

KA • GE

A SURVIVAL GUIDE TO AN IMPOLITE SOCIETY

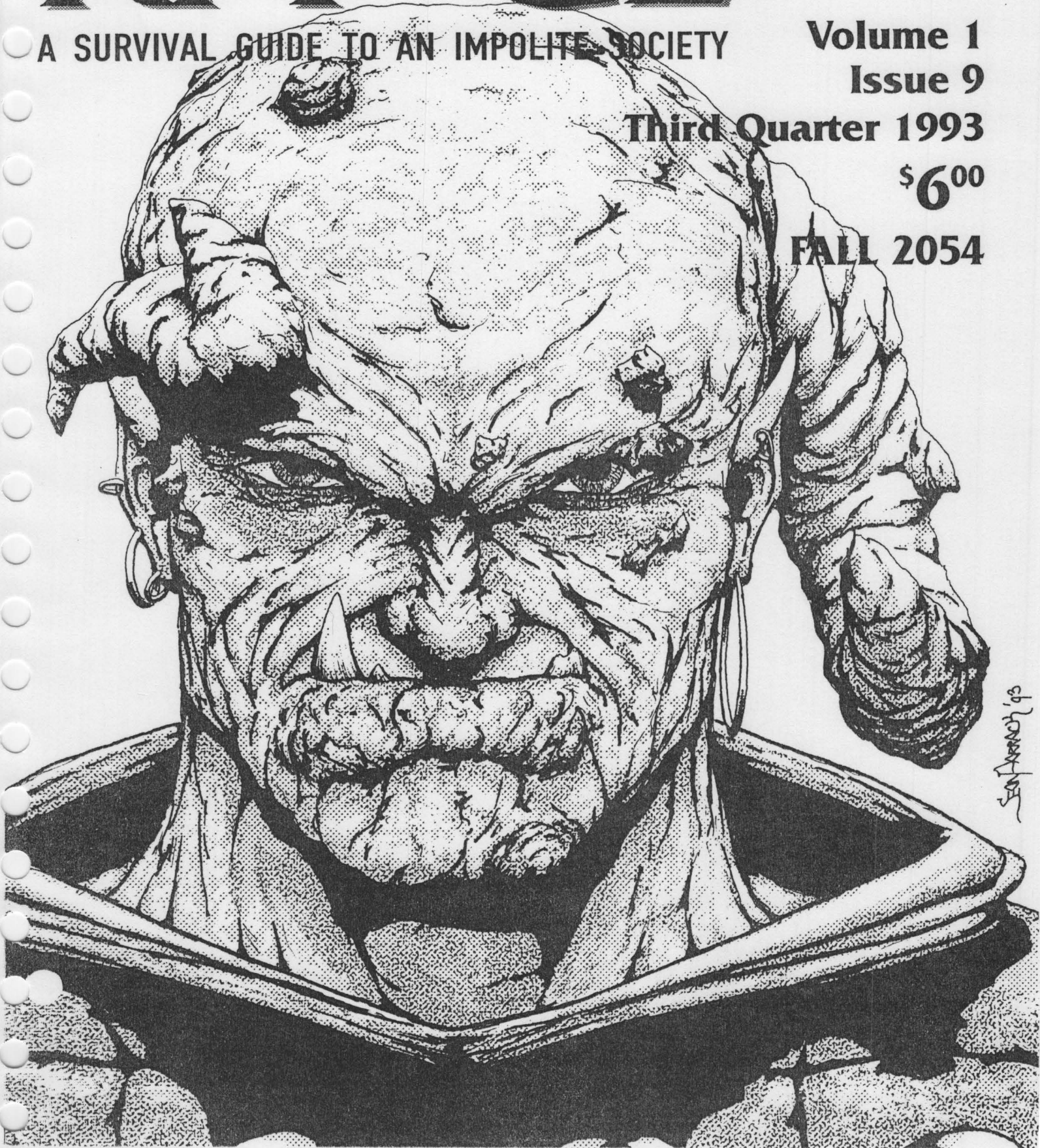
Volume 1

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Howdy,

As you can tell, it's been over three months since the last issue and it feels even longer. Ka-ge 8 went out about three weeks early and Ka-ge 9 is about two weeks late, so that's a long time any way you cut it. Sorry about the delay, and I hope it hasn't caused problems for anybody. And speaking of Ka-ge 8, I missed a credit in the Table of Contents. The Dwarven Stoic was designed by Brian Walker. Sorry about the omission.

Lots has been going on with GenCon, the summer in general and AWOL Productions. First of all, Gil Cooper went back to his real job at Pittsburgh College (in Kansas) so (as usual) we're short on manpower. It's made things, well, interesting is the only way to describe it. We've added additional personnel, however, in the form of Rodney and Kim Knox. Although they haven't "officially" joined the staff at AWOL, they're both already working on future issues and other projects for the near future. Many members had the chance to meet Rodney and Kim at GenCon where they were severely overworked. Fortunately that did not scare them off, and they're ready for more. I can hardly wait.

You'll probably notice some subtle changes in this issue. They're the result of our changing typesetters. The new crew are guys I've worked with in the past, and I've always been impressed with their work, but we've never managed to make a connection with Ka-ge. Now all that has changed, and I know we'll be able to do more and more with the actual production process (and keep the price down).

With Rodney's and Kim's help, we're really going to push to have issue ten of Ka-ge out before the Christmas rush. That means you should have the issue in your hands on Christmas Eve (if not, sooner). Keep your fingers crossed.

Some of you might have noticed Ka-ge for sale in hobby stores. Ka-ge is available over-the-counter. It is shipped to distributors 30 days after it reaches members. So far distribution is fairly small, but we hope that will change in the future. Our primary focus is still the member, however, so don't worry if you see an issue on the shelf. We're still a player's organization.

Enjoy,
Jim

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is an
AWOL PRODUCTION

AWOL Management James D. Long
AWOL Office Manager Jane Foster
AWOL Membership

Coordinator Arleen Buschjost
AWOL Dude Jeff Schroeder

Magazine Staff

Senior Editor Jim Long
Contributing Writers Stephen Kenson,
Chad Olson, Vicki Kirchhoff,
Brian Walker, Jim Long.

Cover Art Sean Parrack
Interior Art Sean Parrack, Dan Smith,
John Morrissey, Corey Gulley

For FASA

President-Person Sam Lewis
Shadowrun-Person Tom Dowd

Layout Dave Gibbons
Middlecoast Publishing, Inc.

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I'm a fairly new player and I have a suggestion. How about providing a service for members to introduce themselves to other local members? Just an idea.

Doug Neale

Good idea. A simple "here I am" can be handled with the graffiti section in the back of Ka-ge. In the future however, we hope to assemble a player's guide of all members. Keep an eye out for more on this in the future.

... and one more thing. Are you or are you not on GENie? I have just found it recently and have started posting there slowly...

You bet. Postings have been sporadic over the summer, but we read everything that gets posted in the Ka-ge section of the BBS, and we normally read everything that has anything to do with FASA. If you've got information or questions, please post them to GENie and we'll handle them there. Coverage has increased over the last few weeks and will continue to improve over the fall and winter.

... Language changes a lot more slowly than people think. One of my players speaks about five of them to one degree or another. Certain words have been in our vocabulary for a long time and the difference

between 1993 and 2053 is sort of an eyeblink linguistically. It's the introduction of the terms "ooze," "drek," "frag," and the irredeemably loathsome "chummer" that really offends us. We understand that it's for the younger players but they see and hear much worse on television and in the schoolyard. And the rationale that it protects FASA from the religious right or the ire of parents is equally spurious.

Let's be realistic. The game is about betrayal, violence, racism, etc. Pretty adult themes. ... The double standard concerning language in this game is both appalling and slightly insulting (unless it's the result of naivete in which case it's just as sad)...

Anthony Forster

Good points. I'll stay off the soap box, but these questions, and others along the same line, have been asked of game manufacturers for a long time and perhaps a short explanation is in order (at least as far as AWOL is concerned).

Shadowrun does cover many adult themes. It allows players to put their characters in danger while still in the comfort of their own living rooms. The action is the thing. The rules and the background are just a "hook" on which to hang the story and the action. What makes it come alive is the gamemaster, who will have his own personal style.

It has always been the policy of FASA and AWOL to provide the product to the widest pos-

sible market. This only makes sense from a business point-of-view. We both need the money to survive. Offending potential buyers with language they find objectional is poor business. It might not make a lot of sense, but many people are perfectly willing to play a game which involves terrorism and bloodshed, but they'll not purchase the same product with wording they find objectionable.

In the late 70s and early 80s TSR took a tremendous hit in the wallet when people (mostly parents and the religious right) decided the company was "evil." They've recovered and so has the industry, but the short-term effects were very real. It may sound too easy to say "that's the market," but in simple terms, that is the answer.

I doubt anybody who has been subjected to late night phone calls, public ridicule, or incessant demands to defend a moral position against somebody with only half the story would call the problem "spurious." I know I don't. The fact is, when you're an individual you can do, say, and play as you see fit. When you publish, you must do, say, and play with at least a thought to the consumer. Unless, that is, you have unlimited financial resources and can afford to anger your buyers. When players purchase Shadowrun they know the environment they're getting. How they choose to portray that environment is strictly up to them.

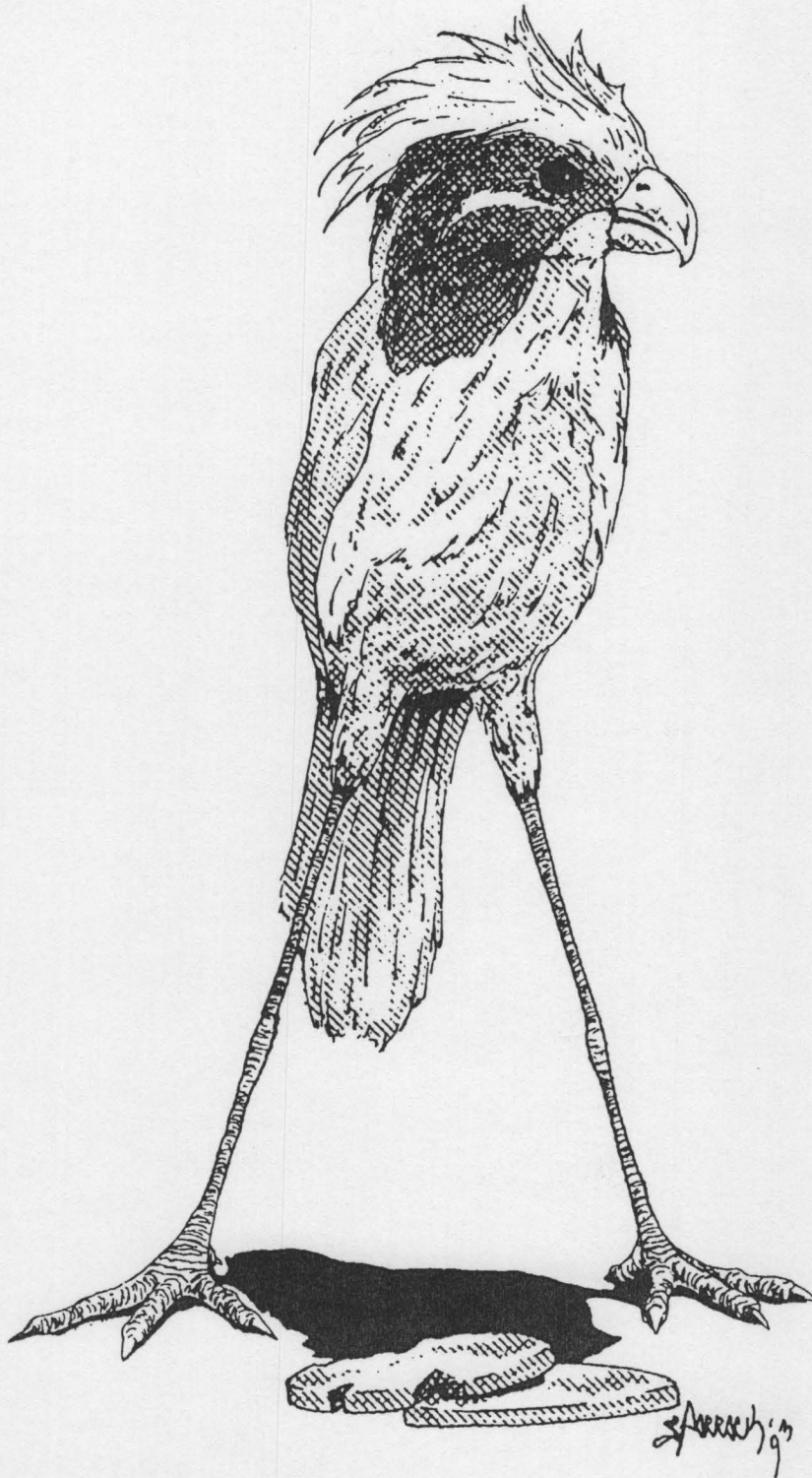




Paterson Field Guide to Paranormal Animals

New Animals for a New Age

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





Alicanto

Identification:

Alicantos are small, flightless birds about the size of a pigeon. They have elongated legs and are capable runners. Alicanto feathers range from dark brown through tan and grey and generally have glittering gold and silver highlights.

Magic Capability:

Innate

Habits:

Alicantos, in addition to the typical diet of small birds, eat small quantities of gold and silver, either in refined state or as natural ore. It is believed that the metals contribute in some as yet unknown way to the maintenance of the bird's metabolism, perhaps aiding digestion. Alicantos often nest near veins or deposits of pre-

cious metals to sustain the unusual feeding pattern.

Alicantos are highly territorial and use their ability to cast illusions to frighten other creatures away from their nesting and feeding areas.

Powers:

Illusion

Weaknesses:

Dietary Requirement (gold or silver)

>>>>[Prospectors often look for signs of Alicantos in the area when searching for gold or silver deposits. The birds have an uncanny ability for tracking down the best ore.]<<<< - Diamond Jim <13:21:42/11-15-53>

>>>>[Prospectors are also

careful, because there are tales of Alicantos deliberately using illusion to lead the unwary over the edges of cliffs and into quicksand. One paranaturalist suggests that it could be some kind of instinct to lead predators away from the nest. Other birds, like quail, display similar behaviors.]<<<< - Ranger [20:03:23/11-15-53>

>>>>[I've heard that some gold and silver can even be recovered from the bodies of dead birds.]<<<< - Wraith [04:12:17/11-16-53>

>>>>[It can be, but there's generally not much, maybe a few ounces, and it's a messy and lengthy process to get all of it. Most real prospectors I know wouldn't bother.]<<<< - Diamond Jim [13:11:45/11-16-53>

Game Information - Alicanto

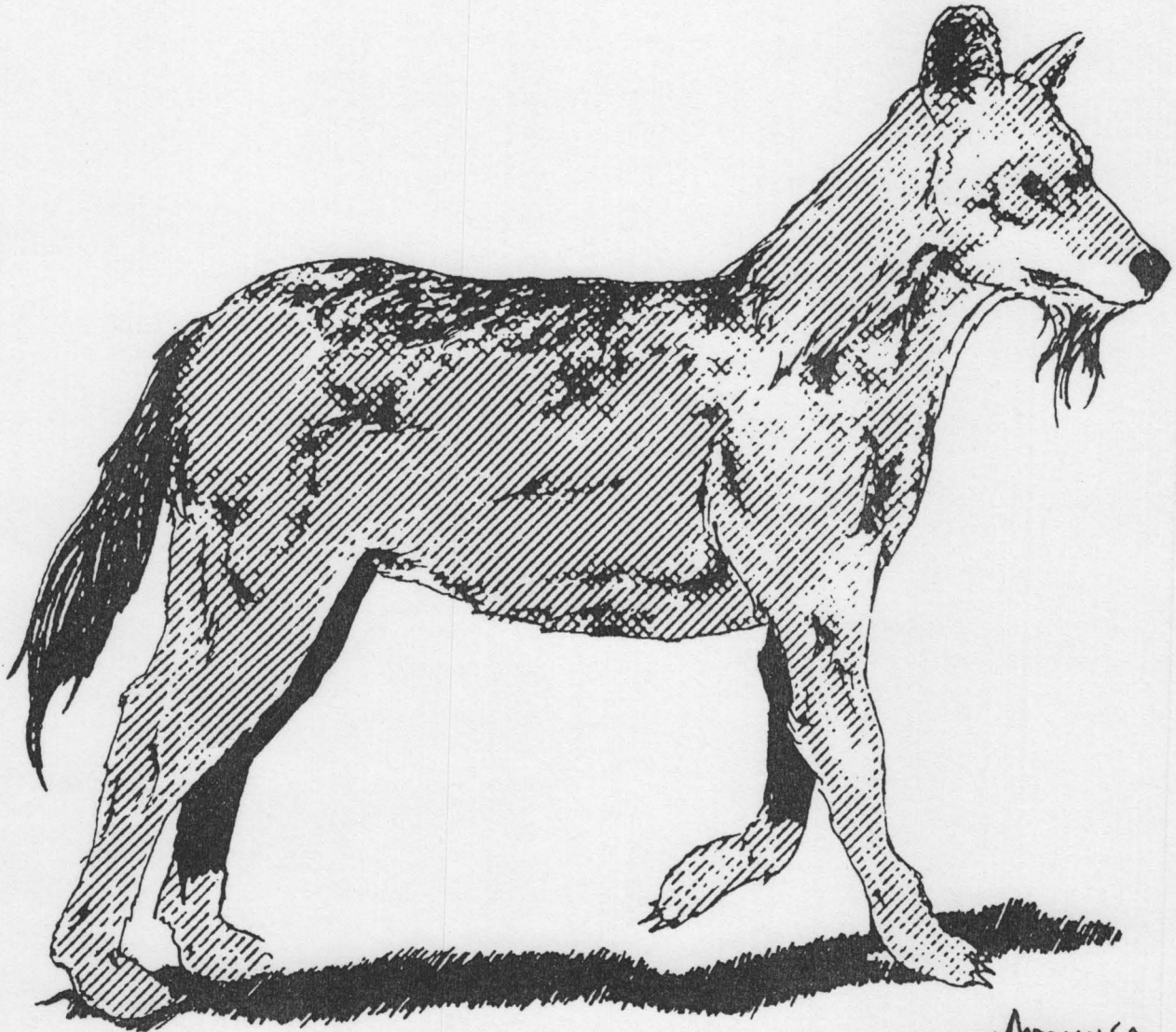
B	Q	S	C	I	W	E	R	Attacks
1	5x4	0	-	1/5	1	6	5	2L

Initiative Dice: 1D6

Powers: Illusion

Weaknesses: Dietary Requirement (gold or silver)

<p>ALICANTO</p> <p>HABITAT Near gold and silver deposits</p> <p>RANGE Central and coastal Mexico</p>		<p>SIZE COMPARISON</p>
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ARRACK '93



Calchona

Identification:

Calchona are large dog-like animals, averaging 1.3 meters at the shoulder. They have heavy black or brown fur, lightening toward white or tan on the muzzle and paws. Below the jaw is a long beard-like growth of hair similar to that of a goat.

Magic Capability:

Innate

Habits:

Calchona are nocturnal animals that live in packs in highlands areas, generally near human habitations where sources of

prey such as farm animals are available. They hunt a variety of small prey, and packs will often attack and bring down larger animals such as mountain goats.

Powers:

Regeneration

Weaknesses:

None

>>>>[Calchona are incredible trackers and can sometimes be trained as bloodhounds or hunting dogs. They're smarter than ordinary dogs, and their regeneration ability makes them fraggin' near impossible to kill.]<<<< - Ranger

[20:18:24/11-15-53>

>>>>[Aztechnology uses trained Calchonas as guard animals at a number of their facilities.]<<<< - Pyramid [22:35:22/11-15-53>

>>>>[I've heard that if you cut off a Calchona's beard, it loses its regeneration power. Any confirmation out there?]<<<< - Nightblade [02:12:55/11-16-53>

>>>>[Chummer, I don't think anyone wants to get close enough to try that one...]<<<< - Johnny Zen <18:03:38/11-16-53>

Game Information

B	Q	S	C	I	W	E	R	Attacks
8	5/4	6	-	3/4	2	6	6	6S

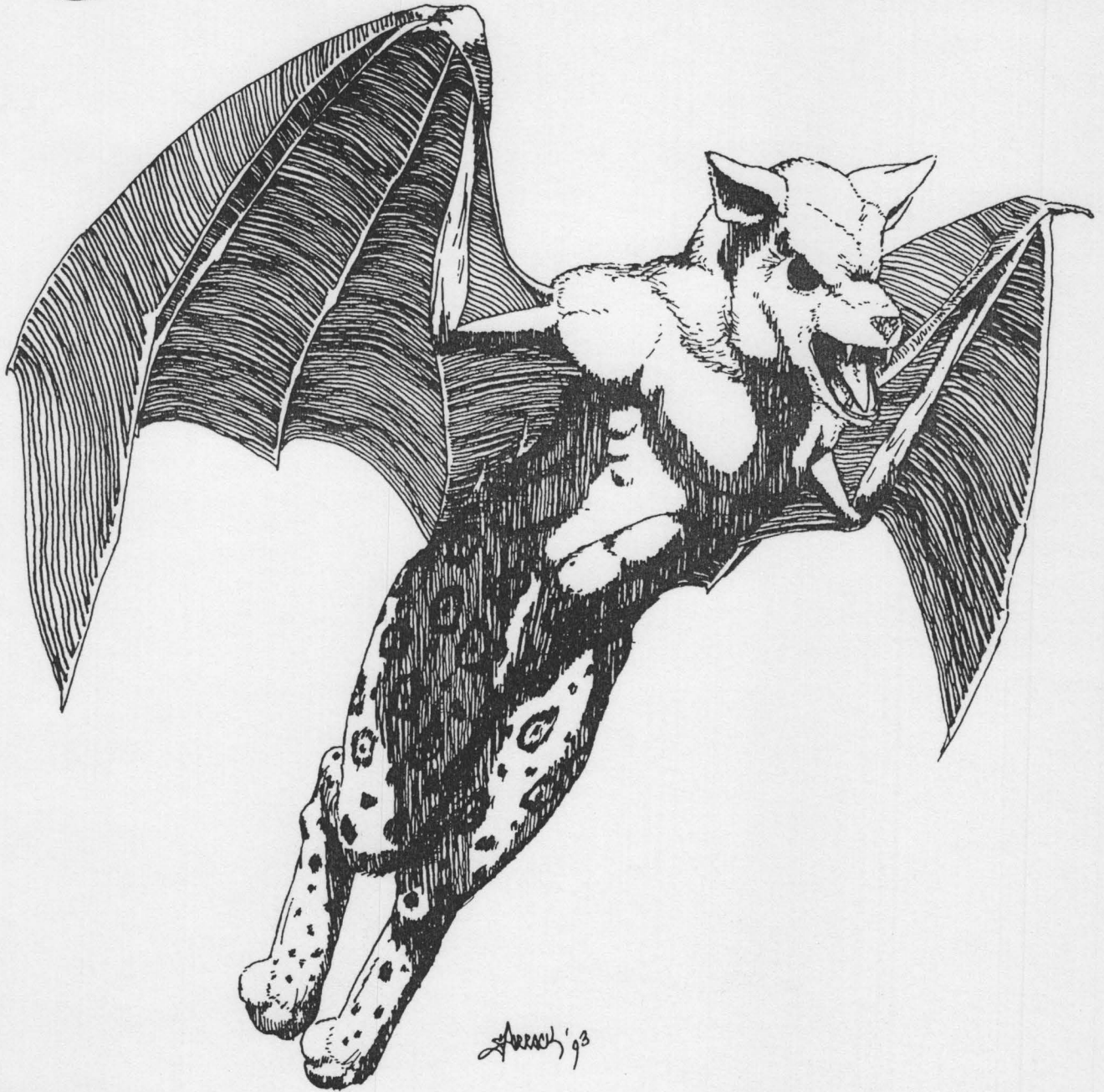
Initiative Dice: 2D6

Powers: Regeneration

Weaknesses: None

<p>CALCHONA</p> <p>HABITAT Highlands</p> <p>RANGE Mexican mountain ranges</p>		<p>SIZE COMPARISON</p>
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Onaqui

Identification:

An Onaqui is a hideous creature with a humanoid torso, limbs similar to a jaguar and the head and wings of a bat. It

stands nearly 3 meters tall on its hind legs and has a 10 meter wingspan. The creature's heart gives off a dull, booming beat that can be heard at distances

of up to 15 meters.

Magic Capability:

Innate





Habits:

Onaqui are deadly predators that feed on large, warm-blooded animals, including humans. Their preferred food is the blood-enriched tissues of the heart. When Onaqui are satiated with food, their heartbeat is loud and quite audible. As they grow hungry it softens to allow them to hunt more easily.

Powers:

Flight, Immunity to Normal Weapons, Invisibility

Weaknesses:

Vulnerability (Jade)

>>>>[Onaqui are thankfully fairly rare. They require a vast "hunting ground" to support

them, and two Onaqui are found within 100 kilometers of each other only if they are a mated pair.]<<<< - Ranger [20:52:31/11-15-53>

>>>>[The creatures are dimly intelligent and possessed of a fierce animal cunning. They have been known to lure prey into natural traps such as swamps and the like. If you're ever in the jungle and hear something that sounds like a heartbeat or a quiet drum, better start looking for cover.]<<<< - Vert [12:11:30/11-16-53>

>>>>[The fraggers are fast as all hell, too. Most weapons don't even slow them down. Jade weapons can hurt them, but I

wouldn't care to try and get close enough to use one.]<<<< - Nightblade [19:43:12/11-16-53>

>>>>[Then follow the advice of some of the Indians and use Jade-tipped spears and arrows, chummer.]<<<< - Johnny Zen [21:06:02/11-16-53>

>>>>[A little tricky when you can't see what you're aiming at, isn't it?]<<<< - Nightblade [20:03:43/11-20-53>

>>>>[Johnny neglected to mention that he's a physical adept and a zen archer who can hit targets dead center with blindfolded. Don't try this trick at home, folks]<<<< - Ranger <15:46:13/11-21-53>



Game Information

B	Q	S	C	I	W	E	R	Attacks
7	5/3	6	-	4	4	(6)	6	6S

Initiative Dice: 3D6

Powers: Flight, Immunity to Normal Weapons, Invisibility

Weaknesses: Vulnerability (Jade)

<p>ONAQUI</p> <p>HABITAT Any</p> <p>RANGE Mexico</p>		<p>SIZE COMPARISON</p> 
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Clink... Clink... Blaze reached for the vase of wine to fill his now iced glass but changed his mind. With a shrug, he unscrewed the lid of the synth whiskey bottle and filled the tumbler full. He held the drink to the light, watching the various shades of amber swirl around the crystal ice. **Something a little stronger, tonight**, he thought. Quickly he upended the double shot and filled himself another. Blaze, a non-drinker, had increased his drinking habits, especially now since he was number one on some demonic mage's hit list. His depression was also broadened by the failed attempt to avenge his fiancée and the return to square one.

Tonight Blaze, Dice, and Patches were in Dice's hellhole, the place he called home. The medium sized apartment was a mess, as expected of the decker. Despite the mess, though, the place had a cozy feel to it. It felt lived in. Blaze for the past week had been laying low there and had accustomed himself to his surroundings. In fact, HE looked like HE lived there wearing a pair of Dice's old jeans and a flannel shirt. He didn't even wear his ever-present shades.

So close...so close, he thought. **Maybe it's just a futile effort and I'm a fool.**

His self-annihilation was interrupted by the delicate touch of Patches's hand on his shoulder. She had stolen up behind him without a sound. "Are you OK, Blaze. You're out of style." It was the first time she had seen him since the failed run.

Blaze looked at her; her concerned smile, warm eyes, and heart-shaped face fringed by shiny, dark-brown hair comforted him a little. He had to be cautious though. Knowing she was a snake shaman, she could be a little too comforting, and he didn't want to interfere with the relationship she and Gronk had. At times like this, though, he couldn't really trust his self-control.

"Don't worry, I'll be alright. It's just a little aggravating to have to start over. And I've asked so much of you all already."

After hearing this, and factoring in Blaze's tone of voice, Patches knew something was wrong. "Ah, Blaze, I'm sure we wouldn't do it if we didn't want to. We all seem to owe each other something. That's why we work so well together. And besides, what else would a two-and-a-half meter chromed troll and a cantankerous, womanizing decker have to do out there in the corporate world anyway? As for starting over, we're not doing so bad. We've got that name you pulled out of Turshey at the hotel. Dice should be able to come up with something tonight."

"Yea," Blaze grimaced, "a run in 'The Black hole of Mitsuhama.' He's told me himself that a matrix intrusion like that is serious. He could get hurt dammit!"

"He won't get hurt. Dice is a pro, one of his better qualities. You know that as well as I. Even if things look bad, we can always pull him out of it. Is that why you're feeling so drekkly, or is there something else?"

Blaze took a sip of his synth drink, swallowed hard and looked again at Patches. "You don't think I'm taking this revenge thing, this..., this mission to extreme limits, do you? After all, who made me judge, jury, and executioner anyway?"

"Well, Blaze, I think Christy's killer should pay just as any other murderer, but you know how I feel about unnecessary violence. I believe that whatever you do when the time comes, you'll make the right decision."

"Yea, if the time comes," Blaze grumbled, swirling his drink.

"Is this the same confident, mysterious mage I signed up with?" Patches patted him on the back. "This is very unlike you. You know, even the most powerful mages can have an off day. Try not being so hard on yourself. You're only human you know."

"And what about big, black and nasty out there!" Blaze exclaimed, pulling himself from the bar set to walk across the living room. He was afraid he'd start ranting with Patches's council, but it was too late now. "How can

I keep up my own agenda in Seattle when I've got this mutant wanting my hide for his personal collection."

"That's what we're here for, Blaze," Patches said turning to face him. "We're all going to do our best to help you out on this. You know, all for one and one for all."

Blaze didn't turn to her. "Yea right, you know how quickly it rendered our entire group helpless in the alley behind the hotel. This thing is powerful! You know how powerful it is! I know you felt it back there!"

"Yea, I felt it. Snake hated it. It's just a setback that we can overcome if we have faith. It's not indestructible. You saw what that helicopter did to it. Come to think of it, how do you know that it wasn't destroyed back then anyway?"

Blaze looked back at her, stared at her for a moment. "I know. I've felt its presence ever since we rescued you and Gronk from the docks. It's like we're connected." He walked over to the window and looked at all the multicolored lights and flashes of the Plex, like trillions of twinkling stars on a clear night in the awakened forest. He whispered, "It's still out there, somewhere, just waiting to strike."



In a boarded up, run down, old building in the Barrrens, a dark figure stalked. Its long, flowing duster flew nearly horizontal as it rushed over creaky boards and mice infested cracks in the walls. Their squeaks only accented the monotonous dripping of water from rusted pipes and the evil howling wind that managed to blow through the glassless windows. A deep, guttural, menacing laugh pierced the building expressing the form's anxiousness for the evening's hunt.

"The Fusion grows weak. I must feed," it spoke thunderously. Upon reaching the rooftop of the building, the dark figure hurled forth another laugh, echoing against the surrounding buildings. It watched the flickering lights of the cars and the signs of the Downtown



area with a maniacal grin as the wind thrashed its duster and hair angrily.

"I'm coming for you, magel!" it shouted. "I'm coming for you! If not tonight, then some other! YOU CANNOT ESCAPE ME!" The dark form released another deep laugh, louder and more hideous than before, and a crack of lightning split the sky. Outstretching its arms to the night, the form shifted to mist and let the wind carry it away.



Blaze emptied his drink in a final swallow, still staring out into the night. **I wonder who his next victim will be,** he thought.

Patches felt the need to break the thick silence. "Dice is waiting for us in his computer room. Do you think you can handle going in there?"

Blaze paused momentarily. "Alright. But if things get crazy, I'm pulling the plug on this operation." He set the glass down and headed for the computer den.

"Whatever you say, Blaze. You're the boss" Patches sighed following him.

They walked into the chaos that could be none other than Dice's computer room. Every square inch of table space was filled with various colored papers, data chips, electronics and computer equipment, tools, and left over packages of Chung Lee's take out. Draped over overflowing shelves and boxes were grungy

T-shirts, jeans and other clothing desperately in need of washing. The only way in was through a narrow path of debris, boxes, and papers that entirely covered the floor. The only indication of human life in the room was the gentle tapping, snapping, and mumbling coming from deep within the labyrinth of a room. They carefully made their way through the obstacles that stood before them to find Dice busily

skin. "Jeez, what are ya tryin' ta do, kill me!"

"No, I was just wondering how things..."

"They're fine," Dice cut in. "I was jest about ta come and get cha. Had ta make a few 'justments on my ride, ya know, jest ta be safe. Little mo' pepper!"

"What did you add?" Patches asked.

Dice looked at her, "Aw well it's rather technical, kinda outta your league. Let's just say I'm a little better equipped for the run."

"Are you sure you can handle this?" Blaze questioned. "I know this one will be tough."

"Aw, don't worry; where I'm headin', the ice ain't as tough. Now if you'll find a seat, we can get started."

Blaze and Patches looked around to find standing room only. After a moment and a few moved boxes and papers, they managed to find a bare spot on the floor.

"Comfy?" Dice chuckled.

Blaze ignored his lightheartedness. "Now you know what to do, right? Get in as quietly as possible,

find the personnel records and search for the name Cain McClintoc. Get as much dirt on him as possible, and get out. Don't do anything stupid in there, all right? If you can't find any-

of working over his cyberdeck.

"How goes it, Dice?" Blaze chimed.

The decker, so engrossed in what he was doing, knocked over a few books as he nearly jumped out of his



COMFY



thing, don't go digging a hole you can't get out of."

Dice just smiled and shrugged. "Hey, it's me." Patches had to laugh; Blaze just sighed and shook his head. He lifted the dataplug and slipped it into the porcelain rimmed jack behind his ear. "See ya on the other side, Blaze." And with that Dice tapped in a few key-strokes and punched the GO button.



Somewhere in a grimy alley of Seattle, a catatonic joygirl was grasped in the clutches of an evil predator. The girl's unblinking eyes stared blankly into the face of her soon-to-be life-taker. The dark form hovered over its prey, half disgusted, half ravenous.

"Foul feeding tonight," it uttered. "But I must succumb to the Fusion, the force which drives my life." With a flick of its wrist the dark form released its control spell, bringing the joygirl to her senses. The girl's eyes blinked a few times, only to open wide in sheer terror at what she saw above her. Her scream was stifled as the dark one fed on her fear.



The dull, cluttered world around Dice gave way to the open, majestic panorama of the Matrix. All around Dice's icon were a multitude of geometric shapes representing other systems from the huge to the very small. Hovering overhead in the distance were the brilliant, shining icon buildings of the mega corporations. A skyline of pure electricity, light, and intense colors like none other in the real world. Dice stood next to the image that was his cyberdeck--a run down shack with a flashing neon sign reading "Mr. Rogers's House of Ill Repute and Spirits Emporium" It was his own design.

Dice looked down at his own persona icon. It was a rather normal looking human form wearing a long jet black duster with silver trim and blue highlights. Under the duster was a black one-piece jumpsuit with a crimson center line that seemed to split the icon in two. Long, silver, ultra fine flowing hair tousled in the electronic breeze,

semi-hiding a grey, featureless face with blood-red eyes. To top it all off, Dice wore a gray fedora with a red band along with a electric blue rose pinned to his duster lapel. To the decker, the image resembled a mobster outfit from the thirties, but with the usual Matrix flair.

Dice pulled aside a flap of his long coat. The interior of it pulsed with white jagged electrical static, bringing light to the otherwise dark icon. He reached into the static a though it were a pool of water and pulled out his attack program. He wielded an early 1900's special M1 Thompson sub-machine gun, carefully crafted and imaged to perfection.

Hope you're ready for this Tommy, he thought to himself. After replacing the weapon, Dice's meat body punched in the LTG number for the infamous Mitsuhamma Corporation. With a sudden rush, the icon rocketed upward into the Matrix sky. After a moment, the image power dived, only to bank gradually to a horizontal level at electrical impulse speed. Dice soared like a digital eagle, past blurred Matrix icons and systems. Finally the fuzzy images slowed, and Dice found himself standing before the mighty neon green pagoda of Mitsuhamma. The structure was even larger and more impressive up close than at a distance. If Dice's icon could have gulped, it would have at the powerful image that floated before it.

Well, the quicker I'm in, the quicker I'm out, Dice thought, wondering if he had bitten off more than he could chew. Of the several LTG SAN's to the place, Dice's contacts hooked him up to the one before him. This SAN was supposed to have a back door through which he could enter, but back doors could be just as dangerous as the front door, especially against a super corp like Mitsuhamma. However, he decided to take it, for any regular entrance to the system would be very, very heavily guarded.

He walked up to the towering green gate guarded by two high-rez samurai of ancient Japan. Each stood to one

side of the door, with feet spread apart at shoulder width and interior arms holding nasty looking spears crossed in the center of the door.

Uhg, ugly lookin' brutes aren't they. Reaching into his duster, the decker pulled out a throbbing blue sphere--hopefully his key to the backdoor. The door was supposed to be rather new, thus the passcode should be legit, but Dice didn't let that relax him too much. With his Attack program at close reach under his coat, Dice moved up to the door.

As he moved closer, a swirling of digitized lights formed before him into the form of beautiful geisha girl.

"Welcome to Mitsuhamma Computer Technologies," she spoke. "All those who enter must come bearing gifts for the emperor. Do you have such a gift?"

Dice took that as the signal for his trump. "A beautiful jewel for the emperor's crown." He handed the sphere to the geisha who studied it closely. **Here goes everything,** he thought.

After what seemed like way too long for Dice to handle, the geisha girl looked up at him. "A handsome gift. The emperor will be most pleased. Please enter his kingdom with his highest regards." With that, the girl lifted her hand and de-rezzed to the same swirling lights as before. The samurai behind her uncrossed their spears and the mighty doors before Dice slowly opened.

Well, I'm in but that doesn't mean I'm clean. He walked through the doors and waited until they closed behind him. He stood in a dark, black room, lit only by the strange light emanating from an opening to his right. Dice reached into his long coat to pull out a neatly stacked column of poker chips of various colors. With a quick toss upward, the chips flew chaotically in all directions, finally encircling Dice's icon in a swirl. Confident his Sleaze was properly running, Dice moved toward the light.

As he moved closer, the particles that made up his icon broke apart and



shot down the tubelike passageway. Upon reaching the end of the tube, the particles rematerialized and he stood before a hexagonally shaped icon surrounded by a sizzling barrier of red and white. An ancient samurai stood at attention to one side. It was identical to the ones at the gate, but rendered in less detail.

The samurai didn't move as Dice moved up to the electric door. Keeping a careful eye on the ancient warrior, he allowed the poker chips to spin around his right hand. Certain they were properly aligned, he pushed his hand into the door. The door's color changed to blue and white and the direction of the electrical jags shifted to the opposite diagonal. After a moment, the door's color changed to pure white and eventually faded away. Looking again at the samurai, who was still dormant, Dice moved into the node.

Inside Dice could tell it was an SPU, probably used for data routing. The banks lining the walls pulsed with pure energy of vibrant colors. From the node were three circular portholes, one directly in front of him and two on each side. The tunnels that led from the portholes flashed as particles of white energy zipped down them at nano-second speed.

Dice recalled the small system map he acquired through his contact, a recently liberated employee of Mitsuhamma. Assuming the system architecture of the lower system cell had not been changed since his contacts's departure, Dice knew that he needed to take the dataline to his right. Brushing back his fine silver hair and tipping his fedora back, Dice stepped up to the porthole and allowed the tube to take him as before.

of green energy. After setting the globe on the floor, it shifted and reformed, shaping itself into a medium sized slot machine reminiscent of 1800's era, with what looked like a trumpet horn sticking out of the top and pointed behind the displays. Dice adjusted the horn to point in the direction of the node and pulled the lever on the one-armed bandit.

The decker carefully watched the six spinning wheels as they told their story.

The first stopped on an empty hexagon, relaying to Dice what he already knew. The node was an SPU. The second slot revealed a cut orange with seven seeds showing. An orange seven node—he must be cautious. The third slot stopped spinning on a birthday cake with six candles, and the fourth showed an exploding firecracker with five jags pointing from the explosion image. The fifth revealed a lemon and the sixth was a yellow



Dice knew the node he moved toward would be another SPU. From this SPU he would just pass through to get to the next node, the one where he needed to go.

As he approached he could see no IC present. **This is strange, there's got ta be somthin' there. This is Mitsuhamma after all.** He reached into his duster and pulled out a small globe

low happy face. **Looks like I got an Access-6 and a Blaster-5 ta deal with. But that lemon is bad news. Fragglt, I couldn't get a readin'. Well at least there's nothin' more in there. As if they needed anythin' more!**

After giving the machine a quick tap, it instantly snapped back into the green sphere shape and Dice replaced it in his duster. Apprehensively he strolled



up to the node opening. As he drew closer, a small flicker of light like an intensely bright firefly zipped out of the node, slowly enlarging as it approached Dice's icon. Now at full size in the shape of a bright white sphere, the words "Enter passcode" flashed off it.

Dice directed his poker chips with a broad sweep of his right arm. The chips flew like a swarm of multicolored bees off to his right. The IC sphere zoomed after them and Dice quickly moved to the SPU. Unfortunately, he didn't move fast enough. The sphere stopped suddenly and immediately placed itself in front of the decker. Dice could see the general hue of his surroundings glow yellow and the brightness of the sphere was near blinding. Out of the corner of his crimson eye he could also see the samurai lift his head and move to where Dice and his nemesis were standing.

Drek! Drek! Drek! Fraggin' Access IC. Drek!! Dice knew the samurai coming up wouldn't be a bother, yet, and so he tried the chips again. **I could blow this fraggin' sphere away but I can't walst precious deck power holdin' it down.** With another grand gesture, Dice directed his swarm of poker chips across the sphere and the samurai. With a small twirl of his finger, he made the chips fly in elaborate formations, intertwining, and at various speeds. The intensely glowing sphere chased after the chips again and Dice, at breakneck speed, charged for the node.

It looked like the extra touch paid off for he was now standing inside the node—alone. **Where's that other IC? Something should be here according to my Analysis. Well, no sense worrying about it now.** Dice checked out the node and the datalines leading out of it. There was one to his west, north, northeast, east and southwest. As his poker chips returned to twirl around him, Dice recalled his limited system map and bolted for the one on his west, the yellow flashing lights reminding him to hurry.

As he approached what he knew

would be another SAN, he was stopped by the sight of a large icon too large and grand to be a normal Intrusion Countermeasure. The icon resembled a shogun of the ancient Orient, its armor crisscrossed with red and blue pulsing energy and brandishing a sword of white-hot jagged power in its left hand. It strode up to Dice's icon, standing nearly twice as tall as Dice, and held out its right hand. The hand glowed yellow and hissed, waiting for Dice's access code. Dice stood intimidated, figuring this was the missing IC, and pulled out his Thompson Attack icon while directing his chips to spin around the IC's head. He rapidly twirled his hand clockwise, increasing the speed of the chips to the point where they looked like a flashing, spinning cylinder around the head of his opponent.

He made a move for the node entrance but was blown off his feet as the shogun broke free from its cylindrical cell with an explosion of computerized chips. Dice looked up to see the warrior's piercing eyes staring back at him. The shogun lifted its sword to the system sky and bolts of energy snapped and cracked against the white hot blade, flashing and casting infinitely long digitized shadows in all directions.

Frag! I didn't get past it! Now I've done it! Dice lifted Tommy up and pointed it at the shogun, but the IC was too fast for him. With a broad understroke of its sword, the IC golf-clubbed Dice off the system floor and against the interior of the node with a buzzing of energy.

Back in the real world, Dice's meat body jerked, his head bounced back and then slumped forward again.

"What was that!" Blaze hollered.
"Trouble."

The decker's icon pulled itself up off the floor, leaning against the SAN wall the whole time. Leaking from a wound in his belly area were small bits of colored light, each de-rezzing with a sizzling sound as they hit the floor.

OUCH! That hurt. Dice could see the shogun running toward him. **I'll get ya for that!** The IC was just about

on top of him now, arms raised, sword ready to cleave. As it swung downward, Dice ducked and rolled to the left, raising Tommy to fire. Synthetic resonances clapped as the Attack program's bite stitched the shogun. Red flicks of light leaped from the IC's right hip as it stepped back from the blow. But before Dice could give a cheer, his opponent spun and threw a golden weighted net. Dice tried to dodge but wasn't quick enough. Once the net landed on top of him, it electrified, spikes of lambent energy zapping into it from the node's walls.

In the mundane world, the real Dice began to shake and a moan escaped his throat.

"We've got to get him out of there!" Blaze screamed jumping to his feet.

"NO! I've seen this before," Patches exclaimed, pulling back Blaze's hand from the datajack cord. "You've got to give him more time."

Dice's icon shook and jerked as he managed to throw the net off. He watched it vanish after he noticed that his icon's grey skin was seared and his cluster was shredded.

Frag! I need to restore! But Dice didn't get a chance to as he just barely rolled out of the downward sweep of the shogun's sword. Having the IC in a flank, he raised Tommy and fired another burst. Each blip of energy contacted, blasting a groove into the left side of the construct and blowing the thing off its feet with a high-pitched buzz. Now he had the superior position. He knelt down, aiming his Attack at the IC and prepared for it to get up.

Suddenly there was a bright white light engulfing the shogun. Dice could barely see, but he could determine a form rising from it. Then slowly the light faded, and the shogun stood ready, sword in left hand and golden weighted net swinging in the right. Its eyes seemed like flashlights, in their brightness. Dice loosed another burst from Tommy, taking careful aim at the head. With metallic springing sounds, the ammo blips made contact, exploding the thing's head in a multitude of



flashing, ultra-bright particles. The headless body slowly slumped to the floor, the sword faded and vanished, the net wove itself into the lattice of the node, and finally the body de-rezzed to nothingness.

Dice didn't have time to celebrate. He pulled a small silver ball about the size of a gumdrop from the interior of his ragged duster while at the same time he took off his grey fedora. He dropped the ball into the hat and quickly replaced it on his head. As soon as the hat touched his silver hair, his head was encircled by a neon pink hoop. The hoop slowly made its way downward, replacing his grey skin and repairing his duster. When it finally reached the floor, it faded away.

That's better, but I've gotta move. The place is hot and it ain't gonna be long before bigger friends come a knockin'. He reoriented himself and moved down the dataline which lead to the datastore he wanted to be in. Sure enough, the entrance was blocked by a wall of sizzling red and white jags like the one before.

No sense for stealth now. Dice raised Tommy and sprayed a hole into the energy wall. The jags flickered, then faded from view.

Inside, the walls of the datastore glowed luminously with red flashes in each ceiling corner. Giant cubes of swirling alpha-numeric sequences hung suspended in the air. Dice quickly replaced his sub-machine

gun and retrieved another green sphere. After placing it on the floor, it reshaped itself into the round form of a roulette wheel. Like a magician would

marble revolve and finally bounce in a slot with the number 50 in it.

Fifty MP's huh. Good, won't clutter my space. He picked up the ball and flicked it into the air. The thing zoomed in and out of the suspended data cubes, finally ramming into a cube, illuminating it from within. Dice, already picking up the wheel, now a green sphere, moved to the illuminated cube. After thrusting his hand into it, Dice started to read the rapidly scrolling information.

Hmm... Personnel records... Wilber Jenkins?... here it is, Cain McClintoc. Born: Seattle, WA. Date of Birth:... etc., etc., drek, etc.... Here's something. Special operative for Tamatsu Sakura, CEO, MCT North America, Seattle. Well what do ya know, the big guy himself. I just wonder what kind of special operative, Dice thought sarcastically. Let's see... corporate affiliation... performance record... salary... phew, big one... benefits... recent employments... aw look at this. Horihito Tamaki hired him out on 05:15:2053, the night Christy was killed. Raymond's adoptive father! That can't be coincidental! I better download this and read it later.

Dice started to flip his wrist in order to download the data when suddenly his left side was seared by the obsidian black blade of a

black garbed ninja. Flung by the force of the attack, Dice rammed into the datastore wall, small bits of color splashing on the floor from his side.

Back in the labyrinth of paper and



pull a coin from a child's ear, Dice suddenly held a blue marble sized ball in his hand. After panning it across the datastore, Dice tossed it into the already spinning wheel. He watched the



debris, the real Dice went rigid, sweat beaded and dripped from his head and his arms glistened with moisture.

The electronic Dice looked up at what had hit him. The ninja looked basically human except for the vertical yellow snake eyes that beamed from behind the mask. The ninja jumped at him, a mere blur of black, sword raised. Dice lurched to the left only to feel the sting of the sword again. Swing after swing cleaved and sliced Dice's icon with blinding speed and accuracy.

Dice attempted to reach into his duster to pull out Tommy. As he did so, the ninja, its synthetic "ka-yee" resonating, ran up and did a back roundhouse jump kick, planted heavily on Dice's featureless face. Dice's icon spun and fell hard across the Datastore floor. Trying to find his opponent, again he felt the bite of the bastard's sword slice a line diagonally across his back. Pain washed over him in waves as he fell to the floor, his icon fading in and out.

Knowing his end would be near if he didn't jack out, Dice clapped his hands together and suddenly there appeared a small silver lever suspended in the air. He reach up to pull it down but was quickly knocked away from it by the ninja's sidekick. The ninja raced in for the kill, its scream of death echoing in the node. It hovered over Dice and swung.

Then instantly it was black.

"He's convulsing! Patches, do something!" Blaze sat over his chummer, clearing away objects and boxes from Dice's spasms. The decker's eyes rolled up into his head, his skin and face were beet red, drool trickled from the corner of his mouth, and Blaze could feel the heat rising off him.

Patches sat close too, singing a hissing song and waving her arms as gracefully as a willow in the wind. Light of a different nature slowly began to glow around her hands, and she reached forth and placed them on the bouncing and shaking decker.

Frag, if he doesn't make it... Blaze thought to himself. He looked over to Patches and hoped against all hope that she could help. Healing was her specialty but he got nervous when it came to Dice's health.

"He's coming through," she managed to whisper in between choruses of her erie song. Dice's convulsing started to slow and his eyes began to lower to their proper position. After a moment longer, his jerks completely stopped, and his color returned to normal.

"Help me sit him up," said Blaze, breathing a small sigh of relief. "Dice, Dice, are you alright? How do you feel?"

Dice just shook his sweat-soaked head. "I-I couldn't get it. Got ju... jumped before download. Not much... B-Blaze... it was Tamaki. Set the hit."

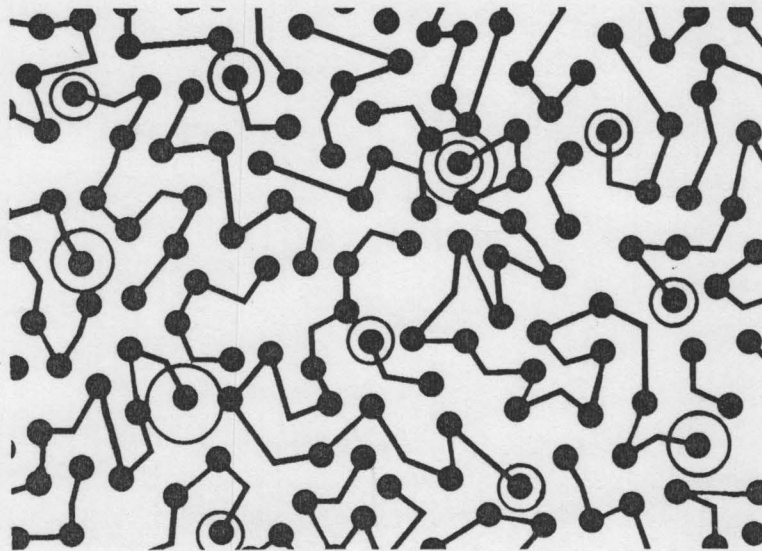
"We better let him rest," Patches interjected. "He's gonna be out of it for a while but he'll make it."

Blaze nodded and helped lift Dice to his feet. They took him to his bedroom, a similar looking affair to the computer den. He was asleep before his head hit the pillow.

"Worthless. Just worthless," Blaze uttered, walking back to the living room. "Just what I was afraid of. Nearly got him killed." He walked over to the bar set and poured himself another tumbler of synth-whiskey. Shaking his head and grumbling, he moved over to the window again--staring out in silence. Patches could only watch as the weight of his plight landed on his shoulders.



The dark figure squatted on the rooftop of the run down building from which it came. Wiping the blood from its chin, it looked outward to the Plex. To the north the Downtown skyline could barely be seen through the clouds and the sheer distance. It knew its desired prey existed somewhere out there and the Fusion would soon be joined by his presence. It was only a matter of time.





Troll Ranger

Tough? You got the nerve to ask if I'm tough? Breeder, you don't know what the word means. Once you've had to sit through a hurricane, holding your guts in with one hand and fighting off an angry piasma with the other, then you got the stuff to talk about tough with me. I'm tough enough, don't worry, ya wimp.

And before you ask, no I ain't just a woodsy neither. I been around the city couple of times too. Really it ain't a lot different from the woods. There's still predator and prey. Ya still have to be able to know when you're being tracked and how to turn it around. After learnin' how to walk on dry leaves quietly, doing the same on concrete ain't so hard.

Yea, I can move quiet enough, even as big and ugly as I am. Maybe some day I'll give ya a demo. The way I'll leave opponents, ya won't have to worry about how I look. Now do ya want to do business or sit around insulting each other?

Commentary

The troll ranger is one of the biggest and toughest guys around. He went into the wilderness at a young age because he didn't like dealing with people, and he still doesn't. The only reason he's running the shadows is for the money (and the thrill of the chase). He can hunt in the city

just fine, but his real home is in the wilderness. It doesn't matter where, the Russian Steppe, Australian outback, Sahara Desert, or American forests, just as long as there are no people around.

Attributes

Body: 11 (12)
 Quickness: 4
 Strength: 9
 Charisma: 2
 Intelligence: 3
 Willpower: 4
 Essence: 6
 Reaction: 3 (+1D6)

Skills

Stealth 6
 Armed Combat 5
 Unarmed Combat 6
 Projectiles 5
 Projectiles (Bows) 7
 Throwing 3
 Biotech 1
 Biotech (First Aid) 3
 Etiquette (Tribal) 2

Dice Pools

Combat: 5

Cyberware

None

Contacts

pick any 2

Gear

Ranger X compound bow w/ 20 arrows and laser sight
 Combat Axe
 Survival Knife
 Secure Jacket
 Survival Kit
 Medkit

Notes

Thermographic Eyes
 +1 reach with armed/unarmed combat
 May take an allergy



ARRACK '93



Armour International

Home Office Location: London, England
President/CEO: William Kingston III

PRINCIPLE DIVISIONS

Division Name: Marketing and Sales
Division Head: Kenneth Jordan
Chief Products/Services: The marketing of all AI weapons and equipment. Marketing also maintains commerce among the other AI locations.

Division Name: Research & Development
Division Head: Ambri Costello

Chief Products/Services: The development of all AI hardware. R&D is always looking for new and innovative ways to upgrade AI's products as well as to expand on the competition's work.

Division Name: Production
Division Head: Anton Sheppard
Chief Products/Services: The production of all AI equipment from light pistols to panzers.

Division Name: Security
Division Head: Damon Garlock
Chief Products/Services: The security of all AI facilities and international shipments.

Division Name: Shipping and Receiving
Division Head: Sarah Brooks
Chief Products/Services: Responsible for all international transactions both outgoing and incoming.

SEATTLE BRANCH DIVISIONS

CEO Seattle Branch: Sebastian Trent

Division Name: Marketing and Sales
Division Head: Kristi O'Brian

Division Name: Shipping and Receiving
Division Head: Tina Kirby

Division Name: Security
Division Head: Maximillian Slaughter

Division Name: Arcology Development
Division Head: Dianne Baxter

Chief Products/Services: Management and development of the Armour International Arcology in Auburn district, Seattle.

Average Income: 38,000 nuyen
Below Poverty Level: 0%
On Fortune's Active Traders List: 2%
Corporate Affiliation: 100%
Education:
< 12 years: 3%
High School: 14%
College Degree: 65%
Graduate Degree: 17%

>>>>[Hey, what's up with the human domination in this corp? Don't they know about the high quality of work metahumans can provide?]<<<<
(SLEDGE 01:14:43 / 04-10-54)

>>>>[I've seen you in action, Sledge. It ain't high quality]<<<<
(TICK TOCK 03:50:12 / 04-10-54)

>>>>[Why don't you go find a clock to run up, Tiddy]<<<<SLEDGE
04:32:33 / 04-10-54)

>>>>[It's them Brits. Got a metaphobia about it, that's why.]<<<<(TURBINE
23:11:47 / 04-10-54)

>>>>[Doesn't bother me none. It's one less Troll company man I gotta skrag.]<<<<
(FINELINE 02:12:32 / 04-10-54)

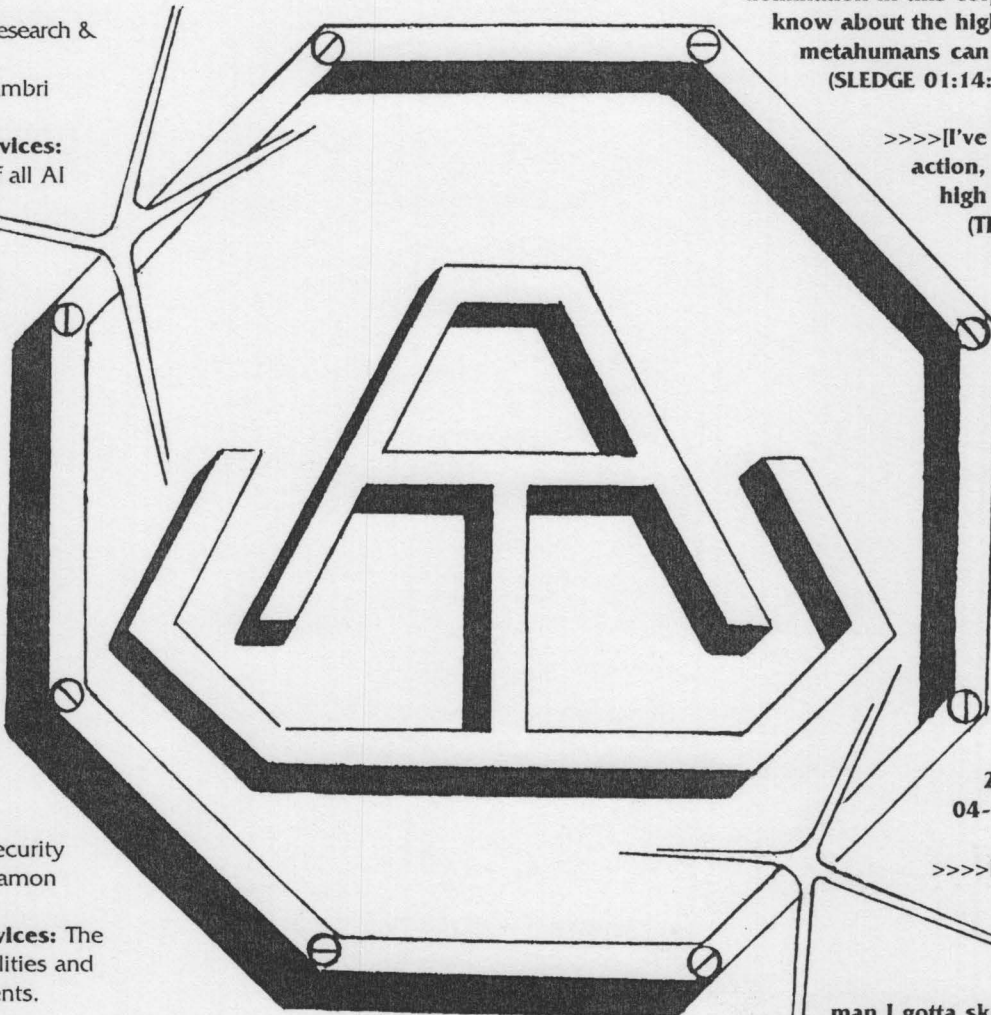
>>>>[Max Slaughter. Doesn't sound like someone I'd like to meet.]<<<<
(FINELINE 01:23:45 / 04-10-54)

EMPLOYEES

Personnel:
180,000 (Worldwide approximation)
Human: 93%
Elf: 3%
Dwarf: 2%
Ork: 1%
Troll: 1%
Other: 0%

BUSINESS PROFILE

Armour International first blasted into the world of security in 2037 with the production of its light-weight, highly durable body armors. As time went by and contracts became more plentiful, AI started expanding commercially its production of vehicle armors. These armors, first prototyped in the Euro Wars, provided the protection of a light tank at the weight of a reconnaissance





vehicle. Needless to say, the desire for such a product was great, and contracts and capital came pouring in.

Now boasting not only the finest armors in the world, but also a long line of other products from light pistols to panzers, AI holds manufacturing facilities and offices in London, Tokyo, Sidney, Paris, and New York. Plans are already in full swing to build their largest complex in Seattle, breathing life and creating jobs in the blue collar district of Auburn.

Temporary offices are already in full operation in Downtown Seattle at the corner of Marion St. and Boren Ave. Employees there work diligently and feverishly, anxiously waiting for the AI arcology ribbon-cutting ceremony.

>>>>[Great! Just another arcology to darken our red skies!]<<<< (SLIMJIM 10:55:22 / 04-10-54)

>>>>['only the finest armors in the world'??? What are these guys, a weapons corp or a wine tasting society?]<<<<(SLEDGE 01:20:13 / 04-10-54)

>>>>[I wonder how Ares, Knight Errant, and New Age Arms feel about these guys on their turf? Maybe they know something about it? Hmmm.]<<<< (TICK TOCK 03:55:36 / 04-10-54)

>>>>[AI Isn't breathing life into Auburn, they're stomping out the riff-raff in the low class neighborhoods between Georgetown and Black Diamond. Any means necessary, ya dfg. How do you think they're going to put an arcology there, huh?]<<<<(AI VICTIM 16:23:41 / 04-10-54)

SECURITY/MILITARY FORCES:

Being a organization affiliated with security, it comes as no surprise that Armour International maintains an extensive force to uphold the peace.

>>>>[I hear that once the arcology is built, AI plans to strip Lone Star's contract from the city.]<<<< (ANONYMOUS 07:09:57 / 04-10-54)

>>>>[Yea, right.]<<<<(SLEDGE 05:28:33 / 04-10-54)

ARMOUR INTERNATIONAL CORPORATE PERSONALITIES

Maximillian Slaughter -- Security Director

Max is a cold, powerful man who takes great pride in his position and employer. Refined to the cutting edge, he'll stop at nothing to ensure the security of "his" corp or its employees.

Max dresses in the finest nuyen can buy when in the office but prefers loose fitting, durable clothing when doing his biz.

B	Q	S	C	I	W	E	M	R	Init	Armor
5	5(7)	6(8)	3	3	2	1	-	4	6+2D6	7/5

Dice Pools: Combat: 6

Skills: Firearms: 6 / Gunnery: 4 / Etiquette (Corp): 3 / Etiquette (Street): 2 / Armed Combat: 5 / Unarmed Combat: 3 / Interrogation: 3 / Bike: 3 / Stealth: 3

Cyberware: Smart Gun Link / Wired Reflexes: 1 / Muscle Replacement: 2 / Cyber Eyes (Low light, Thermographic, Flare Compensation) / Retractable Cyber Spurs

Gear: Kevlite Partial Armor / Smart AI R-11 / Smart AI Dagger pistol w/30 rounds Penetrator ammo / Smart Ingram Valiant w/ 3-50 reg round belts / Stun Baton / Data Reader (100 mp) / BMW Blitzen 2050 / Pocket Secretary / DocWagon Contract (Platinum) / Luxury Lifestyle - 5 mo prepaid / Access to ALL AI security equipment.

Dianne Baxter -- Arcology Director

Dianne Baxter, the shrewd, beautiful head of the Seattle Arcology department has devoted the past three years of her life to succeeding in that position. Climbing over any obstacle, she'll find any means necessary to see her dreams fulfilled.

There are some who maintain that she achieved her position by allowing certain special favors, but it was her quick thinking and sly tongue, as well as her strong desire to succeed, that brought her the notoriety.

B	Q	S	C	I	W	E	M	R	Init	Armor
3	4	2	4	5	2	4.5	-	4	4+1D6	3/0

Dice Pools: Combat: 5

Skills: Negotiation: 6 / Etiquette (Corp): 6 / Computer Theory: 1 / Firearms: 2 / Car: 3 / Athletics: 2

Cyberware: Datajack / 100 mp internal memory / Hearing Amplification / Damper

Gear: Data Reader (100 mp) / Pocket Secretary / Barreta Mod 101T w/laser sight / Concealable Holster / Eurocar Westwind 2000 / Armor Clothing (rarely worn) / Micro-recorder / Dateline Tap / Luxury Lifestyle - 3 mo prepaid.



Steven Jacoby -- Chief Security Agent

Jacoby was trained under the thumb of Max Slaughter. Because of this, he basically knows everything his mentor knows. He often uses this knowledge in his plans to someday taking over as Director of Security. Jacoby has been fraged over too many times by Slaughter and longs for the day when he can set his plans into motion.

B	Q	S	C	I	W	E	M	R	Init	Armor
6	6(8)	6(8)	2	2	2	0.5	-	4(8)	8+3D6	6/3

Dice Pools: Combat: 6

Skills: Firearms: 6 / Gunnery: 6 / Etiquette (Corp): 3 / Armed Combat: 4 / Unarmed Combat: 5 / Bike: 3 / Stealth: 3

Cyberware: Smart Gun Link / Wired Reflexes: 2 / Muscle Replacement: 2

Gear: Kevlite Armor Jacket / Smart AUG-CSL system / Smart AI Dagger pistol w/30 rounds Penetrator ammo / Ranger Arms SM-3 w/30 explosive rounds / Stun Baton / Harley Scorpion / Pocket Secretary / High Lifestyle - 2 mo prepaid.

Devin "Smitty" Smit -- Chief Matrix Overwatch Agent

Devin is an easy-going guy who loves his job. He works his hardest to maintain the position he has attained. Despite the responsibility of the job, Devin always tries to find time to party. But when duty calls, Devin is not one to take it lightly.

B	Q	S	C	I	W	E	M	R	Init	Armor
3	5	2	4	6	4	0.5	-	4	4+1D6	3/0

Dice Pools: Combat: 7 / Hacking: 10

Skills: Firearms: 2 / Computer: 6 / Computer (B/R): 6 / Computer Theory: 6 / Etiquette (Corp): 3 / Etiquette (Street): 3 / Electronics: 4

Cyberware: Datajack / Internal Memory (200 mps)

Gear: Armor Clothing (rarely worn) / Baretta 200ST / Pocket Secretary / High Lifestyle - 4 mo prepaid.

Cyberdeck: Fuchi Cyber-6 (Response increase: 2 / Active memory increase: 300 mps)

Programs: Bod: 6 / Evasion: 6 / Masking: 3 / Sensors: 3 / Attack: 6 / Armor: 4 / Mirrors: 4 / Restore: 4 / Poison: 3

Persona Icon: A poodle about the relative size of a wolf. Some utilities are carried in a small barrel on his collar.

Carley Jasmine -- Security Agent

Carley Jasmine is a company woman. Skilled in the finesse of magic, she felt her services could be beneficial to a corp for the right price. Being one of the highest paid security agents in AI, second only to Max Slaughter himself, she is often looked down upon by her peers. However, you get what you pay for, and Carley is well paid for.

B	Q	S	C	I	W	E	M	R	Init	Armor
4(7)	5	3	4	6	5	6	6	5(8)	8+1D6	6/3

Dice Pools: Combat: 8 / Magic: 8

Skills: Firearms: 3 / Sorcery: 6 / Magic Theory: 6 / Conjuring: 6 / Etiquette (Corp): 3 / Computer: 1 / Car: 1

Cyberware: None

Gear: Kevlite Armor Jacket / AI Dagger pistol w/30 rounds penetrator ammo / Stun Baton / Pocket Secretary / High Lifestyle - 2 mo prepaid. / Spell Lock (3 successes Personal Combat Sense) / Spell Lock (3 successes Armor) / SAAB "Dynamit" 776TI

Spells: Mana Bolt: 6 / Power Bolt: 6 / Fireball: 6 / Personal Combat Sense: 3 / Detect Enemies: 3 / Heal Severe Wounds: 3 / Invisibility: 5 / Armor: 4 / Confusion: 4

ARMOUR INTERNATIONAL SECURITY EQUIPMENT

Kevlite Body Armor

"The best just got better. For the best, chose the best. The best would."

Combining the stopping power of Kevlar, and making it even stronger with a Gortex-duraweave inner lining, and making it all at a lesser weight than your standard body armor, AI has developed the best body armor ever created. Armors come in an array of styles to please even the most meticulous customer.

	Conc.	B/I	Cost	Weight	Legality	Avall	SI
Armor Jacket	6	6/3	1260	1.8	Legal	6/7 days	1
Armor Vest	11	3/1	280	.8	Legal	6/7 days	.8
Lined Coat	7	5/3	980	.85	Legal	4/7 days	1
Partial Suit	NA	7/5	14000	8+Body	3P-K	16/10 days	3
Full Suit	NA	9/7	28000	12+Body	2P-K	18/14 days	4
Helmet	NA	2/1	240	--	(-1)P-K	14/10 days	2



Penetrator Ammunition

"For the stopping power of APDS without the weight, choose the ammo that does the job. Choose Penetrator."

Penetrator ammunition appears to be your basic ammo except the round contains a 1mm diameter core of a magnesium-aluminum alloy. Penetrator ammo comes in all calibers and can be used in all weapons without any preparation.

	Conc.	Cost	Weight	Legality	Avall	Street Index	Effect
Penetrator Ammo	8	80	.20	As weapon	4/36 hrs	.8	+1 Power Level/-2 Ballistic

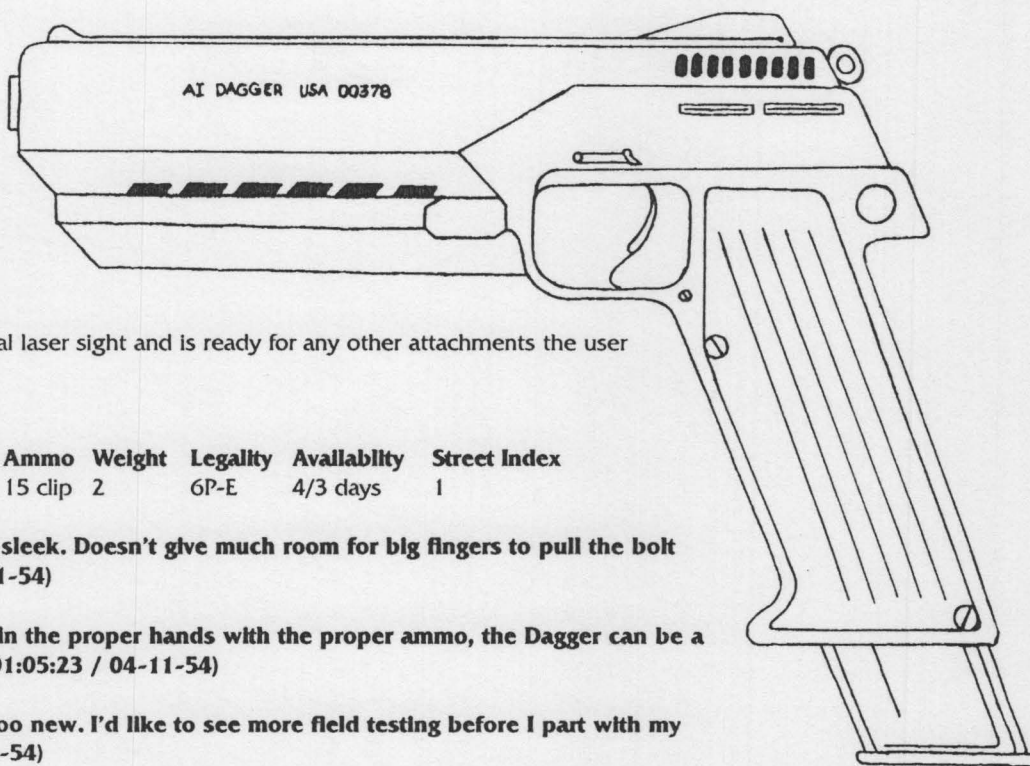
>>>>[Looks to me like these little fragger's could be useful against this new Kevlite armor.]<<<<(SLIMJIM 01:40:53 / 04-11-54)

AI Dagger

"Sleek, simple, and sinister. The Dagger stuffs it all into one deadly package. When in a pinch, you know you're safe with the Dagger."

The Dagger is a sleek heavy pistol best suited for the Penetrator ammunition. However, the weapon can also fire standard heavy pistol ammo without any rebarreling or maintenance.

The Dagger also comes with an integral laser sight and is ready for any other attachments the user deems fit to add.



	Type	Conc.	Damage	Ammo	Weight	Legality	Avallability	Street Index
AI Dagger	Heavy	6	4M	15 clip	2	6P-E	4/3 days	1

>>>>[The Dagger may be a little too sleek. Doesn't give much room for big fingers to pull the bolt back.]<<<<(SLEDGE 01:02:43 / 04-11-54)

>>>>[Ah yes, my bumpy friend. But in the proper hands with the proper ammo, the Dagger can be a vital tool in the biz.]<<<<(KILLIAN 01:05:23 / 04-11-54)

>>>>[If you ask me, the weapon is too new. I'd like to see more field testing before I part with my yen.]<<<<(SLIMJIM 01:54:51 / 04-11-54)

AI R-11

"For an assault rifle that packs a punch, the R-11 is the obvious choice. With simple design and extreme versatility and durability, the R-11 will be a refreshing change of pace from the weapons on the market today."

The R-11 is the standard assault rifle manufactured by Armour International. AI wanted to make a simple weapon capable of withstanding everyday stresses as well as be attachment-ready and easy to maintain. They succeeded with the R-11. Variations pictured with R-11 assault rifle in clockwise order: the R-11 integral smart gun adapter, laser sight and scope with 'lens caps', one of many telescopic scopes with 'lens caps', the R-11 silencer, the R-11 mini-grenade launcher, box magazine as opposed to the banana-shaped, and an the integral folding stock.

	Type	Conc.	Damage	Ammo	Weight	Legality	Avallability	Street Index
AI R-11	Assault	3	5M	30 clip	4	4-G	5/3 days	1

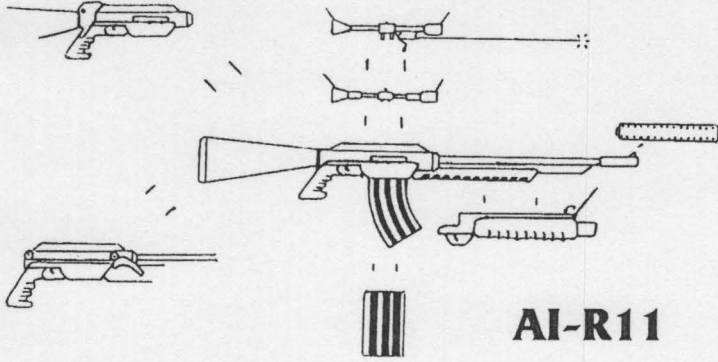
>>>>[Sounds pretty wiz. How can I get one?]<<<<(TURBINE 01:32:12 / 04-11-54)

>>>>[You have to ask??]<<<<(SLEDGE 01:40:27 / 04-11-54)

>>>>[If you want one, be prepared to wait. It has to be shipped in from New York, across Injun territory. They're pretty picky about things like that.]<<<<(SLIMJIM 02:02:39 / 04-11-54)

>>>>[You must not support these killers! Every purchase aids in the destruction of lives in the Auburn! Don't betray humanity like this!]<<<<(AI VICTIM 02:07:38 / 04-11-54)

>>>>[Gee, chum lighten up already.]<<<<(SLEDGE 02:10:51)



AI-R11

Trans-Detect Security System

"For the security of home when away from home, the Trans-Detect offers the most reliable choice. Compact and lightweight, this devise fits easily into any corporate briefcase. Traveling corporate employees swear by it; now you can have one too."

The Trans-Detect System is a portable laser surveillance protection system. The device is made up by a laser unit and 10 reflectors. With the Kleen-tac backing on each piece, the reflectors and laser unit can be attached virtually anywhere. Simply mount the laser unit next to a door, window, or corner of a room and place the reflectors so they reflect the beam to the laser receiver or to another reflector. Any number of reflectors (up to 10) can be used, depending on

the user's provision. If the continuity of the laser beam is broken, the unit will sound an alarm either in the form of a nerve shaking whine or by a beeping and/or light flashing on the hand unit that comes with the unit. The laser will operate for up to 10 hours of continual use before the battery needs recharging. Battery can be recharged from a simple wall socket, and will take three hours.

	Conc.	Cost	Weight	Legality	Avall	Street Index
Trans-Detect Laser Surveillance System	5	2,500	1.5	Legal	3/3 days	.75

Game Note: Requires an Electronics (4) roll to properly align the reflector(s). Add a +1 modifier for every 2 reflectors past 2 (ie: up to 2 reflectors: target 4, 3 and 4 reflectors: target 5, 5 and 6 reflectors: target 6, etc.) Base set-up time is 15 seconds per reflector used (minimum 5 seconds each). Requires a Perception (6) roll to avoid triggering the alarm. Thermographic or Infra-Red goggles/vision apply a -2 modifier.

Dimensions:

Laser unit--Length 8.5 in (21.59 cm) / Width 3.75 in(9.53 cm) / Height 1.25 in (3.16 cm) Individual Conc. 7
Remote unit--Length 3 in (7.62 cm) / Width 1.75 in(4.45 cm) / Height .75 in (1.91 cm) Individual Conc. 12
Reflector--Diameter 1.75 in (4.45 cm) Indiv Conc. 18

>>>>[A clever little gadget. But I shall suggest the use of two reflectors or less for it gets a bit tricky to align them properly.]<<<<(KILLIAN 02:10:52 / 04-11-54)

>>>>[But why would I want to carry a mini surveillance system with me in my biz?]<<<<(SLEDGE 02:12:28 / 04-11-54)

>>>>[It comes in very handy when lost in a system and you don't want to be disturbed.]<<<<(KILLIAN 02:13:49 / 04-11-54)

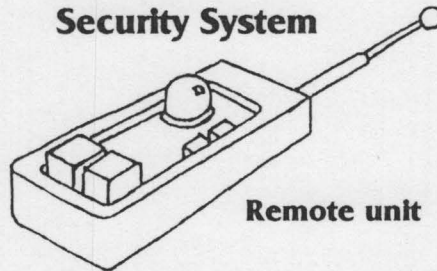
>>>>[Huh. I'll take a chromed razor guy guarding my butt any day, thank you.]<<<<(SLIMJIM 02:15:12 / 04-11-54)

>>>>[Sometimes subtlety can be a better choice, my friend.]<<<< (KILLIAN 02:17:35 / 04-11-54)

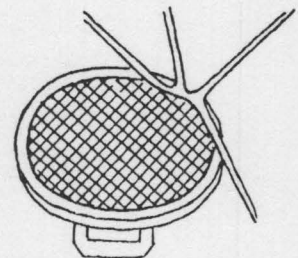
>>>>[By the way, has anyone heard from Tick Tock lately? I miss rubbing hlm the wrong way.]<<<<(SLEDGE 02:51:19 / 04-11-54)

>>>>[Hello...Hello out there...?]<<<<(SLEDGE 03:26:31 / 04-29-54)

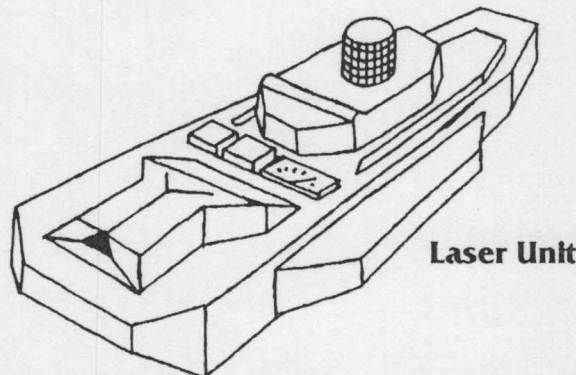
Trans-Detect Security System



Remote unit



front view



Laser Unit

Reflector



side view



Latangia Johnson tucked the loaded pistol in her purse before she stepped out of her midnight blue Westwind. She smoothed the cream-colored suede skirt that was slit up to what the corporate dress code allowed and flipped her long, beaded braids over her shoulder. She straightened her jacket and glanced briefly in the side mirror to make sure she looked calm, cool and professional, and that her deep brown eyes showed no trace of her nervousness. Her contact would be satisfied with nothing less.

She had arranged this type of meeting before. Her contact was a decker named Dancer who represented a fixer who called himself Santa. She made appointments to see them through Old George, a squatter who lived in a dumpster near Dante's Inferno. It was a complex dance that must have been inspired by corporate bureaucracies.

This time was a little different. This time she was in a hurry, and she'd promised Old George an extra bottle of his favorite synthahol if he could arrange the meeting for tonight.

Dr. Carter and all of Ares Macrotech's Research Block 4 were counting on her. Their project had hit a major snag, and the one place that had the solution was unwilling to part with it. As Dr. Carter's personal administrative assistant, it was her job to make sure he had everything he needed, no matter how she had to get it.

To make matters worse, the division manager, Alex Grant had been asking questions and towing his recently-graduated daughter around. Rumor was that he was looking for a job for her and Tangi was pretty sure her's was fairly high on his list.

The fact that Grant was a racist in the old twentieth century style didn't

help matters any. He not only hated all of metahumanity, but anyone who wasn't white skinned. She was pretty sure it wouldn't take much for him to try to rid the project of 'that nigger bitch'.

Still, if she could get her hands on the Fuchi file, there was a good chance their project could be completed ahead of schedule and under budget. Results that would make it very difficult for



even Grant to have her terminated.

She checked to make sure that the chip case she'd gotten from the project decker was still in her purse. Dancer would probably want to have a look at it.

She exited the parking garage in the gritty Seattle drizzle, which was only slightly less acidic than the rain. She popped open her umbrella and joined the stream of people who moved along the sidewalk.

She passed by Dante's Inferno, amazed that the line to get in was so long so early in the evening. The alley

was not far away, but the street there was less crowded and it was too dark to see anything clearly. No one in their right mind would go far into the area without being heavily armed. "Old George?" she called.

A tall shape detached itself from the shadows, much too tall to be the derelict. She backed up, drawing her gun.

"It's all right," the figure said stepping into the light.

He was a tall Caucasian with long blonde hair and sparkling green eyes that met hers with confidence. His loose fitting white shirt and brown breeches tucked into calf-high boots reminded her of something out of an old pirate simsense chip. He even had the attitude.

"Old George said time was essential," he said. "So Santa sent me. You can call me Comet."

He took her hand and brought it to his lips. She snatched it back. "Where's Dancer? She's the one I

usually meet with."

He shrugged. "Dancer's busy, I'm not. You said time was important."

She peered back down the alley. "Where's Old George, then?"

Comet glanced over his shoulder, gestured once and the whole area lit up. "Hey, cut that out!" shouted a familiar voice. "Fraggin' mages."

The light died. Tangi chewed on her lower lip, not wanting to have to deal with him, but having little choice. "We're not going to talk here, are we?"

"Of course not. I would never make such an attractive woman stand



out in the rain. If you've no objections, I'd like to go into Dante's. They have rooms for meetings such as ours."

"Are they secure?"

"You insult my professionalism," he said. "I should ask you if you've been followed."

"Point taken," she said.

She stopped. "Oh, before we go, I have to give Old George his bottle."

"Allow me," he said.

She handed it to him. He tossed it in the air and it hovered there for a few moments before floating into the alley. "Hey, what the... Oh. Fraggin' mages."

Comet was smiling. "Expertly delivered, wouldn't you say?"

He offered his arm. "Now, if you would allow me to escort you..."

She took it hesitantly and Comet led her to the front of the Dante's line. A troll bouncer, who looked perfectly comfortable in his well tailored tux, made a space to let them through.

"Hey, Wiz boy, nice piece ya got t'night. Number 3 in Seduction's free an' I know that's one a yer favorites."

The mage coughed. "Thanks, Ram, but this is business. What have you got on Deception?"

The troll took a long look at Tangi and then glanced back at Comet. "Oh, sorry, ma'am. Ya see, the Wiz here's got this rep an' you bein' so pretty an' all, I jus figgered..."

"You figured incorrectly," Comet said.

Tangi laughed, feeling more at ease. "It's all right. Thank you for the compliment. In fact, I think it would be better if anyone asking thought we were heading for Seduction, don't you agree?"

She gazed up at Comet and gave him her best 'come hither' look. Ram laughed and thumped him hard across the shoulders. "Don't know what I was thinkin'. Yer lots classier than the joy toys he usually brings 'round, but I'll keep yer secret. Far as I know, yer havin' a great ol' time wrappin' this spell-castin' lady killer's heart 'round your finger."

He grinned at the mage and handed her a passkey. "Number 6 is

empty, but they're still cleanin' it up. Give 'em half an hour."

She smiled. "Thanks, Ram."

She turned her smile back on Comet who was trying to look angry instead of amused. "Shall we?"

He offered his arm again and led her through the crowd on Purgatory, the first level of the Inferno. It was a far cry from the Stuffer Shack where she and Dancer usually met.

"Hope you don't mind if we take the stairs!" Comet shouted over the noise. "The elevators are too crowded and take too long."

She nodded. He guided her to the stairwell. Dante's being what it was, the stairs only led down. The noise ceased as soon as the fire door shut behind them. "Isn't it going to be very difficult to conduct business in all that noise?" she asked.

He smiled. "All the rooms on Deception are soundproofed. In fact, the cleaning Ram mentioned is the management's way of making sure each one is surveillance-free between meetings. There are few better places."

He paused. "Sorry about Ram. Sometimes I think he forgets that I'm a professional."

She laughed. "I don't think he forgets that you're a professional. I think he just forgets your profession."

He laughed. "You know, I think I'm going to request to be your contact from now on. I never have this much fun with those stuffy oriental types. They usually make you sit for an hour before they'll tell you what they want."

He paused. "And they're not nearly as nice to look at."

He held open the door to Deception and the music hit them again. He checked his watch. "We still have twenty minutes. Would you like a drink or something?"

She shook her head. "No thanks."

"Would you like to dance?"

"Dance?"

"Well, we can either stand here with no drinks and stare at our watches looking like we're waiting for some kind of meeting and be conspicuous, or we can dance and look like normal patrons until the room is ready. Your

choice."

She considered it. "Okay, let's dance."

By the time Comet's watch alarm sounded to let them know their room was ready, she'd discovered that he was an excellent dancer. However, that had no bearing on her current situation, and business was business so they headed for the room.

She slotted the passkey and the door opened, revealing a sparse room that held only a long oval table and several chairs. Comet flopped into one of them and leaned back. "So, Ms. Johnson, what do you need?"

It startled her that he knew her name until she remembered that in such business deals the person in her position was always Johnson.

"I need data extracted," she said. "And time is important."

"From where?"

"Fuchi. I have the appropriate browse program on a chip."

He folded his hands behind his head. "Do you want the data copied and wiped or just copied?"

"Copied and wiped. And I'd like to deal with the team myself. That's the way it's been done for me in the past."

"Yeah, that's what Dancer said."

Have you got the chip with you?"

She handed the case to him. He stuck it in a reader and his face broadened into a grin, "Arcology of Passion," he said, smirking. "Strange name for a browse program don't you think?"

She snatched the chip reader and felt her face flushing. "Uh, that's not it. I borrowed this from the same decker who made the browse program. I must have gotten the chips confused."

She tucked it back in the case and handed him the reader. "I'll have the real one for you tomorrow."

"Arcology of Passion?" he laughed.

"I don't think my taste in simsense is a consideration."

He tried to wipe the smile off his face. "Of course not. Tell you what, I think I can get a team for you by tomorrow around midnight. When you come in, Ram will let you know where to go."



"That's fine. I'll negotiate payment with the team and Santa gets 10% of whatever they agree to, correct?"

"That's the way it works."

She stood and offered him her hand. "Well then, I'll see you tomorrow evening. It's been a pleasure doing business with you."

He kissed it. "Oh no, the pleasure was all mine."

• • •

Tangi checked the chip again before she left the Westwind. A stupid mistake like that could have been disastrous had it been the runners instead of Comet. Still, that meeting had been most interesting.

When she reached the entrance to Dante's, the line stretched all the way along the building and then curved around the corner. She hadn't planned on that much extra time to get in.

"Yo, babe!"

She turned around to see Ram waving at her over the heads of the people in line. "Over here."

He cleared a path for her and stopped any potential complaints with a glare. "You don't never have to stand in line when I'm at the door."

He guided her to the entrance. "Wiz boy's on Deception. He's got the key an' you'll be in number 5."

"Thanks," she said.

He smirked. "I get off at 2. How 'bout havin' a drink?"

"I'd love to, but I have to get up early. Next time, I promise."

"Yeah, sure," he said. "That's what they all say."

He was smiling as he waved her through.

She saw Comet at the bar. She caught his attention and waved. He reached into his pocket and handed her a chip case. "A small token of my

He smiled. "I doubt it. It's not a corporate approved chip. It's made by an underground company. Dancer says she likes them much better than the commercial ones."

She gave it back. "Why don't you hold onto it until after the meeting... just in case."

"Good idea."

He paused. "Oh, about the meeting. The group I got for you should do the job, but they're pretty rough. Their leader is an ork named DMZ with a major attitude problem. He'll probably do all the talking. If you think you might need some enforcement help, I'll sit in with you."

"I've done this before. I can handle it."

"Can I sit in and watch?" he asked.

"I'm just protecting our assets, you understand."

"I suppose as long as you just watch, there shouldn't be a problem."

He tucked the chip case back in his pocket. "This way." The room was larger than the previous one. She took a seat at the head of the table.

Comet smiled, stepped behind her and disappeared. "Don't worry," she heard him say. "I'll be right here if you need me."

"Don't worry, I



admiration; personally recommended by Dancer."

The case was labeled: Seduction in the Shadows. She felt herself getting red again and hoped her complexion was dark enough to hide it. "What if I've done this one already?"

won't."

The team came in as a group. There were five of them. The male ork was obviously muscle and probably DMZ. He strode in, glanced briefly at her, and then took the chair next to her. He had stringy black hair and his tusks



were yellowed and broken. He smelled as if he hadn't bathed in several days. He watched her closely and she knew he was waiting for her reaction. "You must be DMZ," she said and kept her eyes on his.

The second member was a female Amerind and looked like a razor girl. Her brown eyes darted across all four corners of the room before she sat down, and even then she was like a coiled spring. The human male beside her had a datajack behind his left ear and was probably their decker. He sat very close to the girl.

The shaman she recognized by the fetishes tied into the fringe of his tan duster. He seemed very interested in her crystal bracelet, and his eyes drifted from that to DMZ. The fourth member was difficult to categorize. He didn't move like someone wired, didn't have any other evidence of cyber enhancement, nor did he wear fetishes of any kind. She wondered what his job was.

"What's the job, Johnson?" DMZ demanded.

"Data extraction," she told him.

He snorted. "All ya need is a decker for that, babe."

"Not if the system is isolated," she said. "Even if your decker is willing to access the Fuchi system from the outside to get the information I require, he couldn't access the research database."

The decker whispered to him and the ork snarled. "Okay, but a run through Fuchi ain't gonna come cheap."

She checked the chip case one more time before sliding it across the table to the decker. "This browse program should do everything you need when you're in the research database. Once it has recorded the information, I would like the original files deleted."

The decker nodded. "Null perspiration."

"I would like the job done as quickly as possible," she added making sure she kept eye contact with DMZ. "The payment will bring 10,000 nuyen apiece. There is a 7,000 apiece speed bonus that will drop by 1,000 at

midnight every night, beginning tomorrow. The faster you do the job, the bigger the bonus. I will also supply you with a certified credstick with 5,000 nuyen for expenses. Whatever you don't use is yours when the run is over. I'll pay you 25% up front and the remaining 75% after the job is done."

"Fifteen thou apiece and half up front," the leader said. "And it's a deal."

"If you get half up front, you won't need the expense money." "Whattaya think yer tryin' ta pull?" DMZ growled and rose to his full 2 meter height. "This ain't some little no-name corporation we're breakin' into, it's fraggin' Fuchi. Deckin' in there is like runnin' the 'Raku Arcology.'"

He loomed over her, but she refused to let him intimidate her. Instead, she stood right up in his face, her high-heeled shoes giving her the added height to meet his eyes without looking up. "Forty percent up front plus the expense account and the speed bonus starts at 10,000. That's my final offer."

He grumbled and glanced at his team. "Okay, we'll take it."

"Fine. When you're finished here's an LTG number where you can leave me a message. We'll set up a meet for final payment and delivery of the goods through Santa."

She paused and made sure she had his eyes again. "Are those terms acceptable?"

"Yeah, sure," the ork said. "You'll be hearin' from us real soon."

"I hope so," she said and handed him the credsticks.

He turned and left with his team following close behind him.

"Very efficient," Comet said appearing beside her.

"And relatively inexpensive. I was prepared to go up to 15,000 apiece and 10,000 for expenses."

He smiled. "I like the way you handled DMZ. He's not used to people who don't shrink from him."

"Shadowrunners aren't the only ones who understand winning through intimidation."

Yeah, well that trick won't work on

all of them."

"I wouldn't use it if I didn't think it would be effective. I deal with hundreds of people every day, and I think I'm a pretty good judge of what works and what doesn't."

He smiled. "So, can I buy you a drink?"

"Sorry, I have a regular job, remember? It's way past my bedtime."

His smile widened and he handed her the simsense chip. "Can I tuck you in?"

She laughed. "Are sure Ram wasn't right about your real profession?"



It was only two days after her meeting with the shadowrunners when Tangi got word that the job was done.

It was an incredible relief since Alex Grant was looming over everyone. Dr. Carter hadn't been dealing with the pressure very well and neither had the lab techs. More mistakes had been made in the past two days than in the previous two months, and the more angry Grant got the more bad things happened.

She smiled as she headed down the stairs to Deception. That was all going to change. If the data was everything the researchers at Fuchi had boasted, she could download it into the system from her terminal at home, and by Monday they'd be weeks ahead of schedule.

The room on Deception was the same. The first thing she did when she sat down was to recheck her box of certified credsticks. It was a small price to pay and was coming out of the project's budget anyway.

DMZ and his team came in late and looking much worse for wear. He was bruised and sported a bandage across his forehead that had a drying red stain. The razor girl had her arm in a sling, and only two of the other humans showed. The decker was missing.

"I'm pleased that you came through so quickly," she said.

"Can the flattery and hand over the cash," DMZ said, his breathing labored



and raspy.

"May I see the chip?"

He tossed a case on the table. She barely caught it before it skidded off and hit the floor. She removed the chip, slotting it in the jack behind her ear.

She could feel herself smiling as she reviewed its contents. It was better than she had hoped.

DMZ was glaring at her when she glanced back up at him. She fanned the credsticks and set them on the table. "Each one is for 17,000. Six for doing the job and 9 for the speed bonus."

DMZ snatched them up. "We kin add."

She stood and offered him her hand. "It's been a pleasure doing business with you."

He turned his back on her. "Yeah, right," he said and motioned to his team. "C'mon, let's blow."

He herded them out and slammed the door.

"It was a rough run."

Comet appeared beside her and she jumped. "I don't remember inviting you to attend this meeting," she said trying to compose herself.

He shrugged.

"Well, I was the one who had to deal with DMZ earlier. I was afraid he might do something stupid."

"He's a professional."

He snorted. "Professionalism doesn't mean drek when you and your

buddies are nearly killed, and their decker came damn close. I've seen really torqued off teams go after a Johnson before, and it's not pretty."

"What happened to the decker?" she asked.

"DMZ wasn't exaggerating when he said running the Fuchi matrix was like breaking into the Renraku

credstick. "For Santa."

He took it and smiled. "A true business woman."

"It's what I do," she said and sighed. "I need a drink."

He offered her an arm. "Allow me."

She smiled and let him escort her out of the room. "Will you continue to be my contact from now on or will I get Dancer back?"

"That's your choice.

Of course, I would snatch up any excuse to see you again."

He kissed her fingers. "Now, since tomorrow is Saturday and you don't have to work, would you let me buy you that drink?"

"Is this guy buggin' ya?"

Ram was leaning up against the bar, his tux replaced by blue jeans and a red flannel shirt. "I ain't on the job, but I kin take care of him if ya want."

Comet laughed. "I saw her first."

Tangi took the troll's arm. "Yes, but I've already agreed to have a drink with him."

The mage gave Ram a dirty look and the troll grinned. "Always told ya' I had a way with the ladies."

Comet bowed and kissed Tangi's fingers again. "I surrender you to the better man. Until we meet again."

He headed across the dance floor to the stairs and Tangi started to

laugh. "Now, about that drink..."



Arcology," he said. "Fuchi's specialty is IC. He'll live."

"Well," she said. "I have what I need, they've got their money, and my job is safe."

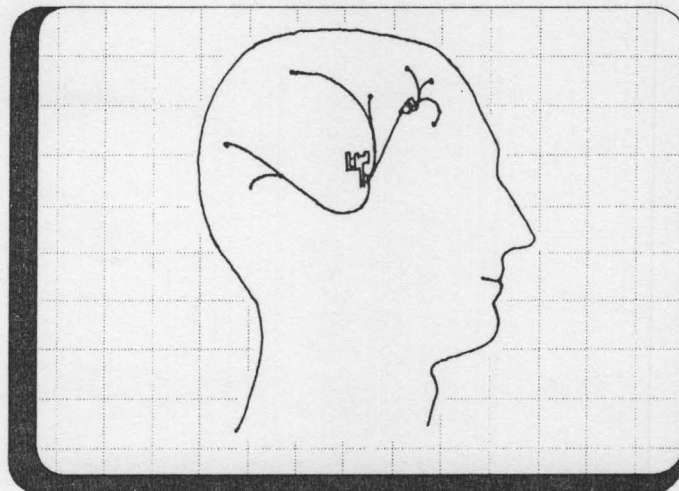
She handed him the remaining



Ambidexterity

Using the same reflex-boosting technology used for skillwires, it is possible to "correct" handedness to full ambidexterity (equal use of both hands). Characters with this modification do not have an "off hand" and do not take penalties for using either hand. Penalties for using two weapons at the same time still apply.

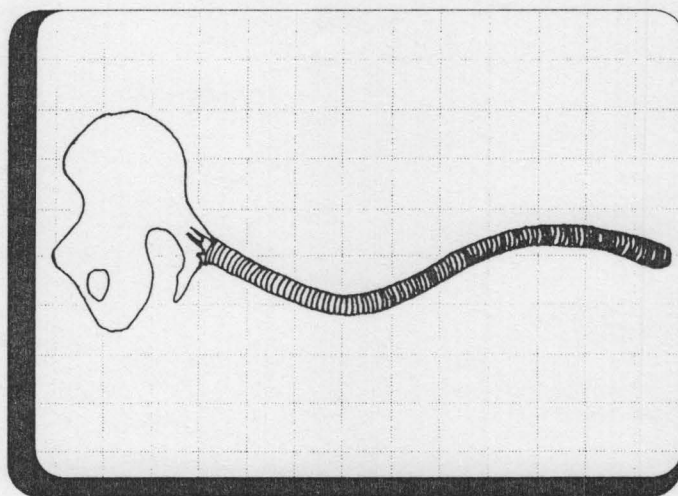
Essence Cost: .3 Availability: 4/40 hrs
Cost: 3,000¥ Street Index: .8



Balance tail

Cyberneticists have developed a "cat's tail" which can assist balance. The bionic tail is grafted onto the base of the character's spine. Nanoprocessors and balance sensors move the tail to keep the character's center of gravity in the appropriate place, improving balance and granting two extra dice for balance-related Athletics test, including helping the character fall properly (or tumble, if he has Athletics). The tail is NOT under the character's conscious control and tends to twitch randomly as the character moves (watch out for revolving door!).

Essence Cost: .5 Availability: 5/36 hrs
Cost: 3,000¥ Street Index: 1



>>>>[This one may look funny, but it does work. I knew a second story guy who had one of these and he moved just like a cat.]<<<< - Thrash <13:20:25/12-05-53>

>>>>[Was that guy you were referring to Alexandrof?]<<<< - Spanner <02:05:43/12-06-53>

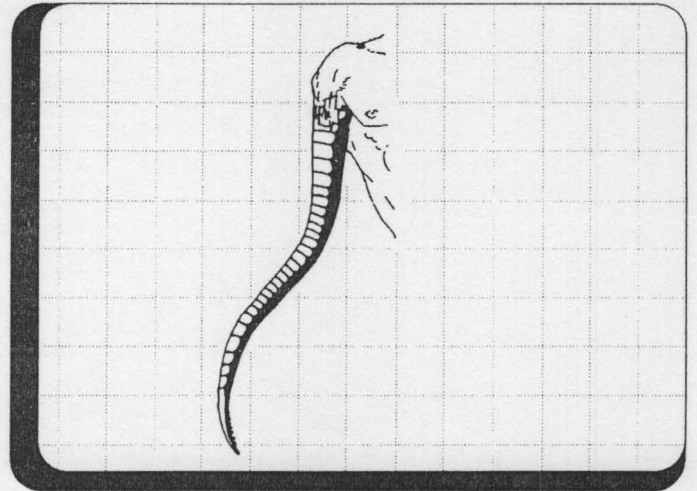
>>>>[Yeah. Damn shame about him.]<<<< - Thrash <14:07:01/12-06-53>



Cybertentacle

Instead of humanlike limbs, a cyber-arm replacement can be designed as a long, flexible tentacle. The cybertentacle does not have a hand on the end, rather, the tentacle can be used to poke or wrap objects. Cybertentacles are often installed along with an extra arm mount for characters who need an extra hand capable of delicate work.

Essence Cost:	.8	Availability:	4/4 days
Cost:	80,000¥	Street Index:	1

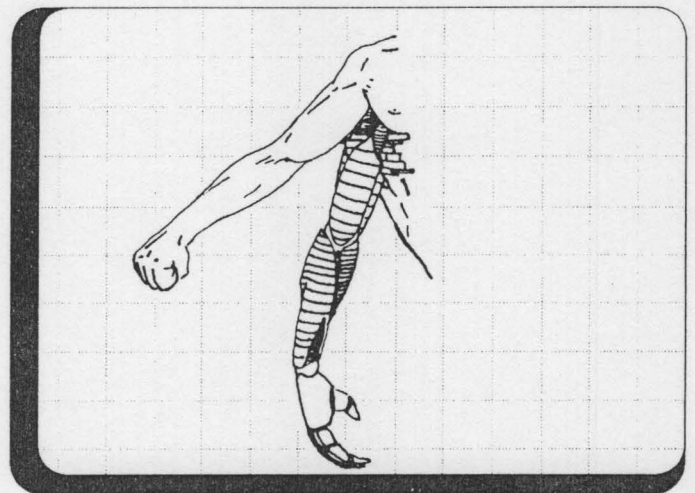


Extra Arm Mount

This is the construction of an artificial shoulder that can be used to mount a cyberlimb. Most commonly this is done along the rib cage, just below the character's natural arms. The mount includes the additional neural wiring necessary to control the extra limbs, although it is still usually necessary for the character to spend a week or two getting the "feel" for manipulating an extra limb.

Having extra limbs (no more than two can be practically added) does not grant the character additional actions, although it may still allow the character to perform actions that other cannot (such as getting an opponent in a hold and then pummeling him at the same time). Note for this to be effective the mount must still have a cyberarm placed in the mount.

Essence Cost:	.5	Availability:	6/4 days
Cost:	10,000¥	Street Index:	1



>>>>[That rocker, Spyder, is gonna make this system famous. With those extra arms he's like a one-man band.]<<<< - Drake <21:48:15/12-05-53>



Flex-Bonz™

This modification replaces the bones of the hands with a form of memory plastic that deforms under continuous pressure, then returns to its normal shape. This will allow the user's hands to narrow and contort to slip through ropes, handcuffs, etc. more easily (-2 to TN for Escape tests involving the use of the hands)

Essence Cost: .3 Availability: 5/48 hrs.
Cost: 6,000¥ Street Index: 1.5

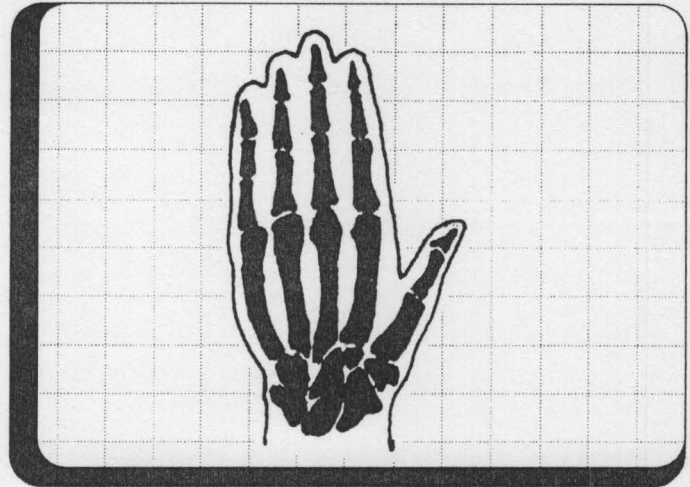
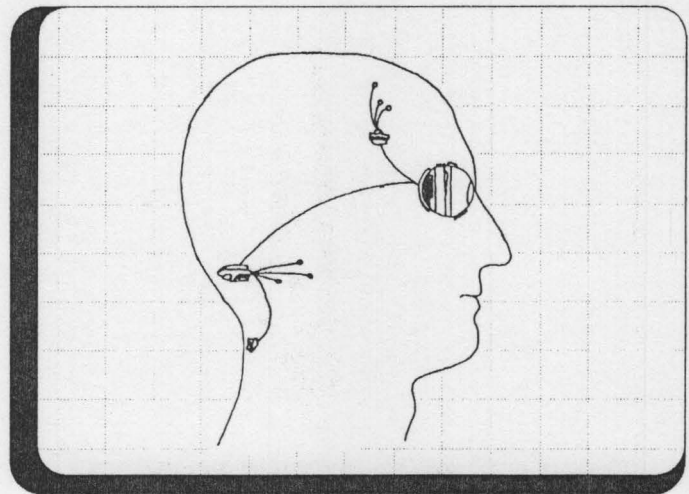


Image Projector

A system of low-level holographic lasers are implanted in the user's eyes. When linked via a display link to internal memory, the lasers can project images directly onto the retina of another person's eyes, provided the user can make eye contact with him. Only images stored in memory can be projected (see Shadowbeat for an indication of the memory required for any given visual imagery). An intelligence (6) test is required to notice the illusion is false. The images cannot generate any sound and do not have any effect beyond appearance.

Essence Cost: 1 Availability: 6/4 days
Cost: 10,000¥ Street Index: 1.5

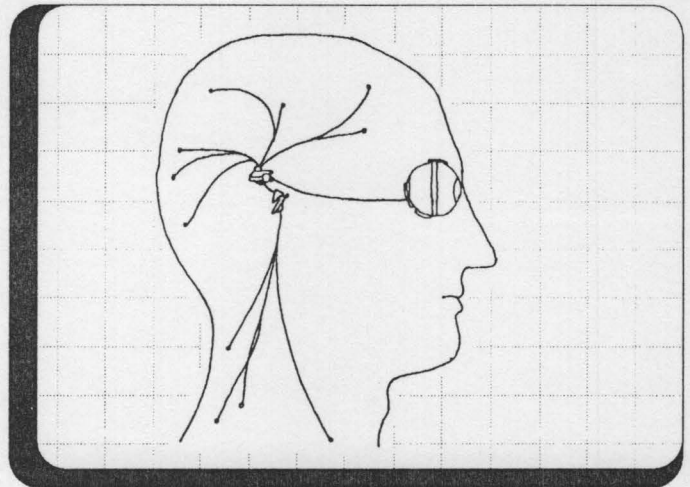




Internal Status Display

This option requires a Display Link. It projects a readout onto the user's retina or cybereye that lists all vital signs (heart rate, respiration, blood sugar, galvanic skin response, etc.). They system also displays status and system reports on all the character's cyberware. If the character has a datajack, the status display can also be transferred to an external monitor. If the character or another individual can see data from the monitor they gain a -1 target number for medical treatment and first aid tests.

Essence Cost:	.1	Availability:	3/24 hrs.
Cost:	1,000¥	Street Index:	1

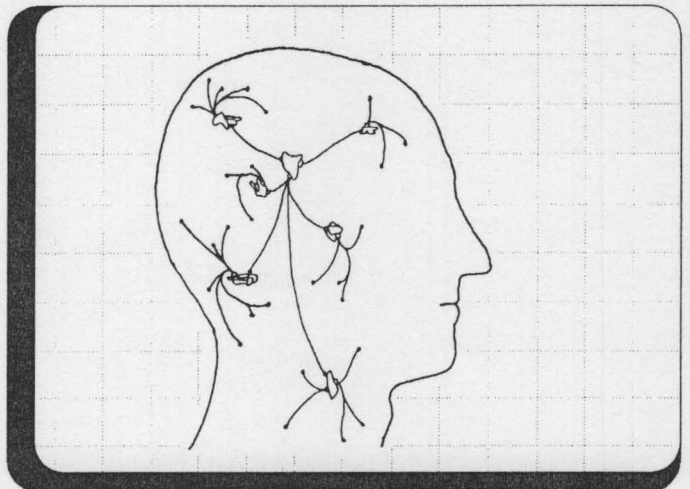


Metabolic Suspension

This system consists of internal enzyme dispensers and neuro-processor regulators that can place the character in a state of extreme metabolic slowdown (suspended animation). Multiply the level of the system by the base time to determine how much longer a suspended character lasts. For example, a level 4 system means that a mortally wounded character will take an additional wound box every 4 minutes rather than every minute.

The system has two standard means of activation. The first is for the character to intentionally go into suspension, in which case the character sets the amount of time before reviving (a maximum of 12 hours per level). The system also automatically activates if the character takes a Deadly wound in order to maintain life functions until help can arrive.

Essence Cost:	Rating/10	Availability:	5/24hrs.
Cost:	Rating x 10,000¥	Street Index:	1



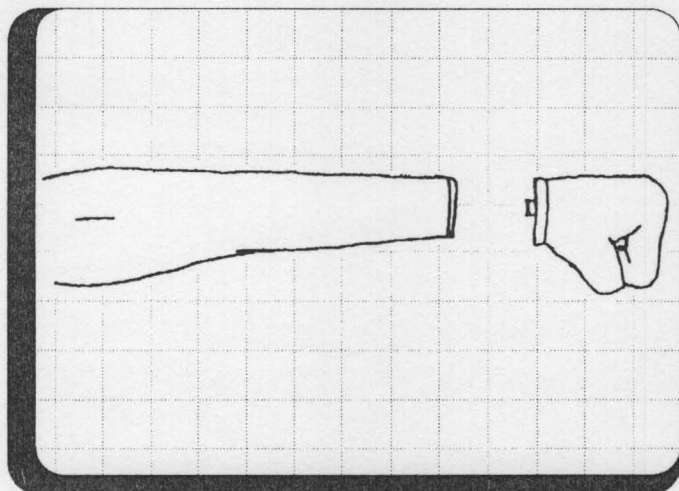
>>>>[I've heard of this system malfunctions sometimes and users imitating death much better than they planned...]<<<< - Ranger <21:13:24/12-06-53>



Quick Release Mount

A special bayonet-style mount can be build into a cyberlimb, allowing hands or feet to be removed by the wearer. This modular system allows the user to make use of a variety of different hands and feet. The system is not available for shoulder mounts.

Essence Cost: 0 Availability: 3/24 hrs
Cost: 1,000¥ Street Index: 1

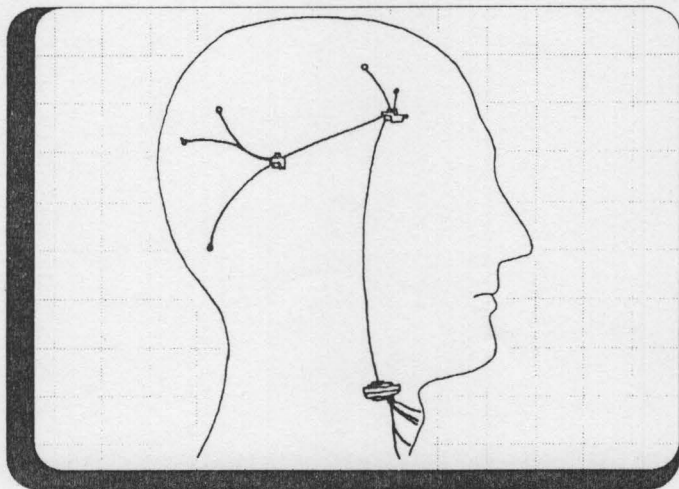


Sonic Charm

Programmable voders (such as those used by voice masks and other vocal cyberware) can also have subliminal tones encoded into them. These tones work at the subconscious level and serve to create a mood in the listener, rather than giving specific directions. A voder with subliminal capability give +2 dice on all Social Skill tests.

Essence Cost: 1 Availability: 6/7 days
Cost: 50,000¥ Street Index: 1.5

>>>>[Note, however, that a listeners with High Range Hearing can detect these subliminal tones for what they are and will not be affected.]<<<< - Blade
<17:04:56/12-05-53>





Subdermal Stunner

This weapon system implants a high-density battery in the arm of the user and runs leads to two fingers. When activated by mental command, the user can touch an opponent, completing the electrical circuit and doing 6M stun damage. Opponents who are insulated may take reduced damage (games master's judgement). Essence cost for a cyberlimb is zero.

Essence Cost: .8

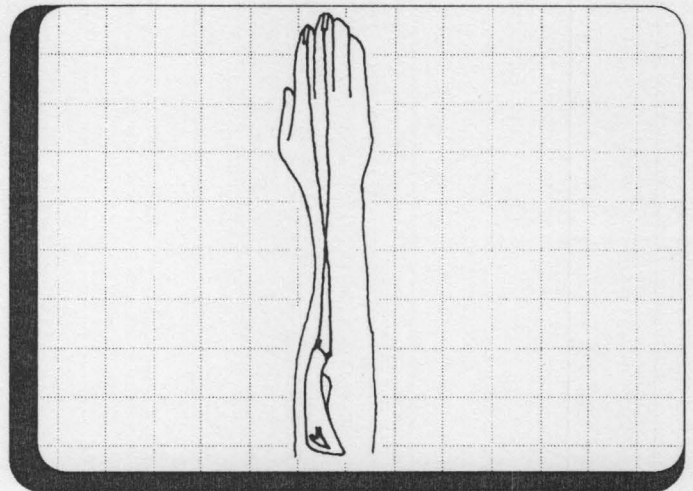
Availability: 6/7 days

Cost: 8,000¥

Street Index: 1.5

>>>>[Shocking...]<<<< - The Kid <22:30:44/12-06-53>

>>>>[Everybody's a fraggin' comedian.]<<<< - Ranger <23:07:11/12-07-53>



Time Display

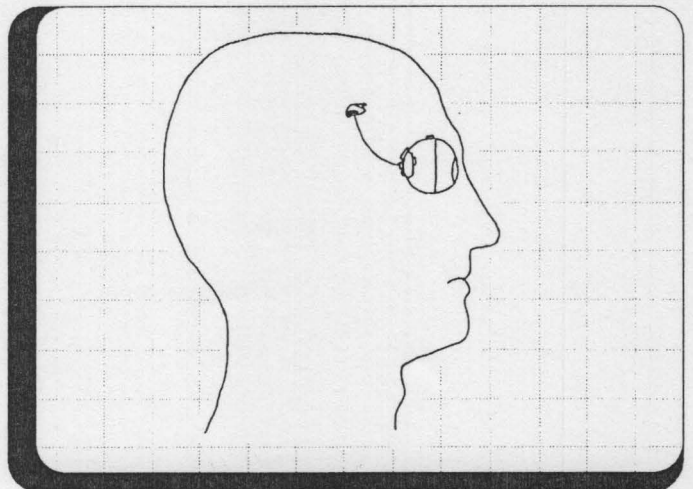
As part of the "heads-up" display in the cornea or cybereye, the character can have a built-in clock. the clock display appears in the corner of the character's field of vision. It maintains the time-of-day in seconds and can be reset or change time zones by mental command. The option is availability from any cybereye manufacturer.

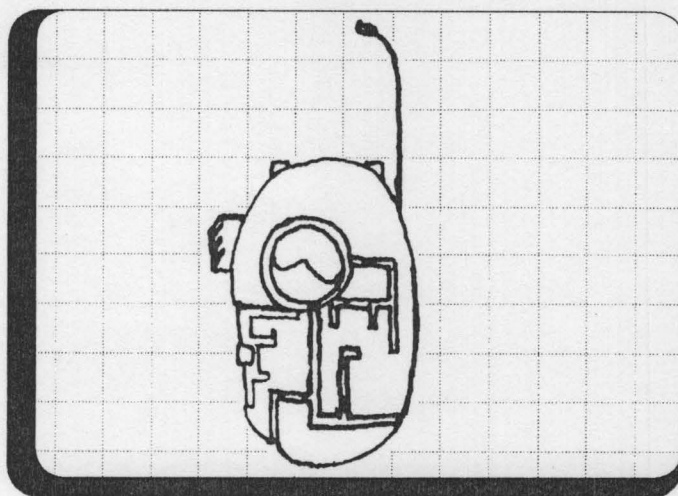
Essence Cost: .1

Availability: 2/24 hours

Cost: 1,000¥

Street Index: .8





Friendly-Fire™

The Friendly-Fire system was designed by Aztechnology to help protect its employees when it becomes necessary to use deadly force against criminal elements on company ground. The system consists of a small transmitter (which can be placed in company ID tags, as well as items of jewelry such as pins, bracelets, etc.) and a receiver which is connected to a weapon's smartgun circuitry. The transmitter tells the smartgun that the wearer is not a valid target and thus prevents the smartgun from firing at the "friendly" target. Now security guards can act to deter criminal elements without fear of harming innocent civilians.

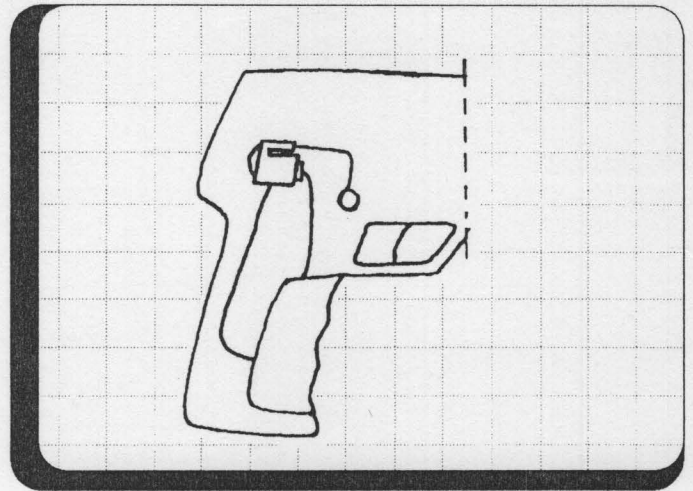
Cost: Transmitter: 100¥ Availability: 3/48 hours
Receiver: 50¥ Street Index: 1

>>>>[Criminal elements... that's us boyz and girlz]<<<<
- Wrath <22:05:34/12-01-53>

>>>>[Yeah, ilke the corps are worried about innocent
civillans to begin with. Only company employees get
transmitter. They're just protecting their own as-
sets.]<<<< - Kaos <04:21:20/12-02-53>

>>>>[This system has some other interesting applica-
tions, too. If you can get hold of one of the transmit-
ters that the corp uses, you become effectively invis-
ible to the corp cops' guns.]<<<< - Dancer <13:08:18/
12-05-53>

>>>>[Would that is were that simple, but it's not. First
corps don't equip every wage slave with one of these
dohlickeys cuz they could care less if Joe Chummer got
geeked or not. Only people whom the company wants
to make sure don't get accidentally shot get the trans-
mitters, ilke execs or important R&D types. Secondly,
the transmitters are often carefully hidden in watches,
tie clips, glasses, etc. Some are even implanted and
there's no way you're going to "borrow" one of those.
Secondly, the coded signal that the transmitter is
supposed to send out is changed regularly and ran-
domly, anywhere from weekly to daily depending on
how paranoid the corp is. So even if you get the doe,
it may not do you any good by the time you do the run.
Lastly, the system only works on smartguns and only
then if they have a receiver attached. The majority of
corp guards don't have that kind of chrome and I've
known quite a few hotshot corp cops who've disable
the receivers on their smartguns just to prevent the
kind of thing Dancer mentions from happening (it's
against regs, but that only comes a problem if you get
caught doing it.)<<<< - Dalkoku <15:16:02/12-05-
53>



Gun Lokk™

This system by Ares Arms can prevent any unauthorized use of your weapon. The system comes in two types: pattern recognition and cybernetic. The pattern recognition system uses scanner technology built into the butt of the gun to recognize the fingerprints of the user. When an authorized user's hand grips the gun, the safety is automatically disengaged and the gun can be used normally. Otherwise, the safety will not disengage and the gun cannot be fired.

The cybernetic option is available only for smartgun weapons. This system is keyed to a specific coded pulse from the user's smartlink software, which "unlocks" the gun and gives the user access to all normal smartweapon functions (safety, rate of fire, targeting, ammo, etc.). Either system can be programmed to recognize up to six valid users. Don't let your weapons be turned against you one day. Protect yourself with Gun Lokk™, by Ares Arms.

Cost:

Pattern recognition: 1,200¥
Cybernetic: 1,800¥

Availability: 6/48 hours

Street Index: 1.5

>>>>[Despite the hype this system actually works. Saved my live one time when a ganger picked up my Predator and tried to geek me with it. The look on his face when it just went "click" was worth every nuyen I spent on the thing.]<<<< - Ranger <20:09:53/12-03-53>

>>>>[Yeah, but on the other hand, I lost a chummer because he forgot about this new system and pick up my gun to try to take down a wagemage who had us on the ropes. The wiz fired my friend when the gun failed to work.]<<<< - Walks-In-Shadow <02:11:09/12-05-53>

>>>>[Don't ever wear gloves if you're planning on using the pattern-recognition system. I made that mistake... but only once.]<<<< - Southpaw <11:23:46/12-06-53>

>>>>[I've heard that some armorers have modified this system in some...interesting...ways. One is to link the recognition system to a tiny explosive charge, so that when an unauthorized person pulls the trigger, he's suddenly holding a live grenade in his hand (ouch...)]<<<< - Drusella <19:45:57/12-06-53>



Power Holster

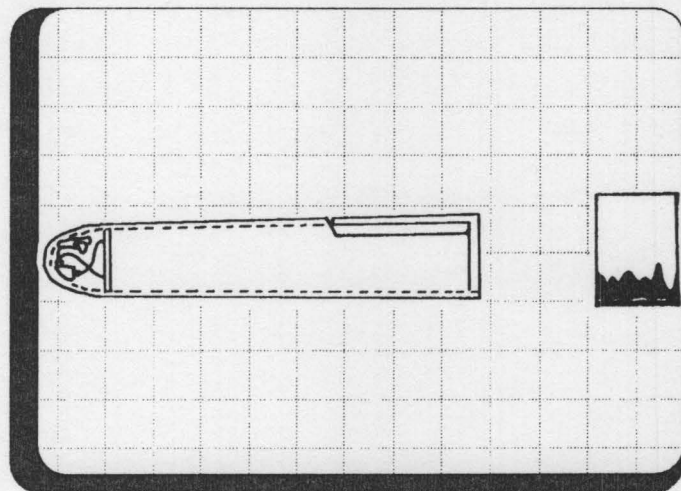
When being fastest on the draw is a matter of life or death the Ares Arms Power Holster is essential. The system consists of a specially designed holster along with a bracelet worn on the user's gun hand. The bracelet senses the flexing of muscles as the user reaches for his gun and responds by transmitting a signal to the holster which sends the wearer's gun leaping into the hand. The holster flap falls open to allow the weapon to clear faster. A power holster gives a -1 target number to quickdraw actions. The holster is +1 to concealability.

Cost: 1,000¥

Availability: 4/24 hours

Street Index: 1

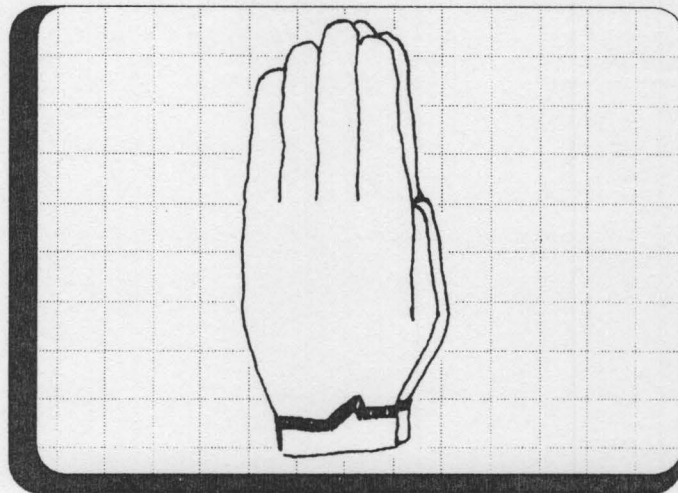
>>>>[This thing can be useful, but don't think that just owning one will improve your drawing speed like the pitch implies. You need to practice with it to get a feel for how the system works.]<<<< - Ranger <20:18:43/12-03-53>



>>>>[yea, I've seen wannabes whose guns have jumped right past their hands. It takes some real practice and coordination to use this system right.] - Blade <21:14:00/12-04-53>

>>>>[Also, I don't care how good you get with a power holster, if you're not fast enough to begin with (either by wire or wizardry) you still won't be able to out-draw those who do have the speed.]<<<< - Spanner <03:24:30/12-05-53>

>>>>[If a good quickdraw is all you're interested in and you have the nuyen, you're better off getting a set of custom wires designed to do just that. A lot less expensive than full wires, and more effective than this gadget.]<<<< - The Kid <15:44:37/12-10-53>



Implast Weapons

Implast (produced by Zeta-ImpChem) is a plastic that is normally light and somewhat flexible, but which becomes rigid when struck. Blunt trauma weapons made from Implast help to concentrate the kinetic force of the wielder's blows, and their light construction allows them to be wielded with less effort than similar weapons made of wood or meta. Weapons made of Implast add +2 to their power rating.

The most common type of Implast weapon is a short club similar in design to the police billy club which is now coming into use with a number of security services, including Lone Star.

Longer clubs, along the lines of bo and quarterstaves, are also produced. These are much less common, but are still widely used by street fighters, martial artists and others who prefer a relatively silent and effective hand-to-hand weapon.

Recently, a set of light, wrist-length gloves made of Implast have been produced. The gloves are as flexible as normal leather, but they stiffen when the wearer strikes, creating a rigid striking surface which relaxes and flexes a split-second later. Implast gloves are becoming very popular with street fighters and cover operatives of all kinds.

Cost: Normal Weapon Cost x 5
 Gloves: 1,000¥
 Availability: 4/48 hours
 Street Index: 1

>>>>[I love these things! I just got a new set of gloves and they work like a charm. Nothing like them for a late night tussle.]<<<< - Rodeo <14:32:22/01-25-54>

>>>>[Evidentially Lone Star is just as excited. Although not all of the patrolmen carry these new weapons, they are easily the hottest new piece of gear to come out since the Predator II.]<<<< - Ranger <11:43:55/01-31-54>



Corporate Shadowfiles

by Nigel D. Findley
Rating 4.5 out of 5

In the world of Shadowrun there has long been the hint of huge multinational companies controlling the fates of entire nations as well as individual shadowrunners. I say hint because even though the source material always says these companies exist, there has never been any attempt to put life into the huge companies of the year 2054. All that just changed.

Shadowfiles is more than just an outline of the biggest and most powerful companies operating in the Seattle area. It is a primer on how business of 2054 operates. If you thought the streets were dirty, wait till you see the board rooms. Shadowfiles is essentially divided into four sections.

The first is a corporate primer and history of how things work on the inside of the corporation. The second section is on the Zurich-Orbital Habitat. This section is important as the habitat houses the Corporate court system and the bank of most (if not all) megacorporations, the Zurich-Orbital Gemeinschaft Bank. The third section is a system for rating the corporations for use in game play. Obviously with a system such as this it is very easy for gamemasters to include their own unique corporations in their game environ-

ment. The final section is on the big eight corporations of Seattle: Ares, Aztechnology, Fuchi, Mitsuhamma, Renraku, Saeder-Krupp, Shlawase, and Yamatetsu.

Pros

The first pro for this product is the very nature of the book itself. This has been long overdue in the Shadowrun universe and provides gamemasters with much needed information on their favorite corporations. It is presented in a very clean style with lot of information packed into a little space. Not only are the companies spelled out, they are given enough detail to make them usable without giving away every secret. With the book large corporations are not only interesting, they are playable.

One of the things that makes the style work is the method of delivery. Roughly 50% of the entire book is done in shadow vox, which gives the entire product a gritty feeling that should serve to spark the imagination of gamemasters for a long time.

Finally, the primer on corporations is priceless for gamemasters who really have no idea how business works in the "real" world. Everybody knows businesses attempt to make a profit, but it's amazing how people (gamemasters included) think business comes up with that profit.

Cons

Alas, it is not a perfect product. Perhaps the most glaring omission is the lack of information on the orbital station. FASA has long been cagey about releasing information regarding near-space; however, they've just opened the flood gates (something we midwesterners know a thing or two about) with the near orbit stuff and now they need to produce more. As a powerful entity off in space, the orbital station, along with the associated court and bank, should have been explained with either less or more detail. As it is we'll have to wait for the next several months (or more) until some type of near orbit source book is available. The given information just isn't complete enough to use in a campaign setting or as an adventure site.

If there is anything else the book is missing, or does wrong, it is the lack of corporate insiders. We now know a thing or two about what goes on inside the corporations, but the gamemaster has little information on playing a group of characters who actually want to work for the corporation. Fully financed shadowruns you can't turn down. Sounds like fun to me.

Overall

This is a great product. It opens some issues I'd like to see resolved as quickly as



possible (Azatlan, near space, Japan, etc.), but it does an excellent job at getting the ball rolling and providing some really dark atmosphere for Shadowrun in general. As a sourcebook this is among the best and most useful FASA has produced. Although players will not have to refer to it in the course of every adventure, gamemasters will find it very useful. At \$18.00 it is well worth the price.

In Brief

A Killing Glare

by Louis Prospero
Rating 3.5 out of 5

In this scenario book runners get the chance to interact with the Urban Brawl team the Seattle Screamers. As you can imagine this is not necessarily a healthy thing to do, especially when the runners are standing between several of the brawlers and a very powerful corporation. The adventure is very well done and quite unique. It is also good to see the return of characters we've seen in previous adventures--proving it really is a small world. The grand finale is best handled with DMZ, however, which can prove very lethal to player characters. Although other endings are provided, they lack the grand gesture of a truly epic ending you get with DMZ. A good, but bloody, adventure

for \$8.00.

Tir Tairngire

by Nigel Findley
Rating 4.5 out of 5

This is one of the most requested source books to come out since the release of Shadowrun (along with Shadowfiles). This slick book is packed with excellent art and fantastic ideas about a culture that is just a little left of human. Although gamemasters will find it of the most use, players could well use the information in fleshing out those elven characters. Easily on a par with the Seattle Sourcebook, its proximity to the Seattle sprawl ultimately makes it much more useful than an European source book. The price is also a shocker -- only \$18.00.



>>>>(Reposted from the newsnet for your reading convenience.)<<<< - Quirk <11:05:45/09-14-53>

INTERNATIONAL

Veil Lifts on Tir na nOg

Officials for the awakened government of Tir na nOg, once the nation of Ireland, prepare to take their place among the other nations of the world stage by relaxing their strict policy of isolation and separatism. Analysts across the globe have advanced countless theories about the changes in the global marketplace this will cause.

The land beyond the veil has long been viewed with mistrust and fear, especially by Tir na nOg's closest neighbor, Britain. It remains to be seen if the relations between these two countries will be as close, or as strained, as they were at altering times prior to the awakening. (continued on page A-20)

LOCAL

Flex Lenard Rescued

Popular trideo personality Flex Lenard was rescued from his abductors after over 150 days in captivity. The much thinner Flex was "slightly injured" in the rescue, which was handled by a strike team of Knight Errant. Three Knights were injured in the rescue, which resulted in the death of all seven captors.

Flex could not be reached for comment; however, his spokeswoman, Samantha McIgra, stated "Mr. Lenard is resting comfortably under the finest medical care the city of Seattle has to offer. Once he has been cleared by his medical team, he will issue a personal statement."

Captain Ikagu of Knight Errant initially refused to comment on the details of the rescue; however, increased media pressure finally forced him to make a few statements. (continued on page B-15)

Inmates Recaptured

Ironhead Tiamartz and Wilson Gressman, inmates from the Hollywood Correctional Facility who escaped three weeks ago, were returned to the facility following an exhaustive manhunt of the Seattle Sprawl. The two men were returned to their respective cells earlier today.

"Of course we're pleased when the system works," said Lone Star Captain Otto Villar. "These two men have been the target of our best and brightest detectives." Rumors ran wild that the two men were not captured by Lone Star, but by an as yet unidentified group of individuals. Captain Villar called such reports "nonsense."

"If there are any individuals even remotely associated with the capture of these two felons who are not full-time members of Lone Star, I haven't heard of them." (continued on page B-12)

BUSINESS

Black Friday

In what is already being called the worst one day slump in the stock market since the crash, the stock market plunged when a computer virus apparently entered the system during a routine maintenance check. As the stock index began to drop for no apparent reason, officials were quick to close the exchange; however, they could not prevent a flood of automatic sales as individual stock prices plummeted.

"At this point the market is closed," said exchange officials. "We're looking into the virus and the activity surrounding its introduction into the exchange."

Officials went on to explain that they may revoke all transactions conducted after the introduction of the virus. "We've never done it before, but that doesn't mean we'll not start now." (continued on page D-24)

ENTERTAINMENT

Ghostman Released Amid Consumer Riots

Hollywood Simsense released their latest chip "Ghostman" amid a near-riot of buyers at local entertainment outlets across the city. The prerelease publicity, which included free samples of individual scenes, seems to have struck a sympathetic cord in the public, who turned out to purchase the product in near-record numbers.

"Of course we're pleased," said Olivia Zaine, product manager for the new title. "We've been very careful in the marketing campaign; however, when you try something new, like the free promotions, you're never really sure how the actual product will be received." When asked if other Hollywood products would be marketed in a similar manner, Zaine declined to comment. (continued on page F-3)

SPORTS

Coach Carlisimo Eats His Words

Seattle Screamer player Marion "Dozer" Barnkowski finally got his chance to address Berlin coach Carlisimo, whose comments earlier this season were less than kind.

"Yea," said Dozer, "I guess you could say I got really motivated for this one." The Screamers were up two goals to one when Dozer and company scored a wipe-out against the Backbreakers. Commented one Backbreaker scout who asked not to be identified, "I guess Dozer's clothes-line tackle of our Outrider was the telling blow. Georg never knew what hit him. I'm still not sure he's regained consciousness."

Carlisimo was livid after the game, but the angry coach was restrained by his assistants when he attempted to enter the field. "I was hoping we'd get the chance to meet," said Dozer thumbing his knife. "I guess there's always next year." (continued on page C-1)

