

KA • GE

A SURVIVAL GUIDE TO AN IMPOLITE SOCIETY

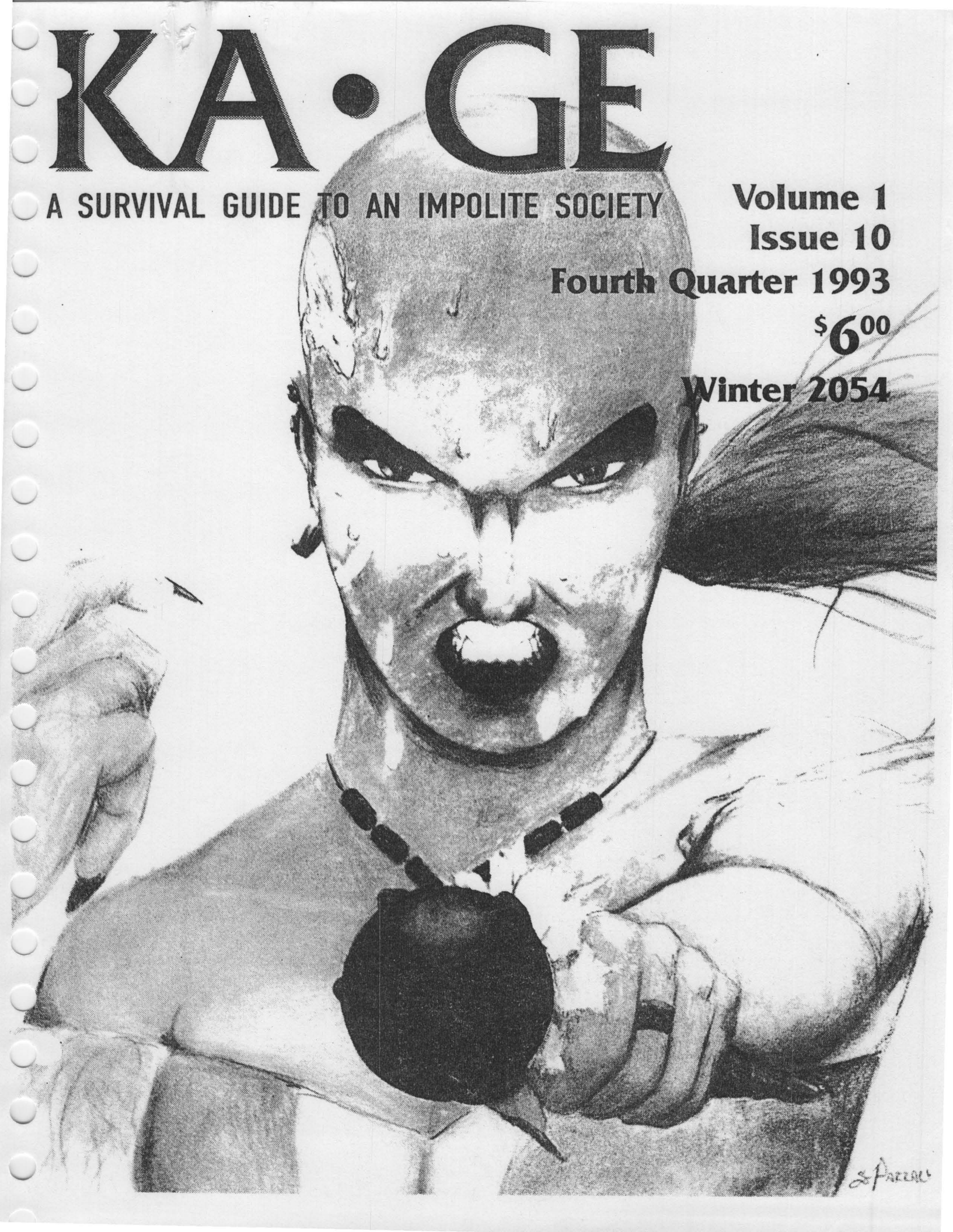
Volume 1

Issue 10

Fourth Quarter 1993

\$6⁰⁰

Winter 2054





Howdy,

Well, it obviously has not been ninety days since the last issue of Ka-ge, but we wanted to get this issue out a little early for two reasons. First, as in the past, we like to get the fourth quarter issue out before the Christmas rush at the post office. I'm know some issues take as long as two weeks to get into the hands of the subscribers, so this helps take the pressure off. Secondly, with the last issue out so late we wanted to confirm to all members that "yes, we're still open for business." I wish I had a nickel every time we had to say that for the last couple of weeks.

It would probably help new members to remember we publish quarterly and depending on when we receive your membership application, it could be as long as twelve to fourteen weeks to get your first issue. The membership list is always updated before an issue mails, but obviously we can't send you an issue if we don't have the application. Writing nasty letters or threatening us with legal action will do nothing to get the issues out any sooner and it will not help get your application to our offices any sooner.

For budding authors and artists out there, I'd like to issue an invitation to send us in a sample of your work. We're currently short on fiction, critters, and corporations. As long-time members will tell you, the quality of Ka-ge has improved dramatically over the last year and our standards have risen appropriately. If you've got something that you think we can use, by all means, send it in.

Our next issue will publish on (or around) March 24, 1994. If you've got any material you'd like to have us consider, please have it to our offices, by February 1. Until then,

Enjoy,
Jim

P.S. We've got a surprise coming up in the next issue I know you'll all enjoy.

k a • g e

is an

AWOL PRODUCTION

<i>AWOL Management</i>	<i>James D. Long</i>	<i>Layout</i>	<i>Middlecoast Publishing, Inc.</i>
<i>AWOL Office Manager</i>	<i>Jane Foster</i>	<i>Shadowrun and Matrix</i> are trademarks of	<i>FASA Corporation, registered in the US</i>
<i>AWOL Membership Coordinator</i>	<i>Arleen Buschjost</i>	<i>Patent and Trademark Office. Shadowrun</i>	<i>Network is a trademark of AWOL</i>
<i>AWOL Dude</i>	<i>Jeff Schroeder</i>	<i>Productions, Inc. All materials in Ka-ge</i>	<i>are ©1993 AWOL Productions and ©</i>
<i>AWOL Dudette</i>	<i>Kimberly Knox</i>	<i>FASA Corporation.</i>	
<i>Magazine Staff</i>		<i>Ka-ge is published quarterly for \$20.00 per</i>	<i>year by AWOL Productions, Inc., 310 Tiger</i>
<i>Senior Editor</i>	<i>Jim Long</i>	<i>Lane, Suite 3, Columbia, MO 65203.</i>	<i>Application to mail at Second-Class Postage</i>
<i>Assistant Editor</i>	<i>Rodney Knox</i>	<i>Rates is Pending at Columbia, MO.</i>	
<i>Contributing Writers</i>	<i>Stephen Kenson,</i>		
	<i>Chad Olson, Vicki Kirchhoff, Rodney Knox,</i>		
	<i>Sean Parrack, Jim Long.</i>		
<i>Cover Art</i>	<i>Sean Parrack</i>		
<i>Interior Art</i>	<i>Sean Parrack, John Morrissey,</i>		
	<i>Dan Smith, Chad Olson</i>		

For FASA
President-Person

POSTMASTER: Send address changes to AWOL Productions, 2101 W. Broadway, #305, Columbia, MO 65205-6018.

Table of Contents

Notes from the Net Page 2

Paterson's Guide to Paranormal Animals .. Page 4

Azatlan Awakened critters by Network member Stephen Kenson. The Hide and Tzitsimine.

Ka-ge Fiction Page 8

The final installment of "Chasing Ghosts" by Network member Chad Olson.

Shadows Page 15

Four new contacts by Network member Sean Parrack and the Hermetic Hitman archetype.

Turring's Guide to Organizations Page 18

The second installment of Armor International by Network member Chad Olson

Ka-ge Fiction Page 31

"Who Your Friends Are" by Network member Vicki Kirchhoff

Paydata Page 40

Calendar of Events ... Page 44

Network Member Graffiti Page 46

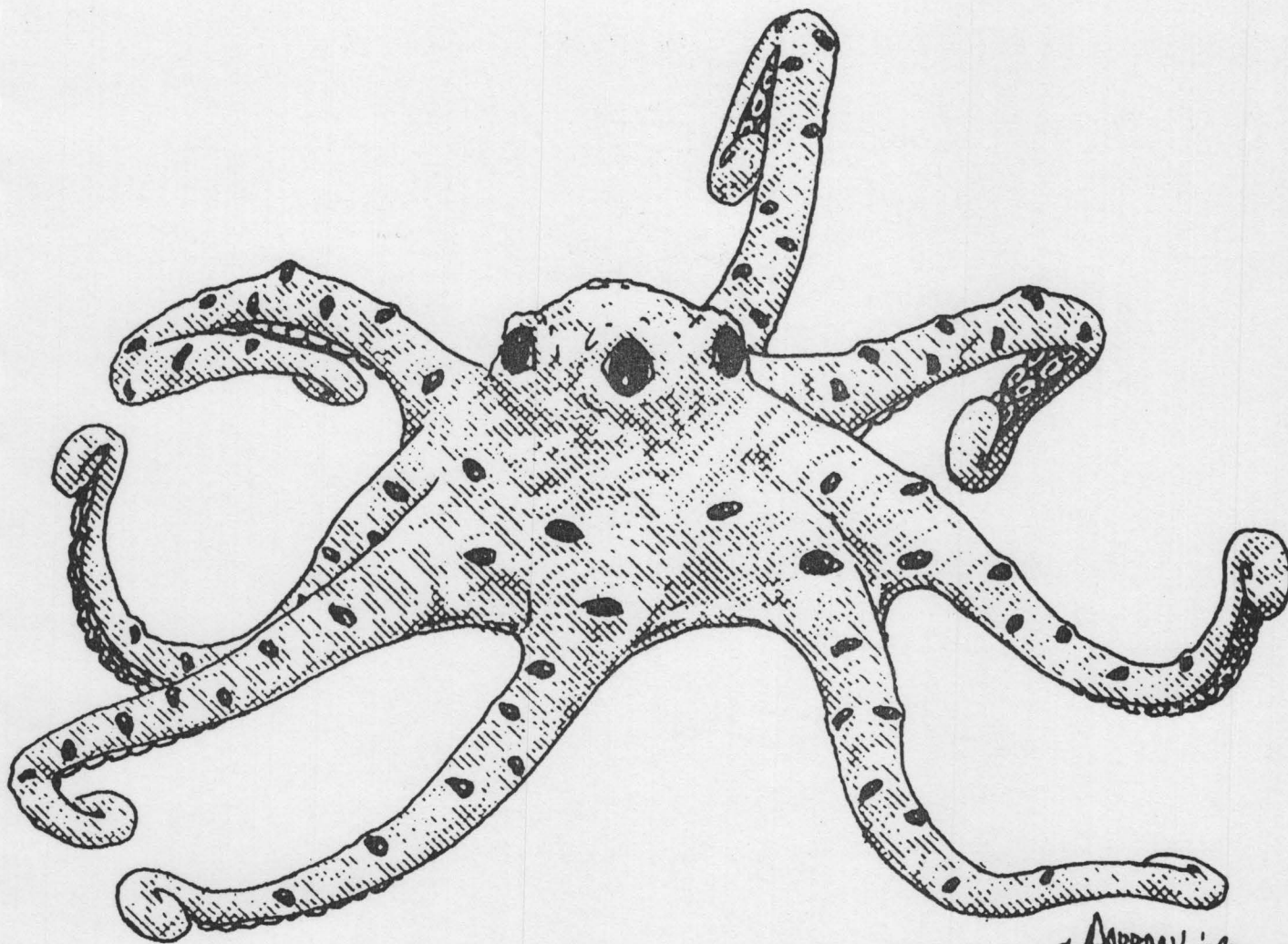
Writing on the Wall Page 47



Paterson Field Guide to Paranormal Animals

New Animals for a New Age

>>>>[From Vol. 6 of the infamous Paterson's Guide comes this little excerpt on our friends south of the border. Just a few things to be on the look out for the next time you're in Azzieland]<<<< - Talon <16:10:26/11-15-53>



S. ARRACK '93



Hide

Identification:

Hide are an awakened form of cephalopod similar to an octopus. The creatures look much like a broad, spoked wheel made up of eight tentacles radiating from a central body, atop which is a small head which is little more than a lump on the creature's otherwise flat body. Hide measure an average of 12 meters across, from tentacle to tentacle. They are generally sandy-colored, providing camouflage when resting on the ocean floor. Hide have a limited ability to change their coloration to better blend in with the surrounding terrain.

The hide's tentacles have numerous small eyes along their lengths and the head has four larger eyes evenly spaced around it, giving the creature excellent vision, even in murky water. Hide do not swim, but "walk" along the bottom with their tentacles in a manner similar to a crab or spider.

Magic Capability:

Innate

Habits:

Hide are carnivorous. The underside has a circular maw with rows of backward-pointing teeth that is larger than the creature's head. Prey is shoved into the creature's mouth, where it is ground into a pulp that can be more easily stored and digested. Hide normally prey on large fish and sea mammals, but will eat almost anything.

Powers:

Engulf, Immunity to Toxins

Weaknesses:

None

>>>>>[Aztech sometimes uses hide to guard offshore facilities like their

Gulf Platform. I think they use ultrasonics to control them. The critters are very territorial and can easily overturn small boats. Not to mention what they can do to divers...]<<<<<< - Pyramid Watcher (22:45:31/11-15-53)

>>>>>[There are still plenty of rumors flying around that hide were gengineered by the Big A, but so far no proof either way.]<<<<<< - Doc (09:30:38/11-16-53)

>>>>>[The things have been known to live in some pretty toxic waters, too. Seems like most pollutants don't bother them a bit. I wonder if that supports the idea that they're engi-neered?]<<<<<< - Vert (14:05:29/11-16-53)

>>>>>[Could still be either way.]<<<<<< - Doc (18:03:07/11-16-53)

Game Information

B	Q	S	C	I	W	E	R	Attacks
6	4x3	8	-	2/4	2	6	5	8M (crushing) 6S (bite)

Initiative Dice: 2D6

Powers: Engulf, Immunity to Toxins.

Weaknesses: None.

<p>HIDE</p> <p>HABITAT Pacific coast</p> <p>RANGE Southern Mexico</p>		<p>SIZE COMPARISON</p>
--	--	-------------------------------





S. PARRACK '93





TZITSIMINE

Identification:

The tzitsimine ("crying woman") is an astral creature which is believed to be a form of larva valida (ghost). They commonly appear as women with long, flowing hair dressed in a white robe. They are found holding their face in their hands and weeping loudly. When the creature's face is revealed it appears as a skull with tears of blood streaming from the empty eye sockets.

Magic Capability:

Innate

Habits:

Tzitsimine appear to be driven to attack anyone who comes near its territory,

typically an abandoned dwelling or the shore of a river or lake. The creature uses its appearance as a grieving woman to draw victims closer before it attacks, feeding on the prey's life force through the fear generated by the creature's horrifying appearance.

Powers:

Essence Drain (Temporary), Immunity to Normal Weapons, Manifestation, Paralyzing Howl.

Weaknesses:

None.

>>>>>[Like other ghosts, tzitsimine can be laid to rest for good with the

proper rituals.]<<<<<< - Eagle-Knight (19:04:32/11-15-53)

>>>>>[Yeah, the only problem is that most of them don't exactly cooperate with you when you're trying to banish them.]<<<<<< - Talon (22:13:42/11-15-53)

>>>>>[Call me cold, but this thing is a good reason not to stop to help a woman who's sitting by the edge of the water and crying.]<<<<<< - Ranger (18:15:32/11-18-53)

>>>>>[That's life in the Sixth World for you, chummer]<<<<<< - Talon (20:52:10/11-18-53)

Game Information

B	Q	S	C	I	W	E	R	Attacks
1	1	1	2	2	5	6A	5	Special

Initiative Dice: 1D6 (+10 in manifest form, +20 in astral form)

Powers: Essence Drain (Temporary), Immunity to Normal Weapons, Manifestation, Paralyzing Howl.

Weaknesses: None.

<p>TZITSIMINE</p> <p>HABITAT Near rivers and lakes</p> <p>RANGE Southern Mexico</p>		<p>SIZE COMPARISON</p>
--	--	-------------------------------





CRUSADERS' AMBITION

<<(23:47:15/05-15-53)>>
Mitsuham Computer Technologies
—Private-Security Code: Tamaki-77365—

—Internal Memo—

FROM: Horihito Tamaki
TO: Cain McClintoc

It has come to my attention that a certain employee of our beloved company has taken it upon herself to probe into matters of which she shouldn't readily be aware. Unfortunately, even after council this subject continued to delve into said matters. I am aware of your services to this company, namely Tamatsu Sakura, and would request said services for my current situation. Please contact me through the usual methods on your approval/disapproval of assistance.

—End Memo—

<<(20:17:43/05-16-53)>>

Mitsuham Computer Technologies
—Private-Security Code: McClintoc-66690—

—Internal Memo—

FROM: Cain McClintoc
TO: Horihito Tamaki

Agreed. Negotiable bonus pending. Will contact in your office at 2400 hours tonight.

—End Memo—



Feel's like Autumn's coming, Blaze thought as he walked a soiled and garbage-ridden sidewalk of Seattle. He pulled together the lapels of his dark gray coat as a chilling wind from the Sound blew his sandy blond hair in a frenzy. Dried leaves and trash bounced and rattled crisply down the street while the wind howled through a skeletal tree.

But the fresh air will do me good.

Blaze had been laying low in Dice's medium-sized, cluttered apartment for the past three weeks, hoping to become just a memory in the mind of his newly acquired pursuer, a large dark figure, magically active and hot on Blaze's case. How and why the form had latched on to him was still a mystery, and one that had delayed his plans of revenge. The hunter had become the hunted.

Blaze kicked a Goo-caf softdrink can that rolled in front of him.

Plans...missions...Where do I go from here? His burning thirst for the revenge of his fiance's death had cooled a little since the encounter with the dark form. The man thought to be her killer had turned out to be innocent, and the leads were short coming. **Frag it all anyway!**

He stopped walking and lightly threw himself against the crumbling building next to him. Taking a deep breath, he happened to look up to the west. The horizon glowed with a warmth and beauty rivaling the sunsets made famous during the Vietnam War. With all the debris, dust, and pollutants in the air, the light had ample source for reflection. Blaze stood and watched as the sun slowly sank behind the horizon of concrete and steel erected before it.

When it was gone he shook himself of the almost hypnotic grasp the sunset had put upon him. Sighing deeply, he gently thumbed the ring on his left hand—his power focus and fiancee's promise of love. Looking around him, he realized that he had subconsciously walked to his favorite haunt, the Silver Fools bar/ restaurant. The place was looking good considering the damage it had sustained during his last visit when he and Dice curtailed a wetwork hit.

Well, I might as well pay my respects. Blaze straightened himself up, pulled out his infamous pair of shades, ran a hand through his hair, and jandered over to the bar.

"Whazapping, man? Ain't seen you for a while," gruffed Jimmy the bartender as the mage entered. "Place is lookin' pretty good don't you think?" Plastic sheets were strewn on the floor and the restaurant smelled of paint. Over by the bar area, Blaze could see saw horses and construction tools placed here and there. Despite the mess, though, he could recognize a few Fool's regulars sitting in their usual spots, or near enough anyway.

The mage's gaze slowly fell onto Jimmy. "You're going to let me in after last time?"

"Wha— oh, well you know me. I prefer no trouble. Bad for business, you

know. But the ways I sees it, it wasn't your fault last time. Anyways, what can I get you?"

"Nothing tonight," Blaze crisply returned. "I see Clare's keeping the same atmosphere as before. Is this by choice?"

"Yea, it was her choice, why wouldn't it be? Besides, the folks like it dark and private."

"It's just surprising to me that she could afford to make it the same, exactly the same as before. After that much damage, one would be tempted to scrap the earlier design for a new one. Probably cost less yen too. But as for me, I like it this way."

Jimmy leaned his elbow on the bar, holding a white wash cloth in the other hand. "Oh I agree, it was cheaper to update the style. This place was kinda old and the new designs would have been more efficient, but she was only following orders."

"Orders?"

"Yes my friend, orders," a wiry, slightly British-accented voice interrupted. Blaze looked over to his right to see a middle aged man in a fine dress suit, slicked back black hair and mustache slide onto the stool next to him. The mage's first reaction was to lean back for the man's covering of cologne was nearly stifling. Then Blaze slowly looked the man over without expression.

"It was my wish to keep the sanctity of this establishment intact. I have become quite accustomed to this little pub despite all that has happened."

Blaze kept eyeing the man behind emotionless shades. The man seemed to twitch a nerve of recognition but he still could not place him.

"Blaze, this is Mr. Kirkpatrick. Mr. Kirkpatrick, Blaze. It was Mr. Kirkpatrick who funded the remodeling of the place."

"Apparently you don't recognize me good fellow," said Kirkpatrick. "I was the poor old chap whom you so bravely and unselfishly saved a few weeks past."

Blaze remembered now. A certain Mr. Kelly had hired the assassins to geek the man who sat across from him. The same crew who shot up the place.





"What can I do for you Mr. Kirkpatrick?" Blaze cautiously asked.

"Come, come now, son. Please, let me buy you a drink."

"I'm not drinking," Blaze remembered to add, "but thanks any- way." The mage swiftly shifted to astral and read the colors that made up the man's astral body.

"Oh please, let it be an offering of thankfulness on my behalf for your generosity."

Returning from Astral, Blaze just stared at him for a moment. "I know you want something, Mr. Kirkpatrick. Let's dodge the formalities and get to the point."

He seemed shocked but quickly regained his composure. "Well, well, you Americans sure are succinct. But, you are correct. Can we discuss this in a more, shall we say, less open area?" Kirk directed his hand to one of the repaired booths of the bar. Blaze nodded to Jimmy, who went to clean glasses, and moved toward the directed booth.

When they sat down Kirk pulled out a cigar and lovingly lit it, blowing rings of smoke into the air. Blaze disliked the smell but said nothing.

"I assume, good fellow, that you are an enterprising man and that you don't let sleeping dogs lie. Am I correct in that assumption?"

Blaze remained silent and cautious. To simply blurt out a quick response could mean putting your foot in your mouth. He had an idea of what Kirk wanted. A Johnson, be it American, British, or Brit-poser, was still a Johnson.

Kirk on the other hand was not assuming anything at all. He had been informed through the bartender and a local fixer that Blaze and his troop were some seasoned Shadowrunners. Independent runners, sometimes, with a strict agenda of their own.

"Well, let's assume that you wanted to make a change—wake the dogs, so to speak. Let us also assume that your altering actions were also in my best interests. Do you think that we could work together in finalizing these...

efforts?"

"Perhaps," Blaze finally spoke, taking on a similar air to his Johnson. "Depends on the rewards of finalization and how this finalization was to be carried out."

"Oh I assure you the rewards would be quite satisfactory. Possibly to the tune of 20,000 each for you and your compatriots. The means to the ends would be entirely at your discretion."

Frag, to start out with an opening bid like that would either mean this suit is loaded or the op is extremely dangerous, Blaze thought to himself. A quick feeling of distrust shot through him. **I wonder if he's good for it?**

Continuing the etiquette game, Blaze answered, "Assuming that I acted on these interests, exactly what would I be trying to alter or change?"

"Oh good, the specifics." Kirk lightly clapped his hands as he said it. "I am sure you recall the soiled chaps that tried to put an end to my life in this very establishment? Well, I would like to ensure that another such attack be rendered impossible. I just happen to know who that group was, their leader, as well as their base of operations. All you would need to do, assuming you are interested, would be to whitenline this force."

Disbanding the flowery verse, Blaze clipped, "I don't do wet- work. You'll have to find somebody else." Blaze started to get up.

"Not even for the handsome sum of... 40,000 each?" Kirk was quick to add.

Blaze gave the man a double look. **Forty grand each. This suit can't be good for it.** "No. Like I said." Blaze started to walk toward the door.

"NOW who is there to get McClintoc off my back," Kirk grumbled to himself.

Blaze, not quite out of earshot, stopped in his tracks and turned to Kirk. "Who did you say?"

"What?"

The mage moved over to the table, the air now thick with cigar smoke.

"Who was to get off your back?"

A little surprised, Kirk returned, "Am I now to assume that you're are again interested in this little venture?"

Slowly losing his patience, Blaze

leaned nearly ten centimeters into Kirk's face and firmly whispered, "Just answer."

The Brit retreated back a bit as his face grew bigger and distorted in the reflection of Blaze's shades. "M-McClintoc, Cain McClintoc. The leader of the group."

Blaze lifted himself away clenching his fists. The sheer usage of the name nearly sent him to strangling Kirk. Rage raced through him. Not 15 minutes ago he was trying to figure out his next move against the same man, the killer of his fiancée. Now, in the middle of his lap, the opportunity presented itself.

Control, man, control, Blaze struggled with himself. **Don't let the emotions manipulate you.** He took a quick breath and slowly re- seated himself. "Fifty grand each and we have a deal, Mr. Kirkpatrick." He watched unmoving as Kirk squirmed at the new proposal.

"Well, er, well no more than six people then—half payment now and half after completion."

Blaze knew who and what he needed—six people or less would do. "Agreed. Now let's discuss strengths and numbers."



Unknown to the duo in the booth, a synth-leathered, gruff looking individual sneaked out of the bar. Hopping on his Scorpion outside, the rider zoomed off toward the Mitsuhamma Computer Technologies corporate complex.

Across from the six shining jet black towers hovering over lake Washington stood the luxury apartment building, Imperial Towers. Moving to the elevators, he punched in the floor code he wanted, and after a brief flight up, arrived at the apartment 36310. He knocked solidly.

"Yea?" came a voice.

"It's me, Slyder." After the sound of footsteps, the door hissed aside. Standing in the doorway wearing a black and gold cloak was a burly two meter tall individual, shoulder length frizzy locks sat wet on his shoulders. Sculpted facial features augmented the long scar from his left temple, across the eye, and down to the chin.

"I have news," was all Slyder said as





the apartment resident allowed him in. They both sat down in the ultra-plush living room complete with cutting edge trid and comm systemry, full wet bar, and chrome and black furniture covered in real tanned leather. A view of the lake filled the south wall.

Slyder broke into his speech almost before his host sat. "I saw him, the one who geeked Crusher, Killroy, and James. He was at the same bar, talking to Kirkpatrick." The host raised an eyebrow at the usage of the name. "Sounds like they're planning a hit on US, Cain, at our meet point."

Cain sat a moment in thought, contemplating the news. "So, the fools think they can make a hit on me," he spoke deeply, "a hit on the Midnight Interceptors. I lost a lot of yen because of that fool's interference." Cain got up and walked over to the bar noticing himself in the mirror. After a moment, he lightly ran his fingers over the grotesque ridges on his face. He smiled at the reflection. Suddenly he swirled around, right hand clenched before him in a fist, 30 centimeters of razor sharp titanium his- sing forth. "We shall see!"



They called him Jasper for his real name was unimportant. Like any elf, he was cool, and he looked it. His stark white skin contrasted against his jet black hair, buzzed on the left side and hanging long on the right. His black and electric blue leathers and armor jacket accented the blue highlights of his black locks. Piercing green eyes peered out like emeralds against marble.

Her name was Tygris, a more colorful contradiction to the elf. Blood-red form-fitting jumpsuit, yellow striped jacket, and long black boots outfitted the razor girl. Her long, gloriously blond mane hung thick around her neck and shoulders. Both were two refined mercs with a yen for yen recently moved to the employ of Blaze.

They sat now in the den of the mage's high class apartment, with Patches and Gronk side by side on the couch, Dice on the floor, and Tygris curvaceously filling a bean bag-like Japanese futon. Jasper, ever cautious, stood by the door, next to

the overflowing mini magical library/desk of books, data chips, and used candles. Red and orange light splintered the darkness of the room from the fireplace and the lit candles.

"You all know why we're here," Blaze started, "but here's the specifics. A certain Mr. Johnson has given us the opportunity to fulfill our greatest mission. Jasper and Ty, you may not know what that is, but knowing isn't necessary."

"What is necessary?" Jasper questioned evenly, almost impatiently.

"It's a hit," Blaze continued unmoved. "The target's name is Cain McClintoc. Here's a datapix I got from Johnson. He heads up a group of wetworkers calling themselves the Midnight Interceptors."

"What did they try to do to Johnson, or did he say?" Tygris asked flicking her black lacquered fingernails and passing the picture to Dice.

"They tried to geek 'im, simple as that," Dice answered remembering, as he saw the picture, the insignia of a black widow spider on a scarlet field imprinted on the attacker's headband. "And they ain't no lightweights either. We ran into 'em before, am I right, Blaze?"

"Right. Now this op proves to be difficult at best. These aren't some corporate lackeys we're going against, but full-fledged shadowrunners, augmentations and abilities to boot. We also know that they're a favorite of Mitsuhamma. Whether free-lance or on the payroll, we don't know.

"Gronk has already been briefed on the situation and has been watching their place in the Bitter Lake district Downtown for the past two days. They've been pretty busy lately with something but we don't know for sure what that something is. It seems that at any one time their place, an old gas station, has at least seven people available. We believe that there may be a dozen all together."

Patches cringed at Cain's hollow and scared face as the picture was handed to her. But despite his evil look, she couldn't feel entirely comfortable about seeking him out and geeking him outright. She and Blaze had discussed

what would happen when that time came, and she only hoped Blaze would make the right decision.

Blaze noticed the concern on her face and knew how she felt about violence, especially out and out wetwork, but he couldn't let that stand in the way now. He would have to discover his path as he walked it.

"Now you know the cut, you're all in right?" All quickly agreed except for Patches who just shrugged. "Good, now here's how the hit will go down."

That night plans were arranged and positions set. During the planning, Blaze thought to mention the Dark Form but chose to remain silent as to not make matters worse. Regardless, the hit would take place the next night—hard and fast.



"Hhhsssss," slowly wheezed the voice. "Tooniight. Yeesss, tonight, I can feel it." In the thick darkness of the basement of an abandoned building, the dark form lifted its head. Breaking off the dried blood from its long, bony, dull gray fingers, its hands flexed. "Yeesss," it breathed, lifting itself up by magic hands, scattering the devil rats that shared the crumbling, stench-soaked abode. "The time has finally come." Its echoing laughter died as its solid shape dispersed to mist.



The chill in the air gripped them to the bones and the wind made it no better. Frigid gales like death's breath blew across them as they squatted in the shadows, looking across the seldom used street to their objective. The stage was set. Blaze, Jasper, and Dice were going to be the first wave into the old paint-peeled gas station. Gronk and Patches were the back-up, and Tygris, with her MA 2100 sniper rifle, would watch the outside in case any of the teams were flanked.

Blaze waited anxiously under a patient exterior for everyone to get to their positions. He tried to keep himself focused on the task at hand, but his thoughts often slipped to what he would do the moment he had Cain in his sights. The sight of Patches' concern filled his



mind, and her words of nonviolence struggled against his own emotions, his greatest conflict. Would he just pull the trigger cold-heartedly like he wanted? Would he just try to wound Cain so he could turn him in to the authorities? Would he have a choice?

"Roger. Stand by," answered Jasper, breaking Blaze's thoughts. "They're set."

"Now ya sure he's in there?" Dice questioned, humping a Defiance T-250 shotgun, the remedy to his lack of firearm accuracy.

"Yes," Blaze replied. "Gronk saw him enter at 1834 tonight and he never left. He's in there all right, along with seven other guys."

Jasper snapped the bolt of his AUG-CSL light machine gun variant. "You make the call."

Blaze took a deep breath, removed his shades, and unflicked the safety of his M22A2. "Let's do it."

The building was no larger than 20 meters by 10 meters. The garage doors on the right side of it were gone now and replaced with a wall and a curtained window. To the left of where the doors stood, one could see the shattered remains of what was once the cashier area, shattered glass doors hung ajar. Blaze took the lead, followed by Jasper who was already unfastening something from his loaded ammo belt. Blaze moved to the cashier area and could see light coming from under a door on the left wall. Jasper squatted under the front window, concussion grenade in hand.

Quickly slipping to astral to scout out the place, Blaze was quickly stopped in his ethereal tracks by a ward. A ward he wasn't prepared to break.

Frag. Magic user aboard, he thought. He mouthed "Magic" to Jasper who nodded his understanding.

With the barrel of his AUG Jasper shattered the window and tossed his grenade in. The shock wave shook the walls and blasted the remains of the front window. Blaze charged to the door, splintering it with a grenade from his assault rifle; Dice followed behind.

Inside a flourotube light swung and flickered from the grenade, casting

dancing shadows from the fallen chairs and poker table in the middle of the small room. An old and soiled couch sat against the opposite wall. There were no bodies.

"W-what the frag," stammered Dice.

Suddenly, the squeak of the swinging light was drowned out by the hail of bullets that sprayed the doorway, peppered it, and split the wood to shreds. Blaze managed to dive for a pile of debris sitting next to the door, but Dice took a burst. Four rounds stitched diagonally across his torso, blasting him back to the cashier area. Jasper, hearing the shots, placed the barrel of his LMG on the sill and returned the attack. His targets were three individuals using the couch for cover. Clenching his teeth at the weapon's recoil, his angry rounds ripped stuffing and springs apart from the piece of furniture, causing a miniature snowstorm of cushion. He moved in.

Blaze, surprised by the attack, thinking setup all the way, and too wired to even notice Dice fall, now had a chance to make his own move. Knowing the room was too small for another grenade, he rolled to the cover of the fallen poker table in the middle of the place, sending a burst to the now disintegrated couch. Bullets walked up to the right armrest of the thing, catching an aggressor in his right arm. Blaze heard the man cry out from the shot. Another storm of bullets rattled the game table, two even penetrating and hitting the mage, but bouncing off harmlessly from his armor.

Jasper was now with Dice who was on his back, blood trickling from under his armor jacket. The decker coughed and looked a bit pale. "Patches, Jasper. Better get up here and fast. Dice is hurt bad. Slot and run, NOW!"

Patches, hearing the message over her headset, looked over to Gronk, who looked back. "I've gotta go!"

"Right." Against planning, he wanted to go with her—to protect her. He had learned through Blaze how painful it was to lose a loved one, and to Gronk that devotion fell on Patches. He suspected she knew how he felt but they never spoke of it openly because of all the

complications that would arise from an "intraspecies" relationship.

At last he said, "I'll cover ya!" After jumping out from the driver's seat of their Leyland Rover, he watched as Patches hi-tailed it over to the garage.

Meanwhile, Blaze was pinned down behind his rapidly depleating cover. Whispering minute words of power, his left hand started to glow, arcane energy danced and sparked while bullets continued to ring past him, chipping and holing the table. Then quickly he peeked around his cover and loosed his fiery jab. Ignited stuffing fell like volcanic cinders from the blast as the bolt of energy found its mark, the attacker he had earlier hit in the arm. With a painful scream of agony, the victim jumped up from behind the couch, scampering and swirling from the flames that licked his body.

Jasper, now at the doorway, saw his easy target and let loose on full auto with the AUG. The gunman flew backward from the kinetic energy of the elf's burst, dying in a fiery hump. Blaze looked over to the merc and gave a smile and a thumbs up signal.

At the same time, Patches knelt over Dice, rather shocked at the damage he had sustained. He looked bad, and she knew that she would need a little extra help. Yanking a snake rattle attached to an eagle feather from her green jumpsuit, she began to sing her erie hissing song, calling upon the great power of Snake to aid her. At the height of her chant, a white globe of energy exploded around her hand, casting light for a two meter radius. Then she gently pressed her hand against the purple and red holes puncturing Dice. Her song continued.

Outside Tygris lay prone on the roof of an abandoned store, her lacquered fingernails tapping against the handle of her sniper. She scanned the scene below, green luminescence of the night scope lighting her face. She could see the bright glow from where Patches was treating Dice. Gronk was still by the van looking very antsy and anxious for a fight.

Suddenly she noticed movement





coming from behind the building. Two large figures crouched and stalked toward the front. **Just what we expected**, she thought.

Bringing the crosshairs of the scope to the head of the leader she took a breath, relaxed, and slowly squeezed the trigger. With a small jerk that barely nudged Tygris from her solid stance, the rifle round squarely hit the head of her target, slamming him head first into the wall, and slowly slumping him to the ground. His partner stopped, darting his glance in all directions, searching for the shooter. Tygris mechanically and calmly moved her sights to the other target. With the same systematic procedure she silently plastered her target in the head, knowing it to be the least armored. He fell to the same fate as his chummer.

Just like clockwork, she thought to herself.

"Drop the rifle, princess," came a gruff voice from behind her, "or yer dirtfood fer rockworms."

Gronk stood quietly stomping his feet, anxiously stroking his Panther Assault Cannon. **Call me in. Call me in. Give me action**, he chanted to himself. Suddenly he saw stars, then the ground as he hit it face first. Only his thick skull and dermal skin saved him from death. Rolling around and rubbing his blood stained bump, he could see behind the blurs another troll, equal in size and gear, swinging a ball and chain, and grinning evilly. The old proverb, 'be careful of what you wish for' echoed through his mind.

Back in the garage the war raged on. Blaze had to find new cover or eliminate the opposition in order to get out of his position. Finding a lack of new cover, he was left with only one choice. With a mumble, both hands began to glow white and then disappear. His arms escaped view until finally, his entire body was cloaked in the magical light.

Abruptly he jumped from behind the swiss-cheesed table, careful to avoid Jasper's blasts, to the wall perpendicular to the couch. Behind it he could see two humans sporting red bananas and assault rifles blasting away at the doorway and poker table. However,

neither held the gaunt features of Cain. Cautiously so as to not falter in his invisibility spell, Blaze called forth a warbling sphere of magical energy. The opponents didn't know what hit them as the mana ball knocked them oblivious. Blaze became visible and was nearly peppered by Jasper.

"It's a setup!" the elf exclaimed. "They were waiting for us! We should bug out. They even got Dice, but he's under Patches's care."

Dice! I didn't even notice, Blaze painfully thought to him- self. **Gotta get a grip...can't let the emotions win!**

"No! We go through with it. We have to finish the job. Understand!"

Jasper gave him the eye him for a moment. "Alright. But there better be a little extra in the cred department when this is over." Blaze looked around, ignoring Jasper's comment. "I think what we're looking for is behind that door." Blaze pointed to the door next to the one Jasper used for cover. This was only round one.

Tygris set her sniper down and slowly rolled over keeping her hands visible. What she saw was a human in a gray sleeveless sweatshirt and dark green vest wielding a G12A3Z assault rifle and a chunky dwarf waving a Predator II in her face. Both wore the telltale Interceptor headbands.

"Looks like we got an eye in the sky," the dwarf smirked as he picked up the sniper rifle and yanked Tygris's Viper sidearm away. Tygris just waited.

"Not a bad piece of joytoy either," the human grinned, eyeing the merc's tight body.

"Forget it. Cain said to eliminate all intruders."

"Hey, man, I've been cramped up with you in this crummy building for the past three days waiting for these jokers to show up. I think I deserve a little reward. Afterwards, then we geek her, right."

"What the frag do you mean cramped up with me?" The dwarf turned to the human, and Tygris made her move. With lightning quick speed, she kicked the Dwarf's Predator out of his hands and rolled over to the human, knocking

his legs out from under him.

She wasn't quick enough, however, to avoid him falling on top of her. The dwarf had collected himself now and retrieved his pistol. He pointed it at the twosome as they wrestled each other for control. He couldn't get a clean shot.

Suddenly Tygris' body exploded in yellow light. The human, thinking he was wrestling a woman, suddenly realized her feminine form was growing in mass. He was too surprised to move.

"Get the frag out of the way!" the dwarf screamed for the human was still in his line of sight. "Move it, now!"

Then the light faded, and the human was staring into the angry face of a gorilla—fangs exposed from pulled back lips. The nimble little merc was not only skilled in weaponry but she was also adept in sorcery. With her newly acquired strength, she threw her aggressor like a rag doll over the edge of the building. His scream faded as he fell to his doom.

Tygris the gorilla got up and snarled at the dwarf who stood there in shock at seeing this thing before him. His shaking hand accidentally fired the Predator, and the shot surprised them both. The round nicked Tygris in the right leg only succeeding in angering her further. With the beast mentality she now possessed, she beat her breast powerfully and lunged at the dwarf, taking the pistol, hand and all, and lifting the dwarf into the air. Bones snapped and cracked as she relentlessly swung and flailed him by the one arm. Then she slammed her unconscious opponent onto the roof with a loud thud, his arm now like a red noodle. Pounding her breast and stomping her feet, her bellowed victory cry rattled the night.

The troll screamed as he charged—his ball and chain spinning wildly above his head. Gronk had little time to react. Rolling to his left, he managed to dodge the first downward crush of the steel ball as it chipped the concrete. But the troll was also quick to react. Tossing the handle of his weapon into the other hand and raising it for momentum, he got a hit in Gronk's midsection. Gronk could feel the muffled sting of the blow,



but the armor he wore took most of the bite.

Then Gronk took the butt of his cannon and lunged it at the troll hovering above him. The attack never made it to its target as the troll caught it in mid-thrust. The troll smiled at Gronk's feeble attempt. He tried to yank it from Gronk's hands but the samurai maintained his grasp, using his opponent's strength to help lever him up. The troll, half surprised at the move, snarled and threw a punch. Dust knocked loose as Gronk threw up an arm the size of a small tree trunk and blocked the blow. Then, with his surprising agility, he lowered himself back down, placing his half meter boot in the stomach of his foe. With a little growl the samurai rolled his opponent over his head using the cannon they both still grasped. The troll sailed nearly three meters into the deserted street and rolled another three, grunting and pounding along.

Gronk now pointed his cannon at his stunned opponent who was slowly getting up. Then he thought twice about it. Tossing it aside he growled, "Frag, can't kill a downed foe." He looked at the mountain of muscle before him. "Get up!"

The troll, an angry rumble crawling up within him, now looked across at the samurai. Suddenly he reached behind his back to pull out something, but Gronk was prepared for such treachery. With two heavy steps and a deep "ka-ye-e," Gronk planted a jaw-breaking side kick right under the chin of his foe. The troll took flight up and backward in a semicircle, and finally landed flat on his back with a earth-shaking crash.

Gronk thought he finally had his little friend down when without any warning the troll flung his ball and chain, which he miraculously still had in hand, at Gronk. The samurai dodged the projectile while the troll pulled out a Browning Ultra-Power. Gronk stood motionless.

"Now I got ya. Let's see ya dodge a burst of APDS." The laser sight flickered in Gronk's face, preceding the inevitable shot. He glanced left and right looking for the best cover, but the deserted street offered none. Just as he was

about to make a dive anyway, a small blast echoed out. Gronk's enemy, his eyes open wide in astonishment, slowly hit the concrete face first. Behind where he stood Gronk could see Dice, holding his smoking shotgun, and Patches.

"Always comin' ta yer rescue," Dice chuckled, now fully healed by Patches. "Who the frag is the muscle guy in this group anyways?" Gronk stomachached the snide remark. The little dishonorable, grungy decker was never really high on his list, but now his shooting an enemy in the back didn't really matter.

With a nod Gronk grumbled, "Thanks, Dice."

The door was a thick wooden hinged thing reinforced with a steel border and heavy steel lock. It was an obstacle Blaze and Jasper had to conquer themselves, for Gronk wasn't answering his comm and they both knew the status on Dice and Patches.

Blaze had reloaded his grenade launcher while Jasper was prepared to blast the lock. It was a dangerous method of entry to just barge in blasting, but the two of them had little other choice. Besides, they fared well before, right... right?

Jasper pointed his LMG at the locked door which suddenly slid aside. The door was not what it seemed to be. Both were grasped by invisible hands of energy and pulled inside. The door slid shut behind them.

Once inside, they were slammed against a wall, unable to move. The room was dark and smelled cleaner than the garage that housed it. Then slowly a spotlight expanded on a small platform where a burley man in partial armor, scar slowly becoming visible as the circle of light grew. A well dressed man stood behind the "throne" to his left, a chrome plated Ingram smartgun held across his chest flashed brightly in the bath of light. To his right a young girl, dark brown hair and unseemingly big brown bashful eyes to match, sat quietly staring at them. Beyond the "throne," darkness engulfed all that was to be seen.

"I see you've found your way in," the seated man slowly spoke. "All the better to pull the thorn from my side."

Once Blaze's eyes finally adjusted to the light, he immediately recognized the man in the chair as Cain, the murderer of his fiancée and target of the op. He could hear Jasper struggling beside him.

"Do not try to struggle", Cain spoke carelessly, "My mage's grasp will not falter. And you, Blaze, how foolish of you to try to terminate me. My reach is far too long for your petty minions." Blaze said nothing but his rage burned. Apparently this guy had been doing his legwork to know Blaze's name and that his group was coming.

"I suspect you are here to avenge your beloved girlfriend," Cain almost yawned. "How brave and two dimensional of you. I can't tell you how wonderful it was cutting her delicate little throat. It was a kill most pleasurable, like a tasty dessert after a good meal. Aw...has it been five months already?"

Blaze couldn't contain himself and screamed, "WHY!"

Cain quietly laughed. "Why... I'll tell you why since your death is so impending. She was a menace to my employer. Her computer security clearance was her grave and her curiosity her gravestone. Such a pity to be so ignorant of the workings of the world with curiosity it will surely end in demise. Even after council, she still would try to undermine my employer. She became a threat which had to be abolished. Your appreciations are humbly accepted for a job well done."

"You bastard!" Blaze erupted.

Cain's eyes burned. "Shut up! Your end draws near. You shall suffer the same fate as your Johnson for your interference." With a gesture of his hand, another spotlight illuminated a beaten Kirkpatrick hanging lifeless from the ceiling, hands tied together above him.

"His destiny was merely postponed by your meddling. It was inevitable." Cain unseated himself and walked over to Blaze. "Now you shall follow his lead." With a jerk of his wrist, 30 centimeters of deadly razor was released. He tapped the back of the blades against Blaze's neck, and coldly and emotionlessly chimed. "Time to die."



"NOT YET," boomed a voice. Cain stepped backward from Blaze as a mist slowly seeped into the light, crafting itself into the shape of a man two meters tall, black frayed hooded cloak wafting around him.

"He will not die by your hand, human," the form hoarsely voiced. With flick of its hand, Cain was knocked out of the light with a scream. The sound of falling buckets and broken glass ensued. Cain's gunman spun and sprayed the stranger with his Ingram. Blossoming rounds like red fireworks melted to slag as they hit the sphere of energy surrounding the form. While his barrage never ceased, the dark form rocketed a ball of light blue and white energy, holing his prey through and through. Rounds scraped the ceiling as the gunman exploded in flame and flew backward.

The dark form now turned to the girl whose deep brown eyes were maddeningly unemotional. Suddenly a giant cyclone erupted around the girl, spiraling Cain's chair upward in an outburst of debris as it crashed through the roof. As the ceiling fell in sizable chunks, the pinning grasp on Blaze and Jasper released itself, and they dropped to the floor nearly a meter below them.

"Let's slot and run this place!" Jasper screamed. Blaze didn't answer.

The cyclone around the girl split into three individual spinning eddies that flailed upward and then slammed down on the dark form. Lifting the form from its feet, the stranger's cloak was blown ferociously by the air currents that engulfed it. Raising its hands above its head in clenched fists, it bellowed: "KAROCK IB IDEM! KAROCK DIM LANIC!" Suddenly the form was dropped and the winds rocketed upward and sideways. The girl buckled over, and sweat soaked her brown locks. Then, instantly into the light, a 3/4 meter long iron tool chest slammed into her, carrying her out of the light. The sound of the wet crack could barely be heard over the wind's roar.

The form spun around to look at Blaze and Jasper, the winds still blowing around them. In doing so, its hood blew

back revealing in the light a fearsome human face. Long black scraggly hair topped dull gray and sculpted features. Enraged from anger and breathing heavily from the ordeal with the tempest, one could see its elongated canines. "Now you will join my Fusion! Your essence will be mine!"

Noticing the teeth, Jasper screamed, "Vampires! This was not in my contract!" Blaze didn't know what to do. All that he had wanted had exploded in his face. All his desires were unclear and questionable. All that he had done to get to this point was without purpose... or was it?

As the vampire moved in, a giant boom pierced the howling winds, knocking him out of the light. Cain came charging up to the spotlight, bleeding from cuts and bruised purple, hefting an assault cannon. "Come out you fraggin' vamp! I'll teach ya to mess with me and my people."

Blaze clicked to his senses. Looking at Cain, he knew what he had to do. As Cain had said, it was inevitable—destiny called. Quickly he called forth all the energy he could summon, disregarding the dangers. Then Blaze released his power, his rage, his revenge, as both arms exploded in flame, bathing the whole room in orange light. Cain's piercing scream was his legacy as his body was torn asunder from the explosion. Flaming appendages whirled outward from the might of the blast and the now dying winds of the elemental. Then Blaze fell, the sleeves of his jacket burned away, his arms blistered and red from the overdrain. Jasper knelt beside him.

Just then the door slid aside from Dice's tinkering, and Gronk's long shadow fell into the room. Tygris, in her feminine form, had joined them.

Patches, Gronk, and Dice ran over to Blaze as Tygris flicked on a lightswitch. The room was slightly more chic than the previous one. Bullet holes and debris lay everywhere and fires danced here and there from the cold draft of the night that seeped through the roof. Patches looked over Blaze with teary eyes while Dice and Gronk stood in

silence.

"It was weird," Jasper spoke quietly. "It was like a triangle of hate. Blaze was after Cain, Cain was after the vampire, and the vampire was after Blaze. I could do nothing but..."

"Vampire!" Tygris cut in. "What vampire?"

"It should be over there." Jasper picked up his LMG. "Better check though." He and Tygris ran over and saw the remains of the vamp, its head cleanly severed from its body while an aura of power faded from around it.

Then they heard a little choke from Patches. Running over, they could see that Blaze was still breathing. "We've got to bug out," Gronk rumbled. "Tygris, go bring the van out back." With a spin Tygris took off while Gronk hefted Blaze over his shoulder.

In the van, while Patches did her thing with Blaze, Dice asked Gronk, "So where do we go from here?"

Gronk looked at Dice a moment. "Wherever the road takes us, I guess."

"Do ya think Blaze will still want ta run after this?"

"Don't know. Don't really care right now. What about you?"

Dice sighed. "Well, I think I know Blaze pretty well, and I think he likes his lifestyle a little too much ta give it up what with his high class pad and clothes, not ta mention the 200-nuyen-a-pop designer shades."

"No, what about you?"

"Me? Frag, I'd get too bored ta quit. I'm in fer the haul if'n you are."

Gronk thought a moment and then laughed a deep guttural laugh. Slapping Dice on the back and nearly knocking him over, he boomed, "Well, it can't possibly get any worse from here on in, right?" Dice finally gave into the contagiousness of laughter while Patches, finished with healing the unconscious Blaze, smiled and shook her head. The troll continued to laugh, rocking the van down the road. Sunrise was beginning over the horizon, warming the chill of the hard night, and signaling another mission complete in the incomparable metroplex of Seattle.



Model

"All the big corps, at least the ones that count, have used me at one time or another. I don't come cheap y'know. I've got bills to pay. Now don't get me wrong, I'm not against making some extra money on the side every now and then."

Quotes

"No, wait, take a picture of my good side."

"I'm having a bad hair day."

"Of course I've been on that cover. I wouldn't lie..."

Commentary

The model wants to be on the cover of every magazine or trideo in the world. She'll take any job that

will get her publicity, even if that means the jobs not entirely on the up-and-up.

- Body: 2
- Quickness: 2
- Strength: 1
- Charisma: 6
- Intelligence: 2
- Willpower: 1
- Essence: 6
- Reaction: 2

Skills:

- Etiquette(Media): 6
- Etiquette(Corp): 2
- Language(Japanese): 3
- Language(German): 3
- Unarmed Combat: 3
- Negotiation: 3



Hustler

"I gotta have the latest, chummer. But don't give me none of that pirated drek. Sure, I've tried a few, but the results always remain the same: half the experience and twice the crash. The worst ones are the damaged goods. You can't tell they're bad until you're locked and loaded and then it's too late to bail. One of my chummers still thinks he's come from the future to prevent a giant computer from killing all organic life."

Quotes

"Got a couple of nuyen I can swipe? It's for my ma. She's real bad."

"You sure you're not a cop? You've got some jelly on the corner of your mouth."

"Wow! What a rush."

Commentary

The Hussler will do near anything to get his daily dose of simsense, save helping the police. He doesn't mind sampling a new BTL every now and then, and he's sure to let people know

if it's good or not. He prides himself on being able to tell a pirate copy from the real thing and knowing the latest chips to hit the street.

- Body: 2
- Quickness: 4
- Strength: 2
- Charisma: 2
- Intelligence: 2
- Willpower: 1
- Essence: 5.2
- Reaction: 2

Cyberware:

- Datajack
- Chipjack

Skills:

- Armed Combat: 1
- Etiquette(Street): 3
- Unarmed Combat: 1
- Stealth(Urban): 2
- Negotiation: 1





Stock Analyst

"Everybody wants to know what stocks are about to rise and what stocks are about to plummet, especially when it's their own. That's where I come in. For a small fee, I can tell them what stocks to buy for a corporate takeover and what stocks to drop before they get caught with their pants down, if you know what I mean."

Quotes

"so you want to know if you should invest in that new stock. Well, step in line behind everyone else and I'll get to you when I can."

"What's that? You can pay me now? Direct nuyen deposit? Well, have a seat and let's get started."

"Is the DOW up? What is that supposed to mean? Of course it's up. The DOW is always up!"

Commentary

If it's listed on the Exchange, he can

analyze it. He'll work for anyone who can pay his fee, though usually the corp affiliated clients take precedence.

Body: 1
Quickness: 3
Strength: 2
Charisma: 3
Intelligence: 5
Willpower: 2
Essence: 3.8
Reaction: 4

Cyberware:

Datajack
Memory (200 Mp)

Skills:

Etiquette(Corp): 3
Computer: 3
Negotiation: 3

Special Skills:

Stock Analysis: 6



Stock Broker

"You know, I get yelled at every 5 minutes on a good day. There's always someone who's got their boxers in a bunch just because they think I've made a poor choice with their investments. So what if the stock dropped a few points? Like it won't go back up in a few days? Give me a break."

Quotes

"Of course I invested in that stock you wanted. What do you think I do all day, watch the trid?"

"Waddaya mean, you want the nuyen in something else? It's about to go through the roof. Of course, if you want to sell short and pay the fees, that's all up to you."

"Listen, I've got a tip on some new shares coming out tomorrow. If you want a piece of it I'll need 5,000¥ by noon tomorrow."

Commentary

The stock broker handles other peoples investments, and lots of them. He takes pride in his work

and tries to keep his clients well informed about what is going on in the market. The bigger the client, the bigger the responsibility. The small clients may get squeezed out at times, but that's the way the system works."

Body: 2
Quickness: 3
Strength: 2
Charisma: 4
Intelligence: 3
Willpower: 2
Essence: 4.8
Reaction: 3

Cyberware:

Datajack
Memory (50 Mp)
Telephone

Skills:

Etiquette(Corp): 2
Etiquette(Street): 2
Computer: 2
Negotiation(fast talk): 6





Hermetic Hitman

"Let me explain myself. That was not me. If you subsequently discover it was me, you would do well to forget that interesting piece of information. Can we continue?"

"I am a professional. I, my record, and my references are all first rate. You could call, but few if any of my previous employers would even admit that they have heard of me. Most of them get very nervous when people start asking them questions. Do I make myself clear?"

"So, do we understand one another? Good. Then let's continue this pleasant conversation where prying ears are less likely."

Commentary

In the sixth world there is a new breed of shark stalking the streets. He uses magic when possible, but when it is necessary, he falls back on old world traditions.

These individuals keep their existence a closely guarded secret. Their names are whispered in hushed rooms, and their services are only contemplated when an underworld boss (or corporate manager) needs a problem solved permanently.

It's rumored that some of these individuals are actually "good guys," if that means anything in the sixth world. Something like the Lone Ranger of the old west, they appear and disappear without warning.

Attributes

Body: 2
 Quickness: 3
 Strength: 1
 Charisma: 1
 Intelligence: 5
 Willpower: 5
 Essence: 6
 Magic: 6 (8)
 Reaction: 4 (+1D6)

Skills

Firearms 4
 Firearms (rifle) 6
 Negotiation 4
 Negotiation (Bargain) 6
 Etiquette (Corporate) 4
 Conjuring 4
 Sorcery 6 (8)

Dice Pools

Combat: 6
 Control: NA
 Hacker: NA
 Magic: 6

Cyberware

None

Contacts

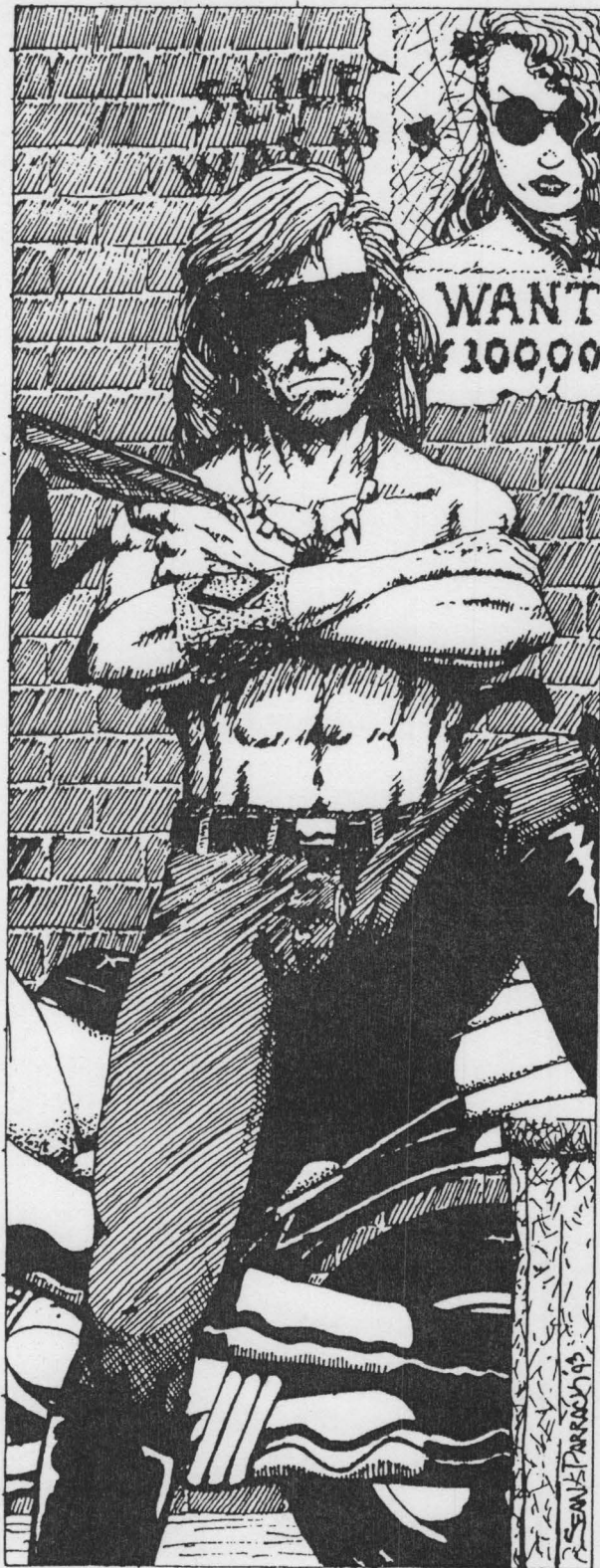
2 Contacts

Gear

DocWagon Contract (Platinum)
 Honda-GM 3220 ZX (Panic button)
 Power Focus (2)
 High Lifestyle 3 months prepaid
 Ares Predator II (concealable holster, 4 clips regular ammo)
 Ranger Arms SM-3 Smartgun (30 rounds APDS ammo)
 Smartgoggles
 Form-Fitting Body
 Armor Level 3
 Secure Long Coat
 Pocket Secretary
 Binoculars with Low-Light Dataline Tap (5)
 Laser Microphone (4)
 Bug Scanner (6)
 Voice Mask (5)
 Jammer (5)

Spells

Mana Bolt (6)
 Power Bolt (6)
 Treat (4)
 Detect Enemies (4)
 Armor (4)





ARMOUR INTERNATIONAL ADMINISTRATIVE BUILDING

Located in the Downtown area, this rather small office building is in no way a representation of the capital base of AI. Designed to be a temporary facility until the opening of the arcology, this building and its highly trained employees fulfill the desired tasks quite efficiently.

Interior Map Key

Stairs with landings lead to each floor of the building. Each floor entrance from the stairs is monitored by a camera directed at the exit. Throughout the map the stairs will be labeled (1).

The building also houses elevators, and these are labeled (2) throughout the map.

Level 1 — Ground floor

Personal Meeting Rooms (3)

The rooms are available to all employees as well as to preferred customers for personal use. Here the user can conduct a business meeting secure in the knowledge of both the physical and technical security. Each room contains a level 6 White Noise Generator and a level 6 Bug Scanner built in the doorway. Other surveillance equipment is available upon request for a nominal fee.

Maintenance Nook (4)

Filled with general cleaning equipment such as mops, brooms, etc. Also contains a floor buffer and utility sink.

Business Conference Room (5)

This room is basically a larger version of the Personal Meeting

Room but is reserved for building employees only. The table can seat up to 14 executives comfortably plus 1 at the podium at the head of the table. Behind the podium is a large screen for displaying charts, film footage, etc. The room's security consists of a level 10 White Noise Generator as well as a level 10 Bug Scanner in the doorway. Monitored by security camera.

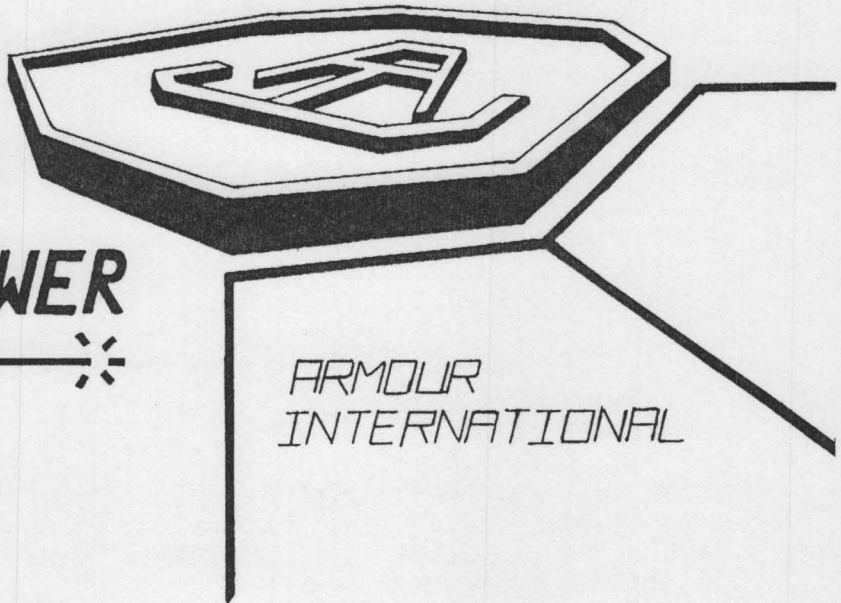
Customer Armory (6)

Contains special customer orders of all kinds from ammunition to heavy weapons as well as other surveillance equipment AI produces. Monitored by security camera. The door has a Barrier Rating of 7 and a Maglock Target Number 8

Main Gallery (7)

Basically a large foyer to the different areas of the first floor. Two

PUTTING THE POWER BACK IN FIREPOWER

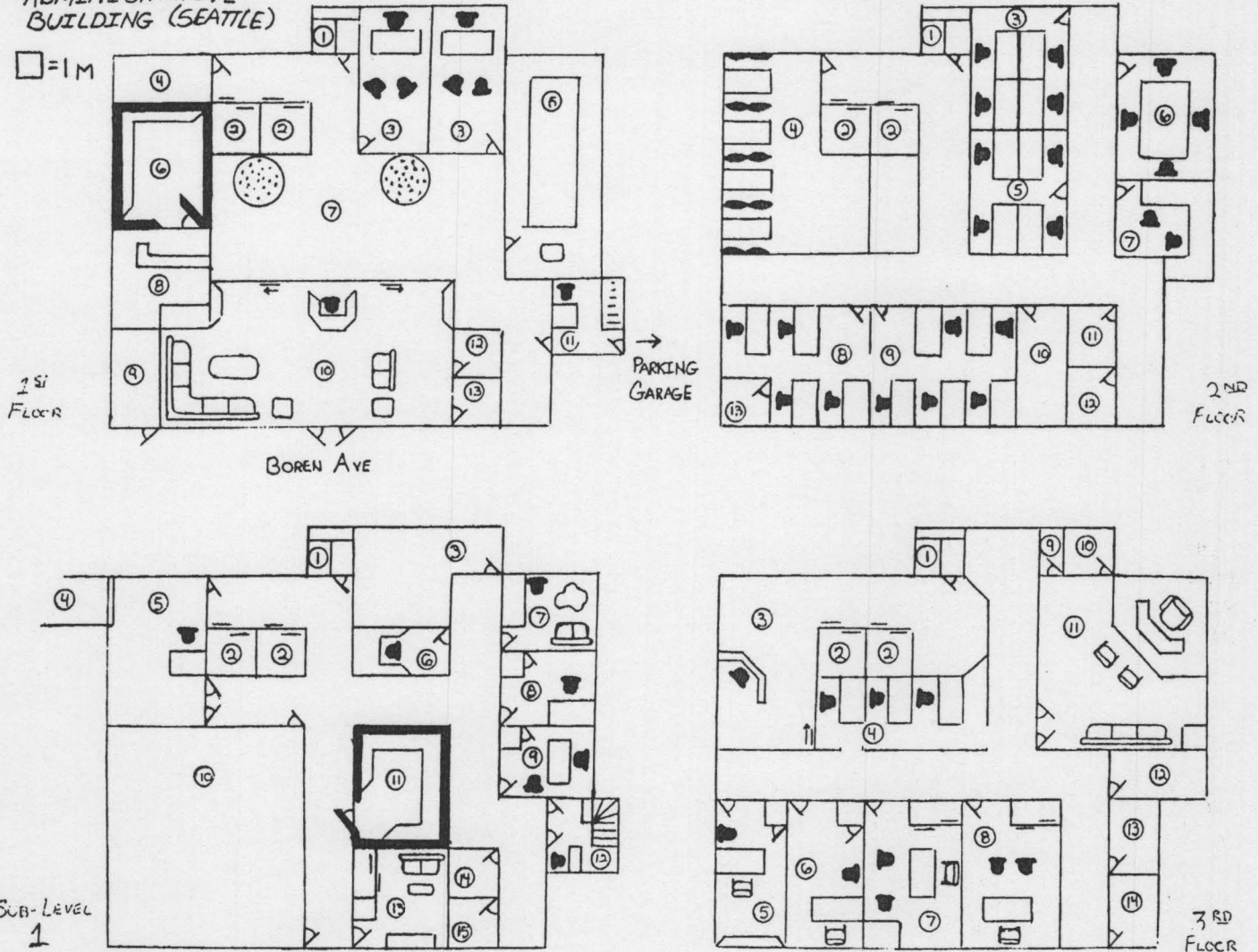


ARMOUR INTERNATIONAL



ARMOUR INTERNATIONAL
ADMINISTRATIVE
BUILDING (SEATTLE)

□ = 1 M



lighted fountains accent the plush area. Opposite the fountains stand two large statues of the Greek god of war, Ares, and a painting of Sebastian Trent. Monitored by security camera.

Customer Service Area (8)

Here AI patrons can order weaponry and equipment; however, it is not a weapons store! There are no guns or equipment displayed for sale, but all the assistants are armed.

Monitored by security camera.

Scanner Room (9)

A level 10 metal detector scans each customer prior to entry to the service area. Two AI guards also stand ready in the room to frisk those who look suspicious (which is usually everyone who enters). (For all the guards use Corporate Security Guard but with AI Partial Heavy Armor and AI Dagger handgun.) The glass doors

have a barrier rating of 4 and are monitored by a security camera.

Main Entrance (10) (I/OP-11)

Plush but a bit Spartan, the Main Entrance is where all will enter. Manning the front desk is a secretary/security guard. To the left of the front desk is a planter and to the right is an aquarium filled with many exotic fish. Two sliding doors behind the desk (barrier rating 5) can be opened from



the desk. The desk also contains an alarm button, and the room is monitored by a security camera.

Garage Entrance (11) (I/OP-11)

Employee entrance from the two-story garage. All must check-in at the desk. Stairs to the right lead to the basement for emergency security use. Doors have a barrier rating of 5, and the room is monitored by a security camera.

Customer Restroom: Men's (12)

Customer Restroom: Women's (13)

Level Two — Wageslave Offices

Security cameras on this floor are located only in the hallways unless otherwise noted. All doors have a barrier rating of 3 and are unlocked unless otherwise noted.

Employee Office (3) (I/OP-1)

Employee Cafeteria (4)

Here ALL employee's may come to take a break as well as grab a quick bite to eat. All meals are prepared in the "kitchen" area behind the elevators.

Employee office (5) (I/OP-1)

Employee Meeting Room (6)

Unlike the meeting and conference rooms in the lower level, this room has no counter surveillance equipment. Two extra chairs are stacked in the corner of the room.

Computer Center (7) (I/OP-3)

This room houses the computer system for the building and is manned by two computer technicians (Use Technician but exclude Biotech

and Cybertechnology and raise Computer Theory to 6, Computer to 6, Electronics (B/R) to 4, and Electronics to 5). The door has a barrier rating of 6, and the room is monitored by a security camera.

Employee Office (8) (I/OP-2)

Employee Office (9) (I/OP-2)

Storage: Clerical (10)

Employee Restroom: Men's (11)

Employee Restroom: Women's (12)

Hardcopy Storage (13)

AI does maintain hardcopy storage of non-classified materials, but it keeps highly sensitive information tightly sealed in the computer.

Level 3 — Executive Floor

This floor is dramatically different from the level below. Flooded mostly with red lights and track lighting in the hallways, the floor gives off an ominous feel. Unless otherwise noted, all doors have a barrier rating of 4, and all hallways are monitored by security cameras.

Large Foyer (3) (I/OP-11)

This room, like much of the upper floor, is lit primarily by red lights overhead. To the left of the stairway door a giant AI logo of chrome illuminated by sapphire blue lights from behind lights up this side of the foyer. Around the corner a security guard spotlighted in a pale pinkish light stands vigilance. The sliding door opens from the desk and has a Barrier Rating of 8. The room is monitored by a security camera.

Secretary Pool (4) (I/OP-2)

In this room three secretaries work for all the executives on the floor. This room is brighter than the foyer, lit primarily by the same pale pink light. There is a file cabinet in the angled corner of the room. This room is also monitored by a security camera.

Maxmillian Slaughter's Office (5) (I/OP-10)

This neatly organized office is accented by the collection of ancient weapons in the showcase behind the desk. These weapons include an ancient samurai katana, a dual bladed battle axe, a mace and chain, and a trident. Slaughter has a direct access line to the security control center in the basement. This room has a maglock rating 6 and is monitored by a security camera.

Tina Kirby's Office (6) (I/OP-5)

Decorated to the hilt in an ultra-feminine style, this office is almost to the point of being repulsively cute. This room has a maglock rating 4.

Kristi O'Brian's Office (7) (I/OP-7)

Not messy, but "used," in this office work is accomplished. Opposite the desk is a displayer used for keeping up with the stock market. An additional work desk is found in the corner. The room is locked with a maglock rating 4.

Dianne Baxter's Office (8) (I/OP-8)

Very organized and professional looking, a typical office for the up-and-coming corporate. There is a Maglock 6 on the door.

Sebastian Trent's Closet (9)

Sebastian Trent's Personal Restroom (10)

Sebastian Trent's Personal Office



(11) (I/OP-13)

One would be able to see how tres chic this office is if there were better light. Red strips of light, each about a foot long, stretch along the walls opposite the desk, where they meet with the ceiling and the floor. The same pale pink wash illuminates the desk that sits a step above the rest of the floor. To the left of the desk, in the corner on a small pedestal, stands a knight's suit of armor holding up a rather nasty looking axe. The room is locked by a maglock 8 and is monitored by a security camera. There is also a White Noise Generator rating 10 and a bug/metal detector rating 10 built-in the giant steel reinforced oak entry doors. Sebastian also has his office protected magically by a level 6 ward.

Storage and Copying Room (12)

Executive Restroom: Men's (13)

Executive Restroom: Women's (14)

Sub-Level 1 — Security Area

This floor is reserved for all security AI personnel. AI maintains a force of 12 guards at all times with an additional 12 guards on stand-by reserve. Unless otherwise noted, all doors have a barrier rating of 4 and a maglock (4).

Heating and Cooling Utility Room (3) (I/OP-12)

In this room a giant furnace, as well as three air conditioning/recirculation units, is kept. Utility boxes and elevator controls are also in this room. Monitored by a security camera.

Loading Ramp (4)

This ramp connects to the receiving and storage area. The garage-style

door has a barrier rating of 6. Monitored by security camera and a maglock (6).

Receiving and Storage Area (5) (I/OP-4)

Here weapons, armor, equipment, food, and food accessories are received and dispersed throughout the building. During day hours a S & R employee (use clock worker) sits at the desk. Monitored by security camera.

Security Control Center (6)

Surrounded on three sides by video monitors and communications equipment, the security officer on duty is kept fully aware of the security state of the building. At no time will there not be a person sitting in this room (to do so would mean immediate dismissal). The door has a barrier rating of 8 and a maglock (6) to secure it.

Devin Smit's Office (7) (I/OP-9)

This room is more like a lounge than an office. Seldom used for serious work, the desk is shoved in the corner and covered more with empty soda cans, magazines, candy wrappers, computer pieces, etc. than clerical supplies. The office is often filled with off-duty security personnel "smokin' and jokin'" with Devin. In the center is a large bean bag, salvaged from the 1970's, where Devin does his Matrix work.

Carley Jasmine's Office (8)

The room is rather bare, but the presence of magic is immediately perceived. Opposite the entry are shelves of mineral crystals, charms, scrolls, jewelry and other hermetic paraphernalia (fence value 2000 nuyen). Above the desk is a small library of sorcery and magical theory books.

Steven Jacoby's Office (9)

A standard office with standard desk and chairs. The only thing of note is the picture of Max Slaughter on Jacoby's desk. It serves to remind him of his nemesis and his plans for the future.

Barracks (10)

These barracks can be used by off-duty security personnel in any way they wish. It's their home-away-from-home (Poker games every Tuesday and Thursday night). The barracks contain 12 bunk beds and wall lockers for any personal items. There are usually 2D6 guards in this room at all times.

Security Armory (11)

This is the main armory for all security personnel. It holds 30 suits of AI Partial Heavy Armor, 8 suits of AI Full Heavy Armor, 30 AI Daggers, 20 AI R-11 rifles, 10 AK-97 rifles, laser sights, magazines, ammunition (including Penetrator for heavy pistols only), and even 1 Panther Assault cannon with 3 full clips. The door has a barrier rating of 7 and a Maglock Target Number 8. Monitored by security camera.

Sub-Level Garage Entrance (12)

This is a quick access for guards in case there's trouble in the garage area. The room also has a guard post in case of forced entry from the garage. Monitored by security camera and the doors are NOT maglocked.

Lounge (13)

A lounge containing a trid unit and soda dispenser by the door. Here guards can come to relax when off-duty.

Restroom: Men's (14)

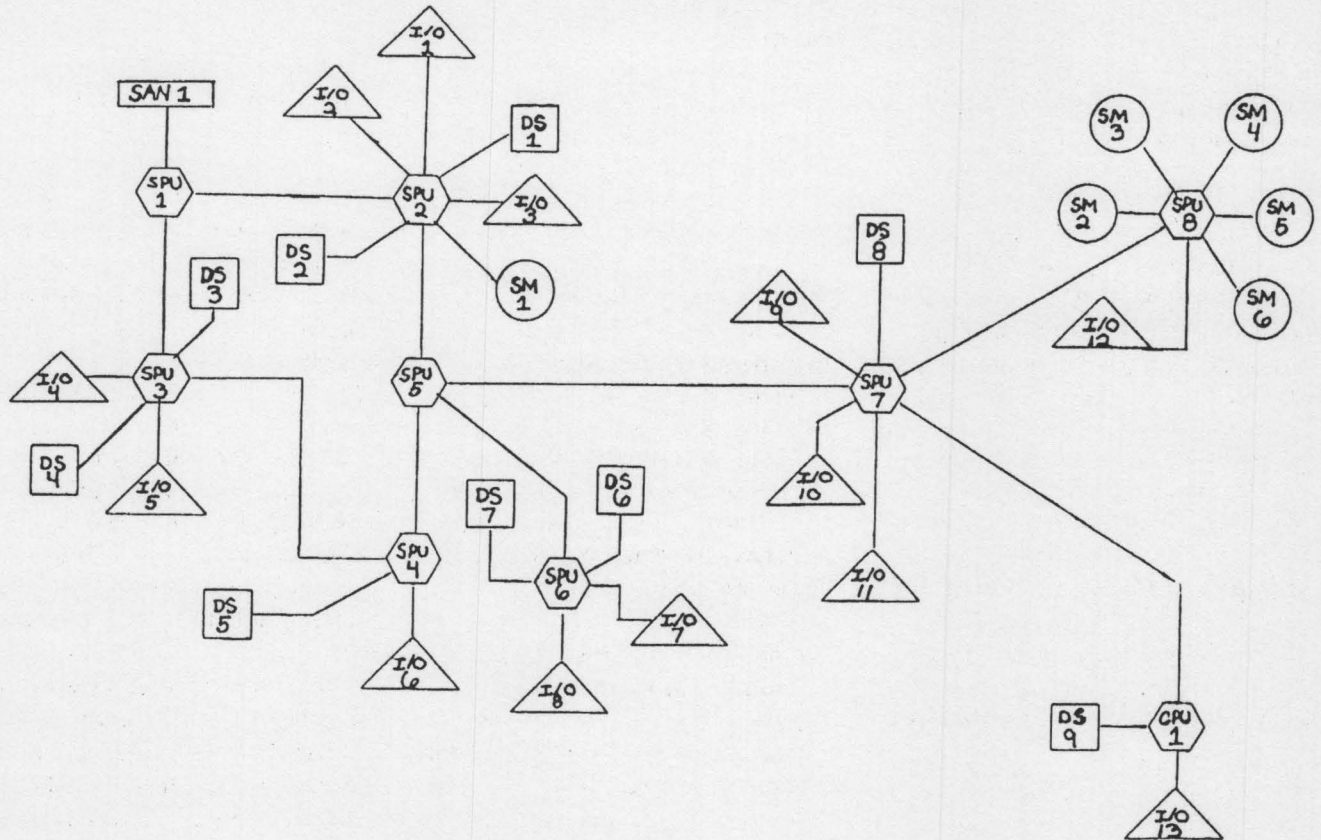
This door is unlocked.

Restroom: Women's (15)

This door is unlocked.



ARMOUR INTERNATIONAL SYSTEM MAP (SEATTLE)



ARMOUR INTERNATIONAL SYSTEM MAP

In the Matrix the AI system is octagonally shaped and, upon closer inspection, the walls appear to be riveted chrome. Internally the system uses standard UMS icon imagery. All IC is represented by bulky robots, some of which change through various "mechanical" transformations to prepare for combat, data input, etc.

SAN-1: NA-SEA-9372 (83-7569). Orange-4. Max Load: 12. Access-6. Current Load: 3. System Load: Light.

SPU-1: Data Routing. Green-6. Max Load: 12. Access-4. Trace and Report-4. Current Load: 4. System Load: Light.

SPU-2: Clerical Operations. Orange-4. Max Load: 12. Access-6. Current Load: 3. System Load: Light.

I/OP-1: Office terminals. Green-5. Max Load: 8. Access-3. Current Load: 1. System Load: Light.

I/OP-2: Office terminals. Green-5. Max Load: 8. Access-3. Current Load: 1. System Load: Light.

I/OP-3: Computer Room Access. Orange-4. Max Load: 12. Access-6. Current Load: 3. System Load: Light.

DS-1: Administrative files. Green-6.

Max Load: 12. Barrier-5. Current Load: 2. System Load: Light.

DS-2: Administrative files. Green-6. Max Load: 12. Barrier-5. Current Load: 2. System Load: Light.

SM-1: Miscellaneous office equipment. Green-3. Max Load: 6. Access-3. Current Load: 1. System Load: Light.

SPU-3: Shipping and Receiving. Orange-5. Max Load: 15. Access-6. Tar Baby-6. Current Load: 9. System Load: Normal.

I/OP-4: Storage area terminal. Orange-4. Max Load: 12. Access-4. Binder-4. Killer(L)-4. Current Load: 8. System Load: Normal.



I/OP-5: Tina Kirby's terminal. Orange-3. Max Load: 9. Access-4. Killer(L)-4. Current Load: 4. System Load: Light.

DS-3: Accounts Received. Includes shipper's name, origin, and product cost. Orange-5. Max Load: 15. Barrier-6. Binder-4. Blaster-4. Current Load: 13. System Load: Normal.

DS-4: Accounts Shipped. Includes names, locations, cost of shipping, product cost, and mode of transport. Orange-5. Max Load: 15. Barrier-6. Acid-4. Killer(M)-4. Current Load: 13. System Load: Normal.

SPU-4: Personnel Records. Orange-5. Max Load: 15. Access-6. Trace and Dump-6. Current Load: 9. System Load: Normal.

I/OP-6: Personnel terminal. Orange-4. Max Load: 12. Probe-4. Marker-4. Current Load: 8. System Load: Normal.

DS-5: Personnel records. Includes names, salaries, years of service and much personal information AI deems necessary for security reasons. Also contains future workers, current location and appropriate actions of acquiring. Orange-5. Max Load: 15. Barrier-6. Killer(S)-6. Current Load: 12. System Load: Normal.

SPU-5: Data Routing. Orange-5. Max Load: 15. Installed here is the so-called "Droid," a "giant" robot construct lying dormant, awaiting an active alert. The Droid consists of Probe-6, Killer(M)-6, Binder-6, and Trace and Dump-6, along with the Hardening Option. Current Load: 15. System Load: Normal.

SPU-6: Executive System. Orange-

6. Max Load: 18. Access-6. Jammer-4. Marker-4. Current Load: 11. System Load: Normal.

I/OP-7: Kristi O'Brian's terminal. Orange-4. Max Load: 12. Access-4. Killer(L)-4. Current Load: 4. System Load: Light.

I/OP-8: Dianne Baxter's terminal. Orange-4. Max Load: 12. Probe-4. Killer(L)-6. Current Load: 7. System Load: Normal.

DS-6: Marketing Records. Includes future profits/debts, rival corporation status, future productions, and consumer relation statistics. Max Load: 18. Barrier-6. Killer(S)-6. Current Load: 12. System Load: Normal.

DS-7: Arcology Records. Contains cost of construction material and labor, construction bidders and performance profiles, projected dates of commencement and completion, neighborhood problems and concerns, and methods of remedying such problems. Orange-6. Max Load: 18. Scramble-8. Killer(S)-6. Current Load: 13. System Load: Normal.

SPU-7: Security. Orange-5. Max Load: 15. Barrier-6. Tar Baby-6. Current Load: 9. System Load: Normal.

I/OP-9: Devin Smit's cyberdeck access port. Orange-4. Max Load: 12. Access-6. Current Load: 3. System Load: Light.

I/OP-10: Maximillian Slaughter's terminal. Orange-4. Max Load: 12. Probe-5. Binder-4. Current Load: 7. System Load: Normal.

I/OP-11: Security terminals. Orange-5. Max Load: 15. Access-6. Killer(M)-6. Current Load: 9. System Load: Normal.

DS-8: General Security File. Contains various personnel and problems posing a security threat to AI, and

sometimes contains plans for operations against said threats. Orange-6. Max Load: 18. Barrier-6. Blaster-5. Current Load: 11. System Load: Normal.

SPU-8: Building Operations. Orange-3. Max Load: 9. Barrier-4. Acid-4. Current Load: 6. System Load: Normal.

I/OP-12: Building Operations Update terminal. Orange-3. Max Load: 9. Barrier-5. Trace & Report-4. Current Load: 4. System Load: Light.

SM-2: Lights timer. Green-3. Max Load: 6. Access-3. Current Load: 1. System Load: Light.

SM-3: Maglock Control. Green-3. Max Load: 6. Access-4. Current Load: 2. System Load: Light.

SM-4: Building Climate Control. Green-3. Max Load: 6. Access-3. Current Load: 1. System Load: Light.

SM-5: Security Cameras. Green-4. Max Load: 8. Access-5. Current Load: 2. System Load: Light.

SM-6: Miscellaneous Equipment (including external building alarm). Green-4. Max Load: 6. Access-6. Current Load: 3. System Load: Light.

CPU-1: Orange-6. Max Load: 18. Access-8. Killer(S)-5. Killer(S)-5. Current Load: 18. System Load: Normal.

I/OP-13: Direct access terminal in Sebastian Trent's office. Orange-6. Max Load: 18. Access-8. Blaster-6. Current Load: 13. System Load: Normal.

DS-9: Executive information including AI Seattle corporate assets and petty cash totaling 50,000 nuyen. Orange-6. Max Load: 18. Barrier-8. Killer(S)-5. Killer(S)-5. Current Load: 18. System Load: Normal.



>>>>[Greetings from the Shadows. Once again the dark cloak of yet another corporation is lifted. None can escape my far seeking reach. Read and learn or crash and burn. Your choice. Luck!]<<<<(-*D*- 02:23:42 / 02-08-55)

>>>>DOWNLOAD...EXTRACT 034-1295
TITLE: ARMOUR INTERNATIONAL<<<<
>>>>FILE FOUND: ENGAGING...<<<<

BEFORE THE POWER

In the late 2030's and early 2040's, war ravaged the Eurasian continent. During this time a war of a different nature raged on in the United Kingdom. Security Concepts, a steadily uprising weapons corporation backed by wealthy German clientele for the military support of their country, was slowly buying out Armour Industries stock. Corporate take-over was eminent unless AI could come up with a way to hold them at bay.

Faced with this crisis, AI called upon all department heads to put forth maximum effort for maximum gain. Slackers would absolutely not be tolerated. They put into effect an employee watch system whereby if one employee could prove that another employee was not performing his best, that individual could be immediately removed. Bonuses would be made available to those "turning in" lazy performers. The incentive worked and is presently a vital backbone in AI thinking. Needless to say, all areas worked full bore to find a way to overcome their situation. Based on market reports at the time, take-over would occur within the next eight months.

THE BREAKTHROUGH

It was in 2034, just four months prior to the estimated buy-out date that Armour Industries received the break they were looking for. Using armor technology from the late 1980's as a base, Anatole Torkin, director of Research and Development as well as chief scientist, along with his assistant William Kingston III and ten other specialists, would develop the Kevlite body armors. With his discovery Torkin enhanced body armor stopping power by nearly 80% over the common armors then on the market. Torkin and his team now had a way to put Armour Industries back on track and hold Security Concepts at bay.

>>>>[William Kingston was a tyrant even in his early scientific career. His treatment of the subordinate employees still burns in my mind.]<<<<(AI SCOUT 02:23:12 / 02-08-55)

>>>>[Oh, is that right? Why did they keep him then?]<<<<(KILLIAN 02:25:39 / 02-08-55)

>>>>[Kingston was/is no idiot. He has extensive knowledge in polymers, manufacturing techniques and a cool head for business. He graduated in the top 5% of his class at Oxford University, where he took his share of business and science courses.]<<<<(AI SCOUT 02:30:02 / 02-08-55)

>>>>[Impressive.]<<<<(KILLIAN 02:30:55 / 02-08-55)

>>>>[Yeah. But Torkin had to maintain a tight leash on him. It was common knowledge that the two didn't see eye-to-eye on many occasions. At times Torkin would have liked to relieve him but the AI senior staff wouldn't hear of it. They just loved his "hard-charging personality and devotion to duty"...blah...blah...blah...]<<<<(AI SCOUT 02:31:35 / 02-08-55)

TECHNOLOGY LOST

Disaster struck Armour Industries just prior to their move toward recovery. Anatole and his team, anxious to present their findings to the senior personnel, would make a crushing discovery. Computer files containing vital research data on the Kevlite armors had been lost. Immediate suspicion centered on Security Concepts and claims of suit were threatened. SC, of course, denied all accusations and bid AI to "give it their best shot." They knew that any legal ramifications toward their corp would be futile for they already owned nearly 75% of AI.

Lacking the moneys and the experienced infiltrators to investigate their accusations, AI's claims had insufficient incriminating evidence, and they had to resort to recreating their stolen and/or sabotaged data. It was during this time that Anatole Torkin suffered a freak auto accident and was killed. Tasked with replicating the armor research, William Kingston III (in command of the research team) had a difficult path before him.

>>>>[Anatole Torkin was definitely a linchpin in the creation of the Kevlite body armors, and there were some rumors that his death was not merely an accident. After all, sudden car explosions are not all that common!]<<<<(-*D*- 02:48:23 / 02-08-55)
>>>>[Yeah. Three guesses as to who set him up.]<<<<(AI SCOUT 02:50:47 / 02-08-55)

THE RISE TO POWER

Amazingly enough, Armour Industries managed to redevelop their findings in the Kevlite armor. It was through the efforts of William Kingston III, dubbed the "miracle worker," that the major comeback was accomplished. With the research again intact, approval was immediately granted by the senior staff, and AI quickly sought out Security Concepts' German buyers. Finally, after a considerable amount of convincing, they agreed to a demonstration. Needless to say, they were impressed by AI's lightweight yet incredibly durable body armors. Contracts were arranged and AI walked out with a multi-million nuyen agreement for production, distribution, and sales. AI was on the way to recovery but still wasn't totally on their own.

Very soon after AI was approached by several Soviet factions curious about the new armor coming out of London. AI, discriminating to none, allowed the Soviets to see the armor's capabilities. They too found favor in AI's product and agreed to a long-term contract with the corporation.

The story remained the same as other buyers, private and corporate, became interested in the Kevlite armor. Contracts were pouring in and Armour Industries was once again a solid power in London. Kingston was promoted to CEO of the Research and Development Wing and Senior Vice President to Armour Industries.

>>>>[Yeah. Give William Kingston all the credit. He saved Armour Industries. And thus he begins his honored rise to the hot seat. I think I'm going to vomit!]<<<<(AI SCOUT 02:58:47 / 02-08-55)

>>>>[You hold bitter feelings, my friend. Could you be suggesting foul play? In a corporation?!]<<<<(KILLIAN 03:00:38 / 02-08-55)



>>>>[His feelings are justified. My findings indicate that Kingston, in conjunction with Security Concepts set up the hit against Torkin, and that he had taken the computer data files in the beginning. As he slowly brought back the research, he looked like the hero of the corp. Once he reached Senior Vice President and Armour Industries was again a power to contend with, he dropped his contacts at SC like so much rubbish.]<<<<(-*D*- 03:03:19 / 02-08-55)

>>>>[How do you know this? These were only unsubstantiated rumors back in '34!]<<<<(AI SCOUT 03:05:20 / 02-08-55)

>>>>[Just know that all rumors have a basis. Don't underestimate my abilities again. Some forces know who other forces are. Get it?]<<<<(-*D*- 03:09:48 / 02-08-55)

CORPORATE TAKEOVER

Dreams of turning the tide against Security Concepts now seemed within reach. In late 2034 the dream nearly became reality. In South America yet another war was waging. Brazil was struggling in a losing battle against Awakened forces. In a desperate, last ditch effort to attain some edge, the Brazilian government entered into an agreement with Armour Industries for their Kevlite armor. It would turn out to be the single largest deal AI would make, reaching into the several billions range. AI now had the capital to make a corporate strike against SC using the same buy-out tactics utilized earlier that year.

However, in December 2034 the Brazilian government fell to the Awakened invasion leaving AI hanging. Although nearly half the payment was exchanged, the other half would be difficult to collect. AI demanded the remaining payment from the newly declared state of Amazonia, but their arguments fell on deaf ears. Amazonia proclaimed any agreements made by the Brazilian government null and void, and declared they would not be responsible for said agreements.

Armour Industries pursued its argument well into 2035 but since Amazonia was not officially recognized by the London government nor the Zurich-Orbital Corporate Court, the court ruled that the Brazilian government was responsible for the moneys. That didn't help AI in the least bit. Basically they were

owed money by a ghost since the Brazilian government no longer existed.

The decision of the court left Armour Industries' plans for the Security Concepts take-over only partially complete. Only about 40% of SC's stock was captured in the process. This left a long-lived distaste toward metahumanity and other Awakened life in the mouth of Armour Industries that has been passed down through the corp's history. Even to this day, AI refuses nearly all metahuman employee applications, especially orks and trolls.

EXPANSION AND CHANGE

Armour Industries continued to wear away Security Concepts through the next two years as "Super Power" interest from the UCAS, CAS, and Japan grew. It was in March 2036 that Armour Industries finally seized total control of Security Concepts' assets. It was from this acquisition that AI started its enhancement of its other undeveloped military hardware. SC, primarily a vehicle and weapons organization, provided an ample source for this venture. Armour Industries was no longer going to be just another armor distributor.

Later, in May 2036, Armour Industries' president, Franklin Tulley, died from a heart attack. AI's employees were saddened by his death, yet they were pleased to know that he had lived to see his wish of taking control of his life-long rival, Security Concepts, fulfilled. William Kingston graciously took the helm and promised an organization that would make Mr. Tulley proud.

Over the next twenty years Kingston's genius for business and creative flair has allowed Armour Industries, who's name later changed to Armour International, to expand greatly. Additional facilities and offices have been built worldwide including Tokyo, Sydney, New York, Paris, and is now under construction, the Seattle arcology is promising to be its greatest challenge. Armour International has sworn to continue to provide state-of-the-art, high performance military equipment well into the future as long as the demand for top grade merchandise exists.

>>>>[Oh my. oh my. How did we ever live without them? Such humility.]<<<<(SLIMJIM 03:22:40 / 02-08-55)

>>>>[They may not have humility, but their products are good ju ju, chum.]<<<<(FREAP

03:25:29 / 02-08-55)

>>>>[BULLDREK! I wouldn't trust this merchandise any further than I could throw it. You should hear all the horror stories I've heard about AI equipment. Turn you white, man.]<<<<(SLIMJIM 03:33:17 / 02-08-55)

>>>>[What are you talking about? I've never had any problems with it. Where do you get those stories...AI Scout?]<<<<(FREAP 03:40:51 / 02-08-55)

>>>>[Very funny, Freap!]<<<<(AI SCOUT 03:42:38 / 02-08-55)

THE DILEMMA DOWNUNDER

Presently Armour International has had difficulties in Australasia with ANZAC gobbling up neighboring corporations even as far away as Sydney. That, along with the meddlings of Commonwealth Small Arms, has provided a difficult production base in the area. Even though attempts have been made to strike an agreement with CSA to try to keep ANZAC out of their hair, CSA has found other restorative sources elsewhere.

Meanwhile, AI has worked hard to try to solve this problem even while William Kingston denies a large scale dilemma. However, his denials can't outweigh AI's downward sales and distribution trends in Australasia.

Because of all this, AI has begun the repartitioning of its assets there to other facilities in more stable areas. Kingston repeatedly claims this move is purely the choice of AI and not because of any ANZAC pressure.

>>>>[Yeah right! I believe that. Look at 'em run with their tails between their legs. This is great!]<<<<(SLIMJIM 03:53:49 / 02-08-55)

>>>>[Their plan to scatter the Sydney assets may not be from ANZAC buying like they said. I've heard rumors that those holdings are getting shipped to Seattle for the arcology.]<<<<(FREAP 03:57:25 / 02-08-55)

>>>>[That's correct. My research indicates that nearly 95% of the Sydney facility is pegholed for Seattle. This, of course, is only about 40% of the proposed holdings scheduled to come out of Seattle, and let me tell you, Sydney's facility was Armour International's third largest. What's that tell you, friends?]<<<<(-*D*- 04:00:19 / 02-08-55)

>>>>[It means that a whole lot of drek is coming out of Seattle.]<<<<(SLIMJIM 4:02:52 / 02-08-55)



>>>>[LOCAL INTEREST]<<<<

Local weapons and military production corporations are aware of the incoming Armour International arcology. They are also knowledgeable about the output of AI and the threat it could possess. Ares Macrotechnology Inc., the monster that it is, appears to be the most interested and has already made contact with AI headquarters hoping for a possible information exchange. However, their meeting, from what I've discovered, must have been a little less than successful. As it turns out, Ares never intended to agree to a info exchange but was merely "feeling AI out." Now, one could only guess at the possible outcomes from either side.

New Age Arms has also taken an interest in the London corp but has yet to take any apparent action. It's a sure thing that they will desire additional information as well. In fact, my findings show that they are starting a slush fund for what they have labeled "The AI Intrusion." Gee, wonder what those moneys are to be used for.

I'll get back to you when I find out more. Check here for any additional information that you may be interested in.]<<<< (TICK TOCK 12:49:14 / 02-09-55)

ARMOUR INTERNATIONAL CORPORATE PERSONALITIES

William Kingston III—CEO and President

William Kingston III took command of Armour International in 2036 when his predecessor Franklin Tully passed away from a heart attack. Before that time he was CEO of the Research and Development Division at their London facility. William's rise to fame came when he almost single-handedly recreated the corp's lost and/or stolen data regarding their world renowned Kevlite body armor. Since his placement as president, Armour International has grown in leaps and bounds and is now a major military equipment producer in London and several other large cities.

William Kingston's ability for business as well as science came from his years at Oxford University where he graduated near the top of his class. Born of rather mediocre lineage, William's father was a carpenter whose main wish in life was to see his son succeed. Every cent he could spare went into his son's college fund; however, most of it was

unnecessary because of all the scholarships and grants William received.

Currently William Kingston III commands with a strict iron hand. He demands only the very best from all his employees and strongly encourages (and even gives bonuses for) the "turning in" of unsatisfactory participants. However, in this practice one better have sufficient evidence or Mr. Kingston may turn the tides on the informant. He has been known to relieve personnel on a whim, without even flinching.

President Kingston III is 52 yet extremely vibrant and healthy. He stands a bold 1.9 meters (6'3") and is extremely handsome and dignified looking. His hair is mostly black with silver streaks running through it, and his eyes are blue. His dress is impeccable and modern, and he is usually escorted by 3-5 bodyguards as well as an entourage of secretaries and aides.

B Q S C I W E M R Init

4 3 4 4 6 5 6 - 4 4+1D6

Skills: Negotiation: 8 / Etiquette (C-Corp) (S-AI): 8 / Computer Theory: 2 / Physical Sciences (Engineering): 6 / Physical Sciences (Chemistry): 6 / Leadership: 4 / Car: 2 / Athletics: 2

Cyberware: None

Kenneth Jordan—Marketing and Sales

Kenneth Jordan is the consummate workaholic. He would bend over backward to do anything Mr. Kingston demands and is often called "Kingston's right hand." It is highly unusual for him to leave work when scheduled, and when he does he usually takes his work with him. Kenneth Jordan is probably Mr. Kingston's favorite employee. He is exactly what Mr. Kingston looks for in his workers. Not only does he complete his work and do what is asked of him, he does it extremely well.

Kenneth lately has been working with both Damon Garlock and Sarah Brooks in the redistribution of the Sydney facility to its other locations. However, he knows his place in this area and leaves the majority of the work to Sarah Brooks.

Kenneth is an average looking man standing 1.8 meters (5'11") and having brown hair and eyes. He is in his early twenties yet the stress and activity of his job has worn his appearance to that of a man in his early thirties. Ever fearful of cybernetics' affect on

the body, Kenneth continues to wear wire glasses instead of any cyber replacement.

B Q S C I W E M R Init

2 3 3 4 6 4 6 - 4 4+1D6

Skills: Negotiation: 6 / Etiquette (C-Corp) (S-AI): 6 / Computer: 5 / Car: 2

Special Skills: Pleasing William Kingston III: 3
Cyberware: None

Ambri Costello—Research and Development

Ambri Costello is one of the newest employees in the Armour International senior staff. She recently replaced Henry Carmichael as director of Research and Development when Mr. Kingston harshly, and some say unfairly, relieved him of his duties. Ambri has held her position for about 14 months.

Ambri holds several degrees that she has attained through her twenty years of schooling throughout the world. Her studies started early when she was discovered to be a prodigy with an IQ near 198. Her ambitious nature and sparkling personality has drawn the attention of Mr. Kingston. In fact, he often visits her in the labs just to check up on her and to study her research. Ambri endures his visits but wishes he would "just stay out of her way."

Miss Costello wears her naturally blond hair medium length and often pinned up when working. Her eyes are impossibly sapphire blue and rumored to be artificial. She stands nearly 1.7 meters (5'6"), and she has a datajack behind her right ear. She is 26 years old.

Ambri likes to cut loose after work and often hits the most ritzy night clubs in the area. However, she never lets her active social life interfere with her work.

B Q S C I W E M R Init

2 3 3 6 6 2 4.6 - 4 4+1D6

Skills: Etiquette (C-Corp): 5 / Computer Theory: 4 / Computer: 4 / Physical Sciences (Engineering): 6 / Physical Sciences (Chemistry): 6 / Biology: 4 / Cybertechnology: 2 /

Electronics: 2 / Car: 2

Cyberware: Data Jack / 100 Mp of Memory / Cosmetic Modification on eyes / Retractable Hand Razors

Anton Sheppard—Production

Anton Sheppard is the exact opposite of Ambri Costello. Anton is probably the most relaxed individual, as well as the second oldest at 37, on the senior staff. Several times



he has come under the "unsatisfactory performance gun" but still has maintained his position for nearly 15 years.

Anton keeps to himself on and off duty. He is hard to warm up to and keeps his private life private. He tends to be quiet, but he is not shy and will not hesitate to report any unsatisfactory performance by his subordinates to William Kingston.

Anton is slightly balding and quite tall and bulky, standing 2.1 meters (6'6") and weighing about 80 kilos (215 lb). His massive stature is intimidating and woe to the individuals nearby on those few occasions where he loses his temper.

B Q S C I W E M R Init
6 3 6 2 4 5 6 - 3 3+1D6
Skills: Etiquette (C-Corp): 5 / Computer: 3 / Unarmed Combat: 5 / Firearms: 4
Special Skills: Recognize Equipment Quality: 6 / Operate Production Equipment: 6
Cyberware: None

Damon Garlock—Security

Damon Garlock's presence can be felt in any room. His powerfully dominating nature is nearly tangible, that is when one knows he's there. Silent, crafty, and deadly—these are common adjectives for Damon.

Damon is a professional in all he does. He was taught his fighting skills in the wilds of South America in a mercenary commando team. His military and security knowledge stem from his service in the Aztlan conflicts during their capture of Mexico in 2044. Now, seeking a more affluent profession, he has agreed to work for Armour International as commander-in-chief of security.

Damon is currently busy overseeing the security of the dispersion of the Sydney facility. He does not want to see anything lost or stolen in the move. He will make certain of it or else.

Damon, 30, rarely wears a suit, finding greater comfort in dark-hued, loose-fitting yet chic clothing, usually armored. He is 1.9 meters (6'1") and has jet black hair and black cybereyes. He also is no stranger to cyberware and bioware, finding it useful in his profession.

B Q S C I W E M R Init
6 6(8) 6(8) 1 4 4 .8 - 5(9) 9+3D6
Skills: Negotiation: 2 / Etiquette (C-Corp): 4 / Armed Combat: 5 / Unarmed Combat: 6 / **Firearms:** 6 / Gunnery: 4 / Car: 4 / Stealth: 4

Cyberware: Cybereyes w/Low Light, Flare Compensation, and Thermographic / Wired Reflexes (2) / Muscle Replacement (2) / Smart gun Link

Gear: Kevlite Partial Armor / Smart AI Dagger pistol w/30 rounds Penetrator ammo / Smart AI RZR-100 ASMG w/60 rounds Penetrator ammo / Stun Baton / Data Reader (100 mp) / Pocket Secretary / Luxury Lifestyle - 5 mo prepaid / Eurocar Westwind 2000 / Access to ALL AI security equipment.

Sarah Brooks—Shipping and Receiving

Sarah was born and raised in London. Since she was a child she wanted to work in a big corporation, probably because her family was employed by Fuchi Industrial Electronics. Disliking the Japanese hierarchy and traditions, she was accepted into Armour International as an S&R wageslave at the age of 23. Over the next four years she has progressed to section leader, to area manager, to S&R executive officer, to finally CEO of her division. For some unknown reason the S&R division is probably the most

competitive area in the corp. Presently Sarah and her subordinate teams have been nearly crushed with the onslaught of transactions, shipping schedules, and storage preparations, as well as many other functions necessary in the redistribution of AI holdings in Sydney. This is in addition to all the other regular work required from the other facilities.

This 27-year-old officer stands almost 1.8 meters (5'10") and is topped with a fiery red buzz job. She always tries to wear the most noticeable outfits she can and still stay within the corp's dress code. She tends to be outspoken and opinionated, but she knows when to hold her tongue.

B Q S C I W E M R Init
2 4 3 4 5 3 6 - 3 3+1D6
Skills: Negotiation: 3 / Etiquette (C-Corp): 5 / **Computer:** 3 / Car: 4
Special Skills: S&R Clerical: 6 / Newest **Clothing Fashions:** 4
Cyberware: None

ARMOUR INTERNATIONAL SECURITY EQUIPMENT

RZR-100 Assault SMG

"When you want the close range anti-personnel strength of a sub-machine gun and anti-vehicular power of a grenade launcher, then the RZR-100 ASMG is the weapon for you. Proven superior time and again in battle simulations and weapons shows."

The RZR-100 ASMG is an all-purpose weapon capable of both light and heavy attacks. An integral mini grenade launcher is placed under the barrel and functions much like the ancient M203. Both SMG and launcher are fired using the same trigger—just flick the easy-to-reach switch and let her go. The launcher accepts all standard mini-grenades, and the extended SMG barrel provides for an integral silencer. The weapon also comes equipped with built-in laser sight for the optimum multi-role weapon.

Type	Modes	Cost	Conc	Damage	Weight	Ammo	Legality	Availability	Street Index
RZR-100 ASMG	SA/BF	2,500	4	7M	4.75	30(c)	2-H	6/4 days	1.5
	SMG /FA			/Grenade					

GAMEMASTER NOTE: The RZR-100 Assault SMG comes equipped with a folding stock providing a -1 recoil modifier. Other recoil modifying systems can be used.
>>>>[Don't know 'bout you chums, but if this thing has only seen battle simulations and weapons shows, I'd rather stay with my Ingram.]<<<<(SLIMJIM 10:32:12 / 02-11-55)
>>>>[Be sure ya know where the selector switch is set. On a run once my chum thought he had his set in SMG mode when really it was on grenade launcher. We're talkin' security guard soup, man. Gave away our position too. What a night.]<<<<(IC CREAM 10:44:24 / 02-11-55)
>>>>[One thing's for sure, this gadget isn't subtle, but how does it feel? Looks a little front heavy to me.]<<<<(FINELINE 10:53:43 / 02-11-55)
>>>>[It ain't too bad. Can wear yer arm out if ya hold it out too long, but with two hands, it's as easy to handle as any other SMG.]<<<<(IC CREAM 10:59:31 / 02-11-55)

AI Multi-Buck Combat Shotgun

"Armour International now introduces the revolution in combat shotgun hardware. Combining the close range stopping power of the shotgun with the high speed fully automatic capability of



an assault rifle, the Multi-Buck is a military weapon of distinction. Outfit your troops with the best defense or suffer the consequences. It's your choice."

A must-buy for any corporation in need of high-grade security weapons. The Multi-Buck, in the tradition of the 20th century Pankor Jackhammer and the Heckler & Koch Close Assault Weapon (HK-CAW), provides state of the art design with old fashioned firepower. The sliding butt provides for added support and the 20 round drum magazine ensures staying power. Uses all common assault rifle attachments except a silencer.

	Type	Modes	Cost	Conc	Damage	Ammo	Weight	Legality	Availability	Street Index
Multi-Buck Shotgun	SH	SA/BF/AF	2,400	2	9S	20(c)	4.75	4-G	5/4 days	3

GAMEMASTER NOTE: Double the uncompensated recoil modifier as written in SR11 (softcover) page 89 and SR11 Errata, page 38, Kage issue #8. The Multi-Buck comes equipped with a sliding butt stock providing a -1 recoil modifier. Other recoil modifying systems can be added.

>>>>[Holy Frag!! A fully automatic shotgun! That ought to go through corp goons like dragonfire on butter!]<<<<(SLEDGE 11:42:51 / 02-11-55)

>>>>[You would like it, Sledge. Sound judgment has never been part of your minute repertoire.]<<<<(TICK TOCK 11:49:58 / 02-11-55)

>>>>[Stick it, Tick Tock, and by the way, where the hell did you go last time?]<<<<(SLEDGE 11:53:23 / 02-11-55)

>>>>[Oooh, bad, bad etiquette blunder. But I guess that is to be expected from the unsavory likes of you, Sledge.]<<<<(TICK TOCK 11:57:32 / 02-11-55)

>>>>[HEY! Keep your social problems off the line! I didn't jack in to hear you two quibble over past problems.]<<<<(MATRIX HAWK 12:00:02 / 02-12-55)

>>>>[Well he started it!]<<<<(SLEDGE 12:01:49 / 02-12-55)

>>>>[Sheesh, such professionalism.]<<<<(FINELINE 12:03:49 / 02-12-55)

Wyvern ML-1A Missile Launcher

"Outfit your corporate troops with the most versatile anti-vehicular weaponry on the market today. The Wyvern collapsible rocket launcher provides high grade 'bang-bang' without the weight and awkwardness of the standard models. Don't be let down when things get rough. Be prepared with the Wyvern."

The Wyvern collapsible missile launcher is a single shot, reusable weapon system that can be broken down to a length of 20 inches and easily carried. The launcher fires three types of missiles (AVM, APM, and HEM), but can only fire the missiles developed for it. Although these missiles do less damage and have a shorter range than many on the market today (use heavy machine gun range chart), the intelligence of each greatly makes up the difference. One missile can be carried in the launcher even when in compact mode.

	Type	Cost	Conc	Damage	Weight	Legality	Availability	Street Index
Wyvern Launcher	-	6,000	2	By Missile	6.5	1-K	15/20 days	3
	Type	Cost	Conc	Damage	Weight	Intel		
Anti-Vehicle	Missile	1,600¥	2	12D	2	5		
Anti-Personnel	Missile	800¥	2	12D	1	5		
High Explosive	Missile	1,200¥	2	12D	1	4		

GAMEMASTER NOTE: The Concealability listed is in effect only when the launcher is in Compact Mode. The Legality, Availability, and Street Index values are for the launcher and each missile. The launcher's method of reload is by internal magazines, SR11 page 95. Reloading is accomplished by inserting the missile through the back. Resolve the Wyvern Missile launch in the same manner as "standard" missiles. See SR11 page 99.

>>>>[Sneaky...Very sneaky. Could be useful.]<<<<(FINELINE 12:10:53 / 02-12-55)

>>>>[I hear the missiles have no punch. One would be better off just peppering an area with explosive bullets.]<<<<(FREAP 12:25:31 / 02-12-55)

>>>>[Explosive rounds HA! As if anyone would want to work with such touchy things.]<<<<(FINELINE 12:30:49 / 02-12-55)

>>>>[And packing missiles capable of obliterating vehicles isn't touchy?!]<<<<(SLEDGE 12:39:48 / 02-12-55)

Demon Hawk Security Bike

"First presented at the Tokyo International Security and Weapons Show in 2049, the Demon Hawk holds honors in both the security and civilian worlds. Although initially designed for the former, the bike's sleek form and raw power make it a true find for bike enthusiasts. Leave the Auroras and the Scorpions in the dust with the Demon Hawk."

The Demon Hawk is Armour International's first venture in a bike patrol system. However, the bike's form found favor with Oshida Motors, a Japanese bike manufacturer, who felt the bike would do better in a civilian market. Although AI refused the offer in the beginning, it later decided to make a deal with the bike company.

One of the amazing features of the bike is its protective forearm sheaths. These sheaths retract away from the driver's arms and flip up when the bike is disengaged. These sheaths provide extra crash protection as well as bullet protection for the driver in the security models.

	Handling	Speed	B/A	Sig	APilot	Cost	Seating:	Storage:
Demon Hawk	3/4	90/220	3/3	2	2	28,500	1 Front+1 Rear	1 CF under seat
							Economy: 80 km per liter	Fuel: IC/20 liters

Note: 1 forward only hardpoint and 1 firmpoint OR 3 firmpoints

>>>>[Be wary, chums. Those forearm sheaths aren't all they're cracked up to be. Buddy o'mine back in York told me 'bout his new Demon Hawk he just purchased. He took it out for a spin and was sideswiped by a car. With those sheaths engaged, the bike took 'im for a trip. Must of flipped at least 8 times he said. Now, he's got two new cyber arms to thank for his "new purchase".]<<<<(IC CREAM 01:02:36 / 02-12-55)





1

After a high profile run back in the states, your team decides (unanimously or not) to lay low in pubs amid the Smoke of the UK. However, your reputation precedes you as you are approached by a tall, wiry man, confident but cautious with two grim looking escorts.

Quotes

"Do not be surprised by my approach. A mutual acquaintance has suggested your services."

"This mission could have substantial benefits for you back over the Pond."

"My employer is very personally interested in your success in this endeavor."

Notes

This is Mr. Sherman Riley, a messenger sent from the corporate offices of Armour International. His mission for the team is to retrieve Miss Ambri Costello from the clutches of an obsessed and revengeful former employee. This employee is Henry Carmichael, who was replaced by Ambri at the Corp.

They know Ambri was kidnapped because of the demands sent to the president himself, William Kingston III. In the note Henry claimed that if he didn't receive four times his lost wages (200,000 nuyen) in four days, he would kill Ambri and cut her into numerous itty-bitty pieces. Mr. Riley has the note to give to the runners.

Riley informs the group that Ambri enjoys going out to the clubs on a regular basis when off duty. One of her favorite haunts is the Beast found in the Village District where he suggests the team should look first.

Payment will be 10,000 nuyen apiece and will be presented upon the safe return of Ambri. NO money will be given before the run—strictly after.

Archetypes

Ambri Costello: Use Ambri Costello

Sherman Riley: Use Corporate official p. 16, Contacts Book without cyberwear and raise Negotiation to 6.

Henry Carmichael: Use Corporate Scientist p. 17, Contacts Book with Firearms 2.

While visiting a friend or contact in London the runners are asked if they want to make a little extra money while there. He just happens to have an operation available but doesn't have the time to deal with it. The payment is most generous.

Quotes

"Hey, I'm your Sate. Would I steer you wrong?"

"All runs are dangerous. That's why we're in the biz."

"I'll contact Jazz and tell him you'll take the op."

Notes
The runners are contacted by Jazz who has been informed by Sarah Brooks herself that Armour International has a large shipment of equipment going out to Tokyo. However, she has information that the shipment is in danger of being stolen. The suspected perpetrators are a local Shadowrun team/gang calling themselves Night Rictor. Believing that Damon Garlock's forces are not enough to handle the security, she has taken it upon herself to hire additional forces without informing Damon.

She asks that the runners maintain an ultra-low profile because hiring Shadowrunners, although useful, is not a desired method of operation at AI, and she doesn't want it held against her. Payment of 15,000 nuyen each, non-negotiable, will be paid through Jazz with 2,000 of it up front.

In his efforts to find Night Rictor, Damon's investigation discovers the runners in town. Thinking them the Night Rictor, he will pursue them instead.

When the Night Rictor makes their move against AI, the runners should know who they are and try to stop them. At the same time, Damon's forces will try to stop the American runners, and the whole thing will be a triangle of confusion.

Archetypes

Jazz—Use Fixer p. 207 SR1I.

Damon Garlock—Use Damon Garlock

Sarah Brooks—Use Sarah Brooks

Corporate Security Guards—Use Corporate Security Guard p. 205, SR1I with Kevlite Partial Heavy Armor and AI R-11 with laser sight and grenade launcher.

Night Rictor includes

Merc p. 58 SR1I.

Gang member p. 57 SR1I with Smart Link, Armor Jacket instead of Synth-Leathers, and M22A2 Assault Rifle.

Street Samurai p. 62 SR1I.

Street Mage p. 61 SR1I with Armor Jacket and Colt Manhunter (Combat orientation with 12 additional points for spells, GM's choice).

3

The runners are contacted by their fixer (or other reliable source) to meet with a Mr. Johnson about a run. The meet will go down in the Azteca International restaurant in Renton. Upon arrival the runners see a typical suit sitting alone in the corner.

Quotes

"Good you're here. I'll be brief."

"There's a certain shipment of merchandise coming into Seattle that we are most interested in."

"You won't get an easier job for the money."

Notes

The runners are hired to steal a shipment of Kevlite armor from the Seattle offices coming into the U.S. from Sydney for a private buyer in town. The one bad thing about it is that the hit will have to be carried out during the daytime.

The shipment will be coming in on the day after the meet at 14:30. Once the body armor is captured, the runners are to take the vehicle in which it came (an Ares Roadmaster with B/A 4/0, Speed 25/75, and Economy 16.5 km per liter) to the docks at Alaskan Way and Clay St where they will transfer the goods to a waiting Federated Boeing Commuter 2050. There they will receive payment which starts at 10,000 nuyen per person. This is negotiable per the social skill rules.

Maximillian Slaughter will discover the merchandise has been stolen and personally try to recapture it. Aided by Carley Jasmine and 5 security guards (adjust opposition as needed) he will chase the runners all the way to the docks if necessary. Archetypes

Mr. Johnson—Use Mr. Johnson p.210, SR1I.

Maximillian Slaughter—Use Maximillian

Slaughter p. 19, Kage Issue # 9.

Carley Jasmine—Use Carley Jasmine p. 20,

Kage Issue # 9.

Corporate Security Guards—Use Corporate Security Guard p. 205, SR1I with Kevlite Partial Heavy Armor and AI Dagger handgun.



4

While relaxing after a hard-driving, butt-stomping run, the runners decide to let loose in their favorite haunt. While enjoying the R&R, the group is approached by a Troll mountain of muscle, blatantly cybered, and not caring drek about his appearance.

Quotes

"Da boss want ta sees youse, now."

"Don't try da funny stuff. Dis is strictly biz."

"Are youse comin' or do I's got ta introduce youse ta Hellraiser. She tears flesh from breeder bones nicely."

"Would you have come if I just ask nicely?"

Notes

Assuming the runners don't try anything foolish, they are taken to the "secured backrooms" of the joint to discuss a run with a shady character calling himself Mr. Ramirez. Mr. Ramirez is working for New Age Arms (p. 9 Kage Issue # 2) and offers the group a simple data steal job that could prove most profitable. The operation involves entering the Armour International office building, getting to the computer room and pulling the R&D file "AI-42-9639."

The file contains production prospects for the next 2 years at the corp. The file is 90 mp's in size and is located in DS-6 in the Seattle system. Entry from the Matrix has been cut off due to the current system revamping in progress.

Once the file has been taken, the runners are to download the information to LTG# 206 (56-6195) where upon reception their payment will be transferred to a neutral account and be accessible. Ramirez's starting bid is 18000 nuyen per person which is, of course, negotiable per the social skill rules.

Archetypes

Troll Muscle—Use Troll Samurai p. 108 Street Samurai Catalog.

Mr. Ramirez—Use Mr. Johnson p. 210 SR1I

Devin Smit—Use Devin Smit p. 20 Kage Issue # 9.

Corporate Security Guards—Use Corporate Security Guard p. 205, SR1I with Kevlite Partial Heavy Armor and AI Dagger handgun.

Adjust the difficulty of the opposition at the office building to suit the shadowrun team.

5

The Ares City Master screeches around the corner and tears down the street. Its twin machine guns thump rapidly chewing and splintering the neighboring buildings trying to hit five running people. One trips, falls and is easily ripped apart from the guns. Three Demon Hawks with built-in LMG's approach from the opposite end of the street, and a Hughes Stallion zooms overhead. Something tells you that you picked the wrong night for an evening drive in Auburn.

Quotes

"Run Jimmy! RUUUN!"

"They're on our tails! They got Knife's dead!"

"Those bastards will pay for this. They'll pay!"

"Do as I say and you'll live. Simple as that."

Notes

The runners have stumbled onto an AI urban purification team developed to eliminate any group interfering with the production of the arcology. The five individuals are local protestors who pushed their ideals a little too blatantly. Now, AI is putting an end to their resistance. As the team begins to surround you the protestors manage to escape through the alleys and other cracks of the city. The Stallion lands and the group is approached by an attractive woman in dark sunglasses and tres chic clothing.

The woman is Dianne Baxter, CEO of the arcology division in Seattle. She offers the runners the chance to get out if they themselves eliminate the protestors who escaped. To ensure they fulfill their end, she will take one of the runners as prisoner (probably the one who appears to offer the least resistance) until her sources verify the run.

Dianne is true to her word but whether the runners believe it or not is their choice. She will, however, kill the prisoner if she senses any foul play.

If they take the option (and they should, at least until they can get away from the troops), she suggests they start with the dead body.

The runners may find themselves in a position to join the protestors. If this should occur, they will have to prove themselves to the protestors before they are let in.

Archetypes

Dianne Baxter—Use Dianne Baxter p. 19 Kage Issue # 9.

Corporate Security Guards—Use Company Man p. 204 SR1I with full suit Kevlite Armor and R-11's w/ laser sights and/or grenade launchers.

Protest Group—GM's discretion but they are capable of defending themselves.

6

The runner's local armorer has a hot tip on getting some state-of-art, high grade weapons and/or equipment. If they're interested, they should be at THE Sports Bar at 2100 hours tomorrow night.

Quotes

"I've been scragged over too many times. Now its my turn!"

"No deaths. Just flair—or else."

"Remember—this meet never happened."

Notes

Armour International is holding a convention in the Seattle Hilton, and the corp's Senior Vice President, Joseph Tambrin has flown in from London to attend. Maximillian Slaughter has been given the responsibility of security for the convention.

The event has given Steven Jacoby, chief security officer of AI, the opportunity he's been looking for to make Slaughter look bad. He wants the runners to infiltrate the hotel, maybe shoot up the convention, make it look like a bad hit, whatever, and then leave. He hopes his superiors will frown on the poor maintenance of security and relieve Slaughter of his duty. In which case, Jacoby would take his place.

Jacoby can provide the runners with the best times to attack; however, resistance will probably be encountered. Jacoby wants no deaths or severe injuries, or he'll hunt the runners down himself along with his multitude of assets.

For the mission he has 3,000 nuyen for each runner, 10,000 nuyen worth of AI equipment, and he'll even owe them a favor if the runners press it.

Archetypes

Steven Jacoby—Use Steven Jacoby p. 20 Kage Issue # 9.

Maximillian Slaughter—Use Maximillian Slaughter p. 19, Kage Issue # 9.

Joseph Tambrin—Use Corporate Official p. 16, Contacts Book with Negotiation 6.

Corporate Security Guards—Use Corporate Security Guard p. 205, SR1I with Kevlite Partial Heavy Armor and AI Dagger handgun.



WHO YOUR FRIENDS ARE

Acid rain fell, making the Seattle streets slippery as Cat ran. It soaked her skin through the holes in her jacket and made her dark brown hair cling to her face and drip into her eyes. She could feel her heart pound and her lungs ache, but she ran anyway. She'd lost count of how many times she'd fled from Fagan and his goons and how many times she'd been dragged back. This time, she wasn't going back.

She could hear her pursuers behind her. Crusher and Slice knew the streets just as well as she did, and chasing down runaways was their job. They were burly and strong and, at barely over a meter and a half tall, her small size was only an advantage if she could find someplace small enough and safe enough to hide.

She unhooked her small crossbow from her belt and glanced down at it just long enough to make sure the grapnel bolt was still in place.

She knew the divided attention was slowing her down, but the alley coming up had balconies overlooking it and a definite possibility of escape.

She felt for the tiny winch at her waist and hooked the line to the grapnel.

"Give it up, Cat!" Slice shouted from behind her. "The longer it takes, the bigger the beatin' Fagan'll give ya

caught trying to run away she'd been beaten, and each time the beatings had been worse. Fagan didn't want anyone else getting the idea.

She rounded the corner of the alley, skidded in the rain and nearly collided with the wall. She glanced up and fired at the highest balcony she could see. The grapnel caught and held just as Crusher darted into the alley.

"Gotcha now, ya little brat," he hissed.

Cat stabbed the winch button and it yanked her up just as he lunged. His one arm grazed her ankle, but came away with only a boot as she rose above him, laughing. She was finally free.

Suddenly there was the sound of twisting metal and she felt herself drop slightly. She glanced up and saw the aging balcony rail above her sagging under only forty kilos of weight. It moaned and



when we bring ya back."

He sounded terribly close and not at all winded. She knew the threat wasn't idle. Each time she'd been

sagged again.

Panic hit hard as she felt for the winch controls. Her hands were slick and the spinning reel made it hard to



tell which end was which. She looked down and saw Slice and Crusher watching and waiting. They might catch her if she fell and they might just watch. Either way, she would be back in Fagan's hands again and all this would be for nothing.

With a groan the balcony rail snapped and she fell. She snatched at a lower balcony and caught it with one hand. That stopped her fall, but she nearly lost her grip again as her left arm was wrenched from her shoulder. Pain shot through her entire left side as she flailed at the rail with her other hand.

"Here, kitty, kitty," Slice called from below. "We'll catch you."

Her breath hissed through her teeth as her right hand finally grasped the rail. Her whole left side was on fire as she pulled herself up. She cried out with the pain. Anything was better than being caught again she told herself, anything was better than being beaten. She tried to focus on the shouts and whistles from the street and what would happen if they caught her.

She collapsed on the balcony floor, shaking with cold and hugging her arm close to her body. She had probably torn it all to drek and had no idea where she could go to get it fixed. She needed to get up and away before Crusher and Slice decided to come up after her. She was sure they must be trying to get into the building by now.

She was so close to freedom. If she could just get inside, maybe someone would take pity on an injured kid and help her out. She just couldn't give up.

She forced herself up on her right arm. It shook, but held. Then she sat up, reached for the rail and pulled herself to her feet. She took one shaky step and then another before she let go of her support. Her next

step was fine, but then her knees buckled and she fell, instinctively thrusting both arms out in front of her to catch herself.

Pain was the last thing she could remember.

She awoke to a strange, spicy smell and eerie music. She was warm and lay on something soft. She was afraid to move, afraid to open her eyes, afraid of what might happen if she did.

"She'll be fine," she heard a female voice say. "And I've other things to do."

"But her shoulder..." another female voice protested.

For some reason, Cat thought that voice sounded familiar.

"Her shoulder is fine, Dancer. My magic has done as much as it can do. She'll be waking up soon and you can ask her yourself."

Cat cracked her eyes open just enough to see a tall, slim Asian woman walk away, leaving a shorter blonde woman standing with her back to Cat. As the blonde turned around, there was the flash of a datajack.

"You're awake," the decker said, smiling. "How's your shoulder feel?"

Cat moved her left arm. There was no pain, not even a little stiffness.

"Feels good," she said, surprised.

"Feels real good."

The decker looked disappointed.

"Don't you remember me?"

Cat sat up. The girl looked only a couple years older than herself with big blue eyes and a doll's face. She stood under Cat's scrutiny, bouncing on her toes.

"Bouncy!" Cat gasped.

The decker launched herself into Cat's arms and gave her a fierce embrace. "I'm sorry it took me so long to find you."

They had been best friends when

the two of them had been part of Fagan's organization of street kids. They'd spent many nights in the two-by-two meter cell they called a room plotting escape and dreaming.

"I'd heard you'd been sold to somebody as a joy-toy," Cat said.

Bouncy smiled, "I got sold to a decker named Dancer. I used to send him messages when I was working on the Net for Fagan. He covered our talks up real good so the old man never found out and then bought me out from under him. Said I had a knack for decking and just needed the hardware and the training. He gave me both and, now that he's retired, I've got his name."

She gave Cat another hug. "I'm so glad you're here. I swear I've been looking for you ever since, but only Fagan's news net has matrix access. His records on us must be on a closed system because I never could find them. I really tried."

"So how did you find me?"

Bouncy laughed. "You were laying on our balcony. Isn't that weird?"

She giggled. "My roomie's a shaman and she says it's because we made that promise in blood."

Cat remembered the night when, with trembling hands and a dull knife, they'd made gashes in their left arms and then pressed them together, stammering out the words to an oath Cat had found in a book somewhere. They'd promised that the one who escaped first would get the other one out.

"I don't believe all that magic and Karma drek she's always spouting though," the decker said. "I have another friend who's a mage and he says most of it's just nonsense. He says people who aren't magically active can't do magic."

She flipped her hair back over her shoulder. "The important part is that you're here and you're safe."



Cat glanced at the boarded up window. "For how long?"

Bouncy squeezed her shoulders.

"Well, the guy I work for now can get

Fagan off your back for good. He just needs you to do him a favor."

"What kind of favor?"

"Nothing you can't do," Bouncy

assured her. "You're one of the best sneak thieves around. I could never get into some of the places you could."





Cat sighed, realizing she shouldn't expect to get something for nothing. "Where do I need to go and what am I taking?"

"It's a condo 'plex just outside of Bellevue. Security will be tight, but not that tight. It isn't a corp affiliate and there are no high brass suits living there, just middle management sararimen."

Cat nodded. "I've done the condo 'plex thing before, should be a null brainer. What am I lifting?"

The decker handed her a piece of paper. "I need you to find an off-line storage device. It will be concealed in the office, but I'm not exactly sure where. This is the apartment number and a map of the place and the codes to bypass the security system on the device. Use the codes because we don't want the data wiped."

Cat took the paper and glanced over it. "Bounce, you got enough info on this place to do the job yourself. You weren't a bad sneak thief. Why does your boss want to take a risk on me fragging up second-hand instructions?"

The look on the decker's face told Cat that whatever it was, it was personal and very important to her. In spite of the fact that they'd both learned to hide how they felt, Cat had also learned to read her friend, and some things didn't change no matter how many years had passed. "Lets just say it needs to be done this way and soon. Tonight if at all possible."

"So, what's the pay?"

Bouncy looked relieved "Twenty thou and my principle gets Fagan off your back for good."

Cat considered the offer. If it was a simple job, just getting Fagan to leave her alone would be fine, and twenty thousand nuyen would be a good start on getting on her own. Bouncy's eyes pleaded and she was bouncing again. "Okay, but I'll need

some equipment."

"Great. We can get you whatever you want, and it won't be that cheap secondhand stuff Fagan always got for us. My principle is a great person to work for. In fact, as long as you don't mind doing what you've been doing for Fagan, I'm sure he can get you lots of jobs... jobs you'll get paid for."

"You work for a fixer?" Cat asked.

Bouncy smiled. "One of the best in Seattle. My shaman friend does too."

Cat thought. Working for Fagan had never gotten her anything but cold food and a floor to sleep on. If this job was an example of what Bouncy's fixer could do for her, it would be well worth it. "Let me give you a list of what I'll need."

The condo 'plex rose above the street like a concrete wall. It was pouring down rain, but Cat was dry in her new synth-leather jacket. She glanced back at the alley to make sure the Aurora Bouncy had gotten her was still there. It was like a dream. Everything on her list had been delivered in less than three hours and in excellent condition. Bouncy's fixer friend had been everything she'd boasted.

Bouncy had given her damn good data on the security of the place. It made Cat even more suspicious about why they needed her. Pretty simple jobs usually weren't either pretty or simple. That was a lesson she'd learned many times the hard way.

She'd had little time to do research, but one of the things she had turned up was that the guy whose place she was breaking into wasn't going to mind too much since he'd been geeked the day before.

She fitted the padded grapnel arrow to her crossbow, then backed up and counted floors. Her target

was on the northwest corner of the eighth one. She fired the grapnel onto a tenth floor balcony and watched it silently anchor itself. She slipped the rope into the winch and let it haul her up the building.

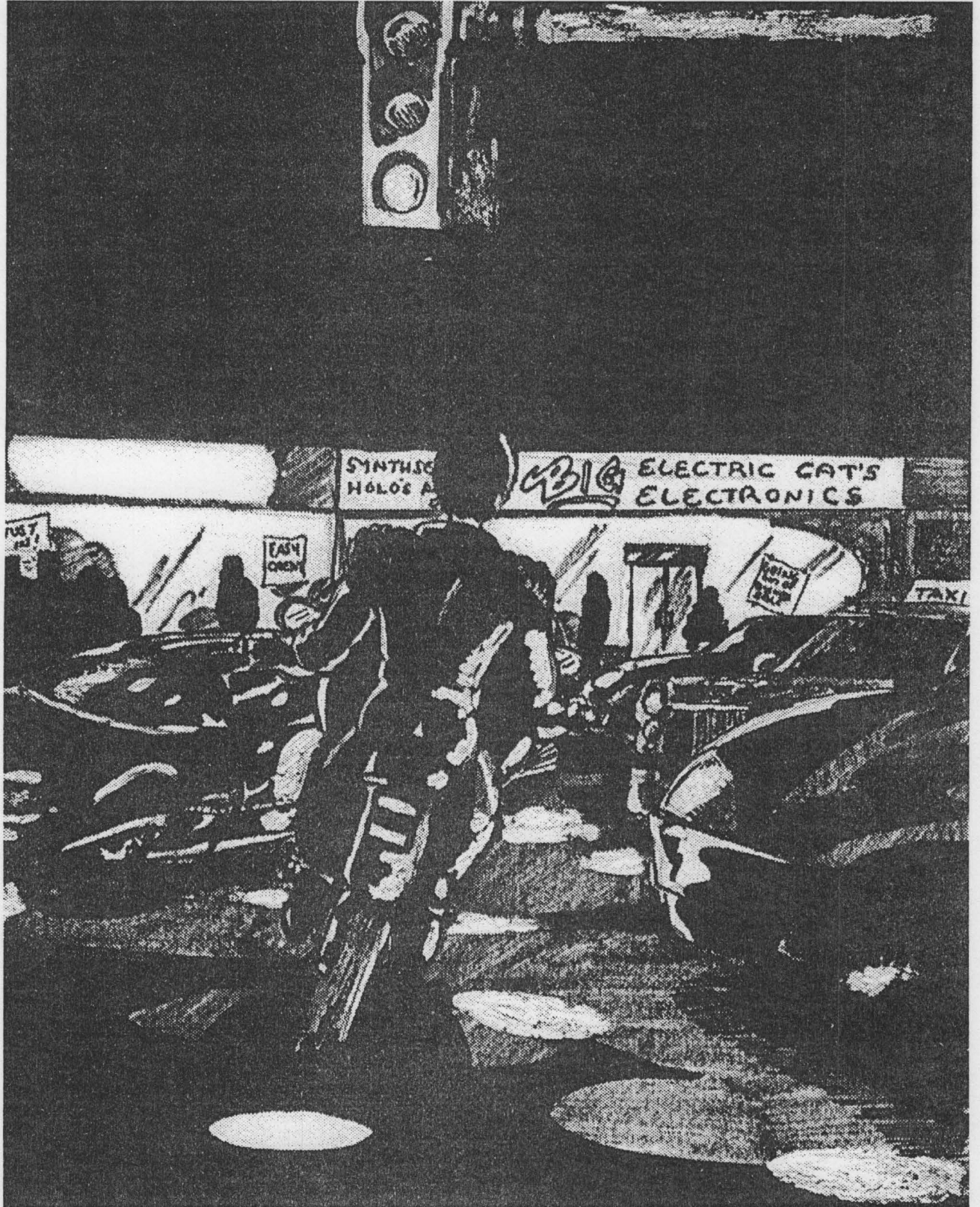
According to Bouncy's info there was a small electronic signal pulsing through the glass. An interruption of that signal would sound an alarm. With that knowledge it was easy enough to divert the pulse. Suspended 17.5 meters above the street, she stretched a wire across the window, fastening it into the frame on both sides.

With the current passing happily through the wire, she took out a glass cutter and made herself an entrance. Her small size made it a quick job and she squeezed in. If things got hosed bad enough that she needed a quick exit, blowing the window apart probably couldn't make it any worse.

She fed out the line to give herself some room to maneuver and slipped on her LI goggles. It took her a minute to get used to them but, even in the dark, she could tell that the place had been trashed. Furniture had been turned over and drawers emptied onto the floor. Chances were that anything she was supposed to find was already gone.

She took one step back toward the window and stopped. It couldn't hurt to take a look around. Bouncy had said it was hidden and, from the look of the security measures on the thing, it would likely be well hidden. Looking at the ruin the place was in, she decided that it had been done by amateurs.

She crept into the study. A huge desk lay on its side in the center of the room. It was a sturdy thing made of real wood. It had to be an antique and Cat ran her hand over one of the sides. She loved antiques. This one was probably early twentieth century





and, unlike the new synthetic stuff, it had survived being heaved over on its side.

It took her about ten minutes to get it upright. She pushed the drawers back in and dusted off the top. It was a beautiful piece of work. It was too bad that it was too fraggin' heavy to steal.

She heard the front door open and dove under the desk, cursing herself for not leaving earlier.

"I tell ya it ain't here," whined a male voice. "Me an' the boys trashed this place good and didn't find nothin'."

"It must be here," said a female voice. "He would not have kept it in his corporate office, there would be too much risk. You must have missed something."

"Fine, if you n' yer magic can find what we can't..."

Cat cursed again and whipped out her catalyst stick, dissolving the line that connected her to freedom. The fact that there was a mage involved only made matters worse. She made sure the silencer on her Fichetti was secure and huddled under the desk, hoping that it was not the mage that found her first.

Her plams were sweaty. She wiped them on her pants and braced her left hand against the inside of the desk. It felt odd so she ran her hand up and down it. There was a small part that felt synthetic and held a tiny seam.

A soft click and the synth wood shifted, revealing a secret compartment behind the drawers that held the device Bouncy had wanted. Carefully Cat deactivated the security system and removed the device, tucking it into her bag. All she had to do now was get out.

"Check the office again," the mage said.

Cat heard the rustling of one pair of feet stumbling over the garbage

strewn on the floor. She could feel her heart pounding and tried not to breathe for fear that even that small sound would give her away. "Ain't nothin' here," complained the male voice. "Ain't nowhere to hide it."

Cat peered under the desk and saw a pair of scuffed and dirty combat boots right beside her hiding place. They shuffled through the papers. "You come in here and look if yer so sure."

The boots left the room and Cat crawled away from the desk, avoiding as much of the mess as possible. An argument was going on in the other room, and she decided to take advantage of the noise to get the hell out. She held the Fichetti in one hand and the now loaded crossbow in the other, hoping she wouldn't have to use either one.

The argument was still going strong when she finally reached the window. She had to stand on some boxes to reach outside. She unloaded the regular bolt, fitted another grapnel, and attached another line to it. She fired straight up and the hook anchored to the top of the building. The box she stood on shifted as she pushed herself through the opening and the arguing stopped.

She zipped down the line, touching it with her catalyst stick just as her feet hit pavement. She heard some shouting and saw a figure in the window just as she rounded the corner. She prayed that a mage couldn't cast a spell on someone she couldn't see.

She jumped on the Aurora and gunned the engine. She and the bike darted into traffic, and headed for home.

Bouncy was home when she got back. Cat plopped herself down in a chair and slid the bag with the device in it across the table. "It wasn't as

easy as you said."

The decker looked surprised. "What happened?"

"You were fraggin' lucky is what happened. Someone had already been through the place when I got there, but hadn't found it. They came back at a really bad time."

Bouncy took the device. "Did you see any of them?"

"All I know is there was a female mage and some really stupid guy in combat boots. I didn't stick around to find out anything else. They didn't see me and I doubt either one could ID me if you're worried about that."

Bouncy smiled and handed her a credstick. "Here's the twenty I promised and I'll give you another five for the information. Oh, and my roomie said you can stay here until you get your own place.."

Cat took the credstick. "Did you get Fagan called off?"

"I don't think you'll be having any more trouble with him."

Her smile turned wicked. "That one I handled myself. It was kind of nice to see the old man cringing away from me for a change."

"Yeah. One of these days, I'm going to get enough yen to put a hit on that bastard." Cat grumbled.

"Good luck," Bouncy said. "He's a valuable information source. Not too many people want to see him dead like we do. Very few of his kids ever get away to tell people what it's like."

"Guess we were the lucky ones," Cat said.

Bouncy stared down at the cup of soycaf in front of her. "So, what are you going to do now?"

Cat smiled. "Get my own place and look for work where I can get it. You let your fixer know that if he does need me for biz, I'm all for it."

The decker smiled. "Count on it."



Tir na nOg Sourcebook

by: Carl Sargent & Mark Gascoigne

RATING : 4.5 out of 5

Price : \$18.00

The ole isle of Ireland will never seem the same after you read this sourcebook. Powerful cults, a different meaning to slang, new paths to magic, and restrictions on weapons will put the would-be Shadowrunner in a tailspin as he tries to comprehend this unique culture dominated by elves and deeply rooted traditions.

PROS

There are several reasons to recommend this book. The background and plot line, the art, but perhaps to me the most important part was the new twist on magic. Path Magic, it is called, and it transcends even into the Street Samurai with the Warrior Path. The Magic works much the same as the hermetic magic found in other Shadowrun books but it has its own strengths and weaknesses. When choosing a Path you are limited to one course and may not cross train, as it were.

The authors also seem to have a great deal of knowledge about the current state of the Emerald Isle and project how things might turnout in the future. They list various national parks and points of interest with clarity. The explanation of the court and law enforcement systems will help the gamemaster to flavor the locals with a different feel than their American or British counterparts.

In addition to all of this the

layout of the book allows ease of reading and trouble free finding of information. For the most part, you won't have any trouble finding that elusive bit of trivia to spark a sensational game.

CONS

Although it leads to great reading, the sheer amount of information in this sourcebook can be overwhelming. If you are newer to the game and have not grown accustomed to the game it may leave you with the impression of drowning in a sea of facts, opinions, and information.

I would have also liked to have seen more in the ways of equipment and weapons in this publication. As a player, I like to have as many gadgets and armaments available as possible.

CONCLUSIONS

This is a book that will add many hours of enjoyment to any Shadowrun game. If the streets of Seattle or London are getting boring or if your group just wants to be known as a world class group of runners you will need this book. It's great for the gamemaster or the players and defiantly worth the expense.

Celtic Double Cross

Sargent & Mark Gascoigne

RATING : 4.0 out of 5

Price : \$8.00

In this scenario book we begin with an interesting twist. In place of the basic decision-tree format, which branches off in a different

direction each time the players make a decision, we find a linear progression for the first few encounters. This twist allows the gamemaster to set the trap for the runners by controlling the events of the day in a more precise method.

Following in the footsteps of Graham Green and John Gardener, this is one of the most well written adventures I have seen from FASA in a while. The runners are forced to out-think the gamemaster instead of shooting everything in sight. To make it even more of a mental challenge, the runners are taken out of their environment and dumped into the political and social intrigue of a foreign country with vastly different views of how things should work. True role-playing and a sharp mind are musts for the players to complete their mission.

The gamemaster will need to thoroughly read the adventure before playing and the Tir na nOg Sourcebook is also a necessity to run this adventure. The gamemaster may also want to consult the Grimoire, Second Edition (Grimoire II) along with the Street Samurai's Handbook Second Edition.

The only problem with this scenario is that it is very lethal and requires an enormous amount of thinking on the cuff, as it were. The runners will find that there are many situations which they cannot fight their way out of or into for that matter. I would suggest that your group be very experienced before attempting this assign-



ment. But if the group is up to it, this is one great adventure!

Returning this issue is the Ral Partha figures review. We have received several of the releases in the new Ralidium Pewter alloy. I have found the new alloy more difficult to work with than the lead. It is not as easy to cut, file, or mold but it seems to hold the paint just as well. Another problem we ran into with the majority of the figures was the flash around each figure. This new alloy has the tendency to leave a large amount of flash even on the less detailed miniatures. Once again I am sure that as the manufacturers grow more accustomed to the use of this new alloy, the figures will improve and the amount of flash will lessen.

20-534 Spirit of Man

by :G. Valley

Rating: 2.5 out of 5

These miniatures represent the rural and urban spirits of man. The urban is a humanoid form emerging from a dumpster filled with refuse. The rural, is a dwarf sitting on two hay bales with a pitch fork at his side. On the pitchfork is a small creature.

Although both figures offer unique detail possibilities, it is left up to the players to find a miniature to represent the spirits as they move through the game. This is due to the fact that the figures themselves are of a size that does not lend to maneuverability in the flow of the game. It

is doubtful that the players will want a dumpster or hay bales cluttering up the barroom when a fight breaks out. Overall I like the concept of the figures and in the initial summoning phase, either of the miniatures are of definite usefulness but after summoning their size and shapes become a problem.

20-535 Spirit of Water

by: J. Johnson

Rating: 4 out of 5

The miniatures in this pack are represented as a male sea-elf riding the back of a sea-horse. He is sitting tall and sounding a sea-shell horn. This figure is surprisingly clean and very detailed. The second is a male moving through the ankle deep waters of a bubbling swamp. He is supporting himself on a near-by moss covered tree.

The sea-elf is highly detailed and an excellent example of Atlantian culture, or what we believe it to have been. The elf has a spear type weapon strapped to his back and he is clad in scaled tights. The great thing about this figure is the way the artist has used the base to represent the sea from which the sea-horse and its rider emerge. The base is large and will not tip over easily. The swamp spirit is another example of using the water element as the base from which the figure emerges. The figure is crafted in such a way as to suggest he is part of the swamp. Vines and moss cling to the figure in various places con-

cealing his features and body. The spirit is pointing off into the distance thus balancing the weight of the figure between the tree and the center of the base.

20-532 Plasma (Paranormal Bear)

by: D. Summers

Rating: 3.5 out of 5

The Paranormal Bear is a huge figure. It is intricately detailed and has little flash. The claws are well carved and easy to paint. Also easy to paint is the toothy maul of this viscous animal. The only complaint is that if you are not careful the bear will fall to the right front claw which is raised in an attack position. The other three claws are mounted to the base. I am not certain why the artist left the right front part of the base off as it clearly lends to the instability of the figure. Yet, this is definitely a figure I am adding to my collection of miniatures. It is well crafted and worth the price.

20-533 Dzoo-Noo-Qua (Troll)

by : D. Summers

Rating: 4.5 out of 5

This is a classic figure. The troll is carrying a female runner over his shoulder either to her demise or to safety. The troll is very detailed and resembles the best of Jeff Laubenstein's drawings. The horns turn at opposite angles and the body is covered in pods, warts, and plates of heavy skin. The figure is well weighted and has no problems standing. The seams

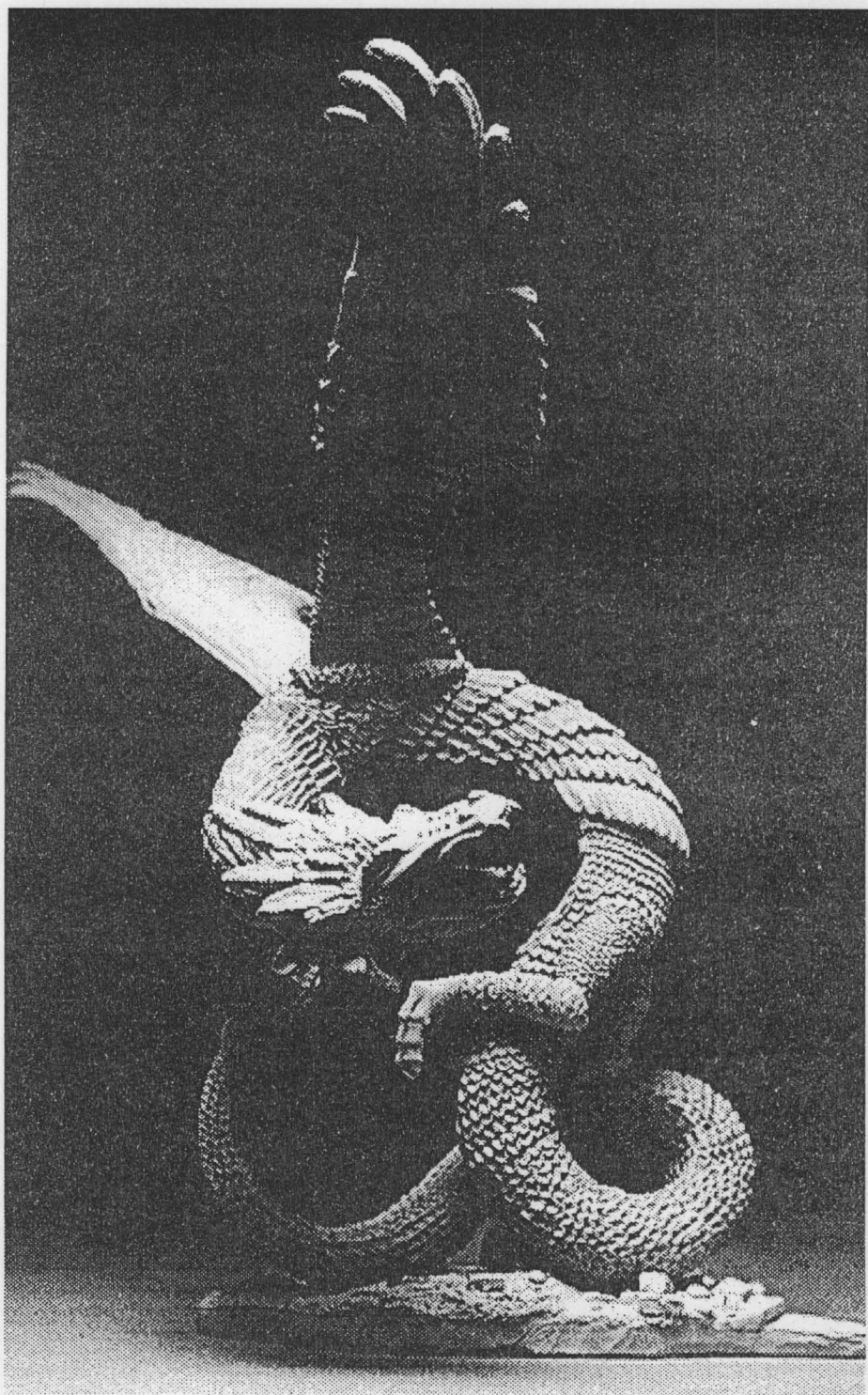
were well hidden and I only had to file the base a small amount. Even the fingernails were detailed with chips and hang nails. This is a quality work and worth every penny!

10-861 Feathered Serpent

by : Ral Partha

Rating: 3.5 out of 5

This is a huge figure. The base is Ralidium and the figure is a plastic resign compound. I had only a small problem with the joints and the figure-to-base mount. The wings of the serpent spread out over 4 inches and the figure stands well over 5 inches in height. The detail on the serpent and will allow the perfectionist t painter many hours of delight. The size of the piece will allow the players to use it in the game to show why the creature is to be feared and respected. It towers above the other figures we have and adds real depth to the game. The only flaw with this figure is that in some of the production pieces we have seen outside of ours is that the plastic compound developed bubbles and destroyed portions of the miniature. The ones we saw that had the were also warped so that the seams did not fit. I checked with Ral Partha and the said that they would replace any miniature with a factory defect. Overall I liked the piece and would recommend it to the serious model builder.





INTERNATIONAL

Fires ravage Ares Yokohama Complex

Officials for the local government of Yokohama are baffled by the recent fires that destroyed several industrial sites. Local officials have made no comment about the cause of the fires, although; in a private investigation conducted by Ares, Miss Elaine Tamok, the Assistant Director of Public Relations for Ares, stated that faulty wiring had caused the unfortunate accident. Six of the nine which burned in the fires belonged to the Ares Macrotechnology Corporation.

Witnesses, near the scene of the fires, reported seeing a dragon flying in the area several minutes prior to the fires. The reports could not be confirmed and have been dismissed by Miss Elaine Tamok and the officials at Ares. In a brief statement Ms. Tamok express grief over the loss of life and property but ruled out any rival corporate conspiracy.(continued on A-17)

LOCAL

Grunge Rocker Found in Trash

Lone Star officers recovered the body of grunge rock king, Fetid Nikky, from a dumpster behind the Viper Club last night. The late rocker showed up unexpectedly at the new nightclub and was last seen in the company of a female troll dancing around 3:00 am. His body was discovered by Rikki Ratman, a dwarven bartender employed at the Viper Club, at 10:00 am during clean-up from the previous night. Ratman called Lone Star to report the finding.

A representative from Lone Star reported that the body seemed to have been drained of all fluids and was severely beaten. No speculations as to the cause of the apparent murder have been made yet but Lone Star officials do confirm that a search for the mysterious woman has been initiated.

Nikky was best known for the hits, "Lick me in Seattle", "I'll tell you where to get off", "Drek on me", and the classic, "I'll bathe when I'm dead". Nikky had just reformed his first band, The Garbage

Collectors, last year and had finished his first datadisc in nearly 8 years. Producers at EMI-Nekkon plan to release the album in time for the Christmas rush. A tribute concert has also been planned for New Years Day.

Nikky leaves behind 47 children and his wife of 3 months, Belle Graybull. Services will be held at the Coffers of John-Mark IV in downtown Seattle on Sunday. Sunday would have been Nikky's 87th birthday.

BUSINESS

Mycroft Joins Arms Producers

Mycroft Tek entered the small arms race this week with the release of the, AWX-11 Terminator Pistol. Designed for powerful knock-down and penetration, the "A Wax" as it is called on the street, is touted as the ultimate in home protection. Its low cost and seemingly lethal power will be tested with the first shipment being released to the public on Friday.

JohnPaul Rubbins, president of Mycroft Tek, described this surprising venture as the next logical step in his companies progression. Mycroft Tek is largest adult-vid retailer in the world. Established in the late 1990s as a small local chain in Clint, Michigan the retailer soon expanded and raised national attention to themselves in the much publicized "Jelly Scandal". A year later they jumped on to the Boston Stock Exchange.

In a statement released on Tuesday, Rubbins said, "The AWX-11 was designed with the common man in mind. In this age of thoughtless violence and continual threats to personal harm it is a necessity to protect oneself at whatever the cost. We at Mycroft have taken a very important step in the direction of home and personal protection. We are proud to stand behind the AWX-11 and expose ourselves to the coming rhetoric that will surely come our way."

Mycroft Tek stock opened in Boston at 105¥ per share. Down 15¥ from yesterday. It is still unclear if the market will accept this new trend in

arms manufacturers or not. Cosmo-Srack, a leading retailer in the garment field also tried this venture in 2051 but soon terminated the program after stocks dropped to 13¥ from a high of 41¥ in only two weeks. (continued c-4)

SPORTS

Coach Jonson's Desperado's Fumble Game

The Texas Desperadoes lost to the Seattle Screammers on a last minute fumble Monday night.

In what has to be the strangest play in memory, Harris Horton tried to slide between two Seattle defenders in the final seconds of regulation play. The attacking Horton apparently tried to use the icy conditions to gain the element of surprise on his two remaining opponents. Running flat-out, Horton crossed a 20 meter area of open ground and dropped to one knee. Attempting to slide between the defenders, Horton slipped and fell on his back. His momentum carried him into the crossfire of the Screammers and ended his career not to mention the game. The Screammers were able to rally and score two uncontested goals in 17 minutes to beat the Desperadoes.

After the game Coach Jona Jonson was furious with what he called the "... totally stupid and utterly disgusting play." Slamming pieces of equipment and people around the coach left the press conference in a fit of rage.

Coach Carlisimo laughed all the way to the bank as the win assured his team of a placed in the play-off picture. "It had to be the most bone-headed play I have ever seen in my life! If one of my guys ever tried it I'd shoot them myself."

Harris Horton was admitted to Seattle General with minor gunshot wounds but his contract with the Texas Desperadoes has been voided by the team. There were no comments from teammates. (continued F-1)

