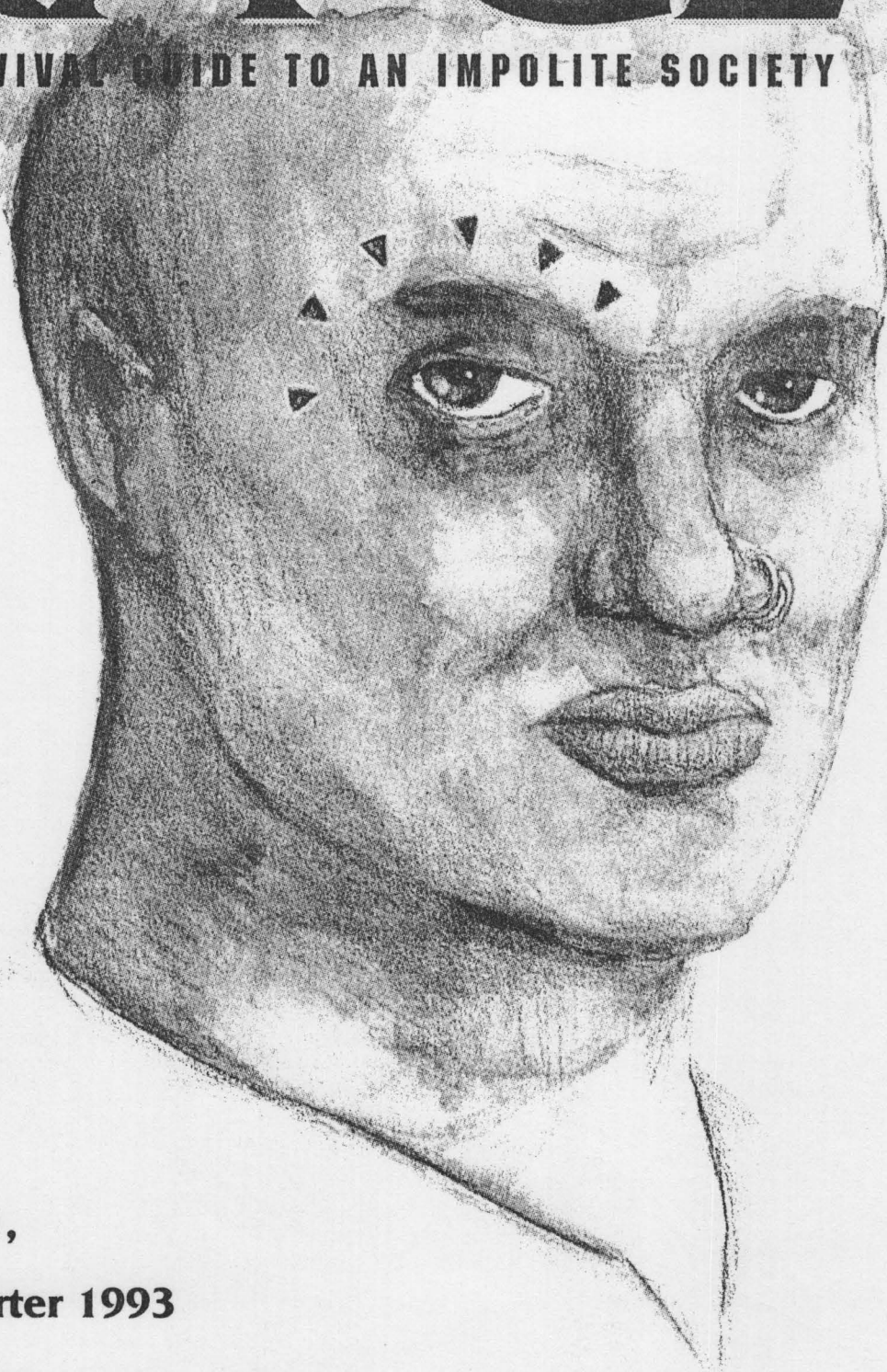


KA•GE

A SURVIVAL GUIDE TO AN IMPOLITE SOCIETY



Volume 1,
Issue 7,
First Quarter 1993

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SPRING 2054

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Greetings.

As most of you are no doubt aware, AWOL Productions is back on regular hours, such as they are, and busy trying to get a handle on the business of the day. Thank for the patience everyone showed (most everyone anyway) during the time we were closed down. As you can guess, I'm backed up on the letters and inquiry responses, but as you read this, I should have answers out to the majority of them. It seems to be old hat for me to tell you that I'm behind schedule with the letters, but, as always, I hope to be caught up soon.

As many of you can tell, we've been making extensive use of the phone mail system at the office. When you call the business number and leave a message we try to respond to that message within two weeks. Here's the way it works: You call in and leave a message. Every Monday the messages are checked from all the mailboxes to see if there is anything critical (lost orders, misplaced memberships, etc.). Every other Monday the response mail boxes are updated. This is where you'll get the answers to your questions. That means you'll have to wait a maximum of two weeks to hear a reply, but in most cases that time will be even shorter.

Many members have written and called over the last couple months and said "Just call me back." I agree that's a great idea and it sure saves lots of time, so there are instances where we will call a member to answer a question or provide information. Please be aware, however, that this is the exception, not the rule. The truth of the matter is that most of the money a member pays for membership goes to producing the newsletters and keeping up with the overhead (rent, utilities, insurance, postage, etc.). Don't even mention payroll, 'cause there still isn't one. I'll freely admit it: I enjoy what I do and I don't mind giving up my time to see that it gets done, but I can't afford to pay for calls out of my own pocket. If it's important, we'll make every effort, but please keep in mind the limitations we are forced to work with as a small business.

On that note I should probably mention Dean Sestak has accepted a job in another town and will soon be leaving Columbia. As the MIS person, Dean was responsible for all the membership material, orders, and conventions. He took care of everything from the membership entry and mail collection to the order fulfillment and inventory ordering. He was so good at his job I was able to concentrate on the issues and try to get them out on time (and mostly correct). I hope to have somebody doing his job soon, but I don't think I'll be able to find somebody to take his place. Good luck, Dean.

By the way, I started taking a count of the members who wrote me and either asked a question or had a letter of inquiry but did not send a Self Addressed Stamped Envelope with their letter. I stopped counting at sixty letters in six weeks. Although many of the ideas were good and some of the questions were valid, I have to say again that EVERY LETTER WITH A QUESTION OR INQUIRY MUST CONTAIN A SASE IF YOU EXPECT AN ANSWER. I have also received my share of complaints, suggestions, and comments on the club. Great. Keep them coming. Of course, there are lots of things that don't need a SASE. In that case, don't worry about it. We read every letter that reaches our door (and that runs on the average of 25 to 30 letters per day).

All right, what did I forget this time? Well, if that's it, I'll write again in about 60 days. That's right, the next issue of the newsletter will be out 30 days ahead of time to give everybody a chance to get ready for the big convention season (us included). Look for the next issue to be mailed around June 4. enjoy,

Jim

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FAN ART BY STEVE SCOTT



Paterson Field Guide to the Oriental Awakened Forest

New Animals for a New Age

>>>>>(Here's the latest expansion to the infamous Paterson's Guide to Paranormals series. As usual, all the harmless, cute and boring critters have been deleted. If it can't geek you or hose your run, it's not here. Those interested in Paterson's endless commentary on meta-oysters and other thingies are advised to buy a subscription to the guide.)<<<<<< - Control 13:04:52/4-15-53>

Gaki





Identification:

Also known as "hungry ghosts," gaki are astral creatures which are normally invisible and intangible. They can manifest in the physical world as clouds of sparkling mist or, less often, in humanoid forms. Most favor a terrifying demonic form with horns, claws and a scaly hide.

Magic Capability:

Innate

Habits:

Gaki are each drawn to consume a particular substance, usually while in manifest form. It is currently unknown why the creatures are driven to this behavior and what (if any) biological function it serves. No two gaki have been known to consume exactly the same material.

Some of the things gaki have been known to devour include: blood (which they will attack warm-blooded creatures to get), artwork, fragrances

(of flowers and perfume), precious metals, gemstones, poisons, rice or other grains, electronic parts, magical energies (attacking spells and foci in astral space), corpses, cloth, paper, plastics, smoke, ink and numerous other materials.

Powers:

Manifestation. Various gaki have also demonstrated a variety of other magical abilities.

Weaknesses:

Although the purpose of a gaki's "feeding" has not yet been determined, it is known that the creature will die eventually if kept from consuming its desired "food."

>>>>(Some corporate wagemages have attempted to find a way to bind gaki that devour materials such as trash, toxic waste or radioactives to use them as "astral garbage dispos-

als," but thus far no technique has been successful.)<<<<<< - Talon 14:25:23/4-17-53>

>>>>(They also wouldn't mind being able to bind gaki that eat blood, cyberware, deck hardware or magic for disposing of other "undesirable materials.")<<<<<< - Spanner 19:15:06/4-17-53>

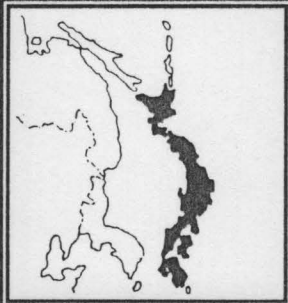

>>>>(Japanese legends say that gaki are ghosts of the dead and that their desires are dictated by something they lacked, loved or hated in life. Villages troubled by a gaki would consult a priest or magician to learn the creature's desire so they could placate it.)<<<<<< - Toshi 20:15:43/4-24-53>

GAME INFORMATION

Gaki	B 5	Q 8	S 4	C 2	I 4	W 5	E 6A	R 6	Attacks By powers
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Initiative Dice: 1D6 (+10 in manifest form, +20 in astral form) Powers: Manifestation. Others vary but may include: Cold Aura, Illusion, Noxious Breath, Paralyzing Touch, Psychokinesis, and Silence.

Weaknesses: Essence Loss. If a gaki can be kept from devouring its needed "food" long enough, it will lose one Essence point per month until it dies. A meal of its desired food will automatically restore the creature to full Essence.

<p>GAKI</p> <p>HABITAT Any</p> <p>RANGE Japan</p>	<p>RANGE</p> 	<p>SIZE COMPARISON</p> 
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Goblin Spider



SMITH
www





Identification:

Goblin spiders are an awakened form of the common garden spider, grown an average size of one meter in length. They do not spin webs, but live in silk-lined underground tunnels much like trapdoor spiders.

Magic Capability:

Innate

Habits:

Goblin spiders feed on small warm-blooded creatures which they capture by springing out of their tunnels and biting, injecting them with a powerful toxin that causes paralysis. The prey is then wrapped up and carried into the tunnels for later consumption.

Commentary:

The spiders have demonstrated substantial cunning in avoiding efforts to eradicate them from wilderness regions intended for exploitation, as well as from underground subway and sewer tunnels where they sometimes appear.

Powers:

Goblin spiders have the ability to mimic and reproduce sounds, which they use to lure their prey and to frighten off predators. They can even mimic the sound of human speech (although with no more comprehension than a parrot). Their venom is strong enough to paralyze an average adult human for an hour.

Weaknesses:

None

>>>>>(These critters don't eat anything bigger than a small dog, but getting too close to one of their tunnels might frighten one enough for it to bite you. Their toxin is strong enough to affect even a Troll, so watch out.)<<<<< - Ranger 18:22:21/4-19-53>

>>>>>(In Japanese myth goblin spiders were the rulers of the islands before the coming of humans and they had their own civilization. Now some people say they want their lands back. They supposedly use their skill of

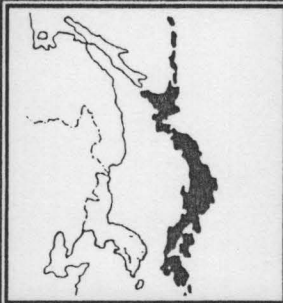
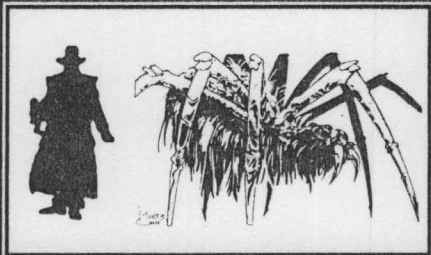
mimicry to imitate friends and loved ones to lure humans to their doom.)<<<<< - Toshi 20:21:32/4-24-53>

>>>>>(Aw, c'mon, that's drek. They aren't sentient. They're just big bugs.)<<<<< -Ranger 21:19:23/4-25-53>

>>>>>(Perhaps so, but there have been problems with "big bugs" before...)<<<<< -Kazuo 00:53:56/4-26-53>

GAME INFORMATION

	B	Q	S	C	I	W	E	R	Attacks
Goblin Spider	4	5x3	3	-	2/4	3	6	4	5L, -1 Reach
Initiative Dice: 3D6									
Powers: Binding, Mimicry, Paralyzing Touch									

<p>GOBLIN SPIDER</p> <p>HABITAT Any</p> <p>RANGE Japan</p>	<p>RANGE</p> 	<p>SIZE COMPARISON</p> 
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Greater Carp





Identification:

The greater carp is an awakened form of the common carp, and is known to grow to enormous size (up to 5 meters in length). They have reddish-golden scales and large fan-like fins.

Magic Capability:

Innate

Habits:

Greater carp are generally peaceful aquatic omnivores; however, they have been known on occasion to overturn small boats or to attack lone swimmers, mistaking them for food.

Powers:

Engulf. Greater carp can swallow whole creatures up to the size of a human.

Weaknesses:

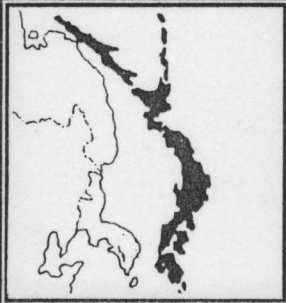

None

>>>>(There are some Japanese coastal villages that have ritual hunts where the men go out on their boats and try to catch and kill a greater carp. They tow the body back to the village and have enough to feed the whole place in one huge feast. Quite a blast if you ever get a chance to attend one.)<<<<< - Johnny Zen 19:04:59/4-18-53>

>>>>(What Johnny didn't mention is that a part of the feast is often to honor those who died in the effort...)<<<<< - Toshi 22:36:12/4-24-53>

GAME INFORMATION

	B	Q	S	C	I	W	E	R	Attacks
Greater Carp	9	3x3	7	-	1/3	3	6	3	5M
Initiative Dice: 1D6									
Powers: Engulf. Greater carp can swallow whole any creature of human size or smaller. The swallowed character suffers 6M damage per round.									
Weaknesses: None									

<p>GREATER CARP</p> <p>HABITAT Ocean</p> <p>RANGE Japanese Coast</p>	<p>RANGE</p> 	<p>SIZE COMPARISON</p> 
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The damp and humid night lay still in the giant metroplex of Seattle. Long, driving rains of the past week had soaked the gutters and streets of the Sprawl without ceasing. Although the pinkish-gray clouds of the orange-red sky that hung over the city finally broke from their ominous vigilance, corporate factories performed polluting rain dances that formed the dark shell which encased the city, and the solar heat that did manage to penetrate the overcast would never escape, adding to the greenhouse atmosphere that was the metroplex.

But some city patrons paid the stickiness in the air no heed. One such patron was Blaze. He sat in his dark den, lit only by small flickering candles that surrounded him. His legs in full lotus position forced the bottoms of his feet to the ceiling. Arms were extended fully outward over his crossed legs, elbows resting on the arches of his feet. His small but strong hands lay palm side up, resting limply. Dressed only in a thin white cotton robe, the mage hummed quietly to himself, drawing ever closer his link with the magic rhelm.

The mage enjoyed emmencely his centering sessions, for they took his mind off the past. They were a means of escape from the horrible images that often plagued his mind—images of his fiance, washed up on the beach in Puget Sound—images of his arms embracing a cold stiff body that was his love, his life—images of the coffin lowering into the six foot deep hole that would be forever her resting place.

His fiance used to work for the Mitsuhamas Corporation, a secretary and loyal wage slave. Her acceptance in the corp was the reason the couple came to Seattle against their parents' wishes. The then young and naive twosome forged a quiet and peaceful life supported by the income of the now malevolent and sinister computer company. Johnathon Albright, Blaze, being skilled in magic even then, got a job at a nearby magical wares store

where he managed a modest income. The two were very proud and happy of their breaking free to Seattle, and both were looking forward to the day when they would become man and wife.

Then things started to change. As the months passed, Johnathon's wife, Christy Blane, started coming home more and more exhausted from work, leaving earlier each morning and coming home later each night. One day, she let it slip that she was being harassed sexually at the corp by a certain Raymond Turshey, adopted bratson to the CEO of the Distribution and Sales Division, Horihiro Tamaki. Heated discussions arose on whether she should stay or not. In the end, they really didn't have much choice. It boiled down to staying at the corporation, for financial reasons, or leaving and having to return home in disgrace. Christy decided to stay at the corp until she could get another job. She knew it would be tough to remain in that harassing environment, but she felt she could handle it.

Then came the day that Christy didn't return home from her day's work. John tried to find her through the usual methods: Lone Star Security and Mitsuhamas Corporation. Lone Star didn't know a thing and Mitsuhamas told him she left one day after work and they never saw her again.

One week after Christy's disappearance, John got a call from Lone Star. They found a body matching his fiance's description floating off Puget Sound without any ID. They wanted him to come and identify the body to determine if it was Christy.

It was Christy, her delicate throat cut cleanly. He vowed vengeance on the one who killed her and threw her lifeless body into the cold, dark, polluted waters of the Sound. Since that day, the mild mannered and stary eyed young man had changed into a bitter and revengeful urban predator, and he would use every bit of his power and energy to find his love's killer.

Two delicate dings of a bell stopped

Blaze's humming. He opened his eyes and remembered his appointment with Dice. His gaze fell on the candles before him. He stared at the flames for a moment and envisioned Christy's killer caught in the fire of one of the candles, screaming in agony. One day, sooner or later, that person would feel the heat of Blaze's rage.

The Dodge Scoot whined angrily on the glossy street as Dice grabbed a handful of throttle. It was all the bike he ever needed (or could handle for that matter). He was to meet Blaze at The Silver Fools at 2200 hours. Dice flashed a look at his chrono.

Drek!, he thought, 2143. Blaze hates me ta be late. Maybe he'll be in a good mood and just let it slide. Dice gave that a second thought, shook his head knowingly, and pushed the little bike to its limits.

Blaze in his usual shadow garb, a chic, light gray, thigh length armor jacket, baggy black trousers, dark sunglasses (his trademark), and a black T-shirt sporting a jagged lightning bolt emblem similar to that worn by the old comic book hero, Shazam!, walked into the dark and smoke filled restaurant/bar that was The Silver Fools. He enjoyed coming to this place. The dark atmosphere and privacy it provided often put Blaze at ease, especially when he thought of the past.

He found a booth near the corner of the establishment, near a large planter of green fern-like plants. The employees of the place recognized him immediately and a waitress came over to the booth.

"Hoi, Blaze. How are ya tonight?"

"Good, Trisha," he replied. "And you?"

"Can't complain. What can I get ya this evening?"

"How about a beer," he responded. The Silver Fools might not be one the more chic establishments in the plex, but the beer wasn't bad.

"Sure thing," she said with a turn and headed for the bar. Blaze wasn't one to frequent bars and such, but being in one



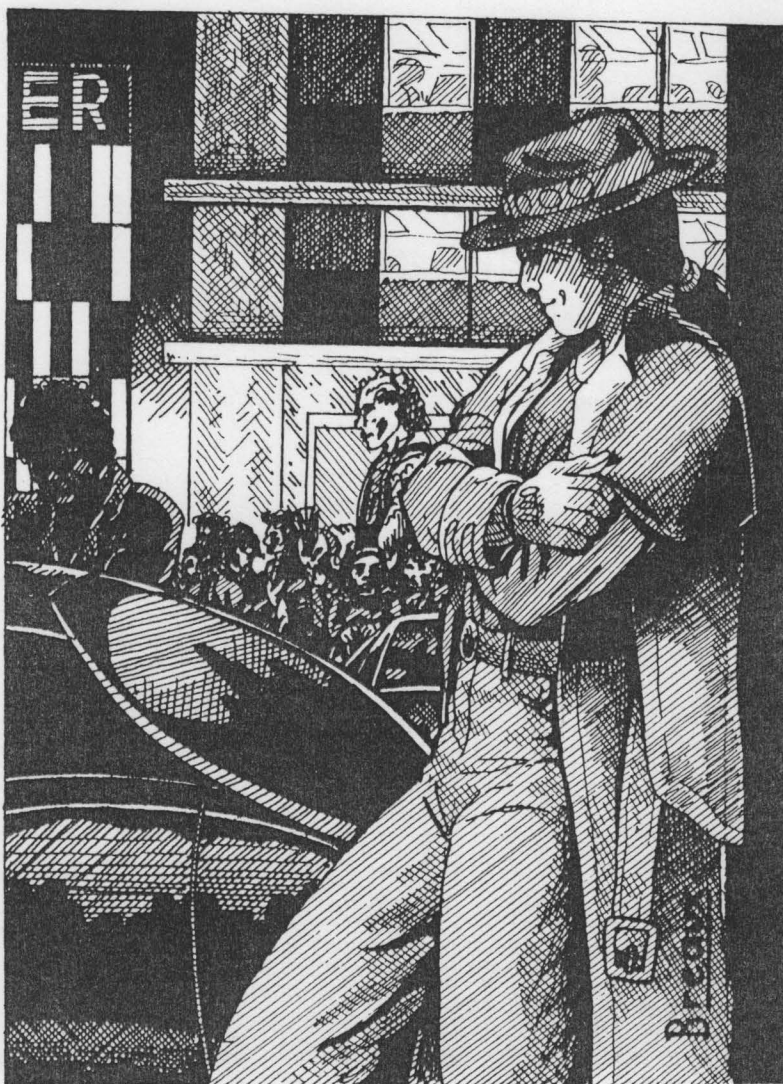
of his normal hangouts put him at ease. He checked his chrono. 2158. He figured Dice to be late, but that was Dice for you. He wouldn't expect it any other way.

The two had become friends when Blaze worked at the magic shop. One day Dice came storming into the store, ragged and tired. His look darted from corner to corner. He found Blaze, Johnathon, and nervously asked for the back door. Then Johnathon heard the loud engines of go-gang hogs down the street, giving him a pretty good idea of what was going on. He told Dice to hide behind a table of low-level elemental summoning materials. The hogs outside stopped and three hulking broosers came rushing into the store. They went directly to Johnathon, who was putting on the best surprised look he could muster, and asked where the little guy went. Blaze threw a thumb to the back door which he had ajar because of the heat of day. It led to the alley. The thugs ran out the door in a flurry.

When the ruckus died, Dice came out of his hiding place, shaken but relieved. It turned out that Dice had hit on the wrong woman, a gang boss squeeze. Needless to say, the boss didn't appreciate that much. Dice naturally thanked Blaze and offered him a dinner or at least a drink. Johnathon, being a non-drinker, accepted the meal, for the character

he saved amused him, and he looked like the type who would run the shadows, a shadowrunner, which fascinated Johnathon at the time.

Since then, the two have been the closest friends, despite their physical (Blaze's affinity for neatness and Dice's



fondness for grungyness) and occupational (Blaze the mage and Dice the decker) differences.

Blaze smiled at the thought of his friend after the waitress brought his beer. Taking a sip, Blaze checked the place over.

A pretty moderate crowd tonight, he thought and took another sip of his beer. Then the dinging of the small bell hanging on the entrance door caught his attention. In walked a large figure, nearly two meters tall judging by the way he ducked as he entered

the doorway. The figure wore a long black duster, black trousers, leather maybe, knee-length black boots with long strips trailing from their upper cuff, black gloves, and to top it all off, a black undertaker hat he wore low to cover his face. Blaze couldn't determine if the figure was human, troll, or ork due to the clothing and low placed hat, but he knew this character was someone or something special because an uneasiness in his gut wrenched him. It was the same feeling he had when he and Dice rescued Patches and Gronk just last week in the warehouse district. And if he remembered right, and if this was the figure he assented back at the docks, this fella was a mundane, non-cybered human. That meant this guy's size was natural!

The figure moved slowly to an unoccupied bar stool and sat down. Despite his intimidating size and appearance, the figure didn't seem to attract much attention. The patrons continued their private conversations and ate leisurely. Blaze couldn't believe it.

Who the hell is this person, he thought, he must be important, he



must! Maybe I should go up to him and get a closer look. Or maybe it might be better to just stay put. He must be a recent "regular" because nobody seems to mind him. I don't know, it's probably just my imagination—or indigestion.

The bartender came up to the figure, spoke and then left casually. Blaze couldn't hear the conversation over the noise of the "moderate" crowd.

Then the figure in black slowly, very slowly, started to turn around clockwise on his bar stool. His pan of the area continued until his shadowed gaze fell on Blaze sitting in the booth, almost as if he knew where to look. A shiver of fear shrieked down the mage's spine. The idle banterings of the diners warped and echoed. The subtle lighting twisted and flared. It was a very unnatural feeling, an unnatural fear, paralyzing him. If Blaze were to try to describe it, words wouldn't emerge.

The figure then smiled, ever so slyly, a smirky grin and raised a hand to his hat, as if to tip it to a lady. Then the figure faded, actually faded from view to invisibility.

The paralyzing grip of fear Blaze felt released itself, and the knots in his stomach started to untie. Blaze, shaking himself to his senses, shifted to astral to see if the figure was still in the place. He scanned the room in vain, only to assent the multitude of mundanes sitting in their cozy little booths. Blaze was brought back to the physical plane by the familiar voice of Dice.

"Hello... hello in there... anybody home?... hello...."

"Yes, somebody is home." replied Blaze stoically, still shaken from his experience. "Please, sit down."

"You O.K.? Ya look like ya seen a ghost or somethin'."

O.K.? . . . O.K.? . . . Blaze responded to himself. How can I be O.K. when I feel like I've just been mentally raped! Blaze took a deep breath. He must have aided those wannabe's who took Gronk and Patches, though they never

mentioned him! He's definitely got the charisma, in a sinister sort of way.

"I'll live. You're late," said Blaze taking a drink to help steady his nerves and his stomach.

"What's that. A drink?!" joked Dice. "I never thought ya did anything like that. Wiz, this is a real..."

"I'm human too you know," Blaze interrupted, slightly ticked off at Dice's heckling. "Did you see a tall, ominous figure pass by you when you came in?"

"No, I didn't," replied Dice, "Why?"

"I figured you wouldn't."

"What?"

"Never mind. How about the information I requested? What did you find out?"

Dice looked Blaze over as if he was starting to lose his mind. Finally he just shrugged and chalked it up to the beer.

"Well, I got some information, but I don't know if it's exactly what you wanted." Blaze just sat back waiting for what Dice was about to report.

"Right. Well from the top, this Mr. Raymond Turshey is currently employed at Mitsuhama Corporation as labor management. He's adopted, son to Horihiro Tamaki, CEO of the Production and Sales Division at Mitsuhama." Dice looked up at Blaze. "Ya sure know how ta pick 'em." Blaze just stared at him. "Anyway, I found out that Ray was adopted out of Frisco from an agency called....let's see." Dice shuffled through his pockets and produced a palm-sized notepad. He flipped through some pages, grunting and mumbling until he came to what he was looking for. Blaze just rolled his eyes and waited patiently.

"Ah yes, the agency is called the Sunnydale Adoption Agency. It seems that Ray had some attitude problems durin' his stay there. I couldn't find any specifics, the files were restricted. Despite the kid's problems, Tamaki still wanted him. Why a big-wig Japanese corporate would want a problem child is beyond me. Who can understand the mind of

those people. Anyway, Ray was picked up on August 12, 2025.

"I would guess that he was raised in Seattle and probably taught privately. His name wasn't on any high school or college alumni list—in Seattle anyway.

"Old Turshey's been workin' for Mitsuhama for about eight years, since he was 'bout 20 I'd venture. Other than that, the rest of Turshey's life has been under the protective cloak of Mitsuhama, and tryin' to get anything from their system is sheer suicide."

Blaze sat in the booth, chin resting on his clasped hands, taking in all that Dice had to offer. It wasn't much, but it was a start, and after all, getting info on corporate kids wasn't an easy task.

"What about his vices, favorite hangouts, hobbies and things of that nature?" questioned Blaze.

"Well, I got most of my information from the local data nets. They really don't delve in ta such matters ya know."

"This doesn't help me much," said Blaze. "Don't you have anything else to give me? What we need is to know his habits and routines. We then watch him, find the right place and finally hit him."

"I knew you'd want more info on this turkey. And I've got feelers out there workin' on it. Don't worry, we'll get this freak. In the meantime, wha' cha gonna be doin'?"

"I'll try to get a hold of one of my contacts who works in Mitsuhama. Maybe she can shed some light on this subject." Blaze was thinking of Sally Bergstrom, a fellow secretary with Christy at the corp. Sally and Christy were good friends up until the time of Christy's death. He hated to ask her for help because of the slightly unstable condition in which the killing had left her. And he would hate it even more if she somehow got hurt in the process, but this guy had to be made to suffer, and Blaze's thirst for revenge had to be quenched.

"Ya mean ta tell me ya got a contact at the corp? Why didn't ya go ta her first?" Dice questioned half angrily.



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"Ya mean ta tell me ya got a contact at the corp? Why didn't ya go ta her first?" Dice questioned half angrily. But before Blaze could respond, a loud crash filled the restaurant as three big thugs charged through the door, guns blazing.

The first was a troll, larger than life, the usual breed. The trog wore a gray synth-leather jacket, probably armored and gray synth-leather trousers. Heavy brown engineer work boots covered his feet. The second and third party crashers were humans, large humans who looked ready for anything. The one to the left of the troll wore a long armored coat that reached to his mid calf. Black wrap-around shades reflected the light. Human two, to the right of the troll, was decked out in a woodland camouflage outfit.

All wore black bandannas wrapped around their heads. On their foreheads the bandannas showed a circular red field with a black spider on it. On the spider was a red hourglass shape the same color as the background. Most of the people, however, didn't pay much attention to what the broosers were wearing, they were too busy ducking for cover.

The troll ran fearlessly deeper into the main dining area, his UZI III capping off rounds violently. Blaze and

Dice could see the troll move closer. All they could do was dive under the table as the attacker unleashed a barrage of lead in their direction.

The human in the wrap-around



shades was busy also. He had found a nice vantage point in the dining area near the door. His hand clenched on the handle of his FN HAR. A maniacal smile pursed his lips as he swept the weapon on full automatic toward the

terrified diners. His rounds ripped flesh and wooden tables to red and brown shreds. Screams could barely be heard over the explosions of the rounds as they hit their random targets. Chaos and fear filled the room.

The other human made his way to the bar area. The surprised drinkers could stare only briefly at the man before he unleashed the explosive mini grenade from his M22A2 into a corner of the bar. With a thunderous explosion, the area dissolved into a fiery black splattering of wood and flesh. Swells of terror-filled shrieks echoed off the walls as people dove for protection or attempted to seek help.

Blaze and Dice were hunkered down under the dining table. The rounds from the troll that hit overhead bit deep cracks into the wooden slab above them while other rounds thumped rapidly into the booth's cushioned benches. Dice pulled out his Predator and released the safety.

"Who the frag are these guys?" he bellowed. "I don't know," replied Blaze. "It looks like out and out wetwork."

"Yea, but who the frag are they tryin' ta geek?" Blaze just looked at him and remembered the dark figure that tipped his hat earlier. He could have sent these goons after he spotted Blaze sitting in the booth. If so, why would this mysterious

man, or metahuman for that matter, have his sights on the likes of his team and himself? His thoughts were interrupted by another burst from the troll's UZI.

"It doesn't matter," Blaze yelled,



friends. One terrified and overly stupid customer ran from his hiding place to try to escape to the doorway. The attacker loved his work and allowed the customer to come closer, purposefully ignoring him with his shots.

As the customer drew nearer, he began to shriek louder, as if to scare the gunman and to boost his own adrenaline level. He began to think he had made it and was on his way to safety when suddenly something hard smashed into his shin. The gunman took his weapon, using it as a club, and threw it against the fleeing human. With a muffled thud the customer hit the floor face first.

Slightly stunned, the customer didn't even realize he had been turned over until he made out the blurry image of the attacker hovering over him, his weapon raised over his shoulder.

With a sickly crack, the attacker rammed the butt of the FN HAR into the skull of his downed opponent several times. Death came quickly for the fallen.

He looked up to the remaining survivors of his first attack cowering under tables, fresh meat in his mind and sheer madness in his eyes.

The attacker in the bar moved along the bar area, coldly plugging every terrified victim who tried to hide under the stools. Finally coming to the end of bar, he looked over the bar to see a trembling bartender cautiously reaching for the Panic Button near the electronic cash machine.

"What do you think you're doing?" the attacker questioned. The bartender briskly pulled back his shaking hand and began to crawl backward as the attacker prowled closer.

"I think we shall have to make an example of you," the gunman uttered as he shouldered his weapon and lurched toward the man on the floor.

"Noooo!" cried the bartender as he was picked up and hurled over the bar and onto the fresh corpses on the opposite side. The attacker threw

himself over the mahogany counter to stand over the drink server. He reached down and pulled the human up by the lapels and brought him face to face. A small "humph" escaped the attacker's throat as he looked the man over and then threw him onto a small drinking table where three trembling people scattered to avoid the human projectile. The bartender hit the round table head first, glasses shattered and tinkled around him.

The attacker then came up to the now bruised and bleeding man, picked him up again by the lapels, steadied him with his left hand, and then threw a punch into the face of his target. The man's head snapped back from the blow, his nose flattened. Several repeated punches fell onto the near unconscious man.

Then the attacker grew tired of his victim and pushed him to the floor. He drew from his shoulder holster a Manhunter and matter-of-factly fired three slugs into the man's chest. His target jerked with each shot and then lay motionless.

The gunman then brought the barrel of his weapon to his lips and blew the smoke cockily.

"Who's next?" he malevolently challenged.

The menacing troll continued to move further into the dining area. His bursts, however, were less random, and his targets were checked before they fell to their doom. Blaze was still centering himself for the spells he was about to cast, and Dice remained still under the dining table.

Finally, the troll's gaze fell onto a pleasurable target. He had found who he was looking for. His mighty hands pushed the button on his UZI III, releasing his spent clip. Another was slapped in and the weapon was pointed at the target, a middle-aged man in a fine dress suit, slicked-back black hair and mustache.

"A message from Mr. Kelly," stated the troll as a red beam emerged from above the barrel of the UZI III. The man sat there, paralyzed with fear,

running through his mind his deeds against Mr. Kelly.

Suddenly Blaze moved from under the table to the nearby fern planter. Encircling his right hand was a cool blue glow. As the troll was about to collect on his contract, Blaze jumped up and the glow around his right hand grew brighter. The UZI flung itself from the troll's hands and darted across the room to Blaze's glowing hand.

"What the...," muttered the troll as he stared in amazement at his empty hands.

"Now, now, we can't have any more violence in my favorite restaurant, can we," mocked Blaze as he pointed the weapon at the merc.

The troll turned his head to where Blaze was standing, rage rising. Then he jumped to his left. Blaze fired a burst but the trog moved too fast. The mage ducked and moved along the length of the planter to try to cut off his opponent. Shaking his head and grumbling, Dice crawled out from under the table and moved to where Blaze had stood.

As Blaze slowly peered around the wooden planter, he nearly got a close haircut as a wedge of glinting steel slashed above his head and cut deeply into the planter. Blaze jumped back from his wooden protection and fired a burst toward where the blade came from. Wooden hunks and needle-like splinters tore themselves from the planter's mass.

The human at the far end of the dining room saw his partner having problems and started to move in. Dice noticed the gunman and fired two shots, hitting with the first only. The attacker fell backward into the entrance foyer. Despite being hit, he quickly rolled over to the cover of another planter near him, and capped off a burst in Dice's direction. Dice jerked back behind the cover of his planter as the fired rounds slammed into the wood.

Dice knew he was outgunned at this point and only an act of God could



save him, but there was no way he was about to move in on this joker. He could only hope his attacker would be the one to make the faulty move.

And move he did. The half insane merc quickly hopped from table to table, trying to gain a better position. Noting his chance, Dice fired two more rounds at his target. Unfortunately both missed, cutting into the debris. Dice was never the marksman.

With a frenzied scream, the human attacker suddenly charged at Dice, his FN HAR at the ready. Dice sat there, surprised by his opponent's brash move, frozen.

Blaze scuttled over to a different table along the back side of the restaurant to try to get a better position on his troll rival. He began to prepare another spell when he heard the cry from Dice's attacker. He saw his partner in trouble, and with a broad sweep of his hand and the subtle utterance of a word, a wobbling of air arose between Dice and the merc. Seeing the spell but unable to react appropriately, the crazed attacker slammed into the mana barrier at full steam, plastering him flat on his back. In the collision, the assailant dropped his rifle through the barrier, practically into Dice's lap. Dice, amazed and shocked, quickly recomposed and picked up the rifle, directing it toward the merc. Dice clenched the trigger of the weapon, eating the angry recoil and finally putting an end to the merc's killing spree.

Distracted by the spell he threw, Blaze didn't notice the stealthy troll stalking him from the left flank. With thick hands, the troll reached in and yanked Blaze from his cover tossing him across the dining area. The mage rolled with the throw, letting the momentum and the cushioned armor in his jacket cancel each other out. However, in the roll, the UZI III bounced from Blaze's hands. The trog moved in, charging for the submachine gun and then onto his tiny opponent. Blaze knew he had to act fast and so called forth yet another

spell, even though he was starting to feel the wear and tear. The troll was just starting to pick up his weapon when the mage loosed a fiery jab into the troll's chest. Flames from the shot seemed to engulf the metahuman as he stepped backward from the missile of fire. A howling scream of agony wailed through the restaurant as the mountain of bubbling flesh danced and jostled to try to escape the flames that licked his body. Defeated, the walking tower of fire crashed onto the fern planter in a fiery hump.

However, the spell that brought down the destroyer brought down the creator as well. Pulsing jabs of pain stabbed Blaze, inviting unconsciousness. Blaze shook his head to clear it, but to no avail.

Dice ran to Blaze from behind the planter and looked his partner over. He'd seen this thing before and knew he had to get his friend out of harm's way. He took Blaze's arm, helping him to his feet and taking him to the door.

Hearing the familiar scream, the human in the bar stopped his frolic of death to check on his partners, only to nearly run head-on into Dice and Blaze. The three men stood there looking at each other for an instant before the merc leaped at the two-some, tackling both to the ground. He fell, for the most part, on top of Dice, who tried to squirm out from beneath him.

The merc slammed his fist into Dice's face three times before he pulled his arm back and, with a quick jerk of his wrist, released three titanium spurs with a sinister hiss. Blaze, somewhat jarred awake by the tackle, saw the position his chummer was in and moved in to hold the attacker's arm. The two struggled with one another as the merc tried to muscle the glinting spikes into Dice's eye. Sweat beaded on Blaze's brow as he tried to hold the merc's arm in position. But the merc, vatted and refined to the urban predator he was, edged the spurs closer and closer to the

stunned Dice.

Suddenly, a shot rang out, and Blaze felt a sudden lack of resistance from his opponent. With a glazed and distant look in his eyes, the merc fell back slowly, blood trickling from the nine millimeter hole in his bandannaed forehead.

Stunned, Blaze scanned the room to determine the origin of the saving blow. His eyes fell on a middle-aged man in a fine dress suit, slicked-back black hair and mustache, the target of the assassins holding a smoking Barrett Model 101T. He lowered his aim as Blaze stared at him.

"Go. The heat will be here any second," he said. The mage shook his partner, the pain in his body returning in waves, and the two got to their feet and helped each other to the door. At the door, Blaze looked over his shoulder to the man still standing in the middle of the dining area and gave a quick nod of thankfulness. The man nodded back in acknowledgement. Then the two war-torn men took off into the sticky night.

A large figure stood in the protection of the alley's shadows, watching the men hustle down the street. The figure was pleased with what he saw in the Silver Fools. A closer look, indeed, it seethed to itself. The shadowed form knew the contest would be a worthwhile venture whenever it occurred. And it would occur soon. Soon, yes, very soon we shall meet, mage, promised the figure.



Ex-Knight Errant Security Guard

Dice Pools

Combat 7
Control 0

"I may not have my finger on the pulse of the streets, but my experience gives me an edge if you expect to be dealing with security measures. My training was the best that nuyen can buy.

"I no longer have any contacts with Knight Errant or Ares Macrotechnology. I've seen too many shadow teams from the other side, all getting paid more for a night's work than I'd make in a month.

"My former employers were kind enough to give me severance pay. The gear on my back and several rounds of used ammo. The job's against a corp with Knight Errant security? Count me in."

Cyberware

Boosted Reflexes (1)
Smartlink
Cybereyes
Low-Light
Thermographic
Electronic Magnification (3)

Contacts

Buddy
Corporate Secretary
Taxi Driver

Gear

Stun Baton 6S stun + shock
Ares Predator II
3 spare clips 9M
2 clips gel rounds 7M stun
2 pairs plastic restraints
Light Security Armor 6/4
with wrist tranceiver
Flash-pak
Micro flare (2 white, 2 red, 2 green)
3 months Middle class lifestyle pre-paid

Commentary:

The former Knight Errant Security guard left Ares disgruntled and under highly conspicuous terms—namely with several of his co-workers slinging lead in his direction. Expelled from the corporate fold, he is forced to make a living using his skills and his knowledge of security procedures from the other side of the shadows. Sticking out like a sore thumb on the streets, he nevertheless has much to offer a shadow team.

Attributes

Body 6
Quickness 5
Strength 6

Charisma 4
Intelligence 5

Willpower 4

Essence 4.8
Body Index 0
Reaction 5
Initiative +1d6 [+2d6]

Skills

Armed Combat 4
Biotech (First Aid) 3
Car 2
Etiquette (Corporate) 4
Firearms 5
Interrogation (Verbal) 3
Military Theory KE Security Procedures 4
Negotiation 2
Stealth 3
Unarmed Combat 4





Ex-Knight Errant Security Decker

"I specialize in quick response decking—I think well on my feet. I have an intimate knowledge of how IC works, and what can cause a system to go into shutdown. For instance, if you go in with your MPCP at max and about 300MP of utils, and crash into a green node . . . what? Oh, sorry, didn't mean to get too technical.

"Anyway, I am also well versed in decker dogfights, as this aspect of decking was my primary concern in my previous job. I've even got a couple of back doors into Knight Errant's system. "So what'll it be? Typical datasteal? Need some hot info? Need some corp to lose their records on you? I'm your man. Just slot your credstick . . . Gee, that's really too bad. Maybe you should try and find some punk with a Radio-Shack special."

Commentary:

The Ex-Knight Errant Security Decker got his training in a very atypical way for a shadowrunner—defending a friendly system from the inside. In spite of this, he is fully qualified to perform any job the typical shadowteam could need.

Attributes

Body 4
 Quickness 6
 Strength 3
 Charisma 2
 Intelligence 6
 Willpower 3

Skills

Computer 6
 Computer B/R 3
 Computer Theory 6
 Etiquette (Matrix) 5
 Firearms 4
 Essence 5.8
 Body Index 0
 Reaction 6 [10]
 Initiative +1d6 [+3d6]

Dice Pools

Combat 7
 Control NA
 Tracking 16

Cyberware

Datajack

Contacts

Dwarven Technician
 E-Wizzard

Gear

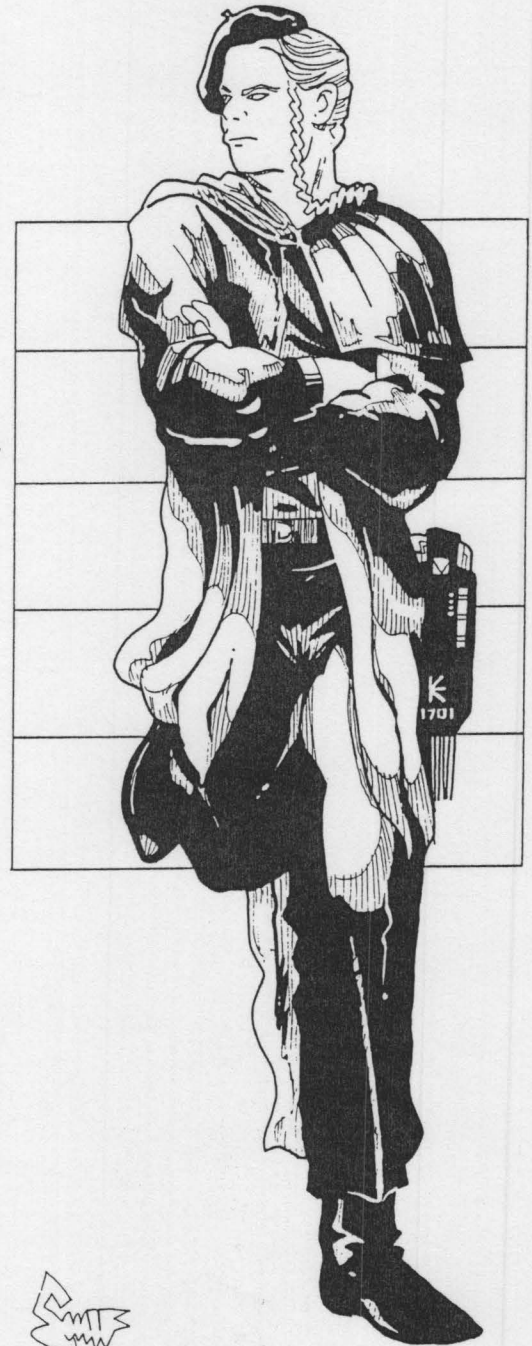
3 months High lifestyle prepaid
 Eurocar Westwind 2000
 Secure Longcoat (4/2)
 Ares Crusader MP with laser sight
 4 clips standard ammo
 Pocket Secretary
 Microtronics Toolkit
 Hitachi RM-AX Optical Chip Cooker
 Personal Computer (1500 MP)
 Color Printer

Fuchi Cyber-6 Cyberdeck

Response Increase 2
 + 300 MP active memory
 + 500 MP storage
 + 2000 MP offline storage
 2 hitcher jacks
 vidscreen
 level 3 case (4/3)

MPCP 8
 BOD 6
 MASKING 6
 EVASION 6
 SENSOR 6

IC Crusher Attack 6
 Hog 6
 Flytrap 5
 Friendly Puppy 6
 Large Hypo 5
 Mirror Balls 4
 Snake Oil 5
 Armor of God 5
 Scanner 6
 Probing Fingers IV 4
 Flowers Up the Sleeve 4
 Bodyguard 101 Smartframe



SWT
 WWT



Ex-Knight Errant Security Mage

"Knight Errant and I have terminated our professional relationship at my insistence. Actually, they were not truly worthy of my services.

"The job is against Knight Errant Security? I, um, believe I have other obligations at this time.

"That's funny, you seem to think the job is worth more than that."

Commentary

This security version of the ex-wage mage was trained into her field as soon as her talents were discovered, and her spells reflect this. A deadly opponent nonetheless, she feels her vast potential has been wasted in security work and has vacated her position. Still apprehensive about corporate reprisals, she now makes her way amongst the shadows, where her magical talents make her an asset to any team.

Attributes

Body 4
 Quickness 2
 Strength 2
 Charisma 4
 Intelligence 4
 Willpower 4

Essence 6
 Body Index 0
 Magic 6
 Reaction 3
 Initiative +1d6

Dice Pools

Combat 5
 Control NA
 Magic 6 (7)
 Astral 6

Cyberware
 None

Skills

Conjuring 4
 Etiquette (Corporate) 3
 Firearms 3
 Magic Theory 5
 Sorcery 6

Contacts

Bounty Hunter
 Company Man
 Corporate Security Guard
 Talismonger
 Corporate Official
 Corporate Rigger
 Corporate Scientist
 Plain Clothes Cop
 Snitch
 Wiz Kid Mage

Gear

Power Focus (1)
 Hermetic Conjuring Library (6) (optical chip)
 Hermetic Magic Theory Library (6) (optical chip)
 Ares Pedator with laser sight
 1 clip gel rounds
 1 clip normal ammo
 Armored Jacket
 2 F4 Fire Elemental summoning materials
 8 F4 Air Elemental summoning materials
 4 F4 Earth Elemental summoning materials
 Eurocar Westwind 2000
 1 Month High lifestyle prepaid

Spells

COMBAT
 Manabolt 4

DETECTION

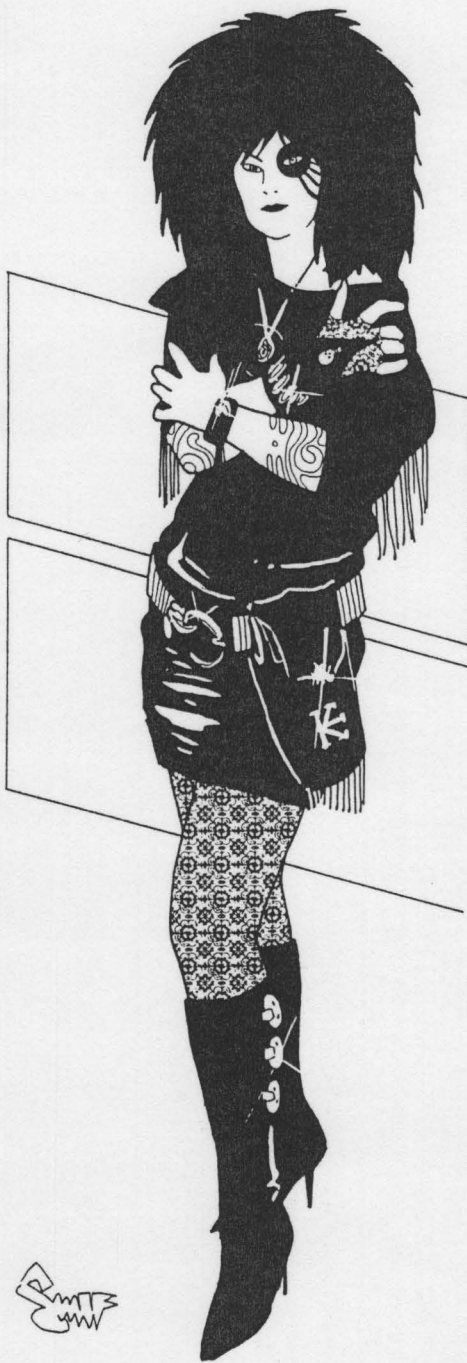
Analyze Device 4
 Analyze Truth 4
 Clairvoyance 2
 Mind Probe 4

HEALTH

Treat 3

MANIPULATION

Mana Barrier 4
 Flame Bomb 5



SWT
 WW



>>>>(Here's some data from the Land Down Under, Australasia. My mates are compiling this as quickly as possible for you to squiz at, so don't fret. Hope it helps you when you visit.)<<<<(Bronzed Aussie 22-Jan-2052 23:05:01)

Translations

bloke - guy

flat - apartment

G'Day - (abbr) Good Day, Greetings, Hello

>>>>(Good. Hopefully they will say it properly, rather than "Good `ay".)<<<<

(Annoyed 19-Feb-2053 15:00:15)

Mate - friend

petrol - gasoline

sheila - (slang) woman

struth - exclamation (abbr - God's truth)

ute - (abbr) utility van [pickup truck]

station - ranch (i.e. cattle station -> cattle ranch)

History of Australasia

Brisbane, and Australia in general, has been cushioned from the main effects of the events that shook the world so many years ago.

But Mother Earth had other thoughts in mind for Australia.

rn of the Millenium

On January 2, 2000, the referendum concerning turning Australia into a Republic and changing the flag went as most other referenda in the past. It was knocked back on both counts. Naturally, the Pro-Monarchists trumpeted their successes while the pro-republicans licked their wounds and planned their next assault.

The Australian Corporations carefully watched the outcome of the Seretech & Shiawise Court decisions with obvious interest. When the results were made public, the Australian corporations quietly began exploiting the loopholes made available to them.

Both Sides of the Coin

The Tasmanian state elections saw a totally independent Conservationist government come to power in May, 2004.

Their main platform was the protection of the environment, regardless of the consequences. The main target of the policies passed were the corporations who were starting to revel in their new-found freedom. The corporations reacted with threats of withdrawal from Tasmania, a threat that was carried out. The Tasmanian government rejoiced and began to implement some of their weirder policies.

The following year, BHP opened a Uranium mine in the Kakadu National Park after convincing the government that there were large profits to be made from the mine and, therefore, larger taxes.

End of the Old, Start of the New.

Australian Aborigines and New Zealand Maoris rioted in

sympathy for the Amerindians in early 2010. The response at first was to stop the rioting, but the corporations applied pressure for a more suitable resolution.

The indigenous peoples were driven from the major cities after they refused to stop their protests. The ex-city people were accepted into the outback communities and country towns where they had the numerical advantage.

During 2010, VITAS appeared in Australia, in isolated areas, along with the rest of the world. The Australian Government ordered all military forces to "destroy any attempt to enter the nation by people or forces outside of Australia." All security forces, mercenary outfits and commercial enterprises were more or less deputized to assist in this endeavour.

VITAS still managed to strike, though because of Australia's isolation, Australia fared well, with only 17 percent of the population dying from the plague.

23rd April 2011 saw the first reported sighting, and subsequent attack, of the Carnivorous Koala, or Drop Bear. Often a joke for gullible tourists back in the 1940's to 80's, its first victim was Wildlife Ranger Patrick Stone of Sydney.

The first cases of UGE were experienced, causing fears of another plague similar to VITAS. Fortunately, medical authorities quickly dispelled the hysteria, by unilaterally demonstrating that it wasn't contagious.

Monash Industries, one of Australia's largest native corporations, after undergoing severe restructuring, emerged as the Australian & New Zealand Amalgamated Corporations, ANZAC.

The Awakening

On December 24, 2011, the first mana storm struck the Campbell sheep station, 102 kms northwest of Hay, New South Wales. The station was the home of the Campbell family and their station hands, a total of 31 people.

When the three survivors spoke of the storm, few believed them, thinking it was shock from the storm. When the storms appeared elsewhere, again striking many isolated stations without warning, only then did the authorities take any notice and start to react.

Initially there was no method of determining the location of such a storm, because it didn't show up on any weather detection/monitoring equipment.

By 2014, most of the desert regions of the outback were lost to the storms, though some people still lived out there, some having unlocked the signs of an impending storm.

Welcome to Australasia

With the New Zealand economy growing worse, and the restrictions between the two nations growing more lax, the two nations finally merged into one.

January 26, 2015, Australia and New Zealand merged into one nation, formally named Australasia, though still called Australia. Surprisingly, Australasia prospered from the merger, and the New Zealand businesses thrived under a new and stable economic platform, as well as added funds from ANZAC.

2015 saw the creation of the other large, native mega-



corporation when Viking Enterprises, a maritime food production corporation, purchased the Woolworth chain. Viking specialized mainly in the food production area, far outstripping the efforts of the smaller rivals, often buying them out.

Land Rights

Since the 1980's, the Aboriginal Tribal Council (ATC) had repeatedly voiced their concern over the Land Rights issue in the political arena. Regardless of the party, the response was the same: tough luck.

The signing of the Denver Treaty changed the situation. Since the Amerindians could do it, they argued, so can we. For five months, every day, the ATC harrassed the government over the lack of action regarding land rights.

The government responded.

They gave the mana-storm-affected land to the ATC and told those who were officially 'of aboriginal blood' to live on their new lands. Aboriginal people, regardless of whether they wanted to or not, were sent out into the out-back to survive.

2018 also saw the death stroke occur to Longreach, Queensland. The spaceplane America crashed into the out-back town. The death toll reached 300, comprised mostly of townspeople. One of the major pieces of debris struck the Stockman's Hall of Fame, killing 57 tourists and staff.

Sydney Metroplex

February 28, 2020, saw the formation of the state of Sydney. The Sydney metroplex was formed along the lines of the Seattle Metroplex, except there was no real need for an international boundary.

The state capital was moved to Canberra, much to the delight of everyone except Canberrans themselves.

Papuan Emergency

Rising steadily over a period of two years, the tension between Papua-New Guinea and Indonesia reached flash-point in June, 2022. Armed tribesmen (mostly Trolls and Orks) supplied by the Indonesians attacked and destroyed an army camp near the border. The Indonesians used this as an excuse to annex prime mineral sites in PNG territory.

The PNG armed forces responded, causing the Indonesians to temporarily retreat. After a few months, they returned in force.

During the lull, Australia tried to help with the negotiations, but the peace ambassador was killed by Indonesian troops for reasons yet to be fully explained.

The Australasian Armed Forces activated and moved to protect interests in the area, closely followed and supported by Corporate security forces. These forces engaged in full scale warfare after the HMAS Darwin was struck on December 3, 2022, by Indonesian aircraft-launched missiles.

Over the next four years, the fighting was akin to that experienced 56 years before in the jungles of Vietnam. But the training of the soldiers and the technology difference (both in weapons and experimental cyberware) turned the

tide against the Indonesians.

The 'war' gave birth to one of Australasia's bigger corporations, Commonwealth Small Arms (CSA).

Melbourne Metroplex

After noting the successes and failures of the Sydney metroplex, Melbourne was officially declared the 11th State of Australasia.

Victoria's state capital was moved to Ballarat.

Breakthrough

A combined venture with New South Wales University of Technology, Macquarie University, Queensland University of Technology and Gaetronics Corporation, a working prototype fusion reactor went on-line on 13 March, 2027. It lasted 22 minutes before running away and detonating.

The data collected in those 22 minutes ensured that the next reactor would last longer. By year's end, fusion reactors were being built world-wide.

Crash of '29

When the computer virus appeared, it caught Australasia, like the rest of the world, off guard. The response was novel but drastic.

The Australasian Government, in a rare show of strength (and more surprisingly, common sense), ordered that the Australasian communications network connections to the Matrix be physically disconnected. With the entire Australasian communications system severed from the rest of the world, the next step was implemented: special receiving stations created to handle the normal communications traffic. All communications were received, extensively checked and, if given straight 100% passes, would be placed into the Australasian network. This created delays of up to 36 hours crossing the gap, but further damage caused by the virus was stopped cold.

The Australasian version of the Echo Mirage team hunted down the segments of the code that hid within the Australasian network by separating each computer from the network and backing up all the systems before reconnecting them to the Australasian Matrix.

Most of the corporations screamed long and loud, but eventually they saw the wisdom of the move.

When the Echo Mirage team finally succeeded, the Australasian Government allowed the Matrix to be reconnected to the Australasian network. The ability to disconnect the entire Australasian network still exists in case of another virus attack.

Big Business Violence

On February 13, 2030, Viking Enterprises, a Brisbane-based food production corporation, initiated an event that would reshape the commercial face of Australasia until the end of time.

To this day, no one really knows what happened to spark the most vicious fighting ever seen on Australasian soil, the Corp War. None of the ANZAC management has talked about it, and the corresponding members of Viking were



killed during the conclusion of the fighting.

Whatever the event, the response was swift. The then newly appointed Chief of Security, Susan Patrick, a combat experienced member of the Australasian Special Air Service Regiment, was basically given a free hand to stop Viking. She immediately, and almost publically, called on every available shadowrunner in Brisbane, Sydney, Melbourne and Perth for work. Viking also immediately beefed up their security and began to conduct covert activities against ANZAC.

Since both corporations were based in Brisbane, the brunt of the activities were conducted there. Initially, Viking conducted several successful raids with corporate manpower which caused severe damage while stopping many of the teams sent by ANZAC.

The two slugged it out for the next five months in a low level fight to the commercial death. But as time went on, ANZAC's shadow-runners, backed by Southern Cross Security forces, started to turn the tables on Viking.

On July 29th, 2030, an ANZAC shadowrunner team known as the Maroons paved the way for success when they were caught in an ambush set after a traitor tipped Viking off about the run. The Maroons not only destroyed the ambushers but also the facility they were meant to penetrate, which hosted several of the senior Board members of Viking Enterprises.

Within three hours, Southern Cross Security conducted a series of precision strikes on Viking facilities that devastated the corporation, killing the rest of the high level management and rendering the overall corporation a non-viable entity.

After paying fines for excessive use of military assets, ANZAC quietly picked up the pieces that were once Viking Enterprises and continued with business as usual.

Brisbane Metroplex Formed

The 1st Jan 2033 saw the formalization of the Brisbane Metroplex, the 12th state in Australia. The Metroplex covered the old shires and cities of Beaudesert, Caboolture, Gold Coast, Ipswich, Logan, Maroochy, Moreton, Landsborough, Pine Rivers, Redcliffe and Redland. The first Metroplex Premier was Sharon MacKenzie, a former member of the Queensland National Party.

Night of Rage

The effects of the Night of Rage were different from that seen in the rest of the world. Though many metahumans were killed or injured, it was the Asian community that bore the brunt of the rage in Australasia.

Of all the examples of the treatment of the metahumans around the world, the treatment of metahumans in Asian countries effected the Australasian people the most. They rallied behind the metahumans, assaulting the Asians with the same fury expressed against the metahumans in other countries.

>>>>(See outlook below for the reasons.)<<<<
"Matrix Bandit 07:11:08 15-Dec-2052)

Separationalists Strike

2045 saw the escalation of the Maori Land Rights efforts through armed struggle. The entire Southern Island of New Zealand became a war zone overnight as militant Maoris began taking control of the island, claiming it as a sovereign nation.

The government response was swift, but has proved to be futile. The Maoris use of magic and guerrilla warfare techniques learned during the PNG Emergency have made it difficult to totally defeat the Maoris.

To this date, only 30% of the island is controlled by government forces and the rest is disputed land.

2045 also saw the overthrow of the Tasmanian Government by the Aboriginal Tribal Council. Since the Conservationist government came to power, the Tasmanian cities moved progressively underground, allowing the natural flora and fauna to return.

This created the perfect means to take over Tasmania. The ATC forces blocked all entrances to the underground complexes and used chemical weaponry to neutralize the local security forces. The take-over was achieved without excessive fatalities.

Tasmania has since become a separate nation, with vast quantities of Aboriginal people moving to the island nation from the mana-storm-affected outback. While the government and many people demanded that some action be taken over the attack on Tasmania, the Corporations had other ideas. The Corporations had abandoned Tasmania earlier, so they considered it just and fair punishment for the Tasmanians. Soon, it was all forgotten, but all parties are monitoring the situation closely.

>>>>(There appears to be some outside interest in Tasmania. A couple of big shots from Tir Tairngire were spotted skulking around there and talking to the elders of the ATC. What they were there for is anyone's guess.)<<<<
(Foreign Affairs 10:10:35 13-Jun-2052)

The Present

Australasia currently is in the midst of a small scale civil war that eventually will end in favour of the Maoris, since the corporations have little interest in the area.

ANZAC slowly continues to buy out other native Corporations, one at a time, and has just recently announced that it has expanded overseas.

>>>>(Things are looking good down here, especially since the Japanese Corporations want to break ANZAC's strangle hold over Australasia. Many of the other megacorps are waiting in the wings. There could be blood in the streets soon, so stay tuned. News at eleven.)<<<<
(Bronzed Aussie 10:49:38 29-Jun-2052)

>>>>(Sorry about that, there was more coming, but some drekhead deker scragged the rest of the file. As we recover it, we'll reveal more.)>>>>
(Sysop 01:52:41 02-Jul-2052)



To make your mark in Australasia, you need to make it in Brisbane. Stretching from Noosa down to the New South Wales border, and as far inland as Toowoomba will allow it, Brisbane has something for everyone, including some of the nastiest security in the country.

With the Head Office of ANZAC situated in Brisbane, it is the economic centre of the country. As ANZAC buys more of the country, more of the 'support' industries will follow. Brisbane also lays claim to the biggest and most effective organized crime network in Australasia.

BRISBANE AT A GLANCE

- Size: 19,312 Square Kilometres
- Population: 5,481,975 (2052 Census)
- Population Density: 283.86 People / Sq Km.
- Per Capita Income: 31,000¥
- Below Poverty Level: 23%
- On Fortune's Active Trader List: 1.5%
- Corporate Affiliation: 90%

>>>>(ANZAC affiliation: 68.7%)<<<<
(Digger 03:05:57 11-Mar-2052)

- Shires/Cities: 15
- Education
- < 12 Years: 14%
- High School: 53%
- Graduate Degree: 23%
- Post Graduate Degree: 8%
- Hospitals and Clinics: 30
- LTG Access Number: 07/075/076/077

GEOGRAPHY/CLIMATE

The heart of the Brisbane State Metroplex, Brisbane City, is situated on the Brisbane River, approximately 10 Kms upstream from the mouth of the river.

Because the entire metroplex fronts the Pacific Ocean, weather conditions are bearable in the worst parts of summer, where temperatures average 29°C (usually in January) and drop down to an average low of 9.5°C in winter (normally in July). The average rainfall for the 'South East Corner', as it is still termed, is about 1199mm annually.

GOVERNMENT

The Brisbane Metroplex was formed on January 1, 2033, formally declared a state of the Commonwealth of Australasia, with the full rights of a state. The head of the state's government is the Premier, who was Sharon MacKenzie, a former member of the Queensland National Party. After the election, the Brisbane branch of the main political parties were formed to cover the new state.

Over the years, some things (unfortunately) remain the same. The major political parties, Labour (Left Wing) and National/Liberal coalition (Conservative) battle for control of the metroplex, with the Democrats (Central) trying to

match the efforts of their federal counterparts. The debates are heated, lively and usually produce little of consequence.

The Brisbane Government has repeatedly sunk numerous attempts to move the nation's capital from Canberra to Brisbane.

>>>>(That's drek!! The Brisbane State Government, along with any of the other state governments, can't stop them from doing it. It's Steve Monash and his ANZAC flunkies who are stopping them. He's got enough of the Canberra politicians in his pocket to stop anything he wants, if he wants to do the paperwork.)<<<<
(Analyst 11:31:13 18-Nov-2052)

ECONOMY

To say that the local economy is heavily dominated by ANZAC would be an understatement.

>>>>(Yeah. When Steve Monash announced a surprise holiday two years ago, most businesses had a seizure, ANZAC stock lost three points and most sarimen thought the end of the world had come.)<<<<
(Analyst 09:40:06 30-Apr-2052)

Since ANZAC refused to move to the 'conventional' seat of corporate power in Australasia (Sydney), most of the movers and shakers moved to Brisbane. Now most of the Australasian Head Offices are located in Brisbane (mainly the Chermside Ward) and follow ANZAC's lead whenever possible.

CRIME

Depending on who you talk to, the level of crime in Brisbane fluctuates from "sporadic incidents of illegal behaviour" to "at the point of declaring martial law."

The worst part of the crime situation is that the largest organized crime 'family' is run by a person known as Twilight. No one knows who, or what, Twilight is, even after ANZAC set up a subsidiary to ferret Twilight out.

>>>>(Enter the other big unknown, Mr. Proncs. As the first director of Discoveries Unlimited, Proncs made some headway against Twilight, something that hasn't been matched by his successor, Alex Koeing. Talk has it that a Patrik will take control if Koeing doesn't produce some results.)<<<<
(Peelerman 15:45:55 21-May-2052)

>>>>(Lord help everyone if Sandra Patrik is the one who takes over. No one knows what she'll do from one day to the next. Not even Sandra!)<<<<
(Analyst 20:33:43 22-May-2052)

>>>>(But the mystery of Proncs was that no one had ever heard of him before he took the spot. Since old David Monash was a stickler for references, usually everyone he hired had a rap sheet a mile long.)<<<<
(Matrix Bandit 08:38:20 01-Jun-2052)



LAW ENFORCEMENT

Believe it or not, the law enforcement is the Brisbane State Police Service. The real government-run institution of old.

Brisbane's police are some of the touchiest in the world. Steve Monash has said that is more than willing to let Southern Cross take up the slack at anytime, but the BPS has kindly refused. This means the local police take their job very seriously and cut very little slack.

>>>>(The spectre of the Fitzgerald Report of the 1990's still looms over the heads of the local police. The fastest way to land in gaol is to try to bribe a cop. They're so touchy over it, they won't accept anything for free when in uniform, and are very careful even when out of uniform.)<<<< (Peelerman 01:49:12 06-Jul-2052)

TRANSPORTATION

Brisbane now has a fully integrated public transport system that can take you from one end of the 'plex to the other. The trains and buses complement each other; where one services an area, the other will have little or no representation except to provide a transfer point.

The three international airports, Brisbane, Coolangatta and Noosa Internationals, each handle all types of flights. Smaller aerodromes, like Archerfield, mainly cater to the all commuter flights. Most buildings have helipads on the roof to handle this form of transport.

ENTERTAINMENT

If it's legal to do, there is somewhere to do it.

For sometime, the standing joke was that the difference between Queensland (including Brisbane) and yoghurt was that yoghurt had a more active culture. But in Brisbane City itself there are three theatres, twenty sim centres, even two old film theatres.

Apart from the pubs, clubs or R.S.L.'s that dot the metroplex, there is plenty for the more cultured. Art galleries, museums, live theatres and a steady selection of social events are more than ready to alleviate the boredom after a long week's work.

The tourist has an equally impressive list of places to go, people to meet and things to do.

For the sports fan there are multitudes of sports to choose from, all with national level representation. The Brisplex based teams for the national competitions are:

- Australian Football League - Brisbane Bears
- Australasian Rugby League - Brisbane Broncos
- Australasian Rugby Union - Brisbane Grays
- Australasian Basketball League - Brisbane Bullets
- Australasian Urban Brawl League - Regulators, Marauders New Guard
- Australasian Paintball League - Marauders Old Guard

>>>>(The Old Guard houses all the retired Urban Brawlers from the New Guard. They're a mean bunch of oldies (youngest is 30), but they haven't been beaten for the past 112 games.)<<<< (Bloodsport Fan 03:25:58 02-Mar-2052)

- Australasian Combat Bike League - Mongrels
- Australasian Netball League - Brisbane Bombers

MAJOR CORPORATIONS

Australian New Zealand Amalgamated Corporations
(See main article)

Commonwealth Small Arms

CSA has its only non-Adelaide plant in Brisbane, out in Beaudesert. CSA has developed mainly firearms for commercial and private use, though it has branched out recently with Hyundai, producing a series of military grade missiles.

This plant produces mainly ammunition as well as providing the test grounds for some of their small weapons systems.

>>>>(The word is they have struck a deal with Hyundai to purchase stock from each other, mainly as a means to keep ANZAC out of their hair and profits.)<<<< (Stock Broker 18:41:32 08-Jul-2052)

Fuchi

Fuchi has refused to release its ever tenuous hold in Australasia, fighting ANZAC, Hacker Zone and other smaller businesses with all guns blazing. (Literally in some cases.)

The recent attempt by Fuchi to start a price war has backfired for the megacorp, seeing the sales increase dramatically for its competitors while their sales fell by 12% in the process.

Federated Boeing

Federated Boeing had a production plant operating in Maroochy Shire, but it has been wound down since the end of the Malayan Rebellion. Now it is being converted to some form of research facility.

>>>>(There's no other explanation for the increase in the security on the site.)<<<< (Digger 14:52:51 20-Mar-2052)

United Petrochemical Corporations

Formally AMPOL, UPC bought three of the Australian divisions of the main petrol companies after the Crash of '29.

UPC also bought all the refinery and storage facilities in the Brisplex area, converting some of the plants to ethanol production (much to the rejoicing of the local sugar cane farmers) and others remained as they were.



>>>>(Check this!! UPC has found an economical means of synthesizing petrol from ethanol. Though they are denying it, it will give them the ability to hold the ever-hungry ANZAC from swallowing them up.)<<<<
(Chemist 07:08:04 11-Jan-2053)

PLACES OF INTEREST.

Monash House

Monash House is the Head Office of the ANZAC Corporate Empire, with the throne on the 13th Floor.

>>>>(All the Monash CEOs believe it has brought them the good luck that has kept them going.)<<<<
(Matrix Bandit 18:06:29 11-Dec-2052)

Monash House also contains a full company of Bushrangers whose sole duty is to protect the building from hostile visitors.

Queensland University of Technology

Even though the name suggests otherwise, QUT has an excellent Department of Magical Studies. Even with the warning that fatalities can occur during the course of studies (7 fatalities last year), there are always about twice the number of applicants than there are positions available.

The reason for the popularity of the course is that it emphasizes practical uses for magic. One example is the crossover with civil engineering, using arcane arts to enhance the structures built.

Lone Pine Koala Sanctuary

Apart from the main interest, Lone Pine also has successfully bred the Drop Bear, or Carnivorous Koala and is hoping to repeat its successes with the pair of Hoop Snakes which were recently purchased.

PUBS, BARS & NIGHTCLUBS.

Terminus Bar

The Terminus Bar was originally named because the old trams ended their runs there at the turn of the 1900s. Now it keeps its name due to the fatalities that occur there at regular intervals.

>>>>(The police will not answer any call that originates from the Terminus Bar. They have issued a flat warning that you enter at your own risk. A night without at least one attempted geeking is considered a quiet night.)<<<<
(Peelerman 17:04:45 10-Apr-2052)

The most famous patron of the Terminus bar is Yaaklya Noshiro, elven businessman and alleged crime lord. No one knows why he chooses this bar to frequent, but he can be seen there at least once a week.

>>>>(Anyone notice Yaakyla's new set of wheels? Namely the wheel chair?)<<<<
(Jackaroo 21:23:09 10-Jan-2053)

>>>>(Sure did. Had something to do with 'high kinetic energy poisoning' above the kneecaps. Shame about that.)<<<<
(Panther 10:03:45 12-Jan-2053)

>>>>(Panther, I have a few 'mates' who would like to talk to you about the source of the poisoning.)<<<<
(Yaakyla Noshiro 12:00:00 13-Jan-2053)

>>>>(You mean had a few 'mates'. They weren't very talkative when I met them. Hope you can find some replacements for them. Oh, Glider sends her love.)<<<<
(Panther 07:01:23 21-Jan-2053)

Boggo Road

A one time gaol, sorry, correctional facility, it was closed in 1992 because of "barbaric living conditions." Soon after the closure, a private firm bought it and converted it into a 'recreational centre'.

Garden of Eden

The Garden of Eden was converted from an old warehouse back in the 1990's. As soon as the renovations were complete, the owner had an apple tree planted in the corner furthest from the door. As the tree grew large enough, Montigue, a Carpet Snake (native python) was released, taking residence in the tree.

When the awakening occurred, Monty transformed into a Naga.

The Garden is a hangout for the magically active only. There is a private bar for special clients, though once accepted, the magician must supply a spell design (force 6) to go on the bar or surrounds.

The three barkeepers, named (really) Gabriel, Michael and Lucifer, are all initiate hermetic mages of considerable talent.

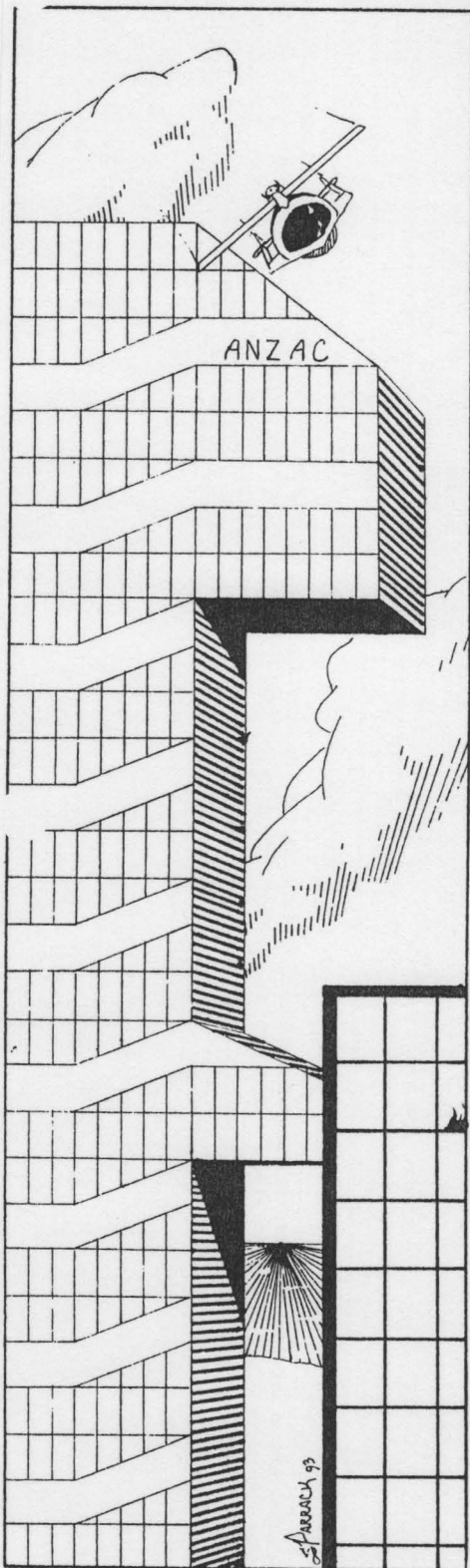
But, do they have a good brew (or a dozen if that's your choice!).

>>>>(The main reason is that if you are accepted, you join the magic group based there. All the barkeepers are members also. Limited to those who cast spells.)<<<<
(Panther 12:34:59 12-Jan-2053)

United Bikers Club.

UBC is the main hangout for the Mongrels Combat Biker Team. Any night at least one of the team is behind the bar or bashing heads to quell any fights.

Despite the normal patrons of the UBC, this venue is one of the launching points of the up and coming bands and singers. This also tends to attract the sprawlers, who are a constant source of trouble at the club.



Australia & New Zealand Amalgamated Corporations (ANZAC)
 Head Office Location : Monash House, 118 Gympie Road, Kedron, Brisbane Metroplex, Australasia

President/CEO : Steven Monash

Principal Divisions

Division Name : AusComm
Division Head : Bruce Jackson
Location : Auckland, New Zealand
Chief Product & Services : Communication Services

AusComm maintains the Matrix in Australasia, land lines and satellite communications. AusComm has continued to make breakthroughs in communications technology, enabling the mana storm beleaguered Alice Springs to talk to the outside world 10% of the time.

Division Name : Southern Cross Security
Division Head : Susan Patrik
Location : Brisbane Metroplex
Chief Product & Services : Physical, Matrix and Magical Security

Supplying broad-based protection services for the clients, from personal protection to full range protection of corporate assets.

Southern Cross Security, or SCS, started as the main protection of Monash\ANZAC corporate assets. Only after the change to ANZAC did SCS branch out into the commercial security field.

Southern Cross Security are equipped and trained to handle any situation, from performing standard policing duties to conducting full offensive military actions.

SCS also leases personnel, in complete combative units, to the Australasian Army. These units are used to bolster the armed forces in South New Zealand. This situation rankles the upper echelons of the military, but they gladly receive all the help they can get.

Division Name : Australian Media Services
Division Head : Paula Packer
Location : Sydney, New South Wales

Chief Product & Services : Trideo Network (TVN 9), Datafax and Trideo Productions

AMS is the largest corporation of its kind in Australasia. It competes with the other six Australasia-wide trideo networks, and also against the 21 datafax networks.

Division Name : Gifts of the Earth
Division Head : Catherine Monash-Koeing
Location : Perth, Western Australia
Chief Product & Services : Mining, metal refineries.

Gifts of the Earth is Australasia's most successful mining concern, somehow managing to make profits from mines in the Outback along with those elsewhere in Australasia and Papua New Guinea.

Division Name : ANZAC North America
Division Head : Sabastian Koeing
Location : Seattle, UCAS
Chief Products & Services : Varied products and services.

ANZAC NA is the coordinating arm of ANZAC on the North American continent. Currently, ANZAC NA handles all commercial interests directly, except for security, which is handled by KMK Security. (See below)

Division Name : KMK Security
Division Head : Kerran Patrik
Location : Seattle, UCAS
Chief Products & Services : Physical & Matrix Protection.

KMK Security is a subsidiary of Southern Cross Security, but is managed by ANZAC NA. While KMK only operates in the Seattle Metroplex, it is planned that KMK will be the North American Branch of the security firm.

>>>>(You got it right kiddies. He is none other than Susan's nephew, and the talent runs thick in that family. At least you've been warned.) <<<<
 (ANZAC Insider 10:01:49 21-Mar-2052)

Employees:
 Not Available.

>>>>(I have it pegged at about 78,000 worldwide. The records are buried deep with a few dataslaves prowling around for kicks.) <<<<
 (Weasel 05:19:37 20-Mar-2052)

>>>>(Hoi Weasel, how did Cory's last story go? I heard it got "shot down" with his Lear. Ha Ha Ha.) <<<<
 (Bounty Hunter 07:12:58 22-Mar-2052)

>>>>(No comment, drekhead.) <<<<
 (Weasel 09:09:18 22-Mar-2052)



Business Profile & History :

Originally, ANZAC was Monash Industries, a white goods manufacturing firm that dated back to the 1960's. When the economic difficulties of the 80s & 90s struck, Monash actually grew stronger. As the economy picked up, Monash Industries, with several other Corporations, began to gain further control of Australian businesses.

Monash Industries also bought into New Zealand companies, which gave it that small edge over its opponents.

The year 2010 saw the change from Monash Industries to the Australia & New Zealand Amalgamated Corporations—ANZAC. The new CEO, Alex Monash (the fourth generation to hold the position), began to actively gain further control of the local corporations.

2030 saw an escalation between ANZAC and rival Viking Enterprises, the only other Brisbane-based corporation. In the five and a half month war, shadowrunners and corporate military forces battled for control. Eventually, ANZAC destroyed Viking Enterprises.

After quietly dealing with the legal actions that followed, ANZAC absorbed the Viking subsidiaries and started to squeeze out other rival large scale corporations.

>>>>(When ANZAC bought at least 5% of everything, they bought at least 55% of the government.) <<<<?
(Matrix Bandit 16:32:51 17-Mar-2052)

>>>>(Try 83%. (266 out of 321)) <<<<
(Public Servant 21:01:28 19-Mar-2052)

During the Corp War, ANZAC released a shadowrunner team called the Maroons on Viking Enterprises. Apart from the team members themselves, only Susan Patrik knows who they are. For four straight months they performed numerous runs on Viking, never falling to complete a run. After the Corp War was over, the team disappeared.

>>>>(Too damn right!! Those drekking bastards chewed up my sec team, leaving me with a set of false legs for the rest of my life. Not only that, I can't find work anywhere else, 'cause I worked for Viking. Down with ANZAC!!) <<<<
(Viking Man 13:00:42 20-Apr-2052)

ANZAC now simply controls the vast network of subsidiaries spreading out across Australasia. ANZAC is slowly trying to control all the businesses, though some are not in favour of this acquisition program.

>>>>(Commonwealth Small Arms is proving to be a thorn in their side. So far, they have

successfully resisted twelve attempts at a takeover. But ANZAC has managed to go from 9.32% to 15.78% and increasing share prices by 32% in the process. It's only a matter of time.) <<<<
(Business Analyst 15:12:28 23-Apr-2052)

Security/Military Services :

The security forces cover all possibilities, land, sea or air. They are well trained with high morale since their success against Viking.

ANZAC isn't worried about using force to protect its interests, especially against fellow corporations. (re Viking and Federated Boeing)

SCS also sports the Bushrangers, an elite group of security personnel. They are equipped with the best that money can get (not necessarily buy) and only come out when the drek hits the fan by the truckload.

>>>>(Best thing that ever happened to Monash-ANZAC was Susan Patrik. The SAS were a bunch of silly buggers for what they did to her.) <<<<
(Digger 06:13:03 13-Mar-2052)

>>>>(Bushrangers?!? Wouldn't that be the same as an UCAS outfit calling their elite personnel 'Outlaws'?) <<<<
(Yankee 10:41:25 15-Mar-2052)

>>>>(If you saw who they recruit, you'd understand.) <<<<
(Roo 21:41:10 17-Mar-2052)

>>>>(Watch what you say Roo. I know where you live!) <<<<
(Bushranger 08:03:19 18-Mar-2052)

Corporate Personalities

CEO & President
Steven Monash

Steven is the sixth generation of the Monash family controlling ANZAC/Monash Industries. He took control of ANZAC after the death of his father David in 2047 and has demonstrated the flair for business his forebearers had, as well as having a knack of pre-empting the opposition. The classic example was beating Fuchi's Bloodhound Trace ICE with their Hellhound Trace & Burn. (The legal action is continuing.)

The quiet dwarf has shown that he is willing to keep ANZAC a GROWING concern—at the cost of any comers.

Director, Southern Cross Securities
Susan Patrik

Susan Patrik voluntarily resigned her commission from the Australasian Army's Special Air Service because of sexual discrimination. She immediately joined ANZAC with the provision that she be

given a free reign over the security forces. No more than 11 days after gaining control of security, the Corp War started.

She organized the security forces, recruited runners and formed the now feared Bushrangers.

The elven physical adept is not afraid to do whatever is needed to complete an assigned task, a characteristic which has caused some trouble between Steven Monash and her of late. But, as she still produces the results, the tension is overlooked.

>>>>(She reminds people by beating the drek out of them if they forget. She's one mean elf, cyberarm and all.) <<<<
(Battered 07:19:06 29-Apr-2052)

Director, Special Services
A. I. Proncs

Proncs was hired about 12 years ago to head Discoveries Unlimited and few people have actually seen him. His exact area of expertise is unknown. He simply does what is asked of him, and does whatever he wants the rest of the time.

Four years later, he was transferred to the head of Special Services, the arm of ANZAC that handles anything they are asked to do.

Rumour has it that he is the protege of Derrick Rommache, Head of ANZAC's Computer Division, since Rommache has been in constant communication with him over the past few months.

Director, Artificial Intelligence Research
Derrick Rommanche

When ANZAC bought his contract from Renraku back in 2012, no one knew what effect the then graduate would have.

Specializing in Expert Systems/Artificial Intelligence/Natural Language Processing, he is responsible for the 'jacking' up of the ANZAC ICE, as well as a few other novelties used by matrix security.

Currently, rumours abound that there has been a breakthrough which has allowed a prototype AI to be tested at the Daisy Hill Computer Research Complex.

>>>>(If there is one, that's were the fragger will be, doing tricks under Romanche's steady gaze.) <<<<
(Matrix Bandit 20:03:55 19-Mar-2052)

>>>>(Prototype?!?!? That's all drek! Rommache has got a 'pet' AI operating at the Daisy Hill Complex for some years now. I've seen the records and its been named P(terminated by user) <<<<
(<<<< 23:11:34 21-Mar-2052)

>>>>(Don't they mean 'terminated user'??) <<<<
(Glider 23:22:58 21-Mar-2052)



>>>>(G'day from Down Under. Since the rest of the world has gone off and forgotten about us for the most part, I thought it would be fair (and sporting) to tell you that we're still here. That and we're exporting our most successful product to you blighters in UCAS—ANZAC.

But I digress. Since there is little about us apart from XXXX beer, Fosters and Koala's in advertising, my mates and I have put our skulls together to give you the Australasian Survival Guide.

Read it carefully. Hopefully, you may learn something and turn out to be far better people. Ha ha ha.)<<<<
(Bronzed Aussie 09:00:07 05-May-2052)

The Australasian Survival Guide.

Law And Order
(By Legal Eagle, KC)

Well, when I was approached to outline the legal system for our chief editor, Bronzed Aussie, I was a little sceptical. Then he told me why, and after looking at the old 'USA system, I think a little history lesson is in order.

The Way It Was.

In Australia back in the previous millenium, there were two levels of police jurisdiction: Federal and State.

The Federal Police have the same powers as the Federal Bureau of Investigation; they can chase the criminals anywhere in the country, regardless of the state boundaries.

A State policeman, on the other hand, was limited to the state he serves. But a policeman normally based in Brisbane could perform his duties in Cairns without worrying about jurisdiction, since both are in the same state.

There was no county level law enforcement such as found in the old USA, nor were there any 'precincts'. In Australia, the police went where they were needed, without the hassle of determining whether they had strayed into someone else's precinct/county.

Gun laws were a slight bit unusual by US standards as well.

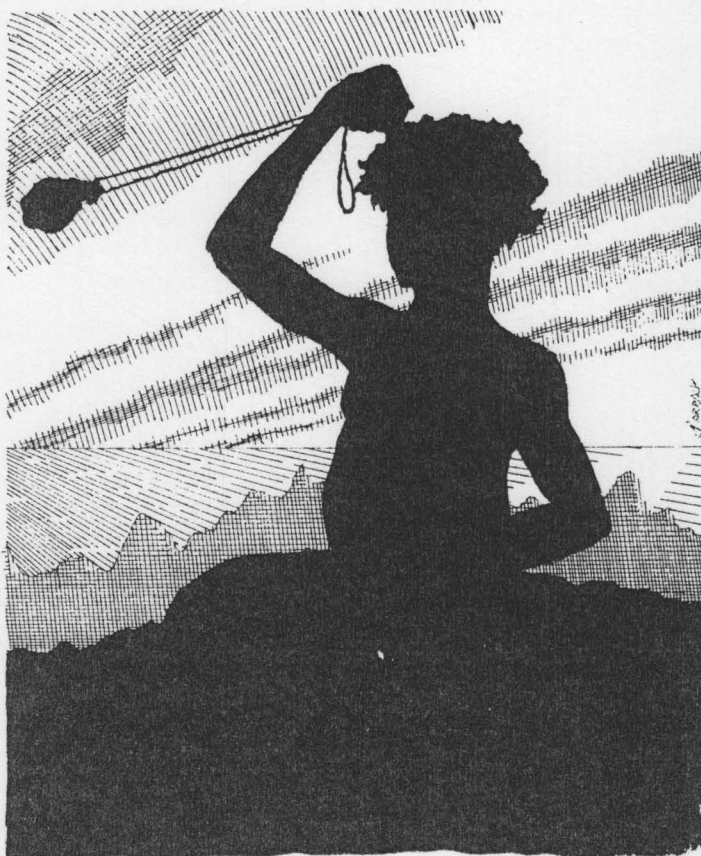
Ownership of any longarms was, and still is, a right that any citizen can exercise, as long as prior offenses haven't been committed with them. Transporting of lon-

garms is legal as long as precautions are taken to ensure public safety.

The exception to this is the fully automatic weapon. This was, and is, highly illegal.

The Australian legal system had a strong view on concealable weapons, the view being that you can't have them. FULL STOP.

Under certain strict conditions, pistols could be owned, but the checks, condi-



tions and general interest of the Police give the average criminal a tough time getting his hands on one.

The Way It Is.

Well, some things just don't change. The current laws on firearms and concealable weapons still hold true, and the Police still like to punish offenders rather badly.

Australasia still has the Government-run Police Services, both Federal and State, supplimented by Corporate Security Services (such as Southern Cross Security), though their powers are limited in general law enforcement.

Cyberware.

The legal system here came up with a method of dealing with cyberware that seemed at the time the coward's way out, but has proved to be an effective method. If the cyberware isn't a weapon (i.e. cyber-spur), it's legal.

That's right, mate. LEGAL.

The same argument was used as with the great gun debates of the past: it isn't the item that is illegal/harmful, it is the way it's used. Therefore, unless it is used in a criminal act, the cyberware is harmless.

But in 2040, the government passed a bill stating that any reflex enhancing modifications (wired/boosted reflexes & VCR 3) must be registered. If you are pulled up and are not registered, a sizable donation to Consolidated Revenue will be extracted (literally—failure to pay a fine can see cyberware removed to pay the fine at a rate of 45% of the current value) and you will be registered.

Why? Ask the federal bureaucrats, only they know.

Back to cyberware and crime. If you perform a criminal act, are caught and convicted, the base penalty is added again for each piece of cyberware that can be proven to have been used to commit the felony.

E.G. Slick the Samurai does a data steal. He uses his cyberarm to remove a door and the headware memory to hold the stolen file.

He is charged with illegal entry, theft and industrial espionage. The penalty is 25 years. Since it was proved that he used his headware memory to carry out this crime, the overall sentence is increased to 50

years (25 for the original sentence & 25 years for the use of headware memory.)

If they managed to prove he used his cyberarm, the sentence would have been 75 years.

Criminal Charges

Type	Sentence
Arson	7,000¥/1-2 yrs
Assault	2,500¥/1 yr
Battery	3,000¥/18mths
Extortion	1-4 yrs
Forcible Confinement	3-6 yrs
Fraud	1-5 yrs
Illegal Entry	1-5 yrs
Kidnapping	7-15 yrs
Larceny (Petty)	1-3 yrs



Larceny (Grand)	5-20 yrs
Manslaughter *	15 Yrs
Murder (Premeditated)**	Life (500 Yrs @)
Murder ***	50 Yrs
Negligence	1-5 yrs
Rape	7-10 yrs
Rape (Statutory)	10-15 yrs
Reckless Endangerment	5,000¥/1-2 yrs
Solicitation	3,000¥/6 mths
Trafficking	Life
Treason	50,000¥/Life
Vandalism	1,500¥

Accessory	25%
Conspiracy	50%-75%

* equiv. Murder 3
 ** equiv. Murder 1
 *** equiv. Murder 2

@ Life sentences are normally set at 2/3 the natural life span (i.e. 50 years for humans). Since no one knows the life span for elves, the Australasian law council has set the sentence length to 500 years, with the ability to alter the sentence as statistics become available.

Law Levels

Each of the penalties are for Possession | Transport | Use | Intent (As per ShadowTech/Sprawl Sites. Threat is treated as Intent)

Category

- (A) Small Bladed Weapon
500¥ | 1,000¥ | 2,500¥ & 6 mths | 5,000¥ & 2 yrs
- (B) Large Bladed Weapon
300¥ | 750¥ | 2,000¥ & 6 mths | 4,000¥ & 18 mths
- (C) Blunt Weapon
300¥ | 750¥ | 2,000¥ & 6 mths | 4,000¥ & 18 mths
- (D) Projectile
250¥ | 400¥ | 5,000¥ & 6 mths | 10,000¥ & 3yrs
- (E) Pistol
1,000¥ | 2,500¥ | 3 yrs | 10 yrs
- (F) Rifle
500¥ | 1,250¥ | 5,000¥ & 6 mths | 10,000¥ & 2 yrs
- (G) Automatic Weapon
1,250¥ | 3,000¥ & 6 mths | 10,000¥ & 1 yr | 25,000¥ & 5yrs
- (H) Heavy Weapon
3,000¥ | 7,500¥ & 1 yr | 15,000¥ & 4 yrs | 10 yrs

- (I) Explosive
1,000¥ | 2,500¥ | 2 yrs | 7 yrs
- (J) Military Weapon
10,000¥ & 2yrs | 20,000¥ & 5 yrs | 10 yrs | 20yrs - Life
- (K) Military Armour
5,000¥
- (L) Military Ammunition
5,000¥
- (BA) Class A Bioware
Not Applicable
- (BB) Class B Bioware
Not Applicable
- (BC) Class C Bioware
Not Applicable
- (CA) Class A Cyberware
Not Applicable
- (CB) Class B Cyberware
Not Applicable
- (CC) Class C Cyberware
Not Applicable
- (CD) Class D Matrix Tech
Not Applicable
- (EA) Class A Equipment
2,000¥
- (EB) Class B Equipment
5,000¥
- (EC) Class C Equipment
10,000¥
- (MA) Class A Controlled
1,000¥
- (MB) Class B Controlled
5,000¥
- (MC) Class C Controlled
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General Outlook.

(by Soche Al Lite)

Australasians are a fairly easy going people, but can be tenacious when they put their minds to it. Never to forget a mate, nor forget a slight, they go about with an air of confidence born of the battling spirit that litters the Australasian history.

The one habit the Australasians have that surprises the outsider the most is the treatment of newcomers. Whenever newcomers enter the scene, they are immediately set upon. They are verbally put down, given humiliating tasks to perform

and/or become the brunt of jokes for a while. But after a certain time marker is passed, they are accepted as a mate. From this point on, they still get the occasional 'jab in the ribs', but it is a friendly one.

Mateship is hard to define to someone who hasn't experienced it. It is similar to friendship, but goes beyond it.

Cost of Living

ITEM	COST
Weaponry	
Ammunition	75%
Explosives	200%
Firearms Accessories	120%
Firearms(Pistols)	90%(200%)
Armour	
Armour	100%
Surveillance and Security	
Communications	100%
Security Devices	100%
Surveillance Countermeasures	80%
Surveillance Measures	150%
Vision Enhancements	100%
Lifestyle	
Lifestyle	90%
Medical	50%
Electronics	
Electronics	75%
Cybertech	
Bodyware	100%
Cyberdecks	75%
Headware	100%
Internals	100%
Programs	75%
Magical Equipment	
Foci	100%
Hermetic Libraries	90%
Magical Supplies & Materials	100%
Vehicles	
Aircraft	105%
Boats	110%
Ground Vehicles	100%
Military Vehicles	Yeah, right.

Street indexes are the same as listed in Shadowtech, though double all numbers for equipment that is concealable.

Aslans.

Aslans are openly disliked, close to being hated.

Being south of at least 200 million Aslans within striking distance tends to increase fears, both real and phantom, of the great "yellow peril."

In the 1980's and 1990's, Japanese corporations and rich individuals were buying up land and business in Australia, mainly in the tourism industry. Despite many objections on all levels, these occurrences continued almost unabated.

In 2002, the Japanese corporations pulled out of the Australian tourism industry after the Japanese turned to Europe as their preferred holiday area. The effect was



almost shattering on the economy. This, coupled with the manner in which the businesses, hotels and tourist attractions were first purchased, left a bitter taste in the mouths of most Australians. They started actively boycotting Japanese businesses and products and bought local goods instead. The influx of cash helped the floundering local businesses no end.

VITAS was another contributing factor toward the dislike of Asians. There were two well documented cases where Asian boat people, trying to escape the plague, brought it with them to Australia. Although this was not the means by which the plague first arrived, it certainly didn't help. There were many cases of vandalism against Asian communities throughout Australia; fortunately, there were few fatalities.

The final straw was the Night of Rage. The newfaxes and trideo news services showed the atrocities that were committed upon the metahumans worldwide. Australasian new services naturally concentrated on the Asian reactions.

As repeated scenes of violence against the metahumans spread across the trideos around the nation, the pent-up rage spilled over into the streets. The targets were the Asians, not the metahumans (see metahumans below). With a callousness similar to that which everyone else had against the metahumans, the Australasians destroyed Asian homes, assaulted and killed thousands of people of Asian descent, regardless of how long they had lived in the country.

Ironically, the Japanese are starting to return to Australasia as tourists. Being irrational, but not stupid, the Australasians are accepting the Asians AS TOURISTS. Their money is as good as anyone's, so if they want to spend it here, fine. Their money can stay, but they can't.

Tensions have increased between ANZAC, United Tourism Industries and the combined Japanese corporations who are trying to buy tourism businesses. Every move made by the Japanese has been actively blocked by these two Australasian corporations. Rumours abound that a nasty corporate war is brewing, but that remains to be seen.

>>>>(The way the Australasians are provoking things, there will be. One example is

that both the Ambassador and Chargé d' Affaires are both Trolls with a near perfect understanding of Japanese etiquette.)<<<<
(Blue 15:07:49 16-Jun-2052)

>>>>(Not to mention the 19 other metahumans who are awaiting posting to Japan should anything happen to these two.)<<<<
(Foreign Affairs 21:42:11 18-Jun-2052)

the newcomer has shown his/her worth, almost a Rite of Passage. Once passed, you're a mate for life.

The Asian reaction to metahumans helped speed up this process, making them more quickly accepted than if they were ordinary immigrants. Where the Asians treated them almost as non entities, the Australasians totally ignored the fact that they were any different from other humans. Within 10 years of their appearance, metahumans were getting jobs based on their capabilities.

Humanis Polclub.

If there is an organization that has had no end of trouble trying to start, it's the Humanis Polclub.

The general perception of Australasians is that they are, or were, racist, to which the reply was invariably "No we're not! We hate EVERYBODY!! ha-ha-ha."

The first incidence of metahuman-based terrorism occurred on the night of September 2, 2026, when the home of Thomas Grayson, a dwarven mining engineer, was demolished by a bomb, killing him, his wife and three children, two neighbours and injuring twelve others, all metahumans. The Melbourne police firmly established the fact that Alamos 20,000 was responsible for the atrocity.

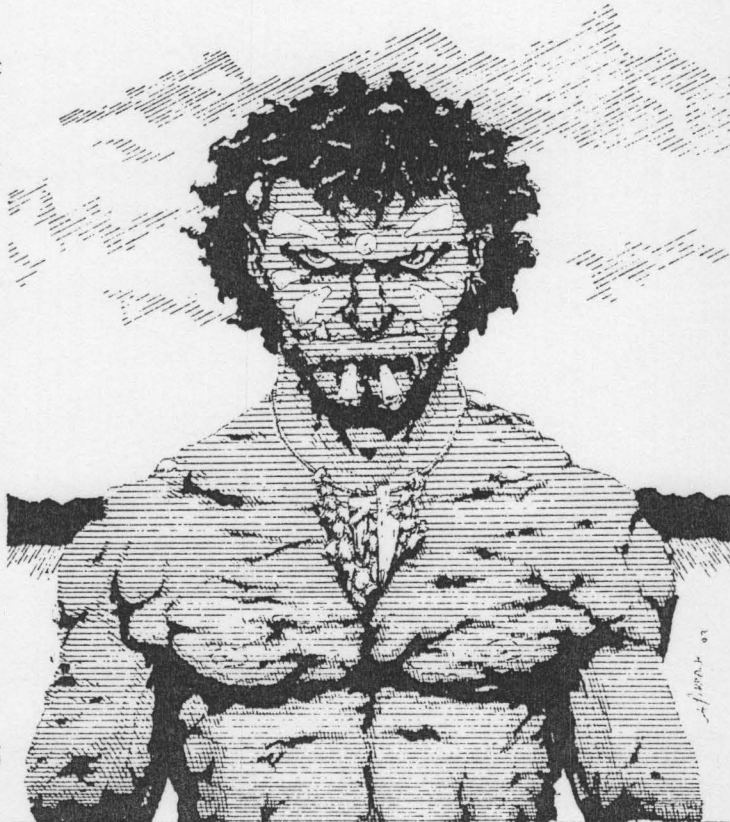
The shock waves rippled throughout Australasia, this being the worst terrorist attack ever on Australasian soil.

Three days later, outside the Wynnum Police Station in Brisbane, seven bodies were found by Constable Susan Smith as she arrived for her shift. Six of them were identified as UCAS citizens,

members of the Humanis Polclub, the seventh a local fixer of some note. With the bodies was a note: "For the Grayson Family."

When the Humanis Polclub tried to set up its first chapter house four years later in Sydney, their first turnout was completely made up of metahumans. When the police were called in, the Humanis Polclub members were rounded up and charged with disturbing the peace.

Whenever the Humanis Polclub has tried to set up a chapter house, they have received the same result: all metahumans wanting to join. Surprisingly enough, the polclub has given up trying.



Metahumans.

Metahumans are treated like the Italians, Greeks and other European immigrants of the 1940's and 50's; dump on them for 15 to 20 years, then accept them as part of the scenery.

When they first started appearing around the time of VITAS, people thought they were carriers, or in some other way connected with the plague. Fortunately for them, medical authorities unanimously declared that the appearance of metahumans was independent of the VITAS plague sweeping the nation.

For a time they were the brunt of jibs, insults and general putting down. It is characteristic of Australians to do this until



I hate being thought of as an assassin. It is such a demeaning label. The word conjures up images of stabbing innocent people in the back, or geeking honest public servants for unscrupulous characters.

Unfortunately, assassination is what I know best. It's my heritage

I personally prefer keeping people alive. It's usually safer and easier work, and there is a lot more demand for it. I often serve as a combination wet nurse and bodyguard to corp suits who have business in the seamier sides of Seattle. That's my job tonight, but it offends me that, as usual, I was hired mostly on the strength of my rep as an assassin.

Lounging across the street from the Matador Bar and Grill, a dive in the Ballard area of the Seattle sprawl, I checked over my appearance. I looked poor, tired, out of shape, and harmless. I wasn't any of these, but I managed to look just like one of the many losers common in the neighborhood. One of the more important skills of my profession.

Here I am, standing out in the rain, with about five minutes to go before my client is due at the Matador. It's not as glamorous a job as the trideos make out. I've been outside for over an hour, getting wetter and wetter, just to make sure nothing unexpected is going down outside or around the bar.

I double checked the area one last time. The roofs and windows looking down on the street were still clear of snipers. The street loungers were no more dangerous than usual. The usual mix of types has been coming and going in and out of the Matador. In short, everything looks about as normal as the Seattle sprawl ever gets.

The assignment is supposed to be simple and straightforward, just light security work. Sure. I'm always ready to be pleasantly surprised. I made my way into the bar, leaning a little on my staff, and peering vacantly and 'nearsightedly' around. Nobody took special notice of me, which was just what

I hoped for.

I ordered a beer.

I had on a cheap looking, well worn raincoat, which looked nothing like the armored dusters favored by the street muscle. The coat was carefully tailored to cover my weapons and armor just as well as a fancy duster. I kept my shoulders slumped, my expression listless, and my eyes slightly unfocused. My body was slumped over, the posture of someone who has suffered a lot of reversals and is left with very little hope. I looked at least twenty years older than my real age, and no real threat to anyone.

The only possible weapon I had visible was my staff, which looked like a beat up, unremarkable cane. Which it isn't.

Martial artists and mages love fancy staffs. They look great, and also tip off the world about their skills. I've got some training in both magic and martial arts departments, but I've always preferred to keep my talents under wraps until use.

There were a sprinkling of different types in the place. A table of orcs gave me a quick once over when I came in and went back to their drinking and loud conversation. Most of the local human types didn't even look up.

The three elves sitting in a corner barely gave me a glance. Two were very well dressed, probably slumming. The third wore a fringed leather jacket that could have come straight from the forests of Tir Tairngire, except that it was well armored.

A couple of street samurai gave me a hard stare, which I carefully didn't even notice in my nearsighted, worn-out persona. They were both on edge, which was about normal for the type. One looked lean, fast, and hungry. A scar on one cheek testified to at least one occasion in which he wasn't quite fast enough. The other had a purple mohawk, a permanent sneer, and lots of replacement muscle. He was also definitely wired. He was either on drugs or just naturally out of control, ready to explode at any time.

Both were packing serious ordinance under their armored dusters.

The corp suit in the corner stuck out like a sore thumb. He might have been slumming if he hadn't been so nervous. With his glasses, corp clothing, and tight-lipped intellectual look, I'd bet he was my client's contact.

Two tables away from him sat his baby-sitter. The bodyguard alternated his attention between the suit, the rest of the room, and the door. He looked superficially like anyone else in the place. He was slightly overweight and had a superficial grin on his rounded face. He wore nondescript, well-worn clothing, including a beat up but well armored leather jacket. There was nothing much special about him until you looked at his eyes. He had the cold, intense stare of a natural killer. He didn't have any obvious weapons, but then neither did I.

I did spot a couple of fetishes almost hidden inside his jacket. Plus a bulge that probably marked an Aries Predator. I made him to be a tough, very competent street shaman. Which meant I was probably going to earn my pay tonight.

I figured this was not going to be a milk run from the beginning. My client, one Mr. Lester Brent of Biodyne Corp, had seemed a little too enthusiastic at having a professional assassin as his bodyguard. I charged him top rates to provide a full protection team. He didn't protest, which confirmed my sense he was expecting trouble. I signed on for a one-night contract, to provide cover while he had a quiet meeting with a highly placed research scientist from Aztechnology.

The contact was a Dr. Leslie P. Squier, a top Azzie biological researcher. Brent never did mention the name but I made it my business to find it out. (Brent's personal files weren't nearly as secure as he thought.) You can't have too much information in this business.

I gave the official escort job to Johnny Dumont, who has as much chrome as any street samurai, but wh



also has a solid military background and brains as well. I trusted Johnny to look tough (that came naturally) and not too bright (which took some acting).

Johnny is the perfect kind of obvious deterrent that a clever suit like Brent would hire to provide cover against the possibility of a double cross. I was hoping that the opposition, if there was any, would take him at face value and not look any further.

I haven't lost a client yet, mostly because I believe that a little strategy and misdirection will beat out brute force any day. My clients have come to think they are really clever to set a professional assassin to stop an assassin, and there is something in that. There are very few takeout ploys I haven't seen. Most of them I picked up about when I was learning to use chopsticks. I learned how to counter them about the same time.

Also, I've put the word out on the streets that anyone who geeks one of my clients is going to have to deal with me afterwards. Most pros don't want that kind of grief. Which makes the price of trying for one of my clients a lot higher.

It also doesn't hurt that I have a reputation of being real hard to kill. My survival comes from a combination of skill, a passion for detailed planning, a repertoire of devious tricks, and luck. A lot of luck.

As I said, I'm not really an assassin. That is, I only do wet work on rare occasions. For one thing, I'm expensive, kind of like a high priced janitor who only gets hired to handle the really unpleasant garbage. Sometimes I wish I never developed a reputation as an assassin, although it has been the family business for generations. I suppose it's in my blood.

How would you like to take on a hit knowing that if you blow it, you're going to have one very unhappy professional hit man just waiting to return the favor? At least that's the story that I've taken great pains to get spread und. It makes business a lot easier.

As the old samurai saying goes, the best swordsman is the one who never has to draw his sword.

I've got another advantage in getting work. Visiting Japanese suits are generally more comfortable with me than with either the average Seattle hired muscle or with their own corp security. My fancy Tokyo education makes them feel right at home.

Speaking of samurai, I've never cared much for the breed—classical or street variety. Arrogant, over-confident egotists most of them. Sure they can be real nasty in a straightforward, pitched battle, but not one in a hundred has any finesse. Besides, looking tough and going around armed to the teeth is like painting a target on your back. I can think of a dozen ways before breakfast to take out most street samurai before they even know what hit them.

My attitude does get me in trouble from time to time. But I'm not so stupid to take on one of those chromed monsters head on, at least not usually. Most of them are stronger, faster, better armed and armored than I am, thanks to modern cyberware. A few may even be relatively intelligent, if their brains survived all the chips they've had installed between their ears.

The feud between my ancestors and the samurai goes back for centuries. The samurai got to write the history books, in which we never got a fair break. We called ourselves 'shadow warriors.' We had our own rigorous discipline and code of honor. However, we became known to history as honorless, worthless, and unscrupulous—unprincipled ninja, assassins for hire. It just wasn't fair, but then life usually isn't.

My people came to Japan from China centuries ago, as a persecuted Buddhist minority. Our numbers were too few to take on the samurai directly. We've always been outnumbered, and so we learned to make every man and woman count. My ancestors refined their skills at stealth, wood-

craft, disguise and deception, as well as the traditional martial arts. Strangely enough, most of those skills are still useful today.

We always preferred to use diplomacy or deception rather than fight a 'glorious' battle. We never had the numbers to spare. My ancestors believed that dying gloriously is always stupid if you can think of any other alternatives. These values never did make us popular with the honor-bound, thick-headed samurai.

At this point in my musing, Brent and Johnny walked into the bar. They got a lot more attention than I did. Brent simply looked out of place in his uptown, expensive clothes. Johnny gets stares almost anywhere and deserves all the attention he gets. He is six foot three, with a shaved head, a cocky demeanor, and lots of well defined muscle under his jet black skin. The orcs and the two street samurai looked him over real good. The street shaman seemed to pay no attention at all.

Brent went over to Squier's table and sat down. Johnny sat at a neighboring table, sitting where he could see both Brent and the door. He looked very cool, very professional. Nice to have him on my team. (And even nicer to have such an attractive target to draw enemy fire if anything comes down.)

I ambled over to one of the locals' tables, beer in hand. I made some polite conversation and then asked how to get to Kim's Barbecue Sushi Bar. The place was a Ballard landmark, located right by the Fremont Bridge. I got lots of directions and, in return, offered to buy a pitcher of beer for the table. As I'd hoped, that got me an invitation to sit down and join them. The free beer made them all my long lost buddies. There is nothing like blending into the woodwork.

Brent and Squier seemed to be getting along fine. They were obviously making small talk before getting down to business. Maybe this would be a milk run after all. But it didn't feel



like it. It smelled like a set up, and long, hard experience has taught me to trust my nose.

Sure enough, right after the waitress set down Brent's drink, the two street samurai got up and moved next to Johnny, flanking him on both sides. Johnny sat still, according to plan. With his muscle boxed in, Brent looked real helpless. Squier grinned like a fox who just caught a rabbit.

Brent didn't have to be a great actor to look totally defeated. I had led him to believe that Johnny would have everything in the bar under control, and that I was concentrating on security on the outside. He'd never even met me in person, and he had no idea where I was or what additional cover, if any, I was providing for him. He was probably cursing me out right at this moment. From his point of view, he'd paid me a lot of money and had just gotten taken as easily as a baby.

I chose this moment to get up and walk in Johnny's general direction. I gazed abstractly around the room, as if searching for somebody or something. I ambled right up to the over muscled samurai.

'Get out of here, Pops!'

The samurai snarled real good. I should have been impressed. Being called 'Pops' gave me a warm glow inside. There is nothing better than being underestimated. I moved in closer, as if to hear better, a vaguely curious expression on my face.

The samurai tried to backhand me. Just as he was about to connect, I moved slightly. The street samurai was fast, and his combat skills were well above average for the sprawl. But mine were honed in Japan.

You try training in a Japanese dojo these days and you just may get paired with a physical adept who can pack enough ki into a single punch to put you through a wall. Or worse, you can end up sparring with one of the Japanese 'super-samurai'. These guys are so crazy that they have had both arms and both legs chopped off and replaced with high powered cyber-

ware substitutes. They've got enough built in speed and strength to tear you apart without even noticing, much less working up a sweat.

I had two choices in Japan—get real good quickly or get sent home on a stretcher.

The blow barely missed, and the samurai was left off balance. My staff snaked between his legs, I twisted, and down he went. I jabbed the other end of the staff into his partner's solar plexus. The partner was distracted just enough for Johnny to take him out with an elegant double punch to the groin and throat.

I turned to face the shaman as I planted my foot firmly in the first man's throat. The street samurai writhed a little and then stayed quiet, realizing that one good stomp and he was going to be without the use of his throat, permanently.

The shaman's spell went off just as I turned. Even though he had both me and Johnny to deal with, the man was going to try and earn his pay. He figured he had enough juice to pull it off.

I got shielded just in time. The shaman's eyes widened. He didn't expect me to be magically competent, and he was sure I had been too occupied with the samurai to throw a shield up. Shows what he knew. Among other things, he'd never even considered the possibility I might have brought along magical backup.

I straightened up and gave the shaman one of my best intimidating stares. All of a sudden I didn't look quite like the bent over, harmless loser I seemed like a moment ago.

I pointed my staff at him and it glowed an nice eye-catching shade of blue. The shaman instantly prepared to block whatever I was getting ready. My simple missile spell evaporated instantly against his shield, and he grinned, figuring, probably correctly, he had me far outclassed magically. Just then I triggered the narcojet gun built in to the end of my staff. He never knew what hit him.

The trick works like a charm on

most magical opposition. Throw a spell at them and you get their full attention.. Having pigeonholed my staff as a magical focus, they never even think about the possibility of a mundane attack. Even after they wake up, my adversaries usually think they were taken out by a fancy spell.

I use a tiny, soluble, military strength dart that works almost instantly and doesn't leave a trace. The one shot, compressed air gun is silent and virtually undetectable. I've had friendly mages who have seen me work beg me to teach them my apparently unstoppable 'sleep' spell.

While my attention was on the shaman, Squier snatched out a palm gun and tried to make a hole in Dent's face. The shot went wild, thanks to a quick kick from Johnny. The little gun flew out onto the floor. Squier moaned and cradled his broken right wrist with his left hand.

'Kill him! Go on, finish him off,' Dent yelled, his face distorted by fear and rage.

'I will take care of him, elsewhere,' I told Dent quietly.

Squier didn't look at all happy. Dent's eyes widened as he finally figured out who I was.

'I will take the balance of my fee now, Mr. Dent, and then Johnny and I, and Dr. Squier, will escort you home.'

Dent didn't raise any objections. He brought out his comp right away and slotted in my credstick. In fact, he was so relieved, he added a healthy bonus to my fee. I paid Johnny off right there and then called for a cab on my wrist phone. Johnny and I walked to the door on either side of Squier as Dent trailed behind.

As we went out I unobtrusively hand signaled my back-up to quit for the evening. Buzz, the elf in fringed leathers, nodded slightly and then slumped back in his chair. Before going about his own business, Buzz was going to provide some astral scouting and astral cover until we got out of the neighborhood. I love working with solid professionals.



I could have paid Buzz off in the bar, but I've always operated on the principle that the less anyone knows about me or my business the better.

Squier sat rigid and tight lipped in the cab. He was not enjoying the free ride.

In the cab, Dent tried to get the data Squier had promised him. He shouted and threatened, but I could have told him he'd get nowhere. After all, Squier had nothing much to lose.

I left Dent off at the Biodyne arcology and then I had the cab drop us in a particularly scuzzy, desolate part of the sprawl. Squier tried to wriggle away as we got out of the cab, but all his squirming didn't even budge Johnny's iron grip on his arm. We hustled him into a deserted alley. Squier turned white as a sheet, certain his time had come.

I sat him down on an overturned trash can.

'Squier, you can walk out of here in one piece.' I allowed a long pause for information to begin to sink in. 'My fee for letting you go is the information you were going to give to Dent. All of it.' Squier's jaw hung open. He wasn't quite prepared to adjust to a new lease on life. His underdeveloped jaw stiffened a little as he babbled, 'I just can't! This is totally secret information. It would be worth my job, even my life, if I let anyone know what we've been working on.'

'Dent didn't hire me to kill you. I was hired solely to provide protection, which I did. However, you and your hired goons did cause enough trouble... I'm sure Mr. Dent would be willing to pay me to dispose of you permanently. Shall we go back and ask him?' I let my voice trail off and looked at him, hard and cold.

I waited, as motionless as death, my eyes still boring into his. Having just been offered a new lease on life, Squier wasn't about to bargain very hard. Finally, he handed me a chip case, his hands shaking. 'It's all here,' he said, his voice barely audible.

'Explain.' I ordered.

'We have developed a whole new generation of cyberware. With our new chips and procedures, we can install much more powerful cyberware, and up to two to three times more than we used to.' Squier's voice became more animated and his eyes reflected his professional enthusiasm.

'Go on.' I prompted.

'With our breakthroughs, Aztechnology can develop an invincible army of shock troops. Our experimental models are faster, stronger, better armored, and more skilled than any troops out there today. The potential market for this is almost limitless!'

'I hope this is a complete record of your research,' I warned. 'I'd hate to have to come after you for more information.'

Squier seemed too much in shock and too exhausted to have any capacity for finesse left. I stepped aside to let him out of the alley. After he scuttled out, I said, 'We've got a nice bonus on this one, Johnny. I can probably sell this information for at least as much as we got from Dent, maybe for a whole lot more. I'll have these chips checked out tonight.'

It was a nice ending to another tricky day's work in the sprawl. Sure, Dent will be probably be unhappy when he hears Squier is still alive. But then, I never promised I'd kill the man. I did 'take care of him'—in my own way. Between whatever Dent originally had on him and his fear I might reveal the information he just gave me, Squier was going to be one well behaved little suit for a while.

Dent was a fool to think I'd simply throw in killing Squier as part of a simple security contract. As I said, I hate being thought of as an assassin. And I certainly don't work for nothing.



Questions and Answers

1. How do the new subduing rules work? Are they the same as the version one rules?
Version one of the rules, as stated on page 71 of S1, gave attackers the chance to incapacitate their opponent. These rules were not included in S2 but they work the same way and can be included in S2 games.
2. What is the legality rating for the Grenade Launcher?
The legality rating of a grenade launcher is found in ShadowTech, page 110: 1-J. Ignore the "I" after the J.
3. The Narco Jet description says there are no side effects, but what does it do to the patient?
Then the description refers to "no side effects" it means there are no additional effects (like blurred vision, dizziness, etc.), except as described in the explanation.
4. What happens when damage is staged above deadly with armor (and without armor)?
There is some confusion about this as the combat portion of the game was changed in S2. The important point to remember is COMPARE SUCCESSES. If the attacker rolls damage enough to stage the damage above deadly (target number equal to range with modifiers), but the defender rolls enough successes to drop the damage level under deadly (target number equal to the modified power of the weapon), a "deadly" wound was not taken. Gamers will notice this makes it impossible to "damage" armor by scoring additional hits (as was possible in S1). For example: attacker rolls 6 successes with his 9M weapon. Defender rolls 8 successes to defend. Unless the shot missed all together (in this case seven successes from the combat pool), the weapon does L damage.
5. If you don't have a SIN, how can you use a credstick since that's one of the basic pieces of information on the stick?
If your character does not have a SIN (and what self-respecting Shadowrunner does), the credstick being used can come in one or two varieties. The first is a standard credstick with a fake SIN. Where the fake SIN comes from is up to you and the gamemaster. The second type is a certified credstick. A certified credstick does not require a SIN, but once issues no more money can be added to the amount. It only allows withdrawals.
6. I've got the law ratings for the various locations, but how can I use that to determine the frequency of Lone Star patrols (or corp security)?
That is strictly up to each gamemaster. There are so many variable that could go into the frequency it doesn't make sense to publish a fast rule. For instance, even if the rating is A, how important is the location, or the owners of the location? How big is the bribe and who collected the fee? What time of the day is it and what is going on in the surrounding area?



7. What is the value of the flame thrower and chainsaw used by the dwarf street gang in Ral Partha's new set?

We'll have to get back to you on the rules for flame throwers (for the truly suicidal out there who like the idea of strapping jellied gasoline to there back in an era of explosive bullets. Til then, enjoy these new rules from Tom Dowd:

Chainsaw

If you need a description of what a chainsaw is, don't use it. Chainsaws work best when applied continuously to a target. Simple strikes with the weapon should use the damage code below. If the weapon can be used continuously against the target (over multiple actions) increase the power of the attack by +1 per

Action, and increase the Damage Level by one for every three continuous Actions. The maximum Power is two-times the original Power, and the maximum Damage Level is Deadly. However, any use against Barriers (see Shadowrun, Second Edition, p. 98) use only the base Power of the weapon when determining if the chainsaw will affect the Barrier. So, regardless of how long the chainsaw has been used against a Barrier it is always assumed to have its base Power rating.

Use of the chainsaw falls under Armed Combat and receives a +2 Target Modifier due to the weapon's unwieldiness. Chainsaws can be electric or liquid-fuel powered and will run of a number of hours equal to their weight before needing to be recharged/refueled. Users of small chainsaw need a Strength of 5 or better to use them one-handed, and users of large chainsaw need a Strength of 8 or better to use those bad-boys one-handed.

Also, chainsaws are prone to misadventure. When a clean miss occurs, due only to Combat Pool dice (see SRII, Full Defense, p. 103) roll four dice against user's Quickness. If at least one success is rolled the weapon user is subject to an attack at the base Damage Code for the weapon. Only Body dice may be used to resist the damage and Impact Armor does apply.

Conceal.	Rch	Dmg	Wt.	Avail.	Cost	Street
Small -	1	4M	1.5	2/8 hrs	100¥	1
Large -	1	6S	4	3/8 hrs	400¥	1

8. Would you elaborate on the 1% of "others" in the population percentages of various cities?

For the most part, this one percent can be considered to be ghouls, banshees, vampires, sasquatch, and the like. One of the problems with the newly awakened world, however, is there are some things that haven't been classified yet. "I think it's a troll, but I'm not quite sure."

9. If a character is infected with HMHV, is she stable enough to be played as a PC, or should it be turned over to the gamemaster?

Better give her up to the gamemaster. Although the character is probably mentally stable enough to be played as a character, vampires and banshees were never designed to be used as player characters. They have lots of advantages, and despite several weaknesses, they will quickly unbalance a game.

10. How do the "Special Skills" work and what is the cost for improving them?

Special Skills, like corporate rumormill, fire fighting, etc. are considered specializations and should be paid for accordingly. Note these skills do not provide a default skill (base or concentration) nor are they designed to bypass a game rule. You cannot have a specialization "fire two weapons" to avoid the modifier for firing a weapon in each hand.



11. If a physical adept gets his hands on a power focus and bonds with it (just like any other magic-type), can he receive more adept abilities?

No. Power focuses are designed to be used with sorcery and conjuring, which are not the domain of the physical adept. The physical adept uses his "magic" in a completely different method from shaman and hermetic mages and thus derives no benefit from the focus.

12. Is it ever possible for a physical adept to acquire a magic pool?

No.

13. Why was the physical adept so radically changed in S2? The S2 version is a ghost of its previous self.

The original adept was too powerful for the game as it was initially published. Simply put, the character type received too many advantages with nothing to counter-balance the increased abilities. In particular, the automatic successes, though neat, were too good. Given the first edition rules they could quickly unbalance the game by possessing skills and abilities that could not be countered. Although the S2 version might not be as powerful, the rules balance the character versus the other archetypes. Physical adepts, when compared to a street samurai, for example, might start out "weaker" but can surpass the samurai with their initiation.

14. What is the new damage code for cyanide?

4D.

15. When a magician is astrally projecting or when a spirit is watching, what is the target number for noticing them on the physical plane?

Big zero. There is no chance an astrally projecting individual will be seen unless the being manifests.

16. Since spirits are dual natured, can they fight opponents on the astral plane while they are in manifest form?

Yes, that's one of the reasons their so tough.

17. Can you ground a spell through spirits in manifest form?

Good question! Yes.

18. Why is there an Increased Cybered Reaction +4 spell, but no Increased Reaction +4?

This is a result of the spell creation mechanics. Using the formula for an Increased Reaction +4 spell the drain would be one greater than deadly, but since that's the highest there is, you can't go past it.

19. Are elephant and rhinoceri really that strong? If true, an elephant is much stronger than a behemoth and almost as strong as a juggernaut.

That's intentional. Who says paranormals have all of the advantages?

20. Since Grimoire 2 does not have a magical supplies list, is it safe to assume the prices have remained the same from their listing in the original Grimoire (except as modified with S2)?

You can assume the prices stay the same, but remember their were actually several price lists depending on what rules you used to create the original character.



- 21.** If a mage has an essence of 6 and a magic rating of 1 and decided to put in some cyberware, I know the essence goes down, but since the magic rating is already lower than the essence, does it go down too?
Essence and magic both go down as a result of the cyberware, regardless of the starting value. In this case the addition of a datajack (for example) would reduce the character's essence to 5.8 and the magic to zero.
- 22.** Can the Karma pool be used for Build/Repair skills, Fencing the Loot, Behind the Scenes, and Learning new spells?
This brings up an interesting question. For right now the answer is No, with an addendum. Tom Dowd is thinking about this one. As he put it, "There should be a way to do this without unbalancing the system." More information will follow.
- 23.** Can the Karma pool be used for ordeals and Enchanting test?
No. Karma is designed to save a character's life in the combat phase. Comments to question #25 aside, these rolls happen outside of a normal combat turn and so cannot be affected by karma.
- 24.** Can the Karma pool be used to determine the number of services a spirit will perform?
No, for the same reason as question #26.
- 25.** How do combat mana spells with elemental effects work? The Stunblast is a good example.
Oops. According to Tom at FASA, this is a misprint. Mana spells DO NOT cause elemental effects. Disregard all references to elemental effects for this type of spell.
- 26.** What are the base damage of the Hand Razor and Spurs?
After much searching (and Tom's help) I discovered this information on page 101 of S2 under the melee weapons chart.
 Hand Razor (Str)L
 Spurs (Str)M
- 27.** Can Shapechange and Transform spells be used to take the form of a human or metahuman?
A metahuman can use the spell to change into a human and vice versa. Either spell can be used to take the form of a specific person, but the mage would never gain that individual's knowledge or genetic material. Fingerprints and retinal patterns would not be duplicated, for example.
- 28.** Can Shapechange and Transform spells be used to take a form of any size? How about something as large as a Blue Whale or a tiny Krill?
These spells can be used to change the caster's size within limits. You can shapechange or transform into anything which has a body within to of the caster. That means a body 4 individual can change into anything with a body of 2 to 6.
- 29.** Does the rule of 6 or the rule of 1 apply for initiative?
No and no. This is one of the cases where these specific rules do not apply. Sorry, but your mage will never out draw a samurai with wired reflexes 3.



S2 Gamemasters Screen and Contacts

by FASA Staff
Rating: 3.5 out of 5

This package consists of two primary parts and a couple inserts. The first is the actual gamemaster's screen, a tri-fold, heavy card screen with all the tables required to run a game session. The second primary part is the Contacts book, a list of all the previously published contacts and archetypes that did not make it into S2.

Pros

Starting with the most obvious thing first, the three panel artwork by Janet Aulisio is very, very good. There is so much going on in the piece that you can spend a good deal of time just drinking in the detail. It is a very good work and will help keep the players' attention focused at the head of the table. Inside (the gamemaster side) the tables are set out in a neat, clear order. Modifier tables are set next to the chart they affect. In all, it is very well done and easy to find your way around the chart. At the center is, of course, the combat charts and the skill web. A nice addition is the barrier effect table, which should help gamemasters decide just how big a hole was blasted in that armored glass door.

The contact book is very well designed. The front contains all the archetypes from previous sources that are not in S2. These archetypes have received a slight overhaul and are now much easier to use, coming with full gear, an array of contacts, nuyen, and skills. The contacts have all been examined and now include a professional rating to bring them up-to-date with the new S2 rules. Most of the ratings are from one to three, but the real studs have fours. Rounding out this book are four separate record sheets; one for magician, rigger, street samurai, and decker. These are terrific!

Just what the doctor ordered and a welcome addition to any PLAYER'S supply list.

The supplemental items are also a great addition. The first is an additional sheet for the gamemaster screen. As every player knows, there are too many tables and charts to keep them all on one tri-fold, so FASA has included another double-sided card stock page with decker information on side one and summoning information on side two. There is a sheet of card-board counters for use as miniature-replacements (for those of us on a budget) and a full color FASA catalog. The latter is a full-color, 40-page listing of all the current stuff you can get. Although retailers have had access to this item for years, many times players don't seem to be able to find these things. It's great to know you can get this with the package.

Cons

The primary con about this whole thing is the information published here has already been printed before. There are no new contacts (even if they have been updated), and the tables are all readily available in the main book. If you have the previous sources for the contacts, you can easily approximate the professional ratings and get a rough idea of the types of people you'll be dealing with in the course of an adventure. In addition, there is no color in Contacts. This might seem like a minor issue, but it would have been nice to see the elf samurai in full color, instead of seeing the ork mercenary in black and white. Finally, the card stock figures are a little tough to use. Although the artwork is very good (if small), they are too lightweight to stand on their own and the printer didn't do a very good job with the die cut, requiring additional work to even get the counters out of the sheet.

Conclusion

If you buy into the idea that a gamemaster's screen is a good idea

(and I do), then this is as good a screen as I've ever seen. I like the idea of including contacts instead of a mini-adventure also (as was done in the first edition screen). Although it would have been nice to have a color book, I don't mind the lower price for black and white (only \$12.00 for the package). As a final note, I suggest players (as well as gamemasters) look into purchasing this product. The charts can be of great help to the player and it's always nice to deal with contacts that you know (and wouldn't you know something about them anyway?). As a source-book item, it's worth the investment.

Street Samurai Catalog

by Tom Dowd
Rating 4.5 out of 5

This is the revised edition of the catalog brought up-to-date for the second edition rules. As stated on the back cover "Owners of the original Street Samurai Catalog and Shadowrun, second edition, do not need to purchase this revised edition." That's very true, but if you're a new Shadowrunner, this book is essential.

Pros

As with the original, the products in this catalog go a long way toward defining the type person you'll be playing in Shadowrun. There is literally something for everyone. Slim and lethal pistols, heavy duty assault cannons and machine guns, headware, and vehicles can all be found between the covers. Although some of the items are admittedly for the specialist (and the wealthy specialist), most of the gear will find its way into the shadowrun at some point or another. The layout is familiar to owners of other Shadowrun sourcebooks. One item is listed per page with a picture of the item and a brief sales pitch for flavor. Following that are the game statistics for the item, then the shadow vox.



The comments are what set this product apart from the other "gun catalogs" on the market today. There are real characters commenting on the items and providing a glimpse of what is going on behind the scenes. It makes for great reading, even if you never plan to use a netgun or riot control vehicle.

Cons

When they tell you this is an update, take it to heart. There are no new items here and even the ones that have been rendered obsolete are still there (with big black "Purged from Shadowrun II" letters over the page). Since you don't need firepower ammo or improved personal explosives, it would have been nice to see something, anything, that could take their place. I understand that FASA doesn't want to force experienced gamers into purchasing a product for the sake of two or three new pages, and that's great, but if your copy of Samurai is anything like mine, you can probably use a new copy anyway (and I treat my books as though they were made of gold).

Conclusion

You're still reading? Amazing. If you haven't come to the realization yet, let me spell it out. You need this book. For \$12.00 it will add more to your Shadowrun game than any other sourcebook (with the possible exception of the Grimoire, but that's another review). Get this book and blast the corps with cannons, heavy machine guns, and surface-to-air missiles. You won't be disappointed with the investment in money or reading.

The Neo-Anarchists' Guide to Real Life

by Nigel Findley
Rating 3.5 out of 5

This is the second of the Neo-Anarchists' guide books for use with Shad-

owrun. Like the first one, which covered the major cities of North America, this book is written as dry, corporate script that has been appended by the Neo-Anarchists to reflect the "real" situation (or at least the situation as they see it). In all, it is a very good style that makes the material informative and enjoyable to read.

Pros

There are a lot of things to recommend in this sourcebook. The artwork is very good and displays a wide variety of styles. Dan Smith (better known to Ka•ge readers as Smif) has several very good pieces in the book and the full color plates are well done. As there are a wide variety of articles, which cover such a wide range of topics, it is hard to imagine that you can't find several useful pieces of information. There is a selection of new gear ranging from new firearms (like the Barton Arms Gun Cane) to lifestyle gear (like Whitelaw Electric Sunglasses). The lifestyle pieces are especially important as this is the one area where Shadowrun gamemasters can have a tough time. "What do I have in my pockets and what do I have at my low lifestyle apartment?" These are the types of questions that can drive a good gamemaster over the edge, and now some of those types of questions have begun to be answered.

The layout of the book works very well as the game rules have been sectioned off from the rest of the text to give the reader a single source to get game stats. There are still lots of text and shadow vox, however, so don't expect lots of dry text and charts (although those are there also). Finally, for those out there still using the first edition rules, all the game stats are included for first and second editions, thereby saving the need to convert information.

Cons

Despite the topics covered in this sourcebook, many of the items discussed can only be covered in brief,

leaving the gamemaster free to make the final decision. Like life, there are too many variables in the game to make hard and fast rules for what to do. In addition, there are too many organizations, accessories, companies, and services to be covered in a single book, no matter how big you make it. Although there are lots of good pieces of information in the book, it left me wanting more (and more and more).

The layout seemed to work very well, but in any book where you combine charts with text, there are bound to be charts that get lost in the shuffle. In this case, nothing is lost (as far as I can tell), but there are several charts that must be researched before they can be used. The new weapon stats are a prime example. Although all the weapons are in the same section of the book, there is not a single chart for all the weapons covered (such as is found in the back of the S2 book).

Conclusion

Despite having to dig through a spots to find the information I wanted, this is a very good book with just the information you need to set the scene in any Shadowrun campaign. Although much more could (and hopefully will) be covered, this provided a lot of information that will get gamemasters started. Priced at \$15.00, the book is more expensive than the Street Samurai Catalog (despite roughly the same number of pages). As a gamemaster's tool, it is great, however, and the new gear will be of use to any player. Although this might not be referred to with the frequency of the Catalog, it is well worth the investment.

The Grimoire

by Paul Hume
Rating 5.0 out of 5

This is the second edition of the manual of the original Grimoire. /



has been noted several times, this was the only sourcebook that was made obsolete by the second edition rules for Shadowrun. Perhaps more than any sourcebook, this manual can change the scope and direction of Shadowrun campaign. Although this is a second edition, there is much new information here and even the material that was previously published has been changed to reflect the new magic rules.

Without a doubt, modern magic is what sets Shadowrun apart from a host of other games in the industry. In my review of the S2 I mentioned that I was somewhat unhappy with the magic rules as they were "cut back" from what I was used to having. Although the S2 rules for magic were extensive, they did not cover all the stuff that is in the Grimoire. Now that it's out, magic has resumed its place in the campaign. As most players can attest, magic can be the single most powerful component in the game.

Despite the high cost (in terms of karma) to advance as a mage, most players are willing, even eager, to take on the challenge.

The book is divided into seven sections. The first, The Ways, is a background section on magic in 2053. It explains basic concepts and general ideas. The second section is The Arts. This expands the roles of magic and adds Enchanting and Druids to the list of magically inclined individuals and expands the abilities of adepts and the area of ritual magic. Section three, the largest section of the book, is entitled The Higher Mysteries and covers Metamagic, Geasa, and Magical Groups. Although much of the information from this section is covered in the first edition, this part has been completely reworked and now flows into the game system even better. Section four is The Beings. Most of the information here is brand new or rewritten. It covers spirits, allies, watchers and (my favorite) free spirits. Section five covers The Places and deals with astral space, auras, and the

metaplanes. Section six is called Magical Threats and covers the toxic and insect shamans. There are several new types of insect spirits to add to the campaign (as if the existing ones were not enough). The final section is Spells and covers everything you wanted to know about casting spells in Shadowrun. Here you will find rules on inventing new spells and a complete spell directory.

Pros

I should admit before continuing I am not a mage or a shaman. I don't know much about magic. Given that, I must say the rules in this sourcebook are very complete. There are topics for everything I could think of. It is easily as complete and better defined than magical rules for other fantasy games. Everything works together very well and despite the rather slow process of magical advancement, the consistent framework makes the path a well trod one. Readers will no doubt recognize many of the art pieces from the original book, but there are many new works from a variety of artists. The color plates are well done and the overall look of the book is appealing, but the text is what makes it great. The style is easy to read and there are plenty of examples, especially for some of the more complex topics. The layout complements the text with a complete table of contents, an index, and spell reference pages.

Cons

If there were any cons to this product, I must have missed them. I know I'll find some, but to this point I've been very happy with the results of the book and the rules therein. I've heard complaining about some specifics, but these seem to involve design decisions concerning the workings of various spells or topics. Although I might not always agree with some of the specific reasons, I find that taken as whole, the product works.

Conclusions

More than any other book (with the possible exception of the Catalog), this book will change the flavor of your campaign and game play. There are so many good ideas in this book it is tempting to give players undue karma just so they can use some of the ideas covered here. This book is definitely on the very short list of "must have" for Shadowrun players. Priced at \$15.00, it is well worth every cent.

Imago

by Carl Sargent
Rating 4.0 out of 5

This scenario book is set in the United Kingdom and revolves around a mysterious decker, who has disappeared. Given certain political and economic considerations, Mr. Johnson has decided to hire out-of-town talent to handle the job. Although centered around the search for a decker this is by no means a matrix run.

Pros

This book was written by Carl Sargent, so he knows what he is talking about when he speaks of the United Kingdom. His style is very consistent, and he takes great pains to make the entire scenario internally consistent with the overall environment of the UK and the legends of the local inhabitants. It all comes together in a great blend of mystery and intrigue. This text is countered with some very good art. Dan Smith has some very good pieces as does Karl Waller (whose art reminds me somewhat of Bradstreet's work). These pieces do a great job of capturing the feel of the scenario and life over the pond. As to the scenario itself, there is a lot going on for a simple shadowrunner to figure out. Even when you've got all the pieces, you probably won't know all the story and that works out all right in this case. Even the best runners are going to have to be on their toes to complete this one.



Cons

Without giving away the plot, there is one significant thing that bothers me about the scenario. Although the author explains how all the events can occur and how the whole thing works together, I don't truly believe it will work, and I think many players will have the same problem. I can accept that it works, but that's not the same as understanding. In the end, howev-

er, this failure to conceptualize doesn't stop me from completing the adventure, and it doesn't stand in the way of figuring out what is going on. It is more like a nagging concern in the back of my mind throughout the scenario.

Conclusion

All in all, this is a very good scenario and an excellent method to get

your shadowrunners out of "friendly" Seattle. In a land with very strict laws, no contacts, and little support, the runners will be struggling to stay alive, let alone solve the mystery. At \$8.00, this scenario should provide the group with several evening's worth of quality entertainment.

CALENDAR OF SHADOWRUN EVENTS

The following calendar lists the conventions for which we have heard rumors of Shadowrun events. If you know of any conventions that are not on the calendar, please let us know so we can inform other SRN members. Go and show everyone that SRN Shadowrunners are the best.

**1993
MAY**

Adventure Game Fest 93: Taking place in the Oregon Convention Center near downtown Portland. Gaming of all types will take place. For more information, write Adventure Games NorthWest, Inc. / 6517 NE Alberta St. / Portland, OR 97218 or call (503)-282-6856. May 21-23.

NorseCon III: Run by the Northern Kentucky University Roleplayers' Society on May 21-23. For more information please write Bob Muncy / 8251 Bent Tree Ct. / West Chester, OH 45069.

GAMEX 1993: To be held at the L.A. Airport Hyatt on May 28-31. For more information please write Strategicon / P.O. Box 3849 / Torrance, CA 90510-3849.

JUNE

D-Cubed 93: Being held at the Pensacola Civic Center on June 5-6 in Pensacola Florida. For more information write: Allied Gaming Interests, Inc. / P.O. Box 37186 / Pensacola, FL 32526-0186 or call (904)-944-9627.

JULY

Origins '93: Held at the National Gaming Convention and Exposition center in Ft. Worth, TX this year, this July 1-4 Con promises to be very exciting. For more information please write gemco at P.O. Box 609 / Randallstown, MD 21133 or call (410)-298-3135. @

AUGUST

GENCON: Big and beautiful as always. August 19-22 @&

SEPTEMBER

GATEWAY: To be held at the L.A. Airport Hyatt on September 3-6. For more information please write Strategicon / P.O. Box 3849 / Torrance, CA 90510-3849.

Please note that we need to receive information about events at least 60 days before mailing dates in order to insure that they will make it into the issues they need to be in. (i.e. to have convention information in the December issue (which mails at the end of Dec.) we would need to have the info in early Nov. Our other mail dates are the end of March, June, and September.

* An asterisk means that there is more information about this item in the classified section.
& An ampersand marks the conventions at which SRN plans to have representation as of press time.



G.M. in Little Rock AR. seeks DEPEND-ABLE players for weekly runs. "More Metahumans" variant SR2 rules +/-.
Contact L.J. Kaskie @ 5300 Southboro Dr., L.R. AR 72209, Ph#562-9114.
Shadows Beckon!

>>>>[All those who live by preying on the souls of the innocent beware!
The Van Helsing Enterprises (TM)
S.T.A.K.E. Team (TM) is coming for

you.]<<<< — Dawnlight ?23:44:19 / 02-13-53>

Shadowrun Apazine, Skrawls from the Sprawls, is still accepting members to participate. For more info write to:
Niko Wieleba / P.O. Box 10097 / Glendale CA 91209-0097.

Runners & Mr. Johnson who are old enough to work in a corp, wanted in

lower westchester area. Interested? Call me to talk biz aat LTG#(914)-633-5251. Ask for Paul.

Private, non-commercial shadowtalk-line by E-Mail. Subscriptions / questions to
<SHADOWTALK@FIM.INF.UNI-MANNHEIM.DE> with "Subject: Request". M.Emami / Lutherstr.23 / 68169 Mannheim / GERMANY.

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Contact Person: _____

Phone Number: _____

Brief Listing of Shadowrun Events: _____

Mail this form to:
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Columbia, MO. 65205-6018

To best serve the interests of our readers, we limit our listings to cons with Shadowrun as an event.



>>>>(Re-posted from the newsnet for your convenience.)<<<< - Quirk (1:43:55 - 03/01/54)

TODAY'S HEADLINES

INTERNATIONAL ANZAC ANNOUNCES BUSINESS BOOM

After straightening out labor relations with its employees, ANZAC of Australasia has announced the future opening of a west coast distribution center in Seattle. According to an ANZAC spokesman, "With the trade agreement between Seattle and Brisbane, we are now able to move a major portion of our operations to Seattle." He continued, "ANZAC's future looks very bright, at least for the short term. Beef prices are staying high, demand is climbing, and we are now able to fill more of that demand than ever before."

It was previously assumed that if ANZAC moved its west coast distribution centers to Seattle, one of the distribution centers currently in Australasia would be closed. The company has now announced there will be no layoffs or center closings in light of the skyrocketing demand in Europe. More on ANZAC growth, page 123.

CAS DESTROYER FOUND

A spokesman for the CAS military has announced the discovery of the destroyer "Garfish" on the bottom of the gulf. The entire crew has been listed as missing, presumed dead. When asked why the bodies recovered were not listed as dead, the spokesman replied, "Though we have had divers in the wreck, we have not found any of the crew members. I'm sorry, but we are out of time. I can't answer any more of your questions." We have since discovered that the cause of the wreck is still unknown, though there are rumors that an international terrorist group is claiming responsibility.

NATIONAL POLICE HELICOPTERS SHOT DOWN by eco-terrorist group NANA

claims they shot down the three Lone Star helicopters which went down today. They claimed it was in response to the Lone Star and Salish Shidhe raid in the Barrens last night. A portion of their message stated, "This ought to even the body count for now! We want you to know that your actions have escalated this to a new level of bloodshed from which we will be unable to back down!" NANA profile on page 84.

LOCAL FIREFIGHT IN THE BARRENS LIGHTS UP THE NIGHT

With helicopters and a large number of ground forces, a joint operation began between Lone Star and the Salish Shidhe security forces to round up members of the eco-terrorist group NANA (North Americans for North America). This group was responsible for the downing of a C7-10 cargo carrier over the Pacific Ocean a little over a year ago. The reason for the involvement of the Salish Shidhe security forces was that the cargo plane was shot down with an Ares LR SAM stolen from a Salish Shidhe depot.

The operation was started with evidence gathered by Salish Shidhe intelligence about the operations of NANA. "We are very happy with the results of the operation," said Lone Star Sergeant William Caufield. "The friendly casualties were held to two with eight wounded, while we netted eight suspected terrorist casualties and four wounded," he continued.

The wounded are under tight security in a hospital whose name was not released. It appears the raid was not as much of a success as the Sergeant stated, as the leader of NANA was not at the sight during the raid. The remaining missiles also remain at large. Photo spread on pages 34-37.

BUSINESS SEATTLE-BRISBANE TRADE AGREEMENT SIGNED

With the signing of the Seattle-Brisbane trade agreement, the future for

the Seattle shipping trade is looking up. There has already been an increase in the value of stocks for shipping companies and importers in the Seattle area. Several Brisbane companies have already committed to moving at least part of their operations to Seattle. One of these companies is ANZAC, a major worldwide exporter of beef. More on ANZAC, page 123.

ENTERTAINMENT THE SHOW WILL PLAY TONITE

KOMA (the local ABS affiliate) will finally be able to air a made-to-tridion movie tonite on the life and career of Agrippa Bates. The leading lady will be none other than Jocasta Peters, Agrippa's longtime on-again, off-again girlfriend. Agrippa was trying to prevent the show from being aired as it was not created with his approval. The courts have decided that as it is not being labeled a documentary and nothing portrayed can be considered slanderous, ABS can air the film as they see fit. Needless to say, his trouble has once again caused the Agrippa - Jocasta romance to be considered off-again.

SPORTS TACOMA OVER CHICAGO 3-2

In a fabulous game, the Tacoma Wings beat the Chicago Sensations at Chicago. In addition to being a fast paced and exciting game, two things make it one for the record books. The first is that the game was played in Chicago, which Urban Brawl fans immediately recognize as unusual in that teams do not normally play in their own home towns. The second is that six of the thirteen players from Tacoma were last minute substitutions as one of the two planes chartered by the team went down over Sioux territory. Foul play could not be proved. Roster list and complete game stats on pages 90-92.