KA·GE

For those of you who don't already know, Kage means shadow. You hold in your hands the first issue of Kage, the newsletter of the Shadowrun Network. I am your not so humble sysop/contact/editor. Although I would sometimes like to believe I work alone, that is not the case. Even though I am writing these words, they are just as much from the other two members of the management team. Together the three of us write, edit, assemble, publish and manage Kage and the Network. At least that is what has been happening.

If you are reading this, you are probably a Shadowrun player and if you're a player, you probably enjoy the game — I haven't talked to many who have tried the game who don't enjoy it. That makes you part of a loosely knit body of enthusiasts. Although it was never organized (until now), that body of players is the basis of the network. We just have to get organized.

If you play Shadowrun, chances are you've got ideas and opinions, characters, locations, and stories you'd love to tell. I'd further offer that you put at least some work into the game environment on a regular basis, but until now all you reached were the players you could see and talk to directly. Nice thing about a network, chummer, you just gotta know the net, not every node.

As a organization of players, we are looking for writers and artists who are interested in having their works published. Kage currently publishes quarterly in the format you see before you. It is mailed first class, and it mails on time. In this issue you will not only receive the writers and artists guidelines, but you will get a chance to see the types of work we are interested in publishing. Everything published here is officially approved by FASA, which means you can use what you find at your next gaming session. That's way hot, chummer, and you'll only get it one place — in the Network.

Kage was born at Origins 91 and grew quickly at GenCon 91. In less than three months, we have gone from 0 members to over 300.

I am not so brash as to make unsolicited promises of performance or substance.

Then again, I don't have to. Kage is the ONLY place you can get regular FASA approved Shadowrun information, and you know the best part? You get to write what you want to see. Since you are part of the network, your values and opinions count. You want lots of magic? Let us know, or better yet, write us with the rules you have been using and we'll have FASA look them over. If they're consistent with the Shadowrun rules, you'll have everyone playing by your rules.

Although this issue can be viewed as fairly typical for future issues, don't think that things will remain static or we've included all the topics we wanted with the first issue. True, we've got fiction, scenario guidelines, corporate profiles, new gear, new rules, new archetypes, new contacts, and the latest word from FASA, but we barely managed to scratch the surface. We've still got to make room for location archetypes (like Sprawl Sites), new spells, new totems, questions and answers, DMZ encounters, gangs, organizations, tribes, and a whole lot more.

You may have noticed this issue is slanted towards deckers. Although every issue has a theme, that doesn't mean other archetypes will not be included. Street Samurai, for example, should check out the new rules. All archetypes can be included in the scenario.

Two final notes on Kage. First is the scenario. The center two pages contain the outline of a scenario. Gamemasters should use the outline to construct a scenario which fits into their current campaign. Embellish, change, or run it stock. Players should keep their paws out. Don't spoil the fun by having a hint of the things to come. We've kept this section short enough to help you restrain yourself, but long enough to give the GM the information needed.

Second is the network. It doesn't work if you don't participate. This is a player's organization. Take advantage of it to show off your talent. Like all computer systems, it is a tool to be used to your best advantage, not the final product. Don't let this tool slide between your fingers.

Enjoy,

J Long

Lucy

I began drifting back to consciousness convinced I was laying on a Troll. There was no other way to account for the lumps underneath me. An incessant pounding mingled with the driving beat of the Skeleton Club I had so recently enjoyed. From a distance it was easy to mistake the two rhythms and at the current moment my consciousness was definitely a long way from the door.

I opened one bleary eye and watched through a gentle rain of plaster as the door to my room shook with the pounding was receiving. Slowly, a wide variety of smells and feelings began to worm their way into my forebrain. My tongue seemed to be epoxied to the roof of my mouth, but I wasn't sure that was as bad as it sounded (or felt) since my nose seemed to be working overtime to bring not only air, but a wide variety of mostly unpleasant aromas.

A fresh series of "knocks" caused the door to begin to crack along the hinges. Plaster started to fall in earnest from the vibrations stinging my already abused eyes. Although I had been awake for a few seconds, I only realized my predicament when the frame of the door began to give way. I ..ed to swallow, but failed as my heart began rushing up my throat. Adrenalin fought with alcohol-induced dehydration, eventually providing me a burst of energy amid a flood of animal panic. I jumped off the Troll, which turned out to be one very old and very abused bed, and fought off a sudden wave of vertigo as I crossed the room. Luckily I was still dressed, but even if I had not been, I would have been out the window and on the dilapidated fire escape in the same amount of time. Modesty has its place, but I was pretty sure this was not one of those places.

Two steps across the room and I was by the back wall clutching Lucy. The vertigo had passed for the most part and my vision had cleared enough to see, even if it was slightly blurred around the edges. The window pane was gone, so all I had to do was step through as the door frame finally gave way. Mr. Pounder seemed to expect the door's demise as he stepped quickly into the room amid a hail of splinters. Looked kind of like an ork, but I only had the chance to glance back before I was on the escape and looking right into the long dark opening of a Mossberg.

If you've never had a gun pointed at you, it can be hard to imagine how something so relatively small can suddenly take up all of your vision, not to mention attention. I looked up the barrel to the slim hand holding it much too casually and wondered if I was wearing body armor. I remembered I did own at lease a vest, but I couldn't tell if I was wearing it (and I was not going to take my eyes off the Mossberg to check). Miss Mossberg didn't have to say a word. She just waved the shotgun towards the window and I began to climb back in. I considered using Lucy as a shield and making some sort of foolish move, but one look at her golden chromed eyes told me that was a very stupid idea. By the time I got back into the room I had begun to deeply regret the final three or four rounds I had imbibed at the Skeleton last night. At best I am a lightweight drinker, but the three

month anniversary of my escape from corporate life seemed like reason enough to celebrate, even if it did cost me what remained of my nuyen.

My room was not very big, just slightly larger than your average coffin hotel (which I hoped it would not become) and security was non-existent, but it was cheap and that was the only thing that counted, or at least had counted when I checked in several days ago. Mr. Pounder checked the room out, which took all of three seconds, while Miss Mossberg kept a cybereye on me. I just sat on the bed, the only piece of furniture, and clutched Lucy to my chest. I was not, I discovered, wearing armor and Lucy offered the best protection in the room. I tried to remember where my vest was hidden, but quickly remembered I'd sold it to pay for the room. Pounder grunted into the hall and stepped away. I suppressed an urge to imitate a drum roll and instead waited for whoever was out in the hall to arrive. Levity, I have discovered, is best used when one has some idea of the outcome, or at least, the audience.

I wasn't really sure what to expect, but it was not a dwarf. Especially not a dwarf in a three-piece suit with what was probably a genuine Caribbean League cigar stuck in the corner of his mouth. I'd not seen a Brennihan and Marx suit in over three months, another reminder of the type of people I was currently mingling with. The realization probably should have started some

pangs of regret, (they are fabulous suits) but it only served to remind me of the life I had chosen to leave behind. I really didn't miss it at all (except maybe for the clothes). If he realized the suit was out of place, however, he certainly didn't show it as he quickly crossed the room and stuck out his small hand. Blue smoke followed him into the room like his own private rain cloud.

"Mr. Kable. Mr. Sebastian Kable. How nice to finally meet

you."

I decided politeness was the better part of valor and reached for his hand. I was careful to keep the other wrapped around Lucy, however, and her smooth black case between me and Miss Mossberg.

"Good...morning?" Surly I hadn't slept that late. "Pleased to make your acquaintance." Although I easily encircled his

small hand, he nearly crushed mine with his grip. If firm handshakes are the first round of a negotiation (and I was pretty sure that is what was about to happen since I was still alive), score one for Mr. Little. I tried to swallow some of the dust which had accumulated in my mouth over the last six or so hours and hoped my slightly swollen tongue wouldn't get me into any more trouble than normal. "I'm afraid you have me at a loss, Mr...?"

"Bolter." He looked at me like the name should mean something, but if it did I sure couldn't remember. He released my hand and looked me right in the eye. I'd heard Dwarves can look right into your heart and although I'd never been this close to a dwarf before, I was suddenly very sure Bolter knew all about me, including the throbbing pain in my right hand. I resisted the urge to flex the fingers and instead settled for running my hand through my hair, hoping the circulation would eventually return.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Bolter, but I can't quite place you. I'm afraid I'm not much of a morning person." He worked the cigar to the other side of his mouth as he considered the news. Miss Mossberg looked amused at my ignorance, Pounder just shook his head.

"Ah, well that is quite alright, Mr. Kable." From the look in his eye and the reaction of the guards, I'd just lost round two. "I was hoping to talk with you about a mutual concern. Something which would provide both

3

us with an object we have both been looking for. Harmony, I believe you can lower your weapon. Mr. Kable isn't going to hurt anyone."

Saints above, I just love it when they're direct. "Thank you for the consideration, Mr. Bolter, Harmony." I suppressed a smile as Miss Mossberg lowered her gun. Not only did Bolter want to earn my good will, but Miss Mossberg was acting more and more like hired muscle — brains optional. Evidently the ork didn't think I merited a firearm as his was still slung over a shoulder. It kind of hurt my ego, but there was no way I could take him out so I consoled myself with my much better looks. Bolter began to slowly .ce the short distance between the door and window, head down, fingers on his chin. He seemed to have become instantly at ease in the room and although he did not look directly at the bed, I knew he was fully concentrated on me.

"Mr. Kable, you have, I believe, recently left your employer of the last twenty seven years?" So when is a question not a question? When its a statement, and since I was only twenty seven years old, Bolter was hinting that he knew I was on the run. Did he know I was running out of places to hide? He didn't wait for an answer (I just knew it wasn't a question) and kept on talking.

ing on your own can be a rewarding, if dangerous, experience." Yep, he knows it all. "Are you enjoying your new found freedom?" His head went up

and he fixed me with another steely-eyed stare.

"As with any venture, it has its pluses and minuses. I enjoy the independence, but the lack of resources can be a problem." That should pretty well lay the cards on the table, Mr. Bolter. I'm broke, on the run, and near the end of the line. He blew a long stream of smoke towards the ceiling and seemed to reminisce for a moment.

"I remember when I was in a similar position. Starting over can be exciting, but it is very difficult." He cocked his head as if listening to a far away sound, pausing for effect (which was completely unnecessary as far as I was concerned). Mr. Pounder started to chuckle. I was beginning to wonder what would happen if I declined an offer when the conversation was easy enough for an ork to follow. The window was beginning to look like an excellent idea.

"Doing much programming, Sebastian? You don't mind if I call you Sebastian, do you?" Yea, like I have a choice. "I see you've got a cyberdeck, or at least a cyberdeck case. So, what's your software like?"

The window was definitely a good idea, but Harmony seemed to pick up on my intent and went over to sit on the window sill. I looked down at Lucy and wondered, for the millionth time, why I hadn't listened to mom, or dad, or somebody, and just become a rigger. Owning a nova hot cyberdeck (at least for the moment) didn't really matter much when you

didn't have two programs worth the name in memory.

"Well, as luck would have it, I have been working on a couple of programs. Another day or two and I'll have them ready to go. I do have a few of my trusty utilities ready to roll, but nothing fancy."

Bolter seemed to regard me for a moment then suddenly turned away. With a pair of nods, the two bodyguards headed in opposite directions. Pounder grunted what could have been anything from "O.K." to "I never get to have any fun" and went out the door. He even made enough noise for us to tell he'd moved down the hall. By the time I'd turned to the window Harmony was on the escape and half a flight up. Her eyes may have been manmade, but there was no doubt about her legs (even in tights), they were all-natural. For the moment we had the room to ourselves. Bolter jabbed the cigar onto the wall and filled the room with the faint smell of burning paper. Without a glance at the window, he sent the butt flying onto the street below with the flick of a finger.

"Alright son, here's the picture. You haven't got a pot to piss in or a window to throw it out of. You're riding one hot deck, but you haven't got the utilities to do it justice. From the look of things, you've just about hit the bottom of the barrel and you're about to start taking stupid chances to get enough money to finish your programming. That means running the matrix with

4

second class programs versus first class ICE. Sounds like a sure formula for a dead decker. How am I doing so far?"

"Great story, but I'd like to wait until the ending to give it a review. For now we can pretend its gospel."

"They warned me you had a smart mouth. O.K. kid, I'll wind this 'story' up." Fantastic, now he thinks I'm a child.

"You're on the run from Cyco and their parents, which puts you in hot drek up to your smart mouth. After living the soft and sweet corporate life you decided you had to take it on the run, so you grabbed one of their new decks and hit the streets. It didn't take long, however, for the streets to hit back. If you don't get some cash, or programs, soon you're going to have to sell the deck to eat. Either that or starve to death and try to run the matrix on willpower alone. If you're not looking for a little help, you should be.

"In the three months you've been on your own you've used all of your nuyen and sold most of the equipment you managed to steal when you left Cyco. This room is paid for the next three days, then you're out on your round ear. You've learned some hard lessons and met a few of the right people, but you're still a babe in the wilderness. In short, you need a job and you need a friend."

I managed to look like I was thinking about his offer for almost a minute before I started asking the standard questions:

"Why should I trust you." What's in it for you? "How did you find out about me?" Most of the questions were just a way to stall for time. I didn't really even listen to the answers all that hard. I distilled them and the story into their bottom line: You've got something I cannot get on every street corner and I am willing to take a chance on you in return for that skill or ability. In return, I am the boss and you will do what I say. Well, nobody ever said you had to kick me in the head (more than once or twice) to get me to recognize a good thing. I tried to sound hesitant, just to show I was cautious, when I agreed to listen to his employment offer. In the back of my mind, something was telling me I'd just lost rounds three through fifteen, but I quit listening as Bolter, or Mr. Bolter I should say, made his pitch.

"Here's the angle, kid. You need money and programs. I need something from an unnamed individual. In exchange for money and/or programs, you are going to assist me, and my associates, in retrieving that something. Sound simple enough?" I nodded my head to keep him talking. Just like the old world, you don't really have to say much to make the boss think you understand. Just look eager and he assumes the rest. I was beginning to dislike his use of 'kid,' however.

"You tell me what you need in the way of utilities and I'll get what I can. In two days you're going to go into the matrix to

cover my team as the extract my prize. You with me so far? Another nod of the head. This was starting to sound too easy.

"Now, kid, what do you need to get into the Carleton Arms Condominiums?" My head shot up in spite of myself.

"The Carleton? The 'Uncracked Carleton?'" He smiled and nodded as he reached in his pocket for an electric humidor. I sat there open-mouthed as he lit his cigar on the humidor's hot spot.

"That too tough for you, kid?" I was officially out of options. He only chuckled when I pulled the bed's cover over my head and tried to pass out.

I've often thought that there is something out there which watches over children and the terminally stupid. Although Bolter had the stature to match the first, his intentions to raid the Carleton definitely ranked him with the second. In the three days since he'd stated his original intent I had tried to explain to him the dangers of running against an AA rated Security condominium. Every objection and rational reason for not attempting the impossible met with rejection or 'executive override'. I had hundreds, well maybe a dozen, of reasons not to try to crack the Carleton, but whatever watches over the ter minally stupid helped Bolter secure what he needed to override my concerns. Eventually all I could do was resign myself to impending death and marvel at

v own naivete. My biggest concern was my own lack of utilities, but Bolter said that would be no problem as code was "on the way." Yea, and the check is in the mail. Cracking the Carleton was going to kill me and I was doing it at the request of the man, or dwarf, who supposedly wanted to help me out.

After several late night sessions with Bolter and Harmony, who seemed to comprise the brain-trust of the group, we picked a day to go after the Carleton. The two day time-limit mentioned by Bolter in the original meeting proved to be way out of line with reality, especially when handling a decker with precious few programs.

Although I was not a full-fledged member of this band of thieves, I was the only decker and that allowed me to be included in most of the planning sessions. I often began to ask why I was the only decker, but an especially dark corner of my mind warned me I did not want to know the whole story. I could not suppress a shout of victory when Bolter was forced to agree with me and push the target date back. The new launch date gave me three precious days to finish my programming. Even though I thought I could finish the program before the end of the planning sessions, I was still debugging my work. Planning all day and programming all night didn't leave much time for anything else. I was eventually forced to give up sleep as an unnecessary luxury, and supplement my naps with

infusions of soy-caf. Eventually, however, not even the liquid caffeine was enough and I passed on the Troll bed.

I really wasn't sure which was worse, waking up to Pounder's (I discovered his name was Mack and for an ork he was very bright) beating the door down or Harmony staring into my eyes. The impersonal precision of her golden cybereyes provide an especially shocking contrast to the natural beauty of her honey blonde hair and perfectly smooth skin. Hey, don't get me wrong. I like the ladies and there was no doubt Harmony is an attractive lady. (Aw, who's kidding who? She was a bomber — rock-solid, mirrored chrome, gorgeous.) I also like to think that for the most part they like me, but I definitely went to bed the night before by myself and I don't like to be wakened with a set of chromed orbs three inches from my nose. Especially when they're uninvited.

I was suitably macho and managed not to scream in surprise, even though I did jump and pull a muscle in my neck. After all the time we'd spent together in the planning sessions, I'd learned she would move with a grace and silence I couldn't match in my dreams. The time was definitely well spent however, as I was beginning to think I'd earned her respect and I was almost ready to forgive her for leveling that Mossberg during our initial encounter, when she scared the daylights out

of me. It occurred to me this was the first time we'd ever been alone together and maybe I should try to find out more about her.

"Here you go." She dropped a set of mismatched disks on the bed as I attempted to sit up. She looked for a place to sit, but gave up and folded herself onto the floor with more grace than I had ever seen. I managed to tear myself away after staring for only ten seconds. She endured my gawking with patience and dignity, but eventually pointed at the stack of disks in my lap. I looked down at the unlabeled group and remembered Lucy, my only real love. Harmony was suddenly very far away.

"Why are you still at this flop? I know Bolter has advanced you part of your cut. Couldn't you move up in the world just a little?" I looked up to catch her brushing the hair from her eyes. Unlike most samurai, she preferred to keep her hair long and
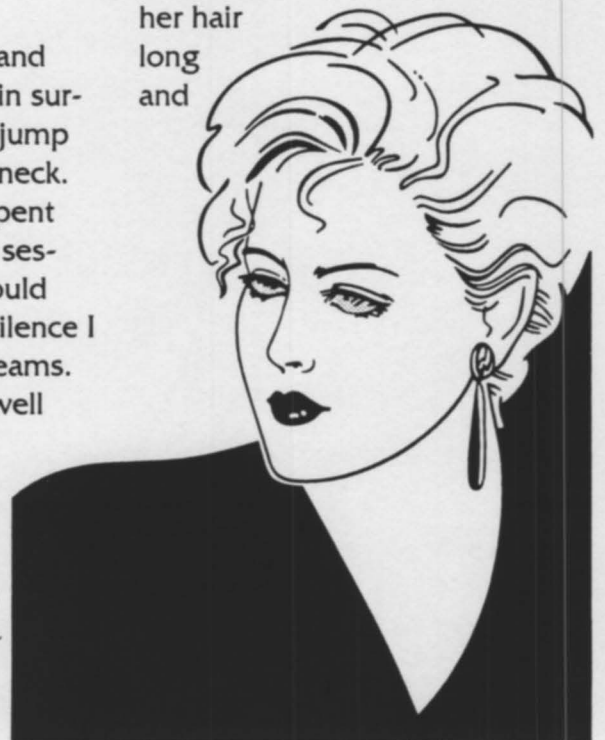
loose. I imagine she knew full well the effect such a simple action had on most men.

I tried to shrug with one shoulder as I massaged the side of my neck. "I guess I could, but I don't see the point. Most of my nuyen is already on spoken for." I reached out and grabbed the unmarked disks. "You sticking around while I check these out?" She nodded slightly and I reached for my case, suddenly uninterested in Harmony or her history.

I've heard that some of the old-time musicians had a real love affair with their instruments. You don't get that much now with the throw-away society we live in. Sure people value something because of its cost, but not because of its beauty. Its just a tool. Lucretia, now she's different.

Lucy was the third Omega Cyberdeck prototype Cyco Circuits built. I practically put her together by myself and in truth she was a lot of the reason I had to leave Cyco, but that's another story. She was also the reason I was still on the run from Cyco and their iron-fisted owners. I opened the combat case (which had cost me most of my available nuyen upon my departure from Cyco) and reached for the plug. Harmony seemed content to sit and watch, so I let her.

Hello, Lucy. I enjoyed the normal rush I always received when I plugged into Lucy, even if she wasn't connected to the matrix. I stood in the middle of a large room, circa 1810. I wore the uniform of an English Infantry Captain complete with sword. A set of tailored white overalls and a white silk shirt under a vivid red jacket were the main pieces of the outfit. My boots were a mirrored black with a shine so clear I new I could shave in the reflection. The distinctive black cap was on the bed post, chin strap already adjusted. The saber slapped my side noiselessly as I crossed the room. As always, I felt more alive at this moment than at any other. Here things were clear. I was a good guy, and the French were the bad guys. Napoleon, back on the throne in France, had to be stopped and I was just the man to do it. Nothing complicated, nothing hidden. Just straight forward good versus evil (or my version of it anyway). I was stilled keyed up, but duty (and badly needed nuyen) called and I forced my mind to return to business. Since the room went nowhere, I concentrated on the new programs Bolter had acquired. Selecting one at random I loaded it into memory. It appeared as a small brass telescope. Neither as large, nor as heavy, as I had requested, I suspected it was not nearly as good as I wanted, or needed. Acquiring quality on such a short notice is always difficult, even for something as simple as Reveal.

The Shield was something else entirely. It appeared as a finely wrought breastplate with matching epaulets. The workmanship was outstanding and though the code would take up a considerable amount of memory, I had no doubts this was just what I had requested. My final package appeared on the dresser when finally loaded. I made the assumption the Carleton would be among the nastier nodes I had run across and even the green nodes would be active. For that reason I asked Bolter to see about a Deception utility instead of Sleaze (which is a personal favorite of mine). The leather wallet was filled with French letters of introduction and Orders from the Field Marshal himself. Though the wallet was thick and appeared to be water-proof, several of documents had become smudged or faded. I knew that was bad, but I didn't think it was fatal. At least I was going to bet my life it wasn't fatal.

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By the time of the run, I was completely relaxed and ready to roll, that was the official story anyway. Bolter was going to personally lead a team of four into the Carleton. Once inside I would provide them with the residence number of Mr. Igor Valleshi, part-time genius and full-time employee of Cyco Circuits. Although I had been compensated with programs and would probably be paid more when the run was finished (assuming I was still alive), had I first known they were going after Igor, I would have done it for free. Well, I'd have done it at a reduced rate. Of all the people I knew and loathed at Cyco, by ex-boss was the only one I despised enough to risk revenge. His mass market men-

`ty and short sighted pursuit or profit were not even the least of his sins. Mass production of decks like Lucy? I silently cursed Bolter for refusing to give me the name of the target until the start of the mission. "Security, kid. You understand." Yea, I understand, you chopped off little runt.

Hello, Lucy. I appeared in my bedroom and began assembling my equipment; uniform, breastplate, documents, telescope, trusty sword, and finally, my surprise. I tucked the untried code into the top of my left boot and wondered for the countless time if my programming skills and testing procedures were good enough. I was nce considered a good (I was . ally closer to excellent) programmer, but weeks in the sprawl with little food and even littler rest had undoubtedly taken its toll. I knew I'd done everything I could, but I hadn't quite managed to convince myself that it was good enough. The programmer in me hoped for the chance to test the code. Every other part of me prayed it wouldn't be necessary.

I stepped out into the hallway, made my way to the ground floor and stepped outside. Although an infantry officer, the reality filter conjured a horse and I used it to head towards the front. In no time I was to and past the front lines. Traveling along country roads and skirting the edges of springtime fields I gradually made my way to the edge of a small town. Distant constructs dotted the horizon and surrounding woods, but what little information Bolter had provided verified I was on course. I dismounted and watched my steed fade from view as I moved into town on foot. French soldiers were billeted in most of the homes of the town, but none were interested in me as I made my way past the stables and to the inn. I watched the building for several moments before discovering a potential entrance near the kitchen. I pulled a watch from my pocket and stepped towards the kitchen door. True to my nature, I was already ten minutes behind schedule.

Gritting my teeth, I threw open the door and attempted to walk through the busy kitchen.

The cook, of course, moved to intercept me and succeeded in stopping me short of the far door. Her haggard face looked expectedly at me as I reached in my pocket for my papers. Near the end of a wooden table a French private slurping soup occasionally glanced in our direction. I opened my wallet and presented my authorizations. She moved aside grudgingly after inspecting the documents and returned to the private as I repocketed my papers. I left the kitchen as quickly as possible and stepped into the hall. From the look of the hallway and the connected rooms, I'd entered by some back door. Maybe my luck was turning.

To my left several French officers were drinking in the common room. Typical French. To the right was the lobby and my destination. I walked up to the desk with more confidence than I felt and slammed my wallet down. The innkeeper began searching through the papers as I looked around. He appeared ready to accept them when he picked up the water stained page. His eyes grew wide and he reached for a small bell next to the register. With little time to think, and less time to act, I drew my sword and ran him through. With a final step towards the bell he dissolved around my sword and disappeared. Alright, so I don't like the sight of blood, even in the matrix. Its my reality filter, remember?

I jumped over the desk and grabbed the register. The words began to fade as I examined the pages. Cursing briefly, I managed to grab my telescope from a coat pocket and catch the name and room number of my target. Hundreds of years away, my fingers sent a message to Bolter and crew. Back over the desk and on my way towards the stairs.

At the foot of the
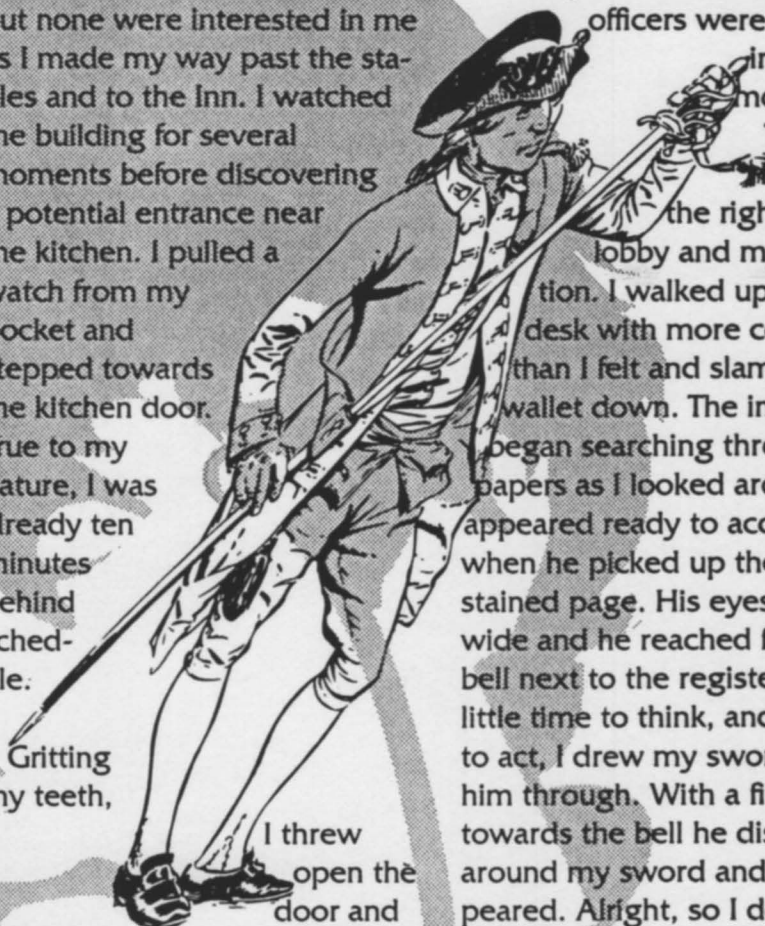
stairs there was a small alcove with a single candle. I looked around, but did not see anyone waiting near it. As this construct was likely a slave module of some type, and potentially helpful to Bolter and his crew, I decided to check it out. I stepped into the alcove and began to examine the candle when something lunged at me from the side. Slamming into the far wall I was barely able to pull my sword free as a large hound jumped at my throat. Its jaws locked around my should, tearing away the epaulet as I sought a weak spot with my sword. Claws raked my breastplate before I could finally get my sword into play. With a quick thrust the dog dissolved.

I fell back against the wall and tried to catch my breath. My sword hand was deeply gouged from one of the animal's attacks. My breastplate had held, but just barely. My sword, though pitted and notched, looked serviceable. I was about to congratulate myself when a bell sounded. Evidently I had killed the ICE, but not fast enough. So much for stealth. I licked my fingers and snuffed out the candle. Back in the future, nimble fingers not yet damaged by the ICE warned Bolter that the system was now on alert.

The inn plunged into semi-darkness as the candle trailed a wisp of smoke. I hit the stairs running even in the darkness. Jumping two at a time I made it to the top floor landing as a French private

appeared. He raised his flintlock and fired at my chest. Smoke filled the landing and the echo rebounded off the walls. The impact of the lead shot threw me back a step, but my right foot caught on the top stair and kept me from pitching back down the steps. I managed to keep my feet, and remain on the landing, as the private followed his assault with a screaming charge. As my breastplate dissolved a bayonet appeared on the end of his rifle.

He jabbed at my stomach, but I managed to beat the attack away with my sword and counterattack with a slash. I caught him cleanly in the ribs and pushed my way away from the stairs, but the damage was not fatal. He thrust at my left thigh and sent the bayonet through my leg. I screamed a curse at the pain and my slowness and slashed at his

unprotected head. The ICE die without a sound as I fell forward. The pain was bad (just like the outside world), but it gave me something to focus on until I could get my wits back. Through the torn uniform leg I could see the deep white puncture.

I tried to catch my breath for several seconds as I pushed myself into a sitting position. Somewhere that blasted bell was still sounding, although I could not see any result for the moment. I heaved myself up and looked down the hall. I had to get to Igor's room and open the door. If I could not do that, Bolter and company might has well go home because they were not going to get into the condo. After taking several deep breaths I finally managed to stand, using my fear of failure as a mental crutch. Limping badly, I staggered down the dark hall and around the corner to the last row of rooms. At the end of the hall (isn't that the way it always goes — the final door of the row) was my objective. Between me and the door was one very upset French Officer.

For my filter an officer can have one of two meanings. Captains are always deckers. Utilities are marked as equipment. Majors are black ICE. Each is deadly, but there are times when I would rather deal
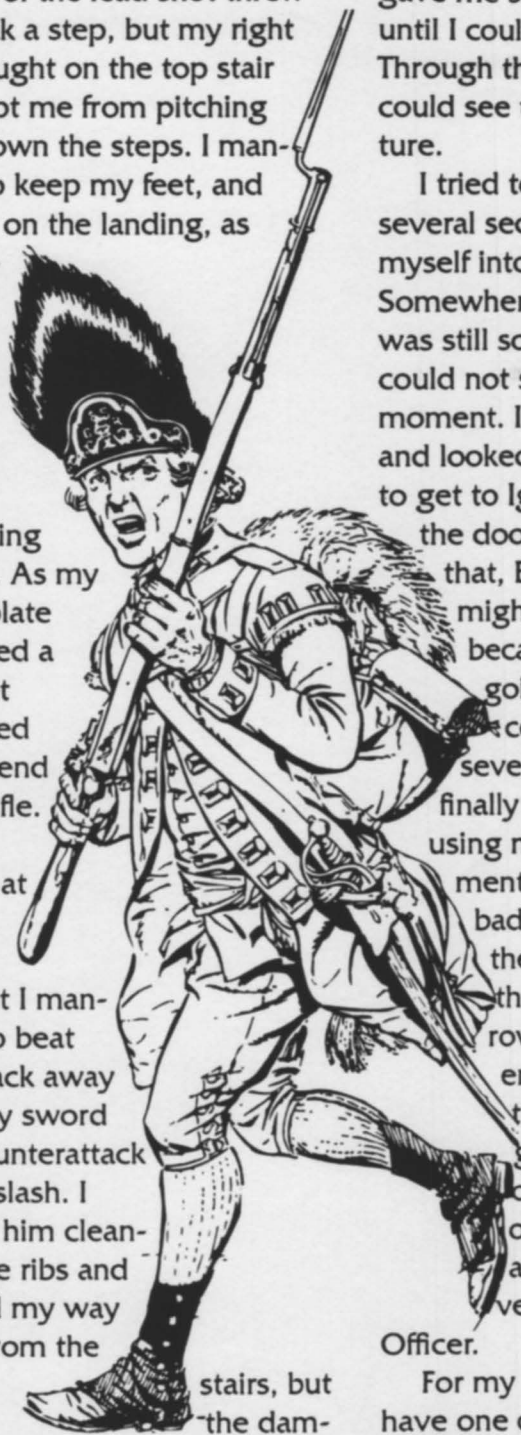
\ .n ICE because deckers can be so unpredictable. I didn't expect the Carleton to run black ICE and I wasn't disappointed with my assumption. In front of me was one huge French Captain. Utilities hung from his belt like trophies and his saber was easily half again as big as mine. He drew the saber with a slowly deliberate cross-body draw. What little light remained in the hall seemed to come from his gently curved blade. If he intended to scare me, he'd done a fine job.

My mind and fingers began to work furiously. Fleeing seemed the safest and wisest choice, but I hesitated. If I failed this run, I was as good as dead k in the future. Jobs would be few, if any, and Bolter would probably skin me alive (assuming my failure didn't lead to his death). I thought about Harmony (and the unlikely possibilities therein) and had just about decided to stand and fight when the captain charged. In three long strides he was on me, blade back for a back-handed blow. I met the first swing of his saber with a block that sent a shiver down my arm. I tried a counter at his exposed chest, but he beat my blow aside and skewered my left arm as I returned to a defensive position. I tried to circle to his unarmed left side, but the narrow hallway helped keep him ween me and the door to Igor's room. I lunged forward as he was in mid-step, jabbing for his hip. He tried to pivot, but was not fast enough as my

blade bit through pants and flesh. His saber flashed down, but I was in and out, ready to defend. His lack of speed in defense offered me a potential opening and I threw myself into an all-out attack. Slashing, jabbing and cutting, I tried to force him back towards the last door. First a blow at the knee, then at the arm. I kept him on the defensive forcing him to use his own sword to parry, rather than attack. He could strike at me if he chose, but any attack would allow me an opening. Like most people, the decker was mostly interested in surviving the fight and was unwilling to expose himself to my blade. I slashed at his head, cleaving through his stupid blue hat, but missing the head beneath. The two halves floated towards the floor, but dissolved before they reached the ground. My swings began to slow and I gripped the sword with both hands, renewing my attacks. I managed to gain ground and press him towards the door, delivering two-handed blows on his blade and hilt. Back on a dingy bed my fingers flew across the keys has the Captain backed into the bedroom door, his sword pitted and dull. With the last of my strength I slammed by saber down on his head, forcing by blade through his guard by strength alone. He ducked down against the door and brought his saber up with both arms. The force of the swords' meeting drove him to his knees and sent me tumbling over onto the top of him.

I was sure I had beaten him until I felt him move underneath me. With a heave, he threw me off and into the center of the hall. I stared unbelieving at him. The blow I landed should have felled an ox (or the equivalent ICE) and he stood untouched. I looked at the blade which let me down and discovered the truth. His defense had cut my saber in two. Even as I watched the hilt began to dissolve in my hand, the blade was already gone. He smiled for just a second as the reality hit me, then launched his assault.

There was nothing to provide cover, so I jumped back from his slash. He stepped forward and delivered diagonal cut which left me only one option. I threw myself on the floor in a vain effort to dive under the blow. I was partially successful, retaining my skin but losing my hat. I rolled over onto my back and began pushing myself backwards along the hall. I managed to avoid the worst of the blows by giving the ground I had but recently won as he shredded my uniform and pared bits from my skin. My right boot was little more than ribbons and I could no longer use my left leg when I hit the back of my head on something much too solid. I continued to try to inch backwards, finally realizing I had come to the corner at the end of the hall. To my left was the short corridor which lead to the landing where I battled the French Private. I thought about rolling over and trying to run to the stairs, but

10

the fatigue and wounds slowed me down too much. The Captain was upon me and to roll over was to die with a sword in the back. He stood at arms length and prepared to finish me off. He smiled, understanding full well this was going to be the end of my brief post-corporate career. He seemed very smug and self-satisfied until I reached into my left boot.

I always feel a moment of self-doubt when I first run a newly created program in a "live" environment. Will it work? Will it work fast enough? Will I live to see the results? Just your basic decker questions. This time it was much worse than normal. Not only would I be running it untested, its failure would mean my death. I leveled the cap and ball pistol as the Captain's smirk turned to a glare. He brought the blade down with an almost physical contempt as my pistol went off. The explosion filled the hall with smoke and sent the lead ball into the captain's face. He

didn't even have the time to look surprised as he faded away. Program successfully tested.

I didn't have time to drop the pistol as the one-shot attack program faded away like the Captain. It was all I could manage to do to simply roll over and half crawl, half drag myself to the last door. Eventually I levered myself up the wall and leaned heavily on the door frame. The brass door knob was cold in my hand and turned easily to reveal the bedroom inside. Trembling fingers sent a final message to Bolter and waited for the reply. I reached inside for a chair and propped the door open, crashing into the chair at the same time. I managed one look once around the room before a letter appeared in right hand. With little interest, I ripped it open.

"Pass stick acquired. Subject tranqued to the maximum. We are homeward bound. Well done. B."

I tried to smile at the thought

of completion, but could not manage it. Somebody was bound to take the pass stick and use it to gain access to Cyco. Another team on another mission risking their lives for nuyen? Or perhaps something more? I hope they're lucky, or good, or both. They'll need to be to go against Cyco.

Goodbye Lucy.

Jim Long is a regular FASA contributor in both their Battletech and Shadowrun worlds. He is the author of two Shadowrun adventures, Bottled Demon and Dreamchipper.

KA•GE

KA•GE AUTHOR AND ARTIST GUIDELINES

STARTING THE PROCESS

You've got a great idea or drawing, and you just **know** that it's what we've been looking for.

Great!

Don't mail it to us.

That's right. We don't want it.

The **first** thing you need to do is send us a **letter of inquiry**, where-in you detail roughly what your idea is, and ask us if we think we can use it. This letter is a legal necessity to us, as this protects us and you from accusation of copyright infringement. If you don't send the letter of inquiry, then we'll consider your submission "unsolicited" which means, however good it is, we have to send it back (in the SASE you included) or throw it away. Let's be honest: the Shadowrun universe is a broad and exciting one, but the chances are good that if you've come up with a great idea, some runner somewhere else is considering something similar.

All manuscripts and artwork become the property of The Shadowrun Network and cannot be returned unless accompanied by an appropriately-sized SASE (Self Addressed Stamped Envelop) with sufficient postage attached. The Shadowrun Network cannot be responsible for articles lost in the mail or misdirected. If you want to make sure the package arrives intact, send it UPS, Federal Express, or by registered mail. That way you can receive confirmation of receipt. Under normal circumstances you will receive a reply to your submission within thirty days of receipt.

If you are planning to submit work which deals with a particular issue, please be aware of our production schedule. Ka•ge is published four times a year, on or around the fifteenth day of March, June, September, and December. You must have the work to our offices no later than 60 days prior to the publication date to be considered (and even more time would be appreciated).

All written material greater than 200 words must be submitted on a computer disk. A complete print-out of the material should accompany the disk as detailed below.

For MacIntosh systems: A 3 1/2 disk (either high or low density) in the following formats are acceptable: ASCII text, MicroSoft Word, Macwrite, WriteNow.

For IBM and compatible systems: Either 3 1/2 or 5 1/4 disks (either high or low density) in the following formats are acceptable: ASCII text; WordPerfect 4.2, 5.0, 5.1; and Ami Professional.

For systems not listed, please make prior arrangements with us and we will try to set something up to handle the .sfer. Do not send us a disk in an unapproved format without telling us what type of format you are using.

EVALUATION

Once we have received the submission, it will normally take less than 30 days for us to get back to you. Our response can take one of several forms:

Acceptance: The Shadowrun Network can accept the work outright. We will take the body of the work and use it as space allows. The Shadowrun Network, however, reserves the right to edit written manuscripts for grammar, spelling and clarity. We also reserve the right to modify text which is not internally consistent with the Shadowrun universe. Because of our position in supporting FASA's efforts with Shadowrun, we may have information on upcoming products or news which we cannot divulge, but which radically changes the Shadowrun Universe. In this event, we reserve the right to edit the text to reflect the new events. In the case of artwork, the entire piece will be used, however, The Shadowrun Network reserves the right to crop the piece as needed to fit on the page or cover. Likewise, the artwork may be used as part of a graphic design.

Acceptance with modifications: Although this type of acceptance is rare, The Shadowrun Network can accept the work even though it needs extensive modifications. The Shadowrun Network will contact the author or artist and inform him/her of the changes we are planning to make. If the author/artist agrees, The Shadowrun Network will make the changes themselves. If the author/artist does not agree to the changes, the manuscript/artwork will be rejected or returned for rework (per below). This type of acceptance will most often occur when a appropriate piece of work is received just before our printing deadline.

Acceptance with rework: Often a piece will be almost perfect, but still require a little bit of work. If time permits, The Shadowrun Network will return the piece to the author/artist (in the SASE) along with suggestions for revisions. Most often the rework will be to make the piece consistent with the Shadowrun universe or history or to correct a design point. However, a rewrite may be required if the spelling/grammar/punctuation of a manuscript is below standard. In this case, the author/artist can make the changes and resubmit the work. If the changes have been made, the modified piece will be used.

Rejection: As hard as it is to do, there are times when a manuscript or piece of art just does not fit with what we are doing. Where possible, The Shadowrun Network will attempt to comment as to the cause of the rejection and give the ? or/artist assistance if they would like to submit something new. It is important to remember a rejection is not a con- .nation of ability. Do not allow a single rejection to discourage you from trying again with a different idea. The Shadowrun Network is committed to providing a forum for the works of the members, but we will do what is necessary to ensure only the best work is published.

PAYMENT

What's that? In all seriousness, The Shadowrun Network is not currently in a position to provide monetary pay-

ment for the use of manuscripts/artwork. If you are going to submit work to The Shadowrun Network you should be aware that your only 'payment' will be seeing the work in print. The people who write/draw for Ka·ge are the type of people who would be doing it anyway, even if it did not get published. In the future we may have the membership base and cash flow to provide some type of incentive to write/draw for use. When that happens everyone will be informed.

SUBMISSION FORMAT

While the content of the submission is the most important element in determining acceptance or rejection, you can help yourself out a lot by making our job as easy as possible.

Authors: In addition to sending the computer disk (as outlined above), we will need to receive a printed copy of your manuscript. This printed copy should include all of the special effects you envision in the work (bold, underline, italics, etc.). It must be legible and DOUBLE SPACED on a standard page (8 1/2 by 11). The top of each page should include the author's name, address, phone number, and the title of the work. The bottom of the page must include the page number. If you are submitting several pieces at the same time, make sure each piece is correctly labeled. Finally, the submission should include a cover letter with a BRIEF explanation of the work included. The cover letter should be no more than a page. The computer file should follow this basic format: No tabs (for columns use a single space instead, for paragraphs do not indent). Single spaced with a double space between paragraphs.

Artists: Each piece of work should be submitted on a single page. Pen and Ink is the preferred format, but dark pencil or charcoal drawings may work — just be sure to seal your work before mailing. Pieces should be mailed flat. Size and paper can vary, however, many times the work will have to be reduced or enlarge to fit the space. Make sure the grain of the paper will not be picked up in an enlargement. Likewise, make sure the drawing is clean enough to reduce without losing the detail. The Shadowrun Network does not require the original drawing for publication, however, if you send a reproduction, it must be clear enough to be used in the printing process. If we cannot duplicate the work, we will request the original.

CONTENT

Now we have come to the heart of the matter. Subject and style will determine whether a manuscript/artwork gets published. Players familiar with Shadowrun's universe know there is a wide range of products to draw upon as a resource for fresh ideas. This rich catalogue can also make your job harder, as many good ideas have already been taken. As a rule of thumb, we try not to republish the same thing FASA is already doing, or has previously done.

General Style: The author must take the time to familiarize themselves with the Shadowrun style, as reflected in the above-mentioned FASA products. Shadowrun has a definite "feel" to it, (that's why you play it, right chummer?) and your submission should follow along these lines.

Topics, Systems and Contents: First; do your homework. It doesn't matter how well you write or draw if you choose as your subjects things that are not possible within the Shadowrun gaming system. We aren't saying you can't be the first to do something radically new, just be prepared to defend and perhaps alter your work to fall in line with the rules and regs of the game. Be original: do not detail a previously described character and **DO NOT** detail any of the major players in the Shadowrun universe. FASA has reserved that right, if they so choose to make the stats available.

Fiction: The Shadowrun Network wants good fiction. Either single issue or serial fiction is acceptable. We expect action in the stories, but we also want to know the reason for the runs, the complications, the fear, and the valor amidst the squalor. The characters you create and the plots you detail must be intriguing and entertaining. Again, we encourage creativity, but we can't publish anything that violates the rules of the system (magic use in the matrix, for example.)

Vehicle/Weapon/Equipment/Spell Creation: Looking over issues of Ka·ge, authors will undoubtedly notice the number of new creations and descriptions. As with everything in Ka·ge, we try to make these items as unique as possible. Necessity is the mother of all invention, which means the piece of equipment would not have been designed if there was not a specific need. When you design anything new, you must explain why that equipment exists: lower cost, better performance, better range, etc.

Scenario Design: New and different tactical considerations are the lifeblood of any good game (that is, after all, the reason you keep playing). Therefore, The Shadowrun Network looks for unique challenges for their members. Looking through FASA scenarios and previous issues of Ka·ge will provide a good example of the type of scenarios we are looking to publish. Balanced sides are not necessary, but if one side has a numeric superiority, the objectives must reflect one side's advantage. Remember, you're designing an adventure for players, not a slaughterhouse for runners. If everybody gets geeked it may be Shakespearean, but it won't be much fun.

Artwork: "Every picture tells a story, don't it?" — Rod Stewart. Topics can cover anything in the Shadowrun universe. Action is a necessity, but it is not always defined by a swinging fist or firing weapon. Interior art should be limited to black and white. If you are working on a prospective cover, you can use a secondary color (like red or blue). Dark lines tend to reproduce the best and "heavy drawings," with lots of black are usually the most striking. The most important thing to remember about the artwork is the level of technical detail — especially when drawing equipment. The Shadowrun Network members know the difference between an machine gun and a sniper's rifle.

EVERYTHING ELSE

All that remains now is for you to send in your stuff. As a fan club, we will try to provide a forum for the work of our members. If you want to be an author/artist, we will help all we can with critiques, reviews, and publication. The rest is up to you.

CYCO

CYCO Circuits
Home Office Location: Seattle, UCAS
President/CEO: William Schaefferkotter
PRINCIPAL DIVISIONS

Division Name: Marketing/Sales
Division Head: Stanley McCandless
Chief Products/Services: Development of
   marketing strategies and consumer profiles

Division Name: Production
Division Head: (Unfilled as of publication date)
Chief Products/Services: Manufacturing of
electronics parts
and components
for CYCO circuits
complete line of
products. This
includes all parts
designed for
military manufac-
turers, matrix sys-
tems, and personal
deck components.

Division Name:
Research and
Development
Division Head:
   William Tall Mage
**Chief Products/Ser
vices:** Acquisition or
   development of
   new technologies

Business Profile: CYCO circuits first appeared on
the circuit scene in 2037. Since our introduction,
CYCO has attained a market share disporportion-
ate to its size, designing circuits and components
for such major manufacturers as Federated Boe-
¹   Trideo Visions, and Group R Broadcasting
Network (GRBN). For our own manufacture and
sale, CYCO produces a wide variety of matrix
accessories, with the ever popular CYCO Matrix
Plus Systems leading the pack. Income has

increased steadily, despite massive diversifica-
tion, and CYCO stockholders have enjoyed an 8%
dividend the last three years. This return puts
CYCO far ahead of other, " larger" information
corporations. The recent release of the complete
CYCO cyberdeck line ensures that the realm of
the matrix will become, even more so than
before, the realm of the CC customer. Remember,
"In the matrix, you go CYCO, or you go crazy."

>>>>[To clarify the dividend statement, CYCO is the largest publicly
owned corp in the information manipulation market. When talking about
dividends on an investment in their stock being better than the other
megacorps in the information market, they are talking drivel to get you
to purchase their stock. Corps such as Fuchi are not "public" so to
speak since they are owned by several families and the common man
can't go out to purchase stock in
them. The new decks look promising
and stock prices may be climbing
but I would be cautious right now.
With the Fuchi litigation and basical-
ly the re-release of the CYCO-4 as
the CYCO Beta, I believe there may
be more legal trouble down the
road. That's never good for stock
prices.]<<<< (ECONMAN 14:22:32 /
09-15-52)

Security/Military Forces:
CYCO Circuits normally
maintains a small, but
well trained, core securi-
ty force, which can be
supplemented by sub-
contracted personnel.
Since the increase in
demand for CC product
and stock, company
security has grown. The
efficient, highly trained personnel have had an
excellent record in protecting the corporate hold-
ings from industrial espionage as well as street
gang violence.

>>>>[Since the announcement of the Beta, subcontracted personnel
have been increased by more than 50% and to oversee the new sub-
contractees, corporate security has doubled.]<<<< (THE EYE
12:52:20 / 09-20-52)

Corporation Headquarters: Location: The
administrative offices are located at 12th and Jef-
ferson in downtown Seattle. The main
compound (support offices and manufac-

Scenario: No Free Parking

No Free Parking is designed to give the Gamemaster the basic information necessary to conduct an "employment recruitment" shadowrun. It is up to the individual gamemaster to fully detail the particulars of the run. The sights, sounds, and smells involved in the run, as well as the actions and reactions of non- player characters, will give each gamemaster's adventure a different feel. Play should be fast and furious, especially once the runners have begun to make their move. Although this is a fairly straight-forward scenario, the gamemaster should feel free to change events and circumstances to fit his style of play and the skill levels of the runners involved.

The runners are informed by several of their contacts that a Mr. Johnson has been asking for some intelligent muscle interested in performing some "perfectly legal corporate free-lance work." With little doubt as to which side of the law they will be working, they manage to contact their prospective employer and arrange a business meeting at a rather atypical restaurant — The Big Rhino.

The orkish restaurant is everything the runners expected (or feared), but in the middle of the seating area is what can only be described as a corporate ork. He has somehow managed to acquire a semi-private table and is in the middle of his meal when the runners arrive. (So much for Orkish manners.)

He introduces himself, in clipped but polite tones, and tells the runners he is interested in hiring a small body of individuals to help with a recruiting problem. In return for their help, the runners will each receive 10,000¥, with an undisclosed bonus for prompt delivery. If the runners are interested, Mr. Johnson will launch into his problem.

Although the runners may not believe it, Mr. Johnson works for a computer components firm specializing in response systems for cyberdecks. (Though specialized, that is not enough for any of the runners to hazard a guess at the corporation.) A gifted E-Wiz, who happens to work for another firm, is interested in the career benefits of Mr. Johnson's company and

would like assistance with the "hassles involved with the move." Mr. Johnson needs movers who can retrieve the human asset and relocate him with speed and care. Time is, as always, of the essence, but the runners can take a few minutes to think about it (around five), before they accept or decline.

ACCEPTANCE

If the runners go for the plan (and we pretty much have to assume that, don't we?), they will be escorted out of the Rhino and into a parked Nightsky. If there is room, and in a Nightsky there should be, the runners and Mr. Johnson pile in the back. The car remains parked in the Rhino's lot as the details are discussed in full.

The target is a human, Benji Tegarten. He is a three-year employee of Cyco Circuits, a rival Seattle electronics and computer firm. Benji is extremely gifted and one of the precious assets of Cyco. Under most circumstances he is very well protected, either remaining on company property or traveling in the company of Cyco's formidable security force. Although Benji wants to "transfer," he is very afraid of the consequences of a failed attempt. He has refused to go along with a strong handed snatch-and-grab. Instead he hopes to be secreted away by the time Cyco even knows he is missing.

Under most circumstances that would make the attempt impossible, but Mr. Johnson recently acquired a valid pass stick to the Cyco Circuits parking garage across from their corporate location. It is quite possible Benji can be grabbed from the garage when he exits, or enters, the office. As the security of the garage relies heavily on electronics, the pass stick can be used to bypass most of the security procedures. The previous owner of the stick will be missed, however, within the next twenty four hours. After that the pass stick will be little more than an attention whistle. Benji normally parks his car on the sixth floor when he is allowed to drive himself. Mr. Johnson can provide a description of the Runabout and license number.

THE SITUATION

For once in their lives, everything in this one is just about the way it

seems. The runners have a Johnson who is telling them the truth about the operation. Mr. Johnson is willing to provide whatever help he can, short of direct involvement. If the runners need up-front nuyen, make an unopposed negotiation roll versus a target of 4. Every success will yield 10% of the total payment in advance. It just goes to show how desperate Johnson is for Benji. Under no circumstance, however, will the payment be raised.

The only wildcard in the operation (other than Cyco, which would like to keep its employee — by force if necessary) is Benji. Benji is terrified of shooting and magic and Cyco Circuits (and the dark and a whole list of other things). If the situation turns violent, hey, anything is possible, he will cower in the corner or attempt to run to the safety of the corporate office. He does want to change jobs, but he does not want to pay the likely price for such a career move.

THE RUN

CASING THE JOINT

The parking garage can be accessed at two locations. Neither location has a human attendant. Security is provided by a crash gate in the exit lane and angled tire spikes in the entrance. The entry point is set in from the sides of the building, providing protection from the elements and occasional gang vandalism. If desired, reinforced steel garage doors can be lowered over the entire entrance/exit, effectively trapping all vehicles inside the structure.

Entry into the garage is very easy. Vehicles are guided along a short lane by concrete curbs. Recessed in the garage is a small security terminal. Cyco Circuit employees slot their pass keys in the terminal which causes a metal barrier to swing out of the lane. Once the infrared scanners detect the vehicle's passage, the gate is lowered back into place (much too quickly for two cars to enter). In the unlikely event the barrier is rammed, it shears away cleanly with little damage to t vehicle. The break sends two signals however, one to the main security office and the second to the automatic garage doors. Rather than being lowered, this sends the doors crashing

down (motor-driven descent) into
e. Though hard on the doors, they
descend with enough force to crush an
unarmored car underneath their
weight. Attempting to drive out of the
entrance causes deadly wounds to all
four tires as they drive against the
angle of the tire spikes. If the tire dam-
age does not stop a fleeing intruder,
the garage doors should.

Exit under normal circumstances is
only slightly harder than entry. The
exit is protected by a crash gate which
opens and closes like a fence gate.
Exiting employees slot their pass key
to log their departure and the gate
opens. Once the infrared sensor
detects the vehicle's departure the
gate closes. Although the mechanism
is not as quick as the lighter barrier on
the entry lane, it is much more resis-
tant to damage. A vehicle might be
able to get partially through the gate
before the heavy steel closes in on it. If
the gate becomes jammed, by a vehi-
cle for example, the garage doors are
triggered and an alarm sounds in the
security office of Cyco Circuits.

THE BELLY OF THE WHALE

Once past the gate there is little
"active" security. Cameras monitor
each floor and are mounted in the four
corners. The monitors in the security
office receive each feed in turn before
cycling to the next camera. Each cam-
era provides an active picture for five
seconds per minute unless overridden
by the security guard monitoring the
camera station. For each level entered,
the GM should make a perception roll
for the security guards in the control
center (Two dice with a target number
of 5). If successful, the control center
will dispatch two additional guards to
check out the suspicious activity.

Roving Guards (Corporate Security
Guard, ShadowRun page 165 with
Ares Predator, Stun Baton, headset
communicator, Light Security armor).

During the daylight hours, two
security officers patrol the garage as
part of their normal circuit of duties.
The first patrols on foot and remains in
the garage and access tubes to the
corporate offices. The second officer
patrols the garage and grounds on a
Rapier. Although a Scoot would be
plenty of "bike" for the job, the officers
refused to ride the small bike in full
security armor. Both guards will move
towards trouble as quickly as possible,

speaking into the communicator all the
way. Should they encounter a "situa-
tion" they will first request backup (or
inform the security office as appropri-
ate) then deal with the problem.

Finally, the entire corporate com-
plex is protected by Vivid, the hermet-
ic mage. Vivid, true to her name, is
flashy but good. She spends most of
her on duty hours in astral patrolling
the corporate grounds. Because of the
speed of movement on the astral, she
can cover the entire office building,
the garage, and the grounds in a few
minutes (less if in a hurry). Although
she does not normally spend the time
looking into every car parked in the
garage, she will take notice of people
lingering in the garage when they
should be on the way to work. Need-
less to say, she will engage any astral-
ly active individual on corporate prop-
erty as well as rush to the aid of any
corporate forces engaged in a fight.
For stats on Vivid, see the NPC section.

BENJI AND FRIENDS

As is the case on so many days,
the runners see Benji enter (or leave)
the garage area in the company of two
bodyguards (Bodyguard, Sprawl Sites
page 97.) Depending on the time of
day, the two guards either exit from a
parked Westwind 2000 and escort
Benji to the nearest skywalk or vice
versa. Benji's car is already parked in
the lot if the hit takes place in the
morning, forcing the team to watch
and wait. In the evening the Westwind
is parked within sight of the Runabout.
This pair is somewhat relaxed since
they are on corporate soil, but they
will quickly get over their initial sur-
prise and defend their charge from
what they assume is a kidnapping
attempt.

SO, HOW'S IT GONNA GO DOWN?

Assuming the runners are smart
enough to remain hidden until they
spot Benji, they should be able to use
the pass stick to gain entrance into the
garage and wait in peace. Vivid can
make things very rough if given the
opportunity, but she is too cocky and
self- sure to look into every vehicle in
the garage. Likewise, the roving
guards can become a problem, but
only if the runners remain in sight or
do something stupid. Use the guards
to make their lives complicated.

Once the runners make their

move, the main threat will be with the
bodyguards. They are smart and
should be played that way. If some
type of unsilenced shooting starts,
reinforcements will arrive in d6
rounds. Vivid will arrive (if not already
there) one round after the arrival of
additional security guards. At the end
of each round of combat, roll for the
security guards observing the moni-
tors. Make a observation test with
three dice for fifteen. Each round after
the first, decrease the target number
by one. Eventually the guards will
notice a camera which is in a position
to catch the confrontation. Other than
the two roving guards, Cyco Circuits
has six guards who can respond quick-
ly to a call for help. They have three
times that many if things get drawn
out.

If the runners overcome the guards
quickly, the exit should be fairly clean.
A single driving test versus a target
number of four to avoid mishap on the
way out. Once in the streets, they are
home free.

If they are spotted, the garage
doors come crashing down. At this
point it will be virtually impossible to
get a vehicle out of the garage. The
runners had better have a Plan B (like a
vehicle on the street or a chopper
ready to hit the roof) or they are in
deep water.

TURN OUT THE LIGHTS

If the runners get away with the
prize in one piece, they will receive
the remainder of their fee, plus a 20%
bonus. If Benji is injured in any way
(even a bump on the head), the bonus
is out the window.

Mr. Johnson will take his new
employee, who seems very glad to be
in Mr. Johnson's company, and get
into the Nightsky. From there the two
will drive off into the sunset.

Unless the runners left their names
and addresses at Cyco Circuits, the
corporation will have to put the loss of
their employee down as the cost of
doing business. They will not come
after the runners unless it is very easy
to track them down (surely they're not
THAT stupid).

In addition to the nuyen, the run-
ners should each receive one karma
for surviving the mission and one
karma bonus if Benji is not physically
injured (mental damage is o.k.) as well
as standard individual karma awards.

CYCO

turing) are right across the street at 12th and Remington. The two buildings were built on the sites of derelict buildings destroyed during the downtown beautification program. Both are nine stories and are now connected to each other by skywalks running over the now shut down Remington Street (both ends have been closed, trees planted and it is now called The Remington Commons.) There are six skywalks in all, located in pairs on the third, sixth, and ninth floors. Though not nearly as large as the Renraku Arcology or the Aztechnology Complex, the CYCO Circuits complex certainly does not take a back seat in attractiveness. The entire complex give a viewer the appearance of circuit boards when looking at the green mirror-ized glass upon which is stenciled the silver CYCO Circuits logo.

>>>>[What fraggin' drek! The squat cube looks like it's been slimmed! What happened to "Remington Commons, the park for the people?" The last time I tried to eat lunch in the park I was "escorted" to the exit by the CC Cops.]<<<< (DOWNTOWN 15:35:22 / 09-18-91)

>>>>[JFYI -
Dimensions:
    Main Building - 225 meters by 150 meters and 50 meters tall
    Administrative Building -
        50 meters by 150 meters and 50 meters tall
Floors: 9
        1: Sales, Displays, Company Store, Shipping
        2: Production
        3: Production
        4: Production
        5: Storage
        6: Resident Housing
        7: Resident Housing
        8: Security, Medical Facilities
        9: R&D
Population: 2,500 permanent residents (20,000 commute)
        Human: 90%
        Elf: 5%
        Dwarf: 3%
        Ork: 1%
        Troll: 1%
        Other: 0%
Per Capita Income: 40,000¥
Education:
        <12 years: 0%
        High School: 32%
        College Degree: 47%
        Graduate Degree: 21%

Perks:
 One small medical center that can handle most any medical emergency (as long as they don't come in by the bus load) and a company store with discounted food and electronics (etc.) for employees and their dependents.]<<<<
(FACTFAN 13:13:13 / 09-09-81)

Products: In addition to the designing components for everything from trideo receivers to aero space guidance systems, CYCO Circuits produces its own line of matrix nodes, a line of cyberdecks, and replacement/upgrade components for cyberdecks and terminals.

>>>>[Does anyone know why CYCO's vidscreen is more expensive than all the others on the market?]<<<< (ANON 13:50:00 / 09-10-52)
>>>>[It is supposed to give a greater range of color and depth when viewing the matrix. It is also supposed to be about 3/4 of the weight and bulk of the others. I don't see 150¥ in benefits but if you have to buy new tech. you pay.]<<<< (SLAM 01:01:33 / 09-18-52)

>>>>[Speaking of paying, any of you mathimaniacs figured out that their corporate profits are greater than the sales they list here?]<<<< (QUIRK 08:45:42 / 08-22-52)
>>>>[What're you getting at?]<<<<(ANTHRAK 08:48:22 / 08-22-52)
>>>>[Let's put it this way. There's a lot ot things CYCO... forgot to mention...]<<<< (QUIRK 08:47:02 / 08-22-52)
>>>>[Misinformation in a corporate report? Gasp. Ack. Gad.]<<<<(SMITTY 08:47:42 / 08-22-52)
>>>>[Somebody get that guy a doctor. No, I guess they figured we'd be uninterested in their whole line of military subcontract work.]<<<< (QUIRK 08:48:22 / 08-22-52)
>>>>[They were right. I, myself, am having a hard time staying awake. But do go on.]<<<< (ANTHRAK 08:49:25 / 08-22-52)
>>>>[It seems that ol Cyke is a major supplier of missile guidance systems for AWS among others.]<<<< (QUIRK 08:50:00 / 08-22-52)
>>>>[Hmmm. Now I wonder why they wouldn't want runners to know that?]<<<<(ANTHRAK 08:45:42 / 08-22-52)

CYCO

CEO and President,
William Schaefferkotter (Mr. Big)

Dwarf Street Samurai (**Street Samurai Catalogue**, page 103) Raise Charisma, Intelligence, and Willpower to 3. Replace Etiquette(Street) with Etiquette(Corporate) and Athletics with Computer Theory. Add Leadership 5 and Negotiation 5.

William has been successful for most, if not all, of his adult life, but he still suffers from a slight confidence problem (despite his apparent poise). He has compensated for his lack of height by attempting to gather power, especially over humans and elves. Chronically short of patience, he is known for his swift action and decisive management style. William came up the corporate ladder the hard way, via the streets. Once known as Mr. Big, Schaefferkotter occasionally uses the name on the streets when he wants to get things done for the corporation without legal or AWS, Inc. interference. The name still has some hold-over influence from his younger days when he was a moderately powerful fixer among the gangs around Fort Lewis.

' "-e President of Research and Development,
William Tall Mage

Bodyguard (**Sprawl Sites**, page 97) Replace Car with Computer Theory and Stealth with Leadership. Add Electronics 8, Computer 7 and a Datajack.

William won his position with blood, sweat, and more blood (mostly other people's). In an age when R&D can mean almost anything from hard-line research to data piracy, Tall Mage earned a reputation as one of the best in field. Especially interested in the Response systems of cyberdecks, he developed Cyco Circuit's Ready-Quick response subsystem virtually single-handedly. Elevated to VP, he has yet to release a successor to the R-Q system.

Manager, Special Projects,
Johnny Zepp AKA "Flash"

Former Corporate Decker (**Kage 1**) Raise Intelligence and Quickness to 6, Computer to 8 (Hacker Pool: 14), Computer Theory to 6. Add Cyco Circuits Omega Cyberdeck.

Flash's duties and responsibilities change on an almost constant basis depending on the needs and desires of his boss, Tall Mage. A white-hot decker who is as good as he boasts, Flash's specialties are defending the Cyco network from intrusion and prowling the matrix. Although never proven, it is widely suspected that Flash has stolen several key pieces of data to assist `all Mage's research. If he is involved in piracy, how-` `-.er`, he has been very careful not to leave a trail back to Cyco Circuits.

Vice President, Production,
Gillian Widbome

Elven Decker (**Shadowrun**, page 36) Raise Computer and Computer Theory to 7. Add Computer B/R 7, Electronics 5, Electronics B/R 4. Replace Fuchi Cyber-4 with Cyco Circuits Beta.

Something of a "bad boy," Gillian has a tarnished corporate reputation which has followed him for the last several years. Although his skills and talents would normally land him a better job with a high profile company, his employment record, with its numerous black marks, has habitually held him back. Bitter and resentful of those around him, Gillian is constantly looking for a quick fix for his problem. Despite his talent, he seems to make poor decisions at critical points in his career. He secrètly loathes Schaefferkotter and would like nothing better than to ruin the Dwarf and take his place as the head of Cyco.

Director, Corporate Security,
Captain Marcus Hancock, CAS (retired.)

Street Samurai (**Shadowrun**, page 46) Raise Intelligence and Quickness to 6 (8) and Reaction to 6 (10). Lower Charisma to 1. Add Etiquette(Corporate) 4, Interrogation 4, Computer 3.

The Captain, as Hancock is known, is a recently retired CAS special forces leader. Although now in the private sector, he still runs his security forces as if they were in the army with surprise inspections and weekly drills. A stickler for detail, his forces have been responsible for thwarting several physical break- in attempts. Despite his occasionally heated conversations with Vivid, he respects her ability and spirit. Were he less disciplined, he could easily fall in love with her.

Security Officer
Jackie Wagner AKA "Vivid."

Former Mage Detective (**Sprawl Sites**, page 101) Replace Invisibility, Analyze Truth, and Control Action with Fire Bolt 5, Power Cloud 6, and Wrecker 5.

If ever a street name were apt, it is Vivid's. Everything about her is colorful and flashy from her appearance and attitude to her pyrotechnical sorcery skills. Vivid's spells are always a sight to behold. She never uses stealth, preferring to let the opposition know exactly where she is and what she is doing. Her combat spells are especially colorful (extra sorcery successes are often used to increase the visual effects of the spell instead of the damage). Her ongoing feud with the Captain is well known amongst all Cyco employees. Even though he is her boss, she gets away with a lot as she is the only magical protection normally available at the corporation. She suspects the Captain's feelings for her, even if he does not, but she has yet to decide if she is interested in acting on the knowledge (despite a physical attraction).

18

"You want somebody who knows both sides of the street? Look no further. Although I have logged little time on the streets, that hardly means I am new to the action. I've been running the dark areas of the matrix for more time than most of the so-called 'Hot Shots' have owned a deck."

"My current deck? That does not need concern you. Although I have been forced to rely on secondary equipment for the last few weeks, you will note it has not decreased my effectiveness. In short order I shall be 'upgrading' to a deck more befitting a rider of the electron pathways."

"So do we deal? State your business and let's be done with it. I have research to accomplish."

Commentary: Just because he cut his teeth with the corps doesn't mean life has been all rosebuds and tea parties. Not only do corporate deckers have to worry about the nasties of the matrix, but most are also faced with a direct supervisor and at least one "incentive auditor" to make sure they are performing up to strict corporate standards. Despite the sudden loss of corporate funds and backing, many former company deckers discover their lives are actually easier, at least when outside the matrix.

Attributes:
Body: 3
Quickness: 5
Strength: 2
Charisma: 2
Intelligence: 5
Willpower: 3
Essence: 3.6
Magic: 0
Reaction: 5

Skills:
Bike: 3
Computer: 6
Computer B/R: 6
Computer Theory: 5
Electronics: 5
      Electronics B/R: 5
Etiquette (Corporate):4

Firearms: 3
Negotiation: 3

Dice Pools:
Defense (Armed): 1
Defense (Unarmed): 1
Dodge: 5
Magic: 0
Hacker: 11

Cyberwear:
Datajack
Headware Memory 100 Mp
Program Carrier

Contacts:
Company Man
Former Wage Mage
Dwarven Technician
Elven Decker

Gear:
6 months High lifestyle prepaid
Hitachi RM-AX OCC Personal Computer 200Mp
Microtronics shop
Pocket Secretary
Fuchi Cyber-4 Cyberdeck
    IC Crusher Attack: 6
    Mr Snazz the Bag: 5
    Rugrat the Apple: 3
    Mr Snazz Flytrap: 5
    Lone Star Flashlight: 3
    MikeyBoy Big Beef: 3
    Mr. Iota Mirror Balls:4
    Bokada's Basic Smoke: 4
    Berr-Hause Goggles: 5
    Bokada's Window-5: 5
    Mr. Snazz Double-Take: 5
    Horizon's Black Box: 3
    Cyberdeck case: level 3
Yamaha Rapier
Scorpion Machine Pistol w/2 extended clips
Secure Ultra-Vest
DocWagon Basic

Contacts!

Hairstylist

"So howya been? Now didn't we talk about coming to see me *before* your hair got this outta control? Oh yeah? So is Bob still having problems with that project he's working on? What did you say it was called? A retinal scan detonator? Ooh. Sounds complicated. I don't know how anyone can remember that kind of stuff. I have enough trouble with my trid player, ya know?"

Quotes
"I think a face like yours just screams *Chrome Perm*".
"Well, so long as you promise not to tell. I hear that Tommy, you know, that fellow with the split ends and the receding hair line? Well I hear that he is working on something really big..."
"You know, while we're sitting here so friendly like, hows about a manicure. They sure could use it."

Commentary
Experienced sararimen know that one of the best places to get information is not the typical bar, but the clean tiled interior of the local hip hairstyling salon. People talk more to their hairstylist than the do their psychiatrist. Though many hairstylists do not realize the value of their information, content to banter the darkest company secrets over a perm or a trim, others have made a tidy sideline from peddling secrets.

Attributes:
Body: 2
Quickness: 2
Strength: 1
Charisma: 5
Intelligence: 3
Willpower: 1

Skills:
Psychology: 2
Negotiation: 3
Etiquette: 5*

Special Skill:
Hairstyling: 4

*The hairstylist will have an etiquette matching that of the majority of her clientele.

E-Wizzard

E-Wizzard
"That's a great piece of gear. If you let me work on it I'll only charge you few bits of credit, plus parts. Hey, c'mon. I gotta eat too. I said "a few bits" and I meant it. It's the piece of gear I'm interested in, not your fraggin' nuyen."

Quotes:
"The world is an electronic trip waiting for me to take it apart."
"Wiz! I haven't worked on circuits this tough for weeks."
"Nah. Too common. You want a repair tech, go down the street. Yeah, I know you got nuyen. That still don't make it a challenge."

Commentary
The E-Wizzard is both a product of, an anomaly in the sprawl. The constant streetside influx of electronic glitz satisfies his burning curiousity to see how things work, and to see if he can make them work better.
Though the idea of a tech that is willing to work for peanuts may seem a client's dream come true, realize it is the challenge of new and different gear that attract this magpie. Regardless of payment, a job deemed dull will be turned down flat.

Attributes:

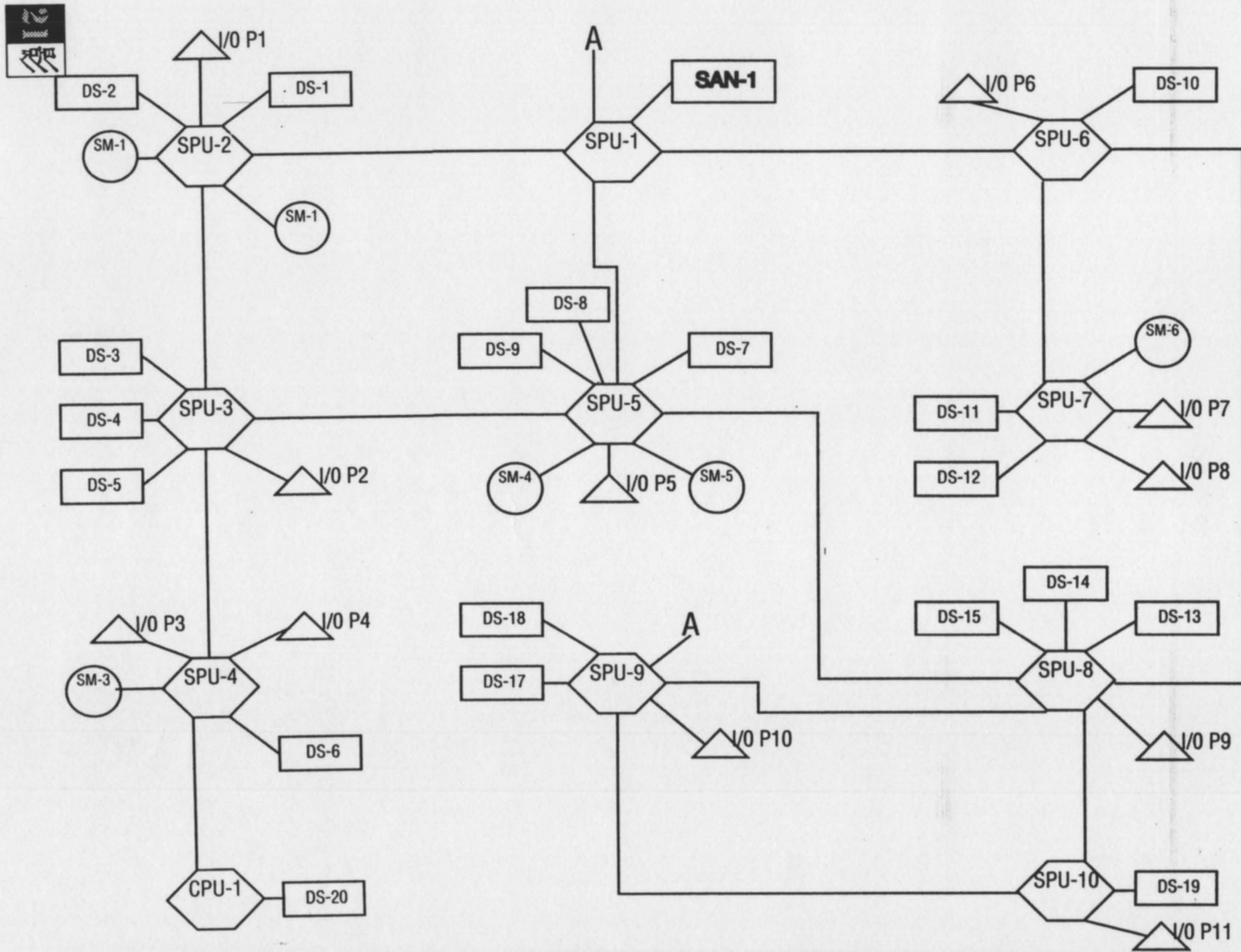|	
Body:	2
Quickness:	2
Strength:	2
Charisma:	3
Intelligence:	6
Willpower:	3

Skills:

Computer:	3
Computer B/R:	4
Electronics:	7
Electronics B/R:	8
Computer Theory:	3

I/O P1

DS-2
DS-1

SM-1

SPU-2

SM-1

A

SAN-1

SPU-1

I/O P6

DS-10

SPU-6

DS-8

DS-3

DS-9

DS-7

SPU-3

SPU-5

SM-6

DS-4

DS-11

SPU-7

I/O P7

DS-5

I/O P2

SM-4

I/O P5

SM-5

DS-12

I/O P8

I/O P3

I/O P4

DS-14

SM-3

SPU-4

DS-18

A

DS-15

DS-13

DS-17

SPU-9

SPU-8

DS-6

I/O P10

I/O P9

CPU-1

DS-20

SPU-10

DS-19

I/O P11

CONFIDENTIAL: EYES ONLY

Cyco Circuits System Map Key

SAN-1: NA/SEA/3206 (37-9201). Green-4. Max Load: 8. Access-4. Current Load: 2. System Load: Light.

SPU-1: Data Routing. Orange-3. Max Load: 9. Barrier-4. Current Load: 2. System Load: Light.

SPU-2: Operation Control. Orange-3.
Max Load: 9. Probe-4. Current Load: 4. System Load: Light.
I/OP-1: Office and clerical staff terminals. Green-3.
Max Load: 6. Access-3. Current Load: 1. System Load: Light.
DS-1: General office and administration files. Green-4.
Max Load: 8. Barrier-4. Current Load: 2. System Load: Light.
DS-2: Building plans and maintenance schedules. Green-4.
Max Load: 8. Scramble-4. Current Load: 2. System Load: Light.
SM-1: Elevators and doors, including doors to and in the garage. Orange-3.
Max Load: 9. Barrier-4, Binder-4. Current Load: 6. System Load: Normal.
SM-2: Office equipment — copiers, clocks, lighting, etc. Green-3.
Max Load: 6. Access-3. Current Load: 1. System Load: Light.

SPU-3: Human Resources. Orange-3. Max Load: 9. Barrier-4, Binder-4. Current Load: 6. System Load: Normal.
I/OP-2: Terminals for Human Resources. Green-4.
Max Load: 8. Access-4. Current Load: 2. System Load: Light.
DS-3: Legal files on equipment and operating environment. Most of the cases and correspondence filed here involves the matrix running and decking. Orange-4.
Max Load: 12. Barrier-4, Killer(S)-5. Current Load: 10. System Load: Normal.
DS-4: Payroll and Personnel. A complete record of all personnel and their salary history. Much personal data is also kept in this file, including information on illegal activities and vices of most non-executive employees. Orange-5.
Max Load: 15. Probe-4, Killer(S)-6. Current Load: 13. System Load: Normal.
DS-5: Recruiting. Information on hot deckers, electronics professionals, promising stu ents, and notable corporate rivals. The information also includes contact methods, relatives, and "soft spots." Orange-5.
Max Load: 15. Trace and Report-5, Blaster-6. Current Load: 11. System Load: Normal.

SPU-4: Security. Orange-4.
Max Load: 12. Barrier-4, Acid-5, Tar Baby-5. Current Load: 12. System Load: Normal.
I/OP-3: Non-decker security terminals. All of these terminals are located in the security office. Orange-4. Max Load: 12. Killer(D)-5. Current Load: 10. System Load: Normal.
I/OP-4: Matrix interface. Most Cyco-circuits deckers run through this terminal access to provide an efficient trail for legal activities conducted in the matrix. Orange-5.
Max Load: 15. Killer(D)-5. Current Load: 10. System Load: Normal.
DS-6: General security file. Cross-indexed with the three data stores in Human Resources, this file contains information on potential Cyco Circuits targets (with security information) and potential rewards for accessing such targets. Their information on Fuchi, though incomplete, is particularly accurate. Orange-5. Max Load: 15. Scramble-7, Binder-5, Trace and Burn-5. Current Load: 15. System Load: Normal.
SM-3: Security monitors and motion detectors. Mounted on each floor, the skywalks, grounds, and garage. Orange-4. Max Load: 12. Barrier-4, Trace and Burn-5, Acid-3. Current Load: 12. System Load: Normal.

SPU-5: Research and Development. Orange-4. Max Load: 12. Probe- 4, Jammer-4, Tar Baby-4. Current Load: 12. System Load: Normal.
I/OP-5: Data terminals for Research and Development staff. Orange-3.
Max Load: 9. Access-6, Blaster-4. Current Load: 9. System Load: Normal.
DS-7: Product design technical information. A complete listing of products and their components for CC and several major competitors. Information also includes possible improvements and cost cutting opportunities. Orange-4.
Max Load: 12. Killer(S)-6. Current Load: 9. System Load: Normal.
DS-8: New Product Design and Testing. This node contains the information on all of Cyco's new product designs, including test results. Orange-5.
Max Load: 15. Killer(D)-6. Current Load: 12. System Load: Normal.
DS-9: Special Projects. Diverse information on products, personnel, events, equipment, nd corporations involved with cyberdeck design and manufacture. None of the infor mation contained here is publicly available. Orange-5. Max Load: 15. Barrier-5, Killer(D)-5, Trace and Report-5. Current Load: 14. System Load: Normal.
SM-4: Design equipment. Housed in the research lab, this equipment assists in the design of components parts, including MPCPs. Orange-3.
Max Load: 9. Access-6, Acid-5. Current Load: 8. System Load: Normal.
SM-5: Testing equipment. Used to test not only cyberdecks, but each of the individual component parts. Green-4. Max Load: 8. Access-6. Current Load: 3. System Load: Light.

SPU-6: Production & Planning. Orange-3
Max Load: 9. Barrier-6, Jammer-5. Current Load: 8. System Load: Normal.
I/OP-6: Planning and inventory data entry terminals. Green-4.
Max Load: 8. Access-4. Current Load: 2. System Load: Light.
DS-10: Inventory information. Data on available parts and components, as well as information on finished goods and current storage location. Also contains information on suppliers and transportation. Orange-4. Max Load: 12. Barrier-5, Probe-4, Trace and Dump-5. Current Load: 11. System Load: Normal.

SPU-7: Production Control. Orange-3.
Max Load: 9. Barrier-6, Jammer-5. Current Load: 8. System Load: Normal.
I/OP-7: Data entry terminals for use in cyberdeck construction. Green-4.
Max Load: 8. Access-6. Current Load: 3. System Load: Light.
I/OP-8: Data entry terminals for engineering staff. Green-4.
Max Load: 8. Access-6. Current Load: 3. System Load: Light.
DS-11: Engineering. Current information on the status of the production line, projected output, and manufacturing problems. Also contains information on manufacturing equipment used to build cyberdeck components, and assist in final deck assembly. Orange-4. Max Load: 12. Acid-5, Tar Pit-4. Current Load: 11. System Load: Normal.
DS-12: Quality Control. Testing results of finished components by lot number. Also information on final test of each cyberdeck, by serial number. Orange-4.
Max Load: 12. Barrier-6, Blaster-5. Current Load: 11. System Load: Normal.
SM-6: Production equipment. Control of automated production equipment in all production lines. Orange-3.
Max Load: 9. Barrier-6, Probe-5. Current Load: 8. System Load: Normal.

SPU-8: Marketing. Orange-3.
Max Load: 9. Probe-5, Acid-4. Current Load: 9. System Load: Normal.
I/OP-9: Data entry terminal for Marketing Department. Green- 4.
Max Load: 8. Access-4. Current Load: 2. System Load: Light.
DS-13: Sales Information. Sales history file dating back to Cyco's inception. Record of all decks sold and file attachments to indicate possible final owners of each deck (if available). Orange-4.
Max Load: 12. Scramble-7, Killer(S)-6. Current Load: 12. System Load: Normal.
DS-14: Competitor Analysis. Information on rival companies, especially information on rival salesmen. Includes a list of companies which buy from competitors, but not Cyco. Orange-5.
Max Load: 15. Killer(D)-5, Trace and Dump-5. Current Load: 15. System Load: Normal.
DS-15: Public Relations. Information on image improvement and charitable works done by Cyco Circuits. Green-3. Max Load: 6. Access-3. Current Load: 1. System Load: Light.
DS-16: Customer Support. A list of all problems reported with each deck model and results taken. Also a complete list of each customer who has complained. Green-3.
Max Load: 6. Access-3. Current Load: 1. System Load: Light.

SPU-9: Financial Analysis. Orange-4. Max Load: 12. Barrier-6, Jammer-5, Marker-4. Current Load: 12. System Load: Normal.
I/OP-10: Data entry terminals for the corporate accountants. Green-3.
Max Load: 6. Access-4. Current Load: 2. System Load: Light.
DS-17: Accounts Receivable. A complete list of all persons and corporations with outstanding debts to Cyco Circuits. Green-5.
Max Load: 10. Barrier-5. Current Load: 2. System Load: Light.
DS-18: Tax Info. A tax data base for use with sales not only in the UCAS, but CAS, Japan, and several of the Native American Nations. Green-2.
Max Load: 4. Access-2. Current Load: 1. System Load: Light.

SPU-10: Purchasing. Orange-3.
Max Load: 9. Barrier-5, Marker-5. Current Load: 7. System Load: Normal.
I/OP-11: Data entry terminals for Purchasing department. Green-3.
Max Load: 6. Access-3. Current Load: 1. System Load: Light.
DS-19: Account Payable. List of outstanding debts and suppliers owed. Orange-4.
Max Load: 12. Blaster-5, Tar Baby-4. Current Load: 12. System Load: Normal.

CPU-1: Red-4. Max Load: 16. Killer(D)-4, Killer(D)-4.
Current Load: 16. System Load: Normal.
DS-20: Executive Information. Used by Vice-Presidents and above only, this data store contains most (if not all) of Cyco Circuit's restricted information, including its strategic plan, clandestine operations, and corporate slush fund — currently with 250,000¥. Red-4. Max Load: 16. Killer(D)-5, Trace and Burn-4. Current Load: 16. System Load: Normal.

RED KNIFE 500

Cold steel stopping power that's not only easy on the pocket, but hard on the opposition. This one-shot attack program appears as a single red-bladed throwing knife. When activated, the knife appears in your belt (or appropriate location). To activate, simply throw the knife at your opponent and watch the results. Just the thing for a quick entry or to cover an escape.

Type: One Shot Attack
Memory: 25 Mp   Rating: 8
KDL 6963   Price: 4,800¥   Designer: Duke Bender

BLACK PAWN

Another program guaranteed to stop the opposition in its tracks, the Black Pawn appears as a small medieval foot soldier complete with armor and pike. Completely independent, the Black Pawn can harass your foe and give you the opening you need, or work to the rear as you engage from the front. Just the piece you need on your side when the tables have suddenly turned against you.

Type: Mobile Attack
Memory: 105 Mp   Rating: 7
KDL 6963   Price: 52,500¥   Designer: Duke Bender

RAZORBACK

Just like its animal name-sake, the Razorback Hog utility is a voracious eater. Set it loose and the golden chromed tusker leaps into action, devouring any memory it can get its teeth on. Make no m'take: what the Razorback lacks in subtlety, it makes up for in effect.

Type: Hog
Memory: 147 Mp   Rating: 7
KMR 7330   Price: 29,800¥   Designer: AWS, Inc.

HYPO-NEEDLE

The perfect solution to matrix inflicted damage, no matter the source. This hypodermic needle delivers the Medic program directly to the wound, providing fast repair. Available in two sizes, the Hypo-Needle gives you the option to take your medicine in whatever dose is appropriate at the moment.

Type: **Medic Small Hypo**
Memory: 36 Mp   Rating: 3
JYQ 7464   Price: 1,650¥
Large Hypo
Memory: 100 Mp   Rating: 5
JYQ 7464   Price: 4,400¥   Designer: Duke Bender

SNAKE OIL

For deckers with a nostalgic side, Snake Oil Restore Utilities appear as an unmarked brown bottle. Simply gulp the contents of the small bottle to feel the wondrous effects, and that warm after- glow. If it's good for what ails you, it's Snake Oil.

Type: Restore
Memory: 75 Mp   Rating: 5
JYQ 7464   Price: 2,250¥   Designer: Impulse Billy

MAGIC CAP

Another award winner from the Seattle Software Exposition, Magic Cap Sifting Utility provides an extra edge when you have to sort through reams of data in short order. Simply activate the utility by donning the cap and see that data in a whole new light. Available in a variety of styles to accommodate a range of personal tastes.

Type: Sifting

Memory: 49 Mp	Rating: 7
TUI 6880	Price: 11,300¥ Designer: Duke Bender

BODYGUARD 101 SMART FRAME

Everybody needs a little help now and then and the Bodyguard is the perfect place to find it. Designed for protection and control, the Bodyguard can carry out your actions even when you are not around to direct it. Bodyguard manifests itself as a large, bare-handed man in a simple, yet elegant corporate suit. Constructed with the latest in advanced cyberdeck programming utilities, the Bodyguard will always be there, ready to protect your back.

Memory: 192 Mp	Load Rating: 2
ONI 3361	Price: 14,995¥ Designer: AWS, Inc.

PROGRAMS:
Armor: 3 (Bod-3)
Cloak: 3 (Masking-3)
Mirrors: 2 (Evasion-3)
Analyze: 3
Auto Execute: 3
Attack: 4 Smoke: 3

HUNTRESS ATS SMART FRAME

Smart and practical for corporations who know what they want and where to get it. The Huntress appears as a towering Amazon warrior complete with spear and shield. When you can't be two places at once, the Huntress is the perfect alternate. In olden days warriors wouldn't enter battle without a shield barer, you shouldn't either — pack a Huntress and jack-in prepared.

Memory: 485 Mp	Load Rating: 5
ONI 3361	Price: 31,995¥ Designer: AWS, Inc.

PROGRAMS:
Armor: 5 (Bod-5)
Cloak: 3 (Masking-3)
Mirrors: 3 (Evasion-3)
Analyze: 4
Auto Execute: 5
Shield: 4
Attack: 5
Slow: 3
Scanner: 3

COMBAT CYBERDECK CASE

Ever wonder what the UCAS military uses to protect their precious cyberdecks? No need to speculate any more because the same case is now available to the private sector. Built by Kelmar Tech, the leader in personal protection, the Combat Case is guaranteed to stop a 12mm round at five Meters. (Guarantee good to a maximum deck value of 100,000¥.) Endorsed and used exclusively by the Sioux Wildcats and UCAS SEALS (who favor the double-lined waterproof version).

	Ballistic	Impact	Weight	Cost
Combat Case	7	5	1.5	10,000¥
Waterproofing	-	-	-	4,500¥

CYCO ALPHA CYBERDECK

Dependability at a low cost, this entry level cyberdeck packs features normally seen only in more expensive decks. Though representing the bottom of Cyco's cyberdeck line, this deck is by no means a base model. Its expanded active storage and quicker load times make it a popular competitor with many of the "name- brand" decks currently available on the market.

MPCP: 5
Hardening: 3
Active Memory: 100
Storage: 400
Load Speed: 40
I/O Speed: 10
Vidscreen Hitcher Jack Level 2
Case Construction: 16,625¥
Availability: 4
Street Price: 91,438¥

CYCO BETA CYBERDECK

Out to prove that they can compete with the big boys, Cyco Circuit's newest cyberdeck is an effective competitor with all of the currently available Fuchi decks. The Beta, as it is known on the street, packs an impressive MPCP with quick load times and increased memory capacity. The deck's most outstanding feature, however, is the Ready-Quick response system — which allows deckers to manipulate the system at an even faster rate.

MPCP: 7
Hardening: 4
Active Memory: 250
Storage: 1000
Load Speed: 50
I/O Speed: 40
Response: 2 Offline Port Level 3
Case Construction: 74,644¥
Availability: 5
Street Price: 410,542¥

CYCO OMEGA CYBERDECK

Cyco Circuit's top-of-the-line cyberdeck. Built and marketed to compete directly against the Fairlight Excalibur, the Omega is steadily earning the reputation as a poor man's Excalibur. Although lighter in the MPCP department, the Omega stacks up well in the memory and speed categories. The deck also features Cyco's popular Ready-Quick response system to provide improved decker reaction time. Viewed by most industry analysts as a quality deck at a good price.

MPCP: 9
Hardening: 5
Active Memory: 400
Storage: 1200
Load Speed: 75
I/O speed: 50
Response: 2
Offline Port Level 3
Case Construction: 160,500¥
Availability: 8 (in Seattle) 12 (elsewhere)
Street Price: 1,284,000¥ (in Seattle) 1,926,000 (elsewhere)

ℒ & 𝒜: FASA explains it all to you

The following section is a pre-print of revisions to the combat rules which will be included in the **Rigger Black Book.** Not only do these rules affect the new vehicle combat rules from the Black Book, but they make the streets just a little more lethal. Consider them official changes to the Shadowrun rules.

WEAPON FIRE MODES

Shadowrun firearms are able to fire in one or more of the following modes: single-shot/semi-automatic (SA), burst-fire (BF), and autofire (AF). The following table gives the allowed modes for each weapon type

WEAPON FIRE MODES

Weapon Type	Fire Modes	Weapon Type	Fire Modes
Hold Out Pistol	SA	Assault Rifle	SA/BF/AF
Light Pistol	SA (BF by brand)	LMGs	BF/AF
Heavy Pistol	SA	MMGs	AF
Machine Pistol	BF	HMGs	AF
Sub-machine Gun	SA/BF	Miniguns	AF*
Sport Rifle	SA		(*see special rules)
Sniper Rifle	SA	Assault Cannons	SA
Shotgun	SA	Autocannons	BF

It takes one Action to shift between weapons modes except for Smartguns which may shift modes for free.

SINGLE-SHOT/SEMI-AUTOMATIC

Weapons of this type can only fire one shot per Action. Weapons with Reactive Triggers (**Street Samural Catalog,** page 20) can fire two shots per Actions as per those rules.

BURST FIRE

Weapons capable of burst fire, or more correctly *controlled* burst fire, shoot bullets in three-round bursts. Only one Success Test is made for all the rounds in the burst. The Power of a burst is three greater than the base round's Power, and its Damage Category is one higher. Its Staging, however, remains the same. So, a burst of sub- machine gun 5M3 rounds would have a Damage code of 8S3.

The Recoil Modifier for a single burst is only two, so only two points of Recoil Compensation are needed to neutralize it. The Recoil of all bursts fired within an Action are cumulative.

Weapons capable of burst fire can only fire up to two bursts per Action.

AUTOFIRE

Weapons capable of full autofire are actually firing bursts of a variable number of rounds. The firer chooses the number of rounds, minimum of three. One Success Test is used to resolve the autofire ' ·rst. The Power of the attack is equal to the Power of the base round, plus the number of rounds in ...e Burst. The Damage Category of the base round is increased by one for every three bullets fired.

A standard autofire weapon may fire up to ten rounds an actions. Bursts (to a maximum of ten rounds total) may be divided between different targets with one round per meter'expended "walking" the fire between targets.

Recoil is assessed at a rate of one per bullet fired in the burst or in previous bursts that

action.

MINIGUN AUTOFIRE

Miniguns, due to their tremendous rate of fire, may shoot up to fifteen rounds in an action. Standard autofire rules apply, except that any Recoil Modifiers (remaining after Recoil Compensation has been applied) are doubled. So, if the minigun is firing eight rounds, but only has Recoil Compensation to handle four, the Recoil Modifier for the remaining four rounds is doubled to +8.

Miniguns must fire a minimum of six rounds per action.

AIMED SHOTS

Actions may now be expended Aiming a weapon. For each Action expended in that manner, up to a maximum number of Actions equal to one-half the character's Intelligence (round down), a -1 Target Modifier is received.

The Aiming Actions must be expended in sequence with no other actions interrupting or the benefits are lost. Aim may extend across multiple Combat Turns.

CALLED SHOTS

Characters may "Call Shots" in an effort to increase the damage done by the weapon. By calling a shot, a character is aiming at a vulnerable portion of the target (like the head of a person, the tires on a vehicle, a window, etc.). It is up to the gamemaster to determine if such a vulnerable spot is accessible.

When a shot is called, the Damage Category of the attack is increased by one (a L would become a M, etc.). The character also receives a +4 Target Modifier for the attack.

Alternatively, a special effect can occur, such as shooting out a window to see the mage on the other side (subject, of course, to enough damage being done to the window), blowing out a tire (and forcing a Handling Test), and other similar effects. The gamemaster and the player involved can set the parameters of the special effect. Normal damage is done, but the +4 Target Modifier still applies.

Only weapons that are manually targeted can be Called. Vehicle mounted systems that use onboard sensors cannot fire Called shots.

A character can Aim, and then Call a shot.

UP AND COMING FROM FASA

Shipping at presstime is **Native American Nations, Volume 2.** This offering will follow the same format as volume one and include information on history, culture, economics, and lifestyles of the Amerindians of North America. In addition to the source material, NAN2 will include an adventure to get the runners into the wilderness beyond the confines of the city.

Joining it on the shelf is **Total Eclipse,** an adventure module which allows runners to experience life in the glamorous world (?) of rock and roll. The Elementals (the band, not the spirits) have broken their contract and must be brought back home.

Finally, scheduled for release in early December, is the **Rigger Black Book.** Long overlooked by the rules and the equipment tables, the **Rigger Black Book** promises to fill this void. The volume includes a host of new vehicles, including bikes, trikes, cars, trucks, vans, boats, VTOLS, drones, and a selection of military and security vehicles. New rules include a revamped vehicle combat section, vehicle modifications, ECM and electronics, and a combat update section (look elsewhere for some of the particulars on this). If the rough draft we've seen is any indication, this source book will be the best Shadowrun product they've done since **Street Samurai.** Now if it just makes it in time for Christmas.

1992 will be ushered in with the late January debut of **Elven Fire,** a scenario set against a sudden flare-up in gang-related vioence.

Reviews!

London Sourcebook
Rating 3 1/2 (out of 5)

The **London Sourcebook** is the first in what is hoped to be an expanding line of products to inform runners (and the gamemaster) what is happening around the world of 2052. Seattle is a big place, but everybody needs variety and this reference manual certainly provides it.

London is a thick book with lots of reference material on the sprawl and the surrounding area. It follows the standard sourcebook format and includes numerous entries on hotels, pubs, historical locations and other places of note. Supplementing this information is a brief post sixth age history of Britain and a gamemaster section which includes rules for Druids, equipment, and paranormal animals.

PROS

The overwhelming Pro of this book is the general sense of style and attitude. The British seem to look at things in a fundamentally different way than we Americans and this difference in attitude shows up again and again in the writing. Having a resident write the book was an excellent idea as much of the subtle atmosphere of Britain comes through. The ideas of Nobility, Royalty and the mega-corps was very well done.

This is a very thick book and contains minimal art work. Like the Seattle Sourcebook, most of the art is in the form of business advertisements, giving the book a "yellow pages" look to it. It does a ·ry good job of capturing the feel and flavor of the businesses and makes the gamemaster's job of .scribing the environment much easier. The diversity of description and the wide range of establishments make the book especially valuable.

The section on the druids is very well done and provides two new totems (assumedly for use only with by Druidic Shaman). As the druids of history were a particularly blood-thirsty lot, special care was taken to make sure some of the historical practices could be translated to game terms, yet not spoil the game (ie. Druids believed in human sacrifice, yet player characters will NEVER become associated with these rites).

CONS

Most of the cons of this product stem from the sheer size of the subject matter. I had hoped to have more information on Para- normal animals of the UK, for example, but received only a brief description without statistics (did somebody say Paranormal Animals of Europe?). The section on druids was also sparse. You're probably wondering how the section can be a Pro and a Con, but it relates to the subject. The authors did a good job with what they provided, I just wish they would have been able to provide us with more. I was especially frustrated with the teaser on Stream, Sun, Oak, and Zephyre totems — How do these things work?!

The only other disappointment with the work was the lack of a detailed map of London. Although an map of the significant regions is provided, it does not give the detail needed, especially to somebody who has never been to London and wants to GM a campaign there.

CONCLUSION

Good book. My complaints with the book are based on wanting more information. I am not sure a Gamemaster can run a long-term campaign in London without access to more information (from some other source), but he/she could certainly run an enjoyable adventure (or three). In the long-run, .wever, this is not a big problem. Experienced GMs will be able to wing it past the grey areas and ..e rookies are probably still in Seattle anyway, so everything should work out fine.

The **London Sourcebook** is available now at a price of $15.00. It is a good investment and should provide experienced players with many hours of overseas enjoyment.

NATIVE AMERICAN NATIONS: VOLUME ONE
Rating: 3 (out of 5)

Although listed and priced like a sourcebook, NAN1 is actually half adventure (the front of the product) and half sourcebook (the back half). If you want to break down the rating (of 3), the front is about a 2 and the back is a strong 4.

The adventure revolves around the runners tracking down a very bad dude named Jesse John. Along the way they travel through the lands covered in the back half of the book. By the end of the adventure the players will have traveled through all of the Indian lands covered by the product: Salish-Shidhe, Sioux, Pueblo, and Ute.

PROS

This product is very good in that the adventure, Peacekeeper, gets the runners out of the city and into the wilderness. Granted, the wilderness in this case is not a primeval forest, but it is very undeveloped, especially compared to the concrete jungle of Seattle or other sprawls. Runners get the chance to rough it in the wild and wilderness shamans will finally come into their own.

The writing is solid and the descriptions are good. Even first-time GMs should have no trouble in running the adventure provided as long as they read the entire book before they start. The graphics and art provided is exceptionally high quality, especially Jeff Laubenstein's Indian Dancers (imagine a Troll Amerindian dancer) and Larry Elmore's strong cover. The source material is well thought out and provides a good basis for GMs to start individualizing their own campaigns. There are sufficient hooks to keep runners in action for a host of game sessions.

Of the four Nations covered, the Sioux Nation is the strongest. Nearly everyone has some preconceived notion of the Sioux since that dust-up at the Little Big Horn and these attitudes seem to come to life in the descriptions and shadow-vox sections surrounding the text. It should give readers an excellent idea of how to play an Amerindian character.

CONS

The cons of this product can be summed up in one word: Peacekeeper (the adventure). Fully half the book is taken up by an adventure that will only be played once. The adventure itself is very linear, meaning the runners proceed from one encounter to the next with little chance to take control of their destinies. Linear adventures can be good, if they are designed for beginning role- players or the stakes are rather low. It gives the GM a chance to become better with the game system without having to manage a complex plot. If the runners are wildly successful, or dusted in the first encounter, nothing monumental is won or lost. Events have not been altered on a large scale if successful and the players have not spent a lot of time growing attached to their characters if unsuccessful. In this case, however, the stakes the runners are playing for are very high indeed and if they are thrown off the trail (which is very very possible given the deadly nature of the opponents), the GM is going to have to deal with a significantly altered game environment (or resort to a deux ex machina rescue). There are opportunities for the runners to be put back on track, but their Karma will/should suffer as a result.

The other complaint about the product is the lack of maps. A single large scale map of Las Vegas is the only one in the package. It would have been nice to see the National boundaries drawn with a little more detail and maybe some of the larger cities which are still active included. Just an idea (which may be included in Volume Two).

CONCLUSION

Native American Nations: Volume One does provide a good primer for getting the runners out of the city and into the wilderness. If used by a resourceful GM, the product can provide a wealth of information on the lands surrounding Seattle and the American west. Buyers should understand, however, that the source book they are buying is half scenario and the scenario is played with high stakes. Played properly, the streets are going to run red (in several different towns) with runner blood. If you want a Sourcebook, without space taken for a sample adventure, look to London. If the buyer wants a six dollar adventure and a six dollar source book, for a total price of $12.00, this is the place to get it.

Virtual Realities

ating: 4 (out of 5)

Virtual Realities promises to do for cyberspace what **The Grimoire** did for magic — give players a complete set of rules and the equipment to go out and make things happen. **Virtual Realities** is a sourcebook with the front two thirds devoted to the rules of the Matrix and the last third devoted to a work of fiction. Tom Dowd did the front, Chris Kubasik did the back.

Overall the piece works very well. Lots of material which did not make it into the original Shadowrun rules is included along with lots of new stuff. The book is divided into rules on computer systems, ICE, cyberdeck construction, programs, and cybercombat. As would be expected with a supplement written by the game's author, this product is very complete, giving the reader just what is needed to run the matrix

PROS

First of all, the entire product is visually pleasing. The interior color plates of the matrix are excellent original works of computer art. The writing by both authors is good. Complex rules are written in a clear concise manner making them easy to read and play. Combine that with the very good table of contents in the front of the book and you have an excellent reference work.

Each of the individual sections is very well done and gives the reader the chance to dive into the area he/she is really interested in and catch the others as needed. Players can scan the cyberdeck, program, and combat sections and be ready to play in short order.

Although each of the sections is strong, the revamping of the cyberdecks is the best part of the book. Despite the increase in rules, and a slight increase in paperwork, the results are a much better system which requires a certain level of knowledge on the part of the player to play successfully. Newbies shouldn't jack into the matrix without help, and that's the way it works here. The rules are simple enough for anyone to learn, but you have to take the time to do it.

CONS

This is a strong product, but there are a few things to wonder about. First, and foremost, is the inclusion of a novella between the covers of the game product. Chris' work is very good, but it is more challenging to read than most fiction you will find in a game product. The work goes a long way towards providing flavor and examples of the matrix, but many of these examples could have been handled in a side bar, or in shadow-vox. The quality of writing deserves a book from the author (which is in the process of being written). Better to have made the product thinner and lowered the price.

If the novella had not been included in the sourcebook, the space could have been taken up with an example of a large corporation's network. Nothing as ambitious as Ares or Fuchi, but a detailed complex system which would give the players and GMs an example of how networks are set up and the general level of security. A multi-division network with several offices and plant locations could have served as a "network archetype" for matrix runs. I can hear Tom from here (500 miles away), "the Network is based on not being an archetype system. It is the unusual and the unexpected." I agree wholeheartedly, but doesn't it make sense that many small companies would purchase an "off the rack" network and security system (with slight modifications) to save nuyen? Just an idea.

CONCLUSION

This is a very good product and the hands-down best of the three reviewed. If you are going to play the matrix, you need this product. If you are going to run the matrix, you need to at least read the novella. At $15.00, this is one of the more expensive support products in the line, but the return is well worth the investment for deckers and GMs. A final word. Players I have talked to seem to like ie product better if they read the novella first, then took a look at the rules. Not only do you have a context for the types of programs and actions the rules describe, but you start to learn about the matrix from a first-hand point-of- view, not a rules point-of-view.

KA·GE

THE ONLY JAPANESE YOU NEED TO KNOW .