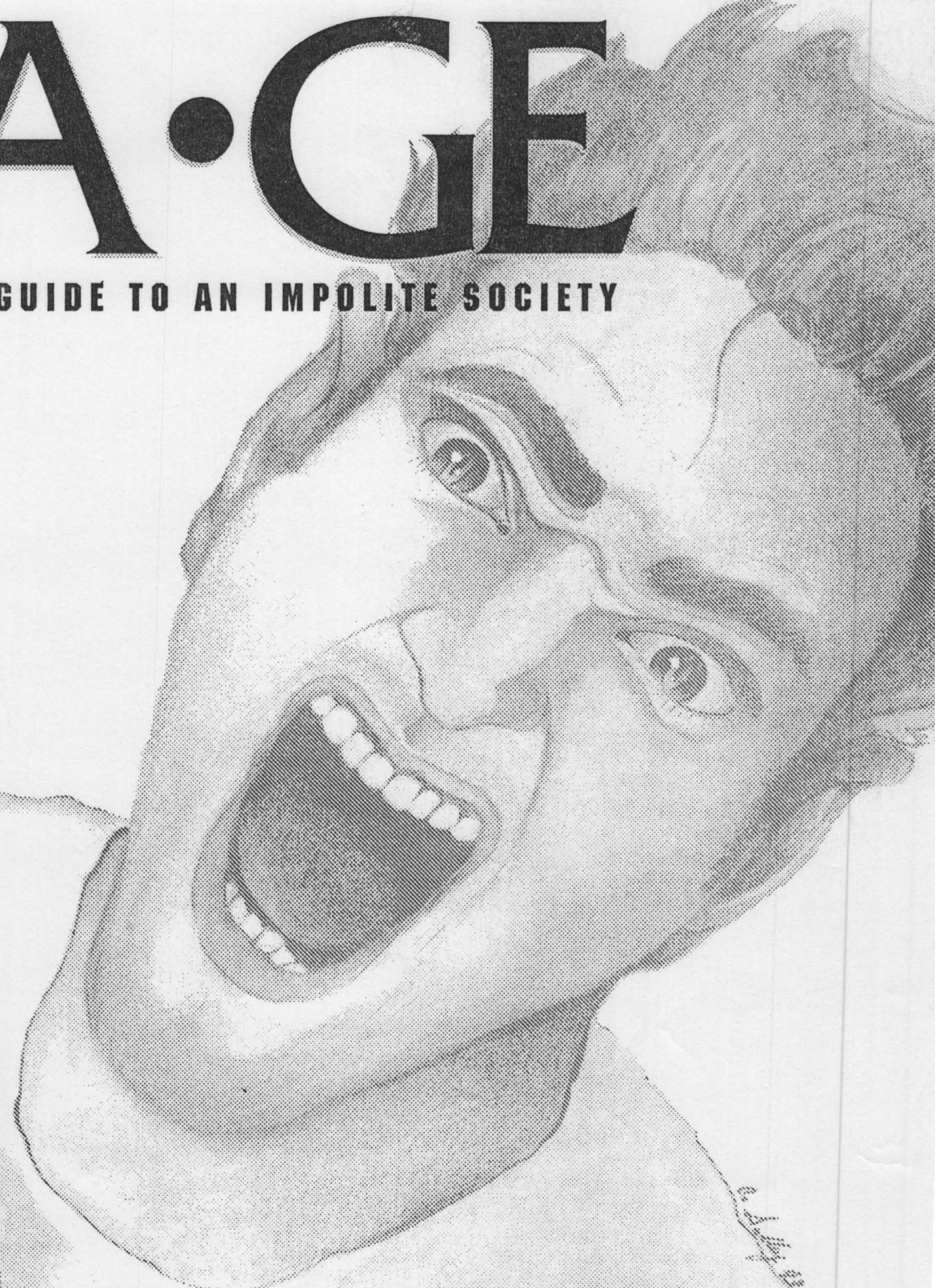


KA • GE

A SURVIVAL GUIDE TO AN IMPOLITE SOCIETY



Volume 1,
Issue 8,
Second Quarter 1993
\$6⁰⁰

SUMMER 2054



Greetings,

As you can see, this issue of Ka·ge is a little bit early and I don't mind telling you, it was not an easy job to get done. I'm not complaining (well, maybe just a little), but between the loss of personnel, new hires, changing membership data bases, a compressed production cycle, and the usual spring craziness, this was 60 days I don't think anybody at AWOL would care to repeat.

Although we've managed to handle almost everything, there are some things that got pushed to the back burner. First, as always, are the letters to individual members. Sorry. Really. I wish I could write responses immediately, but there are too many of you and too few of me. To help with the daily inflow of paper, AWOL is happy (and relieved) to announce Gil Cooper is returning. For those of you who've worked or talked with Gil, you already know he'll bring a lot of ability to the new/old job. Believe me, nobody is happier to see him back than me. Now if I can just keep him chained to the computer. . .

AWOL continues to receive art and text on a daily basis. Most of the stuff we get is great and I wish we could publish all of it. Unfortunately, we're confined to 48 pages and there is only so much room. If you don't get an immediate response on a submission or query, please hang in there, we're still committed to making this a fan's organization and to that end we'll strive to publish fan material.

AWOL Productions recently began accessing the GEnie information service and we hope to establish a "presence" on that system in short order. Although the staff of AWOL is hardly new to the area of telecomputing, we've been off-line with GEnie for over eighteen months, so it is taking some time to get our feet back under us. Write us there and we'll try to get back to you within the week. That's the goal right now, anyway.

Anything else? Just the 1993 convention season. AWOL will not be able to attend as many of the conventions as we had hoped due to the staffing shortage, but that doesn't mean MNA members can't go out and kick some butt. So have fun and I'll see you at GenCon.

enjoy,
Jim

i n d e x

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... I am eagerly awaiting my first issue of "KA-GE" (speaking of which, just what is the pronunciation on that?). — Barry Thompson

Ka-ge is pronounced Caw Gay

Dear AWOL,

More questions...and yes, I know there are a lot. . . Is there a Sprawl Sites Two in the making?

Not that we know of. There is a supplement to Sprawl Sites, in the form of a set of maps. These maps will have the DMZ style star or snowflake system to regulate movement.

Can players choose to be shape-shifters, sasquatches, wendliigos, vampires, banshees, and other sentient "critters" found in the Shadowrun universe as characters?

There are rules floating around to that effect, but you need to very careful with play balance when stepping outside the human norm. Critters were never designed to be used as player characters. The addition of karma an player smarts makes most of them too powerful. Vampires and banshees are OUT. Under no circumstances should a GM allow these as player characters (unless you want the players to run the campaign instead of the game master). I haven't seen anything on sasquatches, wendliigos, or hsing-sing, but that would make an interesting idea. I have seen shape-shifters rules that go something like this: A shape-shifter is a paranormal animal that can change into human form. The character is created as a physical adept, however, all magic points go into "shifting." That allows the shape-shifter to assume one other form — that of a man or woman (as the gender of the shifter). Note the shifter is animal that turns into a human, not the other way around. Read Striper Assassin by Nyx Smith for an excellent example of how these critters should be played and how they think. It is definitely not "human."

Could I get a job working for AWOL?

There's plenty of work, but the pay would break your heart. In all seriousness, most months I can't even take a salary (well, I could but then the printer

wouldn't get paid, and they have no sense of humor when it comes to that type of thing). The best thing most people can do is write or draw for Ka-ge. Having a variety of good material to pick from makes the job easier and creates a better fanzine.

What purpose was "Steel Breeze" and "Niedernach" (or whatever) in one of the recent issues? Where they someone's characters once? These are examples of non-player characters that can pop up in a shadowrun game or be used by a new player. They are designed for both the game master and the player to use in the campaign as they see fit and should serve as an example of the type of characters who populate the shadowrun environment. You said you award more karma when you play. What are your characters like? Are you taught? Have any of you died. . .yet?

I rarely get to play since starting Ka-ge (poor me), and when I do I usually have to be the game master (I say have to be, as I think its much more fun to spoil somebody else's plans than to have mine spoiled). My philosophy is give the players anything they can justify then throw them to the wolves (or banshee). Don't have a mage? Too bad about the toxic spirit. No decker. Too bad you can't get into the building. I usually kill one or two characters per scenario, but most players have back up characters handy so its not too bad. I tend to give extra karma as the characters are very likely to die soon, so why not let them live it up?

Your voice mail system: Is it toll-free? And how much would it cost to call?

The system is a long distance call, but there are no additional charges. In addition, we just started working with GEnie, so you can also leave a message there and we'll get back to you on that system. Depending on your situation, that might be cheaper.

This letter is being typed on a Macintosh LCII, using ClarisWorks. How does that fit in with your system(s)?

It kills us. Mac disks are fine if that is all you have, but we have to go to an outside source to have them converted

and that takes time (and occasionally money). If you've got a Mac, please send the information to us as plain as possible. ASCII text is preferable.

Has anyone offered to produce some "Shadowrun music" (Goblin Rock, Maria Mercurial, The Elementals, etc.)? I'm not offering, but I know I would buy it if it was available.

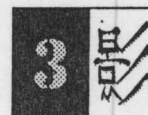
There are several sound companies around, but I don't have the names any more. Occasionally you'll see one advertised in the Dragon. Check out back issues of that mage if you have access to it. In addition, there has been at least one "music man" at each of the last three GenCons, so if you or a friend is heading to that this summer, check out the exhibit hall.

Does AWOL and Ka-ge care to hear about our characters? My character has been around for about three years now. I pat myself on the back for keeping him alive that long.

You bet. That's the whole purpose behind the shadows section of Ka-ge. Send us your characters, archetypes, or contacts and we'll try to publish it. If you've got the art to go along with it, great. If not, we'll try to get it for you.

My last few issues have not been in very good shape. It is probably the postal service, but one can never tell. Perhaps something could be done about that in the future.

I never would have guessed working with the US Postal Service would be such fun. I actually thought the jokes were just that: jokes. I'm sorry to say their not. We've had stuff returned with valid addresses. We've had stuff that was supposed to be forwarded ripped apart and the scraps returned. We've had, well, you get the picture. We mail second class because it is supposed to be treated like first class (ha ha ha). The truth is everything leaves the printer in excellent condition (we check every quarter). If your issue arrives in bad condition (or doesn't arrive at all), you've got a legit complaint to take to the post office.





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 things are advised to buy a subscription to the guide.)<<<<< - Control 13:04:52/4-15-53>





Greater Toad

Identification:

Greater Toads are awakened amphibians similar to ordinary toads except for their great size and innate magical capabilities. Greater Toads are very large, typically 1.5 meters at the shoulder.

Magic Capability:

Innate

Habits:

Greater Toads are omnivorous, eating small creatures as well as plants and carrion. They generally live in low, swampy areas such as fens and river deltas.

Powers:

The toad has a unique manner of attracting prey. They exhale an invisible gas that has a powerful hallucinatory effect on most creatures, causing them to see the toad as a desired and valued object. When the prey comes within range, the toad seizes it with its tongue and uses its strong jaws and salivary acids to kill and break down the animal.

Weaknesses:

None

>>>>(Gas masks won't protect you from the effects of this thing's breath. Only a full-body environment suit or blood filters will work)<<<< - Spanner <14:34:40/4-18-53>

>>>>(Antitoxin spells can negate the gas and its effects, but only for a few seconds before the toad puts out more. Use those seconds wisely.)<<<< - Talon <18:21:05/4-18-53>

NAME INFORMATION Greater Toad

B	Q	S	C	I	W	E	R	Attacks
5/1	3x3	5	-	1/3	4	6	3	4M

Initiative Dice: 2D6

Powers: Binding, Corrosive Saliva, Desire Reflection.

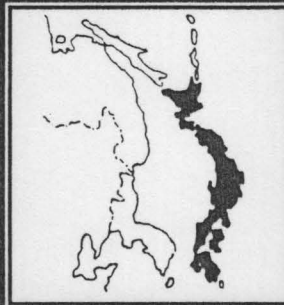
GREATER TOAD

HABITAT

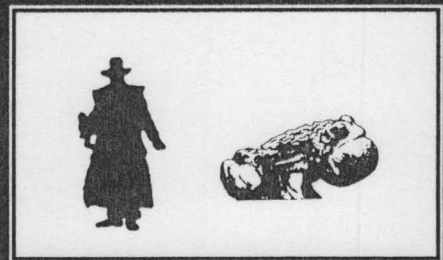
Fresh Water

RANGE

Japan



SIZE COMPARISON





Hengeyokai

Identification:

As in the West, the Awakening in the East has produced some paranimals that are able to assume humanoid form. Oriental shapeshifters demonstrate the same abilities as their occidental cousins, although they generally have human forms which are Oriental in appearance.

Inu:

Dog shapeshifters are fairly average looking in human form, often somewhat scruffy. Their natural form is that of a shaggy mutt. They are generally quite shy, but will sometimes befriend

humans who are in danger or seek human assistance. They have been known to beg favors from people while in dog form, only to reward their patron, sometimes years later.
Active Magic: Uncommon

Kitsune:

Known as hu-hsien in China, foxes are the most sly and clever of all Oriental shapeshifters. They retain their long, bushy tail in human form and wear a long robe, dress or coat to cover it. Kitsune are always very attractive and often appear as wealthy or powerful humans (typically aristocrats or corpo-

rate executives). Active Magic: Common. Illusions and mental manipulations appear to be the spells of choice.

>>>>>(Kitsune are notorious tricksters and love playing jokes on poor, stupid humans. One senior VP of a certain corp managed to get possessed by a Kitsune, who proceeded to screw things up royally in the guy's department and then leave the poor loser to face the music alone. Wish I had been there to see it.)<<<<<< - Inari
<23:58:53/4-20- 53>

>>>>>(The way I heard it, you were, chummer. Don't forget, o foxy one: r





all humans are that dumb.)<<<<< - Kazuo <06:03:34/4-21-53>

Neko:

Cat shapeshifters appear very attractive in human form, with eyes that reflect light as in their natural form. They are typically very vain and often cruel in their behavior. They appear to enjoy toying with humans. The majority of Neko that have been seen have been female. Active Magic: Common

Nezumi:

Rat shapeshifters are the rarest type found in the Far East. They are also the

most discriminated against. Nezumi are considered to be filthy and evil creatures, and they are generally driven out of civilized areas. Some have taken up living in subway and sewer tunnels, and there have been incidents of violence in areas such as Kyoto, where Nezumi have been found. Active Magic: Uncommon

>>>>>(It is also said that rat 'shifters eat people if they can. They hate humankind and viciously attack any human who appears weak enough)<<<<< - Toshi <15:02:04/4-25-53>

>>>>>(Sure, the Japanese like the nice, attractive shapeshifters, but the

ugly little rat ones are just like the Orks, Trolls and other kwaruhito; they mess up their perfectly orderly and pretty world and should get shipped off somewhere to live like animals. Is it any wonder that Nezumi don't like humans?)<<<<< - Solo <21:12:42/4-25-53>

Tanuki:

Badger shapeshifters typically appear as chubby, older humans, often in the guise of a hermit or a wandering Buddhist priest. They are fond of snacks and sweets, strong drink and fine music. They find human concern with money very amusing. Active magic is common for Tanuki, with illusion spells being the general preference.

GAME INFORMATION Hengeyokai

	B	Q	S	C	I	W	E	R	Attacks
Inu	3	5x5	3	5	3	3	(8)	5	4L, -1 Reach
Kitsune	4	5x5	3	5	3	3	(8)	5	3L, -1 Reach
Neko	3	5x5	3	5	3	3	(8)	5	4L, -1 Reach
Nezumi	3	6x4	2	5	3	3	(8)	5	3L, -1 Reach
Tanuki	5	5x4	5	5	3	3	(8)	5	8M, -1 Reach

Initiative Dice: 2D6

Powers: Enhanced Physical Attributes while in animal form, Regeneration.

Weaknesses: Allergy (silver, severe)

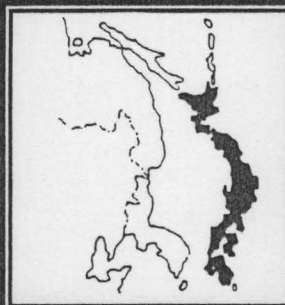
HENGEYOKAI

HABITAT

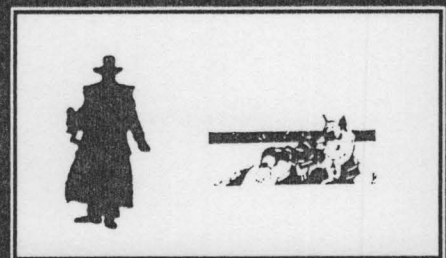
Any

RANGE

Japan



SIZE COMPARISON







Hsing-sing

Identification:

The Asian breed of Sasquatch is very similar to the better known North American strain. The Hsing-sing was named after a legendary humanoid creature that resembles the Sasquatch and lived in the wilds. Hsing-sing typically have brown, black or reddish fur. A mountain breed, commonly known as the Yeti, have white or pale grey fur.

Magic Capability:

Active

Habits:

Like their western cousins, Hsing-sing are peaceful communal creatures that live in small groups in forested wilderness areas. Although the use of Perkins-Athabaskan sign language has not spread to the Far East, most Hsing-sing live unmolested since the United Nations resolution of 2042.

>>>>>(Would that that were true. Some sick fraggers have taken up the sport of "Yeti hunting" in the Himalayas and the mountains of Japan. They go up into the Hsing-sing communities

armed with fragging automatic weapons so that they can blow away a couple of harmless hairy critters and prove how tough they are. Sick.)<<<<<<
- Del <22:04:22/4-25-53>

>>>>>(Yeah, but sometimes those hunters get a surprise themselves when a Hsing-sing shaman turns one of them into a bonsai tree or a sparrow. One shaman with a great sense of poetic justice turned the hunters into bear or deer and let them loose... to wait for the next hunting party to arrive.)<<<<<<
- Spanner <03:21:42/4-26-53>

GAME INFORMATION Hsing-sing

B	Q	S	C	I	W	E	R	Attacks
8	3x4	7	3	3	2	(6)	4	Humanoid

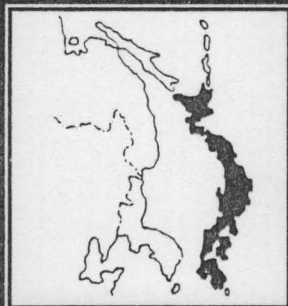
Initiative Dice: 1D6

Powers: Mimicry

HSING-SING

HABITAT
Mountains

RANGE
Japan



SIZE COMPARISON





Streaks. The center line reflected flashing streaks as the Leyland Rover rushed over the slick city streets of Seattle. Strobes. Green neon strobes along the boulevard pulsed on Blaze's dark shades as the vehicle passed. Blaze, the mage and leader in his usual thigh length armor jacket, baggy black trousers, and T-shirt sat rigid next to Gronk in the driver's seat. Gronk, the troll muscle dressed in stylized red and black partial armor, red bandanna wrapped around his horned and bumpy head, his trusty Wallacher Ax at his side, tapped his sausage sized finger against the vehicle's control stick, behind which he barely fit. In the rear were Dice and Patches, decker and shaman respectively. Dice, in a black shynleather armor jacket and blue jeans that looked like they had not been washed since bought, busied himself with loading weapons and deck checks. Patches worked quickly over her various talismans and fetishes, pinning the magical wares here and there on her gray and green form-fitting jump suit and armor vest. Her gold headband with coiled cobra emblem held dark brown hair that fluttered gently as she moved.

Blaze watched the passing road as they drove in the night. His thoughts too caught up in what was going to happen to notice the various night life and street grudge walking along the sidewalk. His whole body rumbled with anticipation, though externally it didn't show. Tonight his dreams of justification would come true. He would meet the killer of his fiance and take from him what he took from her: life.

Blaze and his troop had been looking for the chance to reach this corporate kid, Raymond Turshey, adopted son of Horihito Tamaki, CEO of Production and Sales at Mitsuhamma, for nearly four months. His opportunity came when he talked with Sally Bergstrom, secretary at Mitsuhamma and closest friend to his fiance, Christy Blane. He had been reluctant at first to talk with her because of the rather unstable condition in which the incident had left

her. But once he made contact, the tip was pure gold.

Three days ago she

had overheard in one of the copying rooms that Mr. Turshey was to meet with some management specialists (Raymond's job at Mitsuhamma was personnel management) at the New Century Square Hotel, a luxurious but mishappen place in Downtown Seattle, at 2100 hours. She also heard that he wanted it low profile for "personal reasons." This provided Blaze with a place and little obstruction to fulfill his plans.

Gronk sighed and wriggled in his seat. "Are you ready for this?" He was rather well spoken for his kind and held honor in the highest regard since childhood. Born a troll he was often feared and outcast, finding comfort and love within his own family. There he did most of his learning and student matters. His uncle, trained in the martial arts at youth and in the military service during the Euro Wars back in 2038, trained Gronkin the ways of self defense and instilled within him the honor that such an art provided.

"You're not having second thoughts are you Gronk?" Blaze said turning toward him half shocked. "Second thoughts can be dangerous in this business as you very well know."

"Yea, I know. But the biz also calls for discretion at times too."

"Don't worry, Gronk. This job won't be tough if things go well enough. We've gone over it several times now. You and Patches get to the power plant and knock out the elevator systems. We already know that the place has a contract with Uplift Enterprises for elevator repair, thanks to Dice's contacts. That's why we hit their maintenance crew last night and took this service van and snatched the uniforms. After the elevator sabotage, you and Patches are to plug into their phone system and monitor the outgoing calls, watching for a call to Uplift. You have the number, right?"

"Nope, Patches has it," Gronk replied.

"Got it right here," said Patches holding the small slip of paper over Blaze's left shoulder.

"Good," Blaze continued. "They call and you tell them you're sending a unit, Dice and me. Once in, we find a terminal, Dice jacks in to find where Turshey's meet is, and I let you in

through the service entrance. After that, you and I will move in on Turshey while Patches and Dice stay behind for Matrix overwatch.

"Yea, yea, I know, I know," said Gronk having heard the spiel several times before. "I just don't want this one hosed, that's all."

"He jes didn't want ta miss Samurai Cop on the trid tonight is all," said Dice. The group chuckled, lightening the mood of a heavy night. The van rolled on to its destiny.

• • •

The Leland Rover pulled up silently to the small maintenance shack in the alley outside the hotel. Out jumped Gronk and Patches carrying electronics tool kits and weapons. They traveled light, knowing all too well the level of security the Downtown area provided. Gronk carried his smart MP-5 TX sub-machine gun fitted with a silencer and loaded with explosive ammo, as well as his Predator II for tight situations. He hated to leave his Wallacher Combat Ax behind but he knew that it would be too noticeable. Patches traveled even lighter in the way of firearms, carrying only a Light Fire 70 pistol for extreme emergencies. Hating the combat of the job, she hoped the run would move without it. Dice jumped in the driver's seat and drove the van away from the drop-off point, leaving the twosome to their duties. In the meantime, he and Blaze would park and change into the Uplift overalls.

Gronk and Patches moved swiftly to the door of the shack. The little building was built into the side of the hotel, constructed of hard duracrete, doored with a heavy steel affair and locked with a sophisticated maglock. Patches pulled out the passkey that Dice had acquired from his shadowy contacts and proceeded to wire it up.

Gronk pressed himself against the building, looking up and down the alley for any signs of trouble while Patches activated the device. Little lights started to blink and flash and a digital readout proceeded to "count up" the percentage of completion. Finally after what seemed like hours, the readout displayed "100" and the door slid aside with a hiss.



"We're in," Patches whispered enthusiastically.

When they entered the shack, the lights had started to flicker, now coming to full light. Gronk scanned the room, finding it no larger than 5 by 3 meters—tight quarters for the runners. Despite the lack of space, Gronk was relieved to verify that there were no cameras or detection systems mounted.

"Alright. Let's move," Gronk ordered, moving toward the elevator control panel. "You find the comm switchboard."

"Check."

After squeezing past Patches, Gronk pulled back the front panel to the elevator power box mounted on the wall. Various pipes sprouted in all directions, most going into the wall behind it. He looked at the setup, somewhat confused by the mishmash of wires and circuitry. He could make out the movement of each of the three elevators and the floors they were on by a numbered panel to the left.

Now let's see, he thought. Dice said to disconnect the conduit between the power plant and the elevator coupling. Aw here it is. Gronk pulled out a wrench and proceeded to adjust it to the coupling nut. He looked over his shoulder to check on his partner.

The shaman had the metal cover plate off the switchboard and was wiring a small device into the panel. Attached to the device was a headset and comm unit which she was now wearing. Making the final connections, she looked over to Gronk and gave him a thumbs up signal. With that, the samurai proceeded to unscrew the coupling with the ease only a troll would have. The various floor lights and readouts slowly flickered and finally went dead. Patches pulled out a number for Uplift Enterprises, watching the displays for the one she wanted. Just as planned, a call was made and the device picked up the preprogrammed number, rerouting it to Patches' headset. With a sickeningly

melodious corporate drawl Patches answered, "Uplift Enterprises. How can I help you, sir."

"Yes, this is the New Century Square Hotel," an irritated voice replied.

"We're having trouble with the fraggin' elevators again. It seems that your people are incompetents!"

"I understand, sir. We'll send out another team to make the repairs, and I assure you the job will be handled most efficiently."

"You better, or you can forget about any further dealings with this hotel!"



The phone clicked sharply.

Patches chuckled, "Some people just don't know how to relax."

•••

"You're set," miked Gronk over the group's communicator. "See ya out back."

"Right. Later," Blaze answered. The two sitting in the work clothes had been waiting for the go signal. Blaze looked over to Dice. "Ready?"

"Let's rock."

The two picked up their "tool boxes" carrying Dice's deck and Predator, Blaze's Manhunter, and their regular street attire. Blaze tried to restrain the

emotions he was feeling as they walked to the building. Anticipation for the fulfillment of his quest was fighting against his ability to look calm and not out of place. A conflict governed by a storm of other emotions: hate, love, fear, et al. An internal war mustered by the brutal killing of his wife-to-be, caused by the man they sought out tonight.

When they entered they were overcome by what they saw. The hotel was the epitome of corporate luxury over indulgence. Marble floors and pillars

surrounded by huge planters and dramatic water fountains filled the lobby entrance. Real oak and maple wood walls and furniture were spaced so appropriately and orderly that it would make an interior decorator weep with joy. Giant glass chandeliers like stalactites of pure diamonds cast sparkling light throughout the area as corporate socialites chattered and buzzed, so amused with themselves that they didn't even notice the two technicians enter.

Dice and Blaze sauntered up to the registrar's desk, manned by a gorgeous slender young woman, locks of strawberry blond hair curling around her shoulders, dressed in a sharp yet flattering business dress, and a datacord trailing from behind her ear to the computer. "Can I help

you, gentlemen?"

"Boy, can YOU help US!" Dice exclaimed, losing a little of his already menial composure.

"Excuse me?"

Blaze gave Dice a little nudge with his elbow, jarring the man from his captivation. "Aw yea, Uplift Enterprises here ta fix the elevators."

She looked the men over a little suspiciously and arrogantly before her eyes glazed over as she checked the computer appointment book. "Yes, I have you scheduled. Mr. Siminich hopes you do a better job this time. Teddy will take you to the control station." With that





the receptionist buzzed in from a room behind the desk a young man dressed in a red and brass bell boy suit with a red dippy cap and chin strap. "Take these men to the elevator control station."

"Yes, ma'am. Right away, ma'am," he replied crisply. "If you gentlemen will follow me, please."

The boy led them through wide and plushly carpeted hallways all luxuriously ornamented with various sculptres, paintings, vases, and planters. Blaze could hardly stand to look at all the novelties of the rich, most likely acquired through unsavory means. He just gritted his teeth and tried to ignore it all.

After walking through a maze of corridors and hallways, Blaze and Dice were finally brought to a large utility room on what seemed to be the employee and servant floor. In the room was a large rumbling monstrosity of machinery, the main heating system. Vents and conduits emerged from it like some hideous metallic octopus. Other control boxes and electrical systems lined the walls.

The bell boy turned to them. "If you need me or when you're done, you can contact the front desk via that comm on the wall over there." He pointed to a dirty comm unit in a corner, neglected by the studious maids and clean-up personnel for what looked like years.

"Right, we'll give ya a call if we need ya," Dice replied, digging into his toolbox, pretending to be involved in his work. The bellboy turned and walked out the door.

"He gone?" Dice voiced over the roar of the heating system.

"Yes, he's gone. So far so good." Blaze dusted off the old chair near the soiled comm system.

Folding his legs in lotus position, he started to breath deeply, eventually slumping over in the chair. Now on the astral plane, Blaze could move swiftly and freely through the walls and corridors around the general area of the boiler room searching for guards, people, or computer systems. During his

travels he found the service entrance where Patches and Gronk would enter, noting it

for future reference. Next Blaze came across a room full of astral auras. Each aura shown brightly and clearly, giving him the impression that the forms were non-cybered. Judging by their various astral colors, Blaze could read that these were healthy happy-go-lucky humans content in their job. Blaze scanned the room the humans were in. Various shades of unshifting grays surrounded the vibrant astral entities. In one corner though was a space of near black. From past experiences, Blaze knew that such voids were often highly technical things such as computers in the real world. He hoped he was right.

Blaze returned to his meat body to see Dice standing over him out of the work overalls and holding his Predator at his side. "Wha' cha find?"

Blaze started to remove the overalls. "A possible access point into the system in a room down the hall to the right. There are six people there, non-cybered. They didn't seem too hostile but let's be cautious." Dice picked up the toolbox holding his deck and handed Blaze his Manhunter. Then they moved stealthfully down the unmonitored hall. Dice thought the owner must either be really cocky or stupid to have such loose security. But he also knew that the manager was a mage who could patrol the hotel astrally and cut down on security costs to boot. He stayed wary.

The two came to the room, heard voices, clattering pots and pans, and smelled various scents. The kitchen.

"Freeze!" Dice yelled. The cooks did just that, shocked by the two men and the guns pointed at them. The six cooks were all portly women in their mid years, all wearing their hair up in nets. Dice corralled them to a storage room filled with huge bags and canisters of soy flower and flavorings. He locked the door as Blaze checked the spot where he saw the void in astral space. He was right, there was a computer terminal there, probably used for menu orders and recipes as well as to operate some of the cooking equipment.

"There's your terminal," Blaze said pointing to the corner. "You get set, I'll get the back door." With that, Blaze left the room not waiting for a re-

sponse.

Following the path he took on the astral, Blaze maneuvered through the halls and around corners to finally reach the back door, a service entrance for the less savory, less beautiful employees of the hotel. As he turned the corner, he noticed a security camera in the ceiling corner pointed at the door. Blaze jumped back behind the corner. Well, one had to show up sooner or later, he thought. But I've got just the little trick to get past that. Rubbing his hands together and whispering some unintelligible words, a swirling of orange and yellow lights like fireflies engulfed him. His appearance began to transform. Arms, legs, and body started to get shorter yet larger in mass. His outfit shifted to an apron and dress, and his long sandy blond hair shortened and began to twine itself into a net. His thin, masculine face fattened and feminized. Then the lights were gone and Blaze the mage was now "Helga the cook."

Letting out a sigh, he shuffled up to the door and punched the open button. It slid aside with a gravely hiss. He looked outside for his companions, knowing they would probably see him as an old portly female cook. "Patches, Gronk, it's me, Blaze. You out there?" After a second, the two emerged from behind the cover of a dirty dumpster.

"Wiz, Blaze," said Patches, "great mask. How'd you do it?" Blaze didn't answer. He only dropped the spell and worded another incantation. After touching their shoulders with white glowing hands, they watched each other disappear from view.

All three invisible now, Blaze ordered, "Quickly through the door before it closes." Gronk jumped in first followed closely by Patches. The door was just sliding closed as Blaze hurled himself through the now half meter opening. They were all in. Rounding the corner, Blaze dropped his invisibility spell and pointed the way down the corridor. He wiped the sweat from his forehead.

They got back to the kitchen without incident to find Dice seated at the terminal, his Fuchi Cyber-7 plugged in, his datcord in hand.

"Aw, it's about time ya got here. I



was beginnin' ta feel a bit lonely."

"No cracks, hot shot," Blaze responded. "Try to find Turshey."

Dice bent to his task, injecting the plug into the porcelain rimmed data-jack in his temple. After a series of key strokes, Dice's body went limp, hunching over his deck. Seconds ticked, turned to minutes, then several minutes. Blaze sat, watching Dice do his work as Gronk stood vigil by the door.

"Someone's comin'," he suddenly reported as he moved behind a huge blender bowl, the other's except Dice taking similar positions.

"Room 276 is still waiting for their dinner. Ain't you done ye..." The waiter's words were cut short as he entered the kitchen, seeing only Dice hunched over the deck.

"Hey, who the frag are..." Again, the food server's sentence was left unfinished as Gronk stole up behind him and planted heavy fist against his head. The waiter's eyes rolled up as he fell to his knees and then to the floor face first, unconscious.

"Room 276 will hafta wait a little longer," mused the troll.

"Good work, Gronk," Blaze commented.

"I've got it," mumbled Dice suddenly. "Turshey's in room 559, fifth floor."

"Great. Let's go Gronk. We'll take the stairs up."

"Right behind ya, chummer."

This is it, the mage thought as they moved to the stairs. Four months of waiting has finally come to an end.

The two made their way to the stairs, barely avoiding two more employees in what looked like janitor uniforms moving nonchalantly down an intersecting hallway. As they proceeded higher up the stairs, Blaze and Gronk encountered more and more people. With the elevators out of commission, the stairs were the prime source of transport. Luckily Gronk replaced his MP-5 in his shoulder holster before entering the stairwell.

Upon reaching the fifth floor, Blaze pulled out his communicator. "Dice,

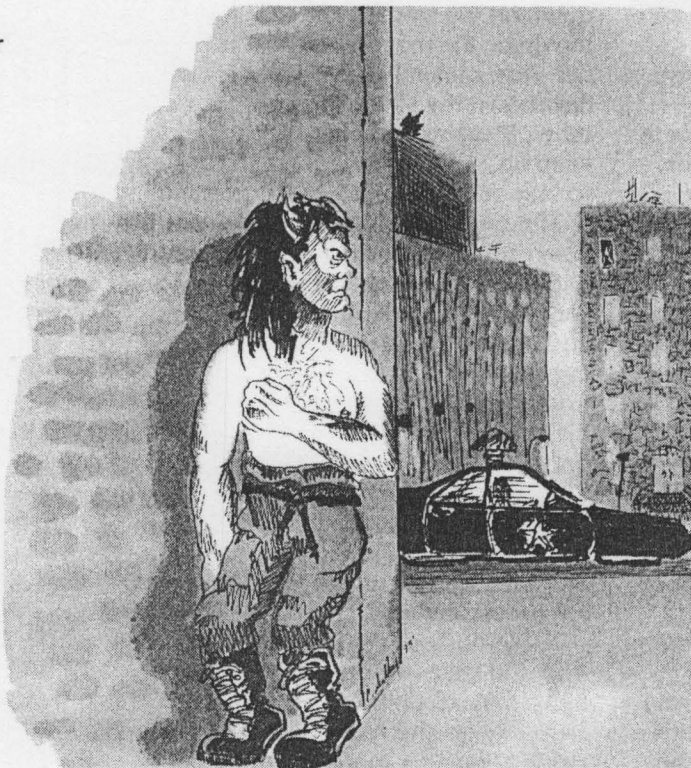
get ready to open Turshey's door on my command."

"Already there and waitin'," the decker replied.

Looking for the room, Blaze could feel his anticipation reaching unbearable levels. Finally after several minutes they reached Turshey's room.

Blaze took a deep breath and knocked on the door. "Room service."

After a moment and the sounds of movement, a voice inside responded, "I didn't order any room service. Go away."



The mage looked over to Gronk who was already unholstering his MP-5. After a quick look around, the samurai nodded back. Blaze called to his decker while pulling out his Manhunter, "Now Dice!" The small open/close light on the maglock panel shifted and the door slid open. What Blaze saw was not what he expected.

The room was dark except for the pink and orange spotlights shining on a pile of fuchsia and purple fur pillows centered in the living room. On the pillows were three half-dressed women who jumped at the sudden opening of the door, and a man...Turshey? The man looked up as Blaze and Gronk stormed into the room, Blaze moving

straight toward him.

"What is the meaning of this. Who are you?" he questioned.

"Shut up! Just shut the frag up, Turshey!" Blaze screamed, kicking the man on his back and pointing the gun right between his eyes. As Gronk stood over the women, keeping them silent, Blaze looked over their prey. He appeared to be in his mid-thirties, though Blaze knew he was only around 28, slightly balding, and fairly overweight, dressed only in boxer shorts and a T-shirt. Was this the guy who killed my Christy? This poor excuse for humanity? he thought.

"What do you want. Don't shoot. Please." The man started to whimper. "My credstick is in my pants over there. Take it, just don't hurt me."

"I want answers!" Blaze shouted, a little confused. "You're Raymond Turshey right?"

The man looked down the barrel of the pistol, "Y-Y-Yea."

"And you work for Mitsuhama? You're Tamaki's adopted son?"

The man just looked at his tormenter, tight lipped.

"Well..." said Blaze gently pressing the trigger to activate the laser sight.

Turshey started to shake, paralyzed with fear but still not saying a thing.

"Let us see." As Blaze moved his left hand in a clockwise motion over Turshey's head mumbling words of power, Turshey's eyelids grew heavy and his shaking ceased. The glow from the spell flickered off the mage's shades.

Then Blaze stopped and lifted himself away from his subject. Ray opened his eyes and realized the situation he was in. "He didn't do it. He harassed her, but he didn't kill her. It was Cain—Cain McClintoc who did it."

Turshey took advantage of the situation and quickly slammed down on the hotel security button. "Now you're in for it."



Blaze looked back, realizing what the pervo had done. "Drek, we've got to get out of here." Gronk was already moving toward the door.

At the same time Dice was calling, "The heat's headed your way, chummer. Ya better slot and run outta there." Blaze made for the door, looking back at Turshey who sat smirking, proud of his accomplishment. The runners stormed out into the hallway.

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"Dice, is there any other way outta here?" hollered Gronk into the communicator.

"Nothin' short of jumpin' out the window. The heat on the floor is headin' your way. Ya might be able to dodge 'em an' head down the stairs, but the hotel's been put on yellow alert. Any heat on the stairs are gonna be askin' questions."

"Which hall are they comin' from?"

"From the north, north west. Better hurry!" The stairs were on the south side of the hotel. Gronk took the lead and rounded the corner. Blaze followed but was spotted by a group of three guards. He fired two shots over their heads to distract them.

"Hey! hold on there. Stop where you are."

"We've got company!" Blaze shouted to Gronk as he kept running. The two rushed down the hallway, dodging and weaving among various hotel clientele and employees. Blaze could hear the footfalls of the trio of guards behind him. When they reached the stairwell door, Gronk slammed into it, tearing the wooden thing clean off its hinges. They dashed down the stairs only to encounter two guards climbing up.

"Hold it right there!" a guard shouted. Gronk ignored his command and flung his huge arm into the man's chest. The human wheezed as he slammed sideways against the wall and tumbled down the stairs. His partner had his Colt America L36 out and fired two shots at Gronk. The shots echoed in the cavernous stairwell, one slamming into the trog. Gronk stopped his pace, stunned by the force of the bullet but

not by its penetration.

Blaze lifted his Manhunter and placed the laser light at the man's head. With one quick pull of the trigger, a shot rang out, finding its mark in the right temple of the gunman. The round whipped his head sideways and splattered blood across the stairs. The guard didn't even have time to scream as he tumbling down the stairs.

Three more shots ricocheted past Blaze from behind, nearly taking his ear off. The security goons who had been chasing them were now hunkered down on the landing above. "Keep moving!" the mage yelled to his partner. The samurai gritted his teeth and flew down the stairs, three steps at a time. Blaze rushed after him, trying to keep up. "Dice, this is Blaze. Prepare to bug-out. We're near your position."

The twosome reached the servant floor only to run into three more security personnel. "Frag, we're cut off. This way Blaze." Gronk grabbed the mage and shoved him behind a cart of folding chairs about eight meters away from the stairs. The samurai, standing his ground, aligned the amber cross hairs in his retinal mods with his weapon. Explosive rounds hailed the three new opponents, the silencer struggling to muffle the peppering that ensued. With a cry, the lead opponent fell to his demise.

Blaze dodged the barrage that flew from the stair well opening. Embracing himself, head down, the mage called forth orange and red arcane energy already beginning to glow around his arms. He looked up, staring at his target. With a broad sweep of his arm, hand outstretched, a fiery blast erupted forth in a swirl of energy, landing squarely at their position. The explosion threw the screaming bodies in all directions and rumbled the entrance, sending shards of wood and concrete outward. Blaze fell against the cart, shaking from the drain but still functional. I've got to get a focus for that one, he promised himself.

Gronk, now partially protected by the chairs, was continuing his shots, but the remaining opponents had found cover by the corner of the hallway from which they entered. He sent a burst their way only to shred the wall

to splinters.

"Frag it!" he cursed. "I don't suppose you have a spell that makes walls disappear do ya!" Blaze shook his head as a shot ricocheted through the chairs.

"Drek! We've got to get to better cover or we're toast!" exclaimed the troll. Just then one of the guards shrieked and spun out into the hall, his arms flailing. His comrade turned to see the origin of his partner's fall, accidentally stepping out from behind his cover. Snatching the new opportunity, Gronk emptied the last six rounds from his MP-5, each slamming into the guard with deadly accuracy. The target jolted with each shot until finally falling to his death.

From around the corner peered Dice, carrying his deck and Predator, his unruly mop of hair betraying him immediately. "There ya are. Thought ya might be needin' some help. We've been waitin' for ya."

"Then wait no more," Gronk hastened. "Let's slot this place." Gronk took the lead, steering the group swiftly to the service entrance, luckily avoiding any further encounters. As the troll reached out to push the open button, Blaze felt a familiar uneasiness wash over him. It was the same feeling he had when he and Dice rescued Patches and Gronk a few weeks back by the piers. The same feeling as when in the Silver Fools the tall dark stranger came prior to the razor guy attack. And now he was feeling it again. Gronk opened the door and the group rushed out into the night. A sinister laugh caught their attention.

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The formless configuration shifted and flew as a mist over them, landing like a plague at the end of the alley. The mist started taking shape, arms and legs molding into a solid mass. Before them stood a large human form, nearly two meters, its silhouetted outline casting long shadows against the green neon lights behind it. Long hair and overcoat waving and fluttering in the draft, arms at its side.

"At last we finally meet," it spoke with a deep evil voice. The group just stared in amazement at the figure, un-



able to determine any distinguishing features. Blaze knew the form though, felt it. Whatever it was, and now he had a pretty good idea, it wouldn't be smart to stick around.

"Let's get out of here," he shouted.

"No. Not yet. We have much to discuss," the form boomed, raising its hand and encasing the group in a domed barrier of crackling jags. Gronk pushed against it futilely.

"I've been watching you, mage, and your group. You've incited my interest." Dice looked to Blaze confused and Patches started to shake. She could sense the being's power, as could Blaze.

"What do you want?" Blaze demanded.

"I want you, mage." The form's hair and coat seemed to flutter more as it spoke. Its face was still covered by the shadows. "I've seen you in action. Your link with the magical planes is very strong. You would do well to join me, for I am a founder. Those who enter my group feel the power of the Fusion, the many merging into one. With the Fusion, the power surmounts."

Dice stared at the form, "What the frag are ya talkin' about?"

"SILENCE!" The ground almost shook. "I'm not talking to you, decker." Dice was flung backward as the form spoke, ramming into the barrier that encased them. Dice sat there, dazed and bruised.

Blaze looked at Dice and then to their tormentor. He wanted to reach out and strangle the dark one. No. I've got to keep cool about this. Gronk had other ideas.

"Eat this!" he shouted, clapping off a burst from his MP-5. The echoing rounds flew through the wall that encased them only to burn to slag as they approached the target.

The form just laughed. "Your weapons are of no consequence. Mage, perhaps you should control your people before I destroy them... just for pleasure."

Blaze lifted a hand to Gronk who just

growled to himself. He seems interested in me. Maybe if I give myself up to him, he won't hurt the others. In the process, we might get lucky.

"Enough, stranger, take me and spare the others. It's me you want anyway."

"Very noble, you shall enjoy becoming part of the Fusion." With a wave of the dark form's gloved hand, the barrier around the group altered to include all but Blaze. "Mage, approach me."

"Don't do it!" Patches yelled.

Blaze walked toward the shadowed



form, turning his gaze left and right, looking for a place to jump when he made his move. I've got to try and distract this guy. Maybe then the others can get away. It's me or it now. Suddenly Blaze leapt toward the building, the only cover available. Reaching out his hand he called forth the power that his opponent wanted so badly. Jagged red and orange flames swirled around his arm, cycloning their way toward the dark foe. But the flames seemed to merely pass through and around the target, igniting and exploding a car across the street.

"I should have known you would put up resistance. Now, for your actions, your friends shall die." Raising

both arms and speaking in a tongue Blaze had never heard, globes of blue fire churned around its hands.

Suddenly the form was spotlighted by an overhead Lone Star Hughes Stallion flying overhead, its patrol interrupted by the previously exploding car.

"Nobody move!" a voice called over the copter's PA.

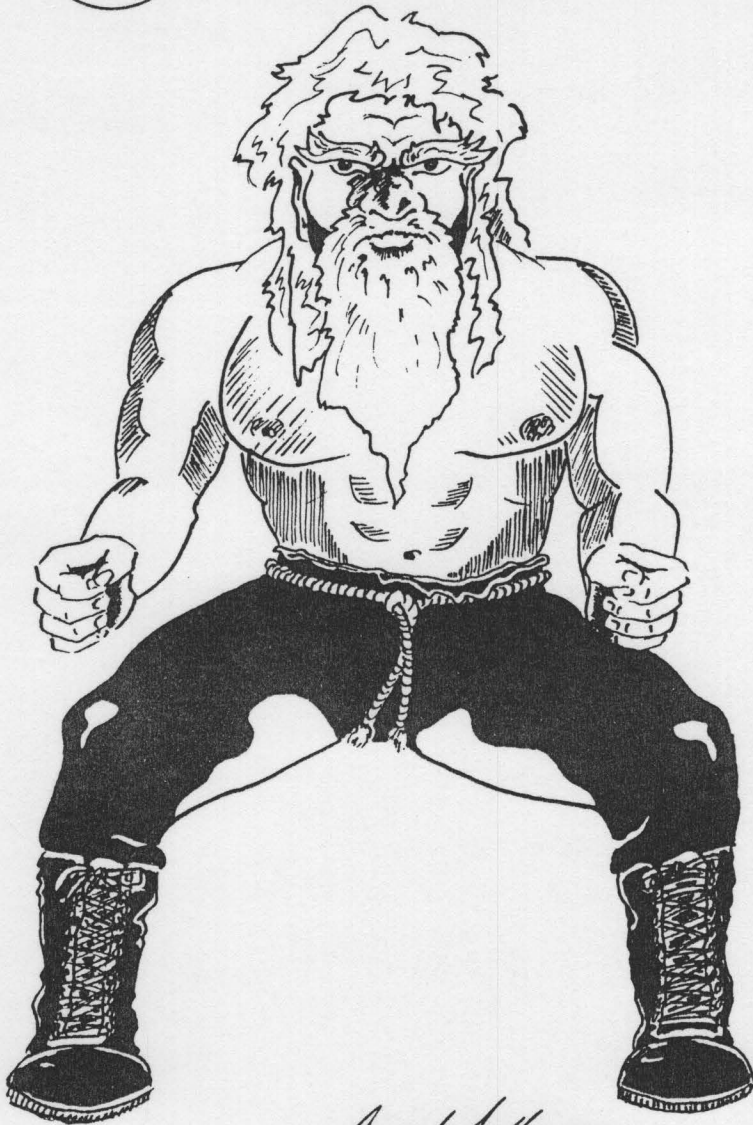
"You dare interfere with me," the form uttered, loosing the two spheres of fire. Both balls made contact, erupting in a blue-white explosion which rocked the aircraft. Smoke emitted

from its engine as it made an aerial circle and came in low for a sweep at the form. Piercing the concrete and flinging stone, the APDS rounds cut a swath to the form, bringing it down and sending it flailing against the hotel. The wall around the team disappeared, and Patches came running to Blaze who was weary and half dazed from the last spell he threw. She wished she could do something for him, but recovery from drain fatigue had to happen naturally. She helped him to his feet.

Gronk came running, carrying Dice and his deck on his back. "Can he run?" Patches nodded. "Good, let's move!" Hearing the sirens and the flashing lights, Gronk determined that the streets would be too dangerous a means of escape. He lead

Patches and Blaze deeper into the alley, finding what he was looking for. A manhole. With one arm, he wrapped his hand around the lid and yanked it open. Rather carelessly he threw Dice in and helped the others down. They had made their escape.

Above ground the dark form, its wounds healing, rolled deeper into the shadows. Checking the alley and the street, it looked for its prey to no avail. You're lucky, mage, it thought. It just makes the hunt all the more enticing. It laughed evilly. Transforming to a mist to make its escape, it thought, But next time, I shall have you.



Craig J. Andrey 93'

Dwarven Stoic - Physical Adept

"You say there is much pain in the world. If you will just look inside yourself and master your own pain, the world will not seem such a bleak place.

"No, that didn't hurt, but it really wasn't very kind. NO, that didn't hurt either. Perhaps a short demonstration?

"Now that some of your smugness is gone perhaps we can discuss business. Sorry about the threads, chummer."

Commentary

The Dwarven Stoic is a physical adept in the tradition of the dwarven stereotype of old. Raised in the Sixth world so full of pain, he has learned to be callous and to ignore his own pain. Although this harsh nature makes him seem insensitive, in fact the Dwarven Stoic seeks to help others master their pain.

Attributes

Body	5
Quickness	4
Strength	7
Charisma	1
Intelligence	4
Willpower	6
Essence	6
Magic	6
Body Index	0
Reaction	4
Initiative	+1d6 [+2d6]

Skills

Athletics	4
Etiquette (Street)	4
Firearms	3
Stealth	4
Unarmed Combat	6 (8)

Dice Pools

Combat	7
Control	0

Physical Adept Powers

Increased Reflexes (+1d6)
Killing Hands (7M)
Unarmed Combat (+2d6)
Pain Resistance (6)

Cyberwear

None

Contacts

Metahuman Rights Activist
City Official

Gear

Armor Clothing	3/0
Real Leathers	0/2
Remington Roomsweeper	9S (f)



THE BOSTON SPRAWL II

HISTORY

"Go back to Boston, friend," St.Peter said. "Heaven isn't good enough for you."

The source of the anonymous quote above perfectly captures the essence of the character that is the Metroplex of Boston. Bostonian pride in the city is somewhat justified because Boston, in many ways, is living history and the city's past has a strong role in the shaping of its future.

NEW YORK TROUBLE

As it entered the twenty-first century, Boston's future looked to be a bleak one. The long recession of the 1990s had brought the economy to a virtual standstill. Unemployment was at an all time high and civil unrest continued to grow. Riots and looting became increasingly common as the ranks of the unemployed and homeless swelled. The city seemed to be in an inevitable slide toward ruin.

The turning point in the crisis came in 2005. The whole nation looked on in horror and amazement when a gigantic earthquake leveled New York City. With such massive devastation rendering Manhattan virtually uninhabitable, it became necessary to relocate several major institutions, such as the United Nations, in order to keep them functioning.

Corporations immediately began considering new locations for the New York Stock Exchange, a linchpin of the world's economy. Several cities were given consideration, but the government of Boston acted quickly in presenting the most attractive incentives to the Exchange Board of Directors, a last desperate effort at reviving the city's dying economy. Their efforts proved successful and the city was forever changed by the results.

>>>>(A lot of cities vied for the chance to host the stock exchange, including Atlanta and Los Angeles. Boston was picked for both the geographic location as well as for potential exploitability. The city was in such economic crisis at time that the government promised the corps anything in exchange for a chance of economic revival.)<<<< - Wall Streeter <17:49:00/9-29-53>

>>>>(The corporations continue to circulate rumors that the Exchange might be moved back to NYC. That's highly

unlikely, considering the amount of money it would take to relocate it again, but it usually works to keep the voters on the side of policies that benefit the Stock Exchange's continued presence in the Hub.)<<<< - Tao Jones <22:31:11/9-30-53>

HOSTILE TAKEOVER

The Exchange Board of Directors wasted no time in moving the Exchange to its new home once the decision had been made. Temporary facilities were set up and construction began immediately on a new building in downtown Boston to accommodate the new East Coast Stock Exchange.

"The corporations descended on the city like a biblical plague of locusts," commented one Boston Globe columnist looking back on the move. Companies did indeed flock to the site of the new Exchange to set up shop or to expand existing branch offices to handle the new activity in the city. Boston's economy began to take off at a run.

Along with the corporations came a huge rise in the city's population. People moved to Boston to take advantage of the growing job market and thousands of refugees from a devastated New York City came looking for new lives and new hope. Within a few short months, Boston went from a virtual ghost town to a boom town.

Like any boom town, Boston experienced "growing pains." There was considerable competition for jobs, housing and opportunities, especially in

the first few years. Overcrowding became a serious problem as the construction industry rushed to meet the demand for additional housing. Tempers flared in overcrowded conditions and the crime rate rose.

The corporations were quick to take control of the situation from the hands of the city's ineffectual government. Realizing the opportunity they had before them, corporations began to invest considerable amounts of money in "civic improvements" such as housing and private security forces that were provided to their employees as incentives. At first the city government welcomed, indeed invited, corporate involvement, but over time the corporations took more and more control over areas that the government considered to be its domain, i.e., police matters. The precedent set by the Seretech ruling of 1999 allowed the corporations far more latitude than the city fathers had planned for.





When the government of Boston tried to object to corporate activities, they were forcefully reminded by the members of the ECSE Board of Directors of the city's economic dependence on the Stock Exchange and the companies that it had brought into the area. The government was allowed some leeway, so long as its plans did not threaten corporate interests. The city threatened and postured for a while, but eventually accepted the edict and let the corporations do pretty much as they pleased.

>>>>(While the corporations do control Boston, they don't actually run the city per se. The corps don't want to worry about the day to day concerns of running a huge metroplex, they let the government bureaucrats do that. They just want to make sure that the government "stays in line" and doesn't try to do something that might hurt the old profit margin. Things like work safety and equal opportunity employment, for example.)<<<<< - Tao Jones <22:39:06/9-30-53>

THE INDIAN QUESTION

The Treaty of Denver between the major North American powers and the representatives of the Native American Nations satisfied none of the parties fully. Particularly angered by the treaty were many of the native tribes of the American and Canadian east, who felt that they were being sold out by the Sovereign Tribal Council. The United States and Canadian governments had stipulated in the treaty that the NAN would surrender all claim to the eastern lands in exchange for the lands which they received, and the Tribal Council agreed.

Many disaffected eastern Amerindians chose to move west to the new NAN lands, while others decided to remain and integrate into the existing society as well as they could. Some, however, decided to continue fighting to regain the land they considered to be rightfully theirs, either through peaceful means or through violence. Although terrorist groups such as Warpath claim they represent Native rights, they are denounced by the Sovereign Tribal Council.

>>>>("Satisfied none of the parties fully." Now there's the understatement of the century...)<<<<< - Hawke <16:23:09/10-04-53>

>>>>(A few Tribals have taken up the cause of the parks in the Emerald Necklace and are working to care for and maintain them in the face of the 'plex's expansion. I wish them luck.)<<<<< - Tarlen <20:01:14/10-04-53>

>>>>(The weaklings on the Sovereign Tribal Council may have sold out, but some of us will not rest until all foreigners have been removed from the land. We will (.5 Mp deleted by SysOp))<<<<< - Warpath <19:02:52/10-06-53>



THE CRASH

By the late 20s, Boston was thriving. The economy was in steady recovery, industry was expanding and if anyone noticed a lack

in the government, there were no complaints. It seemed nothing could go wrong... until something did.

The mysterious computer virus that attacked the world telecommunications network struck Boston like a natural disaster. All of the sophisticated computer industry in the Hub was crippled, along with the disruption of communications and other public services.

The worst hit was the new East Coast Stock Exchange. The Exchange's state of the art computer systems collapsed under the assault of the virus program. Even though all trading was suspended at the first sign of trouble, the effects were devastating. Huge sums of money that existed solely as data simply disappeared. Whole fortunes were unmade in nanoseconds. The crash toppled Boston from the pinnacle it had reached and sent the city tumbling back into the pit of economic despair.

With the eradication of the virus code and the establishment of the Matrix, the chaos ended and Boston's economic slide was halted. The ECSE was immediately refitted to take advantage of the new technology and re-opened for trading soon thereafter.

Recovery from the Crash was slow. When the city's 300th anniversary was celebrated in 2032, Boston was almost as bad off as it had been before the Manhattan Quake and recovery was only beginning as cautious and burned investors started to carefully peek out from their shelters to become active in the market again. New growth often focused on corporations involved with the new Matrix technologies. Matrix Systems of Boston became the first corporation to "break ranks" by introducing a commercial "gray market" cyberterminal in 2034.

>>>>(Most of us remember Matrix Systems for their efforts which began the evolution of the modern cyberdeck. They were leaders in their field.)<<<<< - Cyberman <09:42:05/10-01-53>

>>>>(Yeah, darn shame that their mainframe system crashed not long after the release of their first cyberterminal. Strange coincidence that.)<<<<< - Fox <22:13:27/10-01-53>

NEW NATIONS

In 2030, the remains of the United States and Canada merged to form the United Canadian and American States, but Union Day went almost unnoticed in Boston due to the city's own hardships.

It took changes in a nation across the Atlantic Ocean to impact on the Hub. In 2034 the Shidhe Dominion overthrew the government of Ireland and declared that they were reclaiming their "ancestral homeland." The Dominion named their island nation Tir Na Nog, "The Land of the Ever Young." Thousands of Irish citizens fled their homes rather than submit to Elven rule. While some chose to try to oust the Elven overlords, most either adapted to the changes or left.

Many Irish immigrated to Boston, a city with an already large Irish population. This new wave of immigrants sought jobs in the city's slowly recovering job market and added to



an already large population problem. Tempers often flared and the Irish frequently confined themselves to ghetto communities of their own. Racial and ethnic conflicts increased, particularly hostility towards Elves, whom the immigrants blamed for the loss of their homeland.

BLOODY TUESDAY

Problems reached a head on St.Patrick's Day in 2039. During the city's annual parade to celebrate the traditional Irish holiday, a terrorist group known as the Knights of the Red Branch "struck a blow for Eire." They planted a bomb in a popular Elven restaurant along the Common; 24 were killed and dozens injured in the resulting explosion.

The parade rapidly degenerated into a riot that engulfed the metropex and pitted people of different races, nationalities and classes against one another. By the time the city was able to restore order by the imposition of martial law, hundreds were dead and hundreds more injured. The memories of "Bloody Tuesday," as the incident came to be called, still bring about deep anger and resentment from many Bostonians.

>>>(It's drekheads like the Knights who give the Irish a bad name. The majority of Irish people in Boston are just normal folks, not fanatical terrorists. I'd like to see our homeland reclaimed, but not through this sort of senseless violence.)<<<<<< - Celtic <12:03:27/10-02-53>

>>>>>(You're a dreamer, Celtic. The Shidhe will never willingly give up their control of our homeland. The only way things can be changed is by people who are willing to fight for what they believe. Overthrow the Elven fascists! Free Eire!)<<<<<< - Red Knight <23:08:43/10-02-53>

>>>>>(Oh yeah, you're real brave, firebombing dangerous restaurants that cater to an Elven clientele and stringing the occasional pointy-ear up to prove a point. That's sure the path to political change, all right.)<<<<<< - Hawke <11:08:02/10-03-53>

>>>>>(In a war for freedom there are no innocent bystanders.)<<<<<< - Red Knight <19:32:56/10-04-53>

NEW GROWTH

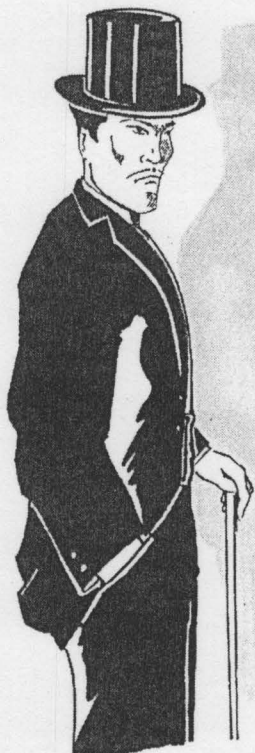
In the decade plus since the events of Bloody Tuesday, Boston has had relative peace. The corporations and the government maintain an uneasy alliance to keep the lid on a city of divergent and often conflicting people and sustain business as usual. City Mayor Charles O'Neil has declared Boston to be "the cultural, economic and historical hub of

the nation." Whether the statement is true remains to be seen.

LANGUAGE

Listed here are some of the common slang terms used in Boston.

- BayBoy/Girl. Someone who lives in Back Bay, usually a corporate type.
- Bloody Tuesday. The St.Patrick's Day Riot.
- BoSox. The Boston Red Sox baseball team.
- Essy. The Stock Exchange ("S.E.")
- Gallowglass. (Irish) A warrior, usually used to refer to a street samurai.
- Green Genes. Irish. Highly insulting.
- Hub, the. Boston
- "Lost in the Crash." Something unrecoverable or irreparable.
- Mr. Hernandez. An employer (Mr.Johnson) who works for Aztechnology.
- Mr. Schmidt. An employer (Mr.Johnson) who works for Saeder-Krupp.
- "New York Trouble." A misfortune that benefits someone else.
- Nogger. Someone from Tir Na Nog. In general, an Elf. Highly insulting.
- Pru, the. The Prudential Center in Back Bay.
- T, the. Short for the MBTA (Massachusetts Bay Transit Authority). Usually refers to the subway.
- 'Tute, the. The Massachusetts Institute of Technology and Magic.
- Salem Special. A magician.
- Southie. The South Boston Barrens or someone from there.
- Waller. A stockbroker or other employee of the Stock Exchange. From "Wall Street," the original location of the exchange.



NEIGHBORHOODS

Downtown

Downtown Boston has been transformed by the presence of the Stock Exchange. Corporate offices and buildings have sprung up in the area, including the 250-story EMB[2] skyscraper. Downtown's expansion forced many smaller businesses to move to Back Bay or Southie. The infamous "Combat Zone" of strip joints and adult bookstores was pushed out into the Southie Barrens.

Security in downtown is at an almost paranoid level. In addition to Knight Errant maintaining general police services, all the major corporations also have private security forces on hand to watch out for their interests. Jurisdictions in the corporate district change from one block to the next, sometimes even from floor to floor within an office building.

North of the corporate sector in down-



town is Government Center. The shrinking of government center as the corporate sector expands has been taken by many as a good metaphor for the relationship between the corps and the metroplex government. Government Center is composed of a combination of modern and old colonial buildings that provides a strong contrast to the heavily rebuilt and ultra-modern corporate sector.

Beacon Hill

Beacon Hill remains one of the oldest and most prestigious areas in the city. Bounded by the Charles River one side and Mt. Vernon and Cambridge Street to the south and north. The Hill is an area devoted to maintaining an almost colonial sense of charm and purity for its inhabitants, all of whom are able to pay to enjoy the area's atmosphere.

While there are a number of wealthy corporate-types living in the area, Beacon Hill is primarily reserved for the "blue blood" of Boston, "old money" families who can trace their ancestry back to the original settlers. Relative newcomers (which is to say, families who have lived in the area less than a century) are viewed with some disdain.

The Hill is also home to the State House and many government officials live in the area.

>>>>(It's interesting to note that the highest percentage of Elven births in the city when UGE first started were among the blue blood, old money families. Today a lot of those Elf kiddies are coming into a lot of money and influence.)<<<<< - Winchester <12:16:45/10-03-53>

>>>>(A similar phenomenon showed up in England and Europe. Wonder why?)<<<<< - Dr.L <17:25:07/10-05-53>

>>>>(Simple. Elf babies are cute and perfect looking. All the other metas aren't. Take note of the high number of "miscarriages" as well as the increase in infant mortality due to causes like Sudden Infant Death Syndrome (which is just a fancy way of saying "death by unknown causes").)<<<<< - Nightengale <22:04:38/10-06-53>

North End

The North End has been mostly eaten up by the expanding corporate sector. Both Aztechnology and Saeder-Krupp Heavy Industries have facilities here which dominate the district. The Aztechnology Pyramid is located on the waterfront and juts out into the Harbor, just north of the pier where the famous USS Constitution is docked. The Saeder-Krupp Arcology (aka "The Dragon's Liar") is built mostly underground in the western part of the North End, near Charlestown.

Traditionally an Italian neighborhood, North End is now home to a mix of Italian, Aztlan and Germano-European peoples. This area is the stronghold of the metroplex's dwindling Mafia families, who struggle to maintain "business as usual" in the face of considerable government and corporate opposition.

A number of small shops and restaurants dot the North End. The best pizza east of



Chicago can be found here, along with some very good new Aztex-Mex cuisine.

>>>>(With control of North End and Downtown, the corps have got Government Center surrounded with nowhere to go. Kind of symbolic of the relationship between the corps and the government in the Hub.)<<<<< - Wall Streeter <10:09:12/10-02-53>

Cambridge

Situated across the Charles River from the downtown area, Cambridge is home to two of the finest Universities in the UCAS. The first is the prestigious Massachusetts Institute of Technology and Magic (MIT&M), which hugs the banks of the river. MIT&M produces the finest of the metroplex's many skilled technical personnel and is renowned for its computer and magical programs.

Further inland lies the campus of Harvard University. A premier ivy-league school, Harvard's programs are responsible for producing the businesspeople whose work forms the economic backbone of Boston. Graduates of Harvard's Masters of Business Administration program often find jobs with the multi-national corporations in the city and often go on to hold high positions in those companies.

Back Bay

Back Bay has remained an area synonymous with wealth and status. Most of the area is made up of renovated and expanded housing for mid- to upper-level income families and white-collar workers. Living in Back Bay is generally a status symbol for up-and-coming corporate types.

The area is also home to some of the city's best and brightest clubs and bars. Popular new bands regularly play Back Bay nightclubs. The area also has numerous small theaters, shops and quiet parks. The Back Bay's quaint atmosphere is carefully maintained by Knight Errant, in cooperation with a number of "tenant protection associations" that have sprung up. These groups charge members a fee which is used to hire private security (often additional Knight Errant personnel) for the members' neighborhood.

Back Bay is also home to the Prudential Center, a large business complex that takes up several city blocks. The center was renovated and expanded after the relocation of the Stock Exchange and provides office space to several smaller corporations. Security on the Center is top rate.

>>>>(It is indeed.)<<<<< - Stalker <21:45:17/10-03-53>

>>>>(Why, Stalker, you wouldn't have had something to do with the big dust up down at the Pru a couple of weeks ago, would you? My what a racket...)<<<<< - Tao Jones <15:21:56/10-04-53>

>>>>(No comment.)<<<<< - Stalker <22:04:20/10-05-53>

The Fens and the "Emerald Necklace"

Just east of Back Bay, the Fens were originally just that, an area of swampy bogs. The area was eventually drained and



filled in to make more room for the expanding city well over a century ago. The Fens are similar to Back Bay, but not as prestigious. The area features apartment and condominium housing, mostly for corporate employees.

The Emerald Necklace is the nickname for the series of small parks and wetlands that surround the metroplex. During the rapid expansion of the city following the relocation of the Stock Exchange, many of these small parks were used to meet the demand for new housing and offices. Many environmental groups have protested and are fighting to maintain the remaining parks.

>>>>>(Fighting is right. The Emerald Necklace is too small a "cause" to attract the attention of any groups like Greenwar or Terra First! but there is a rumor going around that Knight Errant is investigating several magical assaults that may indicate there is a shaman (or group of them) who is protecting the Necklace. Rather forcefully, too.)<<<<<< - Hawke <17:04:33/10-04-53>

Chinatown

A small area between downtown and South Boston, Chinatown has grown steadily smaller since the relocation of the Stock Exchange. The corporate demand for space and employees has lured many of the area's residents away from their close-knit community, resulting in a slow unraveling of the area as the expanding downtown area creeps over the borders.

Chinatown is also home to several Tongs which are fighting tooth and nail to hold onto their small beachhead in the metroplex. The Tongs are strong supporters of "traditional values" and often work to keep the local residents stirred up against the corporations and the government.

The Southie Barrens

The neighborhoods of Roxbury and South Boston have seen a great deal of hardship in the last century. The area is a patchwork of different styles of architecture and development. It is neither the rambling colonial style of Beacon Hill or the precise and modern layout of Back Bay, but something between the two.

Southie also contains a patchwork of inhabitants, including Humans, Orks, Trolls, Drawfs and even some Elves. Racial and ethnic variations span the range from the predominantly black areas of Roxbury to Chinese, Korean, Vietnamese and Hispanic. The area drew a large number of Irish immigrants in the 2030s. The largest Irish community

formed around the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, which remains the seat of the Catholic Archdiocese of Boston.

The Barrens are also heavily populated with gangs. Generally divided along racial and ethnic lines, the gangs each claim an area of Southie as their turf and defend it against all comers. Most of the gangs run protection rackets on the local businesses in their turf, offering protection against the incursions of other gangs in the area. Some of the larger Southie gangs include the Shamrocks, the Bane-Shidhe, the Rox, the Stalkers and the Jade Dragons.

As the downtown area expanded, the two-block area known as the Combat Zone was slowly squeezed out to meet the growing demand for space. Many of the businesses there relocated in the Barrens and turn a good profit there. Many of the metroplex's bar and nightclubs are also found in the Barrens. Most cater to a rougher crowd than places in Back Bay, usually shadowtypes and well-to-do sprawlers out for a night of fun on the edge. Many gangs frequent the establishments and many use such a place as a "headquarters."

The Catacombs

The city of Boston has a very old and well developed subway system known as "the T" (short for MBTA: Massachusetts Bay Transit Authority). In addition to the vast subway network, there are numerous old and abandoned T stations and tunnels which have been closed down, sealed off or simply lost. Ancient sewer tunnels and storm drains snake under the downtown area. During the

chaos of the Awakening and the violence that followed, many metahumans and other creatures sought refuge in the tunnels. They have repaired and expanded many areas of them, creating a vast undercity known as the Catacombs.

The Catacombs form the backbone of the black market and the shadow community in Boston. It is said that anything one needs can be found somewhere within the dark warrens, and many shadowrunners use the hidden entrances to the tunnels as a means of escape from the bright light of corporate scrutiny.

The Catacombs are not totally safe, however. Many things hide in the shadows of forgotten side tunnels and old sewer passages—creatures touched by the Awakening and often also warped by the pollution and corruption found in the old underground. Dangerous predators often make the Catacombs their hunting ground, and humans are just another kind of prey.





1

The professor asked to meet in a little cafe in Cambridge that catered to the students and faculty of the thaumaturgy department at the Institute. He's obviously far more comfortable in a classroom than negotiating with a group of shadowrunners, but difficult times call for difficult measures. He has a simple job and he's willing to pay...

Quotes:

"I haven't time for all of this underworld posturing, do you want the job or not?"

"He's a very good student, I'm sure the company would be most grateful to have him back."

"I'm not going back. Not without a fight."

Notes:

Dr. Miles Swinburne, professor of Magical Theory at MITM, hires the runners to locate a student of his named Alan Wells. Wells disappeared without a trace from the campus several days ago. He was attending the 'tute under a contract to EMB[2]. Wells has no living relatives and very few friends on campus. He's an excellent student and is likely to make a good wagemage some day. The authorities haven't turned up any leads on his disappearance yet. Unknown to anyone, Wells attempted to conjure a fire elemental that was beyond his skill. The spirit went free and became an anima that was attracted to the lonely young man and the two have run away together. Wells doesn't want to return to his future of corporate servitude and "Angela" (the anima) will kill to protect her beloved from harm.

Archetypes:

Dr.Swinburne: Use Corporate Scientist, p.17, Contacts Book, with Magic Theory 7, Sorcery 5 and Conjuring 5.

Alan Wells: Use Wiz Kid Mage, p.30, Contacts Book.

Angela: A Force 4 Free Fire Elemental with Spirit Energy 2 and the following powers: Human Form, Sorcery and Wealth (see Grimoire, p.79).



2

Strange rumors have been circulating about the killer known as the "T-slasher" who kidnaps victims off the subway and leaves their mutilated bodies elsewhere in the underground days later. The runners are hired to go down into the underground and find the teenaged daughter of a corporate VP who vanished last night. She was last seen waiting for the Green Line at a downtown platform.

Quotes:

"Get her back safely if you can. Find the one who's done this."

"Welcome to the underworld, chummers."

"Do you find me disgusting? I am as natural as the wolf or the hawk. Another predator seeking prey."

Notes:

The "slasher" is actually two forces working in concert. One is a gang known as the Brood, which is made up of twisted goblinizations, mostly orks and ghouls, the other is a nomad which is manipulating the gangers' natural anger and aggression, turning them into calculating serial killers. If the runners destroy the gang, the nomad may try to make them its next playthings...

Archetypes:

The Brood: Use the Gang Member, p.57, SR11.

Nomad: see Paranormal Animals of North America, p.122

3

A simple bodyguard/escort job. Just get a package from the Genomics complex in New Hampshire to the Stock Exchange intact. The opposition? Nothing much, just one of the most feared terrorist groups in the UCAS...

Quotes:

"They're just a bunch of rabble, nothing real professionals couldn't handle."

"If you support our oppression, then you are our enemy."

"You need not serve the cause of greed. There is a place in our organization for someone of your talents."

Notes:

The runners are hired by Saeder-Krupp to escort a package with some very important documents that must arrive on time from their Genomics facility in southern New Hampshire to the Stock Exchange. They have 36 hours to complete their run. However, Anarchy Inc. wants to see Saeder-Krupp's plans smashed, and they have dispatched teams to see that the package never arrives. Now the runners must make their way to the exchange, never sure which squatter or bystander might be a crazed terrorist.

Archetypes:

Anarchy Inc.: Various. Use the Terrorist (Contacts, p.30) and the Squatter (SR11, p.210) for starters. Throw in lots of red herrings and paranoia encounters. Keep them guessing.



4

In the Sixth World you have to get used to some pretty strange things, including having a ghost interrupting a night on the town in order to hire you. When the spirit of a dying shaman offers you all her worldly goods in exchange for a simple shadowrun it sounds like a pretty good deal. That is until you find out it's the run she died on.

Quotes:

"What do I have left to lose?"

"Run first, payment later, chummer. I may be dead, but I'm not stupid."

Notes:

The runners are contacted by the astral form of Selina, an urban Cat shaman and shadowrunner. Selina and her chummers were hired to pull a datasteal at the Prudential Center, but y were betrayed and killed. Selina was doing an astral recon when her body took a bullet and now has only a few hours before she vanishes forever. If the runners will agree to help her finish her last run and get revenge on her betrayer, she will give them the access codes to her apartment where all her magical gear is stored, as well as her electronic account numbers. She has no more use for material things.

Archetypes:

Selina: use the Street Shaman, p.63, SR11.

Pru Center Security: use Corporate Security Guards, p.205, SR11.

5

A woman named Elaine Hawthorne contacts the runners about a job. Ms. Hawthorne is the high priestess of a coven of Wiccans who operate in the Boston area (similar to the Sisterhood of Ariadne, see Grimoire II, p.60).

Hawthorne wants the shadowrunners to "recover" a 17th century book that is currently on display at the Boston Museum of Science as part of a show about colonial Salem. She believes the book to be a secret "book of shadows," or witch's grimoire, written in code. The museum's security is moderate, no great challenge for any capable team of shadowrunners.

Quotes:

"Many secrets were known, and lost, in the Burning Times."

"Take great care with the relics of our past."

Notes:

Unknown to either the coven or the museum, the book the runners are after is connected to a Brocken Bow (see Paranormal Animals of Europe) from the time of the Salem Witch Trials. The spirit will appear on the night the characters make their run (which just happens to be the night of the full moon, unfortunately for them). The Brocken Bow will first use its powers to toy with the runners, heightening their fear and paranoia, then it will attack and try to destroy them.

Archetypes:

Elaine Hawthorne: use Former Wage Mage, p.56, SR11.

Brocken Bow: Paranormal Animals of Europe, p.20. This Brocken Bow has all of the listed powers except Movement and Paralyzing Touch.

6

The runners are approached by members of the Bane-Shidhe, an Elven gang that controls turf in the Southie Barrens. The gang has had to deal with numerous conflicts in the past, especially with the local Irish gangs, but now they are in danger of being wiped out. They have been attacked three times by the Knights of the Red Branch, each attack more violent than before. The gang needs the runners to find a way to stop the attacks.

Quotes:

"This isn't fear, chummer, it's survival."

"This is only the beginning."

"All for a just cause."

Notes:

The Knights of the Red Branch is an Irish terrorist organization (see KAYGE issue 4 for details). The KRB is indeed attacking the Bane-Shidhe, but they are doing so under a mistaken assumption.

Two months ago, Lord Bran, an Elven noble from Tir Nan Og and emissary to the Boston corporate community, offered the Elven gang his "protection" and an opportunity to serve him. When they told him where to go, the rebuked Lord arranged for word to reach the KRB that the Bane-Shidhe were in his employ, hoping that they would force the gang to come to him for help. Neither the gangers nor the Knights will be pleased with news of Lord Bran's duplicity, and the runners can earn a favor from both groups if they can expose the plot before the gang's turf turns into a battlefield.

Archetypes:

Bane-Shidhe Gang: use the Gang Member, p.57, SR11.

KRB cell: use the following archetypes: Terrorist (Contacts, p.30), Street Mage (SR11, p.61) and five Policlub Members (Contacts, p.18).

Lord Bran: Give him abilities sufficient to make the runners think twice about doing anything foolish, along with a few bodyguards.



Reference Number: M-12Q-S616/2
Name/Title: The Black Lotus Overview:

The Black Lotus is a shadowrunner team that works out of Japan, primarily for the Yakuza. They are independent operators, however, and have been employed by other parties in the past.

Range:

Worldwide. The team has operated everywhere from Tokyo to Hong Kong, San Francisco to Seattle and London to Peru. The only commonality in their operations is that the areas often have a strong Yakuza presence. The team is believed to have a headquarters in Osaka, but this is unconfirmed as of this writing.

Distinctive Characteristics:

All the members of the Lotus wear a mon (Japanese heraldic symbol) of their namesake, a Black Lotus blossom.

Personnel:

Currently five core members (see attached files for details): Beaux Thai (SP412-BL), Hitsutatsu (SP413-BL), Ravana (SP415-BL), Su Cheng (SP414-BL) and Yuki-Onna (SP411-BL). The group has been known to employ mercenaries for additional support as well as "mission specialists" hired on the basis of need.

Resources:

The Black Lotus is a very well supplied shadowrun team. Their Yakuza contacts give them a lot of favors to draw upon and the group's personal resources are considerable.

Activities:

First reported activity of the Black Lotus was in 2046. Noguri Owaru, an executive with Mistsuhama Computer Technologies, was kidnapped from his high-security apartment complex. Mr. Noguri's body was later found in Chiba, apparently the victim of a professional execution. Rumors of Noguri's Yakuza connections were denied by MCT. The group's first known activity in UCAS territory was in 2048, when they were connected to a break-in at the home of Mr. James O'Malley (see file SEA-MAF 001-A), where some papers and data were taken from the premises. Lack of evidence and Mr. O'Malley's refusal to cooperate resulted in the investigation being closed shortly thereafter. Since then, there is evidence that the Lotus has been used as a weapon in a shadow war between the Mafia and the Yakuza. They have also been linked to the break-ins and damage at several other Mafia-owned properties (see files M-1422-a, M-389-a, M-2290-b and Q-275-c). There are also several other incidents, which may or may not be linked to the activities of the group, for which there is insufficient evidence (file flag code BL-YAK).

Structure/Affiliations:

The Black Lotus is a fairly tight knit team, with Yuki-Onna as team leader. Hitsutatsu appears to be second in command and tactical expert. The team is closely affiliated with the Yakuza Clans along the Pacific Rim.

Analysis:

It appears likely that the Lotus is currently working for Hanzo Shotozumi in Seattle, primarily in operations against the Mafia. The Oyabun's use of this team is a strong indicator that the conflict between the Yakuza and the Mafia is escalating and that it may soon reach a dangerous flashpoint. It is recommended that officers in the organized crime division closely monitor the activities of shadow teams like the Black Lotus for an indication of potential violence.

Reporting Officer ID: 300-616-70743



The Black Lotus is a team of experienced shadowrunners who are currently employed by Hanzo Shotozumi, the oyabun of the Seattle Yakuza. Shotozumi hired the team as an elite force in the ongoing war between the Yakuza and the Mafia for control of the metroplex's organized crime scene.

Since James O'Malley became Don of the Seattle Mafia in 2045, there have been increasing Mafia attacks upon Yakuza operations. For a time, Shotozumi tolerated this as the actions of barbarians and the price of doing business; but of late the attacks have grown too grave to ignore.

er to prove his ability to the oyabun of oyabun, Shotozumi began to fight back.

The oyabun of oyabun heard of the "difficulties" in Seattle and recommended the Black Lotus team as an excellent tool for dealing with such problems without directly risking any of the Yakuza's personnel or resources. Shotozumi agreed and hired the team for a long-term job until the "Mafia problem" was dealt with.

Leader:

Yuki-Onna, the team's street shaman leader, is a strong-willed woman who built up the Black Lotus team herself as a shadowrunner. Shotozumi, a strong Yakuza traditionalist, has problems with both shadowrunners and women in positions of power, so there are often personality conflicts between

Yuki-Onna and the oyabun. However, both are professionals and generally do not allow their personal feelings to interfere with a successful business relationship.

Yuki-Onna:

"The Snow Woman." Also known as "The Ice Queen," but never when she is within earshot. Yuki-Onna is a Cat shaman and leader of the Black Lotus.

Yuki-Onna is a very attractive Japanese woman. She has long, straight black hair that falls to the small of her back and mysterious dark eyes. Her skin is pale and she dresses in stylish, functional clothing of black and silver. She wears an onyx pendant in the shape of a cat's head that is a Rating 3 Power Focus.

Despite her physical beauty, she is completely ruthless and devoted only to her own survival. She is loyal to her partners and her employer only because she sees practical value in such loyalty. Yuki-Onna tends to toy with her opponents, but if she is threatened or crossed, all bets are off. She is capable of any atrocity if it will benefit her in some way. She cares little for traditional Japanese values, but knows them well enough to use them to her advantage.



Art by 93'

Membership:

5. The team sometimes takes on additional personnel when needed. The oyabun must clear any additional team-members and usually prefers those who hold loyalty to him. The individual members of the team are described below.

Beaux Thal:

A young punk from Thailand. He is the Black Lotus' decker/techie. Beaux is about 20 years old. He is very good looking and very well aware of it, spending most of his spare time away from business on personal grooming and buying clothes. Something of a hedonist, he cruises the local gay bars and



nightclubs for fun.

In the Matrix, Beaux's icon is that of a handsome young oriental with golden skin, wearing an impeccable night-black tuxedo or suit. He often carries a cane, top hat or other such accouterments and produces program icons from his pockets and sleeves like a stage magician.

Ravana:

Ravana is an Indian physical adept and Thug, a worshiper of the goddess Kali, the Black Mother, mistress of destruction. He conducts ritual assassinations in order to appease his dreaded mistress, thus making his job as a professional killer a form of "worship."

Off duty, Ravana is almost as decadent as Beaux Thai (although strictly heterosexual). He enjoys all the trappings of "the good life" and the money that the Lotus earns, but he also maintains a strict training regimen together with daily prayer and worship of his goddess.

Ravana is a small, swarthy man with black hair and a neatly pointed beard and moustache. He typically wears loose, dark clothing. He talks in a soft, even tone of voice.

Hitsutatsu ("Sudden Death"):

Japanese samurai assassin. A contrasting combination of ancient traditions and modern technology and technique. He dresses unrelentingly in black, with Guchi sun-

glasses and a black, armor-lined long coat. Hitsutatsu considers himself a follower of the code of bushido, and he generally adheres to it.

Hitsutatsu is the member of the Black Lotus whom the oyabun likes the

Chinese Mandarin, with drooping moustache, long fingernails and black robes. He is a skilled sorcerer who uses his magical skills to augment his fearsome array of vampiric powers. Su Cheng rarely speaks and seems out-

wardly calm and emotionless. His only expression of emotion is during his terrible feedings, which most of the group try to avoid seeing. There is some indication that Yuki-Onna has some kind of "hold" over Su Cheng, either mystical or a debt of honor, and that it is because of this the vampire has remained with the team.

Headquarters:

The team currently uses a safehouse in the international district downtown as their headquarters. They generally travel light and remain prepared to pack-up and move out at the slightest notice.

Common Activities:

The Black Lotus generally performs two functions for the Seattle Yakuza. The first is protection of the oyabun and other important Yakuza figure from the Mafia and other sorts of threats. The second, and more

common, is selected strikes against Mafia operations, ranging from simple datasteals to arson, theft and outright assassination. The team receives all their orders directly from the oyabu himself.

most, chiefly because of his traditional Japanese ways. Shotozumi often conveys his wishes through the samurai rather than talking directly to Yuki-Onna.

Su Cheng:

A vampire from the mysterious interior of China, Cheng affects the look of a





The Black Lotus NPCs

Yuki-Onna

B	Q	S	C	I	W	E	M	R	Armor
4	3	2	5	4	6	6	8 (11)	3 +1D6	5/3

Threat/Professional Rating: 5/3

Skills: Chanting (Centering) 4, Conjuring 6, Etiquette (Street) 4, Etiquette (Yakuza) 5, Firearms 5, Magical Theory 6, Negotiation 5, Sorcery 7, Stealth 4

Initiate Grade: 3

Spells: Mana Bolt 5, Sleep 5, Combat Sense 3, Mind Probe 4, Treat 3, Increase Reflexes +1 3, Mask 4, Magic Fingers 5, Barrier 6, Shadow 3

Cyberware: None

Gear: Ares Predator with silencer and laser sight, armor jacket, portable medicine lodge (rating 5), onyx pendant in the shape of a cat's head (rating 3 Power Focus)

Beaux Thal

B	Q	S	C	I	W	E	M	R	Armor
2	4	3	4	6	4	5.5	0	5(9) +1D6 (3D6)	4/2

Threat/Professional Rating: 3/2

Skills: Bike 4, Computer 7, Computer Theory 6, Computer B/R 6, Electronics 6, Etiquette (Matrix) 5, Etiquette (Street) 4, Firearms 3, Physical Sciences 4

Cyberware: Datajack, Headware Memory (30 Mp)

Gear: Beretta 101T, lined coat, microtronics workshop

Cyberdeck: Fuchi Cyber-6 with Response Increase 2. Programs: Bod 5, Evasion 7, Masking 6, Sensors 6, Attack 6, Browse 5, Smoke 5, Deception 5, Sleaze 6. If given enough time to prepare, Beaux may have other programs acquired or written a specific job.

Ravana

B	Q	S	C	I	W	E	M	R	Armor
5	6	4	2	3	5	6	7	4(6) +3D6	3/0

Threat/Professional Rating: 4/3

Skills: Armed Combat 5, Athletics 5, Etiquette (Mercenary) 3, Meditation 4, Stealth 6, Throwing 5, Unarmed Combat 6 Initiate Grade: 1

Cyberware: None

Gear: Fichetti 500 (rarely used), armor vest, dagger, pickaxe Powers: Improved Armed Combat 2, Improved Unarmed Combat 2, Improved Stealth 2, Low Light and Thermographic Vision, Increased Reaction +2, Increased Reflexes +2

Hitsutatsu

B	Q	S	C	I	W	E	M	R	Armor
6(8)	4(5)	6(7)	2	5	5	0.1	0	5 (9) +3D6	5/3

Threat/Professional Rating: 3/3

Skills: Armed Combat (Bladed Weapons) 5, Car 3, Etiquette (Street) 4, Firearms 6, Stealth 5, Unarmed Combat (Karate) 7

Cyberware: Cybereyes with Low-Light, Dermal Plating 2, Muscle Replacement 1, Retractable Hand Razors, Smartlink, Wired Reflexes 2

Gear: Ares Predator, Ingram Smartgun, katana, armor jacket

Su Cheng

B	Q	S	C	I	W	E	M	R	Armor
4	4	3+E	3	4	6	*	6	4 +2D6	3/0

Threat/Professional Rating: 4/4

Skills: Etiquette (Yakuza) 3, Firearms 2, Magical Theory 5, Sorcery (Spellcasting) 7, Stealth 5, Unarmed Combat 5

Spells: Sleep 4, Detect Enemies 3, Hibernate 3, Control Thoughts 4, Invisibility 5, Mask 3, Sparrow Form 3

Cyberware: None

Gear: Armor clothing

Powers: Enhanced Physical Attributes, Enhanced Senses (Hearing, Smell), Essence Drain, Hidden Life, Immunity (Age, Pathogens, Poisons), Infection, Mist Form, Regeneration, Thermographic Vision.

Weaknesses: Allergy (Sunlight, Severe), Induced Dormancy (lack of air), Essence Loss, Vulnerability (Wood)



1

The runners are going to see a contact or a friend at a secluded spot (for whatever reason the adventure may call for). When they arrive, they see their friend being held in the arms of a mysterious, black-robed figure. At the first sign of trouble, the figure looks up at the characters, bares bloody fangs and hisses menacingly.

Quotes:

"Just walk away, mortals."
"You don't want to meet my friends."

Notes:

Su Cheng decided on a midnight snack and had the bad luck to chose the runners' ally. He will attempt to flee if the characters attack him. The vampire will attempt to return to the Black Lotus' current base of operations, where he will no doubt be chastised by Yuki-Onna for this breach of security. If the characters follow Su Cheng carefully they may find out who he is and who he works for.

If Su Cheng is seriously hurt, he will remember the characters and might track them down the next time he's feeling hungry. If the runners destroy the vampire, the rest of Black Lotus is going to come looking for them eventually...

Archetypes:

Black Lotus: Use Su Cheng

2

The runners are in a Mafia-owned restaurant (perhaps meeting a Mr. Johnson, or just out for the night) when they see a Mafia soldier walk up to the table where Aldo Burke, the local family lieutenant, is finishing his dinner, pull a gun and blow the guy away, then turn on his guards, take them out and run.

Quotes:

"Shotozumi says bon appetite, chummer."
"Ohmigod, did you see that! He just shot him!"
"Somebody call Lone Star!"

Notes:

The hitter is actually Hitsutatsu, disguised by a mask spell cast by Yuki-Onna (who is waiting in an unmarked van across the street with Ravana and Su Cheng). Beaux Thai has temporarily disabled the restaurant's phone system, so it will be some minutes before Lone Star arrives.

If the runners capture or kill Hitsutatsu, the Don James O'Malley may offer them the job of getting the Black Lotus out of his way once and for all.

Archetypes:

Black Lotus: Use the full team. Beaux Thai is decking from a secure location and is out of the system before the shooting starts, so the runners will not encounter him.

Aldo Burke: Use Mafia Don, p.21, Contacts Book.

Bodyguards: Use two Mafia Soldiers, p.22, Contacts Book.

3

As the runners are walking into their favorite night spot, they pass a couple on the way out. The man glares at them as they pass, but does nothing threatening. The couple turns the corner into an alley and the characters hear a muffled scream moments thereafter. If the characters go into the alley, they see the young woman struggling with her companion just as he knocks her unconscious.

Quotes:

"This is none of your affair."
"You cannot comprehend the ways of Kali."

Notes:

The young woman is Angela Kane, the daughter of a Mafia boss. Ravana has been instructed to kidnap her for use as leverage against her father. Since Angela is fond of the nightlife in Seattle he managed to approach her. The couple ditched Angela's two bodyguards in the crowd and left. The guards appear at the alley in four combat turns and will help the runners if they see that they are trying to help Angela.

Ravana will try to escape with the girl if possible, preferably by using her as a hostage. If this proves too difficult, he will throw the girl at one of the characters (preferably into their line of fire) and make a break for it.

Gerald Kane, Angela's father, will be grateful to any runners who rescued his child and would be good for a future favor.

Archetypes:

Black Lotus: Use Ravana.

Angela Kane: Use Club Habitue, p.14, Contacts Book.

Bodyguards: Use Mafia Soldier, p.22, Contacts Book.



4

The runners are contacted by a trusted fixer (or other contact) who offers them a meeting with a Mr. Johnson about a job. The runners are told to go to a small restaurant near Kobe Terrace Park, where Mr. Johnson will meet them.

Mr. Johnson will turn out to be a strange oriental man in ancient-looking black robes. He mysteriously appears, apparently out of thin air, in the private meeting room to which the characters are escorted. He tells the runners that he wishes to recover an ancient vase, a valuable art treasure of his native China, from the Yakuza, for which he is willing to pay the characters 4,000 each.

Quotes:

"This work will require the utmost... retention."

Be sure to handle the vase as if your life depended on it."

Notes:

Su Cheng, the oriental vampire, wants the runners to free him from obligation to Yuki-Onna. She has the ancient Chinese vase which holds the vampire's life force, giving her control over him. Su Cheng wants his freedom and has grown desperate enough that he has sought out the runners.

Su Cheng does not tell the characters why he wants the vase, or that he is a vampire (although a magician can determine the latter by assensing him).

Yuki-Onna has the vase carefully hidden away and guarded. The characters will have to discover the location of the vase and how to get to it, then remove it and hand it over to Su Cheng without alerting Yuki-Onna or damaging the vase. Due to Su Cheng's Hidden Life power, the vase has a Barrier Rating of 6. If it is destroyed, the vampire dies instantly.

Archetypes:

Black Lotus: Use Su Cheng and Yuki-Onna.

5

A man in a dark suit approaches one or more of the characters in their favorite hangout and offers them 2,000 nuyen to hold a sealed chipcase until 8:00 am the next morning, when they are to meet him in the same location and receive their payment.

Quotes:

"C'mon, chummers, this is easy money here."

"Are they paying you enough to cover some serious medical bills?"

"You're in over your heads."

Notes:

The Mr. Johnson is Tony Miller, a Mafia courier who needs to get the chips in the case to Don O'Malley. However, the Black Lotus is after him and he needs to sash the chips somewhere until he has a chance to convince the Yak shadowrunners that he doesn't have them. He then hopes to double back, recover the chips and still deliver them on time. Unfortunately for him, the Lotus catches him, works him over for information, then kills him when they find out he gave the chips to the runners.

When the runners return at eight, they get a message from Mr.] that they are to wait for a half-hour. If he doesn't show, they are to deliver the chip case to O'Malley's address, for which they will be paid 4,000 nuyen each (twice what they were promised). The Lotus will get the character's scent at the nightspot and from there the race is on to outrun the Yakuza and get to O'Malley's residence.

Archetypes:

Black Lotus: Use the full team roster.

Tony Miller: Use Snitch, p.27, Contacts Book.

6

The guy in the corner is obviously a Yak soldier and obviously drunk. That makes what he has to say (loudly) to his chummers all the more interesting...

Quotes:

"That's right, the Oyabun's going on the offensive. Those gaijin fools won't know what happened when the Lotus hits 'em."

"Quiet, you fool, if you value your life."

Notes:

Shotozumi has indeed ordered the Black Lotus to make a hit against a major Mafia operation. As the two Yak soldiers escort their drunken friend from the place, astute characters might realize the value of such information to the right people.

The Lotus is planning to disrupt a shipment of illegal chips coming into the city from CalFree. If the characters pursue the matter, they have a good shot at either selling the information to the Mafia or preventing the Lotus from blowing the Mafia's deal and thereby gaining Don O'Malley's gratitude.

If the characters choose not to act on the information out of a sense of self-preservation (messing with the Yak does not guarantee of a long life), then the Black Lotus might find out that they were within earshot of the drunken Yak's little speech and act to "plug" that security leak for good.

Archetypes:

Black Lotus: Use the full team roster.

Yakuza Soldiers: Use Mafia Soldier, p.22, Contacts Book.



Instruction Takes A Turn

The whine was the first sound audible in the ebony room. It was followed in short order by a muffled thump, then a subdued whine.

"Drek!"

Yes even in 2050 the sound of an alarm clock was still the most irritating sound in the world. A disheveled form slunk out of the mass of cloth that five hours earlier had been a neatly made bed.

5:30 a.m.—only cops and teachers are up at this hour, and Reggie was no cop. When the awakening had begun and the world started to change, most schools had ceased to function. Few educators wanted to deal with the discipline problems they had before, and none wanted to deal with a surly ork or troll who was their size as a 5th grader and twice as large as a high school senior. This didn't even touch the problems the principals had with the unions when they fired teachers who had gone through the change themselves. The unions were militant before. Job Actions. Work slowdowns. Strikes. Woe to the substitute who crossed a troll-backed picket line. It gave the term scab a whole new meaning.

The dark shape flipped the pillow off the still wailing alarm clock, found the button on the back, and jabbed it with a stiff finger. The form shuffled into the bathroom and squinted in the harsh glare of the vanity lights that came on as he entered. The shower was hot and the tiny needles of water pounded the stiffness from his shoulders and neck. The shower was followed by the same routine every morning as the form took shape and became human. The students didn't really see their instructor as human. Few realized he had a life outside the classroom. Hopefully they never would—for their sake.

Reggie took the grey four-door down to his office on the 16th floor of the corp headquarters. As always, he

was the first to enter the dojo. Turning on the lights, he moved to the small shrine which was a part of the north wall. Lighting one of the incense sticks and placing it in the horizontal holder, Reggie drew his first deep breath of the morning. Sniffing incense wasn't the same as smoking, but cigarettes were still bad for you, even now.

The morning stretching removed the remaining stiffness the shower had failed to absolve. Soon Reggie was smoothly running through kata as ancient as the art of karate itself. After 45 minutes of activity, the sheen of sweat from his body glistened under the fluorescent lights which lit the dojo. Reggie moved to the shrine on the wall and began his morning quasi-meditation.

He was working on a new kata in his mind. It was important to keep the art up to date with the changes that life brought each day. Certainly the ancient katas were still as effective for unarmed combat against normally armed opponents, but the problem still remained with how to deal with a man carrying a panther assault cannon. All katas are based in nature, and Reggie just had to find the proper model, study it, and translate the natural experience into a usable form.

The cobra weaved its way through the waist-high grass toward the nest it knew lay ahead. As it moved it thought little of the other animals in the land for surely none was as swift nor as deadly as the cobra. As it neared the nest a new adversary appeared suddenly in front of the cobra. Small, compact, yet powerful, the rodent eyed the larger snake. In a dance that was eons old the cobra rose and prepared to charm, then kill, the furry interloper. The expressionless eyes of the cobra locked on those of the defender. As the cobra struck down toward the throat of its opponent, the brown shape grew smaller, moved toward the cobra, and sprang upward. The fight was over as the razor sharp teeth in the neck of the cobra once again showed the mongoose as the victor.

Shaking himself back to awareness as the last of the incense burned out, Reggie knew that he had the answer he needed. Now began the arduous task of translating the image of his mind into the movements of his body...

Sure Roc had an attitude. On the street an attitude was necessary in order to keep your rep. Your rep was necessary to keep the respect of the people. The respect of the people was necessary to give you an edge. An edge was necessary to keep you alive.

As Roc sat in the Chrome Beetle, the music thrumming through his booth like a living thing, he surveyed the bar and its inhabitants. Who in the room would not like to change places with him. He was the undisputed lord of all he surveyed. If he wanted something, it was usually enough to let his intentions be known. Sometimes mysteriously, sometimes not, the object of his desire would appear in his world pageaged for his inspection. Guns, vehicles, data, women, whatever caught his fancy at the moment would be his.

Roc was fortunate that he had been born with an athlete's physique and a mind that many a corp would gladly have paid rooms full of nuyen to control. But Roc had other plans. They involved an easier path than carrying a briefcase and working for a Mr. Johnson who could not intellectually or physically carry Roc's chrome plated jock. No, Roc was a leader, not a follower. So he took his natural skills and he enhanced them...repeatedly. With every run his fortune grew. As he moved up in lifestyle, he set aside 10% for "self-improvement." Always. Sometimes this meant a temporary cash flow crises, but Roc knew that the dividends would pay off...in spades.

The results were obvious: chrome eyes, muscle enhancement, hand razors, and subtle audio boosters, wired reflexes and chipware. The net result of this merger was a runner who was near complete in terms of most tasks; that was why the fixer had selected Roc for the run.

The fixer was small, slightly overweight, with a noticeable overbite. He went by the name Simpson, but behind his back he was simply Weasel.



Weasel was sauntering up to Roc's table at the back of the Chrome Beetle, flanked as always by his orc body guard Girth.

Girth kept a steady eye on Roc. The acknowledgement that they were equals was evident in his eyes. The acknowledgement that they were not friends was evident in Girth's hand on the butt of the warhawk.

Weasel approached the table and began his pitch "I trust you found the synopsis we delivered earlier to your liking, or you would not have agreed to this meet."

"True," replied Roc "but I am only interested, not yet committed."

"Your caution is a tribute to your being here to have this conversation. I need a runner with that caution, but one who also can be bold as well. I see you are flashy, but are you bold as well?"

Roc's chrome eyes flashed in anger, but quickly reverted to the shiny reflection of the Weasel staring at him. "I can be bold, as needed, but I time my boldness for maximum effect." With a blur of leather Weasel was looking down the barrel of a Python. "You understand my meaning?"

Girth had barely enough time to view the situation before his employer was a trigger pull away from his death. Even with his own wired reflexes, he

was no match for the explosiveness of Roc. So in keeping with the time-honored tradition of body guards, he removed his hand from the butt of his gun and tried to look unperturbed at this recent turn of events.

rapidly developing multi-national corporation had information that Weasel's client was willing to pay for. Handsomely. An extraction was always more dangerous than a data swipe. After all, disks packed easily, live bodies did not.

The reward, as in all of Roc's runs, was well worth the risk involved. The corp did not yet have the high tech security force that most of the larger multi-nationals relied on for the safety of their operatives and their data.

Using the advance from the final payment, Roc was able to hire three of his usual team to support the effort. Karn—a decker, Jake—a mage, and Wilkinson—another samurai. With most of the team's pay tied to the successful completion of the mission, and their healthy return from it, the majority of the money went into buying Roc a Fujimar level 3.1 self defense chip. That should be enough to take

out any corporate security which should come his way, not to mention the usual runners or bar inhabitants.

It only took a week to accustom his muscles to the new workings of the chip. By working through the first three chips as he had the money to buy them, Roc had trained his muscles to respond with both fluidity and grace. The 3.1 chip



"There is no need for violence. I merely wanted to ensure that my faith, and the investment of my client, were well spent. I see I am right on both counts. If you will put away the hardware we can get down to the specifics..."

The task was simple in its essence, but more complex in its execution. A certain Mr. Johnson who worked for a



added an entire new level of ability to Roc's already formidable arsenal of self-defense tactics. The majority of the additions came in the form of specialized kicks, upgrading the knockout power of the user.

Reggie bowed from the waist to the class. It was a requirement at this corp to take formal instruction in addition to receiving the usual compliment of chrome and chipware. The 12 students bowed to their instructor and then formed a circle. The routine was the same every class session. After warm-ups and stretching, Reggie would fight each student in turn, using just enough skill to challenge the student to excel to a new level, and yet not getting so advanced that the student was hopelessly outclassed. Starting with the white belts and moving through the spectrum to his only black belt student, Carter, Reggie began.

The white belts usually hung back in an effort not to get whacked. Their hesitancy availed them nothing; the end result was a temporary delay in the lesson to be learned that day. The middle level belts were bolder. They went on the offensive, hoping to score the lucky blow which never quite seemed to land before they, too, were helped from the mat. Carter was hesitant like the white belts. However, his hesitancy was due to respect for his sansei, who had shown him much in the five years he had been training with Reggie. In the end, the result was the same. After a flurry of black-clad arms and legs, Carter froze as the sole of Reggie's foot stopped, and held, just barely in contact with the bridge of Carter's nose.

Both men stepped back and bowed. "Carter-san, you have learned much in little time. Use your knowledge well."

Carter flushed with pride "You honor me Sansei with your teaching." Bowing low Carter returned to his place in the circle.

"Today we will continue with staves," Reggie said as he led the class through the remainder of their two hour lesson.



Roc and the strike team had everything

planned to ensure the swift recovery of the target, plus their own safe return. Karn was jacked into the matrix and had the side entrance open just as the other three members of the team approached the door. Wilkinson took point, followed by Jake, with Roc bringing up the rear. Passing in front of the surveillance cameras required a hiccup in the tape from Karn as the team slipped on.

They made their way to a service elevator which would take them to the 27th floor of the corp headquarters. Moving with speed, the three quickly found themselves in the hallway down from the room where the target was staying.

As they moved down the hallway, Jake sensed an essence which was not friendly to their intent. "Roc, trouble near. I am not sure what type, but definitely magical."

The trio passed several doors on their way to the target room. Each muscle was taut with anticipation of the response which Jake's warning portended. Padding softly in the darkness across the short gray pile of the corporate carpet, the explosion was still a surprise.

In the instant it took for the door to blow across the hallway, a lone figure appeared in a brown gi. The Dog Shaman had Jake by the arm and Jake was airborne before he knew how it happened. A loud crack signalled the end of what had been a hermetic career.

That crack was followed by a 'whumph' as the shaman slumped to the floor. Life drained from the four crimson stains which were rapidly spreading across his abdomen. The gun, still smoking in Roc's hand, signalled to Wilkinson that it was time to move down the hall. Roc stepped over the body and didn't look down. Dead men tell no tales and were seldom much to look at.

Wilkinson moved to the door of the target's room, hand on the trigger of his SMG. He tried turning the knob, but it refused to move. Karn should have had this door open by now.

"Drek! Kick it in Wilk, we don't have time to wait on the fraggin' decker now." As Wilkinson's foot impacted

the center surface of the door, it passed through. Wilkinson quickly went through the plane of the doorway, but the image of the door remained.

The sound of splitting leather was emitted from the room. Then silence. Roc lost interest in the corp and the rest of the money. Now the immediate thought was to get away. As he turned he was confronted with a greying man dressed in black. The smile on the man's face was noncommittal. Roc didn't know if the man was amused, ignorant, or feeling immortal.

Roc's trigger was pulled and lead streaked to the spot where the man stood. In that space of time the form condensed and moved in a low blur toward Roc. The first bullet grazed the man's leg as he moved under the stream of lead. The sizzling barrel twisted as the black form spun the gun. The stock was ripped from Roc's hands and he briefly watched the gun sail into a wall.

"That was why I chipped in the 3. from Fujimar" Roc said. He caught Reggie across the side of the head with a wicked spinning heel kick, a new feature of the 3.1 update. The kick would have finished the fight in most cases, but Reggie was in no mood to be most cases.

Reggie reeled into the wall, but broke the impact of the blow with a quickly placed forearm. "I thought you would like to know we turned your decker," he said, turning to face Roc. "He did a nice job of getting you in, but a lousy job of being your friend." With a fluidity which belied his years, Reggie assumed the dragon stance even as he was bouncing back off the wall. "He won't even get the chance to spend the nuyen we bought him with. My top student should be permanently removing Karn from the matrix about now." The first strike from Reggie's hand would have ripped the heart out of most men, but with Roc, he only came away with cloth. Seemingly undisturbed he continued circling his opponent "You see we have uses for traitorous employees occasionally, but no love. If they would turn on you for the right price, they would turn on us as well."

Roc's counterattack was in a rush—



back fists, low kicks and elbows. The gleam in his eye told of a man who would not be denied. The onslaught continued, with each blow coming closer to landing as the blocks became more difficult, and Reggie's uncybered arms began to tire.

Sensing victory, Roc fired off a front snap kick aimed at Reggie's chin. His eyes widened when Reggie caught his right ankle in mid flight and lifted his leg even higher. As Roc fell backward, head racing to the floor, he felt a sharp pain in his back. The sound his spine made as it shattered took an instant longer to reach his head.

Dropping the now paralyzed form onto a heap on the floor, Reggie looked at him in disgust. Roc tried to bring the dark form above him into focus, but could not. "How? The 3.1 chip is Fujimar's best product, it should be invincible."

Reggie knelt over the form of his former opponent and slowly placed a hand on Roc's throat "You expected to buy for nuyen what I paid for with 45 years of training. Your kind is slow to learn. So this is your final lesson. I am the sensai for the corporate dojo as well as its best programmer. I personally wrote the code for the 3.1, and it's a great chip, but I obviously know everything in it."

If the truth registered Reggie didn't know. His hand tightened as the last of the luster drained from the empty chrome eyes.





SHADOWRUN II ERRATA

**“Hey, better this than a third edition...”
— The Folks at FASA**

Here are the current known errata for Shadowrun, Second Edition, including the hard and softcover printings. HC indicates errata to the hardcover edition only, and SC refers to changes to the softcover edition only. Future clarifications and corrections will be made available in a similar form, and on your favorite national computer network (GEnie, America Online, Internet, and so on).

p. 32 Automatic Success and Failure [HC]

Ignore the notation about the Rule of Six giving an automatic success. That statement is wrong.

p. 32 The Rule of Six [HC]

Add: “The Rule of Six does not apply to Initiative (see p. 79).”

p. 50 The Combat Mage

The Combat Mage's Body should be 2 (3), and his Dice Pools should read: Combat: 7 (9) and Magic 6 (8). Also his heal Moderate Wounds: 3 spell should simply be Heal: 3.

p. 51 The Decker

The Decker's Reaction should read 5 (7)* and her Initiative should read 5 (7) + 1D6 (2D6)*. The asterisk still refers to Matrix-only initiative. Also, her cyberdeck should have Response Increase 1.

p. 54 The Elven Decker

The Elven Decker's changes are the same as the Decker, p. 51.

p. 56 The Former Wage Mage

The Heal Severe Wounds: 3 spell under the Fighter profile should read simply Heal: 3.

p. 57 The Gang Member

The Gang Member has a projectile Weapons skill of 3.

p. 59 The Rigger

The Rigger's Essence should read 1.35.

p. 60 The Shaman

The Shaman's Magic Attribute should read simply 6. The Shaman's Reaction is listed as “Reaction Time.” It should read “Reaction.”

p. 62 The Street Samurai

The Street Samurai's Quickness should read 4 (5), his Strength 6 (7), his Essence .1, his Combat Pool 7, and he should have only one level of Muscle Replacement.

p. 68 The Skill Web

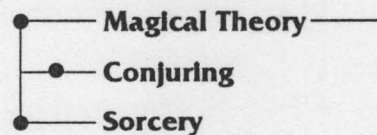
In the third paragraph, delete the last sentence referring to including the starting and ending circle count.

P. 69 The Skill Web [HC/GM]

Add a dot (•) between the Firearms, Gunnery, Projectile, and Throwing skills and their respective (B/R) skills. Those four should resemble Armed Combat, like so:

— Skill Name —•— B/R

Also, shift the dot associated with Conjuring in toward the skill, so that the web-section looks like this:



p. 79 Initiative Ties

In the first sentence, change the term “Combat Phase” to “Combat Turn.”

p. 80 Delaying Actions

In the second column, third paragraph, the third sentence should finish out “...the delay is broken and the Action does not occur.”

p. 89 Ranged Combat Modifiers Table [HC/GM]

Change the “Recoil, Heavy Weapon” modifier to “+2 per cumulative round fired that combat Phase.”

p. 89 Recoil [HC]

In the first paragraph, replace the second half of the paragraph starting with “Full-autofire...” with the following “Full-autofire weapons take a cumulative +1 modifier for each round fired that combat phase. That is, a character choosing to fire a seven-round full-autofire burst receives a +7 modifier. If that same character chooses instead to fire two fire round full-autofire bursts, he would have a +5 modifier for the first burst, and a +10 modifier for the second burst.”

The final paragraph (top of the second column) should read “Double the uncompensated recoil modifier for medium and heavy machine guns (heavy weapons) and shotguns. If a medium machine gun is firing 10 rounds, and has six points of recoil compensations, its final recoil modifier would be +8 (10 - 6 = 4; 4 doubled is 8).”



p. 92 Full-Auto Mode [HC]

Replace the sentence beginning "Each round fire..." with the following: Each round fired imposes a +1 recoil modifier for the entire group."

Also replace the last sentence on the page (it overruns to p. 93) with: "The Power Rating of the weapon increases by 1 point for every round fired in that full-auto burst."

p. 93 Full-Auto Mode [HC]

The example has some errors. Replace the fifth to seventh paragraphs with the following: "The first punk gets a three-round burst, which increases the Damage Code of the weapon to 10D. The three-round burst qualified for 3 points of recoil, which the weapon compensates for. Punk 1: Damage Code 10D, Target Number 3.

"Punk 2 gets a three-round burst too, with that same healthy damage code of 10D. Now, however, six rounds have been fired so the total recoil modifier is 6. The weapon compensates for 3, leaving 3 for a +3 modifier. This is the second target this Combat Phase, which adds another +2 modifier. Punk 2: Damage Code 10D, Target Number 8.

"Punk 3 gets the four-round burst (lucky her) that has a Damage Code of 11D. The recoil modifier is now +7 (10-3). Being the third target also means a +4 modifier added to the attack because of multiple targets. Punk 3: Damage Code 11D, Target Number 14.

p. 96 Strength Minimum Rating [HC]

Change the final sentence of the section to read: "A cross-bow's Minimum Strength Rating is used to determine its range."

p. 98 Grenade Blast Diagram [HC]

The "5S" notation in the right-hand diagram should read "4S," and the total blast consequently "20S."

p. 98 Barriers (General) [HC]

Add to the end of the page: "Always use the base Power Rating of the round, unmodified for burst or full-auto fire, for comparison against the Barrier Rating."

p. 102 Friends in the Melee [HC]

The "see page" reference for Multiple Opponents should read "this page" instead of p. 90.

p. 108 Vehicles, Weapons, and Magic [HC]

Third paragraph, change the second sentence to: "That is, if the base Power of the weapon, unmodified by burst or full auto fire, does not exceed the rating of the vehicle armor, it will not penetrate."

Due to the printing error, the first line of the fourth paragraph in the softback edition only should read "The Power and Damage Codes for grenades and other explosives are affected...."

p. 130 Spell Targeting

The fifth sentence should end with "...except by using enhanced vision or astral perception, as appropriate."

p. 131 Spell Success Test [HC]

[HC] The final paragraph of the example should read: "Rolling the dice, Jason gets a total of 10 dice (4 + 6) against a Target Number of 6 (5 + 1). The results are 1, 3, 4, 5, 5, 6, 6, 6, 6. Five of the dice score six, so there are five successes."

p. 137 Focus Bonding Table

The second type of focus should be listed as a "Spell Category Focus."

p. 144 Spirit Table [HC]

[HC] Under Nature Spirits it should be the "Hearth" spirit, not the "Fire" spirit. There are no candy spirits in Shadowrun.

p. 141 Spell Directory

[HC] Change the "Type" of the spells Mana Bolt, Mana Missile, and Manaball to "Mana," rather than "Physical" as listed.

[HC/SC] Under the Ram spell, delete the line "The target's Barrier Rating is halved as indicated."

p. 153 Mind Probe [HC]

Change the Drain Code [(F+2) +2]D.

p. 155 Treat [HC]

Change the first sentence of the third paragraph to "Successes from the Spell Success Test can be used to actually heal boxes of damage, or reduce the base time, as found on the following chart." Also [HC/SC], in the second paragraph, change the first sentence to read "The Target Number for these spells is 10 or 8, minus the target's Essence."

p. 158 Spark [HC]

Change the Duration of the spell to "Instant."

p. 159 Table of Spells [HC]

Change the Type of Mana Missile to "M", the Drain Code of Mind Probe to [(F/2) +2]D, and the Duration of Spark to "Instant."

p. 168 Passive Alert [HC]

The second sentence should read "Add 50% to the ratings of all [C]."

p. 168 The Opposition [HC]

Use the Decker Archetype instead of the Corporate Decker as noted, unless the SRII Gamemaster Screen is owned, then use the Corporate Decker.

p. 202 Legwork

In the second column, second sentence, add the following at the end of the sentence "(see published Shadowrun adventures)."

p. 205 Corporate Security Guard [HC]

Give the Contact a Willpower of 2.

p. 207 The Fixer [HC]

Add the skill "Equipment Acquisition: 4" skill.

p. 211 The Street Cop [HC]

Give the Contact a Willpower of 3.

p. 228-229 Nature Spirits

Delete the word "Attack" from the descriptions of desert and field spirits. Add the Guard power to desert, forest and lake spirits. Also add the Engulf power to lake, river, sea, and swamp spirits.

p. 262 Cyberdeck Systems Additions

Change the cost of Hitcher Jacks to "MPCP x 100¥," Response Increase Level 1 to "(MPCP x MPCP) x 100¥," Level 2 to "(MPCP x MPCP) x 400¥," and Level 3 to "(MPCP x MPCP) x 900¥."

p. 265 Rigger Gear

Change the cost of Vehicle Control Gear to a flat 2,800¥.

p. 280 Sourcebook Updates/Street Samurai Table

Add the Riot Shield, Large to the table with "—" Concealability, "2" Ballistic "—" Impact, "3" Weight, "10/14 days" Availability, "3,200¥" Cost, and "2" Street Index.

p. 283 Sourcebook Updates/Minimum Security Code

The last sentence should end with "...with a Security Rating of less than Green-3."

p. 283 Sourcebook Updates/Rigger Black Book

In the entry for Vehicle Armor Ratings, add this sentence "Also, divide the armor point costs by 3, and multiply the maximum allowed by 3."

Under Rigger Control Gear, change the sentence to read "Remote and vehicle control gear is required for rigger operation. Vehicle control gear costs." Also change the Parts Cost for rigger (vehicle) control gear to 2,800¥.

In the second column, change the sentence to read "The vehicle control rig prices in SRII supersede those given the Rigger Black Book where it is called rigger control gear."

p. 283 Updating Adventures

The third sentence should refer to Threat Ratings, not Dodge Pools.



GRIMOIRE II ERRATA

***“If everything was perfect,
it would be a boring world”
— The Folks at FASA***

The following is the known errata for the Grimoire, Second Edition. Future clarifications and corrections will be made available in a similar form, and on your favorite national computer network (GENie, America Online, InterNet, and so on).

p. 92 Wards

Replace the third paragraph of this section with the following:

“Warding requires the magician to make a Sorcery Test against the desired Force Rating of the ward. The astral rating of the ward is equal to that Force Rating and it remains active for a number of days equal to the number of successes. The magician may choose not to use all his successes, making it easier to resist Drain for setting the wards.”

MAGICAL SUPPLIES

	Availability	Cost	Street Index
Fetish Focus	3/26 hrs	Rating x 3,000¥	1
Ally Conjuring Materials	(Force)/36 hrs	1,000 per unit	1
Ward Casting Materials	(Force)/36 hrs	1,000 per unit	1
Watcher Casting Materials	(Force/36 hrs)	1,000 per unit	1

ENCHANTING MATERIAL COSTS

Material	Raw Form	Refined Form	Radical Form
Herbals	50	100	200
Crystals	100	200	400
Semi-precious Gems	200	400	800
Precious Gems	500	1,000	2,000
Iron	50	100	200
Copper	100	200	400
Silver	300	600	1,200
Gold	10,000	20,000	40,000
Mercury	600	1,200	2,400
Tin	30	60	120
Lead	30	60	12
Orichalcum:	88,000 per unit		

SPELL FORMULAS

Drain Level	Price	Drain Level	Price
L	50 x Force	M	100 x Force
S	500 x Force	D	1,000 x Force



Ral Partha Reviews

After several issues without Ral Partha reviews, I thought I'd better catch up on some of the excellent Shadowrun figures they've been producing. As seems to be the case with Ral Partha, the figures are all well done from a technical point of view. There was little or no flash on any of the models reviewed. In most cases I had to triple check to even identify the mold lines — the figures are that good.

I won't cover some of the basics in the individual reviews, but instead I'll make a general comment about the figures as a group. All "held the scale" very well, meaning the height of the figures was nearly identical for similar figures. Of course, orks are taller and dwarves are shorter. Most of the bases are detailed in some manner, usually with a cobblestone, brick, or plank pattern. In all cases the bases were slightly larger than seems to be the norm, providing the figures with an sturdy platform. Pounding on the table will NOT knock these miniatures down.

Although Ral Partha has begun producing their figures with the new Raladum alloy, none of the figures reviewed were constructed of this material (as far as I could tell).

20-508 Riggers and Rockers

by D. Mize
Rating 3.5 out of 5

This is an older set of four characters that is well worth the time to locate. The set consists of two rockers and two riggers. Although all are good, the rockers are much more detailed and have more appeal. At first glance, both the rockers appear to be female, but you might decide one is male. The definite female is dressed in shorts, brassiere, spikes, and jacket. A very well done guitar rests on one hip. The androgynous singer is dressed in tights and a loose shirt. He is holding a cordless microphone in one hand and has the other, fist clenched, above his/her head. The female rigger is dressed

very sensibly in pants and a jacket with padded elbows and a padded chest protector. She also wears padded greaves and a beret with headset mic over the top. The entire head is very well done, especially the finely detailed headset. The final figure, the male rigger, is on the move. He is clearly running with a submachine gun at the ready. He wears armored clothing under an armored jacket. Most of his head is obscured by a full helmet, which comes complete with face plate and microphone. There is no reason either rigger could not be used as a samurai, mercenary, or former company employee.

20-520 Yakuza

by D. Mize
Rating 3.5 out of 5

This set, like the last, contains four figures, two male and two female. The first male carries a pistol in one hand and a katana in the other. He wears sunglasses and a long coat over slacks and a sweater. The sword is slightly short, however, and the sunglasses obscure his facial features, making him suitable for a standard bodyguard. The other male figure is the best of the package. The sturdy figure wears a fashionable suit and his overcoat is thrown back over his shoulders. He carries a pistol, but his facial features indicate there is little need for violence; he is a man in control. Although he does not carry a lot of extras, the drape of the suit and coat are outstanding. The first female is dressed in a miniskirt and slippers. She holds a short staff aloft in one hand. Although the facial features and hair are obviously oriental, the figure could easily be used for a standard mage. The bunched sleeves are a nice touch, but there is little other detail on the figure. The final female figure wears a prep school uniform, complete with knee high skirt, knee socks, long sleeve shirt and a tie. She carries her book bag in one hand (complete with a school bumper sticker on the side) and a SMG in the other. The detail on the clothing is very good, but

she is short on gear (whadda you expect from a school girl?). I love the idea, but I'm not sure about the inspiration.

20-521 Ork Biker

by D Summers & J Wilhelm
Rating 3.0 out of 5

This two-piece package is of the same ork, one standing and one on his trusty Blitzen (nice ride for an ork). The two figures in the set are identical, from the top of the scarfed head to the bottom of the combat boots. The standing figure is reaching for his pistol as he holds out his left hand, spurs extended. The Blitzen's saddle bags are thrown over the left shoulder. The detail on this figure is very well done, but the face looks puffy, like the ork got caught with a mouthful of slurpy-sweet yummy-goo in his mouth. Otherwise the figure is very well proportioned with bulging muscles and beady eyes. The figure on the blitzen is riding one-handed and throwing a grenade with the other. Although the figure on the bike is the same as the standing figure and therefore has the same gear and attire, the mounted ork does not have the same level of detail. The handcuffs, holster, and boots, for example, are simply not as sharp. The Blitzen suffers from the same problem. The wheels and suspension system are well done, but the frame is rather simple and the engine is completely covered by panels.

As a side note, the Blitzen is accurate to the original FASA artwork; however, looking at the motorcycle with a mounted rider, it appears to be a dangerous bike to ride. The front cowling angles back to the driver's seat to reduce the wind resistance and provide better speed. Unfortunately, the point of the cowl will rest in the center of the driver's chest when he drives with both hands. One pothole and he impales himself on his own hog.



20-522 Meta-Human Tribal

By D. Summers & D. Mize
Rating 4.0 out of 5

This set consists of three male figures and one female figure. All are dressed in Amerindian clothing. (Note: the tribal attire is all from the plains Indians of the midwest, with slight overtones of the desert dwellers of the southwest.) The first figure is a elven shaman, the only figure without obvious technological gear. He carries a coup stick and wears a loin cloth, vest, animal hide cape and buffalo horn headpiece. This figure would make a PERFECT wilderness shaman. Detail is very good on all gear and features. The second figure is a ork bowman firing a compound bow. He wears breeches and a loin cloth, loose shirt and bone vest, and moccasins. In addition to the arrows and knife, he carries a carbine (or shotgun) in a full case over his shoulder and a pistol. The facial features on this figure are excellent (he's sporting a mohawk to boot). Figure three is a dwarf. He wears a loin cloth, vest and top hat with feathers. He carries a rifle at the ready. This figure is well detailed, but the rifle is very small, making the whole figure appear to be a scaled-down human. Although the idea is a good one, this is the weakest figure of the set. The final figure is an elven woman. She wears a skirt and half shirt. In one hand she holds a feathered spear and in the other an up-raised SMG. The clothing and facial features are excellent.

20-528 Black ICE Icons

By D. Summers
Rating 4.5 out of 5

To be really honest, I don't know why you'd want to buy this set, except to have the excellent figures. Their actual uses in a game session would be few and far between. Still, the work done on these figures represents what



may be the best blister package of figures for the entire Shadowrun line. All three figures

are outstanding and are sculpted in an angular form (lots of flat surfaces to make up a single rounded surface). The first figure is a matrix panther. The large cat is stalking along a circuit board base. The low shoulders and high hips gives the entire model a cat's grace while still capturing the matrix feel of the ICE. The second piece is a matrix spider. This figure is supported by eight strong legs and does not come with a base. Although I thought this would be a disadvantage when I first saw the blister, this is not the case. There is no wobble to the figure at all. The final figure is a Japanese Samurai, complete with katana. Although still an excellent figure, the slightly small base and forward leaning position make this figure prone to tip over if not on a perfectly flat (and level) surface. The face and helmet are excellent, but the hands are slightly small and the katana suffered during shipment. As a result it is slightly bent. Even with work, the sword does not have the same straight lines of the samurai, marring the overall effect.

20-529 Wasp Male Spirits

by R. Kerr
Rating 3.0 out of 5

Insect spirits have long been on of my favorite things to throw at a group of cocky shadowrunners. They are tough and deadly. As something of a purist, however, I've had to forego their use on occasions when we were using miniatures as there was no lead. That is a problem no longer (be afraid, be very afraid, runners). This set comes with three figures, one human and two identical wasp spirits. The human is in the process of undergoing transformation, so the left side of his body is waspish and the right is still human. The idea is good, but it suffers in the execution. Unlike the previously reviewed figures, the man's clothes appear to be chiseled out of wax. The clothing doesn't hang, it sticks. The features of the face are very good and the hair is nice, but the feet and hands (human side) are too small. The wasp form is much better. The entire figure

is thin, but the model itself is strong enough to handle rough treatment (I should know). Although the actual figure is roughly the same size as the man, the figure appears to be much larger as the legs are bent and neck is bowed. The detail on the face is simple but effective.

20-530 Wasp Queen Human Host

By R. Kerr
Rating 2.5 out of 5

This set contains two figures, one queen and one human, both are female (the queen by definition only). This set suffers from the same weaknesses of the male wasp spirit set, namely lack of detail and suspect proportion. The human is wearing a long toga-style dress. Her hair is short and she carries no gear. Evidentially being a host is tough work as she is rail thin (she really has a wasp waist). There is some flow to the gown, but not nearly enough. The head of the figure rests on the shoulders instead of a neck. The short hair is well done, but the features of the face are very faint and flat. The queen is cast with a separate right arm. I like separate castings as they allow me to customize the piece with zero work. In this case, however, the joint is defined by the shoulder and socket; therefore, the arm will only fit in a limited range of positions. Cutting the socket or shoulder without losing the detail of the muscle or chitin would be difficult. As with the male spirits, the queen is somewhat simple. The enlarged abdomen is very good, but the entire piece lacks detail. Although there is no doubt I'll be using these pieces in a future game, they will not be the centerpiece as I had hoped.

20-531 Combat Mages

By D. Mize
Rating 4.5 out of 5

This three figure set contains two males and one female. The first male holds an ornate staff in one hand and a



machine pistol in the other. The figure wears knee high boots, pants and a dress shirt underneath a long coat. The long coat is nicely done with padded elbows and trim along the lapels, collar, and wrists. The mage's hair is slicked back and hangs to the collar. The figure's ears are covered by his hair, but this appears to be an elven mage. Although there is nothing specific to indicate this, the straight, heavy eyebrows and high cheekbones seem to indicate an elf. The facial features are very fine (clean and sharp with just the right amount of detail). The second male wears jeans, calf boots, and a jacket. Hung on his belt is a single pouch. He is advancing with both hands on an assault rifle. I suppose this is a mage (he is in the combat mage blister), but there is nothing on the figure that indicates this. The figure is

very well done with lots of nice touches (bracers over the jacket, bandanna around the neck, headband). The head is excellent, with an outstanding haircut, pony tail and Elvis-like sideburns. I don't know if he's a mage, but he's a great figure. The final figure is a female. She wears a denim miniskirt, thigh boots, shirt, and jacket. In one hand she carries a machine pistol and in the other she holds a staff. Although this figure is obviously female, it is not a standard bare-skinned fantasy-type woman. By far, the outstanding feature on this model is the hair. From the front it looks much like a page boy, but it is long in the back. The ends of the hair are curly while the top is straight, much like a perm that has grown out, but not been cut off. It's an excellent touch.

Pick of the Pack

Yakuza Boss	4.5 out of 5
Matrix Spider	5.0 out of 5
Matrix Panther	5.0 out of 5
Ork Tribal	5.0 out of 5
Male Tribal	4.5 out of 5
Female Tribal	4.5 out of 5
Combat mage w/ staff	4.5 out of 5
Female combat mage	4.5 out of 5





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 at LTG#(914)-633-5251. Ask for Paul.

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Runner in Germany looking for penpals. Great interest in discussing international Shadowrunning and other aspects of the game. Please contact Erik

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



>>>>(Reposted from the newsnet for your convenience.)<<<<-Quirk (03:10:37-05/07/54)

INTERNATIONAL

BEI Illegal Activities Will Cost Europe Billions

Account forging by Banco Euro Internationale will cost the European economic community billions, possibly trillions. Over one hundred corporations face financial collapse because of the forging scheme.

Bank President Felipe Tolonka and fourteen bank officers were arrested yesterday after a week-long undercover investigation. The initial tip came from a clerk who noticed a discrepancy in one of the BEI accounts. Realizing only an officer of the bank would be capable of manipulating the account in such a manner, the clerk notified Treasury officials.

The account forging scheme is the largest in history; destroyed accounts are estimated at 157 nuyen. The ramifications of forged accounts this size and this numerous are staggering. Experts are certain it will split the European community into a severe recession and may even reach outside Europe. (continued page 2 "BEI")

Salish Shidhe Council Catches Sea Monster

The Salish Shidhe Council admitted today that six months ago it caught cybernetically enhanced Sea Drake. Council spokesperson Ryan Tumbling Leaves explained, "The Sea Drake was attacking a lot of boats, destroying property and killing people. We used two whaling boats and three PT boats to capture the thing."

According to Tumbling Leaves the Sea Drake had a device implanted in the cerebral cortex. "We feel the device was used to anger the animal past its normal aggressiveness. We also believe this implantation to be the work of a single individual and not the work of a terrorist group." Tumbling Leaves refused to elaborate on the issue of the device or the individual except to say that "the territorial waters were safe."

When asked to explain why the Council neglected to inform the public earlier, Tumbling Leaves said, "We did not want to cause undue panic." (continued page 87 "Sea Monster")

LOCAL

Flex Lenard Abducted

Popular trideo personality Flex Lenard was abducted last night after a gunfight left his four bodyguards dead. Lenard was exiting from the studio when he was attacked.

Witnesses said they heard automatic gunfire and small explosions. It is uncertain if Lenard was injured. Lone Star officials believe the abduction to be the work of professionals.

Lenard is the host of "Flex Lenard," currently the most popular show on trideo. Lenard's ultra-conservative views, near slanderous remarks and quick wit have earned him the reputation as trideo's "Caustic Conservative." Lenard receives many threats against his life which he reads during the section of the show called "Liberal Rhetoric."

There have been no demands made by the abductors. The police say they are following some leads. (continued page 14 "Flex")

BUSINESS

Mechanized Infantry

Advanced Weapons and Systems, Inc. announced that field testing of their revolutionary powered armor suits would begin next month. There has been much notoriety concerning the suits since the start of development. Insiders postulate the AWS is operating way above their heads and suggest the promotion push is a way of generating early sales for what will certainly be a flawed product. AWS denies any notion that the system has problems. As a matter of fact, AWS claims the product line, named "Paladin Armor," will make the soldier or law enforcement agent a force once again to be respected. (continued page 124 "AWS")

Aztechnology Counters

In what appears to be a move to steal the spotlight from AWS, Aztechnology released information that several governments have expressed interest in purchasing orbital "Peace Keeping" platforms. The UCAS, CAS, Tir Tangire, Japan, and several European nations were among the interested parties.

It is believed the Dwarven Technical Guild did much of the theoretical work for the project a year ago when Aztechnology granted the DTG a huge contract. While the Guild refuses to officially comment on this, sources inside the organization confirm the report.

The business strategy seems to be working. Stock in Aztechnology rose five points and shows no sign of weakening. However, the release of the information may turn out to be a public relations disaster. CAS officials made it clear they were unhappy to hear their business was now public and might now reconsider. Additionally, numerous activities have begun protesting

against the idea of armaments circling the world. For more on Aztechnology see page 124. . .

ENTERTAINMENT

Networks Compete for the Sollista Story

ABS, CBC, NABS, NN, and OTQ are all rushing to finish their production of the heroic rescue of little Janie Lamet by the Sasquatch Sollista. Even though the public watched the actual rescue for nearly two days through the eyes of a news camera, the networks seem to think the public would like to see the story from a dramatized perspective.

The Lamet family and Sollista have reportedly collected over thirty-five million nuyen each by selling the rights. The different child actresses up for the Janie role include Vivian Williams of "You're Too Punky" fame and Beth Henderson from "The House Is Crowded." All the networks will use a costumed actor for the role of Sollista. A few of the working titles are "The Sollista Story," "The Lamet Story," and "Tragedy Under the City." Seattle city officials are still attempting to discover the cause for the cave-in. For more information see "Network Circus" page 153 and "Cave-In" page 89.

SPORTS

Move Over World, The Dozer Is Back!

Marion "Dozer" Barnkowski is back. After spending nearly eighteen months in retirement, the All Pro banger has signed a two year deal with his former team the Seattle Screammers. Coach Joe Walden says Dozer will start two games from now.

Dozer says he is looking forward to getting back to the action. "I look at the players of today and I see a bunch of lightweight. There are a few guys who still know how to deliver a punch, but the majority would be lucky to deliver flowers. It makes me sick to see the game ruined. That's why I'm back, to give the fans what they deserve: hard hitting action from first to last.

The specifics of Dozer's contract are unknown but many in the field think the Screammers are wasting their money. Davon Carlismo, coach of the Berlin Backbreakers, gave this opinion, "Yeah, sure he was great in his day, but he's past his prime." Well, the Backbreakers can only hope Dozer is out of his prime when they meet in late August. (continued page 58 "Dozer")



