

The *First* Annual
Neo-
Anarchists

**Guide to
Everything
Else™**

"It is easier not to believe in electrons
than in dragons: electrons, at least taken
singly, won't try to make a meal of you."
Stanislaw Lem
The Cyberiad: Fables for the Cybernetic Age

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The Neo-Anarchists Guide to Everything Else™

Welcome to the *First Annual Neo-Anarchists Guide to Everything Else*. If we're lucky, this will be a semi-regular electronically-distributed magazine devoted to FASA's **Shadowrun**® role-playing game. In the NAGEE, we'll be covering everything *else*. Everything that our contributors feel should have been covered, but wasn't. And, just things that look nice, 'cause looking good is the only way to go.

If you'd like to contribute, here's the kind of stuff we're looking for:

- | |
|--------------------------------------|
| 1) Area Descriptions |
| 2) Adventures |
| 3) Fiction |
| 4) Spells |
| 5) Spirits |
| 6) Cyberware, Weapons, and Equipment |
| 7) Creatures |
| 8) Reviews |
| 9) Everything Else |

Take a look at this issue for an example. If you see something that inspires you, send us your inspiration. If you see something that's missing,

send us that as well. If you have no idea what to write about, describe your home town as it will exist in the year 2050, after the awakening. Or write a story about one of your characters' adventures. Or, just sit back and read. They also serve who just chip in.

Tell us what you think about the articles, as well. If we get letters, we'll print them, just like a real magazine. Heck, you can even send them in shadowtalk.

By the way, this *Guide* comes in two versions -- Rich Text Format (for Word 4.0 and other word processors) and an ascii text version. The ascii version contains the same information as the Word version, but doesn't look nearly as spiffy. If you don't have a friend with a Macintosh and Word 4.0 (or higher), expand your circle of friends: contacts are, after all, the key to survival.

Many thanks to all those who have contributed to this issue.

Contents

Bulletin Board.....	1	The Pharmacy	38
Fort Hollywood	3	Shadow Space	43
Louder Than A Bomb	12	Insanity	46
The Meat Market.....	22	A Confederate Cajun in Southern California.....	47
Dead Zones.....	25	Law of the Pack	49
Shadow U.....	26	The Chipper.....	56
The Neo-Anarchists' On-Line Grimoire	30	Index	57
Master Spell List	34		

The Annual Neo-Anarchists Guide to Everything Else is published whenever I feel like it. I'm Jerry Stratton. My address is 4129 1/2 Utah Street, San Diego, CA 92104. The single copy price is jack shit, and there is no subscription. Direct inquires to Jerry Stratton at jerry@teetot.acusd.edu or jerry@usdcsv.acusd.edu on internet, or 76506,636 on Compuserve. The above addresses are subject to change, especially Snail Mail. *The First Annual Neo-Anarchists Guide to Everything Else* was released on March 15, 1992. Beware the Ides of March, chummer. Current issues should be available on Compuserve's RPG group and via anonymous ftp at usdcsv.acusd.edu in the rpg/shadowrun directory. *Shadowrun* is a registered trademark of FASA, Inc.

The Bulletin Board

From: Silver Cianide
Address: <jerry@teetot.acusd.edu>
Date: Wed, 11 Mar 52 09:27:11
To: Neo.Anarch.Guide.Everything.Else
Subject: The Bulletin Board

Well, the bulletin board for the Neo-Anarchists Guide to Everything Else is now officially up. Send your comments, ideas, information, warnings, and just plain drek to the Bulletin Board via me, Silver Cianide, at jerry@teetot.acusd.edu.

From: Maximum Overload
Address: <gaul@wam.umd.edu>
Date: Wed, 11 Mar 52 23:07:54 -0500
To: Neo.Anarch.Guide.Everything.Else
Subject: Orichalum Cyberarms

How 'bout this one... to ponder, there are no real rules in this one, merely an idea.

The Orichalum Cyberarm... Ideal for punching, plus a good focus as well... Mind you, the mage using this does lose a point of essence, but the fact that there is a focus involved does compensate. Cost is the usual... Cyberarm cost+(rating x 300,000); A bit steep, but when you consider the possibilities (orichalum spurs, razors, etc.) it works out.

I doubt Orichalum Decks would be useful (magic and VR doesn't mix at all!) and vehicles are right out.

A little background...I ran into a CorpMage with one of these. Dear ol' Max Overload (El Rigger Mejr, c'est moi) hit him with a panzer. Just cuz you're magic don't mean you're invulnerable to tech.

From: Maximum Overload
Address: <gaul@wam.umd.edu>
Date: Thu, 12 Mar 52 19:37:49 -0500
To: Neo.Anarch.Guide.Everything.Else
Subject: BloodRunners

Somewhere in California (any place, really) there is a growing gang called the

BloodRunners. Even for a Sprawl Gang they are vicious and cruel. They are all of mixed race, creed, and subspecies, but they all share a common bond. Anger and hate. Their leadership are mostly Vampiric, and most underlings are not, but (when they prove themselves) are infected as they rise in rank. The Yaks are using them more and more often as hit teams or enforcers (since they are rather effective), and the Seolpa Rings are beginning to realize their potential as well. Both are actively employing the BloodRunners for various jobs, although each are unaware of the others presence. The BloodRunners don't dress like a gang, they all wear normal clothing (so as not to make them easily distinguishable), however, they do all wear black silk shirts so they can recognize each other.

The BloodRunners are extremely dangerous... Not to be taken lightly. If ever confronted, pray. Some of us carry silver crosses for that purpose. Another characteristic worth mentioning- whether or not the gang member is infected with the Vampiric Virus, all members drink the blood of the slain after a skirmish or battle. They even scare the I-Marines.

I ran into one once - With an Armored ATV. Had to back over it twice and then tossed it into the Pacific. Needless to say, I now live in FDC.

From: Silver Cianide
Address: <jerry@teetot.acusd.edu>
Date: Sat, 14 Mar 52 09:18:50
To: Neo.Anarch.Guide.Everything.Else
Subject: BloodRunners

Fraggin Christ! Does anyone else have any confirmation of this?

From: TAG
Address: dmm@linde.harvard.edu
Date: Sun, 15 Mar 52 07:07:56 EST
To: Neo.Anarch.Guide.Everything.Else
Subject: The Barrier

My party is attempting to circumvent the primary problems e.g. insanity/death associated with the barrier by entering a state of "cryogenic stasis" in a life support unit on the way up. Why cryo? We hope that our lowered body functions and reduced auras due to being enclosed in high tech machinery will help us survive. We have already decided we can deal with the rest of the problems. Dave will be there with them and could use your input.

From: Silver Cianide
Address: <jerry@teetot.acusd.edu>
Date: Sun, 15 Mar 52 08:41:55
To: Neo.Anarch.Guide.Everything.Else
Subject: The Barrier

Well, I can't name my sources, but you might look at the article in this issue of the NAGEE (Shadow Space). It describes the state of astral space beyond the barrier and in the void. (It also includes your group's findings on the barrier. Thanks much! Not everyone would have been willing to share such hard-won data.)

I think I speak for many when I say we await your findings avidly. I hope you come back to tell us what's out there.

Fort Hollywood

Welcome to the Jungle

Disclaimer: Hey! I get to write something for the Anarchists' Guide! Rock on! I've tried to make sure this is as accurate as possible, and I've called on quite a few of my friends to add their comments. Enjoy, chemsabes.

"I think you're wild.
You're chrome on my cyber, Hollywood Child."
-- Elven Ozone, *Creamtronic Dreams*

Jerry Stratton, *Silver Cianide*
jerry@teetot.acusd.edu

Los Angeles

A Short History of Hell

The first thing people see when flying into Los Angeles at night is the sea of light. Los Angeles is the largest metrozone in North America. Extending from the Angeles National Forest 160 kilometers down to Northern San Clemente, from the Pacific Ocean 100 kilometers to Palm Springs, Los Angeles is solid urbania. There are sections of Los Angeles that haven't been seen by outside eyes for 20 years or more. East Los Angeles and the Watts District are today's versions of our grandparents' uncharted jungles. Who can forget Brigit McSidhe's classic performance in *Tarzana of the Jungle?*

Landing at LAX, Los Angeles is the largest jewel in the world, a nightlight of immense proportions. The third thickest smog in the world makes it sparkle like chrome on a poseur.

Describing the lights of Los Angeles

in the twentieth century, Douglas Adams said:

"... but light is meant to illuminate

something, and having driven through what this particularly dramatic sea of light was illuminating they didn't think much of it."

Mr. Adams also described Los Angeles as "...being like several thousand square miles of [...] junk mail, but without the same sense of moral depth. Plus the air is, for some reason, yellow."

Of course, today it's brown. If you plan on spending any time outside, bring a filter.

He makes a good point. Los Angeles is now a rat's maze of

walls and highways. In the jungles, there is no law and no escape. All areas around a jungle are walled, with the result being the jungles are walled in. Gangs rule like ancient Irish marauders.

>>>[You'll need weaponry in the jungles, but don't flaunt it. People will die for a good weapon in the shit zones of LA, and gang leaders will not hesitate to sacrifice their gangs for a good automatic.]<<<
-- Erol Flin (10:11:54/01-01-50)

>>>[Don't even be seen with smart goggles. You'll be wading in corpses in seconds.]<<<
-- Chrome Charlie (09:54:12/01-01-50)

Highways and Loways

In Los Angeles you only need a drivers' license to drive the highways, since that's the only place where the CHP patrols. Local police will only require that you have a credstick or other form of identification. A drivers' license is a valid form of identification, of course.

>>>[Last time I was in Hollywood, I was stopped from entering Hwy 101. Security officer recommended I just turn around unless I had an automatic of some kind. I guess the rent-a-car looked too sedate.]<<<
-- MicroMara (19:12:34/01-02-50)

>>>[You were in LA without a weapon?]<<<
-- Chrome Charlie (10:07:11/01-03-50)

>>>[I had an Ingram under the seat, but I wasn't going to show it to a fucking cop!]<<<
-- MicroMara (18:49:41/01-03-50)

>>>[Why? Cops admire a good weapon as much as anyone else.]<<<
-- Security Czech (20:52:02/01-03-50)

If you're going to drive a highway, you'll need a permit. Highways are strictly regulated to avoid traffic problems. There are 24 colors, each for a specific hour, and you buy the color(s) you need. The Gold Permit is rare and expensive, but it gives you full access to the highway you ride. The Gold Permit

Highways:	
2	Santa Monica Blvd
134	Ventura Frwy
210/30	Foothill Frwy
170	Hollywood Frwy
42/5	Santa Ana Frwy
10 (West)	Santa Monica Frwy
110	Harbor/Pasadena Frwy
405 (from 101 to 2)	San Diego Frwy
5 (North of 10)	Golden State Frwy
10 (West to 210)	Santa Monica Frwy
1	Pacific Coast Hwy
Loways:	
405 (except 101 to 2)	San Diego Frwy
101	Ventura/Hlywd Frwy
66	Foothill Blvd
5 (except N of 10)	Santa Ana Frwy
10 (East to 210)	San Bernardino Frwy
710 (except N of 10)	Long Beach Frwy
39	Beach Blvd
72	Whittier Blvd

costs 20,000¥. Standard Permits cost 1,200¥, and permits last for one year. You can get a Commuter Permit for 1,800¥, which gives you the choice of *two* hours, but they must be at least 6 hours apart. If you want one for a prime hour (6,7,8, and 9 in the morning, or 3,4,5,6,7 or 8 in the afternoon), apply early. The waiting period for these ranges from 2-12 months, depending

on the highway. Others have a waiting period of from 0 to 11 weeks.

If you need to use the highway *now*, you can wait in the *daily lane*. This allows you to use the highway once, for up to an hour. You'll need to buy another daily for your return trip. Dailies cost 10¥ normally, 15¥ on weekends (6 PM Friday to 4 AM Monday).

>>>[Be prepared to wait up to 3-4 hours on Friday and Saturday nights. And the Hollywood offramps are usually locked out after 11 PM those nights.]<<<
-- Thomas Chin (03:39:25/01-03-50)

>>>[Damn cruisers.]<<<
-- Chrome Charlie (10:09:11/01-03-50)

>>>[The chips *will* stop and arrest anyone driving with an incorrect permit. They do not want another disaster like the Highway 101 fiasco. If you miss your time slot, you've just missed a day of work.]<<<
-- MicroMara (19:02:12/01-03-50)

>>>[Why not take the bus? They've got Gold Permits.]<<<
-- Security Czech (20:58:59/01-03-50)

>>>[Sure. And you'll be lucky if any part of your car remains at all in the bus parking lot. They're guarded by incompetent orcs on meth.<<<]
-- Bible Bob (00:05:32/01-03-50)

>>>[Hey! My brother-in-law is a parking attendant for CalTrans.]<<<
-- Erol Flin (10:01:41/01-04-50)

>>>[See?]<<<
-- Chrome Charlie (10:29:29/01-04-50)

>>>[The best way to get onto the Highway is to rent a car with the right permit. Rent-a-car agencies by permits in allotments. Renting a permit with your car usually adds 20-60¥ per day, depending on the time slot. Or 400-1000¥ for a Gold.]<<<
-- Hank Spank Williams
(13:21:05/01-04-50)

>>>[Don't think you can fool a chip with a colored sticker. The colors of the permit are for you, not the cops. The permits are actually upcoded for ultraviolet scan.]<<<
-- Puestiel (14:42:20/01-04-50)

>>>[Which brings up a little known fact: when you buy a permit, your name goes into a police file (easy to get into, my decker friends tell me). Chip copters automatically scan every car they pass, and the computer can tell if the car has been reported stolen

or if there's anything the police want to talk with you about.]<<<
-- MicroMara (18:48:02/01-04-50)

>>>[Deckers got friends? Anyway, it also means they keep track of who's been where, don't they?]<<<
-- Lester Riverfield
(19:18:21/01-04-50)

Loways do not require permits. Bring beer, a pizza, and a weapon. You'll be going about two kilometers an hour at best. Many people on the Loways live in their vehicles.

>>>[Of course they do. They lost their lease while they were stuck on the road.]<<<
-- MicroMara (19:22:34/01-03-50)

>>>[The best way to get around on the Loways is by bike. Gotta look out for the assholes, though. Never know when someone's going to swerve or open a door.]<<<
-- Erol Flin (10:11:09/01-04-50)

>>>[Loway 101 has the best parties]<<<
-- Chrome Charlie (10:37:29/01-04-50)

>>>[Make sure your credstick is green. Food copters will lower food, drinks, water, and gas. But it costs. About triple standard prices. Oh, and bring cash or barter for the less legal stuff.]<<<
-- Feral (12:03:58/01-04-50)

Special Attractions in Los Angeles

Disneyland

Disneyland was founded nearly a century ago as the dream of pioneer vid animator Walt Disney. Disneyland is by far the best children's show of the awakened world. The *Adult* price is 40¥, and the *Child* (14 or under) price is 30¥.

>>>[You can get a 10¥ discount at just about any Ralph's. And Disney is always doing

special promotions.]<<<
-- John (02:33:11/01-02-50)

>>>[Disney security is top-notch. They don't want anything screwing up the kiddies' fun. And believe me, they can hide a *lot* of weaponry inside those stupid costumes.]<<<
-- MicroMara (18:57:09/01-04-50)

>>>[Who the frag wants to make a run on Disneyland?]<<<
-- Feral (12:01:32/01-05-50)

The La Brea Tar Pits

Once a major attraction in Los Angeles (The Rancho La Brea Fossil Pits), the tar pits were purchased by the Thessalonians, an order of mages, in 2032. Originally, their contract required that they keep the tar pits open to the public, but after an altercation with the city, they closed their doors in 2034.

>>>[Yeah. The city was none too pleased about the drek going on there. In 2034 a swat team tried going in. The fireworks were incredible, but the mages won. Nobody's been inside the pits since then.]<<<
-- Puestiel (14:30:32/01-04-50)

>>>[What drek? What were the Thesses doing that the city didn't like enough to risk taking on an order of mages?]<<<
-- Chrome Charlie (10:57:01/01-04-50)

Now, the tar pits are covered with a wicker and mud dome, and surrounded by meso-american stonework. Shops nearby sell postcards and other memorabilia.

>>>[Yeah, and every morning the stones are covered in graffiti, and every morning they clean it off by nine.]<<<
-- Puestiel (14:41:20/01-04-50)

The Los Angeles County Museum of Art

Located at 851 La Cienega, in a relatively decent section of Los Angeles, the LA County Museum of Art has a vast collection of modern and historical art. The Museum specializes in indigenous American artforms -- from pre-Columbian Mexico and Peru to that of the Eskimo tribes of UCAS, and colonial America.

Hollywood

Hollywood has walls on three sides, and the fourth side is blocked by the foothills of Mt. Hollywood. Hollywood is walled from Van Ness Avenue in the

There are also galleries for the Italian Renaissance, the Dutch Golden Age, French Impressionism, and African post-Awakening.

>>>[Heh. I remember when they airlifted all the art out of the *original* location, on Wilshire Blvd, back in '29.]<<<
-- Puestiel (14:49:33/01-04-50)

>>>[Anyone know what ever happened to that building?]<<<
-- Bible Bob (00:12:57/01-03-50)

South Coast Botanic Garden

Located at 26300 Crenshaw Blvd, on the Palos Verdes Peninsula, the South Coast Botanic Garden is an amazing sight for most Langelenos. Admission is 5¥ per adult, 2¥ for senior citizens and children. The garden contains a lake, ducks, an orchard, and a wild bird sanctuary. Plants from Mediterranean and African climes join with Southern California plants in this 87-acre planned wilderness.

>>>[The garden is a fragging weird place. Every once in a while some enchanter gets the idea that it makes a perfect hunting ground for bio supplies -- Mediterranean and African? What could be better? -- but it's invariably an immense waste of time, effort, and soul. The plants here simply cannot be enchanted.]<<<
-- Arden Ariadne (20:50:31/12-30-50)

>>>[Yeah. I was one of them. Afterwards, I checked into the history of the thing, and it turns out the gardens are on top of a twentieth century *sanitary landfill*. And landfill's atop an earlier diatomaceous earth mine. It's no fragging wonder there's no magic left there.]<<<
-- John Flaring Tree (09:33:03/01-01-50)

east to Fairfax Avenue in the west, and Melrose Boulevard in the south. It is bordered by West Hollywood (west), Wilshire (south), and City College

(east). Laurel Canyon City is considered by some to be part of Beverly Hills, and Laurel Canyon does cooperate fully with both Hollywood and Beverly Hills officials. Laurel Canyon is the route between Hollywood and Beverly Hills, since West Hollywood is walled out of both places. The Laurel Canyon-West Hollywood wall runs along the south side of Sunset Blvd.

On weekends, outsiders try to go over the walls, especially from West Hollywood and City College.

>>>[Most succeed. But remember that Hollywood Security shoots to kill. Still, once you're inside, you're safe.]<<<<
-- Chrome Charlie (10:29:25/01-03-50)

>>>[Sure, from Security. But don't wander off the blvd at night!]<<<<
-- Feral (12:01:11/01-03-50)

>>>[The blvd fills up on Friday nights. Most

Hotels in Hollywood

The Dunes Sunset Hotel & Restaurant

5625 Sunset Blvd.
(213) 467-5171

The Dunes motel actively seeks the tourist market. It is located near Universal Studios, Dodger Stadium, the Hollywood Convention Center, the Memorial Coliseum, and, of course, Beverly Hills. They provide daily, inexpensive tours through Hollywood, Laurel Canyon, and Beverly Hills.

You can expect to pay two times normal prices here. The rooms are small, and the Motel only has ten floors, but it is spread out over nearly an entire block.

Hollywood Palm Hotel

2005 N. Highland Ave.
(213) 850-5811

The Hollywood Palm cultivates an

shops stay open well past midnight, if only to protect their stores.]<<<<
-- Hank Spank Williams (13:33:31/01-04-50)

The authorities recommend that tourists take a bus or a cab. There is no parking on weekends unless you get in Friday morning, before the morning rush hour. As office workers leave Hollywood, cruisers come in.

>>>[Well, I recommend hiring a helicopter. No telling who you'll meet on a bus.]<<<<
-- MicroMara (18:37:22/01-02-50)

>>>[Since when was an anarchists' guide for drekkin' tourists, anyway?]<<<<
-- Chrome Charlie (10:31:21/01-03-50)

>>>[Incidentally, Hollywood is a Corp. It's got a CEO and a Board of Directors like any other. And it brings in a ton of Nuyen. Anyone taken a look at their balance sheet recently?]<<<<
-- Feral (12:39:42/01-03-50)

early twentieth-century charm. Near the famous Hollywood Bowl, the Palm is an expensive place for tourists and the hotel of choice for celebrities. The upper 19 floors are reserved for those in the acting profession, and the lower 35 floors are for the general public. The *Palm* has its own small city -- twelve restaurants, a bank, a rent-a-car agency, and a small hospital.

Expect to pay approximately 4 to 5 times normal for a general-occupancy room in the Hollywood Palm. If you're a celebrity, you can pay up to 10 to 20 times that, but the service is worth it.

Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel

7000 Hollywood Blvd
(Hollywood and Orange)
(213) 462-5400

The Hotel Roosevelt was built in the early twentieth century, renovated in latter part of the twentieth century, and renovated again in 2029. The upper floors are almost always reserved for acting ensembles and other luminaries. Rates for the lower floors will be about three times that of a comparable hotel elsewhere. Expect to pay ten to 20 times for an upper floor.

The Roosevelt now has 50 stories, and sways like a palm tree during an earthquake. There are plans to add another 10 stories to the old hotel.

Hotel Hollywood

5825 Sunset Blvd
(213) 462-5400

The Hotel Hollywood has just been completely renovated. It is now the largest hotel in Hollywood, with 79 floors.

>>>[Of course it's just been renovated. Someone blew up the last one.]<<<
-- Chrome Charlie [10:20:32/01-03/50]

Rates here are only about twice what you'd pay for a comparable hotel room elsewhere. The Hotel Hollywood used to be a seedy place, and hasn't yet moved beyond the tourist industry.

Hollywood

Columbia Records and Chips

Like most record companies, CRC maintains a sizeable presence in Hollywood. Columbia, however, is much more ostentatious than others. Their building is built with floors that look vaguely like 80 disks stuck one on top of the other.

You won't find any stars staying at the *Hollywood*.

>>>[You can see the upper floors in the latest Neil sim -- they're using them for the dormitory site.]<<<
-- Warner Bones (08:49:31/01-07-50)

>>>[There are, of course, dozens upon dozens of seedy dives in this town. You can get away with only moderate prices (a drekky room for what you'd expect to pay for a good one) if you want to.]<<<
-- Feral (12:21:19/01-07-50)

Hyatt on Sunset

8401 Sunset Blvd
(213) 656-4101

The Hyatt is located between Beverly Hills and Hollywood. It's south side overlooks the Laurel Canyon-West Hollywood wall, and the north side overlooks the Hollywood Hills (Laurel Canyon). The Hyatt is a favorite of corps types. Corporation meetings and continental conferences are regularly held at the Hyatt.

Expect to pay three to five times normal for a room here. Many corporations have a discount at the Hyatt, so check with your boss first.

>>>[My boss? Somehow I don't think the Ripper has a working relationship with the Hyatt on Sunset.]<<<
-- MicroMara (18:46:20/01-02-50)

>>>[They'll charge you 1¥ for a tour of the place. But no free handouts.]<<<
-- Chrome Charlie [10:20:15/01-05/50]

Guitar Center of Hollywood

The famous Guitar Center chain's main store is on Sunset Boulevard near the border between Hollywood

and Laurel Canyon. See the axes made famous by Paul Gilbert, Eddie Van Halen, Riot Tenzine and Torquemada, among many, many others.

>>>[Of course, if you don't want to spend quite so much, or the sight of sleaze bothers you, there are about a dozen other music stores in the same three block area.]<<<
-- Silver Cianide (10:21:51/01-03-50)

Hollywood Bowl

Just head on up Highland Avenue or Cahuenga, and signs will direct you to the famous Hollywood Bowl. The Bowl is a wonderful concert hall. It's surrounded by the Hollywood Bowl theme park. The theme park is only 2¥ if you have a ticket for a Bowl event, or 10¥ otherwise (8¥ Seniors and children). During the summer, the Los Angeles Philharmonic plays here regularly. Most rock and pop tours pass through the Bowl on their way through the CFS.

>>>[The Bowl is truly a wonderful place to hear music. It's like listening to Bach somewhere deep beneath the earth.]<<<
-- MicroMara (18:49:41/01-02-50)

The Hollywood Christmas Parade

For over 120 years the Hollywood Christmas Parade has been a staple of the Christmas season on the North American continent. Even in the depths of the VITAS plague, Hollywood continued to present us with a cheering spectacle of lightness and goodwill.

The parade is usually the Sunday following the third Thursday of November, for historical reasons. Many Hollywood civic groups participate, as do many celebrities. Since 2035, the Screen Actors Guild has provided a yearly show of wage mage actors sure to warm the heart.

>>>[Bleah! Bleah, bleah bleah!]<<<
-- Hank Spank Williams (13:42:31/01-11-50)

The Hollywood Sign

The sign was originally built with mules and wagons in 1923. It was destroyed in 1978, and restored in the same year, this time with helicopters. Then, the sign was mostly cement, 45 feet high and 450 feet wide. In 2032, the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce decided to bring the sign up to date, and after a five year celebrity fundraising campaign, the familiar laser-light auto-stim sign was put in place.

The sign is part of Griffith Park, near the Griffith Park Astronomical Museum.

>>>[Believe it or not, the Griffith Park Rangers are trouble to mess with. I guess after the Lord Holies tried to blow up the sign in '47, Hollywood decided to hire some professionals.]<<<
-- Feral (13:01:53/01-07-50)

>>>[Old news. Sure, they did hire some pretty expert people in '48 and '49, but 'cost-cutting measures' forced them to go back to standard security in '50. So if you want to make a run on the sign (why?) you shouldn't have any problem.]<<<
-- Chrome Charlie [10:15:28/01-08-50]

The Hollywood Strip

The place to be in Hollywood on the weekends is *the strip*. Hollywood Boulevard is half of it. The other half is Sunset Boulevard. Take your car, your bike, or your feet, and drive from Hollywood Boulevard to Vine Street to Sunset Boulevard (or, if you're feeling adventurous, Melrose Boulevard), to . Don't take Orange, the lights only work half the time. And just keep circling. Stop in at the Sunset Grill for a burger if you're not worried about your health. *And bring a gas mask.*

>>>[Like filters aren't SI in Hollywood anyway? Yo, waitress! I'd like a burger and a side order of emph, to go!]<<<
-- Hank Spank Williams (13:35:51/01-11-50)

>>>[Designer filters are all the rage. You can pick them up at most shops on the boulevard. Everywhere but Hollywood, air filters are white and boring.]<<<
-- Warner Bones [08:43:32/01-07-50]

One of the first things you'll notice on Hollywood Boulevard and Vine Street are the stars on the sidewalk. Don't look down too much, those holograms can get very disorienting.

>>>[That's verity. I've seen people trip over themselves and fall into the street because of those things. Fortunately, traffic never moves faster than a crawl.<<<
-- Warner Bones (09:01:55/01-07-50)

These are dedications to entertainment stars of the past and present. If a star has died recently, you'll see a light display and flowers above their star.

>>>[Heh. When Charlie Sheen died, the faux-fleurs and holo-deds came in from everywhere. They had to set up a special viewing room somewhere else, because it blocked the boulevard. And we don't let nothing block the boulevard.]<<<
-- Chrome Charlie [10:35:09/01-03/50]

The Melrose Wall

On Melrose Boulevard you can see the South Wall -- it's right behind the buildings.

>>>[You can usually find a couple of bodies there as well.]<<<
-- Chrome Charlie (10:49:20/01-03-50)

Musicians Institute

McCadden and Hawthorne
Hidden just off Hollywood Boulevard (and in the shadow of the Hollywood Dianetics Building), Musicians Institute has been churning

out speed guitarists, bassists, drummers, synthists, and vocalists since the twentieth century. As their alumni, they boast of such historic greats as Paul Gilbert, Adrian Anders, Nathan Holm, Meci Abroux, and Teleri Orloff. Elven Ozone's bassist Mike Orgone swears by his BIT (Bassist Institute of Technology) training. If you're interested in honing your chops, seriously consider spending a year with the Institute.

The New Orc Wax Museum

Hollywood and Highland
Once the Hollywood Wax Museum, this is one of the oldest institutions in Hollywood. All the stars of today and yesterday are sculpted in life-like wax. You can have your picture taken with anyone from Dunkelzahn to Neil the Ork Barbarian.

>>>[The best museum is their basement. They don't re-use their wax, just in case some of these has-beens ever come back into style. They've got a basement full of old and long-forgotten actors.]<<<
-- Warner Bones (09:23:21/01-07-50)

>>>[The reason they don't re-use them is that the real bodies are underneath the wax, drek-head.]<<<
-- Chrome Charlie (10:21:39/01-02-50)

The Sunset Strip

For most people, Sunset Boulevard is the other half of the Strip. It doesn't have the proliferation of small shops that Hollywood Boulevard does but it does have a couple of nice minimalls and more established fast food joints.

>>>[The best record stores are on Melrose, chummer.]<<<
-- Chrome Charlie (10:39:21/01-03-50)

>>>[Yeah, but if you want a guitar, go all the way to the end of Sunset. Start at Guitar Center, and wander in a blissful

haze.]<<<

-- Silver Cianide (10:45:35/01-03-50)

Xiao's Chinese Theater

Hollywood and Orange, Xiao Inc.

Calling this *Xiao's Theater* is a minor misnomer. All the film theaters on the Hollywood and Sunset Boulevards are Xiao's. The Chinese,

however, is the first of the Hollywood empire. It started as Graumann's Chinese Theater sometime in the last century, but was bought out immediately and renamed Mann's Chinese Theater. Mann's expanded throughout Hollywood, and Xiao Inc. inherited it when they bought Mann's in 2029.

Dianetics vs. The Universal Brotherhood

There is a war being fought, a war for the hearts and minds of the people of Los Angeles. This is a war between the established forces of L. Ron Hubbard's *Dianetics* and the usurpers from the North, *The Universal Brotherhood*.

>>>[Heh. I've got it on real good authority that the only thing keeping the UB from wiping their leather with Dianetics is something they want real quiet.]<<<

-- Chrome Charlie (10:30:39/01-04-50)

Louder Than A Bomb

Las Vegas Under The NAN

Disclaimer One: Las Vegas is it's own place. You almost have to have been there to truly understand its

personality. There is a pretty funny and telling essay in September's *Travel & Leisure* magazine, which sums up the feeling of Vegas as "That was the silliest thing I've ever seen. I loved it."

"This style seems wild.
Wait before you treat me like a stepchild."
-- Public Enemy, *Louder Than A Bomb*

Disclaimer Two: There seems to be a feeling that all citizens of the NAN are back-to-nature environmentalists. I feel that this is exaggerated. I feel that each environmental (and other) issue has more than one side (see entry on the Glen Canyon dam) and that there comes a point where you have to sacrifice nature -- even just a little -- in favor of survival. Also, for the most part, you're more likely to see a NAN citizen in a suit than in deerskin. The NAN people are still human, and corruption doesn't just disappear because your skin is not white.

What follows are excerpts from Transformation of the West (BarTours, c. 2049) dealing with the relevant area.

Lester Lowe Ward III, *American Vacation Magazine*
ward1@husc.harvard.edu

AN OVERVIEW

Highways

By necessity, Interstate highways are kept intact and in good repair. Most of the U.S. Highways were also kept intact. However, due to the NAN's lower population and environmental stance, many of the State Highways have been neglected to the point of unsuitability or, most notably in the V Regions (see below) removed.

It is also worth mentioning that internal combustion ground vehicles are more heavily taxed than electric cars in the NAN, although there is no legislation banning the vehicles.

>>>[Just what does U.S. stand for, anyway? I see it all over the old highways and off-road.]<<<

-- Rocker (02:43:50/5-6-52)

>>>[U.S. is an abbreviation for U.C.A.S. Many of the old roads were built by the old American States.]

-- Seelie (05:33:12/5-9-52)

>>>[This lack of legislation is mainly due to the efforts of combine farmers, who -- thanks to White Hawk's process -- find it much cheaper to make their own gasohol.]<<<

-- LJ (07:10:38/8-29-52)

>>>[In practice, the combustion tax only really applies to legal citizens of the NAN, as it is, in all of the Nations, levied upon registration of the vehicle. It is a pretty major tax, though. In the Ute, for example, registering an internal combustion car is about ten time more expensive than registering an electric car of the same make.]<<<

-- Doctor Love (01:01:15/8-31-52)

V Regions

The NAN have turned large portions of their land into places designated as untouched by legislation or pollution. Made up originally of the old U.S. National Parks, they have grown much larger. The Zion/Bryce Region, one of the biggest V Regions, contains the old Zion, Bryce and Capitol National Parks, as well as Dixie and some of Fishlake National Forests. Like most of the V Regions, cars are not allowed within, except in certain entrance points. Only official air units may enter the air space under 18,000 feet. All of the state highways, as well as part of U.S. 89 have been removed from the Region, but the abandoned small towns have been left to rot, so some manmade shelter can be found, in decaying shape.

>>>[Riggers are advised to avoid crossing through large portions of the V Regions.]<<<

THE UTE NATION

Las Vegas

That Vegas was allowed to remain more or less unchanged is as telling as it is surprising. Even today, untold kilowatts are used for the light show in downtown Vegas. The glitz is the same as it ever was.

>>>[What is surprising about it? Vegas was taking in billions of dollars a year before the treaty of Denver.]<<<
-- Mamma (17:12:23/2-5-52)

>>>[Vegas is also one of the only places in the Ute where you can get good steak.]<<<
-- Manticore (12:47:34/3-1-52)

Although the chance of officials firing on you (or even following you) within the V Regions is pretty slim, if they catch you outside, you might as well hang it up.]<<<
-- Doctor Love (23:53:02/4-7-52)

>>>[The area bordered by Interstates 70, 15, 25 and 40 is some of the most breathtaking land on this planet. It also has some interesting examples of paranatural flora, some with healing properties.]<<<
-- Tess (14:23:45/7-7-52)

>>>[I'm told that there is a small group in the Ute who try to track down and assassinate riggers who violate V Regions. Anyone heard of this?]<<<
-- Blaster (12:56:16/8-31-52)

>>>[I've heard that some areas in the V Regions are also Dead Zones. Anyone know?]<<<
-- Rocker (02:48:59/5-6-52)

>>>[DOO-DOO_do-do-DOO-DOO-do-do<<<]
-- Marker (09:32:01/5-6-52)

Hotels

The legendary hotels in Vegas are still going strong. Caesar's will probably stand for yet another hundred years and Bally's will last until it gets burned down (again). Rates are about half of what you'd expect from comparable resorts in other parts of the world.

Chips, although once good as currency, are now only useable within the casino where they were purchased. By old Vegas tradition, however, churches still except them.

>>>[Tips are big in Vegas. It is a good idea to have chips or other loose cash in Vegas for tips, as credit transfers are fairly slow. When gambling (including slots), drinks are free

but a tip (1¥ is sufficient) is expected. For good seats at a show tip the maitre d' 5¥ to 20¥. Other tips include the standard 15% for meals as well as:

Dealers: based on service and winnings

Valet Parking: 1¥

Bellman: 5¥, unless lots of bags, when more is required

Maid: 1¥ per day]<<<

-- Archon (19:51:00/11-1-51)

>>>[Vegas casinos are always running and always heavily populated. You're also always being watched electronically. It is a very tough place to sneak about.]<<<
-- Spiderman (22:55:12/11-3-48)

Algiers Hotel

Address: 2845 Las Vegas Blvd

Average Hotel (2 floors)

No racial bias

LTG# 7777 (ALGIER)

Owner: Angie Red Cloud

This motel-style place is a Vegas exception. It has no casino, no nightclub. It does have a pool and boasts far better rooms and service than most hotels of its kind.

>>>[Stay here if you want to keep away from crowds, or just if you're trying to save money.]<<<
-- Glitterfoot (02:18:12/12-23-51)

Bally's Las Vegas

Address: 3645 Las Vegas Blvd

Luxury Hotel, Casino, Nightclub, Mall

Bias against magicians

LTG# 7777 (BALLYS)

Owner: Tony Lercara

One of the largest resorts in the world, Bally's contains a full shopping mall, two major showrooms, a health club, a youth center, an Olympic pool, six restaurants, a comedy club, various bars, golf privileges, and 2,832 rooms. Formerly the MGM Grand (before the 1980 fire), rooms are rife with old Hollywood photos and each room has a star on the door.

Gambling facilities include 1,000 slot

machines, 11 craps layouts, 84 blackjack (5¥ minimum bet), 12 baccarat, 9 roulette, 20 poker (20 nuyen buy-in), sports and race book. Unlike most resorts, Bally's slots run entirely on credit (no coins); this drives some away, but provides a different background noise than most casinos. Magicians are tolerated, but strongly discouraged from gambling.

>>>[Wage Mages roam the crowds, and one checks everyone who enters. If a magician checks in, almost every employee in the place will know soon. Winners of big pots are checked for magical ability. Lucky magicians are politely asked never to return.]<<<
-- Wanda (03:16:12/1-4-50)

>>>[Security is heavy, but very sedate and in the background. Weapons larger than light submachineguns must be checked in. Bally's squeezes extra service out of their Wage Mages by giving them first go at trouble makers in a silent way. They dislike shooting customers, but will do so. The last man to attempt a robbery at Bally's was allowed to leave with 100K in cash and chips, but was sliced in half by a security drone as soon as he left.]<<<
-- Cooler (12:23:10/1-15-52)

>>>[Bally's computer system is layered and an onion style fairly typical of Vegas. The outer layer is blue, housing reservation making information and news about upcoming events. Next is a green system holding ticketing, control of the movie units in each room, elevators and some of the more mundane resort operations. Next is an orange layer for billing, personnel records and the security cameras. The supposedly deepest layer holds more personnel records (hard to read) and financial information (which seems legitimate and really boring). From the outside, there seem to be more nodes than I can account for, but so help me if I can find another SAN, even in the red layer. All the things that can help you get rich quick are usually their own isolated systems. This is the Vegas norm. Keno, for example is an isolated system. The slots are individual non-Matrix computers, also isolated. The record keeping archive for the sports book is isolated (and red). This is

actually more effective here than in the rest of the world, because these isolated systems are constantly used and manned, as the casinos run 24 hours a day.]<<<
-- Bilbo (23:29:10/2-24-52)

Cesar's Palace

Address: 3750 Las Vegas Blvd
Luxury Hotel, Casino, Nightclub
No racial bias
LTG# 7777 (PALACE)
Owner: Joel Spicola

This Vegas standard emulates a Roman city, complete with moving sidewalks, pool, health club, shops, seven restaurants, bars, and 2000 rooms. The statuary of the Palace is composed of replicas (some in Carrara marble) of David, Venus de Milo, the Rape of the Sabines, and more.

There are two separate casinos and a private baccarat lounge. Minimum blackjack bet is 5¥, but there is one 3¥ table. Poker buy-in is 25¥. Ceasar's still has slot, poker and blackjack machines which run on quarter nuyen chips.

>>>[Centurions abound in this place, some orks and trolls. They are usually armed with Taser weapons. Some areas have lockers with a Narcojet rifle and Net Guns. More insidious are the hidden cameras, some of which have servoguns. Just about every mirror in the place has a camera behind it. I'm told that Ceasar's hires (some say creates) Samurai to walk about undercover, armed. I've seen several men who would fit the bill; not obviously cybered, but very fast. Custom stuff if I've ever seen it. There is usually a rigger wired into the security system, part of which is not Matrix accessible. Remember that Heavy Armor is way illegal in the Ute, even for corporate (or casino) security.]<<<
-- Cooler (12:24:01/1-15-52)

>>>[Elementals patrol astral space on the lookout for spells. Awakened customers are warned upon entry that magical spells will not be allowed for any reason within the casino. Elementals do not attack quickened or locked spells. Instead they alert a Wage Mage, who checks to make sure the spell is

not for the purpose of cheating. Generally, the Mage will watch the magician for quite some time.]<<<
-- Marackeshh (23:56:52/2-6-52)

>>>[Ceasar's entire system is red, except for a separate green reservation computer. It utilizes isolated gambling systems. The system is not sculpted at all. Perhaps Ceasar's wished to spare its employees Roman overkill.]<<<
-- Bilbo (23:29:12/2-24-52)

>>>[Big winners, especially on the slots, at Ceasar's are usually subject to examination for magical ability and cyberware. Slot winners with cybereye video cameras are asked never to come back. Ditto card game winners with headware memory/program carriers. By the way, cameras and hand computers are not allowed in any casino in Vegas.]<<<
-- Ex-Big Winner (12:18:34/2-25-52)

The Edge

Address: 3661 Las Vegas Blvd
Luxury Hotel, Casino, Nightclub
No racial bias
LTG# 7777 (28-1287)
Owner: Matre Pagano

Built in the late 1990's, this smaller resort is themed around the dark future presented in the cyberpunk literary movement of the early '80s. Among it's neon, lasers, smoke and stainless steel-sheeted architecture can be found a Matrix amusement park (looking much like an auditorium of chairs, each with a input into the 'mind-park'), three restaurants, two lightning exhibits, 900 rooms, one of the largest holo-game arcades in the country, and several historical/artistic exhibitions of some of the less savory aspects of human nature. Recently, in an effort to win back customers, the Edge has taken a post nuclear turn. (Two guests apparently died of heart failure when illusory nuclear detonations kicked off a surprise attack party last January.)

Where most Vegas casinos are open

spaces, the Edge's casino is a mass of twisted metal, smoke and arcing electricity. It also has no slot machines of any kind. Blackjack minimum is 10¥ and poker buy-in is 30¥. Baccarat tables occupy a sort of aristocratic calm in the storm.

>>>[No slots? They're cutting themselves out of some profits. Plus the atmosphere is one not really suited to those with weak constitutions. Weird.]<<<
-- A.C. (19:32:09/12-1-51)

>>>[We view the Edge as an artistic endeavor, not a profit making opportunity. But A.C. is correct. If not used to the lifestyle, please stay away. This makes it easier on our janitorial staff.]<<<
-- Alexis Pagano, L.L.B. (18:50:19/12-23-51)

>>>[Security here is very visible, as fits in with the theme. Guns are allowed, but using them his harshly dealt with. The camera/servo-gun combo is used here too, except that they are not concealed. An occasional patron disappears, but other patrons are usually blamed. I tend to agree with that, the Edge is a tough place. But artistic in a kind of jump-off-a cliff way.]<<<
-- Cooler (12:24:01/1-15-52)

>>>[I was present at what is now called the Doomsday Party. It was a pretty raucous time, and surprising as hell. There I was, up five grand at blackjack, when suddenly missiles bust through the far wall (apparently, no matter where you were, it was through the 'far wall') and bathes the poker tables with nuclear fire. Lasers fired from the walls, 'killing' people (employees in make up, it turned out). The place quickly turned into a madhouse. We all wondered why they took guns that night, but the place woulda been a bloodbath if they hadn't. It ended up being a hell of a party. My winnings were swiped in the confusion, but I didn't mind so much. It was that kind of party.]<<<
-- Arc (15:10:01/3-03-52)

>>>[The Edge is one of the few casinos where Magic is actually tolerated. But be warned, if (and only if) you use magic to gamble, it will be used against you. They

usually have much more practice. The magician to normal ratio is about double in employees and patrons alike.]<<<
-- Scar (23:59:01/6-25-52)

>>>[The Edge system has two layers, an orange reservation/billing layer and a black everything else layer. Stay away from this one; it is very heavy into psychological IC, but not sculpted (which enhances the IC's mental impact).]<<<
-- Bilbo (23:29:14/2-24-52)

Excalibur

Address: 3850 Las Vegas Blvd
Luxury Hotel, Casino, Nightclub
No racial bias
LTG# 7777 (28-5630)
Owner: Joseph H. Thomasi

Looking like a fantasy castle (complete with drawbridge, moat and ladies-in-waiting), Excalibur harkens back to the legends of King Arthur. On the 117-acre site can be found 23 shops, an 890-seat amphitheater, two pools, a marriage chapel, 7 restaurants (including Lance-A-Lotta Pasta), 6 theaters, bars, and 4,000 rooms.

The gaming area is over 100,000 square feet, including 2,600 slot machines, a crossbow arena and a separate gladiatorial games viewing room. Excalibur also boasts its own jousting arena. Minimum blackjack bet is 3¥ and poker buy-in is 20¥.

>>>[As you'd expect, all the guards here are in armor (chain or plate mail, that is) and carry archaic weapons. Be warned, the spears are tasers and under the plate is much tougher stuff. Beware of the head of security, named Merlin, natch. He keeps magical things under control. For some reason, not too many real mages come here. Too tacky, I guess.]<<<
-- Cooler (12:25:59/1-15-52)

>>>[Excalibur's system is sculpted to appear as Avalon, but in function is almost identical to Bally's.]<<<
-- Bilbo (23:29:16/2-24-52)

The Mirage

Address: 3400 Las Vegas Blvd
Luxury Hotel, Casino, Nightclub
No racial bias
LTG# 7777 (27-6667)
Owner: Maria Maldinato

The Mirage's claim to fame is a volcano which erupts every 15 minutes. It also houses 5 restaurants, a spa, a salon, a waterfall strewn pool, an indoor rainforest, shops, 3049 rooms, and empty cases and aquariums which used to house dolphins, sharks and paratigers. The top five floors are penthouses, accessible only by private elevators.

The casino is a bit brighter than others. Minimum bet is generally 5\$, but some 2\$ blackjack tables exist.

>>>[Mirage security is notoriously hard to spot, until they're all over you. All firearms bigger than handguns are asked for (but not absolutely required) at the door. Two riggers are always on duty, one monitoring cameras, one running drones inside and out. If some security people hassle you, remember their faces; data worth money.]<<<
-- Cooler (12:25:59/1-15-52)

>>>[The Mirage has a structure similar to Bally's, but where Bally's has an orange sub-system, the Mirage's is red. Additionally, both red layers can be reached from the green layer and not each other. This system has no unaccounted for nodes and is sculpted so that each layer appears as Caribbean island. The SAN to the rest of the Matrix appears as the beach of the Mainland.]<<<
-- Bilbo (23:29:18/2-24-52)

Boulder Dam

Completed in 1935 to control water flow and provide power to a large portion of the Southwest, Hoover Dam was an asset that the Ute Nation could not afford to be without. Although there was an initial media outcry

Tropicana

Address: 3801 Las Vegas Blvd
Luxury Hotel, Casino, Nightclub
No racial bias
LTG# 7777 (TROPIC)
Owner: Michael Beck

Tropicana offers Caribbean decor, seven restaurants, lounges (one of which offers a great view of the tennis courts), a golf course, glass elevators, the largest indoor/outdoor pool (including swim-up blackjack tables, three Jacuzzis and a water slide), a lagoon surrounded island, and 1,913 rooms.

Gambling is pretty standard (5\$ minimum with two 2\$ blackjack tables, 20\$ poker buy-in), with the added feature of weekly underwater glad games.

>>>[Tropicana security wear Caribbean dress and carry SMGs very prominently, but if you want to pull anything this month, do it here. The guards are competent, but don't work as a team. It won't be long 'til they fire their sec head. They require gun check in, but don't check real well.]<<<
-- Cooler (12:26:40/1-15-52)

>>>[Hmmm. I don't pay attention to mundane matters so I will take Cooler's word for it, but astral space in and around Tropicana is teeming. Avoid spell casting at all costs.]<<<
-- Praxis (13:13:13/1-16-52)

>>>[The Tropicana system is an almost laughable orange. Unfortunately, there isn't much in it.]<<<
-- Bilbo (23:29:18/2-24-52)

favoring elimination of the dam to "remove man's scars to the land", when the issue was put to a national election, the Ute people elected to keep the dam by a 90 percent majority, mostly due to a highly successful (not to

mention different) word-of-mouth campaign.

>>>[This entire campaign was funded by the corporations who wish to continue their exploitation of our lands.]<<<

-- Michael Breathing-Dog
(05:49:55/4-25-52)

>>>[Sorry. B.D., but for the first time I can recall, your info sucks. It was the Vegas-based Mafia who sent the Dam advocates to every town in the Ute. The Mob was concerned about the loss of the electricity from the Dam to Vegas, although I think the people would have voted to keep it even without the Mafia preaching about farmer's water rights.]<<<

-- Ex-terminator (01:19:39/9-4-52)

Originally named Boulder (due to its proximity to Boulder City), the Dam was renamed Hoover Dam not too long after completion. When the Ute Nation was formed and they began to assess their territory, they changed the name to its original form.

Although the lake formed by the dam -- Lake Mead -- was a large tourist center before the Awakening, the entire dam complex (as well as Boulder City) is now a military installation ensuring the safety of the dam (mainly against aggression from the California Free State). Although Interstate 93 still exists as a road through the region (and still runs across the top of the dam), it is closed to public traffic.

>>>[There is more traffic in and out of Boulder Dam than is strictly necessary for simple dam defense. It could be anything from simple training to high security stuff. Any guesses?]<<<

-- Edward Seven Men (12:12:12/10-10-52)

The dam is 660 feet thick at the base,

Glen Canyon Dam

45 feet thick at the crest and spans the 1244 feet across the Black Canyon. The structure contains roughly 4.4 million cubic yards of concrete.

As the dam was originally built using funds from seven states, some legal documents existed dealing with the dams distribution of water and power to these seven states. The NAN lands who left the Treaty of Denver with control of these lands (some sooner, some later) invoked these documents and demanded their share from the Ute.

The Ute Council responded by declaring that as the previous agreements dealt with borders that no longer existed, new agreements would have to be made. The other nations soon discovered that whether Ute had a legal right to do this or not was irrelevant, as the Ute had the dam and could control its output.

Agreements were drawn up, with Ute getting by far the best end of the deals. The Council gave preferential treatment to other Amerindian nations. It treated Aztlan with disdain, but they received a far better deal than did California.

Boulder Dam's 17 generators now supply over 2.4 million kilowatts to a large portion of the Southwest, including Vegas and Los Angeles. The Boulder Dam still controls water flow to prevent the floods of summer and droughts of autumn which necessitated its construction in the first place. Lake Mead, which backs up nearly 180 miles behind the dam, can store nearly 2 years of average Colorado River water flow (about 28.5 million acre-feet).

Before 1956, the area which was to become the Glen Canyon dam site was almost entirely inaccessible. The nearest available point of crossing to the other side of the canyon was 200 miles away. That changed with the construction of the Glen Canyon Bridge in 1959. The dam itself (built about 75 feet upriver from the bridge) was completed in 1963. Lake Powell did not finish filling the canyon until 1980.

After the new Ute government had dealt with Boulder Dam, they began to discuss what to do with Glen Canyon. Sighting the reasons for keeping Boulder Dam, most of the government was satisfied to leave Glen Canyon as it was as well; however, a somewhat large lobbying group attacked the Council over the issue, charging that the Council members had "turned their backs on the land." In a short time, this group gained more support, and seemed ready to demand the destruction of the dam "to allow the earth to heal herself."

The Council reacted by putting the issue on the next national ballot. During this announcement, a small coalition forced their way to the podium and announced that destroying the dam would destroy the ecosystem which had finally stabilized in Lake Powell, doing more harm to the land than good. This was coupled with a well executed media blitz, including support from Vegas, Salt Lake, Provo, and Denver news services.

The election was held, and after four recounts, the Ute elected to keep Glen Canyon dam with 59% of the vote. Security at the dam was increased for a time, but eventually returned to normal as disgruntled activists flocked to another issue of the day.

>>>[At the time, rumors abounded about who was behind the ecosystem group (who actually seemed to be the most coherent, if you ask me). I give most credence to the rumor that FoodTech was their main financial backer (this was before their U.N. indictment, remember). What their interest was, I'm not sure. In any case, the ecosystems group was most decisive in splitting up the environmental vote.]<<<
-- John Phillip Souixsa (23:45:13/01-04-52)

>>>[Lies! It was Aztechnology, who wanted to maintain their stranglehold on our lands.]<<<
-- anonymous (12:49:12/03-06-52)

>>>[After FoodTech's indictment, they were eaten up by Maritech, who now holds a monopoly on trout exportation.]<<<
-- Tess (14:58:45/7-7-52)

The dam is one of the major hubs of the Colorado River Storage Project (CRSP) not only in water storage, but in power generation. The dam's 1.8 million kilowatts do not reach L.A. or Las Vegas and only rarely (in emergencies) does the power reach Phoenix, Salt Lake or Denver. Instead the dam powers hundreds of medium and small cities and towns in what used to be Arizona, Colorado, Utah, Wyoming, New Mexico and Nebraska. The 13,800 volts from the generator is stepped-up to 345,000 volts for its transmission to Montrose, from where all power from the CRSP system is routed.

Like Boulder Dam, Glen Canyon provides water to acres of surrounding land, as well as maintaining a steady flow of water to prevent flooding in the early summer and drought in the fall. Summer output is generally about 30,000 cubic feet per second. Additionally, Lake Powell (the lake formed by the dam) has grown to be a major tourist attraction for the Ute.

Page

Located on the northwestern border of what used to be the Navajo Indian Reservation, Page was founded in the 1950's to provide homes and services to those who worked on the Glen Canyon Dam, and later, those who ran the dam and worked for the tourist trade.

After the Treaty of Denver, income from tourism fell to almost zero and Page lost half of its population. Once the furor from the dam vote had died down, Page officials realized that the only way to assure the survival of Page was to bring back the tourists. After securing a small Federal loan from the Ute Council, Page launched an extensive advertising campaign throughout the Ute.

Although the growing Amerindian corporate class was slow to respond, they did respond. By 2045, Page had doubled in size and is rapidly becoming one of the Ute's most visited vacation spots.

Page offers a back-to-nature type vacation without many of the back-to-nature type drudgeries. This "go rock-climbing in the naked desert by day, sleep in silk sheets by night" style of recreation appeals to the growing Native American urban/corporate class, as more of them are being born and raised within cities. Page offers boating, water-skiing, white-water rafting, Anasazi ruins, hiking and rock-climbing hand in hand with music, theatre, dancing, night clubs and luxury hotels on the lake.

The canyon itself separates the two halves of Page's offerings. Page itself is located on a hill overlooking the south rim. The boat harbor (and a few hotels) are on the north shore of Lake Powell.

Up the coast of Lake Powell can be found Nonnoshoshi (a Navajo word meaning "the rainbow turned to stone"), the largest natural bridge on earth.

Page boasts a fairly large convention hall, a 700-seat auditorium, a small airport, and a moderate-sized, state of the art heliport. Helicopter travel is the only convenient ways to get into page, especially from the North, as U.S. Highway 89 is no longer (State Highway 98 still runs south from Page, however). Supplies usually reach Page by helicopter or by pollution-free barges and ferries down Lake Powell. It is important to note that what was the Glen Canyon National Recreation Area is one of very few such areas that was *not* turned into a V Region.

>>>[Page, at least Inner Page (the original Page, before the Tourist Boom) is a designed town. Schools and churches are built right across from one another, apparently in deference to old United States zoning laws. (Something about churches and schools in neighborhoods where you couldn't get alcohol licenses.) Mind you, it is a bit expensive. If you plan on staying for more than a week and wish to shuttle from hotels to camping to conventions, it will probably be in your best interest to have your car (electric ONLY) ferried to Page. Cabs can get a bit expensive. Better yet, bring a bicycle. Generally, about everything useful (hotels, meals, etc.) is about 20 - 25% more than usual for Ute.]<<<
-- Steel Monkey (04:42:43/01-01-50)

>>>[You can find an occasional rigger here, as sweaty people wandering in from the desert isn't that uncommon. Anglos here are met with a firm politeness that gets annoying quickly. You will get great service and will be treated well, but not the friendly smile which seems to be reserved for Amerinds. Ditto for metahumans. Oh yeah, check out the Holiday Inn's restaurant. Inexpensive

food is really good. And the luncheon hostess, Dorian, is definitely a sight for travel-weary eyes.]<<<
-- Doctor Love (00:01:23/02-16-51)

>>>[Careful, chummer, Dorian is one of the Elementals.]<<<
-- Mirage (15:12:37/04-30-52)

>>>[The who? Aren't they a band?]<<<
-- Doctor Love (00:03:43/05-05-52)

>>>Mirage said 'Elementals', Doctor, and he did not refer to a band. He also was just

found drowned to death. You were the Ziess-eyed one who ordered the milk with the hair in it, correct, Doctor?]<<<
-- Pyre (00:04:00/05-05-52)

>>>[If that's a threat of some kind, man, I'm in Denver.]<<<
-- Doctor Love (00:10:12/05-05-52)

>>>[Isn't Nonnoshoshi 'river of death' in Navajo?]<<<
-- Rocker (02:10:55/05-06-52)

"Apache, Helen. Not even Shakespeare or Dickens has been translated into Apache."

- *The World According To Garp*

"We suck at night. We suck during the day. We even suck during eclipses."

- *Late Night with Raji Chandrakasar*

"Madness in great ones must not unwatched go."

- *Hamlet*

The Meat Market

Bladeboy

On one of my brief forays into the Hollywood areas (God save me) I, Max Overhaul, happened across an odd version of Street Samurai. They seem to be indigenous to Hollywood, but are spreading out into the Eastern Coast and the outlying areas. I can only speculate about their origins, Perhaps the heavy Japanese influence in the Hollywood area led to their existence, but I digress...

The Bladeboy is much like a Street Samurai, but, instead of emphasizing

Bladeboy

The Bladeboy embodies the Real Samurai of Feudal Japan, honorable (usually), deadly (always), and stealthy (as often as possible). Extremely dangerous at close range, the Bladeboy uses a plethora of silent weaponry for the quick kill. However, this doesn't mean that the Bladeboy is not dangerous in ranged combat. His bow fulfills that void. Some also think that a bow cannot keep it's place in a firefight. That is why he carries a Colt Manhunter.

Quotes:

"That's not a knife...<pulls out a Wakizashi> THIS is a Knife..."

"You are about as stealthy as a yak in heat! Stop moving or you will blow my cover!"

"Please, friend Mr. Johnson, don't stiff me this time. Really..."

Daniel Alexander Bruns <gaul@wam.umd.edu>

Priorities: Skills 4, Tech 3, Attributes 2

firearms, uses Armed and Unarmed combat. Quite deadly at close ranges, and not any less dangerous from a distance. If you meet one, don't mess with him. If you are one, kick some butt.

>>>[I believe the term is 'ass' Mr. Overhaul. Nun looking over your shoulder?]<<<<
-- Silver Cyanide<09:03:12/03-10-52>

>>>[Referees take note: the Bladeboy has a starting Armed Combat of 7. Technically, this is illegal. It would not be unreasonable to make Stealth a 5 and Armed Combat a 6.]<<<<
-- Jerry (08:22:48/03-14-92)

Attributes

Body	5
Quickness	5
Strength	6
Charisma	2
Intelligence	3
Willpower	2
Essence	0.9
Reaction (6+3d6)	4

Skills

Firearms	4
Unarmed Combat	6
Armed Combat	7
Etiquette (choose)	4
Stealth	4
Throwing Weapons	6
Projectile Weapons	6
Bike	3

Contacts

Any Street type
Fixer
Mr Johnson
Street Doc

Cyberware

Dermal Plating (2)
Smartgun Link
Boosted Reflexes (3)
Cybereyes
Lowlight
Flash compensation
Spurs(retractable)

Gear

Armor Jacket
Katana
Monofilament Sword
Aurora Racing Bike (or Rapier)
Ranger X Bow
Smartgun Adaptor
36 Precision Ranger X arrows
Colt Manhunter
Reactive Trigger
Firepower Ammo rigged
200 rounds ammo
Wallacher Combat Axe
Doc Wagon acct (Gold)
Middle Lifestyle (4 months ppd.)
3d6 x 100 Nuyen credstick

The Street Rigger

The Street Rigger is the best there is, an all around Jockey of motor vehicles. He has worked for the best and worst of clients, but has always gotten the job done at any cost. Now he works the streets, and the occasional Corp Shadowrun, for his pay. He is known by many names: Gyro Captain, Getaway Man, TopGunner, Panzerboy, and AirCavMan. Whatever name he is today, you can count on two things. One, he is one of the best. Two, nobody does it better.

>>>[Note the heavy use of GM discretion in the Street Rigger's gear. Gamemasters must exercise veto powers and disallow vehicles they don't want new players to have.]<<<
-- Jerry (09:07:07/03-14-92)

Quotes

"Oh dear, excuse me Mr. Corp Slime, did I run over your toes in my Panzer?"

"Dangit, Mr. Troll, would you mind sitting in the BACK SEAT, I can't drive with you crowding up the front!"

"Approaching Warp Nine, Captain. Heh

Daniel Alexander Bruns <gaul@wam.umd.edu>

Priorities: Tech 4, Skills 3, Attributes 2

heh, I love this job..."

Attributes

Body	4
Quickness	6
Strength	3
Charisma	2
Intelligence	6
Willpower	3
Essence	0.3
Reaction	6
Normal	8+1d6
Vehicle	12+3d6

Skills

Any four vehicle skills at level four.	
Etiquette (Street or Corp)	1
Firearms	4
Gunnery	3
Computer	3
Electronics	3

Contacts

Merc Mechanic
Fixer Technician

Cyberware

Vehicle Control Rig (2)
Smartgun Link
Datajack
Wired Reflexes (1)

Gear

Smart Goggles (lowlight)
Ear Communicator
DocWagon Contract (platinum)
2 drones of choice (GM
discretion)
Any 3 vehicles of choice,
however check with GM
beforehand. (i.e.no panzers
or restricted craft)
Acceptable armaments (GM
discretion)
Colt Manhunter (Smart)
Firepower ammo
4 clips ammo
Armor Jacket
Remote control deck
3 slave ports

Dead Zones

Doctor Jerold Stratton, Ph.D. Psychology

Dead Zones are mysterious regions where technology fails. There are known Dead Zones in the Anzo-Borrego near San Diego, and one north of Denver.

Dead Zones are known to change size at irregular intervals. One rumor is that they wax and wane with the phase and visibility of the moon. Another is that they grow as a natural check against the human population -- as populations in nearby cities grow, so will any Dead Zones nearby.¹

When nearing a Dead Zone, computers stop working (and may lose volatile memory), and cyberwear starts acting up. This 'warning zone' can vary in size from a meter to a kilometer. Once within a Dead Zone, nothing electronic works, and it seems that sub-atomic processes stop as well.

Because of the effects, it's very hard to determine how a Dead Zone affects technology in the way that it does. Some magicians claim that within a Dead Zone, the laws of nature revert to their natural state -- that devised by the Greek philosophers and naturalists. Matter becomes homogeneous, composed of Earth, Air, Fire and Water.² Unfortunately, we can't just go in and check this out -- Electron Microscopes don't work, of course, in a Dead Zone. Everything *visible* seems to remain the same, but electricity stops

flowing and radiation stops (or is blocked) within the zones.³

One of the most intriguing theories surrounding the Dead Zones is that the Awakening hasn't yet finished. Eventually, the Dead Zones will grow to cover the world. Most of the theorists believe that such will only occur after hundreds of years, but the implications are staggering.

Much of our knowledge about humanity comes from inference based on techno assumptions. Carbon (radioactive) dating is a prime example. If, throughout half of our history, radioactive breakdown has *not* been occurring, then everything over five-ten thousand years old is up to twice as old as we thought it was.

And what will happen to our civilization when technology fails completely? Satellites will fall and undersea villages will suffocate. But is it possible that this has happened before? There are many strange legends that crackpots of the last century have attempted to explain via an alien race or technologically advanced forebears. Could it have been an earlier Awakening that drove Atlantis into the sea? Might astronauts have visited us in unknown times, only to be stranded here (or elsewhere) when the magic came and the technology went?

¹Urban Legends of the Awakening, Adam Cecil, Harcourt, Fuji, Jovanovich, 2049.

²A Theory of Quantum and Zonal Atechnology, Science, Ariadne and Phillips, March 15, 2043.

³Two well-received experiments have backed this up. The first (Wiedrich and Fries), reported in New Research, February, 2050, showed that X-Ray sources do not leave a mark on photographic plates within a zone. The second (Larasia), reported in Scientific Republican, January, 2050, showed that rats exposed to highly radioactive uranium within a zone were unharmed after weeks of exposure, while their control group counterparts contracted severe cases of cancer in days.

Shadow U.

New Skills, Concentrations, and Specializations
by ANANDA%BSU.DECNET%MSUS1.BITNET@Sdsc.Edu

The first campaign I started included a rocker and a theatre-type. Due to the dearth of related skills in the skill listings, I worked on creating my own. After a few sessions and a few new non-player characters, new concentrations and specializations also cropped up.

Formats:

general skill

concentration (specializations)

general skill

concentrations
specializations

Performing Arts

Instrumental music and vocal music encompass the ability to play instruments or sing well, and can be considered a measure of how good a musician a person is. Performance encompasses how the musician interacts with an audience. A person could be a technically brilliant musician, cutting lots of audio tracks, yet never do a single concert because of an inability to deal with an audience.

Instrumental music

instrument family--e.g. saxophone, clarinet, flute, guitar, synth, etc.
specific instrument--e.g., alto sax, bass guitar, etc.

Vocal music

choral, barbershop, rock, opera, etc.;
vocal synth
specialization is some aspect of the specific concentration

Musical composition

vocal (choral, barbershop, rock, etc.)
instrumental (chamber music, symphonic, jazz, etc.)

Performance

actor, singer, comedian, musician
specialization is a specific style of the concentration

Performance is stage presence and working with an audience.

Acting

simsense, movies (flat films), *stage plays, trid* (by medium) *comedy, drama, western, horror* (by genre)

This skill could possibly switch the concentrations with the specializations. I have it arranged this way because more actors talk about making 'the big step' from one medium to another (especially trid to movies) than from one genre to another. Also, anything to simsense is a much bigger step than between any two genres, since the latter doesn't usually require the actor to get cybered.

Non-performing Arts

Artistic composition & design

two-dimensional (painting, drawing, etc. [by general technique]; color or black and white), *three-dimensional* (sculpture, holographs, etc.), *animation* (children's, adults', educational/instructional, etc. [by audience or purpose])

Written composition

fiction genre -- e.g. mystery, romance, poetry, western, science fiction, fantasy, suspense, 'popular fiction', etc.
 novels, novellas/novelettes, short stories
non-fiction genre -- news, science
 (either general or a specific field), *self-help, diet/nutrition, etc.*
books/texts, articles (e.g., magazine, journals, newspaper, etc., as appropriate), *etc.*
scripts -- simsense, movies (flat films), *stage plays, trid* (series), *music videos*
comedy, drama, western, horror (by genre); *documentary, etc.*

The reason that the genres are concentrations and the lengths are specializations is that a person can easier write different lengths of works within a different genre than write works of similar length across different genres. Scripts are the exception; script authors seem to cross genres more frequently than they cross medias.

Active Skills

Unarmed Combat

Fist-fighting (brawling, boxing)
Throws
Grapple is renamed *Wrestling* (take-downs, holds, escapes)

Electronics

Security systems (while it is true that many security systems are tied into a computer, there are many that aren't.)

Social Skills

Leadership
 Gang
Interrogation
 Verbal (interviewing)
 Machine-aided (lie detectors, etc.)
 Coercive (torture) (sick, I know, but just

the thing for your next cyberpsycho npc who is determined to get that tidbit of info that your players didn't know they had.)

Negotiation

Bargain (haggling, barter)
 Con (duping someone; persuading someone to do something they normally wouldn't do)

Etiquette

Media (Journalists, Rockers, Musicians, Actors, etc.)
 Organized Crime (Yakuza, Mafia, Seoulpa rings, Tongs, inter-group relations)
 Religions/Cults (by religion or cult, inter-group relations)
 Tech (Technicians, Armorers, Mechanics, etc.)
 Military
 Government
 Military and Government specializations include:
 specific branches or departments
 inter-branch or department relations
 local- or state-level groups

About the *Organized Crime* concentration: Although arguments can be made to include this under the *Street* concentration, the different groups listed as specialization possibilities are highly organized and have their own rules of conduct, which are very different from the rules of etiquette that would apply to gangs and other Street elements. This would seem to argue for the various mob groups to be specializations of the Corporate concentration. However, the primarily illegal and extra-legal orientation of the mob groups does not fit the Corp. concentration. Making Organized Crime its own concentration solves these problems.

Knowledge Skills

Theology

Christian, Hindu, Muslim, etc.

history of the religion or church, rituals, customs, etc.

Languages

Move *Estonian* from the *Baltic* family to the *Finnic* family. One person speaking Finnish and one speaking Estonian can understand each other fairly well.

Romance family: add *Ancient Latin*, *Medieval Latin*, and *Church Latin*. There are sufficient differences between

the three to differentiate them.

Sign Languages: American Sign Language, Perkins-Athabaskan

Sasquatch

Special Languages: *Pidgin English* (the City Speak equivalent of many semi-aboriginal groups in South America, Africa and Asia)

Shadow Skills

Jerry Stratton

Here are some skills you won't necessarily learn at the city college. You'll most likely need to find a teacher in security or in the shadows.

These are all special skills, and fall under the heading of *Action* skills. These require 2x Karma to train in, so referees take note: they are general skills, and cover quite a bit of ground.

Open Locks

Opening locks covers hard locks (padlocks, etc.), electronic locks, and computer locks. Each type requires its own special tools, and characters can concentrate in any of those three types (or any other types that may exist). A hard lock kit costs 200¥. An electronic lock kit costs 400¥, and a computer lock kit costs 800¥. Opening locks is usually an unresisted test against the lock's rating, with extra successes reducing the base time to unlock. Some especially tough locks will have a threshold less than or equal to their rating.

Impersonation

Impersonation covers all forms of

impersonating other people: ventriloquism, disguise, and mannerisms. Each of those three can be concentrated in. Using this skill is usually an unresisted test against a number chosen by the referee, using the *Skill Success Table*. A troll trying to impersonate a human, for example, will find it *nearly impossible*. The referee will need to take into account the backgrounds and appearance of the impersonator and the person being impersonated. A street punk impersonating a CEO will find it a *difficult* task, unless the street punk has knowledge of corporate etiquette.

The number of successes show how well the impersonation succeeded. Only one success will be necessary to fool most people. People who know the person being impersonated will have a threshold up to their intelligence. If the street punk tries to impersonate the CEO to the CEO's wife, the punk will need at least one more success than the wife's intelligence. Impersonating the CEO to his secretary will require only 1 extra success (a threshold of 1).

The impersonator can reduce the target number by studying what needs to be done. If the street punk above finds someone willing to show him how a corporate CEO acts, he can make an *Intelligence* test vs. the target number (6), and the successes here reduce the target number when making the actual impersonation attempt. The street punk's intelligence is 3. He rolls 1 six. This brings the impersonation target number down to 5. Characters cannot study to bring down target numbers that are high because of physical reasons (a troll impersonating a human). The referee will have to decide which part of the target number is physical and which mental. It takes *target number* days to study for the intelligence test.

A disguise kit costs Rating times 50¥ and weight three times Rating

kilograms. The rating is the maximum target number the kit can deal with. A rating 5 kit can only be used for *challenging* or easier impersonations.

Sleight of Hand

Sleight of Hand covers picking pockets, magic tricks, and diverting attention. Each of those can be concentrated in. Sleight of Hand is usually an unresisted success test against the target's intelligence (perception). The referee may assign a threshold for particularly difficult sleight-of-hand attempts. Picking a pocket is fairly easy (no threshold), but picking a pocket inside several layers of clothing will be more difficult (a threshold of 1 or 2).

A magic kit will cost 50¥ or more, depending on what the character is going to do.

The Neo-Anarchists' On-Line Grimoire

Astral Fog

Manipulation (Transform)

D.C

Astral Fog	M1	Mana	Sustained
------------	----	------	-----------

A rather oddball desperation move, but D.C. swears it can be effective (then again, he's not as good in Astral Combat as I am). Target number of 6, and each success generates a point of background count within the spell's area of effect, making an effective smokescreen.

Background Count is defined in the Grimoire. It affects **every** magical act in the area.

Blackout

Illusion

D.C

Blackout	M2	Physical	Sustained
----------	----	----------	-----------

An area-effect stunt of D.C.'s that blinds everyone in the room (including yourself, so you might want to Perceive before casting it). And yes, this one does work on cybereyes.

It's a physical spell, so it affects cybereyes and cameras. You can think of it as cutting off visual input, or you can think of it as replacing one's visual input with basic null-light 0% black. Either way it affects cameras (however, the target for living beings is their Willpower, while the target for a camera is 9, it being a high-tech gizmo thing).

The mere shift to Perceiving voids the spell. However, then you can't really hear what's going on...

Disguise Vehicle

Illusion

Spectre

Disguise Vehicle	L2	Physical	Sustained	Touch Required
------------------	----	----------	-----------	----------------

Mask for your car. And it's touch-required, but if you're inside all you've gotta do is lay your hands on the wheel or on the seat. Real handy for evading pursuers in heavy traffic.

I gave it a one-level boost to the drain code to make it *sound* like another vehicle as well as just looking like it (people are going to raise an eyebrow when your erstwhile Dodge Scoot makes the noise of a 150cc engine).

Existential Blues

Manipulation (Control)

D.C

Existential Blues	M1	Mana	Sustained
-------------------	----	------	-----------

A nihilistic *Mob Mind* -- overwhelms everyone in the area of effect with a terrible sense of futility and pointlessness. Makes 'em just wanna give up and quit whatever they're doing. Frankly, I have trouble staying motivated sometimes *without* this spell, but I can see some potential uses.

D.C. originally designed it as a single-purpose *Mob Mood*, but then realized that for only one more level of Drain (and really, M1 is **no** big deal), he could intensify the effects and make them actively want to give up instead of just feeling angsty.

Forced Truth Manipulation (Control)
White Winter (Leader, Hermetic Order of Guardians)

Forced Truth	L2	Mana	Sustained
--------------	----	------	-----------

The subject of this spell is forced to tell the truth while this spell is in effect. The spell does not, however, force the subject to speak. The threshold is the victim's willpower. The referee may allow additional resistance tests as warranted by the situation.

>>>>[Like this spell is wiz, but if you want to pick it up at your local lore store, ask for the Pinocchio spell version 2.]<<<<<<
 ---Erekosse<12:15:03/11-14-51>

>>>>[I picked up this spell at Blue Moon Lore Store over near Seattle U. I got it by its proper name, but I guess it's to be expected since the sign on the door said "White Winter Proprietor." This is great to lock on an enemy; they'll never be able to live it down in the streets.]<<<<<<
 ---Grey Eagle<21:47:16/02-09-52>

>>>>[Tell me about it; in fact, your probably the #*@\$* red-skin who nailed me with it. I haven't been able to hang out around my old friends since, and they're a wond.... truly obnoxious bunch of fat bigots. Oh no, not again. Anyone out there know of a reliable mage for hire with reasonable rates.]<<<<<<
 ---Hooded Knight<14:18:52/02-12-52>

Know Exit Detection
Spectre

Know Exit	M2	Physical	Sustained
-----------	----	----------	-----------

Now *this* one is useful. It's a hypersense spell, with the usual provision that the number of successes establishes the effective range. Basically, it's a trail of bread crumbs -- lets you know *exactly* the fastest way out of a building, assuming the exit is within the effective range. Once you get this spell up and running, you're a virtual escape-route bloodhound.

The thing took me two days to write. It doesn't exactly determine the *fastest* route per se... simply the most efficient

one. There's a little bit o' *Detect Enemies* in there too, which I accounted for by adding the **Drastic Effects** modifier.

Phantasmal Force Illusion
Spectre

Phantasmal Force	D1	Mana	Sustained
------------------	----	------	-----------

This is my baby, and I do love it so. Area-effect, full-sensory, realistic illusion. I get this sucker going and reality is mine for the creating. You see, hear, smell, and feel what I want you too. Having always had a nuyen for the macabre, I like to pull stuff like lowering the ambient temperature ten degrees, having shrieking demons descending from out of the sky, having a room overrun by crawling rats, or surrounding myself in a skull-mask and blue flame. A real mindfragger -- unfortunately it's mana-based, but that just confuses the chromies even more.

This is a standard illusion spell -- my target number is the victim's Willpower and varies from victim to victim. What I have to do is keep track of the numbers I roll for the success test.			
For example, I cast it at Force 4 and throw in 6 points of Pool, and I roll 10,9,5,5,4,4,4,3,1,1. Now, characters with Willpower 6+ need to roll two successes against my Sorcery to resist; characters with Willpower 5 need four successes; characters with Willpower 4 need seven successes; etc.			

Temporary Insanity Manipulation (Control)
Jerry Stratton

Temporary L Insanity	L2	Mana	Sustained
Temporary M Insanity	M2	Mana	Sustained
Temporary S Insanity	S2	Mana	Sustained
Temporary D Insanity	D2	Mana	Sustained

Temporary Insanity changes the target's outlook on life to an extent that resembles insanity. The nature of the insanity will depend on the circumstances when the spell is cast and

the target's original personality.

The target resists with Willpower, and there is a threshold equal to the target's Willpower. The number of successes indicate how detailed the insanity will be.

Marcia the wage mage, with *Temporary Moderate Insanity* (Force 4), Sorcery 5, Magic Pool 5, and Willpower 6 casts this spell on Billda Ork, Willpower 3. Marcia uses 3 of her Magic Pool dice to augment the spell's Force, rolling 7 dice, getting 5, 7, 8, 1, 4, 4, 10. This is 6 successes, minus 3 (Billda's Willpower), for 3 successes. Billda resists with her Willpower, rolling 3 dice vs. Marcia's Sorcery 5, getting 9, 4, and 1. One success does not offset Marcia's 3 successes, so Billda is moderately insane (see *Insanity*)

Marcia rolls drain. She saved 2 Magic Pool dice for drain, so she rolls 8 dice, vs. the force of 4, getting only 3 successes. She takes Light drain.

Truth Glow Manipulation (Control)
White Winter (Leader, Hermetic Order of Guardians)
 Truth Glow M2 Mana Sustained

This area spell works like a polygraph test, however, with more accuracy. Instead of monitoring physiological signs of falsehood, it detects aural indications. When a subject tells a lie, the individual will shed a white glow perceivable to anyone in visual range. The spell does not force someone to speak nor does it require the subjects to speak the truth; however, falsehood will be quite obvious. The threshold of this spell is half the subject's willpower.

>>>>>[The street name on this puppy in most places is Pinocchio version 1. It's great to use at a meet. If everyone knows the nature of spell, it's a good way to establish trust where none is present.]<<<<<<
 ----Erekosse<02:19:43/03-04-52>

>>>>>[I beg to differ. This spell is awful at a meet. You know the old saying, "Tell me no secrets, and I'll tell you no lies." Well most

meets are secret.]<<<<<<
 ----Shade<04:25:34/03-04-52>

>>>>>[Ignore Shade; she's a pathological liar. At our last meet we used her to read the contracts.]<<<<<<
 ----Spit Fire<15:54:54/03-08-52>

Turn Marble to Bat Manipulation (Transform)
D.C

Turn Marble to Bat L3 Physical Sustained

Yeah, I looked at D.C. that way too, but he wasn't kidding. He actually carries a bag of shooters around with him, and when things get tight, he'll lob a handful of 'em into the oppos' general direction and chase 'em down with this area effect spell. Whammo -- cloud of bats. Instant chaos. It does need to be sustained, though; soon as you drop it, the marbles fall to the floor again. 'Course, then they can be stepped on.

The drain code is so low because of the **Very Limited Target** modifier. Not only does it only affect glass (**real** glass, not *Plasti-Vue* or *Saf-T-Glas*), it only affects *spheres* of glass less than 3 cm in diameter... and it will only turn them into one specific animal, the northern brown bat. Note that the target number is going to be the marble's *Object Resistance* of 5 (simple techie object).

X-Ray Specs Detection
Keith Ammann

X-Ray Specs L2 Physical Sustained

A handy little gem, to be cast on any voluntary subject. It's a hypersense spell, so roll against a Target of 4. Each success lets you look through one point of Barrier Rating (inanimate objects only -- you can look through a bench, but not a dog). You can guess what my focus for it looks like. Yeppers, made in Taiwan.

The target for all *hypersense* spells (as opposed to ranged detection) is 4; the number of successes usually determines the range of effectiveness, but in this case it determines the strength of the

spell instead. BTW, there is no resistance test on the part of the object one looks through, in case anyone was wondering.

Spell Creation Notes from D.C.

D.C. reverse-engineers *everything*. He'll think back to the last bad situation he and his pals were in, think, "What would have been really handy to help us out or buy us some time?" and come up with a spell that fits the bill. The *Astral Fog* came from the time he got his butt creamed in a mano-a-mano in the ether and decided that the best thing for him would have been to make it twice as tough for anyone to do anything -- that way his oppo would be just as ineffective as he was at the time.

Master Spell List

originally compiled by Chris Spindler

Here's a quick reference guide for Shadowrun spells. Thumbing through two separate books to determine things that were left out of the table in the Grimoire just got too irritating. And now that the *On-Line Grimoire* is regularly providing new spells, it'll only get worse.

The following table is a revised version of the Grimoire's which includes useful things like drain code, staging, target numbers and threshold (if any).

by us net types. Single asterisks indicate spells from published adventures.]<<

-- Silver

Cianide<09:03:12/03-10-52>

Notation	
MA	magic attribute
#S	number of successes
F	force of spell
(X)	Extended version
Perm(n)	Permanent after <i>n</i> actions

We'll include an update with each issue of the NAGEE that

includes the *On-Line Grimoire*. If you have any updates (new spells in an adventure, mistakes in this listing) send them to us. We'll print the update, and then everybody can use their favorite word processor/text editor to paste the update into the master list.

>>[Double asterisks indicate spells created

Combat Spells

Name	Drain	Target	Staging	Range	Area	Duration	Type
Death Touch	M1	Willpower	1	Touch	Single	Instant	Mana
Fire Bolt	D3	Body	1	Visual	Single	Instant	Physical
Fire Cloud	S3	Body	3	Visual	Magic	Instant	Physical
Fire Dart	M3	Body	3	Visual	Single	Instant	Physical
Fire Missile	S3	Body	2	Visual	Single	Instant	Physical
Fireball	D3	Body	2	Visual	MA	Instant	Physical
Fireblast	D4	Body	1	Visual	MA	Instant	Physical
Mana Bolt	S1	Willpower	1	Visual	Single	Instant	Mana
Mana Cloud	M1	Willpower	3	Visual	MA	Instant	Mana
Mana Dart	L1	Willpower	3	Visual	Single	Instant	Mana
Mana Missile	M1	Willpower	2	Visual	Single	Instant	Mana
Mana Ball	S1	Willpower	2	Visual	MA	Instant	Mana
Mana Blast	D1	Willpower	1	Visual	MA	Instant	Mana
Power Bolt	S2	Body	1	Visual	Single	Instant	Physical
Power Cloud	M2	Body	3	Visual	MA	Instant	Physical
Power Dart	L2	Body	3	Visual	Single	Instant	Physical
Power Missile	M2	Body	2	Visual	Single	Instant	Physical
Power Ball	S2	Body	2	Visual	MA	Instant	Physical
Power Blast	D2	Body	1	Visual	MA	Instant	Physical
Ram	M2	Barrier Rating	1	Visual	Single	Instant	Physical
Ram Touch	L2	Barrier Rating	1	Touch	Single	Instant	Physical
Slay (Species)	M1	Willpower	1	Visual	Single	Instant	Mana
Stun Bolt	M1	Willpower	1	Visual	Single	Instant	Mana
Stun Cloud	L1	Willpower	3	Visual	MA	Instant	Mana

Name	Drain	Target	Staging	Range	Area	Duration	Type
Stun Missile	L1	Willpower	2	Visual	Single	Instant	Mana
Stun Touch	L1	Willpower	1	Touch	Single	Instant	Mana
Stun Ball	M1	Willpower	2	Visual	MA	Instant	Mana
Stun Blast	S1	Willpower	1	Visual	MA	Instant	Mana
Urban Renewal	M2	Material Body	1	Visual	MA	Instant	Physical
Wrecker	L2	Vehicle Body	1	Visual	Single	Instant	Physical

Detection Spells

Name	Drain	Target	Staging/Threshold	Range	Area	Duration	Type
Analyze Device	S2	Object Resistance		Visual	Single	Sustain	Physical
Analyze Truth	M1	Willpower		Visual	Aural	Sustain	Mana
Combat Sense	M2	4		Visual	Special	Sustain	Physical
Clairvoyance	M1	4		Visual	MAx#S	Sustain	Mana
Clairvoyance (X)	S1	4		Visual	MAx#Sx10	Sustain	Mana
Detect (Life Form)	L1	4/6/10		Visual	MAx#S	Sustain	Mana
Detect (Object)	L2	4/6/10		Visual	MAx#S	Sustain	Physical
Detect Enemies	M1	4/6/10		Visual	MAx#S	Sustain	Mana
Detect Enemies (X)	S1	4/6/10		Visual	MAx#Sx10	Sustain	Mana
Detect Individual	L1	4/6/10		Visual	MAx#S	Sustain	Mana
Detect Life	L1	4/6/10		Visual	MAx#S	Sustain	Mana
Eyes of the Pack*	S1	4 (Voluntary)			MAxFx10	Sustain	
Identify Device	M2	Object - Skill		Visual	Single	Instant	Physical
Know Exit**	M2	4		Visual	MAx#S	Sustain	Physical
Mind Probe	M1	Willpower		Visual	Single	Sustain	Mana
Pers. Analyze Truth	L1	Willpower		Personal	Aural	Sustain	Mana
Pers. Clairvoyance	L1	4		Personal	MAx#S	Sustain	Mana
Pers. Clairvoyance (X)	M1	4		Personal	MAx#Sx10	Sustain	Mana
Pers. Combat Sense	L2	4		Personal	Special	Sustain	Mana
Pers. Detect Enemies	L1	4/6/10		Personal	MAx#S	Sustain	Mana
Pers. Detect Enemies (X)	M1	4/6/10		Personal	MAx#Sx10	Sustain	Mana
X-Ray Specs	L2	4		Visual	Special	Sustain	Physical

Health Spells

Name	Drain	Target	Threshold	Range	Area	Duration	Type
Antidote L Toxin	L2	Toxin Str.	Tox Stg	Touch	Single	Perm(5)	Mana
Antidote M Toxin	M2	Toxin Str.	Tox Stg	Touch	Single	Perm(10)	Mana
Antidote S Toxin	S2	Toxin Str.	Tox Stg	Touch	Single	Perm(15)	Mana
Antidote D Toxin	D2	Toxin Str.	Tox Stg	Touch	Single	Perm(20)	Mana
Cure L Disease	L2	Disease Str.	Dis Stg	Touch	Single	Perm(5)	Mana
Cure M Disease	M2	Disease Str.	Dis Stg	Touch	Single	Perm(10)	Mana
Cure S Disease	S2	Disease Str.	Dis Stg	Touch	Single	Perm(15)	Mana
Cure D Disease	D2	Disease Str.	Dis Stg	Touch	Single	Perm(20)	Mana
Decrease Min. Attb.	M2	Attribute	Staging: 3	Visual	Single	Sustain	Mana
Decrease Med. Attb.	S2	Attribute	Staging: 2	Visual	Single	Sustain	Mana
Decrease Mas. Attb.	D2	Attribute	Staging: 1	Visual	Single	Sustain	Mana
Decrease Min. Cyb. Attb.	M3	Attribute	Staging: 3	Visual	Single	Sustain	Physical
Decrease Med. Cyb. Attb.	S3	Attribute	Staging: 2	Visual	Single	Sustain	Physical
Decrease Mas. Cyb. Attb.	D3	Attribute	Staging: 1	Visual	Single	Sustain	Physical
Detox. M Toxin	L1	Toxin Str.	Tox Stg	Touch	Single	Perm(10)	Mana
Detox. S Toxin	M1	Toxin Str.	Tox Stg	Touch	Single	Perm(15)	Mana
Detox. D Toxin	S1	Toxin Str.	Tox Stg	Touch	Single	Perm(20)	Mana
Heal L Wounds	L2	10 - Ess.		Touch	Single	Perm(5)	Mana

Name	Drain	Target	Staging/Threshold	Range	Area	Duration	Type
Heal M Wounds	M2	10 - Ess.		Touch	Single	Perm(10)	Mana
Heal S Wounds	S2	10 - Ess.		Touch	Single	Perm(15)	Mana
Heal D Wounds	D2	10 - Ess.		Touch	Single	Perm(20)	Mana
Healthy Glow	L1	10 - Ess.		Touch	Single	Perm(5)	Mana
Increase Attrib. +1	L2	Attrib. x 2		Touch	Single	Sustain	Mana
Increase Attrib. +2	M2	Attrib. x 2		Touch	Single	Sustain	Mana
Increase Attrib. +3	S2	Attrib. x 2		Touch	Single	Sustain	Mana
Increase Attrib. +4	D2	Attrib. x 2		Touch	Single	Sustain	Mana
Increase Cyb. Attrib. +1	L3	Attrib. x 2		Touch	Single	Sustain	Physical
Increase Cyb. Attrib. +2	M3	Attrib. x 2		Touch	Single	Sustain	Physical
Increase Cyb. Attrib. +3	S3	Attrib. x 2		Touch	Single	Sustain	Physical
Increase Cyb. Attrib. +4	D3	Attrib. x 2		Touch	Single	Sustain	Physical
Oxygenate	L2	10 - Ess.		Touch	Single	Sustain	Mana
Prophylaxis L Pathogen	L2	10 - Ess.		Touch	Single	Sustain	Mana
Prophylaxis M Pathogen	M2	10 - Ess.		Touch	Single	Sustain	Mana
Prophylaxis S Pathogen	S2	10 - Ess.		Touch	Single	Sustain	Mana
Prophylaxis D Pathogen	D2	10 - Ess.		Touch	Single	Sustain	Mana
Resist Moderate Pain	L2	10 - Ess.		Touch	Single	Perm(10)	Mana
Resist Severe Pain	M2	10 - Ess.		Touch	Single	Perm(15)	Mana
Stabilize	M1	10 - Ess.		Touch	Single	Perm(20)	Mana
Treat L Wounds	L1	10 - Ess.		Touch	Single	Perm(5)	Mana
Treat M Wounds	M1	10 - Ess.		Touch	Single	Perm(10)	Mana
Treat S Wounds	S1	10 - Ess.		Touch	Single	Perm(15)	Mana
Treat D Wounds	D1	10 - Ess.		Touch	Single	Perm(20)	Mana

Illusion Spells

Name	Drain	Target	Threshold	Range	Area	Duration	Type
Blackout**	M2	Willpower/Object		Visual	MA	Sustain	Physical
Chaos	S2	Willpower		Visual	Single	Sustain	Physical
Chaotic World	D2	Willpower		Visual	MA	Sustain	Physical
Confusion	S1	Willpower		Visual	MA	Sustain	Mana
Disguise Vehicle**	L2	Vehicle (7)		Touch	Single	Sustain	Physical
Entertainment	L1	3 (Voluntary)		Visual	MA	Sustain	Mana
Invisibility	L2	3 (Voluntary)		Touch	Single	Sustain	Physical
Mask	L1	3 (Voluntary)		Touch	Single	Sustain	Mana
Overstimulation	S1	Willpower		Visual	Single	Sustain	Mana
Phantasmal Force**	D1	Willpower		Visual	MA	Sustain	Mana
Physical Mask	L2	3 (Voluntary)		Touch	Single	Sustain	Physical
See Me Not*	L1	Willpower		Visual		Sustain	Mana
Spectacle	M1	3 (Voluntary)		Visual	MA	Sustain	Physical
Stimulation	M1	3 (Voluntary)		Visual	Single	Sustain	Mana
Stink	S2	Willpower		Visual	MA	Sustain	Mana
TriD Entertainment	L2	3 (Voluntary)		Visual	MA	Sustain	Physical
TriD Spectacle	M2	3 (Voluntary)		Visual	MA	Sustain	Physical

Control Manipulation Spells

Name	Drain	Target	Threshold	Range	Area	Duration	Type
Control Actions	M2	Willpower	Will	Visual	Single	Sustain	Mana
Control Emotions	L1	Willpower	Will	Visual	Single	Sustain	Mana
Control Thoughts	L2	Willpower	Will	Visual	Single	Sustain	Mana
Existential Blues**	M1	Willpower/3		Visual	MA	Sustain	Mana
Forced Truth**	L2	Willpower	Will	Visual	Single	Sustain	Mana
Hibernate	L2	4		Touch	Single	Sustain	Physical

Name	Drain	Target	Threshold	Range	Area	Duration	Type
Influence	L3	Willpower	Willpower	Visual	Single	Perm(10)	Mana
Mob Mind	S1	Willpower/3		Visual	MA	Sustain	Mana
Mob Mood	M1	Willpower/3		Visual	MA	Sustain	Mana
Temporary L Insanity**	L2	Willpower	Willpower	Visual	Single	Sustain	Mana
Temporary M Insanity**	M2	Willpower	Willpower	Visual	Single	Sustain	Mana
Temporary S Insanity**	S2	Willpower	Willpower	Visual	Single	Sustain	Mana
Temporary D Insanity**	D2	Willpower	Willpower	Visual	Single	Sustain	Mana
Truth Glow**	M2	Willpower	Willpower/2	Visual	MA	Sustain	Mana

Telekinetic Manipulation Spells

Name	Drain	Target	Staging	Range	Area	Duration	Type
Clout	L1	4	(Will)M1	Visual	Single	Instant	Mana
Levitate Item	L2	4		Visual	Single	Sustain	Physical
Levitate Person	M2	Willpower		Visual	Single	Sustain	Physical
Magic Fingers	M2	6		Personal	Sight	Sustain	Physical
Poltergeist	S2	4	L3	Visual	MA	Sustain	Physical
Use (Skill)	L2	6		Personal	Sight	Sustain	Physical

Transform Manipulation Spells

Name	Drain	Target	Threshold	Range	Area	Duration	Type
Acid	S3	4	Staging: 2	Visual	Single	Instant	Physical
Acid Bomb	D4	4	Staging: 1	Visual	MA	Instant	Physical
Acid Volt	D3	4	Staging: 1	Visual	Single	Instant	Physical
Armour	L3	4		Visual	Single	Sustain	Physical
Anti-Bullet Barrier	S2	6		Visual	MA/Force	Sustain	Physical
Anti-Spell Barrier	S1	6		Visual	MA/Force	Sustain	Mana
Astral Fog**	M1	6		Visual	MA	Sustain	Mana
(Critter) Form	L3	4 (Voluntary)		Visual	Single	Sustain	Mana
Fashion	L2	4		Visual	Single	Perm(5)	Physical
Flame	S3	4	Staging: 2	Visual	Single	Instant	Physical
Flame Bomb	D4	4	Staging: 1	Visual	MA	Instant	Physical
Flame Volt	D3	4	Staging: 1	Visual	Single	Instant	Physical
Ignite	S4	Body/Barrier	Body/Barrier	Visual	Single	Perm(10)	Physical
Makeover	L1	4		Visual	Single	Perm(5)	Mana
Mana Barrier	D1	6		Visual	MA	Sustain	Mana
Pers. Anti-Spell Barrier	L1	6		Visual	Single	Sustain	Mana
Pers. Physical Barrier	M2	6		Visual	Single	Sustain	Physical
Petrify	M3	Body	Body	Visual	Single	Sustain	Physical
Physical Barrier	D2	6		Visual	MA	Sustain	Physical
Shapechange	M3	4 (Voluntary)		Visual	Single	Sustain	Mana
Transform	S3	Willpower	Will	Visual	Single	Sustain	Mana
Turn Being to Goo (P)	S3	Body	Body	Visual	Single	Sustain	Physical
Turn Being to Goo (M)	M4	Willpower	Will	Visual	Single	Sustain	Mana
Turn Marble to Bat**	L3	3		Visual	MA	Sustain	Physical
Turn to Goo	M2	Body/Barrier	Body/Barrier	Visual	Single	Sustain	Physical
Turn to Tree	M2	Body	Body	Visual	Single	Sustain	Physical

The Pharmacy

Drugs in Shadowrun

Drugs have an effect, which is presumably why they're used. They also have the following characteristics: Onset Time, Duration, Aftershock Code, Addiction Code, and Addiction Lethality.

Body tests vs. Drugs are almost never affected by dermal armor.

Onset Time

The *Onset Time* is the amount of time it takes for the drug to take effect. Often, this will be multiplied by a Body test vs. an Onset Target. This target will usually increase with the drug's rating.

Duration:

The *Duration* is the amount of time the drug's effects last, once the drug has taken effect. This will usually be divided by a Body test vs. the *Duration Target* which will increase with the drug's rating.

Aftershock Code:

This is the damage code for Mental damage taken once the drug wears off. If the drug's rating is high enough with respect to the user's Body, this will be Physical damage. Staging is often affected by the dosage.

Addiction Code:

If the drug is addictive, the user must make a Willpower test once the drug wears off. The 'Wound Level,' or *Addiction Level* is almost always the dosage. The Target number is proportional to the drug's rating. The addictiveness of the drug is measured in the staging.

The final *Addiction Level* (after the

Willpower test reduces it) is multiplied by the drug's rating, for the number of boxes permanently filled in on the character's Mental damage monitor. This is the *Addiction Level*, and it isn't additive. The only time the *Addiction Level* increases is when an Addiction test results in a higher *Addiction Level* than the character previously had.

If a character with Willpower 5 takes two doses of a drug with a Rating of 3, and an Addiction Code of 4(dosage)2, the player rolls 5 dice against a target number of 4, staging 2. If the player rolls 1 success, the Addition Level is 2 -- the dosage. If the player rolls 2 or 3 successes, the addiction level is 1. If the player rolls 4 successes, the character is not addicted.

While using the drug, a number of Mental boxes equal to the dosage taken times the drug's rating are freed.

If a character has an Addiction Level of 6, and shoots up 1 dose of rating 2, the Addiction Level will be reduced to 4 for the duration of the drug's effects.

If a character is addicted to more than one drug, keep track of each Addiction Level, but only apply the highest.

Penalties due to Aftershock damage do not apply to the Addiction test.

Addictive Lethality:

Each day, the character must make a *Craving* test. This is a Willpower test with a target number equal to the character's *Addiction Level*. If successful, the character has no craving that day. If unsuccessful, subtract the highest die roll from the character's *Addiction Level*, for the additional

Mental monitor boxes filled in.

If the character goes the full day without getting a fix of at least Addiction Level (Rating times Dose), a Body Test is required, vs. the drug's *Addictive Lethality*, with a target number equal to the *Addiction Level* minus the fix taken (0 if none), and a staging equal to the *Addiction Code* staging. If the target number is greater than twice the character's Body, the damage is physical. Otherwise, it's mental.

This is also how the character can reduce his, her, or its *Addiction Level*. If the *addictive lethality* is reduced to no damage, reduce *addiction level* by the number of extra successes, divided by the staging (and rounded towards 0).

These tests are not affected by stun caused by the character's *addiction*

level, but they are affected by other stun and physical damage that is there for most of the night or day.

John is addicted to Crack, with an *addictive lethality* of Serious and an *addiction code* of (Rating times 2)(Dosage)(2). His *addiction level* is 5. He has a Willpower of 2 and a Body of 3. Monday morning, he rolls a *craving* test, getting 5 and 3. His target number is his *addiction level*, or 5, so he has no craving that day. On Tuesday, he rolls 2 and 4. He craves some crack, but his friends lock him up so that he can't get any. He must make a Body test vs. 5S2 (*addiction level* Serious *addiction code* staging). This is mental, since his target number is not greater than twice his Body. He rolls 2 and 4, taking Serious mental damage.

On Wednesday, he fails the *craving* test again, and manages to sneak in 2 doses of rating 2 crack. This is a fix of 4, reducing the Body test to 1S2 (the target number is really 2, since that's the lowest possible target number). He rolls 4 and 2, taking Moderate mental damage.

Using Drugs

Combat drugs (such as booster shots, nopane, and hul kaline) are most commonly administered via slap patches. This takes one action to self-administer, as long as the patches are readily accessible.

The next most common means of

injection is through built-in cyber-controlled injectors. These take no action to use -- a simple thought is all that's required. Of course, if a character with a loaded cyber-injector gets a craving, the mind will automatically trigger an injection.

Booster Shots

Effect: Booster shots affect the user as *boosted reflexes* (see the *Street Samurai's Catalog*) of rating equal to the drug's rating. Booster shots are not cumulative with boosted reflexes. Booster shots interfere with *wired reflexes*. Subtract the *booster shot* rating from the *wired reflexes* rating, for the effective *wired* rating. If this is negative, Reaction is reduced, and negative dice are applied.

Cost: Booster shots originated in Korea, and Japan is trying very hard to keep them from reaching the western world. The Japanese government does not want boosted reflexes within reach of drug addicts in their colonies. Within Korea, Booster shots are less expensive than in the Americas.

Booster Shot Cost		
Rating	Korean	American
1	200¥	500¥
2	250¥	750¥
3	400¥	1,500¥

Unless Japan can stop the flow, American prices will drop to Japanese levels within 2 years.

Onset Time: One Action. The *onset*

Nopane

Effect: Nopane reduces the penalty for physical damage by the drug's rating. It reduces Reaction and Quickness by *rating*. Quickness can't be reduced below one. If *rating* is higher than or equal to Quickness, Quickness is reduced to one, and the character has a penalty of 1, plus rating minus quickness, on all quickness tests.

Cost: Nopane was developed by the UCAS army, and its use has spread across the Americas. It is not common in Europe or Asia yet.

Nopane Cost		
Rating	America	Eurasia
1	50¥	200¥
2	100¥	300¥
3	200¥	400¥

Hul kaline

Effect: Hul kaline (also known as Conananol or Scharzeline) increases the user's strength by causing the body to go into overtime. Hul kaline is very debilitating, though not very addictive. Hul kaline increases the user's Strength by *rating*. It decreases the user's Quickness by half *rating* (round down) and Intelligence by half *rating*(round

target is the drug's *rating*+3.

Duration: (Dosage+2)d6 turns. The *duration target* is the drug's *rating* +1.

Aftershock Code: (2x Rating)D (dosage). If the rating is higher than body, the damage is physical.

Addiction Code: (Rating+1)(dosage)2.

Addiction Lethality: Deadly.

Nopane is very illegal, and possession of Nopane marks the user as a seedy mercenary or killer. There are better and cheaper drugs on the market (illegal or otherwise) for normal drug-users.

Onset Time: Two Actions. The *onset target* is the drug's *rating*+2.

Duration: (Dosage+1)d6 minutes. The *duration target* is the drug's *rating* +3.

Aftershock Code: (Rating+1)M(dosage). The damage is never physical.

Addiction Code: (Rating+1)(dosage)2.

Addiction Lethality: Moderate.

up).

Cost: Hul kaline was developed by the Aratech Arcology in the late 30s. When Aratech went under, they sold the formula to a consortium of military contractors, and Hul kaline is a staple of South American subcontractors.

Rating	Hul kaline Cost
1	500¥
2	1,000¥
3	2,000¥
4	4,000¥

Possession of hul kaline is very illegal in most areas.

Onset Time: Four Actions. The *onset target* is the drug's *rating*+2.

Duration: (Dosage+2)d6 turns. The *duration target* is the drug's *rating* +2.

Simsense

Simsense is almost exactly like drugs, except that Body is replaced by Charisma. *Onset time* and *duration* are *chip in* and *chip out*, and *dosage* is measured in time.

"Simsense gives you the movie, but with all five senses instead of just two. BTL [Better than Life] gives you the same, but pushes the sensory signal to the red line. 2XS... hits you at the physiological level as well: adrenalin, endorphins, *everything*."

-- Nigel Findley
Shadowrun 4: 2XS

Some less reputable simsense producers program their chips to degrade with use. Of course, even normal simsense will go bad under the typical handling it receives. Simsense users are not known for their organizational skills and hygiene.

Common Simsense: (rating 1 to 3)
Aftershock Code: (Rating+1)M2
Addiction Code: (1+Rating)(dosage)1
Dosage: 30 minutes
Lethality: Moderate

Simsense is very much like movies: a sequence of pre-recorded actions and scenes. The simsense industry (centered in Hollywood) has directors, producers,

Aftershock Code: (Special)D(dosage). The target number is the drug's rating plus half the user's original strength (round up). The damage is always physical.

Addiction Code: 2(dosage)2. The addiction code is not dependent on the drug's rating. Hul kaline is surprisingly non-addictive.

Addiction Lethality: Deadly.

and actors, just like TriVid.

Better Than Life: (rating 1 to 4)
Aftershock Code: (Rating+2)S3
If rating is greater than willpower, aftershock is physical.
Addiction Code: (2x Rating)(dosage)2
Dosage: 10 minutes
Lethality: Serious

BTL chips are the scummy side of simsense. The signals are amplified to provide a 'better than life' experience. Oddly enough, most BTL chips deal with violence rather than sex, although there's usually a sexual tint to the violence.

2XS: (rating 1)
Aftershock Code: (Rating+3)D4
Addiction Code: (2x Rating)(dosage)4
Dosage: 1 minute
Lethality: Deadly

2XS is new to the market. It requires a datajack. It must be fed directly into the brain. 2XS is so illegal very few people outside of illegal simsense users know about it.

Interactive Simsense: (rating 1 to 3)

Aftershock Code: (Rating-1)L1

Level 1 and 2 InSense will not cause aftershock, unless the user has penalties sufficient to bring the target number above 1.

Addiction Code: (Rating)(dosage)1

Rating 1 InSense is not addictive unless the user has penalties to the roll.

Dosage: 30 minutes

Lethality: Light

Interactive Simsense (InSense) allows the user to change the flow of action, and make choices. Some insense

gives the user a character-eye view. Others are like movies. In each case, however, the viewer has the choice of what directions to follow.

Insense requires a special computer buffer to interface. Some insense won't work without the interface. Others will work as standard simsense, providing a pre-recorded sequence of scenes.

It is rumored that FASA Corp, in conjunction with the Collegium for Research in Interactive Technologies, is developing a networking technology for insense.

Shadow Space

Here are two articles describing aspects of outer space. The first describes the barrier between the living Earth and the empty void. The second describes what exists beyond the barrier. We at

the *Guide* cannot vouch for the accuracy of these reports, nor be held responsible for any problems any inaccuracy causes.

The Space Barrier

by David Meleedy (dmm@linde.harvard.edu)

What is the barrier? The barrier is a non-typical manifestation of the awakening. It is similar to a convection ring, which is caused by mana being released in a (typically) traumatic way (i.e. death), and which gets trapped at the outer boundaries of earth's domain. Consider that in the rules, the earth is described as being one huge spirit. When a being dies, the mana is expelled from the body. Mana with no body is at first tenuous and is typically near sources of mana that are still bound to living, organized matter. In an attempt to preserve itself, the mana flees upwards. Soon however, it reaches the outer boundaries of the Earth Spirit domain and cannot travel any further because it is not powerful enough to traverse beyond the domain in which it was created. At this point, the more powerful spirits are able to gather force and form, and return as ghosts. Unfortunately, the lesser spirits, are subject to entropy and are eventually dissipated at the boundary of the Earth Spirit's domain over a long period of time. This vast bubble of agitated mana is known as the barrier.

Now, any living magically sensitive creature (including man), that comes in

contact with the barrier is instantly subjected to the trauma of being in contact with the dissipation of thousands of living creatures. This is what causes the phenomenon of insanity and death which manifests in magicians who pass 50 miles above the earth either astrally or physically. In game terms for a magician to survive contact with the barrier he must make a Body roll against an (Essence)D1 wound, using his base Body score (no spells allowed). What is happening, is that the entropic effect of the barrier is attempting to rip the spark of life (Essence) from the body of the magically attuned character. The character's only defense at this point is the effect of his/her body which is attempting to stay alive (hold in the Essence). To avoid lasting insanity because of the joining of his mana with that being dissipated, he must make a Willpower roll with a target number of his magic rating and a threshold of his Essence-1. This is because the higher the character's magic rating, the more attuned he is with awakened phenomenon. This effect is so powerful that the character's mind will become overwhelmed by the environment unless he makes a roll to maintain his

identity. At this point though, the character has already been determined to be alive, and so there is a tenuous link already between his body and his Essence, this tenuous link is represented by the small subtraction in the threshold number. The threshold method was chosen because of its similarity to mind affecting game mechanics (i.e. thought control spell, or decking).

Magic which comes into contact with the barrier is subject to the full force of its disruptive power. As the weaker spirits dissipate (which is most of them) they release their magical energy, which causes a domino effect across the upper atmosphere. What this means to a magicians spell, is that the magic is dispelled and "washed away" by the tidal forces of magical energy that sweep across the edge of the barrier. All astral links (yes, Quickened locks too), including those established by ritual sorcery are instantly severed. Obviously spells cannot be sustained in this environment.

Magic items which are physically carried into contact with the barrier will be destroyed unless they make a save of the Force of the object vs. a target number of 12. Also, the link between the magician and the item is also disrupted unless the item makes a save of its Force vs. a target number of the karma invested in the bonding and a threshold of the number of items bonded when the barrier was reached. The magical energy of a Fetish is automatically destroyed.

Nature Spirits, being restricted by domain, and more intelligent than any mage who goes to the barrier, will not

come in contact with its destructive phenomenon. If a shaman attempts to bring/summon a nature spirit to the barrier, he will fail. Elementals are a different matter. An Elemental which comes into contact with the barrier must resist discorporation with its Force in dice against a target number of the number of services remaining times the magic rating of the mage who bound it. Should the Elemental survive, the magician must make a Magic test (his magic rating in dice) against the Force of the elemental or the bond between them is broken, and it will go free. Should the mage die or go insane, the spirit or elemental, is obviously free of any further obligations. Allies, due to the unique process of their creation, are not instantly disrupted by the barrier. However, the mage must make a test using his magic rating in dice against twice the ally's force or it will go free if it so chooses. (Note that you cannot use the magic rating dice supplied to the mage by the ally or use automatic successes from an elemental). Whether allies or elementals may pass beyond the barrier is currently unknown.

>>>[See the next section. While elementals can pass beyond the barrier, they are extremely volatile in the void. It may be possible that allies in a physical form will be protected from the void. Our sources are unclear on that point. None of them have an ally.]<<<

-- Silver Cyanide<09:00:15/03-15-52>

Beyond the Barrier

Astral Perception

Anyone viewing the astral plane while in outer space must make a Willpower test vs. 6D3/Mental. Anyone who remains conscious after this test must make a Charisma test vs. 5D1/Insanity, each turn. Already existing insanity is applied as a bonus, not a penalty, to these two tests.

Spirits

Nature spirits cannot travel into space. If they are forced to do so, they lose 1 Force Point per minute. Other planet-created controlled spirits (Elementals, Watchers, etc.) must make a Force test vs. 4D1 every Force days. The spirit does not actually take damage, but loses Force points equal to the wound level -- 4 for Deadly, 3 for Serious, 2 for Moderate, and 1 for Light.

On a largely uninhabited planet, the target number for resisting drain from summoning a *nature spirit* is at +2. On an inhabited but alien planet, the target

for drain is at +1. When conjuring elementals, watchers, and other non-nature spirits on a largely uninhabited planet, the staging for drain is increased by 1.

Non-nature spirits can be summoned in space, with a staging for drain at +1, but the spirit will not be controlled.

Space Inhabitants

Many strange creatures live in space. There are abandoned, haunted space stations, lost, insane wizard ghosts (wizards who tried to astral project beyond the barrier), and free spirits. There are rumors, as well, of gigantic floating webs in space, and man- or whale-sized spiders spinning them. Legends of creatures that thrive on magic cast at them, and rumor of a strange nature spirit or elemental whose domain is the void. It will take much more exploration before the truth of these legends comes out.

Insanity

Insanity is measured as *Light*, *Moderate*, *Serious*, or *Deadly*. The penalty to target numbers is the same as for normal damage, and is cumulative with physical or stun damage. There is no penalty for deadly insanity, but such a character can only be a non-player character.

When in a situation where insanity may occur, resistance will be rolled with Willpower. Insanity helps keep a character sane: if an already insane character makes a willpower test vs. further insanity, the insanity penalties are applied as a bonus instead of a penalty.

Insanity heals in a manner similar to mental damage, although rest is not required. A Charisma test is rolled. Insanity damage does not apply penalties to this roll, but mental or physical damage does. Divide the duration by the number of successes. This is the amount of time it takes for insanity to drop one level. If there are no successes, the level does not drop, and the duration is doubled for the next roll.

Effects

The exact effects of insanity are left up to the player and referee. The style of the game and the situation that caused the insanity should dictate how insanity is treated.

Light insanity should involve minor distractions or compulsions. *Moderate* insanity should involve definite compulsions and/or a twisted world-

view.

Serious insanity will involve occasional hallucinations, paranoia, and/or very strange compulsions. *Deadly* insanity indicates that the character is completely insane. Most of the character's time is spent with hallucinations. It might involve paranoid delusions and schizophrenia, or a complete, non-stable personality switch.

Insanity	Duration	Target Number
Deadly	10 days	6
Serious	6 days	5
Moderate	3 days	4
Light	1 day	3

Insanity is not cumulative. However, characters can have *multiple* insanities. Only the penalty for the most serious insanity modifies success tests. Each insanity must be cured separately.

A character might have a *deadly* psychosis (fear of flying), a *moderate* neurosis (kleptomania), and a *light* paranoia. Whenever the character is in a situation where kleptomania grabs hold, the character has the penalty of 2 for *moderate* insanity. If kleptomania isn't in effect, the character has the penalty of 1 for the paranoia (since paranoia will pretty much always be something the character will have to worry about). Whenever the character's fear of flying takes effect, the character is played by the game master, and no penalties are in effect. (Yes, the no penalty for *deadly* does override the real penalties for lesser insanities. It's the highest insanity, not the highest penalty, that takes precedence.)

A Confederate Cajun in Southern California

Sony-Louis Rollando

The desert sun beat hard from the west. In my right hand, I held an Ithaca SA-50. Not standard issue, but I prefer a little surprise. To my left, Gary surveyed the area with binoculars. He pocketed them, and pulled out an old pair, with glass lenses and no electronics.

"Looks like the zone caught up with us. Does it grow?"

"Could be. Full moon tonight."

I looked at my wristwatch -- a mechanical one, for in the zones nothing else worked reliably. Above the watch was a wrist calculator. There are no mechanical analogs to that. I punched in $3 + 2$. It came up 7.12159. We were definitely in the zone. Half an hour ago, $3 + 2$ equalled 5. I sheathed my gun. At best, firearms in a zone don't work at all. At worse, the decreased burn rate builds pressure slowly and explodes the weapon.

We went back into the small cave. Gary slept three hours, and I kept watch. I saw one snake.

It was 2045. In the east, President Iroff had finally signed the Lee Treaty, though the war between the states had really been over with for nearly a decade. Not my problem anymore, though. Not since I moved to SoCal. I'd been with the Pendleton Franchise for 8 years, and the Confederate Army for three years before that, and was just beginning to have second thoughts about spending my life as a career soldier. Or ending my life as a body shield for whatever renegade tries to earn extra pesos hiring out to the Franchise.

No mages here, fortunately. Just a real mental jack who'd decided he could hide from the law in a technodead zone. Hell, he'd of been safer staying in San Diego. Even then, the law didn't give a damn about some minor murderer. All the wigs wanted was to make sure no one thought a dead zone was a free zone.

So here I was. Somewhere in the Anzo Borrego. I loosened up with the katana before

handing the watch over to Gary. In three hours, we moved on. I've been meaning to ask a naturalist why there are no dead zones on a beach.

Two sleeps later, we found our first trace of him. At first we thought he was being clever, setting an obvious trail to lead any one following either astray or into a trap. So we move along real careful, like, for an hour. Turns out he's not clever, just an idiot. I heard a saying once about mad dogs and Englishmen. I've never met an Englishman, but this guy was a total cake. Swapped spit one too many times with the dragon. He's living in a fucking cabin in the center of a small, flat valley, sun baking the rocks like a natural microwave.

Still thinking this guy can't be that crazy, but wondering what it does take to systematically track down and kill only redheads whose names begin with G, I set up my bow. Adjusted the scope, a mechoid, of course, for the estimated distance, and waited underneath an overhang.

In the vids, this is where two soldiers always manage to solve their existential problems in a down-home, philosophical discussion. Fuck that. In the middle of the desert, it's hot, it's dry, the sun stares down like an ancient angry god, you don't feel like thinking, let alone talking.

So he comes out, probably to take a leak, the poor slob. One arrow and he's down, the next, he's good as dead. Gary looks on with the binoculars, and tells me when it looks like he's stopped breathing. We don't bother to check the body until nightfall. It's not worth leaving the cool, and you never know -- he may be faking it. From 300 feet it's hard to tell with old optics. But if he lays there in the sun all day, it won't matter what he's faking.

The moon rose before the sun disappeared. We came out of hiding, went into the little valley, checked the body. He's dead, no doubt. Peek inside the cabin, which is still holding in the day's heat, and there's nothing

there. We left.

At the top of the valley's side, I turn around to take one last look at the sucker. And stop. The body was gone.

Shit. Like the old chummer used to say, just when things can't get any better, they gotta get worse.

Gary saw the same thing. He swore as well. It meant we were going to have to track the bastard, or whoever stole him, down. The hot day was fast becoming a cold night.

The calculator no longer worked at all. We climbed about fifty feet higher than we were, and surveyed the area. The full moon lit the desert almost as well as the sun, but our binoculars showed no one nearby -- no person, no animal larger than a lizard, the only sign of humanity the fruitcake's cabin.

The door swings in the breeze, but I don't feel anything up here. The air has that humid, kind of damp, fleshy feel. You've never been in heat until you've been in Louisiana in August. Or the Yucatan, I suppose, in whatever passes for boiling there. Or even West Africa, from what I've heard. But I believe I'm babbling.

And I was. But momma set me right. She always did, that silvery smile, bright red hair. But that was the neighbor-girl-next-door. Daddy came in from the wars and set his briefcase down, but I couldn't see him over the din of the trivideo set. It wasn't for nothing they called us inseparable, my sister and eye. Red blood in my I, and a song in my heart.

Obviously, something was wrong. Far wrong and way cool. I thought I heard thunder in the distance, but it was Gary slapping me back to reality. Which wasn't an easy trip with the whore-whore-horehounds blowin' in the

wind. I steeled myself against his mind, obviously the fruitcake's mind was still here in the dead zone, trying to infect us with his madness.

Or, perhaps not trying at all. Only a mindless life force, a shell, a lifeless mind trapped in the moon, to fade as the moon fades to nothingness.

I crouched, and saw the stars, and felt the ground again. Now there *was* a cold wind, and an odd smell in the air.

Gary kicked at someone. The kick should have sent his opponent tumbling over the edge. Instead, there was a slurping noise, and I saw his toes exit his opponent's back, straight through the liver. A hot smell exploded into the air, sun-boiled meat. Gary tried to hold back his nausea, and lost. It occurred to me that it was too bad he wasn't a redhead, then without thinking I drew my sword and hit whatever it was he'd kicked. I saw the thing's face, and it was the nut, and he was dead, but he clawed at me anyway. His mouth hung open, and his tongue lolled out one side of it.

My sword had cut deep, and I yanked it out, as he clawed at me again. I rolled back, and realized why video adventurers always had a shield. Steaming water poured out the wound in its side. Gary pounded its back with his staff. It staggered forward, but kept its eyes on me as I swung the sword back and chopped off his head.

It staggered forward, still clawing, and I thought we were fucked, when it just stopped, swooned, and fell. I could still feel the ripples of the life force in the air, but it had lost its power.

We didn't rest until we reached the horses the next morning.

Law of the Pack

by Keith Ammann

The gray October wind blew plastic wrappers up the street and some of the brown haze out of the air. The afternoon sky was thick with clouds. The street was empty of people except for a thin, white-haired young man wearing a respirator mask and a goblin in a tan trenchcoat and spiked dog collar. As the thin youth covered his motorcycle with a plastic sheet, the goblin stared at the sky.

"So much for today's job-hunt," said the goblin, spitting on the ground.

"Yeah, Arch, like we were goin' anywhere anyway." The young man lifted up his respirator and wrinkled his nose. "Man. This rain better wash some o' the smog down." The two moved into a nearby doorway and sat down on the steps. Thunder rumbled quietly to the west.

"I don't know why you're hangin' around with me, man," said the goblin. "You're the one with the diploma. You could be out doin' somethin'."

The human shook his head. "The corps ain't for me, Archie. I can't live like that. You gotta give yourself away, man. They don't let you have your own life anymore. I'd rather stay on the streets."

"Man, Corin, you always was the spooky one."

Neither one said anything for a while.

"How's your dad?" asked Corin.

"Better. He's finally gettin' the people organized. They're gonna have some kind of rally." Archie kicked his heel against the concrete steps. "I'm really glad he finally got that promotion. 'Bout time they got an ork foreman down there. Might make some real money now."

"You think of applyin' down there?"

"Naw, man. Not on the line."

"Why not?"

"Because..." Archie thought for a minute,

resting his chin on his hand and rubbing his enlarged lower teeth with his thumb. "Because I wanna be someone. Because I want a real job and a real life. I don't want people lookin' at me like I'm just another dumb ork with nothin' but muscle and attitude. That drek chokes, man."

Corin looked down, then at Archie. "They gonna think that anyway."

Archie sighed. "I know. But down on the line, people fight you to prove it. Too much hate there for me, man. I don't wanna get into all that."

"I know what you mean," Corin said. "But you gotta get somethin' sometime."

"Yeah." Archie hadn't had a job since he'd left high school. He hadn't even gone for an interview since the disaster a year before, when he applied for a counter job at the neighborhood Stuffer Shack convenience store, hoping that he could eventually make it to manager. Since that interview, he'd always found excuses not to go to any others, fearing the rejection he was sure he'd receive.

"Name?"

"Archie Santangelo."

"How old are you?"

"Nineteen."

"Education?"

"Two years at Jarman High."

"Only two?"

Archie hadn't thought it would be the right thing to say that he'd been expelled his junior year for trying to stop a fight between two normals. The security guard, seeing Archie shove the larger of the two hard against a locker, assumed he had started the fight. For some reason, the dean didn't think it was strange that a B student with a clean disciplinary record would assault two other

kids at once. "That's right," Archie said.

"Program?"

"College prep."

"Not vocational?"

The dogs in Archie's head woke up. His voice took a hard edge.

"No, not vocational. College prep."

The interviewer noticed the change in tone and looked up coldly.

Archie had made his first mistake. "What previous experience do you have?"

"None yet."

"None yet," repeated the interviewer, as if he had guessed the answer beforehand and just been proven correct. "What made you want to work at Stuffer Shack?"

"It's near home," Archie replied as Corin had coached him. "I don't have a car. I can work night shifts. I know how the stores are organized. I'm not afraid of being robbed."

The interviewer smirked. "Do you know what to do in case of a robbery?"

"Don't resist. Get a good look at the robber so you can describe him later. Give him what he wants. Hit the Panicbutton as soon as he leaves."

The interviewer scowled. He'd expected the ork to say something like, "Jump the counter, maul the fragger, and give what's left to the cops." Somehow he didn't like the fact that Archie knew the right answer. He looked up. "Why the dog collar?"

Second mistake. He'd forgotten to take it off before the interview.

"I just like it."

"Can't wear it on the job."

"I understand."

"We have strict dress codes. You wear the uniform and the hat. No scruffy clothes, no street clothes. No dog collars."

"I understand."

"Good." The interviewer looked down again. "Any criminal record?"

"Nope."

"No assaults? No vandalism?"

"I said no."

"Ever stolen from an employer?"

"I told you, I've never been employed."

"You drink? Use drugs or chips?"

"I don't have a jack. And I don't use drugs." The dogs began to growl.

"But you do drink."

"Yeah, some."

"Ever drink on the job?"

Archie jumped up. "Goddamnit, I told you! I haven't had any other job yet!"

The interviewer looked up slowly, icily, and closed the folder.

Strike three. "Thank you, Mr. Santangelo. That will be all."

Archie looked open-mouthed at the interviewer. Gradually, disbelief was replaced by understanding. "You never intended to hire me at all, you bastard. You were just stringin' me along. It's 'cause I'm an ork, isn't it?"

The interviewer said nothing.

"Isn't it?"

The interviewer pressed a button on his telecom. "Liz, please show the applicant out."

"You goddamn bastard." Archie shook his head and walked wearily out of the office, ignoring the girl in the doorway who stared at him vacantly. The barking of the dogs was giving him a headache.

The clouds finally broke open. A drizzle of pale yellow rain began to fall, turning gradually into a steady shower. Archie backed further up the steps, pulling his long legs out of the rain's reach. The wind picked up. Corin zipped up his heavy black jacket.

"What time is it?" Corin asked.

"Why don't you get a watch?" said Archie.

"Can't afford one, drekhead. What time is it?"

Archie looked. "Quarter after four."

"Guess we're stuck here for a while."

The rain continued on into the early evening. When it finally stopped, Corin took a sniff, decided the air was safe to breathe again, and walked up the block toward his basement apartment. Archie went down the block to his own building.

His family was already seated around the dinner table when he got there. "Hurry, Archie, your food's getting cold," his mother called as he hung his long coat on a peg, picked up his two sisters' coats, and hung them up too. He sat down at the table between his father and his younger sister, Mary. The dinner was flavored nutrisoy, as usual. No specials tonight. He picked up his fork and started shoveling it in. His father was talking about the union; they were going to have a rally the next night. Archie made interested noises.

"Mommy, can I get a straw?" Mary asked.

"Certainly, honey." Archie's mother got up and went to the drawer that had the straws. She and his other sister, Anna, hadn't undergone the mutation that affected Mary, him, and their father, making their muscles denser and stronger, their frames taller, and their faces frightening parodies of normal humans' faces, with slightly pointed ears and overgrown lower canines that poked out between their lips. Archie and his younger sister had been born that way; their father, he was told, changed at puberty. He'd spent three weeks in the hospital, and come out more strong and stubborn than ever before. Anna, being fifteen years old, was considered beyond risk. She would probably stay human the rest of her life.

"Mom, why you gettin' Mary a straw?" Archie said. "She's gotta learn to drink from a glass some time."

"Archie, don't be mean."

"I'm not bein' mean, Mom. Mean is gonna be the kids in high school askin' why she don't drink out of a glass like everyone else." Mrs. Santangelo put the straw in Mary's glass with a resigned look at Archie. Mary drank the soymilk. Archie shook his head and returned to his food.

"Find a job today, Archie?" asked his father.

Drek, thought Archie, having hoped that his father would talk about the union until dessert. "No, Pop. Got rained out."

"It wasn't raining this morning."

"I wasn't up this morning." Knots formed in Archie's stomach. His appetite fled. The dogs howled.

"Why weren't you up this morning?"

"Pop, I'll go out tomorrow."

"Answer me! Why weren't you up looking for a job this morning?"

"Michael, please." His mother's face had a pained expression.

"Paula, stay out o--"

"Pop, I'll go tomorr--"

"Don't shout --"

"You will get up out of --"

"Pop, I will --"

"Can I head over to Rachel's?" said Anna. Her soft, steady voice cut through the shouts. The argument lost what little continuity it had.

"Yes, dear, go ahead," said Mrs. Santangelo. Anna got up from the table and went for her coat. Archie and his father looked at each other once again.

"Archie, hon, if you're not doing anything tomorrow, could you pick Mary up from school?" asked his mother before the shouting could begin again. The front door opened and shut.

"He's not--"

"Yes, Mom," Archie said. His father scowled angrily. "Pop, I'll check the ads tomorrow morning."

Mr. Santangelo glared at Archie, pushed away from the table, and walked into the TV room.

Archie got up early the next morning, mainly because his father woke him up. That day he browsed through the want ads on the newsfeed, made a couple of half-hearted phone calls, and didn't write down the information he got.

Early in the afternoon, he went out to find Corin. He was hanging around on the corner with Martin Megistus, the street magician. Martin was popular with all the kids, but only Corin had stayed interested in the old man's tricks as he grew up. He said the magician was the real thing, and he was learning the stuff himself. Martin had always told Archie he had the talent as well, but Archie could never stay interested. Most of the things the magician said went over his head. Any time he thought he understood something, the dogs would get restless, and he'd lose his concentration. Corin could focus his attention on something for hours at a time. Archie didn't care about things if he didn't understand them right away.

Corin, as usual, was completely wrapped up in what the magician had to say. Archie tried to look interested but couldn't. His efforts to get Corin's attention away from the magician came to nothing. His "Sayonara" as he left barely got a nod. He checked his watch. It was a little after two-fifteen. He headed off to pick up his sister.

Archie walked up the drive to the front door of Milton Elementary. He'd gone there too, when he was little. The lobby always looked really small compared to how he remembered it, no matter how many times he came back. Watercolor paintings from the art classes covered the fake-wood-paneled walls. Children milled noisily about. Parents bumbled through the crowd, calling out, trying to find the ones that were theirs. Carefully and gently Archie pushed his way over toward the auditorium doors, next to that weird metal thing that was supposedly a sculpture. It had

been there forever. Corin had always been fascinated by the metal thing, with its small, intricate shapes and moving parts. Archie had never gotten the point. He craned his neck and scanned the lobby, looking for Mary.

When he spotted her, the dogs started barking in his head. She had been crying; there were dark circles under her eyes. A big black smudge of dirt covered one side of her new jacket. Her long, brown hair was messed up. Forgetting politeness, Archie plowed through the crowd toward his sister.

"Mary, tell me what happened."

"No." Her lip trembled.

"Who did this, Mary? Tell me who did this?"

"No." She shook her head.

"Dammit, Mary, what happened?"

"Nothing."

Archie felt ready to explode with frustration. "Come on. Let's get home." He took her hand and started walking, too fast, toward the door. As they walked out the door and down the drive, Archie's questions were answered. A group of human kids, standing at the bus stop, pointed and laughed. Archie stopped in his tracks and put a hand on Mary's shoulder. "Stay right here, Mary," he said. Mary stood as still as a fence post. Archie strode toward the bus stop kids.

"What're you starin' at?" he shouted. "What the hell you think you're starin' at?" Most of the children stopped laughing. One whispered, "I don't know, but it's u-u-ugly!" Another giggled at that.

"Who said that?" demanded Archie. The dogs strained at their leashes. "Who was it? Was it you?" he shouted into on child's face.

The child was petrified. Archie straightened up.

"That," he said with fierce restraint, "is my sister. You hear me? My sister. And if I find out that any of you little snots are messin' with her again, teasin' her, pushin' her around, callin' her one single fraggin' name that's not her own, then I hope you got the bus fare to

get back from where I'm gonna kick your snotty little asses to. You got that? One word! One word and you're meat." The children stood frozen, speechless. Out of the corner of his eye, Archie saw a teacher walking over. He nodded to her and turned to walk back toward his sister. The teacher continued walking, approaching him. He gritted his teeth.

"Can I help you, sir?" the teacher asked accusingly.

Archie turned his head and gestured to his sister. "No, but maybe you could start helpin' her. 'Bout time someone did." He shut himself off from the teacher, took Mary by the hand, and walked her home without a word.

On the way home, his head was full of angry thoughts. He'd only been trying to look after his sister, and the teacher -- the same one he'd had years before -- had thought he was some sort of criminal. A chill wind picked up. The studs of his collar felt cold against his neck. Archie hung his head, ashamed of his outburst. He wondered if he could actually bring himself to do anything to those kids if they bothered Mary again. He wondered if he'd ever be able to live with himself if he did. His hand gripped Mary's tightly. The dogs remained awake, watching.

When Archie got home, Corin was waiting outside. "Sorry I wasn't -- " He noticed Mary's condition and broke off. What happened? he mouthed.

Archie motioned Corin to come on in. He glanced at the elevator; broken again. It's not fair to make a ten-year-old kid walk up four flights, he thought. He carried Mary up the steps.

His mother told Mary to go change and wash up. "Mom," Archie started, "a bunch of kids were --"

"It's okay, Archie. She's fine. She just needs to get straightened up."

"Mom, she's not fine. The kids are knockin' her around. You gotta talk to the teachers there."

"She'll be fine, Archie. She's not hurt. Just a little dirty."

"What if she gets hurt?"

"Archie, don't worry. Everything will be okay." Mrs. Santangelo turned and followed Mary.

Archie swung his fist at the air. "Nothing. Not a damn thing I can do."

"C'mon, Arch. 'Sko over to my place." Corin motioned Archie to leave.

They went out the door. Anna was coming up the stairs. "Hoi, Anna," said Archie. Corin waved. She smiled at the two and turned into the apartment without a word.

Corin walked down the stairs. Archie stomped. "I can't take this anymore," Archie said. "Kids pickin' on Mary. Guys at work givin' Pop the screws. Pop givin' me hell for not bein' perfect. Day after day with nothin' to do. I can't take it."

"Get a job."

"Slot off, man, I'm serious. I am goin' absolutely nuts. I live on a street with squatters, chipheads, people with dead-end jobs and unemployed bums like us. And there's not a fraggin' thing I can do about it! I can't even get a fraggin' job--"

"You tried lately?"

"That's not the fraggin' point!" snapped Archie as they walked out the door. "Even if I tried, I wouldn't get nothin'. They're keepin' me out. Don't want me. Don't want a fraggin' ork doin' somethin' they could get a normal do to. Don't want me nowhere but on the line or on the street, where I can't do nothin'. Christ, I gotta do somethin'!"

"What can't you do?"

"I can't change nothin'. I can't stop people from messin' with my own goddamn sister. I can't make people see what's goin' on. I start maulin' people, what does that do? Nothin'. I'm just what they want me to be then, see?"

Corin nodded quietly. "Yeah, I get it."

"I don't wanna hurt no one. I just can't stand to see all this drek goin' on around me. I gotta do somethin'. God, they won't even let me protect my own goddamn sister."

Corin gave Archie a moment to cool down. "Let's get somethin' to eat, man."

"Got no appetite," said Archie.

"You can buy mine, then."

Archie laughed. "You take me to Stuffer Shack, you're meat."

The dogs started barking later that evening. Archie couldn't shut them up. They drove him to distraction. As he and Corin approached his building, the barking became more and more insistent. Archie stared blankly at the building. In his mind, the dogs barked disaster. A dreadful intuition overcame his reason. He bolted away, up to the building and through the door, bounding up the steps two and three at a time, hitting the stairwell wall once as he lost his grip swinging around the rail. The dogs barked incessantly. He burst through the apartment door without turning the knob all the way, nearly ripping the bolt slot from the frame.

His mother sat on the couch, holding Mary. The girl was crying in terror and grief, tears streaming down her face, gulping in air and expelling it in horrible wails of anguish. His mother sat still, her face pale, her eyes sunken, staring straight ahead, mechanically stroking the girl's hair. Anna sat on a chair in the dining room, tracing a finger around in circles on the table.

"What's wrong?" screamed Archie. "Someone fraggin' tell me what's wrong!" His shouting intensified the young girl's crying. His mother shrunk back against the sofa. Neither spoke.

The only answer came from the other room. "The Humanis Policlub crashed Pop's union rally," said Anna in a melancholy monotone, not looking in Archie's direction. "They came with baseball bats and shotguns. They said they were there to punish the local that hired goblins as foremen." She paused. "They beat Pop to death."

The dogs were going crazy, barking, pulling at their leashes, jumping and cursing and yelping in every direction. Archie's head spun.

"They what? Who were they? Who did it?"

"The police broke it up," said Anna. "Pop was already dead. They arrested a bunch of them." Anna looked at Archie, a strange, puzzled expression on her face. "Mom won't press charges."

"WhaaAAAGGHHH!" Archie had meant to confront his mother, but instead of words came an inarticulate roar. His mother's face was devoid of emotion, almost devoid of life. She spoke like a ventriloquist's dummy, like the words weren't her own and she was only the medium. "I don't want any more trouble, Archie. I don't want any more trouble. Everything will be all right. It has to be. No more trouble."

In his anger, Archie brought both his forearms down on the end table, smashing it into jagged fragments. His mother closed her eyes tightly and shook her head. Mary wailed. Anna turned back to staring at the table. The dogs broke free, the pack charging off on the hunt. Archie, running, followed them out the door, leaping down the stairs. On the second flight he turned his ankle painfully as he landed, adding to his rage as he stubbornly and unevenly ran down the rest of the stairs and out into the street, screaming incoherently all the way.

Corin saw his friend tear out of the apartment building, yelling his guts out, loping along with a face that could give a mercenary a heart attack, and was struck dumb with shock. Archie never even saw Corin as he ran through the streets in agony, flailing his arms, barely maintaining his balance. The dogs had been loosed to the hunt. Hunting normals. Archie was part of the pack, being driven along with them. The pack would find their quarry, and Archie would join them as they chased and cornered and tore it to pieces. He charged down the streets with the pack, looking for the one that would pay for what normals had done to his family.

Suddenly something caught him and he wasn't running, he was falling.... His body slammed heavily against the pavement, his jaw scraped against asphalt. His hands were torn by gravel. He tried to get up but couldn't get his limbs to obey his commands. He was

losing the chase. As he lay on the ground, screaming pleas to the darkness, the pack charged off and left him behind. He collapsed down and sobbed helplessly, unable to do anything.

Combat boots appeared next to Archie's head. Corin was kneeling down beside him, his face painted with nervousness and every limb shaking. "You go-g-gotta ch-chill, Arch," he stuttered out. "You g-gotta t-tell t-t-tell me wh-wha-what ha-what happened."

Archie's voice was choked with anguish. "They got away... The fraggers got away...."

"Who-who did?"

"They're gonna pay," sobbed Archie. "I'm gonna kill 'em... kill 'em all... every fraggin' one...."

"Archie, what are you talkin' ab-bout? You're n-n-n-n--" Corin scrunched his eyes shut and bit his lip. "You're... not... going to... kill anyone."

Archie's scream tore ruts through the street. "I KNOW!! They'll never let me... won't let me defend my own fraggin' family...."

Don't you see? All this goddamned drek... I can't do anything... they won't let me...."

"Archie, you can't kill anyone. You said it yourself. You can't become what they want you to be."

Archie exhaled a deep sob and dropped his head. His forehead hit the asphalt, jarring his senses. "I can't be anything," he breathed out. "I can't do anything. All I can do is lie here and take it." He paused. "All I can do is lie here. Corin, why can't I move my fraggin' arms?"

"My fault, man."

Archie suddenly felt free to move. He sat up dizzily. "What the hell'd you do?"

"Somethin' Martin taught me. Said your anger'd run away with you someday. Told me

to do that if I ever saw it happen."

"Do what?"

"Never mind, man." Corin took a deep breath. "C'mon, let's get you cleaned up. You're a fraggin' mess."

"Gimme a sec. My head hurts." Archie lay back down, propping himself on his forearms. "I dunno what to do, man. I feel so fraggin' helpless. Muscle an' attitude's all I got. Can't use it without becomin' somethin' I can't stand to look at. Just another dumb goddamn ork."

"You got a lot more than that, Arch. You know what's right. Lots o' people can't see that. And you ain't afraid to stick up for it."

"Doesn't matter. Just a dumb fraggin' ork. Never be anything else. Not even good enough for the line...."

"Come on, man, your head works just fine. I can't stand stupid people, but I hang with you. You know what's right. You just gotta know how to make people listen."

Archie sighed. "I dunno. I just get so fraggin' confused... maybe if I just got somewhere where I could think...." Archie fell silent for a moment. He looked up at Corin, his eyes narrow. "You think they'd let me back into Jarman?"

Corin thought. "Doubt it. Maybe another school."

"Got no car."

"We'll figure somethin' out. Come on."

Corin steadied his friend's arm as he got to his feet. They walked and limped up the block. "Hey, Corin," Archie asked, "how come you got so many books? You won't buy a TV or a fraggin' watch, but you buy books?"

"You wanna read any of 'em, you're welcome to," Corin said, looking Archie and breaking into a small smile. "Knowledge is power."

Neither one said anything for a while.

"The more I think about it... the more it looks as if I've been a cog in one thing or another since the day I was born. Whenever I get set to do what I want to do, something a whole lot bigger than me comes along and shoves me back into place."

-- Anonymous WWII soldier

The Chipper

Reviews of things you have to pay for.

The Futurological Congress

Stanislaw Lem

translated from Polish by Michael Kandel
Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich, 1985
1250 Sixth Avenue, San Diego, CA 29101
111 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY, 10003

In the world of Shadowrun, altered reality is a way of life. People jack in and chip in, using drugs, simsense, BTL, 2XS, and decks. What effects will there be when people can control their lives to the extent that chips can be controlled?

Stanislaw Lem wrote *The Futurological Congress* before the advent of virtual reality technology, but the drugs that play a major part in this work are uncannily similar to chips in 2050 AD. Lem shows us what is possible with simsense.

In a society where governments can no longer take care of their citizens, they use drugs to create an artificial world. Artists drop out of the real world and create their masterpieces in their own private world, for their own private pleasure. Companies spring up that create custom drugs which allow customers to vent their anger against individuals in a non-violent, socially acceptable way.

Lem's writing, as usual, is superb, and he deftly explores the ramifications and possibilities of a world where reality is both fixed (nature) and fluid (simulated). *The Futurological Congress* is highly recommended to any Shadowrun referee.

reviewed by Jerry Stratton

Shadowrun 4: 2XS

Nigel Findley

Penguin Books, USA Inc., 1992
375 Hudson Street, New York, NY 10014

The writing in 2XS is awkward, and typos abound. Simply as fiction, I cannot recommend this book. It does, however, provide a good look at the world of Shadowrun. While general editing was lacking, continuity editing seems to have been tight -- everything conforms almost exactly to Shadowrun terminology and effects. You can almost see the game behind the story.

But only almost. Dirk (the hero) just isn't on the ball. It's surprising he's survived this long without getting fragged. We, as readers, can tell what's happening to Dirk and his friends before he figures it out, even though we're only told what Dirk sees. Are we more pre-disposed to strangeness than Dirk would be? Unlikely. Dirk lives in the awakened world. The traffic report he listens to warns of octopi climbing onto the highway and chomping cars.

If you're a Shadowrun gamer, I do recommend reading this. You get a description of simsense (the 2XS of the title) from the user's experience. You see a mage/free spirit relationship. And you get a nicely described Shadow-mission towards the end. The virtual reality descriptions in this book are better, and more useful from a gaming standpoint, than those from the story in the *Virtual Realities* supplement.

Spoiler Warning: This book contains spoilers for the Universal Brotherhood.

reviewed by Jerry Stratton

Index to the First Annual Neo-Anarchists Guide to Everything Else

2XS.....41	Insanity.....46
Acting.....26	Instrumental music.....26
Algiers Hotel.....14	Interactive Simsense.....42
Anzo-Borrogo.....25	Know Exit.....31
Artistic composition & design.....26	Las Vegas.....12
Astral Fog.....30	Los Angeles.....3
Bally's Las Vegas.....14	Melrose Wall.....10
Better Than Life.....41	Mirage.....17
Blackout.....30	Musical composition.....26
Bladeboy.....22	Navajo.....20
BloodRunners.....1	Negotiation.....27
Booster Shots.....39	Non-performing Arts.....26
Boulder Dam.....17	Nopane.....40
Cesar's Palace.....15	Open Locks.....28
Dead Zones.....25	Orichalum.....1
Disguise Vehicle.....30	Page.....20
Douglas Adams.....3	Performance.....26
Drugs.....38	Performing Arts.....26
Dunes Sunset Hotel & Restaurant..7	Phantasmal Force.....31
Edge.....15	Shadowrun 4: 2XS.....56
Etiquette.....27	Sign Language.....28
Excalibur.....16	Simsense.....41
Existential Blues.....30	Sleight of Hand.....29
Forced Truth.....31	Space Barrier.....43
Futurological Congress.....56	Street Rigger.....23
Glen Canyon Dam.....19	Sunset Strip.....10
Grimoire.....30	Temporary Insanity.....31
Hollywood.....6	Theology.....27
Hollywood Palm Hotel.....7	Tropicana.....17
Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel.....8	Truth Glow.....32
Hollywood Strip.....9	Turn Marble to Bat.....32
Hotel Hollywood.....8	UTE.....13
Hul kaline.....40	Vocal music.....26
Hyatt on Sunset.....8	Written composition.....27
Impersonation.....28	X-Ray Specs.....32