to the northeast. Now stop whining. -FastJack

Incoming

- * These are the toys out grandparents had to use, along with a lot of info you dang youngsters will skip. [[Eurowar Antiques](#)]
- * If there's something consistent with politics, it's the closets all contain skeletons. [[Dirty Tricks](#)]
- * The razorboys and gillettes are getting more lethal every day, and we're not just talking about their hygiene. [[Way of the Samurai](#)]

Top News Items

- * Lewis Cranston was arrested in Manhattan yesterday afternoon. The broker has been implicated in insider trading of Ares Macrotechnology stocks. He was transferred to an undisclosed facility shortly after his detainment. [Link](#)
- * Three elf corpses were found outside of Renton's city hall last week. Public commentary was roughly summed up as, "Whatever, they were just daisy eaters anyway." The Knight Errant investigation is ongoing. [Link](#)
- * A routine Knight Errant sweep located 300 kilograms of tempo in a Puyallup warehouse. The identities of the persons responsible for the shipment remain unknown. [Link](#)



CHAT

MESSAGES

FILES

POSTS

NEXUS

SEARCH

Active



TomStar
Firewall

Active



Jack-in-the-Box
Antivirus

Active



SpamWatch
Filter

On/Receiving



Commcode

Excellent



Signal

Active



Hidden
Mode



Local
Map

MONTREAL 2074

Posts/Files tagged with
"Montreal 2074"

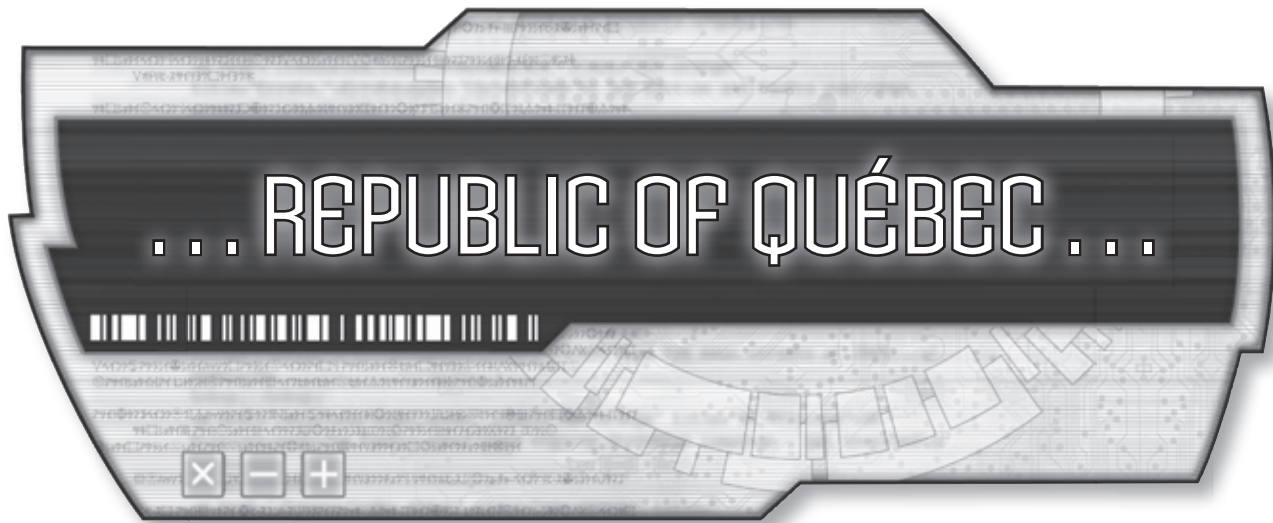
The Republic of Québec
Northern Dark
Neighborhoods
Movers, Shakers, and Bikers

[More]

CONTINUE

ADVANCED
SEARCH

SAVE



Gringoire checked the time. He was a little early. It was just shy of seven a.m.. The city was starting to wake up; a few songbirds were already at it. All things considered, this wasn't a bad neighborhood. The apartment whose steps he was about to climb was a nearly two-century-old rickety thing. It was just a street south of bustling René-Levesque, corner Lucien L'Allier, nestled on a residential street. The tired duplexes faced the rear of a long-abandoned garage or warehouse of some sort. It was covered in graffiti, mostly gang tags. That didn't stop an enterprising dwarf from setting up a restaurant in a small restored section, advertising The Best Poutine in Town. It was a front, of course. They sold beetles out of the back, a Hellsouls thing.

The duplexes, interspersed by grey trees, reminded Gringoire of bent old widows. He let a car pass then jogged across the street and went up the stairs. He considered the door. He thought about knocking but decided to ring the doorbell. In the stillness of the morning air, he heard the faint echo of the ring. The floor creaked as the occupant came to open the door.

The old ork woman at the door gave a kindly smile and a nod, and she moved aside to let him in. Rosetta must have been about seventy, which made her especially old for her race. Gringoire walked in past her, accepting the usual offer of tea. They both settled in creaky wooden chairs next to her round walnut table. She took good care of that table. It was freshly waxed, as always.

He let Rosetta babble through her usual small talk, meandering across several subjects of no importance. Gringoire politely sipped his tea and made sounds of acquiescence and inquisition when appropriate. After the old lady finished telling what may have been a funny tale, her laughter died a little faster as she noticed a definite lack of interest on his part.

"Something on your mind today?" she asked him, busying herself with the teapot.

Gringoire didn't answer at first. For eight months, he had

been tasked with coming here to see Rosetta and receiving a small data package, drinking tea, and listening to the personal stories of the elderly. She was a kind lady, but more importantly, she was supposed to be one of them. Gringoire may have been a new recruit, but he thought he had no illusions about it all. Still, he found that he couldn't understand this.

"Why did you do it, Rosetta?" he asked simply.

The silence hung as heavy as the dust in the air for a moment. The old ork couldn't be sure yet, so she prodded. "What do you mean, dear?"

"Why did you betray us, Rosetta? I don't get it. You were there from the start. You met the Old Man, for fuck's sake. Tabarnack, you were knee deep in it, throughout the years. You were there." Gringoire realized he'd let too much emotion slip. He could visualize Bourassa's disappointing frown at his lack of professionalism. He composed himself. "How could you?"

The old ork lady fixed him with a steely gaze that had nothing to do with elderly kindness. In retrospect, the first sign that he may have been played by her was the flatness of her voice when she responded. "Yes, I was there. I worked with Lucien. Directly, even. I took orders from him, did extraordinary things, and questionable things. What are you, twenty-six, twenty-seven?" She cut him off as he opened his mouth. "It doesn't matter. You were recruited now. Not then. Then, things are different for all of us. We were in hiding, hunted, gunned down in the streets sometimes. No, that's not it. I'm not afraid. I never was. Thing is, little pup, I never stopped believing. Bourassa sent you here to do his dirty work. He was always a little shit. The things I've done and continue to do ... even relativity loses its meaning. Fact is, to my dying breath I believe, and to my dying breath I'll do what I think is best to make that dream happen. Even if that means fucking you over."

Gringoire stared hard into her eyes. He wasn't thinking, really. Nothing changed. He was just letting the moment seep



in and settle. He realized his actions weren't going to change. But previous hints from Rosetta didn't save him from the fact the old lady could read him fast—too fast. She kicked the table, hard, with the force of six men. It pushed him against the wall and knocked the wind out of him. He snarled and rallied his strength, pushing the table off as he cleared his pistol. With a prodigious leap Rosetta cleared the obstructions in the kitchen and bounded out the front door. Gringoire's silenced pistol shots made thuds as they landed in the door, inches from where the ork's head had been. He cursed and ran out after her. Her powerful legs, obviously augmented, pumped as she ran at an astounding speed across the street. Gringoire powered after her. She cleared a fence with a single bound. Gringoire slammed into it and kicked up it, still slower than the seventy year-old. He started wishing he'd paid more attention to Bourassa's advice not to underestimate her.

He pumped hard after her, but already she had a good thirty meters on him. She turned her head just a fraction to gauge his distance, but Gringoire saw the glint of malice and triumph in her eyes. Rosetta, ex-Seraphim field agent, had never stopped being a killer and a manipulator. They never do.

But for her raw physical perfection, Gringoire had tricks of his own. Mentally, he accessed her hidden node, which he'd uncovered weeks ago without telling her, and initiated an intrusion. While not savvy enough to have stopped him from getting at her

node in the first place, she knew enough to recognize her mistake now. She veered off the street and bee-lined for the backyard of a duplex, perhaps hoping to lose him rather than outrun him. In any case, she was a fly in his web now, struggling before the spider descended. He breached her security and turned off her cyberlegs as she was vaulting another fence. She fell limply to the ground.

Gringoire finished his run and hopped the fence, landing next to her. She was sprawled on the floor, a garbage can overturned, her clothes and hair a mess. She huffed deep breathes, but for all the world looked more like a twenty-year-old than a seventy. She started him in the eyes, with hate.

"Gringoire ... a fucking poet, huh?" she asked.

The young man raised his gun and shot her. Instinctively, she'd raised a hand. The bullet blew a chunk of it off, red and messy. She soundlessly grimaced, as Gringoire fired several more shots, hitting her in the collarbone and heart, then the head. He fired a few more shots after she went limp.

He stared at her corpse for a moment, messy holes disfiguring her. He snapped out of it, frowned, and headed back towards to his car. He thought about what she'd said in that kitchen and settled in his car, turned on the ignition, flashed right and pulled off. He called Bourassa. "It's done" is all he said into the silence when his boss picked up.

The Fallen. They had picked their name well.

NORTHERN DARK

Posted by: Traveler Jones

It may seem to the shadowrunner community that la Belle Province, as Quebec used to be known when it was part of Canada, has been quietly revolving around itself for a while. What's been happening northeast of the border has been of little concern for most of us. That is no surprise, as until only a few years ago getting across the border was near impossible, and even if you did, there was little work for outsiders, unless you were running a job against Cross Applied Technology, the local titan.

That may not be true anymore. Since Crash 2.0, the Republic of Quebec has gone through major changes affecting the fabric of its society, and demand for shadowrunners, local and foreign alike, booming. The surprising part, however, is where business may bring you in Quebec: the city of Montreal. The former failed city is where all the shadow action is happening these days, the battleground—in a quite literal sense—between the ever-present corporate agenda and people about to be suckered into being good little mindless consumers.

APRÈS CROSS

Shortly before Crash 2.0, Quebec was looking good. The economy was strong thanks to Cross Applied Technology; wealth and comfort softened attitudes, bringing tentative steps to liberalize the country. The borders opened up slightly to

allow trade, and the world-friendly nuyen was adopted as the official currency. Social stigma towards Anglos softened, and, generally speaking, the whole place was turning into a nice place to live. It seemed the irreducible Quebecois were actually going to succeed in having their cake and eating it too—a distinct society with a unique culture, but not so isolated that it did not prosper.

Then came Crash 2.0. With Lucien Cross' untimely death in an accident, the following months saw the complete unraveling of his empire to Damien Knight's vengeful corporate onslaught. Jean-Marie Cross, his son and heir, was powerless in the face of such a brutally efficient rival. After the core subsidiaries were bought out or forced into bankruptcy, what remained was picked apart by other corporations, big and small. Effectively, Quebec lost both the guiding hand of its political system as well as the main driver of its economy. The results were, predictably, disastrous.

It was no secret Quebec's entire political scene, from the liberal elements in power to the tempering effect of the pro-Francophone conservative opposition, had come to be controlled by Lucien Cross. With Lucien suddenly gone, it became apparent how nobody knew how to run a country. Until then, Quebec's economy was mostly owned by local elements—mostly by Cross, but several other homegrown corporations thrived as well, thanks to the country's protectionism. Suddenly, due to buyouts and takeovers of former CATco subsidiaries, foreign corporations controlled the majority of Quebec's economic



**MONTREAL****Population:** 1,736,519**Human:** 75%**Elf:** 8%**Dwarf:** 6%**Ork:** 9%**Troll:** 2%**Other:** <1%**Density:** 4,755/km²**Per Capita Income:** 20,500¥**Estimated SINless:** 32%**Below Poverty Level:** 49%**Corporate Affiliation:** 16%**Neighborhood Ratings****AAA:** Corporate Sector (Downtown), Westmount**AA:** Outremont**A:** Most of Downtown**B:** Ville Saint-Laurent Industrial Park**C:** Plateau Mont-Royal, Saint-Leonard, Montreal North, Ville Saint-Laurent**D:** West End, Old Montreal**E:** West Island, East Montreal**Z:** Remote areas of the West Island, some parts of East Montreal

power. These corporate interests had different ideas of how Quebec should be run. Specifically, the whole distinct society crap was really in the way of doing business. It was not difficult for the various corporate interests to start buying all the little-lost-sheep politicians they wanted in order to further their agenda.

The first order of business of the newly empowered foreign interests was to take control of the media. Quebec society had long been used to push media convergence and its mind-numbing effects. Little of the middle-class sought out actual independent news. Once foreign interests had control of the media outlets, dissident voices—namely the pro-Quebec conservatives, who would surely repel any foreign invaders—were effectively muted. The people of Quebec were bombarded with positive news about how a new age of economic prosperity, good for everyone, was rejuvenating the country. Bereft of any real media outlet, dissident voices were marginalized. Activists either abandoned the fight or became underground extremists.

Two years after Crash 2.0, buoyed by electoral campaign funding and non-stop media propaganda, the familiar Démocrates Mondain ran with an Anglophone Premier, Robert Foster, and won. For the first time in its entire history, first as a province of Canada, then as a country, Quebec had an Anglophone leader (who, to be fair, spoke excellent French). Francophone hardliners grumbled in their corners, but the majority of the population bought into the hope that Crash 2.0 and the loss of Cross had not, as they feared, undone them. That it had, just like the trid said, ushered a long overdue era of prosperity for all.

How wrong they were.

GETTING IN AND AROUND

The Republic of Quebec shares borders with the UCAS and the Algonkian-Manitou Council. There are four official entry points with the UCAS and one with the AMC. All are heavily fortified and manned by Gendarmerie agents, though scrutiny has relaxed in recent years. Visas are still required, but you can apply for them while crossing the border. All you need is a valid SIN; the border guards usually do not harass anyone that does not cause trouble.

Alternatively, you may choose to arrive by plane. Quebec City and Montreal both have international airports. Most flights land in Quebec City, but more flights are landing in Montreal these days. Once again, the same rules apply as the overland crossings.

If official entry points are not an option, the thousands of miles of open border or illegal runways sit waiting for you. Quebec used to throw a lot of resources at monitoring, but policy shifts mean this is a viable option. Border guards are not the only danger, though. Quebec's infamous and dangerous paranormal fauna may well cause you a whole other problem.

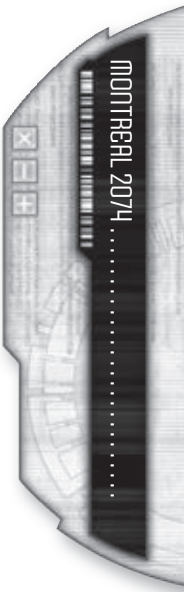
Once you're in, getting around is its own challenge. Quebec's roads, especially in the cities, specifically in Montreal, are among the worst in any industrialized country. *Nids-de-poules*, literally "chicken's nests," as the locals call potholes, are the norm rather than the exception. It's more a question of there being some road around holes than there being holes in the road. To compound the matter, as bad as the roads are—or perhaps as an evolutionary response to them—drivers in Quebec are the worst in North America. Due to the extensive and perpetual road damage, either GridGuide does not work or people willfully turn it off so they can manually dodge obstacles. Unsurprisingly, this leads to numerous

accidents and traffic jams the likes of which few other modern cities see anymore.

BOOM, BUST, SLIGHTLY LESS BUST

Montreal suffers. Once upon a time, she was quite a looker and a fun one too. Quebec City was always the political capital but Montreal was the economic heart; culturally diverse and bustling, with three times the population of the capital. However, amidst the world going to hell at the turn of the century, the then-province of Quebec separated and became the Republic of Quebec in 2010. For the next half-century, xenophobia and isolationism sheltered Quebec's culture from the outside world while a government-backed economy defied the Business Recognition Accord and protected homegrown business champions.

Unfortunately for Montreal, the new Republic of Quebec was a quasi-mythical homeland borne by idealists. These idealists had long viewed Montreal as being tainted by outside forces. The new Republic, with its infamous draconian language and cultural laws, wanted as little to do with the metropolis as possible. Quebec City, the pure, and already the provincial capital, saw no expense spared to raise it to the status it deserved. As funds poured into it, so did jobs and the people. All of Montreal's powerful law firms, services firms, financial firms and corporate headquarters moved to the shiny capital. The Francophone middle and upper classes followed suit. All the wealthy Anglophones left the country. Some swallowed the bitter pill, or got decent linguasofts, and stayed on, though most faced a decline in economic and social standing. Montreal was devastated. The talent pool drained and the money fled elsewhere, as the city's location as a shipping hub no longer relevant due to the closed borders. Montreal became the city of the left behind, full of the poor and unwanted. Social ills,





INCOMING FEED.....

violent crime, and desperation took hold. Quebec used it as a dirty industry and menial work dumping ground.

Ironically, Montreal is probably one of the few places that greatly benefited from the second Crash. The total collapse of Matrix infrastructure coincidentally left Montreal in an advantageous position. Its factories were already churning out electronics, specifically Matrix infrastructure components. Only a few adjustments saw those same factories produce components for the new wireless Matrix.

Even more recently, Montreal was chosen to harbor the flagship of the new foreign corporate interests, the Consortium for the Development of Quebec. The seating of the heavy-handed corporate lobby in the city has led to a boost in associated industry, bringing better-paying jobs and thus lifting the city up that much more. Another big booster for Montreal was the Republic's ratification of the Business Recognition Accords (BRA). Prior to this, Quebec had peculiar Enterprise Zones that restricted corporations' extraterritoriality to specifically designated slots of urban land, and then only for short terms. Now freed of these limitations, AA and AAA subsidiaries are looking for real estate where they can expand. Quebec City is too crowded, but Montreal is enviably empty. Sprawling factory complexes are springing up in the city, needing only a few bulldozers to displace SINless squatters.

Culture-wise, even with the population and social diversity drain it faced, Montrealers have managed to maintain the spirit of earlier days. They are still obsessed by hockey, perhaps more rabidly and violently than ever before, as the constant win-or-lose riots after Canadiens games suggest. An island of foodies, Montreal still holds some fine but unassuming restaurants and excellent groceries. Soy- and krill-based products may compose the bulk of weekday meals, but many families still try to cook with real produce on weekends. What happened to the city has not been ignored by its remaining citizens, though. As a result of their abandonment by the Republic, they have grown cold and apathetic. Politics are rarely discussed or cared about. Disillusion and the harshness of daily conditions have made residents unfriendly and slow to trust outsiders. The sharp divide between the few Haves versus the Have-Nots within the city created a hostile social climate. Those that have money are thought to have fucked over people to get where they are, and are thus considered

Incoming Message

Hope you were paying attention to the part about the classes dressing differently: this is life-or-death important. When you're dealing with the upper corporate classes, pumping them for information or walking among them with the intent of being inconspicuous, you'll need to be careful to dress the part or security will be on you faster than you can say *poutine*. Once you get here, make sure to hit the high-end stores on Sainte-Catherine. Just ask the girl for assistance in picking your clothes. Oh, and make sure you've got a couple thousand creds available.

Conversely, once you're back out in the streets, you've got two options. Either dress down and hope the gangers leave you alone, or gamble and stay dressed up. If you stay glammed up, one of two things will happen. Either you'll look like you're one of those rich sadistic fuckers that has his bodyguard execute any street scum that looks at him funny, and you'll be left alone; or you'll look like a little lost corporate sheep and then the gangers will kill you out of principle.

Your choice of clothing is serious business in Montreal, chummer.

traitors. Consequentially, these moneyed individuals protect themselves from the angry masses by regarding them as weak-willed peasants and ignoramuses to be spared no consideration. Clothing plays an important part in this divide. The elite dress overly fancy in Neo-Renaissance clothing of rich fabrics with fanciful garment flourishes, while the huddled masses pretty much go for whatever clothing they can afford.

Montreal is a city in flux and thus full of opportunities for shadowrunners. Corporations are carving out domains amid little or no regulations, and even less will to enforce them. Crime syndicates are at each other's throats, the hierarchy of power seems to be threatening to topple over, while powerful politiclubs/terrorist groups galvanize the people toward social upheaval. *Bonjour Matin, Montreal m'attends*, as the song goes.



NEIGHBORHOODS

WEST ISLAND

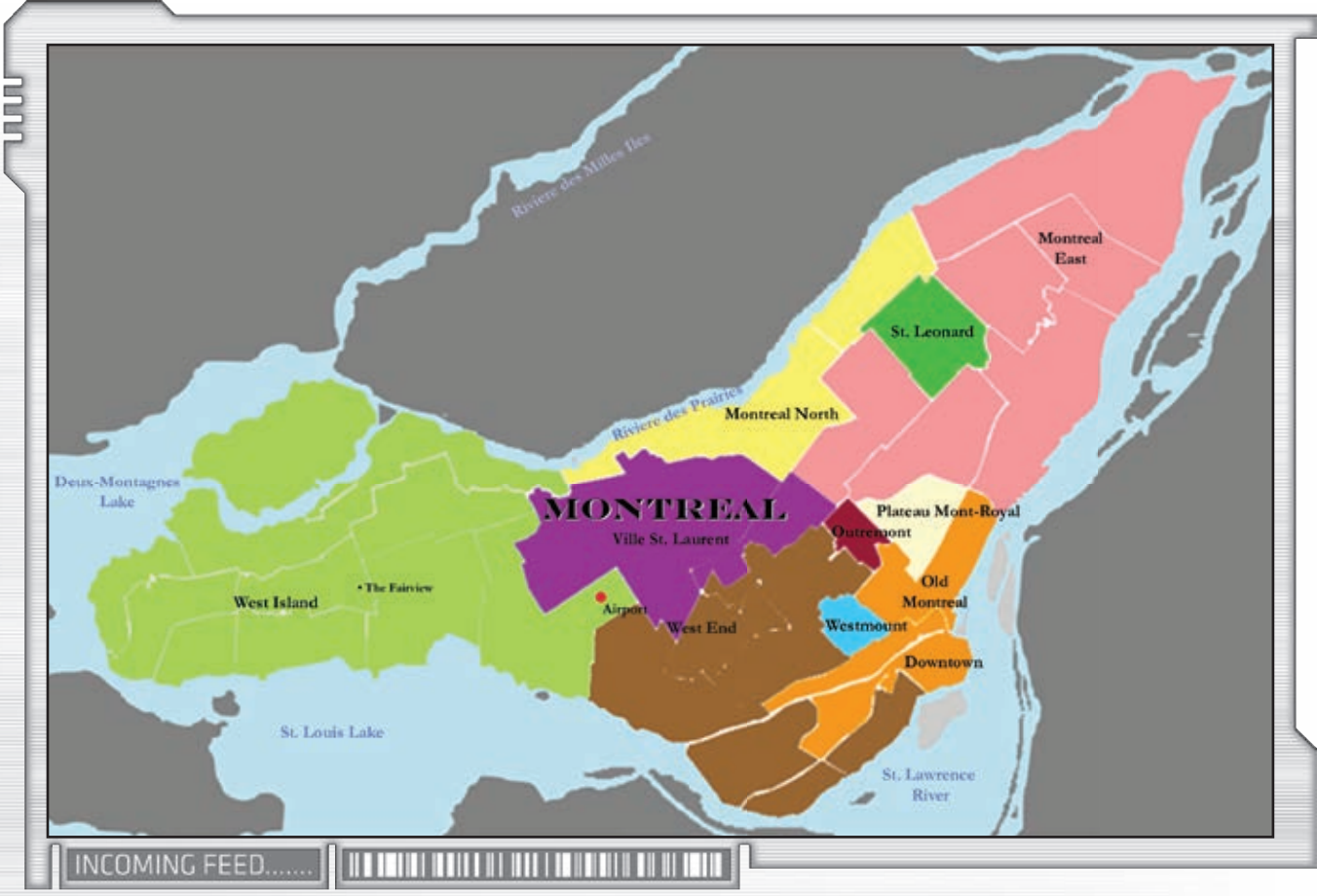
The large area colloquially known as the West Island covers all municipalities roughly west of Ville St Laurent, these being Sainte Anne-De-Bellevue, Baie D'Urfée, Kirkland, Beaconsfield, Pierrefonds, Sainte Geneviève, Pointe Claire, Dollard Des Ormeaux, Roxboro, Dorval, and Lachine. This may seem like a lot of municipalities to tether together under one area, but the entire region is basically homogeneous suburbia. Or at least it used to be. Before the advent of the Republic, the West Island was known as quiet, rich Anglophone suburb. In a way, it was the area the most affected by the new Republic's harsh discriminatory laws. Most of the unwanted Anglophones had the means to leave, and they did. The district was thus in decline sooner than the rest of Montreal. By the time Quebec City had fully supplanted Montreal as the de facto cultural and economic heart of the nation, the West Island was little more than deserted squatter land.

When these people started leaving, the West Island's housing market took a nosedive. Real estate deeds weren't worth the paper they were printed on, and more and more neighborhoods ended up as abandoned land. At first this created a bottom-feeder revival, as squatter and scavengers came in, prying loose even the things

that were nailed down, selling every piece of copper, tin, kitchen sink, and abandoned furniture left behind. Many still live in the West, either in ugly apartment blocks lining the main boulevards or in gated enclaves with private security, but most of the inner neighborhoods of once-affluent single family homes lie crumbling along deserted roads pierced by growing weeds.

Gangs roam the barely policed West Island, but these groups tend to be for neighborhood protection and sheer survival more than anything else. While uncontrolled fires have already ravaged entire blocks, the abandoned houses make ideal hiding spots for miscreants. While criminals from the city proper rarely come to the West Island and nobody but those who live there ever visits, the free housing far from prying eyes draws a variety of dangerous occupants. The many large, wooded parks and unused fields of the West are also dangerous due to critters. Gabriel hounds are especially thick in these parts, though on a moonless night the unwary can run afoul of a variety of HMMVV creatures, including shadowhounds and even incubi.

The exception to this derelict post-human hellhole is the length of Highway 40 running down the West Island. All along this highway, factories, warehouses and distribution centers have continued to survive. Most are walled compounds with perimeter security to keep the things away and to keep employees from disappearing when they go on cigarette breaks, but many well-known megacorp subsidiaries operate here.



Incoming Message

FAIRVIEW

The Fairview is a large mall sitting snugly on the corner of the 40 and St. Jean Boulevard. Back in the day, it was the mecca of West Island consumerism, a place for teenyboppers to go rack up expenses on Daddy's credit card. Without consumers to sustain it, the Fairview went to the crappers when the rest of the neighborhood did. For a while, the mall limped along, ownership changing hands a few times, until it was so devalued nobody would pick it up. It now operates as a vast no-man's land. Flea markets nestle by the doors. While further inside, lit by jury-rigged lamps or candles, a large squatter community has been set up. Conditions are decent, and the squatters form a real community where people watch out for each other. Shadowrunners can sometimes find worthwhile items, but if nothing else; the imaginatively named Fairview Bar serves moonshine that won't make you blind—at least not right away—in the presence of decent company.

Incoming Message

MITSUHAMA COMPUTER TECHNOLOGY COMPLEX

Situated on the side of the 40, near the Fairview Shopping Mall, sits the sprawling complex of Mitsuham Computer Technology. The venerable corporation has had these offices for several years now, but due to Quebec's hitherto refusal to adhere to the BRA, it was forced to manage the campus as a non-extraterritorial complex. While big, the complex never made anything interesting, simply churning out basic parts that can be used in a variety of devices. After Crash 2.0, this complex saw its moment of glory, as it was incredibly well suited to churn out parts needed for wireless broadcasters. Ronald Chartrand, head honcho of the plant, saw his chance. He hired and ran non-stop shifts, a veritable flood of components leaving the factory day and night. Chartrand would not slacken the pace, even as worker's right complaints started surfacing, and even after work accidents maimed and, in at least one case, killed workers. Chartrand's uncompromising attitude impressed North America headquarters, and so he found himself rewarded with extraterritoriality as soon as Quebec ratified the BRA. Headquarters now views the Montreal offices in a different light. Situated in the city, it has access to decent talent, but it is not under the spotlight. The complex has become a R&D hub for less-than-savory projects. The research going on there is a choice morsel for shadowrunners, but MCT's brutal security measures are here as well.

VILLE ST. LAURENT

Ville Saint Laurent is a large, high-density district bordering the Montreal core. While primarily a bedroom neighborhood, the area has an industrial park as well. The park is home to several research labs of companies ranging from independent A corporations all the way to the subsidiaries of some AAA masters. Aside from the industrial park, Saint Laurent is also the home of Bombardier, which was recently purchased by Ares Aerospace. While Bombardier doesn't have the muscle to compete with Boeing, it does have a lineup of successful private planes. Bombardier is a persistent thorn at the side of many aircraft manufacturers, and there is plenty of shadow work available for runners interesting in digging up information on deals in the pipeline and ways to influence them.

Despite this industrial sector, the district has more renown for its highly diverse population. Saint Laurent is known for its large Arab, Jewish, Chinese, and South East Asian population; all inter-mingling. Going down Cote-Vertu or Décarie Boulevards, one will find densely packed ethnic groceries, libraries, clothing stores, and countless other mom-and-pop boutiques crowding the avenues like weeds before the tall apartment complexes. In the shadows, the area is a well-known place to meet contacts on the down-low, away from the bustle and bright lights of Downtown.

DOWNTOWN & MONTREAL CENTER

The heart of Montreal is the Ville-Marie district. This is the original city founded by 17th-century settlers. Today, this is where things happen. The business and financial center is where Montreal's few skyscrapers are concentrated. Many large corporations used to inhabit these glass towers, but since the forming of the Republic and the rise of Quebec City, these have been half abandoned. Cross Applied Technologies used to have significant offices here, but the locks have been changed and the signs now say Ares, NeoNET, and a slew of other names. The recent liberalization of the economy and the revitalization of the city are bringing in new tenants. The downtown core is feeling renewed life.

Montreal's Chinatown, in contrast, is a sector that has barely changed through the years. One can find pagoda roofs and never-ending small eateries, tea shops, and assorted trinket vendors. Montreal's Chinatown is actually predominantly Vietnamese now, though immigrants from the Chinese states remain. The Triads flourish here, counting of the discretion of the population to hide their activities. Well-connected runners can get virtually anything in Chinatown, including drugs, weapons, tech, and cyber.

Bisecting Downtown (and the entirety of Montreal) is St-Lawrence Boulevard, known as The Main. Running parallel to The Main, Ste. Catherine Street is where one goes to shop, while further south, Sherbrooke and René-Lévesque Boulevards are where one goes to do business. The Gendarmerie keep the thoroughfare and affluent areas safe, relying mostly on street presence and drones to monitor their domain, but Downtown is full of tight alleys and little streets where Montreal's shadows run deep. Every block has nooks where the unlawful can carry out business, or a café where contacts can be met. The streets of Downtown are thick with people, throngs of corporate citizens going about their business, mixed in with students, punks, utility personnel, and shoppers. While Montreal may be a violent place,



little of this type of activity happens in the streets of Downtown, at least during the day.

Culturally, this district also holds almost all of Montreal's Universities: University of Quebec at Montreal (UQAM), McGill, and Concordia with only University of Montreal being slightly off-center; student life is a big part of the area. The brain-drain affected all of the universities, but the Anglophone ones, McGill and Concordia, suffered the most.

Anglophones, professors and students alike, became a rarity under the Republic's draconian language laws. For a few years, triumphant Francophone extremists looked to nail the coffin lid shut by passing laws that would make higher education in anything other than French illegal. In the end, the laws weren't necessary, as so few attended these universities. Concordia survived by shrinking its programs to almost exclusively Business and Engineering. McGill, on the other hand, managed to bring itself back from the brink thanks to a Thaumaturgical program. McGill's Magical Studies program is rather infamous for its permissive policies. Professors are mostly left to perform questionable experiments and teach unusual occult angles to their students. While the faculty argues that this allows for unparalleled constructive creativity, many of the magical community think what happens on the centuries-old campus at night should not be allowed to continue.

restaurants dotting the area. Trendy independent designer clothing boutiques constantly pop up, as do other knick-knack and oddity stores. Of particular interest to shadowrunners are the many talismonger shops. The same warning as anywhere else applies. They mostly carry junk sold to the unwary mundane, but the Awakened will have no difficulty getting their hands on the real deal as well.

Incoming Message

LES TAMS-TAMS

A summer tradition that has persisted through thick and thin for decades is that every Sunday is Tams-Tams in Parc Jeanne-Mance on the flank of Mount Royal. The Tam-Tams are a gathering of hippies and bohemians coming together to play hand drums, dance, smoke and forget the harsh world. For shadowrunners, this is a natural meeting point for freethinkers, artists, writers, urban shamans, and neo-anarchists. Just don't bring any harsh vibes with you, or you won't make any friends.

WESTMOUNT & OUTREMONT

Westmount, as the name would imply, is a tiny district to the West of Mount Royal, while Outremont is just to the north of the hill. What the two districts share is an affluent population. Montreal's surviving old money lives here. Westmount is an old neighborhood of small Tudor mansions stacked up against the Mount. Most Montrealers see the district almost as a myth, making jokes about living there followed by silent chuckles and the words "I wish." Indeed, this is because few Montrealers have ever actually been in the district. The streets are ordered so that one does not accidentally stumble into or pass through the district, except on the main commercial thoroughfares. If you are in Westmount, it is because you live there or are visiting someone—you are not just passing through on your way to somewhere else. In turn, residents of Westmount have little business outside their home neighborhood, aside from running whatever businesses they own. The district has all the grocery stores, schools, and luxury boutiques needed to satisfy the elite residents.

Many Westmount families are Jewish, dating back many generations. No strangers to persecution, Montreal's Jewish community firmly resisted the cultural pogroms following the forming of the Republic. Most had learned that speaking French was a good way to avoid the ire of the locals; while French is not their preferred language, most Jewish business leaders could easily comply with laws and had enough accumulated political clout to divert attention. So, the traditions and culture of these people still permeate the neighborhood.

Outremont is a less affluent, more modern, and a more accessible version of Westmount. Its population is normally younger. Many successful Downtown corporate go-getters call this borough home. It is a quiet place, maintained by the large, frozen-in-time Hassidic Jew population. Their self-isolation has meant they have ignored the changes that rocked the city; indeed the whole world over the last few decades. Speaking French has never meant much to them aside for the token representatives

Incoming Message

PLACES OF INTEREST

Downtown is home to countless places of interest for the enterprising shadowrunner. Glass towers hold all of Montreal's big-ticket corporate offices. Nine of the Big Ten have offices here, with Wuxing as the sole exception. Ares and NeoNET have their national headquarters here, rather than Quebec City. The Consortium for the Development of Quebec, the local guiding corporate council, takes up several stories of the Place Ville-Marie building. The Forum, home of the Canadiens hockey team, is also here. Montrealer's obsessive love-hate relationship with the sport hasn't waned over the years and after nearly every playoff game, win or lose, rioters take to the streets to demonstrate, well, whatever it is they want to demonstrate. The Queen Elizabeth hotel continues to welcome the rich and famous when they visit the city. A private contract with the Gendarmerie ensures the security of its elite guests.

PMR (PLATEAU MONT-ROYAL)

Le Plateau or PMR, as the Plateau Mont-Royal is sometimes called, is an inner city district sprawling off the eastern flank of Mount Royal. The Plateau is known, and has been for quite some time, as *the* hip, bourgeois, bohemian, and too-cool-to-conform district of Montreal. It's a mix of actual poor people living in old, broken down apartments, and upper crust people pretending to live in broken down apartments. For all its pretentiousness, the Plateau is a happening place. The fine dining reputation of Montreal still hangs on, greatly due to the multitude of tiny





of the community, and the slide of the city into poverty and violence hasn't touched their secluded neighborhood. They ignore the outside world and generally succeed in being ignored. However, a higher-than-average proportion of Awakened Qabbalists have emerged here. Guarded by ancient traditions and isolation, the Hassidic Jews of Montreal act as wardens for many Qabbalistic secrets, and if rumors are to be believed, a few powerful artifacts as well.

THE WEST END

Not to be confused with the West Island, the West End is a region south of Ville St-Laurent and west of the Montreal core, composed of the municipalities of Hampstead, Côte-Des-Neiges, Notre-Dame-De-Grâce, and Côte-Saint-Luc; as well as the South-West, Verdun and Lasalle districts. It is an old and densely populated region. Like West Island, these regions were historically more Anglophone, but unlike the West Island the people here were less well-off and could not afford to move out when the other shoe dropped. When the language laws forced business to only be conducted in French, many residents here lost their jobs as they could not speak the language well enough. While the rest of Montreal would soon face the same fate, the West End went into depression early. The many apartment buildings became slums and only cheap, bottom-tier manufacturers and warehouses survived to provide employment.

Nowadays, the West End is a tired ghetto. The people here, still mostly Anglophones and many metahumans, live in packed, crumbling apartment buildings. The region is notorious for the ceaseless appearance of minor insect spirit hives in moldy basements. It is a rite of passage in many local gangs for the new recruits to go into hives armed with nothing but blades and torches to take out these nests. Of course, the attrition rate among gangers is high, but it continues to be a point of pride and mark of toughness for gangers to take out as many bugs as they can and then tattoo or scarify their bodies with their bug hunt tallies. These are some of the most badass people in the city.

The West End is a poor, depressed area with little legitimate work to be had. It is awash with vice, including booze, joy-boys or joy-girls, drugs, and chips. This is a good place to lay low.

OLD MONTREAL

Old Montreal is a band on the southern edge of the island of Montreal. It is a historical site where the settlers first did business, the busy port where goods and migrants arrived. As time went on, its historical heritage was preserved in the architecture of its buildings and famous cobblestone streets. Before Montreal's downfall, it was a bustling tourist destination packed with fine restaurants, boutique hotels, professional abodes, and tourist trinket shops. Luxury condos within Victorian-era buildings overlooked this playground.

With Montreal's decline, the real-estate market died a swift death. The elite no longer wanted, nor needed, a pied-a-terre in Montreal, since Quebec City was the place to be. Tourists similarly stopped flowing in. The entire district simply became a ghost town. Its finicky old buildings stopped getting regular maintenance. Pipes burst, wires shorted out, and brick walls crumbled. Many of these ancient buildings retain their nooks and crannies, underground passageways, isolated inner courts, and

dark alleys. Old Montreal now has a noticeable class divide. On one hand, some buildings still house luxury condos for Montreal's elite. The area seems to attract a certain type of rich patrons, the cold-hearted, backstabbing young corporate ladder climbers. On the other hand, a slew of squatters call the hidden compartments of the crumbling buildings home. However, these squatters seem to be of the entirely unwholesome kind. Madmen and delusional paranoids move in the shadows, muttering to themselves.

- This is no mere coincidence. A dark presence has made its home in the tunnels under this part of the city, and its dreams attract those with darkness in their souls.
- Man-of-Many-Names
- I don't know about anything so dramatic, but I will certainly vouch that the Astral has a noxious taint here.
- Ethernaut

MONTREAL NORTH & ST. LEONARD

Northern Montreal is basically composed of two municipalities, Ahuntsic-Cartierville and aptly name Montreal North. Just south of Montreal North is Saint Leonard. These districts are almost a perfect mix of every other neighborhood on the island. Some of the poorest hovels give way to nice waterfront middle-class housing. Anglos and Francophones of a multitude of nationalities eye each other across narrow streets. Uniting these differences, however, is one strong factor: This is organized crime territory.

Saint Leonard is home to Montreal's venerable Italian community, a community that hasn't much evolved. There are some families there that, though they've been here for generations, have never left Saint Leonard and barely speak anything other than their native Italian. As an accepted part of life, the Mafia has thrived in this environment. Omertà is just how it is. From this base, the Mafia long ruled the city, demanding *la pisa*, protection money, from the many Italian eateries, bars, coffee shops, and groceries throughout the city. The Mafia's dominance was severely challenged in the last few decades by the ascendancy of go-gangs, to a point where they wield little influence. However, in Saint Leonard, things don't change. Guys in suits with slick haircuts can still be found hanging around in coffee shops, and everyone has a cousin that can "help them out" with problems. If you're looking to make contact with wiseguys, you know where to find them.

The rest of Northern Montreal is similarly dominated by local ethnic Mafias. With a large Carib population, Haitian gangs dominate the area. Drugs and prostitution are mainly their trade, though they are small-time compared to the other syndicates. Some of these guys are backed by bikers, some by the Mafia. Proxy wars are still common, and cold blooded executions in the streets are just something that happens.

MONTREAL EAST

Technically, anything east of the Main is considered to be Montreal East. This is a broad-stroke view, though, as the near dozen or so municipalities are culturally varied. To many residents, this variation binds them together. The pattern is thus: large swathes of predominantly working-class Francophones mixed with ethnic enclaves, such as Greektown in Parc-Ex. Aside from



the West Island, which literally became a wasteland, the East suffered the most from Montreal's collapse. Gangs have taken over and violent turf wars are a sad truth of life. Poverty blankets the broken streets like a heavy snow. The bulk of the people here work factory jobs for little income. Most are chipped workers, skillsofts providing the skills they need. Eminently replaceable, none are in a position to ask for more. Youths grow up facing a bleak future of indentured servitude, or the violent life in a gang. Many choose the latter. Community groups do what they can, but they struggle to give hope to the people. Neo-anarchists recruit heavily in exchange for providing last-resort food banks, shelters, and even running schools.

Aside from rows of dilapidated housings blocks, Montreal East contains many interesting areas. Montreal's iconic Olympic Stadium, along with the adjoining Botanical Garden, sits in the middle of the Hochelaga-Maisonneuve district. With no sporting team, no economy to support conventions or mega-concerts, enormous maintenance bills from the roof ripping every couple of years, and the foundation threatening to crack up, the city has been looking for a buyer for the stadium for years. Rumors are that a deal has been reached with one of the megacorporations. While no announcement has been made, construction crews have been on-site for several months now. Who the exact buyer is, what they are working on, and what they intend to use the building for is unknown. A heavy corporate guard presence, ostensibly to protect the site from gang-sponsored vandalism, also discourages any snooping.

- Hmm, this sounds interesting. What do we know about this?
- Cosmo
- They are building an immense server farm, where experiments on AIs are to be carried out
- Plan 9
- Or, you know, they are building an arcology.
- Beaker
- Yeah, that's what they want you to believe. Not everyone thinks the Renraku Arcology events were all bad. Some found the results *interesting*.
- Plan 9

MOVERS, SHAKERS, AND BIKERS

Quebec is unusual in regards to other major UCAS cities in that the top tier of organized crime is firmly in the hands of bikers, called go-gangs elsewhere, but labeled *motards* in French. Some believe there is a cultural factor at work. The image of the biker, a free-spirited, no-nonsense, meat-and-potato kind of guy, harkens back to the early 20th century lifestyle of simple farming and country living. In a way, this type of personality is still alive and well in rural Quebec, and many bikers come from these regions. But there is also a simple recruitment technique involved—big dogs attract attention and respect from the little guys.

Most biker clubs in Quebec are in fact chapters of larger international groups. Most enjoy a local leadership, though. In





INCOMING FEED.....

accordance with their credos of liberty, Quebec chapters are not accountable to leadership elsewhere and do not pay dues. Chapters throughout North America and even abroad may work together, but they are not one big family. There are many different clubs vying for supremacy. The various clubs do not share any affinity and would not even close ranks in response to aggression from other ethnic Mafias. Quite frankly, they hate each other with a passion. The various biker clubs have been in bloody, brutal conflict for ages.

While bikers may seem unsophisticated, a mass of like-minded bruisers, there is a definite ranking system within the groups. Bikers all wear back emblems of their biker club, called patches, which is explained by the fact they are literally patches sown into jackets and jerseys. Bet you wouldn't have figured that out on your own. Anyway, the complete emblem of the club usually comes in several chunks, such as the club's name above, a logo in the middle, and the biker's name at the bottom, as a typical example. This is done on purpose, as only fully sworn-in bikers wear all the patches. New recruits are called hangarounds and wear no patches. Once a hangaround has proven he's not a complete muppet, he becomes a prospect or striker and earns a patch. As a prospect, the biker is assigned as the personal assistant to a full member, serving as henchman and doing whatever is demanded of them. Once he's proven himself, he may graduate to a full-patch. In a way, this is similar to the Mafia's distinction between a made man and other associates. A full-patch biker basically runs his own little criminal enterprise, paying dues to his chapter leader, but otherwise the boss of his own small enterprise, running his business through lesser members and coerced street gangs, but

with the full backing of his brothers should he need it. The various biker clubs are always at war, but few full-patch members actually get geeked. It's the lesser foot soldiers that take the beatings. This is not to say full-patch members are not targets—most rival clubs will pay hefty six-figure bounties on the heads of rival full-patches.

The Hellsouls are still the biggest, most powerful club within Montreal. They freely accept members from any metatype or ethnicity, Francophone or Anglophone. Largely responsible for decimating the Mafia at the turn of the century, they have since been at war with other potential usurpers, bloodily bringing down club after club that has tried to dethrone them. Nothing really happens in Montreal without the Hellsouls' say-so. They sit atop a feudal pyramid of smaller clubs and even more street gangs; all distributing drugs, chips, and guns while controlling prostitution and extortion rings.

The Ancients maintain a chapter in Quebec and have a presence in Montreal. Unsurprisingly, they are one of the smaller clubs in Quebec, but their milspec equipment, discipline, and organization offers them level of influence disproportionate to their size. The other biker clubs, usually at odds on everything, seem unified in their dislike for this transplant chapter. The all-elf club has achieved a level of status quo by not meddling in territorial disputes. Mostly they stick to gun running, cross-border smuggling, and information brokering.

Finally, for most of their existence **The Devil Riders** were a low-profile, stable gang controlling a lot of western Quebec. Recently, however, they have made a push into Montreal. What caused them to change their strategy isn't clear. However, their members are opening a bloody new front against the Hellsouls.

They are sporting heavy weaponry, top-notch augmentations, and pretty sophisticated tactics, leading to speculation they may have corporate backing.

- Not “a” corporation. They have backing from *all* the corporations. The Hellsouls wouldn’t play ball with the megas and their plans for Montreal. So, the corps decided to replace them with someone more reasonable. The Devil Riders have been given the means to take the city, though that means nothing short of exterminating the Hellsouls. This will be a street war that even the bloodied Hellsouls haven’t seen the likes of.
- Plan 9

THE MAFIA

While the Bikers hold a dominant position in Montreal’s underworld, the Mafia has had a presence here since the 1940s. At the turn of the century, the Rizzutto family held a position of power. At that time, the bikers, the Rizzutto clan, and the West End Gang (a syndicate of Irish origins) brokered The Consortium. This was an agreement between these dominant organized crime elements to divide the city drug business. It was a largely unprecedented agreement between crime factions that saw a reduction in gang warfare and an increase in profit for everyone. And, surprisingly, it lasted for years. Unfortunately, the turmoil of the early 21st century saw stability crumble.

Most of the money in Montreal’s drug trade came from exports; the drugs were smuggled into Montreal and then exported back out, primarily to New York City. That whole setup took a huge blow when the Quake of 2005 leveled Manhattan, but the real problem came with the tightening border security following the formation of the Republic of Quebec in 2010 and Montreal’s slide into irrelevance.

For both the Sicilians and the West End Gang, this led to a starvation of power. The bikers thrived. With such an unequal division of power between the factions, The Consortium became meaningless. The bikers took over the drug trade after a short, bloody war. The bikers came out on top, with the leadership and ranks of the other two syndicates culled.

Retreating to lick their wounds, the Mafia and the West End Gang were forced into consolidation. The two outfits merged under the leadership of the heads of both clans. If there is one thing syndicates don’t deal well with, though, it’s sharing power. A few assassinations later, Giacomo Rossi emerged the final victor in 2020, securing renewed alliances with the rebuilt New York Commission.

Since that time, the Mafia has operated quietly. Staying away from the drug and chip trade, which was now firmly in the hands of the bikers, the Mafia has concentrated on white-collar crime, kidnapping, racketeering, extortion, and armed robbery. Their most lucrative operation, however, is their complete control of the construction industry in Montreal. Nothing gets built without them having a hand in it, and nobody works on a job without their consent. While the government occasionally makes a show of “cleaning” up the industry, the truth is Montreal decrepitude has worked in the Mafia’s favor. Every municipal politician is in their pocket, while politicians from Quebec have no interest in waging this particular battle over such a poor prize. The millions of diverted funds are responsible for the crumbling roads and the fragility of bridges and buildings.

The renewal Montreal has been experiencing lately, with many corporations now looking to move operations into the city, has provided an unexpected windfall to the Mafia. They have grown bolder and begun taking back ground that was lost to the bikers. Tensions are brewing. If that wasn’t enough; it is said old ‘Ndrangheta’ rivals from Toronto have begun eyeing the city again. It would seem Montreal is about to face a mob war the likes of which it has not seen for some time.

TRIADS

Montreal’s large, self-facing Asian community has not avoided the birth of local gangs operating under the control of Asian leaders from Vietnam and Hong Kong. While there are at least a dozen different Asian gangs operating in Montreal, the biggest is the local cell of the Red Dragon Triad. They have absorbed many of the other gangs that have come and gone on the streets of Chinatown. The Triad’s income originally came from drugs like heroin, but as time evolved, so did they. While they deal in most of their traditional rackets—namely prostitution, protection, gambling, and smuggling—Montreal’s Triads have expanded into Matrix crimes.

No other syndicate in Montreal comes close to matching their operations in regards to Matrix activity, and the city has come to enjoy international infamy as the North American capital of Matrix crimes. Half of the hackers in Montreal are tied to the Triads, with the other half being in close contact with Triad affiliates. From operating Matrix porn sites to expert identity forging and all-out Matrix invasions, the Triads have carved an incredibly lucrative niche for themselves. The level at which the Montreal hacker scene is influenced by the Triads means one should think twice about attempting to hack Triad system while in Montreal.

Incoming Message

I know the location of a large Red Dragon system. I know you think it’d be suicide to try, but hear me out. The Red Dragons think nobody would be stupid enough to try, neh? And that has made them complacent. Those servers are loaded with some of the juiciest paydata you’ve ever seen, ripe for the taking. All you gotta have is the balls to run it, omae. You in?

GANGS

Once, Montreal was one of the safest cities in North America. Those days are long gone. Since the economy crashed, violence has been an endemic problem. Workers face a hopeless future—the lucky ones toil away in factories, while the unlucky ones are murdered on the streets or die of starvation—the gangs offer the only glimmer of hope for many. In some neighborhoods, it goes even further, banding up is a simple necessity to avoid the next block’s gang coming over to rape your girl and burn your house down.

Some neighborhoods are worse than others. In the expansive West Island, local gangs are more of the survivalist type, basically violent neighborhood-watch associations as concerned about





roving ghoulish bands as encroaching rivals. Downtown gangs are more interested in criminal endeavors to make money; by contrast, in Montreal East—the most dangerous turf in the city—you can't shake a dead dwarf without hitting half a dozen different gangs. Brutality is a way of life. Gangs try to outdo each other in the sheer insane violence they visit upon each other. Executions range from retro-style hangings and crucifixions to imaginatively modern ways like trapping minds in VR and torturing them for eons in subjective time.

Vagabond Crew is an outfit from the West End. Mostly free-spirited types with an artistic bent; the VC's thing is graffiti. They'll use old-school paint bombs to tag and paint huge murals overnight, but a few of their members are also in AR art. Some of the brainless meat in the city looks down on the VC for their perceived daintiness, but truth is the VC is intelligent and calculating. They've made a lot of friends through Montreal's underground and can call on favors if they need to. Many other gangs trust in the VC to organize sit-downs and talks with rivals. Vagabond Crew is probably a shadowrunner's best friend in the city due to their versatility, if you can get their attention. Unsurprisingly, daring tags are an excellent way to get noticed.

Out of a nightmare from Montreal East, **The Failed** are an all-metahuman gang. It doesn't matter if you're elf, ork, troll or dwarf, The Failed will take anyone, so long as they are not human and are completely fucking psychotic. These gangers, whose turf covers a lot of refineries, factories, and warehouses, are one of the most feared gangs in a hellhole of feared gangs. They go prowling, capturing any humans they can. They have a predilection for gang-affiliated prey, though anyone will do. Once they've collected a few victims, they will kill them in the most horrible fashion they can think of at the moment, leaving the corpses strung up to be found. The worst part about them is the calmness they exhibit when going about their business. This isn't your typical thrill gang—clearly there is something desperately wrong with them.

- Actually, this could be thought of as a kind of avant-grade performance art piece, taking the violence that society inflicts on all of us and simply making it more explicit. After all, society tortures, maims, and kills millions if not billions of people daily, and those who carry out those policies are cheered on, even lionized. The Failed simply take the whole dehumanizing process of capitalism and condense it into brutal street art, thereby forcing us to confront ... ah, crap, I just choked on my own bullshit. Never mind.
- Cosmo

The Black Mass is a bunch of people with neo-anarchist tendencies who have decided to push them farther. Founded by punks disillusioned by the failures of the neo-a's in the period between the arrest of ideologue Marcoux and the emergence of the warrior Mao (see below), the group attracted many deserters from the neo-a path. Bitterness towards the communal ideals of neo-anarchism still runs deep in the group, who now embrace "if you can't beat them, join them" mindset. The Black Mass utilizes the skills they learned as neo-a soldiers to make money. Adept thieves and black marketers, they are an ideal group for enterprising shadowrunners to befriend. They have access to sophisticated B&E gear, weapons, false SINs, and blueprints. They'll buy corporate

paydata and even occasionally hire runners for targeted datasteals. Just don't call them neo-anarchists to their face.

NEO-ANARCHISTS

With Montrealers being left to fend for themselves for a couple of decades now, it is no surprise that neo-anarchists have been present in the city for some time. However, it is only recently the Neo-As have organized themselves into a coherent movement in the city, thereby earning themselves capital letters.

While street youths form the foot soldiers of the movement, the Neo-As count among their members a large number of ordinary families. Single mothers, factory workers, former corporate wageslaves that lost their jobs—all people struggling day-to-day to make ends meet and put food on the table, and all people the Neo-Anarchists community groups helped in their need. For many, the movement was the only form of government they had ever even seen. Led by former UQAM Professor Réal Marcoux, the group was a rag-tag coalition of community activists that worked on "liberating" resources from corporate hands to distribute among the needy while teaching them how to live free of corporate dominance.

When CATco collapsed, Marcoux foresaw the arrival of foreign corporations and the negative impact it would have on Quebec culture. The Neo-As worked on overdrive, passing leaflets and broadcasting pirate signals to warn Quebec not to let the wolves in sheep's clothing in, to no effect. When Marcoux was arrested, the movement realized the time for talking was at an end. But succession had not been worked out, so the group fractured. The group's many hotheads sprang to action, but they lacked know-how and gumption. They shut down the metro system with smoke bombs, only to see the stations reopen a few hours later thanks to efficient ventilation and prompt emergency response. They marched in the streets, only to be brutally repressed by the Gendarmerie. Several cells tried more radical means, attempting to plant bombs near corporate offices, but they were caught—or worse, killed by police gunfire.

Finally, a new leader emerged from the dying organization. A young university dropout known by the nom de guerre of Mao and his close friends went to Manhattan. The leaders of New York's highly organized neo-anarchist community listened to their plight and agreed to help. In true neo-anarchist style, they shared everything with their fellows, including training methods, resistance tactics, and access to their weapon suppliers. Supposedly, Mao underwent some sort of spiritual trial and came out with a singular vision and the will to see it through.

Within a few months, a bold new movement was born, and a new war began. The Neo-As were backed by Manhattan's serious urban resistance movement and solidified with Mao's true will to fight, which meant playtime was over. The month of July 2070 hosted what is now known as The July Crisis (*La Crise de Juillet* in French), where Mao and his Neo-Anarchist soldiers struck at the corporate establishment with brutal terror attacks. The Neo-Anarchists planted not smoke grenades, but real bombs in the metro. They bombed as many corporate facilities as they could during the day, then bombed more at night. Constant communication via hacked Matrix feeds repeated over and over to Montrealers that this was a war against corporate governance, not citizens, and they were careful to warn targets before the bombs went off to ensure no casualties.



But the success they initially met soon tapered off. At first, the corporations were surprised by the ferocity of the attacks. However, there was no way this could go on. The government declared martial law, while mixed Gendarmerie and corporate security forces moved in. Police forces acted with little regard to civil rights, and their brutal methods were effective in decimating the ranks of the Neo-Anarchists, with more killed than arrested.

Mao was never caught. Nowadays, Montreal is stuck in the middle of this conflict. On one hand, the people can sympathize with the Neo-Anarchists, agree with their cause, and rely on their help, but the ongoing bombings have everyone on edge. The Gendarmerie's brutal, repressive methods and obvious sell-out to the corporate agenda earns them no love amongst Montrealers.

LES FRÈRES CHASSEURS

Taking their name from a 19th century paramilitary force that fought for a free Quebec, Les Frères Chasseurs (literally "Hunter Brothers") are a group of pro-Quebec, pro-French hardliners. The group has ties to a myriad other patriotic groups throughout Quebec, but the Brothers distinguish themselves from the others by their paramilitary capabilities. Les Frères Chasseurs is basically a highly disciplined battalion of vigilantes who actively oppose anything that threatens the Republic's isolationist and cultural policies. Public figures and decision-makers that stray too far from the path are targeted for intimidation, kidnapping, and murder. As brutal as their tactics are, they are not flashy. The group does not make any public declarations. They simply punish those that defile the sanctity of the Republic. However, the media love them, so words of their deeds get around anyway.

Unsurprisingly, this is a busy time for the group. The flood of foreign corporations and their maneuvering to liberalize and normalize Quebec culture is essentially the group's Doomsday scenario. They have formed a temporary alliance with the Neo-Anarchists, sharing intelligence and resources. The Brothers' methods are often crude and thuggish, organizing violent race riots designed to scare away undesirables. On the other hand, they can be precise in their violence, bypassing layers of private security to reach specific high-value targets.

The alliance with the Neo-Anarchists is fragile, however, even with a common enemy; the Frères Chasseurs regard the Neo-Anarchists, with their many Anglophones, as undesirables to be wiped out. At this point, it is not impossible that the Frères Chasseurs are merely learning as much as they can about their allies of fortune, all the better to destroy them.

- They say Mao is so careful about making sure nobody knows his location not because of corporate hit squads out to get him, but because he fears his erstwhile allies would consider taking him out themselves.
- Riser

THE FALLEN

The Seraphim, Lucien Cross' infamous spy network, was undoubtedly one of the most important factors in his corporation's rise to success. With the death of Cross, the Seraphim found themselves leaderless and out in the cold, with the wolves chasing

Incoming Message

From: Snopes

Subject: RE: Frères Chasseurs Conspiracies

The Frères Chasseurs are the subject of much speculation in Quebec. Nobody knows why they are so organized, well equipped, and capable of striking hardened targets. Current theories suggest that the organization is, in fact, a military Special Forces unit. There are rumors of a certain shadowy secret society operating within the heart of the government, a grouping of hardcore pro-Quebec hardliners who view themselves as the guardians of the purity of the dream that formed the Republic of Quebec. They believe the matter of purity is so important that it bypasses the need for democracy and civil rights. Supposedly, this group found like-minded officers in the Armed Forces and formed a black unit, which is what we now know as the Frères Chasseurs. Of course, another theory simply goes that the Brothers are backed by The Fallen. Personally, I find both theories quite plausible. The truth probably lies in the middle.

after them. Ares picked up part of the international network, understanding its value. They were dangerous people who knew too much, and many of them who would not accept new masters were hunted down and exterminated. Only a few survived to go freelance.

That was the case outside of Quebec. Within Quebec, Seraphim agents had a few more days to react to the death of Cross and the Ares onslaught. Lucien had maintained an impressive network of field agents, handlers, and assets all over the world, but this paled in comparison to the network maintained within Quebec. Every level of society was infiltrated, from the halls of governmental power to the lowest levels of the streets, the Seraphim had field agents and assets feeding information to handlers and decision-makers. This network did *not* fall into the hands of Ares.

Most of the local Seraphim went underground when the shoe dropped. Now known as The Fallen, these spies have declared war on Ares and the Consortium. They have vowed not to rest until the old order is restored.

- Allegedly, some of them worked directly with Cross when he started building the organization. If so, they probably shared his motivations as well.
- Fianchetto

This is a thorny issue for the corporations of the CDQ. The Fallen were the best and brightest of the Seraphim. Their spy network infests every area of Quebec society. Nothing is decided, planned, or executed that they do not know about. Manipulation is their weapon. Despite everything that has been said about organized crime syndicates, some people believe the violence wrought by gangs and the resistance of the Neo-A are all part of the Fallen's war plan. It is said that there are only, in fact, two actors in the Quebec stage: the CDQ and the Fallen.



- This is interesting. What do we really know about this?
- Cosmo
- Like the man says, you're looking at a group of fierce ideologues with their backs against the wall; they know everything going on in the city, with key people in places of power able to manipulate whole organizations to do their bidding. They feel no remorse about going as far as civil war to get what they want. Friends of mine pulled some jobs for them last summer. He says that after he started working for them and seeing their methods, he started seeing their agents everywhere. The girl serving him his poutine, the street kid from his block, the old Chinese lady selling him his tea—he swears all of them were connected to The Fallen.
- Fianchetto
- Is your friend Plan 9, by any chance?
- Slamm-0!

CORPORATE AGENDA

LE CONSORTIUM POUR LE DÉVELOPPEMENT DU QUÉBEC

Operating under its French name, the Consortium for the Development of Quebec (CDQ), also commonly referred to as “The Consortium,” is an operational aegis acting in the interests of the new corporations arriving in the Republic since the disintegration of Cross Applied Technologies. The Consortium is mainly a public relations beast, though it also serves as a local governing body for the corporations.

Though headquartered in Quebec City, the Consortium recently inaugurated shiny new offices in the heart of Downtown Montreal. A lot of the Consortium's efforts are dedicated to restoring the economy of the metropolis. This is hardly for sentimental or altruistic reasons. The Consortium sees Montreal as a future manufacturing and research and development hub. Land is cheap, Montreal is well situated for the entire East Coast and Trans-Atlantic markets, and, most importantly, nobody is looking. The Republic of Quebec's isolationism means that few nations are paying attention. Human rights abuses go largely unchecked. That leaves the locals to stir up trouble, but that's what the CDQ is for.

The CDQ is presently funneling money from its member corporations into a media campaign. The people of Quebec are bombarded through every possible media outlet known with a singular message: The Consortium is building a new Republic of Quebec, a better Republic, where all will profit. New jobs are being created, services are being modernized, and living standards are going up. Trid shows, posters, AR tags, Matrix ads, broadcasting hover drones, and blimps—anything the CDQ can think of—broadcast nonstop positive messages about the future of Quebec. Of course, the Consortium is buying voices for itself. Politicians of all levels are being well paid to further corporate interests, and they are also funneling money to local artists and celebrities.

The money seems to be paying off, as the campaign is succeeding. Recent polls confirm that many Quebecois have a positive view of the Consortium and its members, and they approve the direction the country is going. Many have indeed seen their purchasing power and disposable income go up, just as

new and exciting gadgets appear on store shelves. It is, however, an axiom that for some to win, others must lose. The CDQ is widening the gap between the classes. The middle class is being split, with a portion being buoyed while the rest sink. Credit is readily available, but at interest rate designed to keep borrowers working to make repayments in a form of indentured servitude. The CDQ will soon have its desired docile population too busy buying shiny things to notice they have been enslaved.

Incoming Message

CONSORTIUM MEMBERS

- Ares Macrotechnology
- Chalmers & Cole
- Horizon Group
- Mitsuhamma
- NeoNET
- Renraku
- Saeder-Krupp
- Shiawase
- Universal Omnitech

LA GENDARMERIE

After the birth of the Republic, the government discovered that wanting a country and actually managing one were two different things, and that dreams don't pay bills. So they passed a controversial law to dismantle all local police forces in Quebec, including all the old province-wide Sureté du Québec, and reform them under a single corporation, La Gendarmerie. The government retained a controlling fifty-one percent of the corporation, with the rest going to an impressive upstart known as Lone Star. This move was not without its problems, but Lone Star had weathered the same problems in Seattle. Just as there, angry cops eventually had to swallow the pill and accept new jobs, with their pension funds wiped out.

La Gendarmerie now polices the entire Republic of Quebec. Up until recently, their biggest concern was keeping the borders sealed. Stopping smugglers was their biggest problem. Since Crash 2.0, though, La Gendarmerie has a new focus: Montreal.

Thanks to backroom deals between the Consortium and Lone Star, La Gendarmerie does the bidding of the CDQ. Their current orders are to pacify Montreal and assist its transition to a profitable corporate haven. Between the gangs, the resistance from the Neo-Anarchists, and general lawlessness of the fallen metropolis, the Gendarmerie has their work cut out for them. Fortunately for them, their corporate masters don't care for the soft-spoken approach, preferring the carry-a-big-stick one. La Gendarmerie has received extra funding for gear to equip its street officers. Dressed in black body armor and wielding assault rifles and driving around in armored vehicles, Montreal looks more like an occupied city than a policed one.

Despite the officers' imposing presence, Neo-Anarchists and gangers frequently target police patrols and checkpoints. The resulting high casualty rate amongst officers, in addition to normal citizens loudly voicing their dislike for their tactics, has left the entire force on edge. Nervous and stressed-out officers are quick to resort to violence, which only increases the tension in the city.



THE NORTH BUSINESS

Posted by: BiblioTech

I hope I don't need to remind anyone of their early 21st century history, but in a scan, this is how it went down: the US government went natural resource crazy, pissed off Native Americans, and paid the piper when it turned out magic was real and could blow shit up good. So, the US and Canada exploded, ceding shitloads of their land to the newly formed Native American Nations. You have to admit, the NAN have been pretty good at sticking to their ideals and respecting the land and all that stuff they stood for, for the most part.

Now, if you've read anything at all here, you'll have maybe noticed that right about that time, the Republic of Quebec was formed, too. And maybe you have eyed the map and went "Hey, that's a lot of land!" And, if you're one of those little advanced students that like to read a chapter ahead of everyone, you'll know that the land we call the Republic of Quebec actually houses quite a few Native American tribes. So, finally, your little mental gears might be putting two and two together and you begin to formulate ... wait for it ... "Why the fuck did the Native Americans let Quebec have so much land?"

Ding ding ding! That's the ten thousand dollar question! Indeed, my friends, why did Quebec keep so much land that Native Americans could have demanded be turned over to them? Well my friends; the answer is basically greed. You see, if there is one thing you have to hand over to the politicians that forged the Republic of Quebec, it's that they were ballsy idealists who stuck to their guns. The Republic was actually formed prior to the whole NAN thing, so what happened is that the local Natives did, in fact, demand a shitload of land once they realized their people held the bigger end of the stick. However, it was politically impossible for Quebec's leaders, at that point, to cede to anyone the land they had fought so long and hard to make their own.

Eventually, an agreement was reached. The Native American and Inuit communities in Quebec would not only gain full autonomy with no oversight from the government of Quebec, they would receive tremendous royalties and decisional powers on the exploitation of any resources in the North. The politicians would be able to save face and show a large map of Quebec, even though the Natives all but owned everything north of La Tuque.

Now, fast forward to the current post-CATco era. The magnitude of just how short Quebec's end of the stick was in the land deal has always been downplayed to the people, but everyone and anyone in the know can tell you the Republic could be a much richer place if those resources could be properly tapped. Sure, there are many hydro damns up there, mines and forestry operations too, but really, this is only a fraction of what could be due to the strict rules of the agreement. Politicians have just shrugged, because they knew pushing the envelope with the Native communities would risk war with the nearby Native American Nations, which would end very badly for Quebec.

This is a concern that the new foreign corporations simply do not share.

I must emphasize exactly how humongous Quebec's natural resources reserves are. We're talking cheap hydroelectric power, mines of almost every metal known to man, endless tracks of forests for lumber, and enormous reservoirs of precious water.

Nobody is going to let that shit pass. As of right now, a new, mini Resource Rush is underway. Shiawase, Saeder-Krupp, and Mitsuhamma are flooding in and starting projects all over the place. In some instances, they have struck what seem like generous, independent deals with the tribes whose land they are pillaging. In other places, they have covertly set up shop and begun extracting what they want. The basic strategy is, divide and conquer. Nobody has dealt with the local Natives as a whole. They have merely bribed local chieftains to turn a blind eye on the treaties. After so many years of Quebec respecting the agreements and general quiet on the issue, many tribal leaders simply refuse to see a concerted attack on the land; instead, they see a few harmless exceptions that have made them rich.

But things are starting to change. The northern tribes are full of brave and prideful hunter-warriors who don't like getting shot at by corporate security forces and then getting told by their so-called leaders to shut the fuck up because everything's fine. These people are reaching out to the NANs, telling them of the white man abusing Mother Nature again, taking what is not theirs. Now the NAN have to react. They know that the megacorporations are trans-national entities, and to show weakness in one place is to invite abuse everywhere else. Everyone remembers Tsimshian. The megacorps don't give a shit and are willing to keep pushing. Skirmishes between tribal warrior and corporate security are getting more frequent. It won't be much longer till things really spiral out of control.

- That being said, not everyone in the megacorp camp is of one mind. This Resource Rush is being led by the more aggressive corporate ladder climbers. Some of the cooler heads see where this is going and are arguing to slow down. Concerted NAN attention on corporate abuse is not good for business; the losses incurred by punitive sanctions and loss of contracts in the rest of North America aren't necessarily worth the short-term cash from a Resource Rush.
- Sunshine
- There may be cooler heads, but I doubt they'll prevail. The megas want their cake and they want to eat it too.
- Baka Dabora
- The NAN may choose to pressure Quebec instead of the megas. The megas may not bow to indirect NAN pressure, but if the Native Americans light a fire under Quebec's ass and threaten sanctions or even war at that level, the Republic may take care of the corps themselves.
- Icarus
- Them and what army? Seriously, what can Quebec do to the megacorps? If the NAN bet on Quebec taking care of the problem, that won't go anywhere. Then, to avoid appearing weak, the NAN will have to invade Quebec. I don't see this ending well.
- Picador
- Depends who you're looking at. For us shadowrunners, there is a fortune to be made. Turmoil is good for business. You can write your own check on spy jobs, or playing one faction against another.
- Thorn



NATIVE AMERICANS

As I said, there are quite a few Native American and Inuit people living in the Republic of Quebec. Algonquins, Mohawks, Cree, and Montagnais, with Innu to the far north, are the most populous tribes. Quebec had a long history of on-and-off conflict with its Native Americans populations, and by the turn of the century, things had become pretty bad. In 2009, the US passed the Re-Education and Relocation Act, while Canada passed the Nepean Act, which was basically the same thing. Quebec seceded from Canada in 2010. At that time, while many in Quebec would have just loved to round up some trouble-making injuns, they had bigger fish to fry. There was widespread hostility toward Amerinds, some human rights abuse, and some displacement, but not nearly as much as elsewhere. That didn't make it right, but it set the political tone for the following years. As things progressively became worse between Amerinds and the US and Canada, cumulating in the Resolution Act, things in Quebec stayed uncomfortable, though not genocidal. Many Amerinds sought shelter in Quebec, though shamefully the Republic's government kept a tight border and let very few refugees in.

In any case, the Great Ghost Dance ravaged the white man. The United States and Canada gave the Native Americans what they wanted, which was most of North America. As this is happening, things were tense in Quebec. Sure, the Amerinds weren't being slaughtered, but they weren't being treated nicely either. Suddenly they had the upper hand. Quite frankly, they could have carved up Quebec however they wanted. After frantic negotiations another sort of deal was reached. Quebec would stay whole, nominally under the control of the government of the Republic, but the Amerind and Innu tribes received most of the profits from the exploitation of resources on their ancestral lands, autonomy, and the privilege to basically do whatever the fuck they wanted. So, on paper Quebec was whole, but in reality it's a patchwork of all-but-sovereign Native American Nations.

Now, a generation later, Quebec is home to diverse and active Native tribes. Thanks to a continent-wide revival, Native Americans live in a culture all their own, rich in original art, clothing, and language. In fact, trends in Quebec's cities are often rooted in tribal fashion. It is common to see tribal-pattern facepaints, hairstyles, and clothing. Many Native Americans enjoy a back-to-the-roots outdoors lifestyle like hunting and fishing. Because so much wealth flows into the hands of such a small population, most Native Americans don't need to work, their tribes providing enough money for a family to live well without the effort.

However, a wise man once said, if you want to destroy a man, pay him to do nothing. Without the drive to work, that greatest enemy of mankind, boredom, sets in. Many find healthy ways to keep themselves busy—exploring the great outdoors, living the traditional values of the warrior-hunter, challenging themselves to hunt Quebec's legendary great meta-fauna, that sort of thing. Many still work, keeping themselves just as busy as anyone else.

But there is an insipid rot within the communities in the form of people who do nothing honorable, drink all day, and look for trouble. Given enough for anyone, they eye the rich and want more.

As a result, there is a festering turmoil within Native American tribes. As the megacorps prepare for another Resource Rush, you have the prideful, hunter-warrior camp that sees this rape of Mother Nature as

an affront. But you have another group that are all too willing to line their pockets with corporate scrip, having forgotten what their parents went through.

All this means you have a difficult situation for outsiders. An Anglo can never be quite sure of the reception he'll receive when passing through Native land. The treaties signed by Quebec mean that Amerinds can basically do what they want to you on their land: shoot you, knife you, or kill you, it's all legal. In practice, tribes maintain the law, but it's the Wild West out there. For shadowrunners willing to take that risk, there is work. Whether you work for one of the chieftains under the corporate control or for the anti-corp factions looking to stop corporate expansion, both sides see the value in using non-Native deniable assets to further their ends.

FAUNA

Quebec's hinterland is vast and primordial, a land covered in uncharted boreal forests, valleys, and rivers. All that land is known to house vast quantities of natural resources, but since the Awakening, these wild lands are also home to a prodigious amount of paranormal critters. Where grizzlies used to be the primary concern of northern communities, piasma are now a much graver concern. And that's just the tip of it: Greater wolverines, barghest, deadly mantichoras, and thunderbirds in the sky. And if those aren't enough, you have wendigo problems in some regions and persistent rumors of dracoforms, not to mention frequent spirits, which one can only hope won't be in a bad mood the day you run into them.

Quebec's notorious bounty system is still in effect and as popular as ever. As a result, a lot of northern outposts, particularly Native American villages that aren't under federal law, sell powerful weaponry to bounty hunters.

On top of the official state bounties on critters, many megacorporate prospector teams are paying extra to either clear out areas or escort teams. This lucrative work is attractive to many tough guys and gals up there. All these killers, weapons, and money naturally make for a powder keg. The North may be as dangerous as it is lucrative, with many bounty hunter cliques arranging for the competition to never return. Since it wouldn't be any fun if absolutely everyone and everything wasn't trying to kill you in the bush, Native American warrior packs may attack you under the assumption you are working for corporate prospectors, and corporate teams may attack you on the assumption you are working for the Natives.

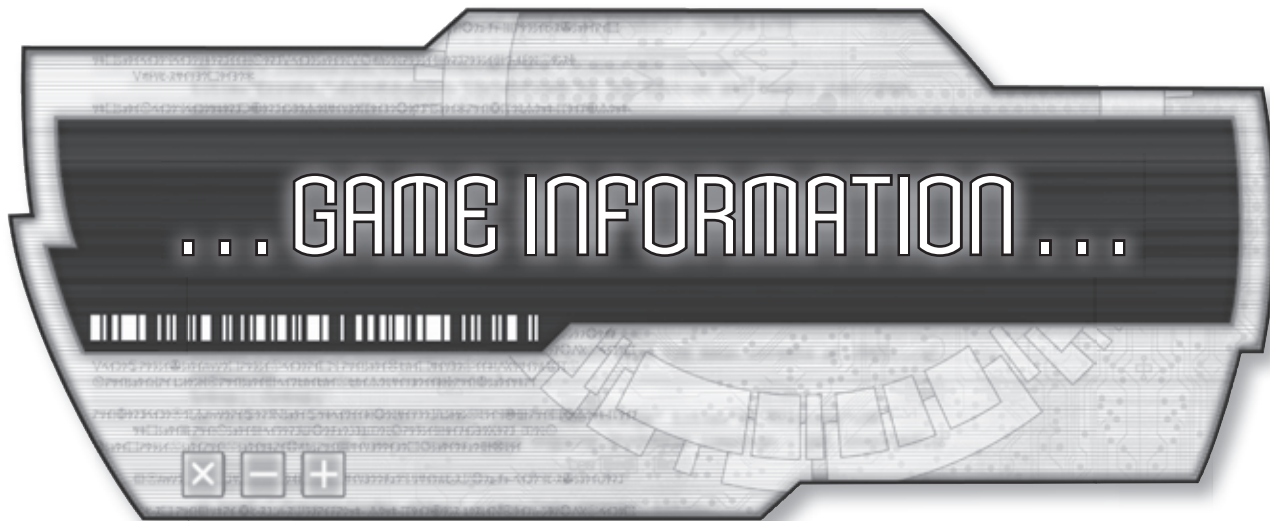
Oh, and don't forget, piasma and mantichoras are dangerous, but a normal grizzly bear can kill you too. But hey, that fresh northern air is good for you!

Incoming Message

REPUBLIC OF QUÉBEC MINISTRY OF WILDLIFE PARANORMAL CRITTER BOUNTY LIST

- **Class E Paranormals (devil rat, SURGED vorpal beaver, etc.):** 25¥ per pelt
- **Class D Paranormals (barghest, cockatrice, demon rat, ghoul, etc.):** 250¥ per pelt
- **Class C Paranormals (basilisk, eyekiller, griffin, harpy, etc.):** 1,000¥ per pelt
- **Class B Paranormals (banshee, wendigo, vampire, etc.):** 5,000¥ per pelt or suitable physical proof
- **Class A Paranormals (horned bear, night manta, piasma, shambler, etc.):** 10,000¥ per pelt
- **Class S Paranormals (free spirits):** 25,000¥ per pelt or other proof of destruction
- **Class X Paranormals (wyverns, kraken, etc.):** 50,000¥ per pelt

Important! There are no longer any bounties on sasquatch and dragons



SAMPLE CONTACTS

The contacts below represent the type of people shadowrunners can find in Montreal. Each represents a bit of the fabric that makes up Montreal, though the personality of each sample contact can vary wildly from what is described here, and countless other types of contacts can be made through the runner's days in the city.

HELLSOUL FULL-PATCH

Uses: Jobs, information, weapons, drugs, additional contacts, backup
Places to meet: Biker chapterhouse, strip club, bar

The Hellsouls may be top dogs in Montreal, but they are an organization under siege. Up-and-comers are always nipping at their heels, and now this business with the Devil Riders is starting to turn serious. The Full-Patch is a man with a plan, despite all this. He is a businessman. Sure, he might act like a macho brute in front of the troops, with a live-free-or-die attitude, but compromise is the vocabulary of any successful businessman. Not that it's all just an act. Assuming he'll behave himself is the last mistake you may ever make.

He might look like a pile of muscle with a bad attitude, but don't underestimate his brains or cunning. He needs talented individuals to help further his agenda and consolidate his plans, so if that's you, and you do your job well, you'll find you have friends all over the city.

Ork

| B | A | R | S | C | I | L | W | Ess | Init | IP |
|---|---|-------|---|---|---|---|---|-----|-------|-------|
| 7 | 4 | 3 (4) | 7 | 3 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 3.5 | 7 (8) | 1 (2) |

Active Skills: Automatics 3, Blades 3, Clubs 3, Dodge 2, Etiquette (Street) 1 (+2), First Aid 2, Intimidation 3, Leadership 2, Perception 3, Pistols 4, Unarmed Combat 4

Knowledge Skills: Drugs 3, Montreal Streets 3, Organized Crime Leaders 4, Organized Crime Structure 4, Weapon Manufacturers 3, Weapon Models 3

Augmentations: Plastic bone lacing, wired reflexes 1

VAGABOND CREW GANGER

Uses: Information, additional contacts

Places to meet: Difficult to reach places

A Vagabond Crew ganger is a rebel artist. She lives for the next tag, climbing on top of highway exit signs over rushing traffic to tag it, one false move leading to her death. An adrenaline junkie, you'll need to earn her respect before she'll share anything with you. Prove to her you got balls and style, and she'll let you into her world. Hidden tunnels, unobserved access points—she knows them all, cause she's tagged them all. Her crew is well known and well liked by the denizens of the underworld. If you need introductions or need to broker a sit down, the VC's respect will rub off on you. Don't embarrass her though; she may live for the next tag, but she's not ignorant of the ways of her world.

Dwarf

| B | A | R | S | C | I | L | W | Ess | Init | IP |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|-----|------|----|
| 5 | 3 | 2 | 4 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 6.0 | 6 | 1 |

Active Skills: Artisan 4, Blades 2, Con 1, Dodge 2, Etiquette (Street) 1 (+2), Infiltration 3, Perception 2, Pistols 3, Tracking 2, Unarmed Combat 3

Knowledge Skills: Law Enforcement Techniques 3, Montreal Gangs 3, Montreal Law Enforcement 3, Montreal Shadows 2, Montreal Streets 4, Montreal Underground 5

NEO-ANARCHIST ACTIVIST

Uses: Information, weapons, diversions

Places to meet: Alleys and streets, squatter houses

The Neo-A activist has decided to dedicate herself to the cause, no matter the cost. She believes that what the corporations are doing to his city, his country, is wrong and must be stopped. The time for talk is over—the corps made that clear. She has nothing left but her rage and her family of fellow Neo-Anarchists; and they will right the wrongs of the world to build a new, better society.

The Neo-Anarchist is slow to trust, since corporate infiltrators are everywhere. Prove to her you embrace her cause—or at least that you don't work for the enemy—and she'll open up her resources to you. The Neo-Anarchist will help you stay off the

grid. She'll gladly share the intel she has against the enemy if you promise to hurt them. And if you thought her movement was all talk, wait till she shows you the milspec gear her organization has acquired from their benefactors.

Human

| B | A | R | S | C | I | L | W | Ess | Init | IP |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|-----|------|----|
| 3 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 6.0 | 6 | 1 |

Active Skills: Blades 2, Chemistry 2, Clubs 3, Demolitions 3, Disguise 2, Dodge 1, Etiquette 2, First Aid 1, Forgery 1, Infiltration 2, Perception 3, Pistols 2, Unarmed Combat 2

Knowledge Skills: Explosives 2, Montreal Politics 4, Montreal Streets 4, Political Theory 3, Weapons Dealers 3

CORPORATE PROSPECTOR

Uses: Jobs, information, additional contacts (corporate, mercenary)

Places to meet: Bar, corporate headquarters, Matrix bulletin board

Quebec is a nation rich in untapped natural resources. Fear of the NAN has cowed the government into leaving this richness out of the hands of its citizens. This is wrong, and the corporate prospector is here to return the nation's heritage to its rightful owners. No? Don't buy it, not an idealist? All right then, do what you're told, go where you're told, and shoot at what you're told and you'll be paid. The corporate prospector doesn't care about Mother Earth, doesn't care about things like "ancestral lands" and, in fact, doesn't care about anyone in Quebec. She's here to find a motherfucking huge deposit of nickel, gold or diamonds, so that her corporation can dig it out. Unfortunately, the local fauna and the local Native American population get in her way. That's a problem you can solve for her. Afterwards, you can do what you want. If you happen to be interested in making some trouble for her competitors, well, she'll gladly encourage you to do that, too.

Human

| B | A | R | S | C | I | L | W | Ess | Init | IP |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|-----|------|----|
| 3 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 6.0 | 8 | 1 |

Active Skills: Blades 3, Dodge 2, Etiquette (Corporate) 2 (+2), First Aid 2, Longarms 4, Perception 3, Pistols 3, Shadowing 4, Survival 5, Tracking 4

Knowledge Skills: Corporate Structure 2, Megacorporations 4, Montreal Corporations 4, Montreal Markets 3, Quebec Wilderness 4

FRÈRE-CHASSEUR

Uses: Jobs, information, gear

Places to meet: Open spaces

The Frère-Chasseur has an agenda; he won't try to hide that. He sure as shit isn't going to share it with you. He doesn't want to be your friend and he doesn't care about you. If you need something from him, you can do business. He'll trade for information or favors. Someone with your skillset can be useful, but don't forget you're expendable. The Frère-Chasseur is fighting

for an ideal, and you don't fit in it. You're just lucky he's pragmatic enough to find you useful.

Human

| B | A | R | S | C | I | L | W | Ess | Init | IP |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|-----|------|----|
| 4 | 5 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 3 | 5 | 5.0 | 9 | 1 |

Active Skills: Automatics 3, Blades 4, Dodge 3, Etiquette 2, First Aid 3, Intimidation 3, Leadership 2, Negotiation 3, Perception 4, Pistols 5, Unarmed Combat 4

Knowledge Skills: Black Markets 3, Explosives 3, Montreal Gangs 4, Montreal Streets 4

Augmentations: Dermal plating 2

FALLEN

Uses: Information, additional contacts, jobs

Places to meet: You'll know when he tells you.

You can look for the Fallen, but you won't find them unless they want you to. Before they were Fallen, they were the best of the Seraphim spies. Then, it was just a job to them. Now, their every survival depends on their skills. They've never been meaner, they've never been sharper. Billions of nuyen's worth of resources is being spent hunting them. You can put the word out you want to make contact, but you'll meet if and when they agree to. You won't be ready, and it won't be comfortable. But the Fallen can recognize that you might be useful. They'll never trust you, and they'll never admit it; but they need you. They are fighting a war, and they need help. In exchange, they can introduce you to a world of detailed intelligence you only dreamed of. They have fully detailed blueprints, valid access codes, security routes, the color of your target's underwear—you name it. But remember: if you make contact, you pick sides, and your world may never be the same again.

Elf

| B | A | R | S | C | I | L | W | Ess | Init | IP |
|---|-------|---|-------|---|---|---|---|-----|---------|-------|
| 3 | 5 (7) | 4 | 3 (5) | 5 | 6 | 4 | 5 | 4.2 | 10 (12) | 1 (3) |

Active Skills: Automatics 4, Blades 4, Computer 3, Con 2, Dodge 4, Etiquette (Corporate) 3 (+2), First Aid 3, Gymnastics 3, Infiltration 4, Intimidation 3, Leadership 2, Negotiation 3, Perception 4, Pilot Aircraft 3, Pilot Ground Craft 4, Pistols 5, Running 3, Shadowing 5, Tracking 4, Unarmed Combat 4

Knowledge Skills: High-Tech Gear 3, Megacorporations 4, Montreal Corporations 5, Montreal Government 3, Montreal Streets 3, Security Techniques 4

Augmentations: Muscle augmentation 2, muscle toner 2, synaptic booster 2

CDQ RESOURCE ADJUSTER

Uses: Jobs, information, additional contacts (corporate)

Places to meet: High-end restaurant, corporate offices, VIP club, limo ride

The CDQ isn't the enemy. A richer nation is a better nation, and contrary to what some might say, the Consortium has Quebec's interest at heart. Or that's what the Resource Adjuster will tell you. The economic development of the nation is a boon

for all citizens, a richness all can share in. But you can't make an omelet without cracking a few eggs. Some people chose to resist progress, and chose to be unreasonable. The Resource Adjuster is there to make obstinate problems go away, and you're here to help him. If you're discreet and efficient, there is work for you. Work with better pay than you'll find anywhere else. Sometimes, you have to keep the children in line. Some corporations get too excited and forget they have to share with their brothers, and you need to send them a message. Sometimes, it's those Neo-Anarchist punks that cause problems, and they need to be put in their place. The Fallen? That's serious. You come across one, don't listen to their lies or you'll become tainted, just like them. You terminate him, and you'll be richly rewarded.

Human

| B | A | R | S | C | I | L | W | Ess | Init | IP |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|-----|------|----|
| 2 | 3 | 3 | 2 | 5 | 5 | 5 | 4 | 5.6 | 8 | 1 |

Active Skills: Blades 2, Computer 3, Con 2, Dodge 1, Etiquette (Corporate) 5 (+2), Leadership 3, Negotiation 4, Perception 4, Pistols 3

Knowledge Skills: Megacorporations 4, Montreal Corporations 5, Montreal Government 3, Montreal Restaurants 4

Augmentations: Tailored pheromones 2

BLACK MASS FIXER

Uses: Gear of all kinds, information, jobs, cash

Places to meet: Bars, cafés, lounges, trinket shops

They were neo-anarchists, now they call themselves Black Mass. End of story, nothing else to talk about. He has his reasons for leaving them, but he doesn't want to talk about it. That is to say, he doesn't want to talk about his reasons or the neo-anarchists. Those days are over, and all he has to show for it is a two-inch incision on his side and his cyberleg. If you're here to do business, then get to it. Anything you want, the Black Mass can move it for you. Electronics, weapons, vehicles—anything. You got some hot loot for sale? He'll take that, too. You interested in going a step further? Then the Black Mass Fixer happens to know a hot new prototype sitting in a nearby corporate facility. If you're willing to get it, he'll give you some good store credit. Worried that someone who could abandon his ideals for the lure of nuyen can't be trusted? Maybe you don't like that you see too much of yourself in him.

Human

| B | A | R | S | C | I | L | W | Ess | Init | IP |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|-----|------|----|
| 2 | 2 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 6.0 | 9 | 1 |

Active Skills: Automatics 3, Blades 4, Dodge 3, Etiquette 2, First Aid 3, Intimidation 3, Leadership 2, Negotiation 3, Perception 4, Pistols 5, Unarmed Combat 4

Knowledge Skills: Black Markets 3, Explosives 3, Montreal Gangs 4, Montreal Streets 4

GENDARMERIE DETECTIVE

Uses: Information, favors

Places to meet: Crime scene, coffee shop

Don't give up on Montreal. She's a rough old lady who's seen better days, but you can't give up on her. People will tell you Montreal sold out to the corporate agenda. People will tell you Montreal's streets belong to thugs and criminals. People will tell you all that's left is the buck you can make for yourself. Don't believe them. The Gendarmerie Detective believes in a better city. He's old, he's tried, he's been passed for promotion by young suit-wearers, and now his fellow citizens think he's a sell-out. But he hasn't given up. He's arguably seen the worst of the world and the worst this city has to offer, but he hasn't given up, so what's your excuse? If your morality can stand being next to him, maybe you'll start believing too, or not. But even if you don't, the Gendarmerie Detective knows he can't force anyone into being good. Making them "not rotten" will have to do for now. You have tips that can help him; he has tips that can help you. He's not naïve, he knows what you do with the information he gives you. But there's just enough good in what you do to outweigh the bad. And who knows, maybe this time, you'll believe in the good left in this city, too.

Human

| B | A | R | S | C | I | L | W | Ess | Init | IP |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|-----|------|----|
| 4 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 2 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 3.2 | 7 | 1 |

Active Skills: Automatics 3, Clubs 3, Dodge 3, Etiquette (Law Enforcement) 1 (+2), First Aid 3, Intimidation 3, Leadership 2, Negotiation 2, Perception 3, Pilot Ground Craft 3, Pistols 4, Running 2, Unarmed Combat 3

Knowledge Skills: Law Enforcement Techniques 4, Montreal Organized Crime 4, Montreal Police Officers 4, Montreal Streets 4

Augmentations: Cybereyes 2, dermal plating 1, wired reflexes 1

