

NERPS.

Foundations

Edited By:
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NERPS : *Foundations* was assembled and published in the bowels of Mankato State University. I'm Robert Hayden. My permanent address is P.O. Box 4041, Mankato, MN 56002-4041. Via email, I can be found at hayden@krypton.mankato.msus.edu. Note that the above addresses are subject to change, especially email, as I am bound to enter the real world someday.

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ABOUT THE EDITOR

Robert A. Hayden is a senior at Mankato State University, a campus of 15,000 located in southern Minnesota, United States. He's majoring in experiential education, with an emphasis on computer administration. He is also the administrator of the four **ShadowRun** Internet mailing lists, as well as serving the Mankato State Student Senate as a member of the Academic Computing and Academic Affairs Committees

In addition to **ShadowRun**, computer and education related activities, Hayden spends his free time involved with various aspects of political activism. A staunch supporter of civil and privacy rights, and a member of the Electronic Freedom Foundation, Computer Professionals for Social Responsibility, and the American Civil Liberties Union, Hayden can often be found wandering the nets or the real world, passing out opinions to anyone who will listen on issues of constitutional, civil and electronic rights. In addition, he is part of the south-central Minnesota gay/lesbian/bisexual civil rights movement and is an active voice at Mankato State on the same subject.

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Characters

Samauri / Bodyguards / Physical Adepts

Abaducci, Romano

J.D. Falk

Archetype:

Mafia Hitman

A Mafia stooge born and bred, Romano (roam-AHN-oh) Abaducci (AB-ad-oochie) is outfitted with the most advanced cybernetics the mob could get.

Rumors of his abilities, many clearly untrue, abound. They say he stands six - - no, seven feet tall, with rippling muscles that make his arms as thick as bowling balls. They say he can see in total darkness, can never be surprised, is invisible to all but his chosen victims, and has never missed a shot -- when he has to shoot. Its said in hushed whispers, after the children have gone to bed, that The Great Abaducci can knock out the strongest samurai with the force of his glare, and has killed more men with his spittle than the entire U.C.A.S. armed forces combined!

Nobody has ever known him by his real name and lived except the Don and his current favorite teenaged whore. So far as U.C.A.S. intelligence organizations have been able to discover, he's never kept the same prostitute for more than a few months (after which he usually kills her.) But that doesn't stop them from

trying to use that against him. It also doesn't stop many girls from hoping he's their next trick -- his sexual prowess is also lauded by many rumors.

If the press ever got wind that government intelligence organizations were behind many of the "classier" teen prostitution rings in otherwise Mafia-controlled areas, heads would roll. This is, of course, why the leaders of the Mafia have decided to tolerate such rings in their territory.

Romano Abaducci will never be anybody's contact, and has no buddies. The only reason a P.C. would meet him would be if they're trying to hit the same person, or if the P.C. is being hit (which would amount to the same thing, really. The Great Abaducci likes to leave no traces.)

The Bamboo Kid

Steve Mancini

Archetype:

Human Assassin

Description:

The Bamboo Kid is extremely young and is new to the streets after escaping from Hong Kong. He is a short Vietnamese boy-man (he is 17, you decide if he is a

boy or a man). Like many of his age, he is over-confident and mixes a childish demeanor with his lethal profession. When not killing corporate agents, he plays video games and hits on street "babes." He has dark hair and eyes and a definite Caucasian somewhere in his bloodline.

The Bamboo Kid is a new assassin. Given his recent acquisition of bioware, he has adopted this profession to pay off the surgery costs that were fronted by a family friend. Among this ware is the extended volume bioware. He is extremely stealthy and his weapon of choice is the blow gun using various types of poison and dikote needles for wetwork jobs.

Babs (AKA Babette)

Steve Mancini

Archetype:

Female, Elven Street Samurai

Description:

For an elf, Babs is butt ugly. But the humans around her don't seem to mind her looks and she comes off less pompous than the rest of her race. Her long brown hair is tied back in a braid when "Babs" is in charge. When "Babette" takes over, it is flowing long and free. "Babs" is the street samurai-cold, lethal and often decked out to show it. "Babette" is a night club flirt and dresses in revealing clothes and often goes topless- just because she thinks she can. (FYI: this is not some male stereotype here folks- a girl played this character from start to finish).

Biography:

Babs suffers from a very bizarre form of Multiple Personality Disorder. She has two distinct faces- Babs the cold predator and Babette the club groupie and general airhead. Her closest friends, namely Angel, Centinel, and Gremlin, are aware of this and keep her out of harm's way; though they have been known to let her go home with folks from the bar and just make sure she gets out in one piece.

Babs is a crackshot with a Ingram SMG and has been known to shoot 2 fisted on several occasions. She was the group leader until an unfortunate "illness" forced her to resign. (FYI: The person playing Babs, who was new to gaming, bent over and threw a Loup Garou over her shoulder. We did not want to slag the character so rather than have the disease run its full course, we gave her a mutated form- it only affects her for 1 wk/month and is only contagious to other elves. Since her infection the team has a standing rule prohibiting elves from joining the Legacy.) Babs has been on the streets for several years and has primarily run with her partner, Guardian Angel, a female ork bodyguard.

Cackrin, Coach

Dwayne Baker

Archetype:

Human Physical Adept

Background:

Coach Cackrin is the director of the athletics department at SSECCA Technical Academy (see Sprawl of same for more info). Coach Cackrin spends most of his time teaching classes. Within this time he is really searching for the gifted warriors. Coach Cackrin teaches advanced courses in: Archery, Firearms, Self defense through Martial arts (armed and unarmed versions), and is personally in charge of javelin and diskus. He receives regular progress reports from the other coaches and recommends the best for contract to Mr. Finaish. Coach Cackrin is a 3rd level initiate Phys Ad.

Centinel

Steve Mancini

Archetype:

Human female samurai

Description:

Centinel is a moderately attractive woman with a somewhat masculine build. Her hair is black and kept short in the tradition of women in the military. Her cold black eyes seem almost lifeless. Her skin is somewhat pale from all the running she does at night.

Biography:

Centinel is the leader of the Dark Legacy after the previous leader, Babs, bowed out for "health reasons." Centinel is also the only member of the legacy to take first place during their time in the "Blood Sport" in Hong Kong. Since that time she has taken to more social based skills and has become the team negotiator. He chrome is strictly combat, with heavy dermal and wired reflexes. Since her start in the shadows, she has upgraded a bit allowing her to get her eyes and ears modified for night fighting. Centinel, along with her "buddy" Gremlin, are founding members of the Dark Legacy.

Da Minotaur

Steve Mancini

Archetype:

Troll Street Samurai

Description:

"Da Minotaur" is a troll samurai who, unlike his species, is particularly intelligent. He started out rather stupid,

and was quickly addicted to several Street Samurai speed/anti-fatigue drugs. He was arrested in Hong Kong where he was sold into a "Blood Sport" that entertained the filthy rich. He eventually was freed by some friends who came to the island where he was held and bargained with his captor. Now back in Seattle, he has set up shop as a fixer in the Payullup dealing primarily as a middle man for Trolls and the outside shadowrunner community. He has raised his intelligence to racial maximum and has also purchased bioware enhancements as well. Most of his cyber is alpha grade thanks to the Blood Sport. In addition, his previous captor had him altered via cosmetic surgery to look like a minotaur- bull head and all. His favored weapon is a breech-load double barrel panther cannon that he brandishes like a shotgun. His closest friend in the world is Quicksilver, a Beast Master.

Deathjester

Brad Caldwell

Archetype:

Assassin

Background:

Deathjester is an older breed. He's been around fighting for causes longer than most of the young drek-hot runner's parents have been alive. Now he has decided to live for himself doing what he does best-- Eliminating people that those with enough money want removed.

It all started about 40 year when his father, an up-and-coming corp. man, had an affair with his Choctaw secretary. Afraid of the consequences that an illegitimate child would bring, he fired her, but to keep her quiet promised to support her as long as she kept the child secret.

Stephen Caldwell, as the boy was named, grew up in a home without any real parental discipline. At the age of 15 he ran away from his home in Louisiana and headed west. This was during the upheaval of the NAN rebellion in 2015. He joined a group of merc's working out of Oklahouma as a sniper and got additional training as a rigger operating surveillance drones. After the Treaty of Denver, he stayed in the NAN armed forces until he was forcefully retired in 2050.

It was during his time in the armed forces that he got the nickname Deathjester. The younger guys found it quite unnerving that the old fart could find a firefight so funny. He would laugh as the bullets came in around the squad. He would find a nice nook to hunker down in a would giggle to himself as he adjusted the thermographic sight on his sniper rifle. The muffled "Thwump" of a silenced-shot from his rifle and a loud guffaw would signal yet another kill.

After retirement, he lounged around on his pension for about a year until an old friend called about a "problem" his daughter was having with a certain abusive boyfriend. He convinced the young man to permanently stay away

from her. Somehow, someone recognized the crazed laugh of the sniper and he found himself needing a favor. A certain corp. also needed a job done and promised to erase him from the public record in exchange for services rendered. Deathjester accepted and became SINless. He is now for hire as a sniper for anyone with enough nY.

Flash

David J. Altman

Archetype:

Elven Bodyguard

Description:

Elven male, Caucasian, 6'5", black hair, blue eyes, 84 kgs., exceptional charisma, usually well dressed.

Background:

Flash (AKA Atalin Talarien) was an orphan ganger street kid born and raised in New York. Through an unlikely coincidence he saved simstar Darlene Celeste from an extraction crew. She hired him on as a bodyguard, and eventually they grew very close. While in his bodyguard capacity, Flash acquired a taste for the luxurious and expensive. Celebre-Armani suits, crocodile shoes, and Solingen combat knives were the order of the day. Under contract with Darlene's studio, Flash received training and money. He specialized in armed combat, but was only slightly less skilled barehanded or with firearm.

Darlene died suddenly of Vitas II related syndrome. She left her estate to Flash.

Flash got into the shadowbiz after hooking up with his current partner, an ork named Grimm, who shares Flash's tastes. They currently do high end runs for major outfits.

Gai

Dylan Northrup

Archetype:

Human Street Samauri

Background:

He stands about 1.8 meters tall with a heavy build. Black hair falls onto his shoulders. His piercing blue eyes are noticeable on someone of obviously Asian background. If asked he acknowledges his mixed parentage but gives no details. He is an incredibly adept fighter with an interest in gadgetry. Often his money is spent financing the purchase of some new ultra-tech toy that was just heisted from an R & D lab.

Gremlin

Steve Mancini

Archetype:

Dwarven Mercenary

Description:

Gremlin is an average height dwarf with an exceptionally muscular build. Both agile and strong, he is a terror in any bar-room brawl. His stout body is cleanly shaven from head to toe. Cosmetic surgery has assured him of minimal body hair, with the exception being his face and head. Even though they have little to no effect, his fingernails are manicured to look like polished razors. He has a crazed look in his bright green eyes and a devilish smile almost always appears on his face. When on a run, he often wears a cosmetic mask that resembles the Green Goblin from famed Spiderman comics

(or I would refer you to Maximum Overdrive- the truck with the green face.)

Biography:

Gremlin started his life as an average mercenary who was content collecting the pointy ears off his taller victims. Like most mercs, he wanted more. Enter Centinel, bodyguard extraordinaire and shadowrunner. The two formed an alliance and he has often run backup for her, saving her life on many occasions. It was only after being introduced to a profitable career as a shadowrunner that Gremlin developed his talents for Demolitions. As a founding member of the Dark Legacy, and a "buddy" to Centinel, he is often present at D.L. business, whether anyone but Centinel knows it. On one run with the Legacy, he was badly wounded, suffering major damage to most of his cyber systems. The team pooled their resources and "upgraded" their loyal friend. These upgrades included the latest in Bone-Lacing and the installation of an Orientation Computer. In addition to being the team's demolition expert, he is the 2nd gunner for the team's MP Laser.

Guardian Angel

Steve Mancini

Archetype:

Female Ork Street Samurai

Description:

Guardian Angel, or just Angel to her friends, is often mistaken for a man. Her strong stone chiseled features are only augmented by her short military cut hair style. She never tries to look feminine

and prefers loose fitting men's clothing, with the exception being a snug tres chic black leather tuxedo she has for special occasions. Her favorite weapons are her modified Browning Ultra-power (rebored) and her sniper rifle.

Biography:

Angel started her career as a bodyguard who quickly became disillusioned with the life. After one too many bullets, she turned sides and honed her skills toward killing people for money rather than protecting them. She then met up with Babs, who she quickly took a liking to (rumors of a former affair between the two are still unsubstantiated). After a short time, she once again switched professions to shadowrunning. After several years of a profitable partnership with Babs, the two became founding members to the Dark Legacy. In addition to being the team Sniper, she is the 1st Gunner for the team's MP Laser. In addition, she has developed several contacts within the Ork underground that she uses for team purposes. While she often roleplays the part of the "stupid ork" she has one of the sharpest minds in the group.

Hammer and Anvil

Steve Mancini

Archetype:

Male Troll Street Samurai

Description:

Hammer and Anvil are a pair of identical (as identical as troll get) twin brothers. They notoriously dress the

same, basically because each lacks any fashion sense and each relies on the other. Both possess an incredible stupid look as if the lights are on but no one is home. Hammer is often seen carrying a heavy pistol, and prefers Assault rifles w/ grenade launcher on runs. Anvil is an armed specialist who carries twin Wallacher Combat Axes, using only one at a time.

Biography:

The twin are incredible stupid and have only survived for as long as they have thanks to the legacy. Chromed to the teeth, the twins are a dangerous weapon without purpose. They now have purpose in the form of Dark Legacy business.

Muerte, Enrico Palaldas

David Sherohman

Archetype:

Dwarven Pysical Adept

Background:

Enrico is a middle-aged dwarven squatter with a vigilante streak. He has also received extensive training in martial arts - even if he could afford a gun, he doesn't like them. Though he's highly skilled in most melee and thrown weapons, his preference is for paired tonfas (if you don't know what a tonfa is, just treat it as a club). Should someone attempt to cause trouble in his neighborhood, Enrico will first attempt to convince them to leave. Should this fail (or if they appear too hostile to safely approach), he'll lay an ambush and take them out in melee - his skill is

sufficient to defeat almost any corporate security team, provided they don't shoot him while he approaches.

(Yes, he's a physad, though he doesn't know it. He's also been nicknamed the Middle-Aged Squatter Ninja Dwarf... :)

NightShade

David J. Altman

Archetype:

Elf Street Samauri

Description:

NightShade is a male, Caucasian, elf. Ice blue eyes, jet black hair. 2 meters high, 75 kg. Usually wearing form fitting black body suit and black gloves.

Background:

NightShade (real name Terrence Tellarien) was a senior Paladin in the service of a Prince. His mistake was that he fell in love with a daughter of a Prince who was an enemy of the Prince he served. An enemy of NightShade's, a minor noble revealed the relationship, and convinced NightShade's Prince that he was betraying him. With that Terrence became a branded traitor and outcast of the Tir, barely escaping with his life. His skills dictated his profession - he became a shadowrunner and assassin. In the years since his escape NightShade has grown in both skills and wisdom. Although many years have passed NightShade is still a slightly bitter person. He is always secretive, and enjoys a reputation as a brooding loner. This is not true - he has a small group of select friends (mostly influential).

NightShade's trademark are his use of Walther MPK-50z's SMGs in each hand in a firefight. But he is also known for his stealth and his use of a monogarrote to decapitate targets of his assassinations.

One Eyed Jack

Steve Mancini

Archetype:

Elven Physical Adept
Assassin

Description:

One-eyed Jack (hereafter just Jack) is a devilishly handsome (Cha 8) of strong muscular stature (think Asmodeus handsome). His dark features and hair only augment this demonic look. When in control of a situation (in his turf, with superior numbers at home, etc.) he will often be wearing a blood red silk shirt and black leather pants. His long black duster is polished until it gleams. Over his right eye he wears a black eye patch that is inscribed with various mystic runes (nothing magical, just pretty pictures). Jack has his eyes burned out when he was once caught, since then he has replaced them with cyber- one real looking and one that is a chrome plate (typical samurai eye) which he keeps covered with a fine cloth mesh through which he can see fine.

Jack is an assassin born and bred. His past is unknown since a former master had him trained and his mind wiped. He has most of the standard physical adept power, a little stealth, a little athletics, a

decent degree of speed, and incredible senses. He has been taught one unique power that he calls "Steel." When he induces this state, all his emotions are put on a back burner. (Treat this like the drug Deadhead in the FASA novels). While under this power he has added resistance to emotion based attacks (fear, compulsion, etc.) as well as a scary disposition. Since his former master's death, Jack has hooked up with a Chicago based group of assassin's, known quaintly as the Guild. Within this group he initiated into their group. Now on his own, he has become a hired assassin who leaves a monofilament edged playing card as his calling card. Regardless of how he kills them, he typically leaves one of these cards behind with a slit throat.

Queen

Neal Porter

Archetype:

Elf Bodyguard

Description:

Queen is a middle level exec escort/bodyguard. A tall very good looking female black elf. Very good at unarmed combat, and fast as well. Accompanies her employers to various meets under the guise of an escort, woe be it upon any who think that she's an easy mark.

Encounter technique :

"You see a limo pull up out the front of the club. The passenger door next to the curb opens, and out moves a shapely dark female leg. Followed, a few

minutes later, by the rest of her body." Pause for male characters to pick up their tongues from the pavement.

Rhed Hehryng

Chad Hessoun

Archetype:

Street Samauri

Background:

You've seen it everyday: a punk with tattoos, cyber, attitude, guns. The difference: most punks aren't in their mid-forties and going gray Rhed Hehryng is. Rhed has all the trappings of a basic street samurai, which he bought with his life savings from working for the corp as a desk jockey. One day, the mindless drudgery of his job finally got to him, and he took the mid-twentieth century band Jefferson Airplane's words to heart[literally, he had them tattooed in big letters across his chest]: "One generation got old/another generation got soul/volunteers of America/start a revolution." He's been out on the streets doing his little bit for anarchy since.

The White Knight

Robert Winterhalter

Archetype:

Elven Physical Adept (maybe)

Background:

The White Knight is a medium build elf with pale white skin and jet black hair. He is a strange person to meet in the shadows as he claims to be one of the Paladin's of the Elven Court in Tir

Tairngire. He says that he is on a quest, and that he cannot return home until he completes it for the greater glory of Tir Tairngire and Lugh Surehand. He is very secretive about what exactly this quest is however, and has told no one.

The White Knight has, on occasion, helped other shadowrunners on runs that he deems worthy and he has never accepted payment for his help. Most of the people in the shadows believe him to be insane but mostly harmless. He has always come back from a run alive though, no matter how bad it's turned, so he either has some actual skill or he is incredibly lucky. Some people believe him to be a physical adept but no mage has ever confirmed this fact.

The White Knight wears a distinctive suit of polished white partial-heavy armor. His favored weapon is what is believed to be a monosword that has some type of strange runic carvings on the blade. He is not above using firearms though.

YoYo

Marcel Emami

Archetype:

Human Street Samauri

Background:

YoYo, whose real name is unknown, is the leader of a small but deadly squad of runners that operate out of somewhere deep in the Caribbean League. The group is composed of elite street sams, mages, and netrunners with a focus on "operation cleanliness," or carrying out a

mission quickly w/o fucking up. They're quite good; the "Squad"'s never once failed to earn their money. Most of their missions carry a price tag in excess of one million nuyen. Needless to say, only hire YoYo's men if it's important. He never operates w/o them.

YoYo himself is believed to have been born and raised in the Caribbean, but rumors have placed his childhood in southern Africa.

Description:

He's a black male, 6'3" tall, with a light-to-medium build. Usually garbed in a white suit over a black silk shirt w/ a white "Panama Jack" style hat, he wields an intense stare and low, monotone voice w/o any appreciable accent that would send many razor guys cowering.

His cyber augmentation is believed to be extensive; much of it Beta-customized.

A tactical computer is listed in reports of what he has implanted. Bioware likely includes enhanced articulation and damage-reducing implants. All installations are as cosmetic as possible.

His "name," however, derives from his weapons of choice: two monofilament whips disguised as jet black, polished "Duncan" yo-yos. He is not only perhaps the world's most skilled artist w/ a whip, but can use two simultaneously in a display of talent that would knock you over...and likely dice you before you hit the carpet.

He is also heard to carry a stainless steel Ruger Super Warhawk and own a Ranger Arms SM-3, but stories claim he has never used either firearm...

Soccerers / Conjurers / Mages / Shamen

Brogan "the Broker"

Steve Mancini

Archetype:

Elven Conjuror <Adept>

Description:

Brogan is an older looking elf (FYI: In my campaign he is one of the few spike baby elves that I have) who has purposely died his hair a metallic silver. His complexion is dark, as if tanned. He often wears white cotton shirt reminiscent of the swashbuckler. He has a ring on all of his finger save his thumbs. On his right hand are the elemental stones and on his left are what can best be described as rings that have been fashion by some tribal talismonger/shaman.

Biography:

Brogan is a full blown hermetic who has never taken the time to perfect the sorcerous aspect of his trade. He has little knowledge in that area and only deals in spellcraft that will aid him with his first love- Spirits. On the street he is known for being a conjurer adept and his masking convinces the non-initiated that this is so.

Brogan deals in spirits. He has carefully perfected the conjuring and banishing of spirits. He has also taken great care in learning as much as he could with regard to free spirits (in my game he has Free Spirit Etiquette- the ability to deal with free spirits basically). Brogan has

also perfected the technique of selling spirits to others- that is, he pre-conjures a selection of elementals which he then 'sells' to other hermetics. When they 'buy' them, the two contest for the spirits- except that Brogan offers no resistance thereby 'turning' the spirit over. He does this under careful protection and uses heavy wards to protect himself should this go awry. He is also a close friend to several free spirits who use him as an middle man for their more mundane dealings.

Brogan runs his business through an abandoned bank which he has wards and covered in magical guards (bound elementals). The bank has the finest security he could buy- installed by a trusted shadowrunner friend.

Cauldron

David Dauwen

Archetype:

Troll Mage

Background:

The last thing your average punk expects is a magically active trog. This is why the troll known as Cauldron demands a great deal of respect. An Initiate of Grade 3 status, he is possibly one of the strongest magically active trolls in Seattle.

The origins and even the knowledge of how he gained his magical abilities are

completely, unknown even to Cauldron. The Ork Samurai who found him and helped him recover, Alexander Burke, eventually became his employer. His past still shrouded in mystery, Cauldron searches on, hoping to find his memories and true identity.

Description:

Cauldron, thanks to Burke's tailor, is usually found wearing oversized suits cut in the style of a gangster from the 1930's. The ancient Thompson .50 cal. he carries as a side arm enhances the image.

DarkSide

Steve Mancini

Archetype:

Elven Moon Shaman

Description:

Darkside is a frail albino elf. He hides his affliction beneath armored robes and cloaks. He wears gloves and conceals all his flesh beneath clothe. Besides his Mild reaction to sunlight, he wishes to keep his albino status a secret.

Biography:

Many people consider Morgan's survival a oddity. Born to corporate parents, Morgan's infliction was taken care of for sometime. Morgan, as it would turn out, was born elven from human parents. To make matters worse, he was also born an albino. His handicap cost his parents, and their corporation a great deal of money to maintain. It came as no surprise to his mother that they were "discharged" when his father was killed in an accident

in the lab in which he worked. While his mother tried to keep Morgan healthy, she only worked herself into an early grave. It was after his mother's death that Morgan took to the streets.

Unfortunately for Morgan, he has three very attractive qualities that would cause his downfall. First, he was elven. Second, he was an albino. Third, he was also magically active. These three traits attracted the attention of a group of English (Hermetic) druids who promised him many things, including their ability to make his magic surface. What they delivered was Morgan, to a sacrificial alter. He awoke only moments before they ripped his heart from his body. Seeing his own beating heart in the hands of a garbed druid, Morgan consigned himself to the afterlife.

Luckily for Morgan, not everyone would allow the druids their sacrifice. A rogue elven shaman who followed the path of Moon received visions telling him to go to the spot of the sacrifice. Leaving the druids to the mercy of a Greater Form forest spirit, this shaman quickly departed with the practically dead boy. Through great skill, amazing magic, and force of will, the shaman willed the boy back to life (Heal Deadly Wounds, a fetish foci, and plus a serious amount of karma). He took the student under his wing and trained him for several years without knowing what path had been chosen for Morgan. Also during this time, he used magics, unknown to the boy, to raise the boys physical stature so that his infliction would not be as much a disability as it originally was. Morgan's magical path was quickly

revealed to him when he could not resist the urge to watch an eclipse, a vision that would rob him of his sight forever. His link to Moon was cast, and no magic or technology could restore that which Moon has taken away.

Dawn

Joshua Seely

Archetype:

Elven Owl Shaman

Description:

Dawn is an beautiful elven Druidic Owl Shaman. Her flaming red hair and Scottish brogue, which often breaks down into a cross between broken Scottish and heavily accented Speritheil when she gets angry leaves no doubt as to her ancestry. She wears primarily gray and green and somehow manages to look absolutely marvelous in whatever she wears. Her only visible piece of 'jewelry' is a stunning silver necklace (a power focus of some kind). She also has with her at almost all times a rather HUGE Scottish Claymore (three foot+ two-handed sword which happens to be a high level weapon focus).

Background:

Being a fairly high level initiate in the she sleeps by day and works her magic at night. A protector of the land and nature in general she is quick to aid those who work towards the protection of the land. She will not hesitate to deal with those individuals who desecrate the land in any way with either her magic or the absolutely HUGE Bastard Sword (a high level weapon focus) that

she carries with her at all times. Most at home in the parks of Seattle (Or virtually any other park or 'green area' for that matter) She has a high disregard for the 'techno-philes' though she views some technology as a necessary evil and will put up with limited amounts of it. Her appearance in astral-space is that of a great owl with a gold amulet around her neck (her power focus) and a sword of great size. She has a natural distaste for Toxic Shamans and goes to enormous length to kill them when they encroach on what she feels as the land she is guarding at that time. She has been known to approach 'runners on occasion for assistance in her virtual quest to destroy any 'toxic' spirits that have been unleashed by the corps 'Whole-Sale destruction of the land' she will also go out of her way to assist any who assist her in her quest in any manner possible.

Eizenreich, Dr.

Dwayne Baker

Archetype:

Human Mage

Background:

Dr. Eizenreich is the head of Thaumaturgical Studies at SSECCa Technical Academy (see Sprawl of same for more info). The slightly corrupt Dr. Eizenreich searches the students of his department for the most talented to recommend them for contract to Mr. Finaish. If accepted Dr. Eizenreich uses manipulative magic while Dr. Elenbright uses psychology to convince

students of their desire to run the shadows. Dr. Eizenreich is a 5th level initiate of the hermetic tradition. Dr. Eizenreich's co-conspirators are Mr. Finaish, Dr. Elenbright, Dr. Reaves, Dr. Lientze, and Coach Cackrin. Dr. Eizenreich is upset that rumor has it that Mr. Finaish and Dr. Elenbright are lovers (Dr. Eizenreich lusts after Dr. Elenbright).

asked. Rich has opened a talismonger store in Redmond and has made "arrangements" with a local gang to provide him added night-time security. In addition, his former runner buddies come to him for help and as such he can call on them should things get too thick. Whether "Filthy Rich" is an initiate or not is a mystery though he does appear as a rat shaman when assensed.

Filthy Rich

Steve Mancini

Archetype:

Rat Shaman Talismonger

Description:

Richard "Filthy Rich" Wallen is a short (5' 2") human male with shoulder length greasy black hair. His face is often covered in a dirty beard that contains food particles from his last 3 or 4 meals. The only time he is shaven is when a lab experiment in his enchanting shop goes bad. He wears traditional Indian leather that smell as if they have not be washed since the Great Ghost Dance, which he claims to be a survivor of. He has a high squeaky voice that gets so high when he is making a deal in his favor that it grates your nerves like hand razors across a chalk board.

Biography:

Filthy Rich started his career as a shadowrunner but quickly retired due to his innate cowardice. As a talismonger, he makes the quality products but sells them slightly hire than the average talismonger. He does, however, buy magic items (foci, etc.) with no questions

Firethorne

David Sherohman

Archetype:

Female Mage

Background:

Firethorne was second born of a pair of twins; unfortunately, her mother died in the process and her father blamed the girls (particularly Firethorne) for his wife's death. A few years later, he remarried.

At the age of 8, Firethorne discovered that she was magically active when her sorcerous powers were spontaneously activated while attending a religious ceremony, burning a hole through the ceiling with a flaming dart. The worshippers were not amused, and the whole incident only served to increase her father's hatred of his daughter. A year later, he was imprisoned for physically and sexually abusing her. Firethorne ran away a few days after the trial.

On the streets, Firethorne survived through an odd combination of begging, stage magic, and real magic, all the

while pursuing new ways to make her life more interesting - petty theft, magical muggings, exploring the sewers, intervening in brawls, anything. For the first few years, she avoided prostitution as it brought back too many memories of her father. Eventually, though, her quest for thrills got the better of her, and she found that it was a way of getting her thrills and her cash at the same time. Before long, she developed a rep for being willing to try anything.

Firethorne's latest plan is to get into shadowrunning, though she has no intention of giving up prostitution - at least, not yet. The few spells she knows are mostly geared to assist with her 'occupation', curing diseases, heightening tactile responses, or determining another's desires. She also has some low-powered offensive spells, but they tend to focus on putting targets to sleep rather than killing them.

Note:

Firethorne was designed as a thoroughly amoral character to join up with the PCs and stick by them through thick and thin, eventually getting beat up bad enough to reduce her Essence a couple points, then add cyberware and turn on the PCs for whatever reason they may have given her - the ultimate psychobitch from hell... She's good for dealing with players who insist on running lecherous characters...

Gargoyle

Steve Mancini

Archetype:

Troll Raven Shamanic Adept

Description:

Gargoyle is an scarecrow thin troll. While growing to above average troll height, he has remained rail thin since puberty. His skin is of an extremely dark complexion though he is the child of Caucasian parents. He is prone to wearing leathers that are the color of the Disassembles, a Seattle gang with which he is affiliated.

Background:

Gargoyle is the younger brother of the leader of the Disassembles. Adopted into the gang while he still young, Gargoyle never developed like most trolls and is considered a "runt" by the gang. It wasn't until his magic manifested that the gang members treated him with any respect. Even though he ganged their respect, he lost some from his brother who has an innate fear of magic. His ties with the gang have begun to wander as he has quested for magical knowledge.

His name is derived from his favorite pass-time. He is often found sitting with his feet dangling over the edge of large building talking to "no one" (in fact he often conjures Wind Spirits for company). Within his spell repertoire is a Flight Spell which he often uses in case of falling.

While his mental facilities were low, he has been given the blessing of a human

snake shamanic adept named Nex, who is one of his closest friends.

Hell Razor

Steve Mancini

Archetype:

Male, Human, Fire Elementalist

Description:

Hell razor is a rat faced scrawny man covered in acne scar. His mousy little eyes glow with a deep dark fire. His favored clothing is leathers and polished silver chains. On a run he wears the traditional dark long coats of the Legacy and form-fitting body armor beneath it. His favored weapon is a large barber's straight razor.

Biography:

Hell razor is the product of a broken home and abusive father. He has grown into something of a coward, easily dominated by woman and other men. He has also honed his magical skill to lethal perfection. He has become a magical surgeon in his own eyes- he has specialized his combat spells so as to strike neat, clean, and specific target. (powerball v. each race, Urban renewal v. various items- guns, armor, cars, etc.). Hell razor has also perfected the use of Fire Elementals and when combined with his Combat Sorcery, has made him extremely dangerous. Beneath his mousy manner lurks the heart of a sadism/masochist. This extends beyond how he treat others into his bedroom. As such, he is often seeking "professional company" to keep him busy on cold, lonely, nights.

The Ice Queen

Steve Mancini

Archetype:

Male Human Hermetic Mage
Assassin

Description:

The Ice Queen manifests as a beautiful young woman with ice blue eyes and shining white hair. Her seductive features are barely covered by a mist that can best be described as the steam that comes off liquid nitrogen. When the illusions are dropped and someone finds his physical body, they will discover that the Ice Queen is in fact an overweight middle aged man with a receding hair line. He often dresses as a low class U²C and projects toward his assignment.

Biography:

The Ice Queen is in fact a transsexual who magical aptitude was being honed as a "New Ager" before the Awakening. When her magic manifested, she turned to a lethal trade. As the Ice Queen, she is a mage assassin who specializes in killing other magicians. He is also a member of the Consortium, an international assassin group that also has a secret initiate group within its ranks. The Ice Queen specializes in mental manipulations and it is rumor she has a spell that kills people in their dreams.

Khan

David J. Altman

Archetype:

Socerer Adept

Description:

Khan (real name unknown): Caucasian male, 6'4", 122 kgs., very solidly built, red beard and hair, black eyes, stylized tattoos on arms (dragon on right forearm, phoenix on left forearms, hexagon over left eye). Usually wears denim jeans and shirt, black boots, trenchcoat, and gloves. Large sword on left hip and a bracer on left wrist. Is a sorcerer adept of extremely high level.

Background:

His parents were part of an Asian warlords command staff. During a raid by a rival warlord his parents were killed and he was taken prisoner. He worked in the slave mines until he was 10 years old. Then he escaped. After several years of living in the jungles of China he ascended "The Mountain of Infinite Thunder" to seek the silver dragon who lived in a palace atop the mountain. He made it past the many traps and patrols and got into the courtyard before being discovered. The dragon spared his life and decided to teach the young human. After 10 years Khan emerged. Since then he has become one of the more menacing and respected 'runners in the Sprawl.

Marginal Man

Chris Innanen

**THE SLEEPER HAS AWAKENED,
AND IS CONFUSED AS HELL...**

Archetype:

Human Mage

Background:

He was one of the desperate few that became the guinea pigs for the hopeful researchers looking for a safe form of cryogenics. Frozen in the last weeks of his life under the thumb of a deadly cancer, the Sleeper has found himself thrust, totally cured, into a world severely different from the one he last saw. The irony is, in his previous life he was a debunker, someone that proves such things as ESP, alien abductions, and faith healers are all fakes and hoaxes. Now he's blessed with a Second Sight more powerful than any other known magician, walking a fine line between hermetic and shamanic powers that he can't control, and can't even believe. Culture shock has driven him underground, stealing what he needs and causing havoc on all sides as he struggles to find a balance within himself.

Word on the Street:

"I could smell the ozone as, glowing blue, he aimed a gun in my face."

Mischief

Steve Mancini

Archetype:

Female Cat Shaman

Description:

Mischief is a large black housecat with a diamond necklace. Her black fur glistens as if it has just been cleaned. In her left ear is a small gold earring. That's right folks, it is a Cat!

Biography:

Mischief is a cat shaman. Raised on the streets, she came into her power through her own teachings. She quickly realized she was a follower of Cat. Mischief was also the target of an infatuation. An older man, of some wealth fell in love with the girl who scorned him. He showered her in gifts which she refused. Eventually, she got the picture. To avenge his wounded heart, he played the nastiest of tricks upon her. Spending a great deal of his resources, he discovered the talismonger whom she worked with. Once again, dropping a great deal of money, he convinced this talismonger to design a spell that was so complex, he hoped it would boggle her young, not too knowledgeable, mind. The spell looked as if it was a tradition Critterform spell, in the form of a Cat. Hidden within the complexity of its design was the fact that the spell was not sustained, but permanent.

Mischief jumped at the chance to learn the spell. Her arrogance and desire blinded her to the truth behind the spell. After casting it upon herself, she discovered her error. Since that time, she has been unable to design a spell to reverse or counter its effects. Mischief has come to believe that Cat is punishing her, so she remains in this form until such time that Cat inspires her with the reversal of this spell.

Mischief is a typical street magician- not too interested in the dangerous life of a shadowrunner, but always curious about the latest street gossip. Very few people know of her existence- she uses a fortune teller who she has placed a mind

control spell upon as a front. She has also provided herself with an illusion of her former self through which she communicates with others when she feels the need. Many people believe her to be nothing more than an Ally to the fortune teller, who is in fact mundane. (Just ask around, she is actually an initiate with Masking).

Nex

Steve Mancini

Archetype:

Male Human Snake Shamanic
Adept

Description:

Nex is a full blooded Cheyenne Indian. Although he lives in the heart of Seattle, he has refused to abandon his heritage. He dresses in the same clothes as his ancestors (real old ancestors) and wears shamanic garb.

Biography:

Nex came to Seattle as the result of a vision quest. He was found by a city shaman named Slinky who thought he was a "Cute kid." Slinky protected Nex for several months as he slowly learned the ways of the street. He was later initiated into a thief-based initiate group. While none of the members knew it, he was a thief of secrets. Slowly, Nex turned more toward the healing aspect of Snake and eventually withdrew from the initiate group to join a snake shaman initiate group. Even though he has become quite familiar with the streets, Nex maintains a naive front. Following his initiation into the Snake group, Nex

created IT, a force three ally bound to an Iron Cobra body. Nex is waiting for Snake to give him a proper name for his ally and until then they refer to it merely as IT. Unfortunately for Nex, and IT, Snake doesn't give a Rat's ass about the ally and will never name IT.

Nikodaemus

Steve Mancini

Archetype:

Ork Rat Shaman Adept

Description:

Nikodaemus is a scrawny bad smelling ork who dresses in layers of ripped clothing. While most of the upper layers are dingy dark colors and occasional bright color peeks out from the rips. He keeps his hair long and dirty and usually hides it all beneath a wool cap.

Biography:

Nikodaemus is a gutter kid from the Ork Ghetto in the Payullup. Growing up living in the sewers, it was no surprise when rat called to him. He has since honed his thieving skills and augmented them with the power Rat has given him. He has since initiated to Grade 2 (using Jason Carter's initiation rules) and he has built for himself two very week allies. Given that Rat receives Illusion and Detection, he specialized each ally in possessing spells from only one of these categories. The ally that specializes in Illusion is called Hide, and the ally that deals in Detection is called Seek. (Get it- Hide and Seek?). Nikodaemus is also a member of an initiatory group of thieves known as the Master of Guise.

Phantasm

Steve Mancini

Archetype:

Male Human Hermetic Mage

Description:

Phantasm is an older gentleman who often wears gray suits with a bright touch of color somewhere- whether it is in the tie, a lapel pin, etc. (In many ways he looks like the Street Mage archetype). Phantasm always wears a monocle that seems to be refracting the light just enough to produce a rainbow hue across the lens. His walking stick is old and hand carved- if questioned he will mumble something about it being a gift from "the crazy loon who started this whole mess off!", thought this rumor cannot be pinned down any further, nor can it be substantiated.

Biography:

Phantasm is an older street mage. Never one to put his life on the line, he has only helped many shadowrunners after their missions were accomplished. He has made his living by helping the Renton community in which he lives. He has been known to aid those in serious trouble- the most recent being a man struck by a car was brought back to life through ancient arcane lore, powerful magical items, and sheer force of will. Phantasm has devoted his life to the training of young magicians and is always willing to help a young wiz kid or wandering shaman for the right price. This right price varies from a simple favor, to cooking him dinner, but always

includes a voluntary assenting- he always looks to the true intentions and personality of those he could train. Phantasm has accumulated a rather extensive library that varies in rating. In his chosen field, Illusions, it is a respectable rating; in the field of Combat there is practically nothing but Stun based spells and Power spells vs. non-living. He will let any of his students use this library as long as they contribute to it somehow...

Ringtail

Christopher Ryan

Archetype:

Street Shaman

Description:

Ringtail is an Ork street shaman of the possum totem. He has long hair, clean appearance (for an Ork) and big brown eyes. He tends to be found on the streets at night, sleeping during the harsh light of the day.

Biography:

Ringtail spends most of his time collecting items (jewelry, shells, whatever) that he finds in various places. Occasionally this 'finding' items is outright theft, and this has led him to be in trouble with various people over time. Only through his quick talk and spells has he managed to live so far.

Rorschach

Martin Hillgrove

Archetype:

Elven Mage

Description:

Rorschach is fairly tall for an elf (2m) and masses about 70 kilos (That's 6'6" & ~150 lbs for those non-metric people). He usually is seen wearing a fedora and a long coat over an old 20th century style double-breasted suit. About half the time he wears his tell-tale mask. It covers the lower half of his face, and has an folded-ink-blot pattern on it.

Notes:

Rorschach is a Hermetic mage, who deals almost exclusively with elemental conjuring. He usually has at least 3 elementals on hand at all times. He is known to be friends with at least 2 Free Spirits.

Background:

Rorschach grew up as the son of wage-slaves, and was to become a wage-mage for Renraku. He didn't want to. He didn't like the way the corps were able to run the world. So he ran away. He was a little lost at first, until he met Gina. Gina was a Free Air Elemental who took pity on him. "She" helped him find some people who were willing to teach a run-away about life on the streets and in the shadows. He now is at least a Grade 2 Initiate who deals in and with elemental conjuring.

Tamakazura

Steve Mancini

Archetype:

Female, Human, Owl Shaman

Description:

"Tammy" is a small white girl, frail in stature. Her eyes are a deep black that you can feel pierce your very soul. She often dresses in dark brown or black cotton clothes. When the weather is cold she can be found wearing the leather jacket of her boyfriend, Enigma. The jacket has the logo of the Nighthunters Gang across it.

Background:

Tammy gave her inheritance to a cult group that promised they could make her magical. Unfortunately for them, she was magical. During a routine shadowrun, the team came across her while extracting their target. The group mage, Enigma, fell in love with her and grabbed her. Since then he has taught her what he could, trusting that Owl and Tammy could do the rest.

She started out her career in the shadows under the name "Butterfly", a name given her by Enigma. When Enigma was brutally murdered by a samurai during an extraction, she adopted the Japanese name Tamakuzura, which is said to mean "Angry Butterfly". Since then she has avenged Enigma's death and has severed as a magical guide for the street gang known as the Nighthunters.

WildKat

Steve Mancini

Archetype:

Female human Wildcat

Shaman

Description:

WildKat is a small well built woman. Barely over 18, her mixed tribal heritage only accents her features. Her black eyes shine with an inner beauty and wisdom. On her own, she prefers Indian leathers or light cotton clothes. On runs however, she is often dressed in a suit of Light Security armor that the rest of the Dark Legacy has purchased for her. She has designed this armor such that it is a dark blue (think Nightcrawler) with bizarre shamanic drawings painted in darker shades or gray and black.

Biography:

WildKat is a mixed breed American Indian. She is not sure which tribes her parents are from- her father abandoned the family at an early age and her mother was killed by a go gang on their journey through the NAN towards Seattle. She was found by some members of the Ute tribe who took her in. Her strange shamanic power did not manifest until the tribal elders, who senses she was magical but could not find her totem, called in a specialist from Europe. Once properly trained, WildKat left the tribe and landed in Seattle. There she took to the street poorly, but her shamanic talents and her Indian upbringing gave her a fighting chance. She then hooked up with the Dark Legacy. Beyond her shamanic talents, she is a crackshot with a hunting rifle. She has since expanded her repertoire to include Sniper rifles and now she even

impresses Guardian Angel, the team's sniper. Since joining the team she has co-founded an initiate group dedicated to protecting orphans, and has initiated to Grade 1.

Whisper

Steve Mancini

Archetype:

Male Dwarven Raccoon
Shaman

Description:

Whisper is a bizarre little man who dresses somewhere between a squatter and a shaman. His long hair is braided into several tight, small strands. The strands are covered in small dark intricately carved beads. These are in fact fetishes. He also paints rings beneath his eyes and often wears worn dark brown leathers. His most distinguishing feature is his thick, English accent.

Biography:

Whisper is a raccoon shaman who came to the "Americas" to answer the calling of his totem. Once heard, he became a superb thief and took on progressively more challenging thefts. He finally met his match in Seattle and then returned to England, where his path crossed with Lucas the Bounty Hunter. Lucas fed on Whisper's life-force slightly before Whisper's allies chased Lucas away, but the damage was done- Whisper was addicted to the essence drain effects. He has since developed several variants of Slay Vampire and will use them on sight out of fear that he will one day not be able to resist the urge. He has since become a Grade 3 initiate and has retired with one of his most prized students, Slinky, a female human raccoon shaman.

The Wyldkarde

Steve Mancini

Archetype:

Dwarven Hermetic Mage (Grade 1)

Description:

The Wyldkarde is a shorter than normal dwarf whose muscular stature contradicts his magical nature. When on a mission, he will often garb himself in black loose fitting clothes and a hood. When off-line, he prefers denim jeans, a black leather vest with a deck of cards spread across the back, a hard rock band t-shirt (usually Darwin's Bastards), and a multicolored mohawk. Across the sides of his head are the 4 suits of a deck, 2 on each side.

He is rarely found alone. He is usually accompanied by his ally, Solitaire (Force 3). Solitaire is composed of Onyx and is fashioned in the form of a full grown bull dog, also with a mohawk.

Wyldkarde is known on the street for being somewhat insane. He often carries several decks of cards for one simple reason- they are the expendable fetishes to almost all his spells. In addition, he also has every member of his shadowrun team, "The Misfits", carry a deck for him.

Biography:

The story of Wyldkarde begins with the Night of Rage of Berlin, Germany. On that horrific night a City Spirit was set free. That spirit, after witnessing the violence of the night, committed itself to the preservation of the dwarven race

(animus). So it wandered through the dwarven ghettos of Berlin protecting those dwarves it could. It became something of a legend, and the people came to call it Thorin, after the Tolkien dwarf king.

Stanley Abrahms was born to 2 loving parents in the dwarf ghetto of Berlin in 20**. His father a corporate data specialist, his mother, a homemaker cared for him and protected him from the evils of the city. It was after his magic talent began to manifest in the Astral Plane that he attracted the attention of Thorin.

Thorin took a liking to the boy, and escorted him to the Land of Many Dreams (metaplanes). It was in the metaplanes that he played out his childhood dreams of the story his mother often told him- "Alice in Wonderland". He often replayed the scene with the people made of playing cards. It was while playing in the Land of Dreams that Stanley found the Metaplane of Time. It was upon this plane that Stan lived an entire life, achieving great magical talent and Power. Amazingly, upon returning to his mortal coil he discovered he retained this knowledge. His parents, awakening to find their son not only magical active but fully trained, became quite

concerned. Lacking guidance, they sought help from their Rabbi.

When Thorin returned the next night to take the boy, he felt something was wrong, but the boy's anticipation override this fear. Once again, he took the boy to the Metaplane of Time.

It was at this time that the rabbi arrived. Finding the boy comatose, the Rabbi began to exorcise the demon possessing the boy. Unfortunately for Stan, the Rabbi was successful at disrupting the spirit. Without the spirit's protection, Stan was left alone among the metaplanes. It was during this time that Stan wandered the metaplanes searching for the way home. While the Spirit made it back to the body, "Stan" was left behind and "Wyldkarde", the new, spirit of Stan, emerged from coma. Using deceit and trickery, the boy tricked the parents into believing he was fine. He kept up this facade until he was 13, when he left his parents and Berlin to wander Europe with a tribe of gypsies. When the entire troupe was killed by bandits, Wyldkarde took what little money he had and left for Seattle.

Deckers / Wiz Kids / Riggers

Ace

David J. Altman

Archetype:

'Tronics Wiz

Description:

Ace is the streetname of a shadowrunner that specializes in extractions and datasteals.

Ace is 6'3", blond hair, gray eyes, muscle builder physique, 135 kgs. He has a slight accent in his speech. Leather jacket, denim, boots, and mirrorshades are his usual attire.

Background:

Ace's real name is Cyril Misovic, of the Czech Republic. Cyril was "made"/grown in a eugenics experiment called Project Raven. Project Raven was established by the Special Operations Section of the Czech Republic Security and Information Agency, in order to create ultimate Black Operations agents. Although the Czech Republic is a capitalist country, its governing apparatus is second in repression and brutality only to the Beijing Economic Zone. Cyril was a ward, then a servant of the state for 26 years. During an elaborate defection scheme he defected to the Mossad. Later, after working off his debts, he went freelance.

ArkAngel

David J. Altman

Archetype:

Wiz Kid

Description:

Also know as Gabriel Aldon, 5'7", slim, blond hair, blue eye, fair skinned. Usual attire: White Leather jacket with a flaming sword on back

Background:

Gabriel Aldon was a literal wiz kid from the upper classes. Nothing could go wrong for him, he had perfect parents, money, prestige, everything. Then it all went wrong. A botched extraction attempt left his parents dead. The corporation, believing that the Aldons' were defecting stripped Gabriel of everything. He was sent to the Corp Orphanage. After a few years of surviving, and even prospering in this environment Gabriel escaped . . . onto the harsher and more brutal streets. But he could always trust his instincts, and so far they haven't done him wrong. It got him a mage education, a reputation for ruthless and cold efficiency in a shadowrun situation and some money. He doesn't care that people call him "The Avenging Angel" behind his back.

Brimstone

Steve Mancini

Archetype:

Male, Human Wiz
Kid/Hermetic Mage

Description:

Brimstone is a juvenile of 16 years of age. He has bright red hair and black eyes (he ain't sure of his ethnic descent). His pale complexion almost makes him look ill, or on drugs. He is a full-fledged member of the Renton street gang, the Night-Hunters.

Biography:

Brimstone started his career as a Night-Hunter and was "jumped-in" at a very young age. Since that time he was a background ganger, always feeling ill and just not "in tune." It wasn't until the Night-Hunters tangled with a group of shadowrunners that Brimstone's magic manifested. Discovering he was magically active, the gang boss turned him over to Phantasm, a local street mage who taught kids with the wild talents. The illness, Brimstone discovered, was due to the essence loss from the traditional Nighthunter cyberware. Once he recognized the cause and was trained to overcome this loss (1 point magic), he became much more confident and learned several spells that aided the gang. (Un)fortunately, Phantasm refused to teach him and lethal combat spells. He does cast a nasty Sleep that has saved the gang's butts on several times. At present he stands somewhere between a wiz kids and an accomplished magician,

though his conjuring skills are extremely weak.

Cujasa, Drubar

George Campbell

Archetype:

Rigger/decker

Description:

Drubar can only be described as a boy - he is 5'4" and about 17 years old. He can usually be seen wearing blue jeans and a t-shirt (usually with some comic group on it). His hair is brown and about shoulder length he alternately wears it in a pony tail or straight.

Background:

His parents just recently died leaving him with a rigged RV and a sizable sum of money. The rigger jack and control deck were gifts for his 15th birthday and he has been practicing in all kinds of different vehicles and can handle anything on wheels, but stuff in the air is kinda iffy still(though he is getting better on the simulators and with drones). He has also studied computers and is making inroads into decking. He moves about from place to place quite a bit and usually stays with friends, though his true home is the RV (which is quite nice - armored with a sat dish, just recently mounted a few weapons also).

Lientze, Dr.

Dwayne Baker

Archetype:

Human Decker

Background:

Dr. Lientze is the head of the computer science dept. of SSECCa Technical Academy (see sprawl of same for more info). Dr. Lientze spends 6+ hours a day in the matrix. He examines all of SECCa's student records to find the best and brightest. He also teaches unofficial classes is computer hacking in the colleges mini matrix. The real matrix is accessible via satellite uplink or direct access through the mini matrix. Any student Dr. Lientze considers exceptional is recommended to Mr. Finaish for contract. Dr. Lientze's co-conspirators are Mr. Finaish, Dr. Elenbright, Dr. Reaves, Dr. Eizenreich, and Coach Cackrin.

Ma Belle

Robert A. Hayden

Archetype:

Human Decker

Description:

Ma Belle is a young female living borderline between the suburbs and the sprawls. Ms. Belle is a master of putting a tap into a telephone or computer dataline, and would be more than happy to do it for a price.

Reaves, Dr.

Dwayne Baker

Archetype:

Human Rigger

Background:

Dr. Reaves is the head of vehicular technologies dept. at SSECCa Technical

Academy (for more info see sprawl of same). Dr. Reaves analyzes the students within his department to search for the most gifted of drivers and mechanics. Students excelling in both of these are recommended to Mr. Finaish as possible contract personnel. A special club builds and modifies vehicles for non-standard operations. The members of this club are chosen by Dr. Reaves and include only contract personnel. The club often modify vehicles upon recommendation of Mr. Finaish. Once monthly the club try out their modifications by running the roads at night while the go-gangs are out. Dr. Reaves co-conspirators are Mr. Finaish, Dr. Elenbright, Dr. Eizenreich, Dr. Lientze, and Coach Cackrin.

Scorcher

Robert Winterhalter

Archetype:

Orc Decker

Background:

Scorcher is a 16 year old Ork decker. He is unusually bright for an Ork and was trained in the art of the Matrix by a recently deceased Dwarf by the name of King's Blade. King's Blade had taken him in out of pity when one of his runs went sour and the building that Scorcher's family was living in was blown up (by a mistargeted missile launched by the rigger in Blade's group) leaving Scorcher as the only survivor. When Scorcher heard of the death of his master from the other runners he grabbed all he could (including Blade's Fuchi-4 backup deck and an Uzi III) and hit the street.

Scorcher's Matrix persona is that of a cavalryman. His main attack program is a flaming spear, his armor program a crude-looking breastplate and his shield program a large body shield emblazoned with a horned skull. When he runs his relocate program his horse changes to an eight-legged steed.

Scorcher is quite an able decker for his age but still has a lot to learn. Blade had never worked him up to fighting any Black ICE and he is very afraid of running across any at the moment.

Recently he's been renting himself out for data searches through a Dwarven fixer by the name of Thorin but he's been itching to learn how to become a real Shadowrunner like King's Blade was.

Description:

Scorcher stands about 5'10" tall but is fairly thin for an Ork. He usually wears camouflage pants (the pattern varies), combat boots, and either some type of rock band or metahuman rights T-shirt.

Sky Weaver

Brandon Bradley

Archetype:

Human Rigger

Background:

Jack Sarsyn, AKA Sky Weaver is an male human ex-corp rigger who had heavily favored the GMC Banshee. The Corp trained him well, and he did his job well... then one day he decided not to come back and took the Banshee with him. Needless to say this didn't go over

well, and there was an attempt to recapture both Jack and the Banshee. But it seems that they had trained Jack a bit too well, and that he was extremely lucky that day since he eluded capture, and has managed to continue to do so. But the Corp is still looking for him...

Jack has taken a particular interest in a young human female rigger, and has trained her in the basics of a few different vehicles. Although there is no 'official' relationship between the two it is immediately obvious that they share a mutual interest in each other. They are often seen together, and anyone who makes any advances on her is likely to find themselves on Jack's 'bad side.'

The Banshee is maxed out all over the place, and is built around speed, maneuverability, and stealth, and sports a high level anti-theft system. When Jack left he took the best he could find, And the best turned out to be even more than he expected. He also carries a modified Rapier in the Banshee at all times, 'just in case.'

GM's NOTES:

Jack's theft of the banshee is all an elaborate setup, Jack is out in shadowland as the eyes and ears of the corp. The Banshee IS MAXED and Jack will often take small jobs ferrying runners, and others who feel the need to have a little more secure mode of transportation. He charges well, and this is where he gets a lot of his info. If needed he will assist his corp, without making it evident who's side he is on.

His 'flame' is actually his contact for the corp, but their relationship has grown to something more than just 'business.' If one gets on Jack's bad side he will find a way to repay them, and they might not live to regret it.

Warlok

Erik Hultgren

Archetype:

Decker

Background:

Warlok (real name unknown, never spoken) is a decker native to the Seattle sprawl. Ever since childhood, he has believed himself to be above his peers due to his high intelligence. He has

carried this attitude with him into his adult life, and now at age 25, is one of the cockiest people you could meet. He knows that he doesn't stand a chance in a fight, (having barely any fighting skills), so relies on his friends to help him out. Warlok currently lives in the Renraku Arcology, thanks to several lucrative data steal deals. He never, ever, does his decking from home, though. He is a fairly inconspicuous guy, with long blonde hair and black leathers. When he is out on a run, he carries his homegrown 'deck with him (Superior to the Fairlight, of course!) He is usually seen in the company of the Samurai Deathwind.

Fixers

Burke, Alexander

David Dauwen

Archetype:

Ork Fixer

Background:

Alexander Burke, obviously not his real name, is a very unusual ork. Highly intelligent and cultured, this former Samurai, now Fixer, is a change of pace from the ordinary trog. This street smart orc is usually dressed in somber, dark maroon and gray, armored suits and hides his muscular bulk well. Calm and collected in a firefight, Burke uses his tactical abilities to outwit and outmaneuver his opponents rather than just relying on his more than adequate brute strength. Trained by the Pueblo Corp. Council's Special Forces, Burke used to

sell his expertise to the highest bidder but now he has gone into business for himself as a fixer. He runs his 'service' from a low-rent pawn shop called Wen Jan's Pawn Shop on the border of Bellevue and Redmond. His services are low cost and reliable. A man of deep personal honor, Burke has stood beside many of his clients as backup. His staff includes a Troll Mage, A Troll Samurai, a Dwarven Merc. and an inquisitive young Raccoon Shaman he has adopted as a ward.

Finaish, Mr.

Dwayne Baker

Archetype:

Fixer

Background:

Mr. Finaish is a fixer working as the Head of Academic Purchasing at SSECCa Technical Academy (for more info see sprawl of same). He specializes in the supplying of personnel for all your shadow needs.

Mr. Finaish can readily get most any equipment, bioware, cyberware (including alpha grade) that a student who is contracted under him needs or desires. Mr. Finaish supplies personnel through manipulation of students within the SSECCa to become shadowpersons. Mr. Finaish is also the head of the colleges paintball war club. The clubs teams personnel are chosen after auditions and almost always exclude non-contract persons. The 5 to 8 five person teams compete against one another in various environments including: barrens, urban, and woodland. With most time spent on urban combat. Mr. Finaish is generally willing to supply "graduates" with equipment as any other fixer would but rarely supplies "non-graduates".

The Flying Dutchman

Steve Mancini

Archetype:

Fixer

Description:

The Flying Dutchman (or Dutchman to his friends) is a human of average height. His facial features are hidden by a veil he wears covering all but his eyes and bridge of his nose. The Dutchman wears clothing from head to toe and a glove on his right hand. Those who watch him move can detect an obvious limp on his whole right side. Those assensing him (something he considers **extremely** rude) will detect a low essence and an almost dead right half to his body. When moving his right side (arm or leg), a mechanical wheezing can be heard that can best be described as sub-standard cyberlimbs. He will **never** be found without his companion, Nightshade, a female elven hermetic mage who has elementals in service to watch over them astrally.

Though he can provide all the services of a traditional fixer, Dutchman specializes in military hardware.

Biography:

The Dutchman is a retired runner. He started his career as a mercenary. On one run when the drek got too deep, it is rumored that a fellow shadowrunner cast an acid bomb. With only a split second before the spell touched down he twisted to his right and covered his eyes with his right arm. The whole right side of his body was demolished by the spell and it took the powerful healing powers

of the same mage to keep him alive. His limbs were replaced with spare cyber parts so that the team could make a fast exit from the city in which the failed run took place. Since that time he has taken to establishing contact in numerous locales and has elevated himself to the status of fixer.

The truth behind the incident is that he was hit by the spell, which was cast by Nightshade. Since that incident she has sworn to stay by his side until their debt is cleared. A friendship has formed since then and neither has concerned themselves with the debt for many years. The "spare" parts were replaced with superior parts once Dutchman made some money in Seattle. He had the "limp" programmed into the ware but has an override linked to his Boosted Reflexes. Should the need arise, he can react as fast as a cobra, with deadly accuracy as well. He also has the equivalent of Dermal (1) in his body to add physical support to his body since the accident which tore him apart.

The Dutchman is also the owner of a GMC Banshee which he keeps hidden from even his closest friends. (Nightshade excluded). He has been slowly learning to pilot the vehicle and has intentions to some day gut his wired reflexes for a vehicle control rig. This may be more of a dream than a real goal, like the old fishing boat dream of many a policeman.

The Gutter Prince

Steve Mancini

Archetype:
Fixer

Description:

The Gutter Prince has never been seen by his contacts. He works through his street agents- squatter kids and gang members. Rumors are that he is an older, powerful Rat shaman. Those who establish the Gutter Prince as a fixer do so out of desperation- their pleas are echoed through the street and the Gutter Prince answers.... sometimes.

Biography:

The Gutter Prince is in fact a lab experiment gone astray. He is a 45 year old man trapped in the body of a 15 year old. He is one of the first testing with Leonization. His body has been fragged so badly by the gene splicing that it has not age physically for over 2 years. He is uncertain how long this "immortality" will last but has decided not to tamper with it. No one knows this, including his closest allies and agents. He has no cyberware and relies on his genius intellect to keep him alive. The Rat Shaman front was created by him to keep people away. His true power lies in the fact that the street people trust him; resulting in him having eyes and ears throughout Seattle.

Hokato, Horuji

Benjamin Legangneux

Archetype:
Fixer

Description:

Physically speaking, Horuji is no different from a Japanese human, because he is Japanese. He's short (5'5"), not really heavy (120 Lbs), but he's really clever. For the moment, his front cover is an electronic shop, where he sells all the possible equipment in electronic. So what does make him so special?

Background:

Horuji is one of the best fixers in the sprawl, or if you prefer, the best Dr. Know. Ask him information and you'll be sure that he will call back in the next 6 hours. Of course, if you ask him the design plans of the Aztechnology, it will be longer, or perhaps not, because it seems he already owns them.

Of course, nobody knows why he is so efficient. Does he have the biggest net of information of the sprawl? Probably yes!

Finally, never try to frag him. Money is not a problem for him. Ask the info, and pay later, but don't play too much with his patience. Horuji is so well known in the shadows that if you try to frag him, you're sure that the next part of your life will be like hell.

Nox

Steve Mancini

Archetype:

Human, Female, Fixer
(Physical Adept)

Description:

Nox is a tall powerfully built black woman (many in my gaming group

describe her as Grace Jones with cyberware). Her eyes are chrome mirrors and she has a platinum plated datajack on her left temple. Running down the left side of her neck are several chipjack slots. On the back of both hands are the sheaths for cyberspurs. She often dresses in black and blood red clothing. When she moves, it is with the grace of a panther.

Biography:

Nox is a up and coming fixer in the Renton district. Having recently negotiated a "contract" with the Night Hunters, her major base of operations is well protected and any strange movement near her are reported to her immediately. She has a hot temper and an equally "hot" seductive attitude... when she finds the right woman. Unknown to all but her two personal bodyguards, one of which is a hermetic mage, she is in fact a initiated physical adept. She has Masking so that she reduces her essence when assensed. (i.e. mundane). All of the cyberware is in fact paste on parts- but real parts from actual cyberware. There was a rumor once of someone slapping her in the face so hard that one of the eye covers shook loose- she struck the assailant *once*, dropping him dead right there in the street. Nox has taken to dealing primarily in magical goods and works primarily in magical circles... from a distance. She is also "in touch" with many of Seattle's major assassins... including a collective known only as The Consortium.

Rawlins, Mike "Iron Hand"

David Dauwen

Archetype:

Human Fixer

Background:

"Iron Hand" Mike Rawlins runs a 'cycle sales and repair shop on the border of Renton and Redmond. This is no ordinary 'cycle shop, though. For friends and referred clientele, "Iron Hand" Mike can procure some of the most modern and sophisticated weaponry available. But like I said, you have to be on his 'good' side-which isn't easy.

In his shop he sells only bikes made in the UCAS, the Harley Davidson line mostly. His policies include: NO Rice-burners, No Kraut-cycles, and especially NO ATZLAN BIKES!! The source of the last bias is a total mystery. He can and will modify the kinds of bikes he likes for just about any purpose, and do a quality job. (Super Nitrous-4 tank on a 'Fat Man' no prob. But I ain't touching the Blitzen for anything under 10K, and I don't care if all you want me to do is change the tire!)

Mike is a sort of 'living legend' among the local go-gangers, sort of like a local demi-god. They look up to him and value his advice. Having survived seven Desert Warz, he must have been doing something right. He hosts many Go-gang parties at his 'place.' ... a warehouse on the river front where the gangers can cut loose without hurting anyone. Many of the local residents appreciate the gesture.

Discription:

Mike, himself, is a physically intimidating fellow, measuring all of 6'7" and weighing in at well over 275-beer gut testifies closer to 300. He wears dirty, ripped mechanic's jumpsuits or black T-shirts, jeans and cowboy boots most of the time depending on if you meet up with him at his shop or in a bar. If a particularly tough-but obviously not psychotic- group enters the bar he's in, he will usually challenge them to an arm-wrestling contest. Most decline the offer. Mike is almost always armed with some god-awful firearm concealed somewhere on his body. If he anticipates trouble, he'll have his H&H Nitro-Expression hand. (For those of you fortunate enough not to know what that is...A H&H Nitro-Express is an elephant gun.) During his tours in the Desert Warz, Mike picked up some wiz cyberware, including sub-dermal armor, and the large, gothic cyberhand from whence his streetname came. A fairly calm and tolerant man, once he draws the line don't make the mistake of crossing it.

The Rook

Geoff Surette

Archetype:

Troll Fixer

Description:

Troll male, 7U 5S, black hair, black eyes, 225 lbs., no dermal plating or horns (cosmetically removed), usually well dressed.

Background:

Rook was born to a Japanese corporate couple, a human corporate couple. Rook's father did what he had to do to keep his position with the corporation. He gave his son up to the corporate orphanage, to find an outside (corporate) home. The corporation, of course, decided to just give him up to a local city orphanage to deal with. Hence he disappeared from corporate life and eventually ended up in the shadows.

Rook has since established himself as a close friend to one of the local Yakuza clans. He maintains this connection by doing favors every once in a while as well as supplying them with rumors from the shadows.

One factor about Rook is his unique is his unusual career. He is currently operating as a fixer. However, he started his long career on the street as a decker. Yes, a decker! And surprising as it may seem he is hot drek as a decker.

A habit Rook has developed over the years is checking up every once in awhile on his parents. he refuses to contact his parents. However, he still

looks out for them. Modifying records to improve their standing, etc..

Thad

Christopher Ryan

Archetype:

Dwarven Fixer

Description:

Thadius Andropolis, "Thad", is a dwarf with Greek ancestry. He's almost as round as he is tall, and is almost always seen with food nearby. He tends to be a jovial character, amused by just about

anything. People without a sense of humor generally get little from Thad.

Biography:

Thad is an armorer who has access to a wide range of gear, including security and military grade equipment. Most of his regulars know not to ask how he gets the gear, but to smile and accept it.

Thad wanders around, providing no fixed address for his operations. This makes him a bit more difficult to contact sometimes, but he makes up for it by being quicker to obtain ordered items.

Behind The Scenes

The Cat

Dylan Northrup

Archetype:

Catburglar

Background:

He is a Cat burglar who was very famous before the secession of the CFS. Caught and put in jail before the war he was released during the battling to help out. He and several like him survived and were granted parole.

He lives well. He steals from the rich and gives to himself. He was a thief, but has enough now such that he doesn't want to endanger his parole. However, he is still one of the best.

Chex, C. "Corn"

Marcel Emami

Archetype:

Johnson

Biography:

Chester Chex, or "Corn" Chex to all on the streets, is perhaps the luckiest jack-of-all-trades in the shadows. Most of his extraordinary allotment of luck goes to keeping him alive, however.

Chex is known for setting runner teams up with missions that are bad from the start, for getting merchandise that usually gets himself and the buyer in a bit of trouble (e.g....take the Fairlight he sold to some poor sot even though it

once belonged to an Aztechnology undercover operative who had a "cryer" alarm built into the casing...), etc. Many former "clients" (the only kind he has) have a grudge with him for one reason or another, but he usually avoids angering them to the point of attempts being made to his physical person... usually...

Last seen in Houston, Chex was involved in some sort of outrageous insurance scam that involved the robbery and burning of his own residence...while his wife was there. It is rumored he is now in the F.D.C. sprawl...

Description:

Chex is about 5'8" tall, black, with a stocky build. He is always seen wearing a large pair of mirrored sunglasses, day and night.

Conner, John

Dylan Northrup

Archetype:

Detective

Background:

Once running under the name of Ranger, John Conner now works above the table. He is the owner, manager, financier, and an operative of ConnerSec Inc. A man who realized that there are not very many old runners, he got the big payoff and got out of the biz....sort

of. With his money he started a security agency. After getting weapon permits and fairly lucrative arrangements with several armaments manufacturers (i.e. beta testing new designs in the field) his agency opened for business. Finding the security business boring, ConnerSec began to accept cases which were less than legitimate to offer their operatives better conditions to test their equipment in. If runners have need of equipment and they know Conner personally, often arrangements can be made to rent or purchase equipment that would otherwise be almost impossible to obtain.

Although he has much cyber enhancement, most of the cyber is of non-offensive. He is a master of surveillance having enhanced eyes and ears and enough memory to make him a walking archive site. It is a sure bet that any and all dealings with this man are recorded and dumped to a safe backup as soon as possible. When an impartial observer is needed to record dealings between companies Conner is often called in. Though he looks at this sort of operation as boring, it is lucrative and pays for most of his operating expenses.

Daemon Rage

David J. Altman

Archetype:

Human Psychopath

Description:

Pale Caucasian male, long black hair, black eyes, black motorcycle leathers. Slightly deranged. His enormous IQ.

coupled with maniacal cunning and various sociopathies make him a dreaded figure in the underworld. Has very fluid movements.

Background:

Daemon Rage's background is sketchy. Apparently he was a soldier turned biker turned psychopathic serial killer. He was infamous throughout the world for his string of 53 serial murders. Apparently he took great delight in finding ways to kill the most heavily guarded people. Usually he disposed outsmarted all the protectors in order to reach his prey. When he was finally caught (by a detective who to this day remains anonymous) he avoided the death penalty by being his own lawyer and using a legal defense that crushed all four federal prosecutors opposing him. He was sent instead to Cypress Mental Institution. During his 10 years there he earned a JD, MBA, MD, and Ph.Ds in psychiatry, chemistry, and biology. After driving his first three counselors to insanity and slavery to his will, he was put in maximum isolation; no contact block.

He escaped 6 months later using unknown methods. Upon his exit he has worked diligently to put together a far-reaching crime and terrorist syndicate called RAVEN. Rage delights in making common appearances and belittling his position, nevertheless he is universally feared.

Apparently, his treatment at Cypress did ameliorate some of Rage's insanity, and Rage can now act normal for short periods of time.

Domino

Tim Rayburn

Archetype :

Elven Investigator, Male

Description:

Domino is and Investigator of great repute he has an eye for detail that some computers can't touch. He can hold his own in the Matrix but relies on his wits before his utilities (which is why he doesn't deck full time). The only obvious Cyberware he has is a fine Datajack and Softlink (but astrally shows to be very low on Essence). He is dressed in the finest clothing, but don't let appearances fool you he knows more folks than your average fixer but he'd better owe you one or you have a dreks chance in convincing him do you a favor with less than three zeros and a nuyen sign attached.

Background:

Domino was a low line decker running the shadows till he got hold of a scene where two groups of runners bumped into each other and took each other out. He called in about 5 contacts and offered them all they wanted for about half what it was worth on the street and a handshake, nothing more. Though details aren't known all know that Domino's rep is one of a chap that will cut you a deal and the initial high price tag on his services are to weed out kids and drekhead gangs that would waste his time, and will only accept one tenth the agreed upon price when the job's complete. The one thing to remember is that he feels he's doing you a favor so he will expect courtesy at all costs and a

fare bit of confidence in his abilities. Besides for his obvious cyberware he also has a Encephalon, Cerebral Booster, Vehicle Control Rig and a Smartgun Link installed making him the perfect backup to a group of over anxious Street Sam's. He lives out of a Rolls Royce Prairie Cat who's Uplink has been modified for decking and carries a rack of drones in the back.

Draugnim, Elendil

Benjamin Legangneux
Paolo Marcucci

Archetype:

Elven Detective

Background:

A tall elf (1.99) with long black hair. His real name is unknown. He was born in Tir Na nOg in 2024 and, after the rite of passage, he left his country disgusted by the sheer power of Nobles. He rejected his family and moved to the London sprawl.

After a period of activity in the shadows, he was employed by the brits as an undercover agent for information gathering in the UCAS.

Now he works in Seattle, has a good rep among the shadows, and occasionally keep himself in contact with London.

But there is someone around that wants him dead. His brother, Aleendil, get the Noble's privileges being the second in the line of succession in his family. He is rich, and has power. He is well respected in the Tir, but, if one day

Elendil manage to come back at home, he will loose everything.

He wants Elendil to stay away, not to come back. Never. There are so many ways to accomplish this...

Elenbright, Dr.

Dwayne Baker

Archetype:

Psychologist

Background:

Dr. Elenbright is the head of psychological studies at SSECCa Technical Academy (see sprawl of the same for more info). Dr. Elenbright spends most of her time interviewing students and producing psychiatric profiles of them for their permanent records. This information and Dr. Elenbright's skills are used to convince the best and brightest at SSECCa that they are oppressed by government and corporations and that they (the students) desire to fight this by running the shadows. Dr. Elenbright's co-conspirators are Mr. Finaish, Coach Cackrin, Dr. Reaves, Dr. Eizenreich, and Dr. Lientze. Dr. Elenbright is a Highly Charismatic (10) elf.

Gabriel

Nathan Yourchuck

Archetype:

Human Terrorist

Background:

Gabriel is the head of a semi-international terrorist organization known as the GUISE. Don't bother

asking him what it stands for, he and his followers are too busy fighting corporate oppression to come up with cool acronyms that actually stand for something.

Gabriel is in his late thirties, although his exact age is not known. During the early '40s he was part of a top-secret military project in which he was implanted with a large amount of modification, and in which he also lost all memories of his past life. Gabriel escaped, but he took with him a hatred of big government and big business. Although the GUISE often works for its own interests, they are available for mercenary demolitions work, money earned from these ventures is used to fuel the "cause."

Gabriel shows little respect for those in the folds of the corporate oppressors. Mr. Johnsons that hire the GUISE usually find themselves under attack as soon as their job has been completed.

Grimm

David J. Altman

Archetype:

Ork 'Runner

Description:

Ork male, 6'7", black hair, brown eyes, 140 kgs, well groomed, and well spoken.

Background:

Grimm (Pellaus Grimsby III) started life as a very privileged young man. The

Grimsbys' were extremely affluent (and influential) bluebloods. He led a cultured life that included polo, fencing, Latin, karate, and hunting. Pellaus went to Harvard for a degree in Economics, and Princeton for a degree in Business. Just as he was about to assume his rightful place in the clan "The Change" happened. It was quite traumatic on everybody. After rest and recuperation (at home, tended by private nurses) Pellaus got well. At that time Pellaus' father, Winslow, had "The Talk" with his son. Shortly later Pellaus left home, never to return. Oddly freed of responsibility, and with a good deal of money, Pellaus fell in with the wrong crowd. After various illicit dealings with the Mafia and the Tongs, Pellaus was impressed into service to pay off his "Honor debts". Several years later, Grimm met up with an Elf of like tastes called Flash. They teamed up and went independent.

Hollister, Bill, Rev./Dr.

David Dauwen

Archetype:

Humanis Policlub Leader

Background:

His fiery southern voice stirs many members of his congregation to believe that he is the Lord's Prophet in these troubled times. Reverend Doctor Bill Hollister is the voice of the Lord to billions of believers in the Sixth World. Hollister is called the 'Firebreather' by many of his opponents due to his 'damnation and hellfire' methods of both business and preaching. His

communications empire, based in Atlanta, CAS, spans nearly the entire globe. FireHeart Ministries is on par with many small corporations-asset wise- and far more popular with the man on the street. His views, however, haven't gained him many followers among the Awakened of the Sixth World. Hollister believes that the Awakening was an outpouring of Satan's energies into the world. He believes that anyone 'tainted' by the Awakening- i.e. any Metahuman or Magically adept person- has been sent by the Devil himself to taunt and trick the God-fearing people of the Christian Religion into sin and wickedness. Hollister is also at the head of a rather large Humanis Policlub organization. This, along with his frequent affairs, are kept secret from his adoring audiences. (GM's Info: Hollister is an untrained and undiagnosed Sorcerous Adept, and as such he can only use his abilities when in a highly emotional state- when delivering a sermon, or when his life is in jeopardy. As compensation for this, ALL spell-like abilities he manifests are STUN-only Drain. He unconsciously uses the spells 'Decrease:Willpower' and 'Mob Mood' on his congregations. In times of danger, he can protect himself with 'Anti-Bullet Barrier' and others. REMEMBER GM's, Hollister DOES NOT know he has these abilities! His unusual luck is usually attributed to his faith in the Lord protecting him.)

Description:

Hollister is around 6' tall with a very slim build. He wears his hair in a prominent pompadour. His eyes are

bright violet and appear to have a spark of impishness in them.

KB (Kay Be)

Christopher Ryan

Archetype:

Metahuman Rights Activist

Description:

Kathy Benton, "KB", is an Ork with an attitude towards metahuman rights. A female Ork of average appearance, she tends to wear casual clothes with messages on them like "Peace to all races", "Sentient Beings of the World Unite" or some other pithy saying.

Biography:

Although KB is not active violently in support of metahumans, preferring protest marches and letter writing, she has some friends who engage in violent activities against various anti-metahuman groups. Perhaps with the right words, she might be willing to pass on the names to sympathizers...

KB hangs out in various nightclubs, mainly those that are not low dives or expensive snobbish joints. She is quick to lecture others on rights, especially if they were violating any at the time. Naturally this had led to the occasional unintentional fight, but KB been able to defend herself adequately.

Kelley-Neufeldt, Jason

(AKA Dancer)

David Sherohman

Archetype:

Human Rich-Kid

Background:

Jason Kelley was born to a wealthy corporate family 17 years ago. He was, however, born at a bad time for his father, the CEO of (insert name of local corp from halfway across the country) and was almost immediately turned over to Lisa Neufeldt to be raised as her son. Additionally, after providing Ms. Neufeldt, a retired championship ballroom dancer, with a formal education, the Kelleys loaned her the money to establish her own dance studio. At age 10, Jason was officially adopted by Lisa, who had also trained him in ballroom dancing.

In his early teens, Jason met (insert name of local matrix.god) - the two got along extremely well. (The matrix.god) taught Jason well, not only in computer hardware and software, but also in the construction of cybernetic implants, specifically, implanted cyberdecks. Jason came to love decking quickly, as it allowed him to exercise his grace and finesse at levels beyond the abilities of the human body. With the aid of his mentor, Jason built himself a cyberarm with exceptional dexterity and an inbuilt cyberdeck.

All was going well for the Neufeldts until last year, when Jason's true parents chose to re-exert their authority in his life by arranging a political marriage between Jason and (the daughter of another corp bigwig). Jason and Lisa immediately liquidated what assets they could and fled to Seattle, where they are

now trying to reestablish the lifestyle to which they are accustomed.

Having been raised surrounded by wealth, Jason has never felt that money was very significant, and tend to spend it quickly on whatever his whim of the moment may be. His naiveté extends to other areas as well, as his time spent in the matrix is the closest he's come to prolonged experience on the streets. He has a basic understanding of guns and judo, but would be of little use in a firefight.

Maestro

Steve Mancini

Archetype:

Male Elven Rocker

Description:

Thanks to cosmetic surgery, Maestro portrays himself as a banshee and dresses in medieval dark clothing. He is never without his chosen instrument, a platinum plated flute.

Biography:

Maestro is the lead singer of the gothic shadowrunner rock group, Maestro and the Musical Madmen. Many of his songs caterer to the youth of Seattle who find the whole shadowrunner image "cool heh heh heh heh..." Starting out in the Tarislar performing more traditional elven music, Maestro played in the shadows for a short time and eventually made several contacts in the shadowrunner community. He has since written several songs which glorify the real runners in songs about actually runs. Among his number one hits are "Look ma! No Skillwires!" and "God ain't nuthin but a really big Watcher!"

Man-with-Summons

David Dauwen

Archetype:

American Indian Lawyer

Background:

Man-With-Summons is, naturally, an Amerind. He is also one of the best lawyers on the North American continent. He is an ex-Runner gone "straight", but he still has a soft spot for

the more flamboyant 'Runners and will, without fee, agree to represent any Runner or 'Runner team that has done anything that really flies in the face of the major Powers That Be. His track record for freeing 'Runners has put many a price on the head of Man-With-Summons from many different Corps, but most of the 'Runners he has freed keep the bounty hunters well off his trail. Man-With-Summons is a rarity, a lawyer out to deal real justice mainly by keeping the Robin Hood types after the Corps and governments to keep things on the (relatively) straight and narrow.

A man of deep personal honor and passion, Man-With-Summons is a deeply committed man with a mission. As such he should never be used as an NPC who is out for himself: instead, he should appear to be chasing a moral victory. He is from oil-rich Apache ancestry and obtained his law degrees in Corporate, Civil, and Criminal Law from some of the most prestigious Universities in the World. Apart from his pursuit of the Law, Man-With-Summons is a Dog Shaman Initiate 3rd level. He has no spells that would influence a court case. Most of the spells that he knows are extra-sensory in nature (to help him investigate) and protective/healing spells.

Author's Note: M-W-S started as a joke that gained a life of its own. Played half-way intelligently, he can be a rich NPC to include in any game.

Morgan, Thaddeus

Robert A. Hayden

Archetype:

Metahuman Rights Activist

Thaddeus Morgan is the leader of the local Minotaur separatist group advocating the establishing of a Minotaur culture. 31 years old and an outstanding orator and writer, Morgan does possess a dark and murky past. Many metahuman rights groups have accused Morgan of fostering a movement that in the end splinters or defeats the political initiatives being made and gained by metahumans.

Background:

Morgan grew up in the sprawls and goblinized at the age of 14. He was immediately rejected by his parents as being "one of those" nasty metahumans. He survived on the streets, racking up quite a number of criminal convictions, but serving no jail time due to his young age and non-violent nature. At the age of 18, he was convicted of armed robbery after holding up a convenience store for food money. He served 14 months of a 38 month sentence in a medium security prison.

While inside, he was able to expose himself to works of law and politics and literature, and quickly learned the ins and outs of the political and legal system. He also honed his ability to speak and write. About half-way through his incarceration, he discovered a scientific paper that clearly differentiated between the Minotaur and the Troll. For years he had grown up thinking that he was a Troll, but quickly his symmetrical horns and lack of

dermal plating more aptly described him as a Minotaur. He then made it his goal in life to bring about a socio-cultural revolution that would define the Minotaur as a race unto itself; as a race worthy of respect.

Upon leaving prison, he returned to the sprawls and worked up a small band of fellow Minotaur. Unfortunately, the campaign for recognition has not gone well. Twice he was indicted on charges stemming from violent activities. Once for an assault on a Humanist Activist and the other for inciting a riot at a metahuman rights convention when the organizers refused to recognize the Minotaur contingent. Both times the charges were dismissed due to lack of evidence.

Currently, Morgan can be found as a sought-after convention speaker. It is expected that within the next few years, he will be a probable candidate for various local, if not national, political offices.

He has no spouse, children or siblings. Both his parents passed away several years ago.

Ned

Robert A. Hayden

Archetype:

Human Squatter

Description:

'Ned' is a lowlife squatter. His brain has been fried by BTL and other, unidentifiable, drugs. He does have one

redeeming feature in between his incoherent ramblings and droolings fits of paranoia, he know A LOT about the street. When people go missing or when someone is gunning for someone else, he usually catches the drift, and will happily pass along the information for the price of a fix or two. Rumor has it that he was once a city councilman, before the drugs and the chips fried his mind.

Pooh

J.D. Falk

Archetype:

New-Age Mystic

Background:

Ambling along the street in a large town can be seen many strange characters, but very few are as strange -- and, yet, as familiar -- as the Taoist speaker known only as Pooh.

"Where do you go," one may ask the cuddly-looking CyberBear, "wandering the streets all day and all night?"

"I just follow the tip of my nose," Pooh replies. "It always knows where to lead me."

Though largely a forgotten philosophy in the hustle of the 2050's, Taoism still has a small following in any large city. The tenets are simple, though often misunderstood, and appeal to those who've tired of this high-stress, low-yield society.

One of the greatest schools of Tao thought in the West was located high in

the Rockies, but was destroyed by an avalanche around the same time as the Awakening. Hospital reports indicated that the two survivors, both Westerners, were transferred to a private clinic as soon as they were well enough to travel. The records, however, are extremely sketchy, and it is unknown just which clinic this was.

Thus, it is theorized that one of those survivors underwent a custom CyberFurry modification (see **NERPS Shadowlore**) and became the soft, cuddly "teddy bear" which now walks the streets and calls itself Pooh.

When asked any question, Pooh always offers up perfectly sensible responses, but somehow never gives the information needed. "I am Pooh, of course. Or at least I think I am. But then, who else would I be? I'd hate to think that I was somebody else, and that the real Pooh was walking around saying they were me! Except, who would I then be?"

Always a friendly face in an otherwise dark and dreary sprawl, Pooh has been elected mascot of no less than twelve completely separate street gangs, all of which separately conspire to insure the bear's safety. They will also, from time to time, help to assure the delivery of a jar of thick, viscous, yellowish fluid which Pooh calls "honey." It is usually delivered by a helicopter, strangely enough, registered to a Japanese company which seems to have absolutely no other purpose. A new jar of "honey" is delivered once every week.

GM Notes: Pooh personally has no weapons, but seems to be the recipient of some strange form of magical protection. Even from Astral space, all that a mage can discover about this protection is that it is permanently bonded to the living flesh, has been beautifully crafted, and bears little resemblance to any known magic.

One possible short session to teach your party to ask questions before they shoot would be for them to be hired to deliver this "honey" (which is actually an extremely complicated molecule which I personally am not competent to describe). Various street gangsters will separately come up to offer help, but (of course) they'll be swaggering and brandishing weapons. If the jar doesn't get to Pooh, another helicopter will be dispatched the next day, and the group of Shadowrunners will be in large and varied amounts of trouble.

Progman

J.D. Falk

Archetype:

Elven Bartender

Background:

The bartender of the converted warehouse called Stuff, this relatively elderly elf renounced his given name when he, and his human family, realized that his Elfinness wasn't curable.

He is most skilled in mixing drinks, but also has been known to practice various martial arts, and seems very good at

throwing darts. He's kept himself fit, and is extremely muscular for his age.

Also, he seems to have an eye for antique computer equipment.

Sandman

David J. Altman

Archetype:

Unknown

Description:

6'3", pale skinned, red-haired, green-eyed, lithe Caucasian elven male.

Sandman usually wears a rather voluminous greatcoat that is sometimes more like a robe than a coat. He prefers darker shades. Often if he wears colors other than black they will be the darkest shade available. Other than his hallmark greatcoat he always wears a pendent that no one can really remember well afterwards.

Background:

Sandman is a marvelous enigma of the Sprawl. He is not a real shadowrunner, although he has gone on many shadowruns. He seems to have no real goals or means that anyone can discern, and yet . . . He will show up in time to give a mysterious piece of advice that always turns out to be useful. He will know much, but leave people as if he knows more than they can imagine. His elegant manners can give way very quickly to deadly intensity. His performs tricks of amazing sleight-of-hand and speaks in mysterious tones. A person gets the feeling of being both

with a jester and an executioner when they are around Sandman. He is seen in company both high and low. Although he can be dramatic, he can also move as a whisper through darkness. Surely he is magical, and yet no one can assense him. Wisecracking, acerbic tongued most times he can be profound and poetical on occasion. He seems to have no friends, but favorites and devotees.

Sir Ignacio the Anti-Technical

J.D. Falk

Archetype:

Male Anacronist

"We gots all this drek goin' on in the streets, and you know why? Because of all this technology! Hundreds of years ago, mankind turned its back on simple values and embraced the steam engine, the television, the computer -- and now even the metahumans act inhuman!"

"That ain't for me, chummer. I'm goin' back to a simpler time, when all a man needed to be a man was his sword, his horse, and the blessing of a lady."

"Hey! There goes a lady now...wonder if she'll bless me?"

Wearing clunky-looking metal chain armor and wielding a large sword, the only reason this kook (known as the Don Quixote of Seattle) hasn't been gunned down is that most of his family fortune has been spent on all sorts of expensive protection. He pretends not to know it, but his armor is made of high-quality, virtually impenetrable

metals, and his sword has a monofilament edge hidden inside the blade until voice-activated by his usual war cry of "Sword, don't fail me now!"

Though nobody can tell for sure, it is also thought that much bioware was introduced into his body as a teenager -- perhaps leading to his current state of delusion.

As to how he got all of this stuff, well, it is rumored that his overprotective mother was the sole heir of the Gates and Perot fortunes, and his father was the brother of Sadato Shiawase, CEO of the Shiawase Corporation (see **Corporate Shadowfiles**).

This may or may not be his true parentage, but if so, the union was never recognized by the Shiawase corporation. But, somehow, Ignacio has never gone hungry, always getting money forwarded from a well-protected node of the Japanese net.

Steel Heart

Brad Caldwell

Archetype:

Human Rocker

Background:

Not everyone in the sprawl is on the down and out. Robert Baker, AKA Steel Heart, is one of the bright lights in the shadows. He is the lead singer in a Industrial-Punk band known as Steel Heart (Hey he runs the band he can call it whatever he wants too).

The other members of Steel Heart are Jason Walters (Beater), Susie Jennings, and Tommy Rose (The Ripper). They are popular with the university crowd and are known to play for free drinks at the local nightspots. Their favorite hang-out is Mike's Place, a new bar trying to get off its feet.

Description:

Steel Heart is a light-skinned human standing about 2m and weighing in just over 65kg. He has long black hair which he wears pulled over to one side. He is usually decked out in black leather and his "signature" is a black leather jacket with a shiny steel heart on it.

Groups

The Dark Legacy

Steve Mancini

Archetype:

Shadowrunner Group

Background:

The Dark Legacy is the street name for a group of shadowrunners. The team is comprised of several members, each with their own history, which will be spelled out under their individual submissions. This team has run with no one but each other since their creation and as such work like a fine-tuned machine.

Since their creation, they have "made" a name for themselves in Hong Kong by going bar to bar, looking for brawls, and clearing the places out. This "reputation" brought them to the attention of a eastern dragon that sponsors a "blood sport" competition. In this competition, several members took 2nd place, with one member, Centinel, taking first place in the Quick Draw competition.

Since that time they have stolen a dragon off of the top of Ares, rescued a corper's son from a maximum security prison in Atlanta Georgia, and taken down 1 dragon. As NPC's, they have since opened their own shadowrunner rescue service called "Body-snatchers" and have also pooled their resources to purchase an MP Laser for the team. They have also set up a team residence in the woods of Fort Lewis.

The basic breakdown of the team is as follows:

Centinel:

Female human samurai leader

Gremlin:

Male, dwarven sam/saboteur

Babs:

Female, elven samurai

Angel:

Female, ork bodyguard/
samurai

Hammer:

Male, Troll samurai

Anvil:

Male, troll samurai

Roadrunner:

Male, human rigger

Wyldkat:

Female, human wildcat
shaman

Hell Razor:

Male, human fire elemental

Matrix Prowlers

Phillip Steele

The matrix prowlers are actually three people. They are part of the most deadly force the matrix has seen, the Turing police. They and their small group of team mates patrol the matrix looking for virus's, A.I.'s, rogue IC and deckers who have gone insane and now destroy and set loose viral sequences for the sheer thrill.

Each one knows one another intimately, the cyberware they have installed and

links them together sees to that. Each one is a superb decker in his or her own right but working as a team they are lethal.

The Matrix prowlers have been on the job now for the last 5 years, plucked from top Universities around the world and given intensive training. This particular group though enjoys it's fun, the ease with which they can glean the secrets from any system has given them power, but it is power they don't use for

themselves or for their govt. No, the matrix prowlers believe in the freedom of the individual and so regularly help out deckers in distress or in need of vital information. Of course whether the deckers realize they have been helped by the Matrix Prowlers is another thing, for their persona changes according to what configuration they are currently running.

Critters

DreamKiller

Steve Mancini

Archetype:

Free Spirit (Ally- Metaplane of Earth)

Description:

DreamKiller is a long black broadsword with the word DreamKiller inscribed in silver across the blade in Japanese.

Biography:

DreamKiller is the former ally of an ork combat mage. Designed as an ally, DreamKiller served his master faithfully for several years before he (the ork), was killed in Hong Kong. DreamKiller was designed as an ally and upon his creation was a force 4 ally. In addition, he was taught Swords (6) upon creation and given a wide range of spells that would help the wielder. Upon becoming free, DreamKiller found it could hide its true nature (Masking) and due to its previous exposure to magic and the metamagic powers of its creator, it could destroy the spells of other (Dispelling). Lastly, DreamKiller found he could control his wielder should they prove unruly (Possession)

DreamKiller's main motif is to find a mundane wielder and aid that wielder indirectly without fully disclosing its true identity. In exchange for this, often exacts a price without the wielder's knowledge (basically I anticipate that the next time someone wielding it

screws up and proclaims Karma, the karma will go to the sword if the sword can bail them out- spell defense, etc.). DreamKiller fears magicians and if its aura masking is pierced it will either flee or try to find some way to have its mundane wielder kill the nosy magician.

Statistics: (Optional)

Force 5, Spirit Energy 3.

The sword is a Unique Enchantment Spirit Foci (5) which raises DreamKiller's physical attributes by 5.

Free Spirit Powers:

Aura Masking, Possession, Dispelling, Sorcery.

Spells:

Death Touch, Inc Reactions +3, Armour, Mind Probe, Heal Deadly, Personal Anti- Spell Barrier, Ram.

King Crimson

Robert Winterhalter

Archetype:

Vampire Gang Leader

Background:

King Crimson is the leader of a gang called the Bloods. Crimson was infected with the HMVV when he rented out his gang to transport some chemicals from one lab to another lab through some heavy gang territory. Crimson was the one carrying the actual vials and when they were attacked one of the vials broke and mixed into a gunshot wound he'd taken.

Needless to say he was not pleased at being infected by some unknown (to him) virus. For about a week he thought he was going to die from the pain that it was causing in his body. During this time one of his lieutenants decided that this would be the best time to make his bid for power and attack Crimson. Crimson found that his strength was much greater than it was before and when he killed the upstart lieutenant he was compelled to imbibe of his blood. This disturbed him, but he felt an incredible rush of power.

Since then he has decided that he will only feed when he has to or when the Bloods get into a violent fight. He refuses to infect anyone except for those of his lieutenants that want to be infected and that he can trust. So far he has infected the gang's street mage and three lieutenants, one of which he later had to kill.

It seems strange that instead of destroying Crimson's morals, becoming a vampire has actually boosted his morals. He is very conscious of his power and feels that he must use it wisely. His gang has also instigated far fewer raid on other gangs since his infection. At the moment he is wondering if it was a wise decision to infect the gangs mage or not, because he feels that if the mage overthrows him that the Bloods will go on a pan-Seattle rampage.

Lucas

Steve Mancini

Archetype:

Banshee Bounty Hunter

Description:

Lucas is a traditional banshee with pale skin and gaunt features. He often wears cosmetics to "hide" his pale complexion and passes his fangs off as cosmetic surgery from when he was younger and "into that heavy metal gothic vampyre music." He prefers leather clothes and a black leather long coat with the words "Dead or Alive" inscribed across the back in blood red.

Biography:

Lucas is the twin brother of One Eyed Jack, an elven assassin of some notoriety in Seattle. Where his brother used his physical adept powers to become an assassin, Lucas became a bounty hunter in England. Unfortunately for Lucas, one target early in his career was a vampire. After his infection, Lucas lost all his physical adept powers and magic attribute. Turning to more "dark" methods, Lucas maintained his current occupation. In fact, he eventually turned in his sire. Given the new immunity his infection has bestowed upon him, he has since turned to using neurotoxins and tranquilizers.

The Mortician

Steve Mancini

Archetype:

Ghoul Fixer

Description:

"When your desperate, and in the darkest, meanest sections of the Payullup, and you wish you were dead,

there is one person who can help.... The Mortician!"

The Mortician is always dressed in the finest black funeral parlor style suits. His horrendous odor is often covered by a heavy dose of the most expensive men's colognes with a faint after scent of embalming fluid. His complexion is that of a corpse. He often wears the finest wigs to cover his balding head and his nails are manicured to razor sharpness. His eyes are an eerie black background with red pupils. They are in fact cyber eyes he had installed to compensate the near blind attribute of his race.

Biography:

The Mortician was in fact a registered mortician before "the change" hit him. Once afflicted, business fell through the floor. Now, his business is funded by many "shady" characters who would like the use of a fully licensed mortician who can provide legal death certificates and also "properly" dispose of the bodies. Business as a mortician and fixer is so good that he can honestly say he has never had to "scrap some off the top" to survive.

Yes, the Mortician is insane. But his brilliance as a business man and "shadow figure" outweighs this slight impairment. Unknown to many of his clients, he has fed them human flesh prepared in ways that would fool even the best chefs. He has recorded these instances- he refuses to do business with those who will not eat dinner with him. These recordings are his insurance policy against backstabbers.

O'Dell, Shamus

Robert Winterhalter

Archetype:

Vampire Gang Leader

Background:

Shamus O'Dell is a shadowrunner and the behind the scenes leader of a gang called the Howlers. Shamus was born (and infected with the HMVV) in Ireland in 2013 as one of that countries increasing number of elven births. He became a banshee in 2051 while on a run sponsored by the Tir Nan Og government against an elven mage that they found to be doing "unacceptable" research. Shamus quickly fled the country after being infected and he currently has a 250,000¥ bounty on his head by the Tir Nan Og government.

Shamus is highly skilled with firearms, computers (though he is not a decker), electronics, explosives, and paramilitary tactics. He has no known cyberware or magical ability, but it is suspected that he has a rather large sum of nuyen stashed away in some hidden accounts.

Though he is the leader of the Howlers, none of the members but his two lieutenants have ever seen him. He uses the lieutenants to relay all of his orders and has trained them to be excellent leaders in small group tactics. The Howlers have fought excellently both in defending their turf and attacking other gangs. It seems like they are being trained to work as a paramilitary unit.

Shamus O'Dell's feeding habits are on the conservative side. He usually only feeds off of squatters and the like, but on

occasion he will feed off of an enemy.
He has yet to let someone that he has fed
off of survive the experience.

Plotlines

A Look at the Dark Side

David J. Altman

The 'runners are approached by a very desperate man. He wants them to find a person, or more specifically, an identity --- his own, in fact. He has a lot of cred quite a bit of jewelry and magical artifacts. He has no identification or memory. He remembers running away from some people trying to kill him at the waterfront a few days ago over some kind of deal. Other than that he remembers nothing.

When the 'runners go searching they find out that their mystery man is wanted but a lot of people, who all know him by different names and identities. So who is he? Is he Baron von Clausewitz the terrorist, Francesco Vitesse the hitman, Jonthon Poldon the philanthropist, or Tomaas DeVega the spy? Or maybe he is all of these people . . . and more than anyone thinks.

A New High

David J. Altman

There is a new high in the Sprawl. And guess what --- its actually a chemical. The stuff is called Edge, looks like ruby dust, put it in the stimhaler and shoot. This stuff is like LSD on LSD. Edge makes BTLs and other drugs look like babyfood. After a hit of this stuff you're Arnie Awesome in a bad mood. So what's the prob? No one knows who is

making the stuff. The Yaks, Rings, Tongs, and Families are seriously pissed. Edge is cutting into their profits, and they can't seem to find the source to stop it. Everybody they send out comes back ritually mutilated. So what do they do???? They hire the characters to find who and what is behind Edge. Or Else.

A Rage in the City

David J. Altman

Its all over the Net. Worst slaughter in two decades. 31 people killed. Club Shox destroyed by the mayhem and the resultant fire.

World Newzcorp Association 12/06/54 - 02:11:42

The building is utterly devastated . . . furniture broken . . . blood, glass, and bodies everywhere . . . eyewitnesses are suffering a mass trauma caused amnesia . . . nobody can remember what happened . . . police have no clues, but suspect gang warfare . . . gangs deny responsibility.

The 'runners had a few close friends die at the club. No one seems to know what happened. But the 'runners want to know who is responsible. People in the know tell them to drop it . . . but they can't. As they dig deep into the shadows they uncover the beginnings of the truth --- a truth so horrible that it can't be made public. What happens when two titanic supernatural entities clash over

turf, using minions mundane and abominable to secretly battle over a power both crave with supernatural passion? What can the 'runners do to stop this horror from continuing?

Aerial Perspective

Paolo Marcucci

The team has a meeting with J at the base of the Space Needle. They are hired for a quick & dirty job: go up to the Needle and carry off a Renraku researcher. There is no time, this is the first time he leaves the arcology in years, maybe there will not be a second chance. When they are up, Renraku finds out the plan and sends a strike team. First of all, elevators are disconnected, then some Stallions begin to fly around the Needle. Meanwhile, the strike team is arriving through stairs.

Will our heroes survive this? Will they manage to escape? And will they escape with the hostage?

Ascension of Power

Steve Mancini

You have been invited to dinner... at the Murdered Mime. You know what that is dontcha chummer... Yak territory. Your Mr Johnson is an impeccably dressed young Japanese male, sitting alone at a table. Speaking in Cityspeak as if it was his native tongue he will explain that he needs some wetwork done. He will provide the players with a complete dossier on the target- another Japanese male. In fact, he will explain the target is his own brother and yes, they are connected in some way, shape or form to the Yakuza.

He will offer the players a simple reason- his brother has elected to deal with the Chinese Tongs, and if discovered by his oyabun, it will bring great shame to his family. He wants his

brother killed, and he wants the Tong to take the fall for it.

The brother is well protected, having various bodyguards, both magical and cybered. After the players wax the brother (hopefully), word on the street will place the blame on them. Yes the Yak want the foolish Gaijin who took down the son of the Oyabun.

Within hours, the runners will be found by a squatter. Or at least that is what he looks like. It is your Mr Johnson. Those of a magical nature will easily recognize that he is a follower of Rat. Ready for the next job? He has been discovered- his father thought that he killed his brother out of greed and a thirst for power. Now he is on the run and he needs the runners to collect the evidence tying his brother to the Tong. He has no money- he had to flee from his home. If the runners do it however, they will be saving their own necks and he will owe them a favor. Not a bad debt to have- from the future Oyabun of Seattle?

Ashmen

Marcel Emami

Runners: *"You mean we should get a fragging ashcan?"*

Johnson: *"Yes, the R&D wanted to hide their results because they knew that there would be a raid that night, but they could only move the data out of the building the next morning with the other stuff. So the team that picked up the can the next morning (after the raid), collected a wrong one - a real ashcan. The lost one was detected the next day when they had everything in*

their new building and controlled what they got."

Runners: *"So why don't they just get the real one? Why hire a team of runners for this?"*

Johnson: *"Because they left the building and sold it to another corporation. ...Yes that corporation that started the raid. That's why they moved it out. So far the new corporation hasn't installed all their own security. You go in, pick up the ash can and get out, should be a cake walk"*

The ashcan was disposed by the new corporation that now owns the Baxter-Building as a consequence of cleaning and bomb-disposal. The Baxter-Building has now a bizarre mixture of very tight security and very lax security. It should be easy to get in, go to the forth floor (former R&D floor) , do not find the "ashcan", find evidence that a small enterprise called "Get it Out" collected it. Just after they got this information the runners should be noticed and the strike team should arrive (hit the runners hard and heavy but kill not all of them). After the runners got out of the building they should go to "Get it Out" where they are told that Miles Grayson has sold the ashcan "it was brand new". He sold it to Lincoln Dillon a local fixer who recognized that the "ashcan" has bigger value than just an ashcan. He let out word on the street that he has real interesting stuff. If the runners follow this clue they find an interrogation team of a third corporation that just killed Dillon but has his confession stored. (A very very nasty GM can put this confession stored into headware

memory of one of the corporation team. But this is not recommended.) Naturally the interrogation team doesn't want to give the data voluntarily.

The buyer of the "ashcan" is a former company man who wants some little retirement money. So he wants to sell the "ashcan" to the corporation for a reasonable fee.

The optimal solution (IMHO) for the runners is get the data from Talltree (the former company man) for the same prize he bought it. Tell his Mister Johnson that he intended to buy something that belongs to his own corporation for too high prize (so he can keep his face) and give the data to their Mister Johnson.

Behind the Mask

Chris Innanen

SIMSENSE PERSONALITIES AREN'T ALWAYS WHAT THEY SEEM...

Glamorous sim-starlet doesn't show up for Corp A's commercial recording, but does appear in Corp B's vid ads the next day. They claim it/she is only an ersatzoid, a computer simulation, granted by permission of the starlet. Corp A agents went to her residence, but there is no sign of her.

Johnson: *"I want her found! We have millions invested in this ad campaign!"*

Bloody Dagger

Daniel Waisley "NightFox"

Johnson: *"Its not Johnson, its Smith. Mr Smith. I want you to find a stolen artifact, precisely an old sacrificial dagger."*

The run doesn't sound bad, all you have to do is get the dagger from Koeme Enterprises. Of course, Mr Kromby, the CEO of Keome is well known to be a large philanthropist, so why would he want a bloody dagger? The dagger is on the 32nd floor, the only floor which is not connected to the rest of the building, though it is connected to the 31st floor which is. The connection can only be made by physically doing it. The elevator goes all the way to the top, but only with a pressed in hardware command - it isn't in the computer. There is another elevator from the 31st to 32nd so that staff with the right stuff can go up.

Kromby is not in at the time, but two girls strapped to the beds in the guest bed room are, along with the dagger on the night stand between them. The girls seem to be connected to the dagger somehow, they are coherent and can't be taken to far away from the dagger safely.

Mr Smith if contacted seems to know what to do, though you though he was a normal. If you bring the girls and the dagger to him, he'll see what can be done. Of course, when the runners get there, they do see Smith, but he doesn't stay in their vision for long, vision that is soon clouded by neuro-stun gas. When they wake up in the sewer prisons all they have are nice white robes, the perfect things for sacrifices. Now all they have to do is escape and save the girls before they all die. Isn't life fun chummer.

Book Trade

Paolo Marcucci

Johnson: *"Well, gentlemen, looks like we have a little problem here. Our rare and absurdly precious paper library has been stolen. And we have received some letters (on paper, yes) asking for a big ransom. Of course money is not a problem for us, but we want to know who is so interested in old books. Ah, just another thing: chip versions of the books were seen sold at a small street market. There are things, in those books, that we don't want to be known. The books are VERY old, maybe thousands of years..."*

Budweiser gets Even

George Campbell

Having been considered inferior to many imported brews for over 5 decades Budweiser decides to get revenge. They send Mr. Johnson out to the local dives to find a group partaking of Budweiser and make them an offer they can't refuse - make a run on Guinness Inc. and get their secret brew.

However there is a glitch - the location of Guinness Inc.'s home base is unknown and rumored to be heavily guarded by both Sam's and Shamen who follow the Wheat totem. These Shamen guard the secrets with a religious fervor and act heavily against any who oppose them. They have practical impunity when it comes to the local law due to their Christmas gifts to the local police chief (consisting of a dozen cases of their finest brew of the year).

Catch The Courier

Phillip Steele

The Johnson arranged a hasty meeting, you've to be at the airport in 20 minutes for the 7:32 sub-orbital from Japan.

Johnson: *"There's a bonded courier on the plane with some very important data. We've had word that another corp has sent a team to 'collect' the information itself. You're job is to make sure the courier gets back to me safely."*

Problem 1 the streets are really packed (it's rush hour). Problem 2 the other group is already there and the plane is 3 minutes early and their mage has convinced the courier to come with them before the runners arrive.

The Chocolate Chip Cookie Factory

Robert Watkins

The group (preferably a notoriously munchkinous group) gets a group through a small time fixer. They have to break into Grandma Grundy's Chocolate Chip Cookie Factory, a small manufacturer of chocolate chip cookies located in Renton. It's a large factory, and security is moderately tight. Their mission: To acquire Grandma Grundy's Chocolate Chip Cookie recipe.

Once penetrating the outer grounds, the runners may find out that the factory is actually the site of a large Mafia arms dump, with security to match. A light, stealthy group may be permitted to enter the cookie factory (the Mafia don't want to blow their cover). A

munchkinous group will be deemed a threat and taken care of.

Chuck and Die

Chris Innanen

A FEAST FIT FOR NO ONE, LEAST OF ALL ROYALTY...

Royalty is coming to town. Not anyone really important, just the prince of a small country somewhere overseas and his consort. But someone's about to make a 'run on their lives. Poison to be exact, one that's encapsulated so that it doesn't show up on any detectors, is immune to heat up to 240c, and is quite deadly and untreatable. They barf, then they keel over dead. You've got a choice, chummers: do the dirty deed or damn it.

Johnson #1: *"We want them out of commission. Just get this into their food..."*

Johnson #2: *"If they die while visiting us, it'll be real bad for sales. Stop it."*

Cold as Ice

Chris Innanen

YOU CAN NEVER PREDICT THE WEATHER, EVEN IN AN ARCOLOGY...

The environmental systems in the Arcology owned by Corp A have gone haywire, making the temperature and weather conditions in large sections of its bulk wane too hot, too cold, foggy, rainy, snowy, and so on. Needless to say, the residents are drowning the Corp's PR department with complaints.

Johnson: *"Maintenance is useless bunch of dolts! <brrr> It's COLD in here..."*

The Collector 1

Chris Innanen

CORPS DONATE MONEY TO THE ARTS, AND SOME PEOPLE TAKE ADVANTAGE OF IT...

An art collector specializing in street artists scammed a Corp out of a large sum of money, promising to deliver a number of statues and paintings to the Corp museum. When the Corp traced down a few of the artists, none had been paid, though the collector picked up the pieces.

Johnson: *"No one pulls a fast one on us. I don't care about the pics, I want HIM."*

The Collector 2

Chris Innanen

ALL THE BETTER TO SEE YOUR PAINTING WITH, MY DEAR...

An art collector pushes the advancement of cyber-eyes to get an edge on art counterfeiters, but his new eyes see too much. Someone's snuffed him out, taking only one of the valuable works that were in his office. (The secrets of the new eyes died with him, so don't get too greedy, chummers.)

Johnson: *"Drugrunners. We're sure of it. Something to do with the paints."*

Compass to Atlantis

Chris Innanen

MAGIC WILL TAKE YOU WHERE NO MERMAN HAS GONE BEFORE...

Lodged near the bottom of the deepest region of the sea, resting on a ledge in a trench hundreds of miles long, buried under mile after mile of oppressive water, waits Atlantis. For centuries it has lay dormant, untouched by treasure hunters, researchers, and government funded deep sea exploration teams. It has existed for so long, the motions of the Earth's crust has carried it to its doom, a crushing death between the subsiding plates of rock. Time is running out for it, and the old magics, reawakened by the impending disaster, have begun to call out for aid. The old knowledge must be preserved, and the dead city knows it no longer can protect its charge of information with obscurity.

An unimportant ancient artifact long forgotten in the vaults of the corp museum came to life, glowing and pulsing with an inner light. The curators and experts examined it determining its origin, the mythical oceanic city-state

Atlantis, and its purpose, to lead a party there.

Johnson: *"We'll give you a guide to get you down there. No sub goes that deep."*

Corpus Juris

Chris Innanen

WHEN YOU'RE IN CORP TERRITORY, THE CORP MAKES THE RULES...

You were just walking past the Arcology shops, mindin' your own business, when two corp cops jump out and slap the cuffs on ya. Well, you weren't looking for trouble, just a new set of threads, so you don't take 'em apart on the spot but wait to see what's what. The OotD takes one look at'cha and turns all frowns an' apologies, givin' ya 30Y "for damages" and turns ya lose with a slap on the back. What the frag was all that about? It isn't till a little later that yer tailor notices the bug...

Word on the Street: *"The Corp's puttin' the tag on all the runners they can. They're MAD."*

Cult of Immortality

David J. Altman

The 'runners are approached by a couple of very professional looking heavies. The heavies want the 'runners to attend dinner at a local Mafia don's house. Over dinner, the don reveals his problem. It seems his daughter has gotten involved, heavily involved, in a fanatical religious cult called "The Cult of Immortality". The cult leader, an extremely charismatic man has taken a

personal interest in the don's daughter. The daughter is now a guest at the cult leaders residence. The residence itself is a huge fortress like mansion filled with kids who are followers of the cult. The cult promises power and immortality to "The Chosen". Apparently the don has tried to infiltrate the cult with his own men, but each time they have shown up dead within a few days. Now the don is desperate. He wants the 'runners to infiltrate the cult, extract his daughter, and kill the cult leader (the don feels that if the cult leader were to remain alive his daughter would be at risk).

Problem is, once they infiltrate, they find out that the cult leader and the Chosen are vampires, the girl is being kept as a ritual sacrifice under heavy guard, and the ritual is happening tomorrow at midnight.

Cybernation

Chris Innanen

DREAMING UP A CITY OF CHROME TO CALL HOME, LIKE IT OR NOT...

People are disappearing at night as they sleep, you could be next! You'd be drugged into a deep coma, hauled off to a secret city buried beneath the mountains, and be turned into slave-cyborgs for a power mad dictator more than half crazed by his own lack of humanity and burned-out brain. Unless you can fight your way out before all the operations begin (though one of the first things they implant is an alpha-wave inducer that'll put you to sleep under computer control) you may spend the

rest of your misbegotten life in the realm of the CyberKing.

Word on the Street: *"Annek wasn't in her room, but I found this canceled ebony credstick."*

Defrost Before Use

J.D. Falk

In the late 1990's, a group of scientists decided to try their hand at cryogenics. In a freak accident involving a cup of coffee, some numbskull's hip, and an uninsulated switch, they -- plus a few technicians and the delegation from the military who were touring the facility -- were accidentally frozen.

Now, about sixty years later, another freak accident defrosts them, and they have no choice but to attempt to adjust themselves to immense changes in the world around them.

This is not truly a plot, only a good beginning to a campaign. It is best for a group of players not overly familiar with this genre of game, but could conceivably be used with any group. Each player should have one character, and there should be at least one Scientist (specializing in knowledge skills, also some B/R, corp or government etiquette, etc.), one Technician (B/R skills, and probably some limited combat ability wouldn't hurt), and one Military officer (with combat skills, military and possibly government etiquette, and probably some knowledge skills). At the GM's discretion, one or more of the characters could begin to

goblinize, or develop some magical ability.

Possibilities after this include meeting an N.P.C. to tell them what's what in the sprawl, or (even more like a B-movie plot), that NPC could be an A.I. who uses them to do meat jobs. This NPC will keep them from being immediately eaten alive in the shadowy underworld we runners call fun, but won't give them EVERYTHING. One possibility for a motive would be a fixer who is trading them info about this time for info about their old lives, which is then sold to an unknown historian.

Delicate by Design

Chris Innanen

OLDEST PROFESSION MEETS NEWEST TECHNOLOGY...

They're the most attractive "women" you've ever seen. They're built so lifelike, a gynecologist couldn't tell'em from Eve herself. And they've got a price tag most CEOs would balk at. But there's just one problem...

Word on the Street: *"They're REAL, I tell you! Flesh an' blood! The Corp's brainwashed'em!"*

The Delicate Sound of Thunder

Steve Mancini

The team is hired by a Lion shaman who also happens to be the grandson of the legendary Indian military leader, Thunder Tyee. The grandson has adopted the name Searching for Great Thunder for the purpose of the run. He is convinced that there are records of the assassination of his grandfather and he wants these records. They are hidden, he believes, in the old, non-matrix connected computers of a former government installation located somewhere in the NAN (you chose locale). Only problem is this installation has become the fortress of a renegade group of Indian marauders who prey on travelers of the local highways. The grandson wants the documents at any cost- he has no care for these highway robbers.

Espionage

David J. Altman

The characters are urgently called by their most trusted Fixer. He tells them that some very unusual Mr. Johnsons want to arrange a meet. The Fixer looks jumpy and nervous as he gives them the meet location and time.

Upon arrival the characters can tell that this shadowrun is "Big Time". The Mr. Johnsons are very sharp. Their actions scream special operations. Nor are the characters wrong in their assessment. The Mr. Johnsons represent CIA-Rand Information Systems. They want to hire the characters to "tag and bag" (locate and kidnap) two troubleshooters from CIA-Rand's largest competitor - KGB IntelliSource.

A short while later the characters are approached by two other, rather dangerous looking gentlemen. They also want to hire the characters. These two gentlemen are from KGB IntelliSource, they want the characters to find and bring back two renegade agents who have "defected" with some very important information. Bad part is both corps want the same guys. What are they going to do?!?!?

Give Away

Chris Innanen

FREE IN EVERY BOX...

There was a little screw up in the packaging department. How the data got into their computers no one knows. But in just a few of the hundreds of thousands of boxes of kiddie cereal that the factory put out that day, the usual plastic secret decoder ring that

unscrambles the messages flashed during the cereal's cartoon was replaced by a plastic secret decoder ring that unscrambles half the Corp's top secret files. They want them back.

Johnson: *"Here are the addresses of the brats that bought the boxes. I hate kids."*

Grassroots Rebellion

George Campbell

Sick and tired of being trod upon by the large megacorps people of all races and backgrounds are coming together just outside of Seattle to put an end to them - one at a time if need be and at any cost. They want to hire your team to train them in the skills they need to have a chance at survival. Of course the megacorps would rather see them all dead and you with them, so the campsite begins to look like another Desert War only in the forest. Then you find out the core of the movement is actually in the pay of Ares and are but a front to cut down some of the competitors and at the same time to weed out undesirables from the masses.

High Steel

Chris Innanen

HIGHJINX AT THE OLD CONSTRUCTION SITE...

Corp B played dirty, stealing a juicy contract to build the new Pokatok stadium from Corp A. Corp A did a little digging of their own, and now wants proof to their accusation that B is using sub-standard building materials making the stadium a death trap.

Johnson: *"Sure we get the contract if they lose, but this is for public safety."*

I Want My Son Back!

Dwayne Baker

Mr Johnson, a vice president of public relations for Knight Errant, (or LoneStar if the players need a legal out); contacts the runners to locate and retrieve his son. Mr Johnson explains that his son had decided to go to SSECCa Technical Academy and after some discussion Mr. Johnson had agreed to the school. His son was doing extremely well there and had an ideal GPA despite his wide ranged involvement in athletics, vehicular technologies and computers during his first semester. During his second semester he started not being at his dorm, withdrawn from society despite his continued school involvement. Things got worse over the next to years when he graduated I didn't even find out until a month later. Recently I was running some things on the computer ran a trace on my son's SIN and got a message that no such SIN exists.

Johnson: *"I WANT MY SON BACK!! I don't care what you do or who you kill. Just bring him back!"*

GM Notes: Mr. Johnson's son is still working through the SSECCa Technical Academy & Mr. Finaish. Remember that Mr. Finaish Can call on 25 - 40 students to repel the runners. These students are mostly half trained partially cybered individuals.

Recommended Materials:

SPRAWL: SSECCa

Technical

Academy

CHARACTER: Mr. Finaish

CHARACTER: Dr. Elenbright

CHARACTER: Coach Cackrin

CHARACTER: Dr. Lientze

CHARACTER: Dr. Reaves

CHARACTER: Dr. Eizenreich

Is it Live or is it Memorex?

Thomas Frost

Anonymous, androgynous smarmy media geek: *"OK, this is all non-disclosure, of course, and I think we're all adults here, hmm? First off, yes, FeelGood is being bought out by Idee-8. Yes, that includes the entire simsense division. YES, that includes the fabulous Donna d'Aubry, performer extraordinaire, star of the triple-iridium "Tunnel Vision" -- what do you mean, you've never sensed it? Do you all live in a hole or something? WELL -- the idea is, we want to let out that she's jumping ship for Idee-8 BEFORE the buyout -- corporate extraction, cloak-and-dagger, all that fun stuff -- AND we want you to be the extraction team, AND we want to -- are you ready? -- TAPE THE WHOLE THING IN SIMSENSE. We'll let Joe and Jane White Bread actually live the life of a Shadowrunner! Isn't it absolutely AIR? Couldn't you DIE?"*

This particular Mr. (Ms.?) Johnson wants the team to fake a corporate extraction while wearing simsense gear. Their company wants recordings of the team's meetings with a pseudo-Mr. Johnson and with their contacts, and during the run itself. The characters are assured that their faces will be replaced with other (more photogenic) ones, so that no one will recognize them from the simsense.

The reality:

The rumors of a buyout are false, planted. Idee-8 has been working Donna d'Aubry, and FeelGood would rather eliminate the problem rather than have their top star defect. But as long as

their moving her out, why not make a production out of it and record her last performance?

The simsense gear is either real or fake (GM's discretion). The meetings, the planning, and the run will be staged. The opposition will be token, right up to the time they're about to get away with it. After all, we can't have anyone knowing this was staged, can we?

It's up to the characters to find out this is bogus. Maybe they'll find out the buyout rumor is planted; maybe they'll find that Idee-8 has been working Ms. d'Aubry. Maybe they'll be able to survive this run. Maybe not.

Couldn't you just DIE?

Jupiter's Day

Paolo Marcucci

Astronomy still exist in 2050. But it is carried mainly by machines, leaving human astronomers just to evaluate data and build great theories. An evil decker has infiltrated the astronomy matrix and had twisted incoming data to show that Jupiter in on crash route with Earth. After a period of pure panic, astronomers detach the observation computers and see the difference in raw and processed data. Two months later, the network is cleaned and its work is restarted. The same thing happen with Mars, and, two months later, with Venus. After three times, the astronomers don't care much about the data showing that the Zurich Orbital is on crash route with south Seattle and disconnect the matrix for big time

maintenance. But the ground tracking stations loose any contact with the Orbital...

Johnson: *"Sure, the ticket is prepaid, and don't worry about gravity loss..."*

NOTE: in a revolving space station, bullets follow strange paths and can be REALLY dangerous is they don't hit some target. Gelled rounds would therefor be commonplace

Kentucky Fried Chicken

Daniel Waisley "NightFox"

The run is simple, all you have to do it get the willing target from this corporation and bring him to us. Dead people are not a bother.

William Mitchell is a Paranormal biologist who specializes in the medically and artificially altering Paranormal animals. He really doesn't like what he does, even though he is very good at it. He wants out of his corp, but he doesn't have a chance to get free unless someone helps him.

All you have to do is get him from his third floor room in the building and off the corp grounds. Of course it doesn't help that the place is surrounded by meta-chickens commonly known as cockatrice.

The big problem for the runners is when Mitchell's science team mate wants to come with him.

All in all its not that bad of a run, and should not prove to be too hard.

The Lazarus Agenda

Steve Mancini

In this world, you do get a second chance. There is the power of Resurrection and it is contained in a set of six books. These books are being held by a group of Snake shamans that have spread them across Seattle and the NAN. The runners are being hired to steal these books for a clan of Bear Shamans who wish to copy them.

The elves have done some things right. They have recognized that a person has six primary aspects to their being- Love, Hate, Physical, Spiritual, Past, and Future. By collecting these six aspects, it is possible to resurrect a person, giving them *one* more chance. The ritual cannot be learned, it is far too complex and taxing. It must be cast from the books, by a ritual team composed of the same totem or tradition (in the case of hermetic should a group ever get their hands on the books and translate them). Each of the aspects is consumed by the ritual and bestows upon the person 1 point of their life back. They come back a whole person- none of their "worldly" intrusions come with them. The are whole, with most of their skills, and none of their cyberware. If magical, that too may return. (For greater detail, contact me and I will email you).

Let Your Deckers Do The Walking

J.D. Falk

With a nod to Micah Levy and The Powerhouse for the discussion which spawned this idea....

THIS PLOT IDEA IS WRITTEN FOR HIGH-LEVEL DECKERS, BUT COULD BE ADAPTED.

A message is sent to the "spokesperson" of the PC group, asking them to meet virtually at a relatively public site in The Matrix, perhaps a specific theater environment in The Rosebase (see previous **SPRAWL** submission). Searches can show that this message, although taking a circuitous route, originated from a mid-sized mobile telecommunications corporation called Robins Communication Systems, Limited.

At the meet, the representative from RCSL has the persona of a gray, boring businessman, which (in a place like The Rosebase) really makes him stand out. He tells the group that the UCAS Federal Telecommunications Commission is coming down hard on them, thanks to a larger rival, UCAS Bell. It seems that UCAS Bell has some information in their possession which could put RCSL permanently out of business, and RCSL wants to know what this information is so that they can reorganize the company in such a way that only a small number of assets are closed down by the UCAS FTC.

This information is very well hidden, but it is known that it was attached to a message sent privately from the chairman of UCAS Bell to the chairman of the UCAS FTC. One of these important people, both of whom have unlisted private numbers, has the file.

In exchange for this service, RCSL is willing to give you free unlimited telecommunications anywhere in the world, real life or virtual, and a Matrix construct of their very own (this is like having ones' own Internet site at no cost, only better!)

To spice up the adventure (and leave room for non-Decker characters), the GM should add in the need to break into various places to get passcodes and other information.

Lone Star Purging

Steve Mancini

The runners are contacted via a fixer who claims that a head honcho at Lone Star is looking for them. He has a job that requires their expertise.

Apparently a Lone Star elite response team has gone astray. They have begun to do some dirty work on the side and he wants it stopped. In order to preserve the good name of Lone Star, he wants the geeked in the line of duty. No survivors.

Unfortunately for the runners, and the commissioner, the elite team has wired the Commissioner's office and now he was meeting with some team. So while they may not know it is the runners that are after them, they are well prepared.

Lost: Money

E.C. Trager

The PCs are approached by Crown Imperial Technologies. One of their many vice-presidents is missing, and he

didn't leave a forwarding address. According to the Johnson, former v.p. Tom McFarlen skipped town with quite a bit of CIT's money, embezzled over a period of over six months. CIT isn't sure how much money is missing, but they're offering a reward of a half-million nuyen to the person/group that brings McFarlen back...alive. The only lead? Sketchy reports that he's hiding somewhere in Quebec...yes, Quebec.

Background:

It turns out McFarlen has taken a small bit of CIT's assets...that is, if you consider fourteen (14) million nuyen a small bit. Crown Imperial does know how much is missing, but won't reveal it for obvious reasons.

Contacts, cash, and an adequate knowledge of French has gotten McFarlen a cushy residency outside Quebec City. He really is a nice guy; the question is, will the PCs care less when they find out what Tom's got in savings?!

Two other groups of runners are already in Quebec frantically searching for Tom. The players' cleverness and decision making time will determine who gets there first...

Lost Treasure

David J. Altman

Estate. Mz. Hampton, a renowned socialite has asked the players to come immediately. Upon arrival to the mansion and its grounds, the players are instantly rushed into the drawing room, were a distraught Mz. Hampton is waiting for them. It seems that her

nephew, a magically active teenager who is a spoiled brat, insulted a mage in a restaurant. The other mage called for a magical duel, and (Jeremy Hampton) the nephew accepted. The duel taxed young Jeremy to his limits and he snapped. Apparently, he was last seen driving away toward the big bad sprawl. Mz. Hampton wants the players to locate and bring back Jeremy.

But as soon as they get on the case they notice strange things, the kid moves from place to [place like greased lightning, eats a lot (his own body weight), and there is a terrorist organization after him.

So what's the real deal? Mz. Hampton is an only child, she has no nephews . . . what she does have is a baby dragon. During one of her tours working with the Paranatural Wildlife Fund in Amazonia, she an egg. It belonged to a dragon she was told, but to a non-sentient variety. She imported it back home. Later, when the dragonlet started doing math and turning into a young boy she realized she had a Great Dragon on her hands. She decided to adopt it/him, and did so in secrecy. Now fifteen years later someone found out her secret, and tried to kidnap the dragon for themselves -- after all, what better weapon. But the kidnapping was botched and the dragon got away. Now he is frightened, confused, and angry. The terrorists are after him. How will the players deal with situation? Its up to them.

Meals on Wheels

David J. Altman

A new medi-corp is in town, its called Medimax, and its challenging the big boys. No matter where the emergency is Medimax is there giving aid ---- AT LOW LOW PRICES. Of course, they can't save everyone, but hey they are doing a great job. But rival corps and a screwball female reporter are suspicious. What's up with Medimax ? How can they afford to give those "LOW LOW PRICES". An investigation will prove that some of the people that Medimax carts off for dead are still alive (but barely, they are under the influence of a poison that slows metabolism). Further investigation will reveal Medimax is owned by OrganFinder LTD. So is that it ? Is Medimax just trying to bodyjackal some organs ? Not by a long shot, discover the 'runners as they find people's parts being secretly shipped via an exclusive catering service (Par Elegance Catering) to Wendigo dinner parties all over the city. What do they do now ?

Making Up for Lost Time

Neal Porter

The characters are ask to attend a meet with their most reliable fixer (read one who hasn't double crossed them... Much). Upon attendance they are offered a job for three days, paying a huge 50K¥ each for their time. BUT, the catch is that at the end of the contract they are to be mind-wiped for those days. When/If the characters agree the 'Johnson' places a metal globe on the table, asking all of them to watch it closely as they require a significant event to wipe back to. The globe then

opens and the characters are blinded by a bright light, and everything goes black.

As the light slowly returns the players find themselves strapped into couches with strange helmets on their heads, in a white room. And Yes it is three days later.

What happens now is up to the GM, you could just leave it at this and have the players wondering what has happened. Or the PCs could suddenly find someone, or something hunting them (My favorite was insect spirits), and have no idea why.

In any event its up to the PCs to find out just exactly what they did in that 'lost' time.

No Name Avenue

Chris Innanen

IT ISN'T ON ANY MAPS, NO ONE'S BEEN THERE FOR YEARS...

Two rival Corp's arcologies are built next to each other and are interconnected by bridges and tunnels. A boundary dispute leads to an investigation that discovers a strip of land, once a street but now totally enclosed by the arcologies, that neither Corp owns. The only access to that area is through the utility tunnels under each arc, but the security teams sent in haven't returned and the interference from the machinery on all sides makes it impossible to maintain contact.

Johnson: *"I wants someone to go down and find out what the frag is going on!"*

No Strings Perceived

Chris Inmanen

MONOWIRE 'SI' US...

Remember monowire, that nasty thread with the mean bite? Well, it's gotten a little meaner if the Corp pre-ads can be believed: TRANSPARENT monowire. That's right, while you're jauntily walking down the corridor looking out for goons, guns, and good old opaque monowire, you'll never see what cut your head off. Now, if you can just get to the little old professor that invented the stuff and convince him to "forget" the whole thing before the Corp gets its greedy hands on the recipe, you might just live out a long life... Baring job-related accidents, of course.

Word on the Street: *"Oh, him? Yeah, he works for that dinky lab on 3rd and Mulburry..."*

Playing the Other Side

Dwayne Baker

After the acquisition of new toys from a fixer (read as: illegal goods) the shadowrunners are caught by a heavily armed squad of Lonestar security. Lonestar having been tipped of the transaction by the fixer came ready to deal with most all circumstances. The team is eventually captured after a shortly lived battle and taken to jail or a secured hospital whichever is applicable. During preparations for the court proceedings the shadowrunners

are called to the prosecuting attorney's office. Under heavy supervision and without the use of their attorney (forced to stay outside) the runners are given a chance at redemption.

The deal is simple: The runners can plead not guilty and face a judge which has been bought by the prosecuting attorney or plead guilty and be sent to jail. The trick is that if they plead guilty the prosecuting attorney will arrange for their escape and after the run the clearing of the courts records of any and all wrong doings (no one said anything about clearing photoscans, fingerprints, descriptions, and lists of enhancements). The prosecuting attorney will arrange for the runners to be new cops to the Bellevue district. The object is to identify, locate and eliminate a band of bad cops associated with the Yakuza without being recognized and killed by the Yakuza, Mafia, or Police. Of course during this they must report and try to stop all crime, make arrests, and in general act like a respectable cop. It would be terrible to be taken in for being a dirty cop while your still a wanted man.

GM's note: the Seoulpa ring "the Phantom Lakers" are the money backing this op. They figure the Yakuza will blame the Mafia and start a gang war. During the War the Phantom Lakers will cut themselves a bigger slice of the pie; most from the Yakuza, but part from the Mafia.

Prodigal Son

Steve Mancini

A Renraku executive hires the team to extract his runaway son from a cult organization called Arcane Inc. This cult/company promises that all people are inherently magical and that through proper training and discipline, it is possible to be magical. The school is basically a sucker trap for rich folks who wish they were magical.

The company does however, have magic. Its four leaders are in fact hermetic mages, one of which cloaks himself in a shamanic tradition so as to through folks off. Through fancy illusions, and a few mind control spells, these four have swindled a great deal of money from several thousand people. The leader is an initiate who quickens spells to their 'followers' and leads them to believe it is their own magic manifesting. In addition to these mages, the company has hired several bodyguards to protect the compound which is located in the woods of the Fort Lewis district (basically put the compound somewhere away from the real world).

Last question- is the son truly magical? You decide....

Project GoldBird

Nathan Yourchuck

The characters are contacted by a Mr. Johnson, preferably one with connections in the chemical industry or something. He offers them the usual amount of money for them to go in and steal a prototype

Johnson: *"It's a prototype device created by the GoldBird team. We don't know what it looks like or how big it is."*

Teams that conduct investigative work beforehand will discover that the company financing Project GoldBird (I used Biogene) does not usually conduct research into this field. The goal of project GoldBird is to somehow refine impure substances and separate them into their raw elements. However, the company that owns Project GoldBird usually does research in genetic manipulation and such. Characters will not be able to learn much more than the above information concerning project GoldBird.

When the team finally breaks into the bowels of the Project GoldBird facility they will find a locked vault, supposedly containing the GoldBird prototype. Inside is a caged goose - hooked up to an electronic watering/feeding system, and that's all. This goose is the GoldBird prototype (and it lays gold eggs). Characters touching the goose will find that they cannot let go, and it is possible for the whole team to be stuck together in a big line (just like the old fairy tale - GMs should be sure to have fun with this).

Red Christmas

Daniel Waisley "NightFox"

On December 24 2011 Magic came back to the world, and the next day, during the first hours of Christmas, Santa returned. No old chris-crangle didn't come back to give presents to all the little boys and girls, rather he came to

take them away, at least the Gnomes. He stole them from their homes and hospitals where they had been born short hours before and spirited them away to the North Pole. Why does one remember? magic perhaps, or something else.

Mr Johnson meets with you, he looks like a normal dwarf, but thinner and less bulky. He tells you that he is not a dwarf but a gnome, a hitherto unknown metatype. What he wants is simple, he wants you to travel to the north pole and free his brethren from Santa Claus who has been keeping them in virtual slavery working on ****insert whatever plot device you want****. He was able to escape with the help of his Totem - Penguin (the large flabby nosed variety).

What happens is up to you. the gnomes name is Opus.

Rumpilstilskin

Steve Mancini

Team will be hired by eccentric anthropologist who goblinized into a Troll. He believe government has proof of elves existing prior to the Awakening and that they were captured and held in 'concentration' camps on pacific islands. He is looking for Hard copies of government documents since they never made it through the Computer Crash.

The troll will provide them with longitude/latitude to the island. The team will find a base, long abandoned and quite obsolete. For the violent folks in your party you can have the island populated with various para- normals, some of which may be new and yet undiscovered. Among the ruins there is no proof of such a camp. This was a nuclear test sight! (Players may now figure out that they have been in a toxic zone).

At a later date, have the troll contact them again. He has found further proof. This proof will refer to **Project Rumpstilskin**. The 'subject' will always be referred to as Rumpilstilskin. When the government went to hell, the CIA sanctioned the official termination of all members of the project. If the team searches the computer logs, etc. (some medium) they will discover that one of the 'terminations' will not make sense... (maybe they shall discover a forgery, or misquoted death rate.)... the assassin still lives, his subject was a gorgeous woman (at that time) and he could not do it. She then ran away and hid in the mountains (choose a group).

She was a minor administrator. All she knows is that the subject of project 'Rumpilstilskin' was transported along with a ton of equipment (cryogenic, but she doesn't know it) to another location, a backup lab that was only known about by top security officials. She also heard a superior talk about the transport planes being slagged on route home by CIA missiles.

If the team is smart, they can deduce that the 'black box' of the vehicle will contain the flight plans, and exact destination of the plane. This will require the team to hit the oceans, search out the vehicle, and 'dive' for the piece of equipment. Good chance to introduce 'aquatic combat' and such fun things. (Line of Sight minimal, guns useless, etc...)

The flight box will refer to a small island in the pacific, very close to the island where they tested radiation and biological weaponry. It is classified as 'hazardous'.

Once the team hits the lab, they shall encounter Heavy primitive security that is lethal. Also on the island will be the 'children' of the lab workers left here. They will have developed into a 'worshipper' cult. Some/most will have awakened magically- no cyber.. all magic. The strongest group shall be a group of quasi-druids- Wyrms Totem.

The sleeper is a young dragon; caught asleep and frozen in cryogenic stasis chamber. It is magically active, though lacking in skill. The 'clan' will not allow the players into the 'shrine' resulting in the team turning back never to discover

the dragon or killing/subduing the entire tribe.

As for the professor- he will never find his evidence, though a sleeping dragon, young and not too knowledgeable about the world around him is a decent consolation prize...

Santa's Not-So-Little Helpers

Chris Innanen

WHEN THE MAGIC RETURNED, SO DID A FEW OTHER "MAKE BELIEVE" THINGS...

He's been holed up in the Arctic since his return, sending out his elves to scout out the territory. He hasn't liked what he's seen, but he's ready for action now.

Cyber-Claws is coming to town...

Word on the Street: *"This guy in red chrome came up and shoved this gift down my pants!"*

CyberCaws: *"HO HO HO! Have you been a GOOD LITTLE BOY? NO?!?? THEN TAKE THIS!!!"*

The Seduction

Steve Mancini

The team is going to be hired by a mid-level security executive from some corporation (when I ran it I used MCT). Apparently there is a leak in one of the companies think tanks and he has been put in charge of the investigation. Well two weeks later and he still has no clues. With the corporate hatchetman

knocking at his door, he has decided to turn to some outside help.

A corporate think tank which has been nicknamed "The Prophets" has been very successful at predicting the rise and fall of several big corporation stocks for some time now. This group of six financial wizards work collectively in matrix examining corporate reports, stock market figures, etc. Well recently, someone has begun to parallel the corp's marketing strategy that is based on this think tanks predictions. There is an obvious leak in the group. The runners are to find the leak and report back to the mid-level security exec. He wants the credit for the find and he will pay the runners handsomely to keep their mouths shut.

So basically what we have is 6 people, at least one of which is giving prized information away. As the team trails the 6, one very devious financial wizard has invested a large sum of his money in a fake id. He has also purchased several tech toys that allow him to come and go from his apartment unnoticed. (Be creative- I had him have a second exit leading to a sewer designed. He snuck out to his other car which was hidden in a garage a block away.)

So now that we have our sneak, where does he go? He likes to slum around in a sleazy part of town. He is also a habitual frequenter of a strip joint. Once the team tracks him there they will catch him in the act- of being essence drained! He has been addicted to the pleasure of E-drain and the vampire using him knows it. In fact, she has been running this game over on several corps so far.

She finds an exec, seduces him, gets him addicted and "bleeds him dry" of information... and essence. Along the way, she has "made" a few friends, including an ork merc who she infected to wendigo- he is also a shark shaman and acts as her bodyguard. Now you know, but if she knows you know, then there is trouble over the horizon- trouble that will visit each player when they are alone... and most vulnerable. She will go after those she thinks the weakest first- the mundanes. Once she has them "converted" its just a big snowball toward each team member. You have your Johnson's answer- but is the trouble following it worth the price?

The Sentinel Project

Steve Mancini

Mission:

Ares has a new security system they are calling Sentinel. Your Mr. Johnson works for the competition, and wants this project stopped dead in its tracks. The Sentinel project is Ares first crack at integrating an AI with rigger technology.

The Team will be hired to sabotage the system on the day it is to be demonstrated before the Pres. of Ares R&D. The team will be hired to infiltrate base, and 'reprogram' the Android with a program provided by the Johnson. He will hint that the Sentinel may become disoriented by the reprogram and wander off to find a new home. *wink* The reprogramming could take the combined effort of a rigger and a decker if you have the players and wish to make them useful.

After breaking into an Ares R&D lab (a feat in and of itself) the runners will discover the 'system' is a rigger's sentience trapped in the system, then reproduced, then erased of its human memory.

Behind the Scenes:

The Mr. Johnson works for Ares. He is not in the division that developed the Sentinel project but has a personal stake in its failure. If it succeeds, a promotion ear-marked for him will go to someone else.

The program the players are carrying is designed to confuse the Sentinel alright- but not is navigation- instead it is going to mess with the vehicles targeting system- designating the President of R&D and his entourage as hostile enemies.

Death, destruction, and corporate mayhem are sure to follow.

Spree

Chris Innanen

EVERYONE IS BUYING, BUT NO ONE SEEMS TO KNOW WHY...

Sure it's been advertised like crazy in the vids, plastered all over the billboards and wall screens, and pictured in every magazine from Vogue to Sports Illustrated's Cyper Issue... But WHY would anyone actually want to BUY it? Funny thing is, they ARE. Millions of them. And the rival Corps want to know how it's being done.

Johnson: *"Even my wife brought one home last night! And we don't HAVE a yak..."*

Thou Shalt Not...

Steve Mancini

The team will be contacted by a well admired priest. The nice guy of the neighborhood who is respected and loved by all. He is the kind of guy who would provide them shelter if their cause was just.

He has been asked by his superiors to locate some street people who can help them discretely with a problem.

A local priest, who is also a Dog Shaman, has been growing more unstable with this dichotomy (Priest/Shaman). While he is sworn to uphold the bible, the calling of Dog is growing stronger- he has developed his magical talents without permission. Unfortunately, this growing anxiety has pushed him over the edge- he has abandoned his congregation. A quick survey of the situation has discovered that he has begun a path of twisted magic- toxic magic. In his personal diary the priests have found that he has set a "path" for himself in which he must violate each of the 10 commandments. Only after this, will he find his true self.

The church wants him returned, ALIVE, to their graces BEFORE he commits the final act and turns toxic forever.

What I Would Like...

Christopher Ryan

The PCs are contacted via one of their fixer contacts who asks them to assist in obtaining a few items needed for presents (perhaps for Christmas or Birthdays). Naturally these items should be quite exotic and difficult to get. Some suggestions for items are:

Tribal artifact

(weapon/carving/whatever)

Painting from renown artist

(who maybe publicly shy
and reluctant to deal with PCs)

Autograph from famous, reclusive urban brawler (who has lots of hirelings to deal with troublesome fans)

This plot can be used to give the PCs the run-around or to lead to further sub-plots. A good run-around would be to have A want something B has, who in turn wants something C wants, etc.

Sprawls

Atomix Voodoo Fastfood Cafe

David J. Altman

Atomix Voodoo Fastfood Cafe is actually a prototypical fastfood stand positioned on the corner of two medium sized thoroughfares in a very tough part of the Sprawl. Its name derives from its two owners: a dwarf named Atomix and a large Jamaican male named Voodoo. A few tables are out front, and usually a few rather mean looking individuals are always in line buying something. Actually, the fastfood stand is a front for Atomix and Voodoo's real business --- arms and artifacts sales. Atomix is a world class armorer and mechanic, while Voodoo is a very adept houngan. The front works because Voodoo is actually also a great short order cook. The cafe has two menus, the regular and the special. If anybody orders from the regular menu they get food. But the special menu are all just code names for arms or artifacts. The price is 100 times the price listed on the special menu. Example: An extra Banger superSpicy Submarine sandwich (Panther Cannon) with extra hot sauce (phosphorus grenade) three crunchy meatballs (fragment grenades) three orders of LongFries (three boxes of sniper ammo) and two Czech coffees (two kilos of C4 explosive).

Beth's Cafe

James Mann

The first Beth's opened in Seattle in 1954. It started off as a little hole-in the wall, and worked it's way throughout the entire building, and into the buildings next to it. Now it takes up a bit less than half a block.

Beth's is unique in the fact that it still has the atmosphere of the late 1940s-50s. You can still sit at a stool at the bar and watch the cooks make grease fly, you can sit in a booth with your friends and order one of their world-famous 12-egg omelets, and split it between 4 of you (unless one of you is a troll, they can generally eat 2 by themselves), you can even draw a picture with crayons and stick it up on the wall, if you feel so inclined.

The employees are generally friendly, as are the regulars, and there is always a spirit of humor in the air. Beth's is one of the last places to actually have a jukebox, offering an assortment of out-of-date music that's sure to please just about anyone.

The Beth's Cafe location in Seattle is on the west side of the 7300 block of Aurora Ave. N., Just northwest of Greenlake. There is a Beth's Cafe located in just about every major metroplex, though the location is up to the GM.

Blitz!

Marcel Emami

Blitz! is a basic description of what your senses undergo when you enter this club parked on the fringes of the Haight-Ashbury district in San Francisco. The floor is composed of translucent tiles that flash to the beat of the music in every color imaginable and then some. Two of the walls are made up entirely of tridscreens, and no two are tuned to the same broadcast. The displays are linked to a timer that randomly switches all broadcasts to a different monitor every five seconds. See something you want to watch for a bit? Good luck.

The thundering music is provided by the speakers that comprise the far wall, with the center section being a single woofer nearly twenty feet high and just as wide (mind your heart). The lights hanging from above are all different colors and strobe to randomly selected patterns that change every five seconds or so.

When you approach Athea, the short, blond female bartender with the tragically thinning hair, be sure to ask for the special of the house: their famous Blue Martini. Oh, and watch out for Menna and Rosie, perhaps the fattest set of twins you've ever seen: they may ask you to dance...

CPR 121

Dylan Northrup

This is a computer lab located on the Local University. Located in Cooper Hall, this serves as the place where many a paper is written and printed. It also serves as the gateway for many

aspiring deckers. There are only a few decks here, and what there is ain't much, but it is better than hurtling your way around the Matrix. If you get to know the attendants on duty, you can usually pull a little after hours work. Rumor has it this is the very same room that Piper Flatline used to work out of.

Dockside Tavern

David J. Altman

The Dockside Tavern is located in the warehouse district of the docks. The outside is covered in rusted metal sheeting, dilapidated wood, and graffiti. No sign or other markings indicate the club, one has to know where it is. Upon entering through the saloon type doors, one sees a cozy, dimly lighted English tavern style bar. The interior is tastefully done in a maritime motif, and the spirits and music are excellent. The Tavern itself is a meeting place for freetraders, smugglers, pirates, and raiders. The owner, Matt "Broadsides" Blackwell, is a jolly sort who turns into a monster if angered. In general, the place lends itself to drunken carousing, gambling, merrymaking, and . . . other pursuits. It also is a place to conduct illicit business discreetly. Its pierside location make it easy to access by boat, car, or aero. The clientele tend to be a rough, rowdy, and mean bunch, so attitude is important.

The Epicenter

Chris Pedersen

The Epicenter is a local meet.

It is based in a block that has been partially destroyed, so only the outer walls remains standing.

It is full of people slamming, drinking, fighting, and occasionally doing deals.

There is always deafening music and no lighting, which along with the crowds tends to make the place a tad claustrophobic.

Sometimes there are gigs or go-gang swap meets, but usually its just packed with slammers looking for an evenings fun...

Five Hands

Marcel Emami

First of all the Five Hands has nothing in common with the Hands of Five.

The Five Hands is a big house of entertainment, you get everything you ever dreamed of as long as your credcard lasts. It's your choice what you want and how much you're willing to pay and that's what you will get... .

For the hungry there are several restaurants for every taste (Chinese, Indian, elfish, Amerindian, bavarian, steakhouse, lobsters and many more).

For the tired there are masseuses, a swimming pool, some resting places and a hotel (whose offers range from coffins to the king-suite).

For the hot there is a gym with trainers for your personal workout. You'll find dance-floors where you can dance to

everything from waltz over Rock'n Roll to the Darwin Bastards (if it was ever meant to danced at).

For the thirsty there are several pubs or bars one for cocktails, one for Irish beer, one for German beers, ... Each of them styled in the typical manner. But in the 16th floor you'll find the bar that gives you everything.

For the weary there are a simema, a theatre, a jazz-forum you can even get fulfilled you sexual dreams.

But you have to know where to go: The elevators (after you passed a combined security check of sight, hands, chem-sniffer, emd and astral) are only marked with symbols (e.g. a sax for the jazz-forum, chop-sticks for the Chinese food, ... [it's open to the fantasy of the GM])

You get really everything there but when you finished enjoying the Five Hands you can do business also there. The conference rooms are guarded with everything that manpower, electronic and magic can do. (After the Cobalt-Marie has got under a cloud recently the Five Hands got more clients). Each of this rooms has a big table with chairs around. Within the table are (one for three seats) computer displays for ordering something from the other branches of the Five Hands (e.g. a Nasi-Goreng with Guinness served by a nude elven-boy). Additionally every room is equipped with rudimentary computer gear for your use. If you need more just call the room service.

But never ever dare to mess up with the golden house rule : FIVE HANDS IS NEUTRAL GROUND.

Rumors saying that the Yakuza and the Mafia are doing business here and do not break the rule can be confirmed. Even the megacorporations seem to obey the rule ... but rumors that the UCAS and the salish-shidhe Government meet here for doing business is certainly a fairy tale (or not?).

The Forge

Mazda Hewitt

It's night, the neon is flashing, the air is electric, a high night life feel. People move unhurried, many stagger as they move to their final destination for the night. The man in front carries a heavy guitar case, he take a left down an alley, the dark silent feel of closed shops. He is following a whisper, a whisper that has been flowing through the city for a few days now. "The Forge is open", "Thursday for the Jam". The Bass gets louder, he ignores it, its not the kinda thing he's looking for. He takes another left, over the two drunks that lie there. The faint sound of guitar echoes down the 2m wide ally. Pinned to the heavy black wooden door on the left is a tattered bit of A4.

The Forge
Tonight The Jam
All Welcome
Free if yer gonna play

He pushes the door, The sound of raw blues hits him almost as hard as the

heavy blue smoke. What looks like a young metaler stands up. The man lifts his guitar case and nods, the metaler stands aside.

He surveys the room. A scattered set of tables, perhaps 20 people. A small but friendly stage, more of a step than a stage, fit maybe two. The forge fire flickers that and the candle the only lighting. She sings "Mohma, I ain't gonna let that man mess me around". Bob sits in the corner with his tea and ever present joint. Bob's the manager and compare, an old Dwarf, his hair long ago migrated down the back of his neck and onto his chin. He hands the stranger the joint, "you wanna go on next?".

The Forge is a meeting place for buskers, they arrange pitches here, swap information. If you know who to ask you can find out pretty much any thing that happen on the street. Buskers are every where and they are very good at watching. But there also many old boring stories to be told. Bob will know everyone who come in and makes it his business to know anyone new.

Inner Circle

Angus Chan

This is a sprawl like no other. Magicians, Street Sams, or other meat based runners have no hope of entering, since it doesn't really exist. Deep within the far reaches of the matrix, there is a place that is virtually identical to real life and this is where the hottest of the hottest deckers hang out to exchange the

latest in information, programs or anything else that may be converted to an electronic medium.

Like in real life, there are 'shops', 'taverns', and motels where a technomancer may arrange for a meet - the Inner Circle is so realistic, one may even purchase 'real-estate' and own a dwelling within it. Just don't forget that you're in the matrix while you're here, or things could get nasty (i.e.. Starve to death without even knowing about it).

The cowboys who have created this little area within the net frequent a 'bar' labeled as the Inner Light because the building literally glows from the inside out, making it an impressive sight to see. To meet with them, you better have something more to offer than just a friendly hello.

Oh, and watch out for the IC, its a real killer.

The Habitat

David J. Altman

The Habitat is a very private club just east of the zoo, located in the interior of a heavily forested park. Its exterior is hardwoods carved in relief sculptures of woodland and jungle scenes (usually of predators stalking prey). The only lighting outside is provided by torches. Everything about the outside says luxury, but in a eerie archaic way. People walking past claim that the music is heavily percussion based, usually with primitive motif. The parking lot is filled with expensive cars. Membership of the

club includes scholars, 'runners, cooperators, and underworld figures. None knows the membership requirements. The owner, Castellano Falsone (a known high level fixer), says the club is dedicated to fun and nature appreciation.

GM Note: The Habitat's members are all Weres

Heaven's Door

J.D. Falk

"Mama, take this badge from me,
I can't use it anymore.
Its gettin' dark, too dark to see,
Feels like I'm knockin' on
Heaven's door."

These words from a classic old folk song adorn an ornate brass plaque hung in the foyer of the bar known as Heaven's Door, open only to members and their specific guests. The clientele, for the most part, consists of disgruntled law enforcement officers who have tired of the beaurocrats in the government complaining about crime in the streets and then turning around and cutting the police budget. Some members, of course, are retired from the police force, but still keep in touch with their old friends and contacts.

Upon entry, one is required to check their gun and badge along with their coat. Only the bouncers, mostly people who were kicked off the force for being

too violent, are allowed to carry weapons, though they're rarely needed.

It is not specifically a fancy place, but nor is it totally casual. There is usually a broad mix of styles, from the mock-Elven to the classic Mafia-style suits. Any type of drink is available, and it is not unknown for a member to have the bartender (a large, hulking bald man, almost Troll-sized) drug their guests' drink, usually with some type of truth serum. Most kinds of food are available, mainly depending on who the cook is that day. Steak is common.

The furnishings are as varied as the rest of the place -- not a motley mismatched collection, but if you look carefully you'll notice that most of the decor is made up of things that aren't usually seen together. The walls are paneled with real wood, and most of the furniture is wooden as well (mostly appropriated during raids on rich criminals, and "lost" if not needed as evidence).

Besides being a gathering place, this is also a meeting place, where officers can meet with reporters, fixers, or other contacts "off the record" and either leak things or find out what the word is on the street. Innumerable cases have been solved within these walls before any evidence was even collected.

Every so often the management will hire a band to play, varying in style like everything else. But always, without fail, the last song of the night will be that classic folk song "Knockin' On Heaven's Door."

NOTE: The song was written by Bob Dylan, and has been covered by a hell of a lot of groups including Eric Clapton, Bob Marley, and Guns 'N Roses. My theory is that it will continue to be covered by group after group, and enter folk status around the same time as The Awakening.

Megamother Bloze Bar & Grill

J.D. Falk

Known to its usual crowd of customers simply as The Megamother, this hangout is common to students at the University of California in Los Angeles (CFS). For the most part, there are two main groups: Wizzers and Deckers (meaning, simply, students from the school of Magic and students from the school of Cybernetic Navigation.)

For the Deckers, there are a lot of high-quality "pay phones" which consist simply of a jack for your Cyberdeck and a slot for your Credstik. (Prices are lower than other pay phones due to the sheer volume of use.) It is not uncommon for beginning Deckers to stay there for days -- the bartenders understand, and have even been known to enter Cyberspace themselves to remind the Decker to jack out and eat something, or to pay their bar bill.

On the Magic side, major magic is not allowed in the bar, due to general agreement. Pity the poor schmuck who tries to get out of paying their bill through the use of magic -- any other

mage notices, and the consequences are dire.

In general, The Megamother looks like any other popular place -- its clearly a bar, plus flashing lights, a bit of a dance floor (usually used to project 3D images of some Decker's project), and some tables scattered around. The food is mediocre, and the drink is usually watered down, but nobody seems to mind.

Mike's Place

Brad Caldwell

Mike's Place is a two-story nightclub on the edge of a university. It caters to the university crowd and has a live band every weekend. The bouncer is chromed and is able to manhandle the most rowdy of customers. The bartender, an older man named John Doe, mixes the drinks strong. Every Thursday night is Happy Night and the drinks are half-priced. On the weekend, beer busts are not uncommon if the band is expected to be good.

Montgomery Community Television

J.D. Falk

Built in 1986 as a public access cable television facility, this nonprofit organization fell upon hard times as the Montgomery County, Maryland government reduced funding over the years. As cable and broadcast television, telephone companies, and other organizations built the information network which was to become The

Matrix, this and other cable and low-power broadcast TV stations were shunted aside and largely forgotten.

As time went on, the MontCom studios became a mecca of artistic videography. When a small contingency in the Betapunk video artistry organization split off for form the U-Punks (so named in honor of the Sony 3/4" U-Matic videotapes they used) in 1998, they found a home on the Rockville MontCom studios.

By 2040, MontCom had linked to the Matrix, and deckers such as Joe Young V (grandson of the engineer who kept MonCom's 3/4" equipment going until 2018) will provide hookups for any community which would like flatscreen viewing of the eclectic, obscure shows the facility is so well known for.

Presently, anybody who has passed their examinations can send video recordings for broadcast. They gave up on magnetic tape in 2030, after their last second-hand D-5 digital videotape player broke down (it is now in a museum), and currently accept most standard chip or disc formats, as well as direct data transfers.

Though still licensed by the U.C.A.S. Federal Communications Commission, no government or corporation has control over them any longer. The actual "broadcast" facility, still near the county seat (where its been since 1986) is heavily fortified, and surrounded by the "Derwood Free Zone," an area of seeming anarchy which is actually closely controlled by MontCom.

Any strangers allowed inside would be watched carefully, but would soon discover that good behavior and acceptance of the staffs' eccentricities would be met by friendliness on the part of most, and extreme indifference on the part of Joe Young V.

GM Note: Most employees and "access users" (to employ the archaic term) at MontCom are equipped with recording, low-light-capable eyes, and absolutely anything could be recorded. It is quite common for exciting happenings to show up on the flatscreen feed, even if that is likely to get some or all of the participants "in trouble."

Authors' Note: The actual nickname for Montgomery Community Television is M.C.T., but in the world of Shadowrun that acronym is already taken.

The Neon Parrot

J.D. Falk

Centered around the oddly off-color grand piano located directly in the center of the establishment, The Flaming Parrot seems to cater to the upper middle class businessman. Except for the pianist, the customers are all men in suits.

All men in suits.

This deceptively straight bar caters to gay businessmen who, usually to keep their jobs, haven't come out of the closet. It is here that they meet, talk business, and surreptitiously slip off in pairs.

The only person usually seen at The Flaming Parrot who is not a man in a suit is the lounge singer/pianist, a transvestite who calls him/herself Penny Lane. "Penny" has a penchant for ad-libbing new lyrics to classic Broadway songs, usually to follow along with whatever conversation he/she may be having. Even when not making new lyrics, the tune he/she plays usually has something to do with the topic of conversation around the piano.

Often, straight customers who've wandered in for one reason or another will be given subtle pressure to sing a duet with Penny Lane.

People's Drug

Marcel Emami

Based on a drug store chain that existed throughout most of the twentieth century before being subjected to a name change brought about by a takeover, People's is the drug store that believes in customer service over anything else.

The usually helpful employees will go to great lengths to satisfy and need, but don't be fooled: theft or trouble making will not be tolerated. All employees carry stun devices similar in appearance to credsticks, and are thoroughly trained in various martial arts.

And if you're lucky enough to visit store 1468 around Federal Dee Cee, ask for Mike the Manager: he can order some rather unusual equipment you really wouldn't expect to see in a drug store...

Pern Cafe

George Campbell

The Pern Cafe is owned and operated by one Billy Rae. She is a 20th century sci-fi/fantasy junkie and named the cafe after the world of her favorite series - that of Anne McCaffery's Pern novels. Over the bar is proudly displayed her tattered yellowing paperback collection of these 20 or so novels. The cafe serves as a meeting area for those geeks who are into sci-fi/fantasy novels, RPG's, and computers but do not possess the knowledge or facilities to jack into the Matrix (yes the ones mentioned in the Fearless Leader's portfolio). The highlight of these geeks is when a decker (usually a rookie who's just gotten a datajack) comes into the pub. It is very rare indeed when a notable decker enters the cafe. The one exception to this is during Pern Con, a holdover from the 20th century sponsored by Billy once a year. It takes place at a nearby hotel but many people frequent the cafe during it. Billy hires a few of the more notable deckers (that she can wrangle into it) to come and give talks about various aspects of decking and to give tips to youngsters just starting out. The popular legend is that Dodger once stopped in the cafe out of the blue, but no one can prove it one way or the other.

Rix NeoCafe Americaine

David J. Altman

Rix NeoCafe Americaine is a blast from the past mixed up with some new tek. Rix DiAngelo worked in the sim biz for

twenty years, and was a huge success. But Rix never really liked the sims, he much preferred the classic golden age movies of Hollywood like "Casablanca". So when Rix retired he brought his dream to life. After creating an exact duplicate of Rick's Cafe Americaine of the movie Casablanca he added a few trideo screens, some really cool holoprojection gear, and a few characters not seen in the original movie (although according to Rix they should have been) like a bruiser bouncer and some gorgeous women. Now when one enters Rix NeoCafe Americaine one sees a fashionable restaurant bar (and for the select and creditworthy) the casino, done in the neoclassic 20 deco style. And old movies playing on the trideo screen, as well as holoprojected into the restaurant proper. Suits and tie are mandatory. Music is jazz, swing, and big band. Its a ritzy place.

The Rosebud

J.D. Falk

Welcome to The Rosebud, chummer. The movies start in about fifteen minutes, so you might want to head over to the bar and get a beer or something.

Movies tonight? Well, we've cranked up the old 75mm film projector -- that damn thing's almost hundred years old, now -- and we'll be showing this old flick called Blade Runner, from back in the 1980's. Believe it or not, there's this bunch of old geezers comin' in, not one of 'em less than eighty years old, who want to watch with us! They say its a "cult hit,"

or something like that. Me, I don't know.

After that, we've got some stupid comedy from 1994 about this annoying detective going after a dolphin -- really just to clear the palate, I don't expect anybody to really like it. Then a television series from 2010 talking about what things will be like in the 2050's -- damn were they wrong! No thought of the awakening! -- and while that's going on everybody can vote on what to show next.

Where do we get 'em? Well, we've got this deal, see, with the night watchman at the Museum of Mass Media, he lets us borrow old film reels and videodiscs for the night sometimes. We've also got the largest collection of old movies anywhere on the 'net -- yup, that's right, all digitized, and any decker can come in and watch 'till their flesh rots away from the 'trodes for all we care.

We just keep running this stuff all night, here. The place is pretty quiet during the day, really, but business ain't too bad. Lots of kooks and drekheads lookin' for a quiet place to get a drink or a bag of popcorn. Yeah, that old machine is kept running night and day. We've replaced most of the moving parts with new simmetal, but it still works the same way it did seventy-five years ago, popping bag after bag and pouring soy margarine all over it.

Here, chummer, have a bag on me. Come on, sit down -- the previews are starting! What are previews? Sorta like commercials... c'mon, I'll explain.....

The Rosebase

J.D. Falk

>>>>[Hey, chums, I heard about this place where they gets old movies and stuff on the 'net -- anybody know anything about it?]<<<<<

-Jebediah <18:33:20/01-24-54>

>>>>[What kind of drek is that?]<<<<<

-Gatling Guru

<18:49:13/01-24-54>

>>>>[No drek, Gatling Guru. There's a few out there, usually connected to museums and costing mucho credito, but the best (and cheapest, since its free) is The Rosebase. I did some research there for college, but haven't been there in a few years.]<<<<<

-Sam

<PLAY:IT:AGAIN/01-24-54>

>>>>[Yes, boys. The Rosebase is what you seek. It is the virtual side of The Rosebud. Have you ever been there? They played one of my favorite movies yesterday. The Blues Brothers, from almost 75 years ago. Here's the matrix directions:

*INCLUDE FILE:

~ROSEBASE.DIRECT~*

See you there! I plan to now go practice my lines from the movie, you'll see what I mean when you get there...]<<<<<

-The Penguin

<you:don't:argue/with-a
nun>

>>>>[Thanks, Penguin! I'll go check it out!]<<<<<

-Jebediah <17:10:32/01-25-54>

>>>>[I still don't see what good it is. Who needs old drek when you've got sims?]<<<<<

-Gatling Guru
<18:31:54/01-25-54>

>>>>[Damn, but that was great! I think I learned more there than I ever did in school! Sam, I can't see how you could've stayed away -- that place is totally wiz! Damn, but I gotta get some sleep. Wow. Amazing.]<<<<<

-Jebediah <03:52:29/01-26-54>

>>>>[What's the place like, Jeb?]<<<<<

-Symetrix <10:08:41/01-25-54>

>>>>[Wiz. There's a bunch of nodes -- I don't know how many -- each set up differently. Some are masked to look like old theaters, with what looks like a big flatscreen showing the movie. Another was sort of like your classic living room from the 2030's, with a primitive trid projector in the corner and couches for us deckers. The weirdest one I found was this node that looked like a spaceship, and had these three guys -- Mike, Tom, and Crow -- making fun of the movie on the screen inside! I watched them for a while (they're really good!) but the movie was such drek that even with their hilarious comments I had to leave. That's when I noticed that I'd been up all night. I was drinking soykaf pretty much nonstop this morning at work.]<<<<<

-Jebediah <18:52:32/01-26-54>

>>>>[Glad to hear you like it, Jebediah. Come to the bar sometime. The movies are fun to watch virtually, but the ambiance is better live.]<<<<<

-The Penguin
<you:don't:argue/with-a-nun>

SimRooms™

Paolo Marcucci

SimRooms™ is a virtual office building. The SimRooms™ Inc. company owns a series of matrix nodes connected to form a set of locations that can be rented by organizations or individuals.

There are four main areas, characterized by unique colors:

RED: ultra-high security

GREEN: entertainment and relaxation

BLUE: social activities

YELLOW: cultural events

The rent of a SimRoom™ rates from 100Y to 2000Y a day. Yellow SimRooms™ are the cheapest, and more used by runners. Blue SimRooms™ are the equivalent of parks or something like the old newsgroups, green SimRooms™ are used by trideo and simsense companies.

Red SimRooms™ are quite protected, ICs are known to be used around there.

SSECCa Tech Academy

Dwayne Baker

The Seattle SouthEastern Community College and Technical Academy from hereon known as SSECCa, is a small 2 year college near the Enumclaw district of Auburn. Despite its less than desirable location many students with influential backgrounds come to this well rounded school before deciding upon a major. SSECCa is known for their psychology, thaumaturgy, athletic, computer, engineering and vehicular technologies departments. Security for the campus is reasonably good being provided by their northern neighbor Federated Boeng's Auburn Facility. SSECCa has almost everything a student could desire (OTHER THAN EASY COURSES) including: a firing range used for student leisure and self protection classes, offsite racing track (in Puyallup) for testing of the vehicular technologies projects (as well as Friday night races), direct matrix connections through a mini matrix hacking ground, several magic groups for those magically active regardless of tradition, and an extensive arena for sporting events (SSECCa competes against much larger 4-year universities). The faculty is always very interested in their students.

Their interest is not truly academically based but more financially. The head of Academic Purchasing, Mr. Finaish, is actually a local fixer who with the assistance of Dr. Elenbright (Head of psychology), Dr. Reaves (Head of vehicular technologies), Dr. Eizenreich (Head of Thaumaturgical studies, and a 5th level initiate), Coach Cackrin (Head of Athletic Dept., and a physical adept), and Dr. Lientze (Head of Computer

Sciences) manipulate the best and brightest into the shadows. Using manipulative magic, complete psychiatric profiles, and good old lies the team convinces the students that society is against them and that they truly desire to run the shadows. After this the Fixer, Mr. Finaish, has exclusive contracting rights on the students for 2 years. At time of "graduation" the students are outfitted with a fake credstick if they desire to have their old SIN removed from the Matrix. (The students get half the money for any run they do under contract and Mr. Finaish supplies the Equipment.) The Health facilities on campus also include a backroom shadowclinic to any student (generally the clinic has access to alpha grade cyberparts).

Steel Rat

Brandon Bradley

The Steel Rat is a two level nightclub in the Renton district of Seattle, where it gets its name is immediately obvious as the entire front of the club is a HUGE rat's head made of steel. Two Trolls bouncers guard the front door and let in only those with reservations. (See **GM'S NOTE**)

The front doors open to a wide stairway leading down to the first level where there is a long angled bar along two of the walls. Also on the first floor is a triangular shaped stage with two wings jutting out forward ending in triangular shaped platforms. The club often hosts various bands and favors no particular style of music. "If it's new and different

it is at "The Rat." At night large crowds fill the floor to dance to 'the latest rage.'

However the real business takes place upstairs. The second floor has two wide balconies running the length of the club. This floor is reached by either of two spiral staircases, one on either end of the club. Connecting these balconies are two wide walkways which pass over the dance floor below, and suspended in the center of the entire club is a circular platform which holds only a single table. There are two catwalks which connect this platform to the other walkways. It costs a bit more to obtain this table, but for your =Y= you get two guards posted at the ends of each catwalk, and a white noise generator under the table.

The 'Rat' allows weapons until five o' clock at which point everyone is asked to check them with one of the employees. If anyone objects they are very politely asked again, and even a third time. After that they will be politely 'removed' from the club. When asked about this policy employees will state that it is for 'insurance purposes' since too many fights break out at night otherwise.

GM'S NOTE:

Politeness at "The Rat" is kept at all times. Even if a patron starts trouble employees will still be polite, even if this means 'politely' shooting the individual. In cases where a patron is hurt in any way flowers and a get well card are sent.

The Bouncers out front though show a definite prejudice for their Troll 'brothers' and will take special care of

them and their gear. This includes not requiring them to have reservations, and inadvertently 'overlooking' the occasional small weapon.

Temple of War

David J. Altman

The Temple of War is a glossy black pyramidal structure, roughly fifty feet high. It has no openings other than the huge bronze double- doors that face the street. No embellishments mar the outside of the building. The first floor is called the Shrine and Garden of War. It contains several rooms in which sculpture, picture, painting, holo, and mosaic depict the history of war. The Temple has nothing to do with religion, rather the temple is a brother/sisterhood of professional mercenaries. The temple acts as an agent and support organization for its members. Membership requirements are a mystery, but members tend to be very talented in their fields. As well as acting as a professional organization, the temple also offers a wide variety of services to its members. These include use of its facilities, as well as several other more secret assets. Members tend to be secretive about the temple and its functions. They are by no means xenophobic or unsociable, rather they tend to reveal little about the temple or its members. No one who is not a member knows what is on the other floors of the temple. Security around the building is tight. The temple has the kind of security most megacorps only dream of. No shadowrun has as yet been successful in penetrating the building.

What's With You, Kid?

J.D. Falk

With bad poetry, and much worse wine,
We help the drudges pass the time.
Another round, emote a line,
And watch those sons of bitches pine
For long ago and far away,
In what they thought a simpler day,
With childhood's' verse of curds and
whey.
And to them did their mothers say
 What's with you, kid?

The barkeep looks an evil man
Who'd kill a Troll with just one hand--
The kind what's feared throughout the
land,
And listens to a hard rock band.
But don't be scared, he's really nice,
And always gives the best advice.
He'll mix you drinks, and feed his mice,
And say (not both'ring to entice)
 What's with you, kid?

Just take a seat at bench or booth.
Listen, or talk if long of tooth.
Many secrets, in their youth,
Have here been proven to be truth.
One never knows what one might find
When wand'ring here just to unwind;
And though cruel fate may be unkind,
The chums here won't knife your
behind.
So as my verse gets much too long
Be glad I don't break in to song
(I've got a voice much like King Kong!)
I say to you, and pass the bong,
 What's with you, kid?

Win-dot-bat

J.D. Falk

In the aftermath of the global upheaval
caused by Microsoft going out of
business in the early 2020's, one
warehouse filled with Windows
software was forgotten. It wasn't
emptied, or sold. In fact, legally, it still
belongs to the Bill Gates estate.
(Ironically, the warehouse has no
windows.)

But in actuality, its been turned into a
bar cum dance hall cum gang hang-out,
called (for some unknown historical
reason) Win-dot-bat. Its popularity has
come and gone in the twenty or thirty
years its been in operation, but its
always there.

The bar (made up of old IBM terminals
welded together) is tended by a bitter
elf, who still hates his Elfinness. His
name forgotten with the Awakening, his
identity is now linked forever with the
history of the bar -- people know him
only as Progman.

Newcomers to the place are simply
ignored until they become more
recognized -- the only way to become a
regular is to roll with the punches,
ignore the insults, and -- most of all --
stay alive until the other regulars
recognize you.

There are no rules except that you pay
for your drinks, accost the regulars, and
never, ever say anything good about old
Microsoft products. Nothing.

And don't mention Vulcans to the
bartender.

Winking Lizard

Erik Hultgren

The Winking Lizard looks to be a typical bar in the cleaner side of Seattle. However, there lurks behind that leering iguana a darker side that only "members" know of. The actual bar only takes up a small bit of the building that the bar is housed in. Behind it, hidden by soundproof walls and high security is what could only be described as The Arena. The Arena looks like a roman coliseum, with seats around the outside where patrons can sit. The movers and shakers in Seattle come here with their bodyguards and henchman. They will bet just about anything on the outcome of a fight, especially if it is their servant in the pit. Most fights are with non-lethal weapons, but grudge matches tend to be fought to the death. Dead bodies are hauled long and far away so no trace will be found.

Xaos

David J. Altman

Xaos is an underground moving club. It travels the Sprawl from location to location. The reason for this high mobility is because of the type of club it is: namely its blaze club. Blaze clubs are unusual in that they not only have the usual dance, drugs, and booze action, they also have "Special Events" . . . these can be anything, from a frenzypit (a mosh pit where people use weapons) to gladiator games to Random Hit Night (the night where everybody gets some kind of drug in their drink randomly -

whether you want to or not). Xaos has decor that meshes the utterly insane in one corner with picturesque Victorian in another, with Gothic in another, and nightmarish in another. Music and events are never announced in advance, you have to show up to find out. Music is picked according to audience preference or to match the "special event" theme. Patrons of the club are usually regulars, and to get membership you must be sponsored in by a current member.

The Zone

David J. Altman

Deep underground is a vast cavern that has been converted into citylet. The place is called The Zone. Here, trolls, orks, humans, elves, and dwarves live side by side. Everything goes. Its a total free zone. No rules except the ones you can enforce yourself. The Zone is approximately ten square blocks in size. The cavern is filled with small buildings, no larger than three stories high, built along winding alleys. The cavern is lighted by streetlamps , and is often damp and foggy. Its divided into separate neighborhoods, usually on the basis of race, ethnicity, or shadowland affiliation. Its always partytime in The Zone, crowds jostle, gangs roam. Its a 24 hour a day place. Anything or anybody you want can be found here. Every vice fulfilled. Any deal made. Imagine fusing The Village (of New York), the Red Light District of Frankfurt, and the ghettos of Los Angeles and Brooklyn, and the bazaar atmosphere of Baghdad and you have The Zone.

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