

NA GEE

The Neo-Anarchists Guide to Everything Else



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From the Editor...

Welcome to the Fifth Annual Neo-Anarchists Guide to Everything Else, a Shadowrun fanzine.

This issue marks the dawn of a new age, the resurrection of the NAGEE. After several months of withdraws from waiting for NAGEE 5 to hit the nets, I finally broke down and e-mailed Jerry. After Jerry told me he was too busy to continue the NAGEE, his response to me was, "You want to do it?" Well, at first I thought, "No way," and more time went by. Finally I broke down and said I'd give it a try.

Well, here it is. If all goes well, and my family is still talking to me by the time I get done with it, I will go for NAGEE 6. Honestly folks, I really do plan to do NAGEE 6, and even 7 and 8. I've even got plans for a big summer supplement for those really loooooonnnnnngggggg articles you've sent in.

So, sit back and enjoy my first crack at taking over for Jerry. And if it turns out I did a really drekky job, just go frag yourselves!

NAGEE Submissions...

We need more!!! I can't say this often enough, or to enough people. While I have enough to fill another one or two NAGEEs, you have to send stuff in in order for me to keep the NAGEE going. One of the advantages that the NAGEE has is me... I'll publish just about anything. Another advantage is that the NAGEE is not owned or operated by FASA, which means I/you/we have a lot more latitude in what we write. So, get creative! While its true that the NAGEE is not FASA sanctioned, they haven't sent the hit teams out after Jerry or myself yet, so we can't be all that bad, right?

NAGEE Formats...

The NAGEE is released (as of this issue) in Replica, RTF, MS Word, and ACSII formats. I've been taking some hits about this new Replica format over the online services recently, but I think it will better preserve the formatting and artwork of the NAGEE. Send me your feedback on which version you read, and how it turned out.

Gopher Site...

The gopher site is still *teetot.acusd.edu*, which is still buried in *assorted cool things to play with*. Jerry will be posting the NAGEEs in */pub/Beelzebub/Role-Playing/Shadowrun/NAGEE*, but if you got this NAGEE over the nets, chances are you got it there. The NAGEE is also available in the *GIX Exchange* in the *Online Gaming Forum of America Online* (keyword *OGF*), and *Library 4* of the *Role Playing Games Forum (RPGAMES)* of CompuServe. One of these days I will get Internet service. If you know anyone who wants to give me an Internet account, let me know. Okay, cheap request, but I doesn't hurt to ask... usually.

Comments and Suggestions...

I've seen some of the mail Jerry received about opening up NAGEE to general role playing games. And so far, the response has been a definitive "No." Which is cool, because I didn't want to see the NAGEE turned into *The Nasty Asshole Gamer's Electronic Examiner* either. But, Jerry was right. Submissions have been tapering off recently, so that means you have to write stuff. Get your friends to write too. Even if they don't have access to the nets, you can send it in for them. Reviews of Shadowrun novels, FASA sourcebooks, descriptions of online gaming sessions, magic, the matrix, techno goodies, ideas for characters, you name it. That's the stuff I want to see. I want to put KaGe (FASA's Shadowrun newsletter/mag-azine) to shame.

Running out of Words...

Well, I'm running out of stuff to talk about, and I'm sure you want to get on with the NAGEE. Me too. Let me leave you with one personal shameless plug. I'd like to thank my family for putting up with my drek the last few weeks, especially my son. All I've done in my spare time is work on the NAGEE. Good thing its winter, or the grass would be real tall by now.

So, so long for now... see you in a few months...



My son Phillip -->

Happy Easter...

And you thought I was done. Not. Have a Happy Easter, if you're into that sort of thing. Look me up if you're at Balticon. Probably a moot point, cause this probably won't make it to the nets in time. Oh well.

About the Cover...

The cover art was done by Karen Weatherbee, copyright 1992. (This is the kind of stuff I'd like to run more of.) The painting is entitled "Ril," and is one of her Shadowrun characters, a "streetpunk of an elf decker..." It was done in Fractal Design Painter and Photoshop. You can see more of Karen's work in the *RPG*, *COMART*, and *Cyberforum* forums of CompuServe. You know, that service you have to pay a lot of money for. Karen's Internet address is 70730,3655@compuserve.com.

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The Annual Neo-Anarchists Guide to Everything Else is a non-FASA sanctioned fanzine for FASA's Shadowrun Role Playing Game. I'm not Jerry Stratton. I'm Tony Moller, and I've taken over for Jerry. FASA hit teams may be directed to 6101 Marilyn Drive, Alexandria, VA 22310. Just don't shoot the dog. Direct inquiries to me via e-mail to Aroooo@aol.com (America Online), 72521,317@compuserve.com (CompuServe), or my soon to be announced other Internet address (which I don't have yet). Snail mail works too. The NAGEE is available from America Online, CompuServe, and various anonymous ftp sites across the Internet.

The Fifth Annual Neo-Anarchists Guide to Everything Else was released on April 1, 1994. No April Fool's Joke. The copyrights of each article and work of art are held by their original authors. I have made no changes to articles save for spelling corrections, minor grammatical fixes, and formatting to comply with the NAGEE. This compilation, The Fifth Annual Neo-Anarchists Guide to Everything Else (NAGEE 5), is Copyright © 1994 by Tony Moller. NAGEEs 1 to 4 are still copyright by Jerry Stratton. You may *freely* distribute the NAGEE in either electronic or print form so long as it is distributed in full and this notice accompanies it. You may not sell the NAGEE, period. Nuf said.

Oh, I almost forgot. Shadowrun is a trademark of the FASA Corporation. The short story entitled "Wyrm Talk" is copyright the FASA Corporation, and used with their permission. Thanks Tom! That should keep the hit teams off my back.

The Bulletin Board

From: Wizard of OS
Address: <baumeist@picasso.informatik.rwth-aachen.de>
Date: Mon, 10 May 53 11:50:46 MET DST
To: Silver Cianide
Subject: Language

Here are a few words I looked up in the dictionary.
I'm not sure if they are correct:

"orderer": The one who gave you your task (e.g. a
Mr. Johnson)

"box stacking": What you are doing in a
storehouse

"native place": The town and the surroundings
where one lived when he was a child

In the second issue you wonder how "Drek"
evolved. Well, it looks like the German "Dreck" may
prove the continuing influence of german literature
in the mid 21st century similar to words like
"soykaf" (Kaffee=coffee) and "Panzer" (an
especially highly literary word).

Also "Frag" probably rised back at the start of the
century when bigger and bigger Operating
Systems (System VII Release 18) tended to
frag(mentate) memory and disks and trash the CPU
by swapping in a few minutes. Oh, the OS-
developers in those old days are to be pitied.

PS.: Anybody knows about nice, working
translation programs fitting into headmemory? I
would even accept a utility which has to be
executed in the matrix, but you can't find anything
like that on this side of the Atlantic Ocean. What
happened to the development speed of
computer-science (knowledge doubles every 8
years) in this field?

"Does it have reaction enhancement?"
"Yes of course, it crashes faster than light!"
So long!

From: Silver Cianide
Address: <jerry@teetot.acusd.edu>
Date: Tue, 6 July 2053 13:11:55 PST
To: Wizard of OS
Subject: RE: Language

Nice quote there, Wizard...

Germany Sourcebook Review

by Achim Held

<awin@bytos.toppoint.de>

I bought it a few weeks ago (here in Germany, don't know if it's available anywhere else), and I really enjoyed reading it. It contains the following chapters:

Die Augen des Riggers

(The eyes of the rigger)

– a nice short story playing in Hamburg.

Schneller Vorlauf

(Fast Forward)

– an overview about geography, weather, important laws (what weapon/cyberware is prohibited?), emergency call vidphone numbers, prices – you could call it a short travelers guide to 2053's Germany. The currencies in Germany are Nuyen, ECU and – on the street – the DM.

Geschichte (History)

– The history of Germany from 1998 to 2053

Deutschland 2053: Ein Ueberblick

(Germany 2053: An overview)

– everything about political and social aspects of the ADL, how Germany is called since 2045 (Assoziierte Deutsche Laender, could be translated to associated german countries, but I think countries isn't quite the correct word here).

Berlin: Studie in Anarchie

(Berlin: lesson in anarchy)

– a long chapter about the history and political structure of the former capital (Hanover became the new capital in 2022), followed by information about gangs, megacons, hotels, bars, etc.

Since 2015 Berlin has been surrounded by a wall again, this time to protect the other parts of Germany from the anarchy in Berlin. Berlin has no real government, the status is called 'Status F,' what means no laws, and all decisions are made by parties, policlubs, gangs and megacons whoever has most influence in one moment; in the next moment, everything could change. Life in Berlin is only for the hard ones, a run in Berlin is the

kind of adventure for someone who has seen everything (and who has a BuMoNa contract - the german DocWagon).

Hamburg: Venedig des Nordens

(Hamburg: Venice of the North)

– a big part of Hamburg's inner city can be found under water since the North Sea disaster in 2011. In spite of this, the situation in Hamburg is less chaotic than in Berlin, the city has a democratic parliament, and there are laws. To be mentioned is the prison island Wilhelmsburg, called Big Willi, Germany's biggest prison, where a riot in 2037 cost nearly 5,000 lives.

Der Rhine-Rhur-Megaplex

(The Rhine-Ruhr-Megaplex)

– an overview about the complete region and special information about the more important cities.

Die Suedstaaten

(The Southern States)

– with sections about Bavaria, Wuerttemberg, Franken, the SOX (the region Saar-Luxemburg, which is radioactive – contaminated since a disaster in the nuclear power plant Cattenom), Great-Frankfurt and the special area Karlsruhe, which is controlled by the Bundeswehr, the German Army.

Die Laender der Erwachten

(The countries of the awakened)

– the areas that are inhabited by Elves, Dwarves, Trolls and Orks like the troll kingdom Schwarzwald.

Der Freistaat Westphalen

(The free state Westphalen)

– the most religious and conservative of the ADL.

Magie in Deutschland

(Magic in Germany)

– about the two kinds of magic in Germany: hermetic magic that is taught at universities and natural magic, performed by so-called wise women (and men) and witches.

Parteien und Policlubs

(Parties and Policlubs)

– just what the title says.

Wirtschaft

(Economy)

– a very interesting chapter with information about the most important cons.

Forschung und Entwicklung

(Research and Development)

– a short (two page) overview.

ISDN2: Die Matrix

(ISDN2: The Matrix)

– info about decking in Germany.

Organisiertes Verbrechen

(Organized Crime)

– it's everywhere...

The last chapters contain more playing info like new connections and archetypes (e.g. subway jockey or city witch), some equipment you can buy

in Germany, and a chapter about the paranormal animals (no description, but reports about their occurrence in Germany).

I really like the book, but I don't know if any non-German can enjoy the book as much as a German can, because there are a lot of jokes you perhaps just can understand as a German. There are no new rules in this book, so one should buy it to find out how Germany will develop or to play a campaign in Germany. As a German I can't say if the info given in the book is enough for a non-German to imagine the background of such a campaign. But if you have some knowledge about Germany and its history, you should buy it (as soon as it is published in English, and, according to the preface, it will be). And any German Shadowrun player should already own it anyway.

"Scheiss auf Sex, ich will Fruechte!"
– fink@joki.toppoint.de beim Rollenspiel

SEATTLE TIMES DISC-PATCH

All the News That's Fit to Fax

**CORPORATE BALL A BLAST
UNKNOWN ATTACK KILLS EXECUTIVES**

Dozens of mid-level executives were killed last night in an apparently unprovoked attack on an Ares MacroTechnologies ball. The ball was held in celebration of the award of a military contract to Ares to provide weapons standardization to the UCAS armed services, including the Seattle MetroPlex Guard.

At approximately 10:30 PM local time, an as yet unknown number of assailants descended the ten floors from the rooftop of the Carlson Executive Hotels North Tower, destroyed the 1-inch thick armored glass, and killed all the guests of the Ball. Guest lists indicate that there were approximately 60 Ares employees and their guests present, as well as a security force of about 30. The assailant's motive operandi is not known to Lone Star Security, nor the UCAS Anti-Terrorist Division. Sources close to Lone Star indicate the use of weapons only available to the military and licensed corporate and mercenary forces.

At the scene of the crime, Lone Star and Seattle coroners are still at work in an attempt to identify the

dead. At this time there do not appear to be any survivors, and senior Lone Star Detective J.R. Morganson said this morning, "There may be some survivors in the rubble. That's usually been the case in scenes such as this, but so far, it doesn't look good."

Seattle coroners are hard at work, but a City official said it will take hundreds of man-hours to ID everyone. "We don't even have an exact count of how many were in the room. Right now, its just so much genetic soup. I don't think we'll be able to identify half the victims, unless there's a giant leap in medical technology in the next few hours."

Lone Star and Ares Security are still at the crime scene, but there has been little indication to the perpetrators. "Who ever they were, they were professionals. I doubt that this was the work of a shadow team. Mercenary group probably, but we do not have any indication as to who yet. We will find the assassins, and their backer — we won't let them get away with this," said Morganson.

Wyrms Talk

by Tom Dowd†

<FASATom@aol.com>

"There's a dragon here to see you." I was proud of how steady I kept my voice.

He glanced up from either the papers strewn across the coffee table or the datascreen sitting on top of the pile; I couldn't tell which he was working on. The slice of pizza in his hand dripped grease onto the papers. "Oh. Which one?" he asked.

"How the drek should I know?" I replied. He was being a royal pain again. "You haven't started teaching me that yet."

He smiled and put the pizza slice down on the table. "Of course, my dear," he said as he stood. "Soon, soon."

"So?" I asked, dropping my hands to my hips.

His left eyebrow lifted. "So?"

"There's a fraggin' dragon here to see you!"

He licked the grease from his hand. "Well, yes, you just told me that."

He'd made me promise to try to stop hitting him, but one of these days... "Do you want me to just leave him out there?"

"No, of course not!" he replied. "That would be quite rude. Ask him in."

"Um, don't you think he's a little big for the doorway?" I figured that was probably a stupid question. In the short time I'd been with him, I'd learned, if nothing else, that the obvious was rarely that, and the impossible the norm.

He gave me his best "I know lots of things you don't know" look. "Why don't we let him decide, eh?"

I shrugged. "Fine, why don't we. You're the one paying the repair bills." As I turned to leave, something occurred to me. I paused and looked back at him. He was reaching for the pizza slice.

"Uh, I don't know what dragons are into," I said, "but I figure you might want to put some clothes on before he comes in."

He looked at me, then at himself. "Yes, I suppose you're right," he said. "But how do you know it's a he?"

Someday I was going to hit him so hard he'd need a closed casket.

At the back of the house I hesitated, straightened my clothes, then walked briskly into the garden. It was still sitting right where it had landed, curiously watching the poi circling in a nearby shallow pool. Its sapphire and silver scales reflected the late afternoon sun, changing the garden into a Maxfield Parrish painting. The dragon seemed oblivious to my presence, intent instead on the movements of the goldfish. I didn't want to—actually, was afraid to—disturb it. I didn't want it to move again.

"Is he home?" it asked. I should have been ready for the voice. I knew how they spoke, but I still found it unsettling. I heard the words clearly, but it hadn't moved. No part of it had moved.

Startled in spite of myself, I took a step back up the flagstone steps. "I...yes. Yes, he is."

"I did not mean to frighten you, you know." Its great head swung slowly toward me. A glint of light shined from somewhere deep behind its

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eyes. It could have swallowed me whole, right then and there, and I'd never have noticed.

"No, I know you didn't..."

"May I go in? It is very tiring keeping my tail in the air like this, and this is such a wonderful garden that I would not like to spoil it."

I looked up at its tail suspended a number of stories above me. Barbs stuck out all around the end. Giant hooks like that could—wait a minute, it was gone.

"He is expecting me, then." A strange voice spoke.

My head snapped back toward earth. The dragon was gone. In its place stood a young man, about twenty years old, dressed in a suit cut from the most beautiful blue silk I had ever seen. He had pale skin, and his features were those of Michelangelo's David. His eyes sparkled a sharp silver and blue. I gave a stupid-sounding laugh.

He smiled. "Oh dear, I have startled you again. I am sorry."

I managed a small smile myself. "I didn't know dragons could do that," I said sheepishly. I'd taken a few more steps backward without realizing it.

He walked toward me, and placed one finger on his lips as he passed. "Please do not tell anyone. It is supposed to be a secret."

More secrets for me to keep, I thought. No problem. However you looked at it, this was sure as hell more interesting than Missouri.

He seemed intrigued by the house's modern decor. He questioned me about the creator of every piece of art we passed, but only paused once to lean in for a better look. That was at the Warhol, drek knows why. I led him upstairs and, deciding to be grandiose, threw wide the study doors as he entered.

He grinned, and strode past me. "May I present Dunklezahn," I announced.

The man the dragon had come to see stood as we entered. He hadn't cleaned up the room any; it still reeked of sausage and pepperoni. He'd managed to get dressed, though, and was wearing black boots, denim pants, and one of the white cotton shirts he'd bought the other day. He'd kept his face unpainted.

"It's been some time, hasn't it?" he said,

touching his chest with the fingers of his left hand, just below the heart. I'd seen him do that a few times before, but he'd never explained what it meant. I think it meant he was viewing the new arrival as an equal, thank god.

"Yes, it has, Harlequin," replied the dragon, repeating the gesture. "I was pleased to hear of the outcome of your chal'han." Dunklezahn didn't turn, but I felt his attention rest on me for just a moment. Obviously, there were no secrets from him.

Harlequin grinned. "I'll bet you were." He gestured at the overstuffed black leather couch across from him. "Won't you sit down?"

The dragon nodded. "Thank you." He walked to the couch, considered it for a moment, then carefully sat down. Only when he was fully balanced on the seat did he lean back. He smiled.

"So, what can I do for you?" inquired Harlequin.

"I take it you are aware of my status?"

Harlequin tilted his head. "You mean as host of 'Wyrms Talk'?"

I laughed to myself. Dunklezahn had been interviewed by an international media team shortly after reemerging. He'd apparently enjoyed the experience, especially his spontaneous cross-examination of the journalists, so much so that he requested his own show from one of the networks. In the intervening years, he'd only given the idea his attention long enough to produce three shows. Harlequin and I had watched the show the last time it had aired. The dragon, obviously enthralled by modern culture, had spent the whole program commenting on an amazing range of topics. In a couple of segments, he'd taken the concept of confrontational journalism to such an extreme that I suggested the show should have been renamed "Wyrms Food."

Dunklezahn grinned. "Exactly so. I find the media absolutely fascinating. Free, unrestricted information exchange. Who would have imagined?"

"Well now, I wouldn't exactly call it unrestricted," said Harlequin.

"No," agreed the dragon, "nor would I. Which is precisely why I am here."

"Oh?"

"I would like you to be the subject of my next

program."

"What!" Harlequin exclaimed, leaping to his feet.

I laughed aloud, and then clamped my hand over my mouth. Harlequin glared at me for a split second, so I knew I'd regret my indiscretion later, but it was such a joy seeing him surprised.

"Yes," continued the dragon. "I think you would make a wonderful guest."

Harlequin ran his hand through his hair as he shook his head. "Of all the things I was expecting to talk about..."

"But, Harlequin, you have always been the best storyteller. Just think how amazed these humans would be by the things you could tell them! There is so much they just don't understand—"

"And I'm certainly not going to tell them!" interrupted Harlequin.

The dragon moved his head oddly. "Is it not possible that they have a right to know? It is their world, after all."

Harlequin exhaled noisily, his brow furrowed. "You want to just tell them everything? Reveal all the myriad secrets of the universe? You want me to..." He turned toward me, arm extended and fingers twitching madly. "You want me to..."

"Spill my guts on global television?" I suggested.

"Yes!" he said, snapping his fingers and turning back toward the dragon, who blinked. "Do you want me to spill my guts on television? Open dear Pandora's box once again?"

"Well, yes," said the dragon. "Do you realize how confused they all must be? Look at how their world has changed. Is it not their right to know what it all means?"

Harlequin nodded vigorously and moved toward the center of the room, gesturing wildly. "Of course it is!" he said. "But why tell them? Let them figure it out; that's the fun of it all! The clues are there!"

"The clues?" The dragon and I were equally baffled.

"To the mystery of life, Dunklezahn! The world is like a giant tapestry. You start out standing very close to the picture. There's a lot to see, and you could spend your whole life inspecting that one little section. Some find that

section isn't enough. They step back to see more of the picture. Eventually, they may find themselves standing so far back that they see the whole tapestry hanging before them. But if you start them standing all the way back, they'll be confused. They won't know where to look first. They'll miss seeing the whole picture." He folded his arms across his chest, a satisfied smirk on his face. I eyed the dragon, who still looked perplexed.

"Are there not some things they should be warned—" he began.

"You mean like the invae?" Harlequin broke in.

"As a beginning, yes," the dragon told him.

Harlequin dismissed the idea with a gesture. "They're of no concern. In fact, they actually support my point! The humans knew nothing of their coming, but have been dealing with them quite nicely, nonetheless. Spilling our guts—" he nodded to me, "—to the humans early on would have denied them the discovery! The joy is in the unfolding. Let them marvel at their world, horrific as it may sometimes be. Let's not reveal the end of the tale before the final page is turned, Dunklezahn. Allow the story to tell itself."

The dragon seemed to be staring at the now-cold pizza, but I could tell he was lost in thought. Finally, with a sigh, he stood and nodded. "I will take that as a no."

Harlequin laughed, looked down, and shook his head.

"Thank you for your hospitality," said Dunklezahn, moving slowly toward the door.

Harlequin looked up. "I hope I haven't fouled up your schedule of guests."

The dragon smiled innocently. "No, not at all. I may ask Lady Brane Deigh of the Daoine Sidhe to speak in your place."

Harlequin's face stilled. "I wouldn't recommend that."

"Oh?"

"Dunklezahn, you and I have always at least been cordial," Harlequin began.

"Very true."

"But I warn you, there are some of my kind, and your kind, who think you have told too much already."

"Oh?"

"Your comments about great dragons and dracoforms, for one thing."

The dragon nodded. "Yes, I received some...grief for that."

"Should you start to speak of other things..."

Dunklezahn nodded again. "Thank you for your warning, Harlequin." He added wistfully, "You are quite sure of your decision? Such wonderful stories could be told."

Harlequin smiled. "And they will be, in time."

The dragon touched his fingers to his chest again, and when Harlequin had repeated the

gesture, began to walk out of the room. He stopped as he passed me. "It has been a pleasure meeting you, my lady," he said. "You do your heritage proud." I smiled, and couldn't think of what to say, so I touched my fingers to my chest. He smiled, and returned the gesture.

I closed the doors behind him, and turned back to Harlequin. "It's too bad," I said sadly. "I kind of like him."

"I do too," Harlequin replied, looking down at his papers. "He's the most reasonable of them all. It'll be a shame when we have to destroy him."

SEATTLE TIMES DISC-PATCH
All the News That's Fit to Fax

ARES STOCK PLUMMETS IN WAKE OF TERROR

This morning on the New York stock exchange Ares MacroTechnology took a big hit as their stock fell 5 points in just a few hours. On the international exchanges, Ares stocks fell in a similar fashion. This plummet is the result of last night's attack on an Ares executive ball.

Ares was recently awarded the contract to standardize the UCAS armed services military hardware, including the Seattle MetroPlex Guard.

Large scale weapons platforms, as well as personal arms, were part of the contract's scope. The contract is worth in excess of 1 billion nuyen to Ares over the next five years.

Ares is scrambling to recover from the financial damage, as well as the loss to its employees, reportedly all of which worked for the military arms division of Ares. Ares officials were unavailable for comment.

the **Blue Chip**

new & used chips 'n things

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LTG# 619-212-5565

Las Vegas

by Wordman

<ward1@husc.harvard.edu>

>>>[What follows are excerpts from “Transformation of the West” (BarTours, c. 2049).]<<<

— Wordman (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 allowed to degenerate to the point of unsuitability or — most notably in the V Regions (see below) — removed entirely.

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.

>>>[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 times 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 industry 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. Although the chances of an officials firing on you (or even following you) within the V Regions are 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 the 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)

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)

Hotels

The legendary hotels in Vegas are still going strong. Ceasars 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 usable 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¥ or so) 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, unless you can use crowds as camouflage.]<<<

— Spiderman (22:55:12/11-3-51)

Algiers Hotel

Average Hotel (2 floors)/2845 Las Vegas Blvd./Angie Red Cloud/No racial bias/LTG# 7777 (ALGIER)

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 your trying to save money.]<<<

— Glitterfoot (02:18:12/12-23-51)

Bally's Las Vegas

Luxury Hotel, Casino, Nightclub, Mall/3645 Las Vegas Blvd/Tony Lercara/Bias against magicians/LTG# 7777 (BALLY'S)

One of the largest resorts in the world, Bally's contains a full shopping mall, two major showrooms, a health club, a youth center, and 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 ripe 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 come back.]<<<

— Wanda (03:16:12/1-4-52)

>>>[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 hold 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)

Ceasars Palace

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

This Vegas standard emulates a Roman city, complete with moving sidewalks, pool, health club, shops, seven restaurants, bars, and 2,000 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¥. Ceasars 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 disguised as pole-arms. Some areas have lockers with a Narcojet rifle and Net Guns. More insidious are the hidden cameras, some of which have survoguns. Just about every mirror in the place has a camera behind it. I'm told that Ceasars hires (some say create) 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 Ceasars wished to spare it's employee's Roman overkill.]<<<

— Bilbo (23:29:12/2-24-52)

>>>[Big winners, especially on the slots, at Ceasars 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

Luxury Hotel, Casino, Nightclub/3661 Las Vegas

Blvd/Matre Pagano/No racial bias/LTG# 7777 (28-1287)

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 Virtual 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. (Vegas lore holds that two guests 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 is harshly dealt with. The camera/servogun 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 bathed 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 blood bath 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

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

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, a 890-seat amphitheater, two pools, 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 magicians 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 that of Bally's.]<<<

— Bilbo (23:29:16/2-24-52)

The Mirage

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

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, indoor rain forest, shops, 3,049 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 but 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)

Tropicana

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

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)

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 favoring elimination of the dam to “remove man’s scars to the land,” when the issue was put to 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 electricity being routed from Vegas should the Dam be eliminated, 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 Dam, 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 back 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, 45 feet thick at the crest and spans the 1,244 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 dam’s distribution of water and power to these seven states. The NAN lands who left the Treaty of Denver with control of these lands invoked these documents (some sooner, some later) 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 Atzlan with disdain, but it 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 kilometers behind the dam, can store nearly 2 years of average Colorado River water flow (about 28.5 million acre-feet).

Glen Canyon Dam

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 abound 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 ecosystem 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 dams 1.8 million kilowatts do not reach L.A. or Las Vegas and only rarely (in emergency) reach Phoenix, Salt Lake or Denver. Instead it 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 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, more of whom 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, theater, 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 most convenient way 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 treated 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. Their 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)

Life in the Shadows

by Jeff Kim

<Shadowr574@aol.com>

"Who's the target?" asked Marty.

"Daniel Drummonds, President/CEO New Dawn Biotechnologies," replied another voice on the other end of the vid-phone.

Marty Flash looked into the dark, unlit screen on his desktop vid-phone. As usual, his Johnson had turned off the vid-feed. Marty had done, likewise. Still, he hoped to glean a bit more as to who he was working for by the sound of his voice. Nothing.

"Fifteen percent up top?"

"As per the prearranged contract, Mr. Flash," replied the unknown Johnson. "Prepare for the transfer."

Inserting a credstick into the phone, Marty pressed the receive button and in less than a second, the funds transfer was complete. He double checked the credstick and was satisfied.

"I'll get back to you, Mr. Johnson," said Marty as he reached for the disconnect button.

"I'll be waiting," replied the Johnson just as the line was severed.

Marty leaned back in his recliner--real leather, of course--and played absently with the certified credstick in his hand. His thoughts went to his earlier days running the shadows. When he was considered a novice decker back then. He'd jump at the chance for a job like this one, but now he was feeling the weight of being a veteran shadowrunner. Always having to look over your shoulder. Having to cut off ties with old friends due to "personal security precautions." Sometimes he thought about giving it all up and just retiring on his two Zurich-Orbital accounts. But then reality would hit him again and he knew he'd be in this line of biz until he lost his edge or got geeked on a run.

Probably both.

He turned to the vid-phone again and dialed in another number. This time, he switched the phone to accept video as well. For a few seconds, he stared at the blank screen, but then it was soon replaced with the beautiful face of Rainbow. Her face was immaculate, as usual, with streaks of multi-colored hues running through her jet-black

hair. Her eyes twinkled as she recognized Marty and grinned openly.

"Hoi, Flash! Whazzappening?"

"Hoi, Rainbow," smiled Marty. "I got a run for us."

Rainbow's eyes lit up at this news and she replaced her warm smile with a professional look of seriousness. Even looking at her stern appearance, she was stunning. Marty often wondered if she used any of her magic to make her look as good as she did. But then his mind tuned in to the business at hand.

"Data-snatch?" asked Rainbow.

"No. Wetwork."

A frown formed on her delicate features. Marty knew she didn't like this line of work, but he thought she might make an exception once she knew who the target was.

"We're going after Drummonds."

At that, Rainbow showed surprise and, as her face loomed in on the vid-screen, he knew she was leaning in closer.

"THE Drummonds? New Dawn?" she repeated.

"Yes," was Marty's only reply.

There was a moment of silence as Rainbow mulled the thought over in her head. Marty tensed himself for her negative reaction and mentally went through the list of other candidates who could replace her talent. He could think of none.

"All right," she said evenly. "I'm in."

Marty breathed a sigh of relief and he smiled again. He was about to thank her for accepting the offer, but he knew now wasn't the time or the place for it. Professionalism. Instead, he leaned back in his recliner and held up the credstick.

"Prepare for a transfer of 30,000¥," he said.

"No," said Rainbow. "I'm not taking any chances, Marty. Stick-to-stick transfer only."

"Null perspiration, chummer."

Marty placed the certified credstick into his

jacket. He would have to meet up with her later and make the transfer then. He knew her phone line was secure, but if she wanted to play it extra safe, so be it. Sometimes paranoia can be your best friend.

"Call up Whistler and Spider," he said.

Rainbow shook her head.

"Spider's out of town. He's on another run," she informed him. "I'll get in touch with Whistler. You want back up?"

Marty thought for a moment and then shook his head.

"No. Let's keep this one under wraps."

"Null perspiration."

"I'm going to jack in and see what I can pull on Drummonds and then I'll get back with you," said Marty. "Expect me in a few hours."

"Will do, Flash."

Marty disconnected his line feed and Rainbow's image disappeared. He stood up and checked his door locks and alarm system. Both were activated and would give him some early warning in case somebody tried to break into his flat while he was jacked into the Matrix. Then he slid into his recliner and placed his Fairlight Excalibur onto his lap. He uncoiled a fiber optic line and hooked one end to the cyberdeck and the other end into the datajack on his left temple. Glancing around the room once more, he then slipped into a dormant state as his mind joined the cold, virtual world of the Matrix.

It was beautiful. Dazzling lights of pure data flowed past him as his persona icon flew through the highways of information. He could see the massive green tower icon of Transco Matrix in the distance, the megacorp that controlled security for most smaller corps in Houston. But his target was the red orb icon of New Dawn Biotechnologies.

Marty's silver angel icon passed through the perimeter IC without a hitch. He'd used a simple sleaze program. Once inside New Dawn's outer defenses, Marty initiated a deception program which would allow him to scan for data without triggering any IC. Especially nasty Black IC, the kind that'll fry a person's deck as well as his brain.

His silver angel icon walked down the virtual halls of New Dawn, scanning the room icons for access to the personnel files. He finally found the top-level employee records room and his icon slipped into that node. Looking around and scanning for any trace of IC, Marty activated a browse program to find anything pertaining to CEO Daniel Drummonds.

He got data on Drummonds in spades. He had to sift through most of the drek and concentrate on his weekly schedule. Without the advanced browse program he had, finding the info he needed on Drummonds would have taken Marty weeks. But he wasn't one to jack into the Matrix ill-equipped.

After wizzing through several mega-pulses of data on Drummonds, Marty finally found what he was looking for. He quickly made a file copy and placed the data icon into his virtual breeches. Then he jumped back into the previous node he had come from, right into a huge, dark hulking form.

Marty had very little time to react. He initiated an attack program and launched it at the Black IC. A fiery yellow bolt shot from his persona icon and into the hulking icon, but it barely fazed it at all. The Black IC construct swung one huge massive paw at Marty's icon, barely missing his right shoulder. The force of the blow didn't matter in the Matrix. The fact that you got hit at all could spell your doom. Marty retaliated with a Slow program which struck the Black IC construct dead-on. There was a significant change in speed as the Black IC stopped moving at lightning speed. This gave Marty a chance to jump out of that node and into another one.

Then Marty readied his Attack program and waited. Sure enough, the Black IC construct came barreling its way into Marty's node. Marty let loose his program and it struck the Black IC construct in the form of a bright blue arrow. This time, the Black IC dissipated, signifying its destruction.

A chill went up Marty's spine, whether in his mind or his meat-body, he didn't know. He immediately did what any competent decker worth any brains would do. He jacked out.

Whistler hated the rain. It always seemed to be pouring whenever he was outside. Maybe it was bad karma or some other such drek. Or maybe he should take this as a sign to get out more often. He'd spend most of his time holed up at his flat, cleaning and playing with his toys. Only he had a different sort of toy box. The kind that holds heavy pistols, assault rifles, submachine guns, and knives. Most of his free time, when he wasn't out on a run, were spent either watching the trid and turning his mind into a six-pack of Fizzygoo or sleeping. But tonight he had a job to do.

Marty had called up Rainbow just as he had arrived at her flat. He gave them the target briefing and relayed the data he scanned off of New Dawn's files. Yep, this Drummonds character was a real Boy Scout. He was into dirty politics, several assassinations on his way up the corp ladder, and into all kinds of illegal drek, like dumping toxic waste chemicals into the Houston Ship Channel.

Apparently, someone on a high enough level got annoyed at him and decided to hire out some runners to geek him. Which is why Whistler was standing out in the cold, pouring rain waiting for Drummonds' Mitsubishi Nightsky limousine to arrive at the Wine and Dine restaurant, a posh "members-only" nightclub-style hangout for high executive employees. It was Tuesday and, according to the data Marty had pulled, Drummonds never missed a beat. He always arrived at this night spot at 11 PM sharp.

Whistler was hunched down over his BMW Blitzen 2050 motorcycle across the main street from the Wine and Dine. His right hand reached into his leather duster and touched his Heckler and Koch MP-5 TX submachine gun. The palm induction pad imbedded into his right hand made contact with the Smartlink grip and he knew he was wired to go.

At exactly eleven, just as Marty had said, a black Mitsubishi Nightsky pulled up in front of the Wine and Dine. Whistler shifted his cybereyes to thermographic and detected four people in the car. He checked the MP-5's ammo readout display to make sure it was fully loaded and thumbed the selector switch to burst-fire mode. No sense spraying excess ammo onto the streets.

The driver and shotgun passenger doors opened and two corp suits stepped out. The driver was a tall Caucasian male, moving towards the rear of

the limo and that's when Whistler made his move. Calmly, but swiftly, he dismounted his Blitzen and started to cross the street. He paid full attention to the limo and its passengers, knowing full well that Rainbow was covering his rear just in case he needed magical support or someone else tried to get involved.

He was almost halfway across the street, his right hand holding the MP-5 low in the folds of his duster, when the driver suddenly turned to face him. He knew he was spotted. Moving with full speed now, Whistler's wired reflexes kicked into action and he was now raising the barrel of his MP-5 towards the driver. The driver, in turn, was almost as fast as him, reaching into his suit for the gun Whistler knew was there. He was obviously jacked up to some degree, although definitely not as much as Whistler. He never made it.

Whistler tightened on the trigger and released a burst of APDS rounds into the driver's chest. Three rounds formed a stitching pattern across his previously dry-cleaned suit. Surprisingly enough, the driver gave him very little trouble afterwards. The shotgun passenger, another male Caucasian, was on the other side of the limo, also going for his gun, but another two bursts from Whistler's MP-5 made him disappear in a cloud of lead and blood.

He checked the ammo readout display and found that he only had eleven rounds left. Then the rear cab door on his side opened and a third suit jumped out, cradling an Ingram submachine gun. It had potentially more kick to it than his MP-5, but without the added frills. This time, it was an Asian, wearing a pair of Raybands. Whistler clenched the trigger again and six more rounds slammed into the car door. The corp bodyguard disappeared behind the bullet-infested door, trailing blood.

Whistler's left hand reached into his duster and came out revealing an aerodynamic object—an aerofoil grenade. This particular grenade was a defensive model, the kind with a relatively small blast radius. He continued his approach to the limo, activating the aerofoil grenade. Glancing up and down the streets, Whistler found no one standing around. The crowd probably found the current weather conditions hazardous to their health.

Suddenly, the third suit rose out from behind the door again, blood trickling down his right

temple and wearing a malicious grin if Whistler ever did see one. Whistler rounded the open door quickly and his right heel rose up and around to connect with the suit's neck. He heard a satisfying snap as the man fell back down, never to get up again. He caught a glimpse of Daniel Drummonds' fearful expression as he poked his head inside the limo for a quick target confirmation.

"Hello, Mr. Drummonds! Can I see your driver's license and proof of registration?"

Then he chucked the aerofoil grenade into the limo and beat feet back to his parked Blitzen. He heard the muffled sound of an explosion and glanced back to make sure Drummonds hadn't escaped. He hadn't. Then Whistler jumped on his Blitzen and rode off. He could hear sirens from a Lone Star cruiser, but he wasn't worried. By the time they got to the scene, he'd be long gone. He stashed the MP-5 in his duster and loosened the throttle on his Blitzen, roaring all the way into the night.

Easy prey.

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Rainbow hated this part of a run the most. This was when you were supposed to be at your ease, but past experience taught her that now was the time to be on full guard. She was sitting in a booth at McHughs, waiting for their Johnson to show up with the rest of their nuyen. Marty, Whistler, and she had decided on this plan.

McHughs was a good place to set up a meet, especially if you were worried about the other side setting up an ambush. All McHughs restaurants were the same. The food tasted bad, but the McHughs security personnel were of prime choice. She knew that Whistler was somewhere outside, probably on a rooftop, training the sights of his Walther MA 2100 sniper rifle on some poor fragger, testing his line-of-sight. He'd be the trigger man in case anything wrong went down. Marty was at home, decked into the McHughs security perimeter cameras.

"They're here," came Marty's voice via the small earplug unit hidden in Rainbow's right ear.

She kept the boom microphone portion of her earplug radio unit below the table in her lap, so as not to freak out the McHughs goons. Whistler and Marty, she knew, were also both wearing identical units. Pretending to take a sip of her soycola, she brought the microphone up to her lips and signaled that she heard him.

Then Rainbow set the microphone back into her lap and tried to calm herself. Her nerves were threatening to overload, but her outward appearance was one of cool professionalism. Her right hand subtly reached deep into her right boot and unholstered the Walther Palm Pistol hidden there. She also put that on her lap.

From a nearby booth, she was suddenly aware of someone watching her. She slowly panned her head in a discreet manner towards that general direction. A small 12 year-old boy was watching her intently, having seen her hold-out pistol emerge from her high-top boots. His mother was obviously distracted by some fascinating article in the latest issue of *Cosmo*. Rainbow smiled at the boy and placed her index finger to her lips. The boy nodded and smiled back.

Then Rainbow concentrated on the two gentlemen entering the side door of McHughs. They were reeking of corp with their expensive suits and ties and their cologne or aftershave lotion. Rainbow couldn't tell the difference even if she cared enough to try. They scanned the room openly and Rainbow could feel the McHughs security personnel tense. Stupid. But then, she reminded herself that they were corp wageslaves and not shadowrunners. Zero professionalism.

"One hundred nuyen says I can penetrate the ballistic composite glass of McHughs and peg both fraggers cleanly," came Whistler's voice through her earplug receiver.

The shorter one spotted her first and motioned to his partner. They both walked towards her, oblivious to the McHughs security guards' scrutiny.

"Hey, if you line 'em up for me, I think I can waste 'em both with only one round of APDS, Rainbow," spoke Whistler again.

Rainbow stifled a smirk just as the two sararimen slid into her booth opposite her end of the table.

"Just tryin' ta be cost-conscious, ya know," said Whistler.

The shorter man was obviously in charge, as he placed a credstick onto the table top and grinned openly at Rainbow.

"And here is the one hundre--" he began before Rainbow cut him off with a wave of her hand.

Rainbow wordlessly picked up the certified credstick and scanned it. Sure enough, it contained one hundred thousand nuyen. She pocketed the credstick and looked at the short man sternly.

"It's not wise to discuss this any further, gentlemen," she said, without any emotion in her voice. "I believe this meeting is at an end."

The short man looked nervously at her, but then he slowly composed his face again and

nodded to his partner. They both rose up and out of the booth. Then the short man nodded to Rainbow.

"It's been a pleasure doing business with you, Ms...?"

"Yes, it has," was Rainbow's only response.

The short man almost blew up in an emotional tirade, but he held himself in check and motioned to the other man to leave. They both left without further words.

"I really hate it when you make me take out and polish all my toys only to make me put them away again, ya know," commented Whistler.

Rainbow raised her boom microphone and took another sip of her soycola.

"I love you, too, Whistler."

FASA NEWS

by Tony Moller

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This is the latest scoop coming from FASA, thanks to Tom Dowd over at America Online. We talked about several FASA projects, including some non-Shadowrun related topics. Since the NAGEE is still devoted to Shadowrun, let me just

say that FASA is preparing to venture onto the silver screen.

The latest news on Shadowrun product releases (this does not include any novel releases):

Fields of Fire:	Mercenary Sourcebook	Shipping
Sprawl Maps	Guess What?	Shipping
Paradise Lost	Hawaii Adventure	April 1994
Lone Star	Lone Star Sourcebook	May 1994
Double Exposure	Adventure	June 1994
Denver Campaign	Sourcebox†	July 1994
Harlequin's Back	Adventure	August 1994
Prime Runners	NPC Sourcebook	September 1994
Divided Assets	Denver Adventure (hm, need sourcebox?)	October 1994
Unnamed	City Sourcebook	November 1994

† Will contain two books, a player's and GM's, and color maps of Denver.

New from Yoshida Technologies: CLUSTERED DATAJACKS

by Robert Hayden

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Tired of the bulky and intrusive cyberwear required to operate more than one datajack? Then these systems are for you.

Clustered Datajacks are complete I/O subsystems designed specifically for multitasking environments. Each system contains two to five of our ChromeTek (tm) shielded datajacks, a matching number of our award-winning Conductor (tm) I/O processors to control traffic flow, and a liberal supply of memory to buffer your important data.

Designed to be less intrusive than the old systems, each cluster is computer matched and synchronized to operate in perfect harmony with any one of our state-of-the-art Encephalons.

Each system includes the datajacks, I/O SPUs, and memory required to multitask more than one datajack.

Consult the tables below to determine nuyen and essence costs for these systems. Level indicates the level of all components.

Level	Datajacks	+ I/O SPUs	+ Memory	Cost (¥)	Essence
1	2	2	50	30,000	.35
	3	3	100	50,000	.60
	4	4	150	70,000	.85
	5	5	200	90,000	1.10

Level	Datajacks	+ I/O SPUs	+ Memory	Cost (¥)	Essence
2	2	2	50	40,000	.50
	3	3	100	65,000	.80
	4	4	150	85,000	1.10
	5	5	200	110,000	1.40

Level	Datajacks	+ I/O SPUs	+ Memory	Cost (¥)	Essence
3	2	2	50	55,000	.65
	3	3	100	87,500	1.00
	4	4	150	120,000	1.40
	5	5	200	155,000	1.75

Level	Datajacks	+ I/O SPUs	+ Memory	Cost (¥)	Essence
4	2	2	50	90,000	.75
	3	3	100	140,000	1.20
	4	4	150	190,000	1.65
	5	5	200	240,000	2.00

>>>[A little, pricey, don't you think?]<<<

— Splut <01:48:16/10-21-52>

>>>[Depends on what you need it for. Any person using 5 datajacks will most likely have the money for it, or the corporate backing. Of course, for a complete level 4 system, you are looking at about 350k or so.]<<<

— Trog the Gnome <01:51:10/10-21-52>

>>>[Don't forget to get a Math SPU. Multitasking can slow down system response, which can be deadly if you are decking. A Math SPU helps to alleviate some of that system delay.]<<<

— Fiddler <01:55:43/10-21-52>

>>>[Correction. A complete level 4 system will cost you about 380k.]<<<

— Trog the Gnome <01:58:58/10-21-92>

>>>[Any truth to the rumors that Yoshida Tech is trying to match up the encephalon processor into the same essence friendly system? This would be mint because you could drop in a complete multiport setup with completely matched components.]<<<

— Slipspeed <02:03:41/10-21-52>

>>>[Yes we are. We have encountered two major problems though. First, the encephalon base processor doesn't like to be very friendly, apparently. Computer processors don't work well together unless they are synched up correctly, and even then it is a pretty uneasy working relationship. Our subsystems get the processors to "be friendly" by having a less than .00003% data clash rate. Unfortunately, when we add in the processors for the encephalon expert system, it fights like hell to dominate the other processors, raising data clashes to .0074%. While this is well below typical multitasking operation levels, it doesn't meet our purposes of making it easy on the human mind. Research continues and I think we will have a viable product on the market within six to eight months.

The other problem is in manufacturing. Right now we have sixteen different clustered systems available. If we offer every level of encephalon with every level of I/O subsystem, we will be looking at manufacturing 64 different products, which would make the costs prohibitive. But then again, that isn't my department. I just get the stuff made, it is up to someone else in the company to sell the damn things.]<<<

— Lincoln Howe
Vice President of Cybertronics
and Matrix Research
Yoshida Technologies
<02:17:06/10-21-52>

The Meat Market

Corp Hunter

by Markus Baumeister

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Priorities: Race 4, Attributes 3, Tech 2, Skills 1, Magic 0

Having had most of his ancestors killed and his father crippled in corp-driven "re-education camps" this Cascade Orc was made a determined company-hater by his parents. So after years of not-so-successful smuggling, raiding, box carrying and stacking, brick laying, entertaining, and even cooking, he got the inspiration that someone has to do something to stop the corps, and he left his tribe for Seattle. Soon he realized that he wouldn't have a chance between these magic, chip-driven, fast-moving people. So he reluctantly had some cyberware installed, but is still a little touchy about this.

His work is somewhere between a terrorist, saboteur and hired gun (and he can kill both silently and with great bangs) for runs according to his attitude. There are times when the corps look desperately big and his aim - the total destruction of all corporations (yes, even FASA Corporation) - infinitely away. In most cases these blues can be cured by his buddy, an old street shaman (create one with the rules on SR11 p.43 in mind) who formerly fought for SAIM and has a similar attitude against corps, though he declines to fight anymore, perhaps except on an ultimate run against the corp he holds responsible for the destruction of his native place with a toxic waste dump.

Quotes:

"A run against a corp? Great! ... But say, chummer, who's your orderer?"

"OK, that damned company exec hadn't a chance to survive the bomb, but did they give my relatives one?"

"I would really like to see this chem plant go boom. If only the security wasn't so tough."

"Hey, we got this gimmick, placed my surprise present, what do you want inside that computer?"

Data? Bah, let's go, I'm tired!"

"The corps? Just a bunch of slave-drivers and criminals, who would better die today than tomorrow... You aren't affiliated with them, are you?"

"Of course they tried to assassinate me, but it seems like to humans all orcs look the same..."

"Well, guy, hitting me with such a small bullet is not enough, you'd better used a rocket."

Attributes

Body.....	8 (5)
Quickness.....	5 (7)
Strength	7 (9)
Charisma	1
Intelligence.....	5
Willpower.....	2
Essence.....	2.7
Reaction	5 (5+1d6)

Skills

Demolition	3
Plastics.....	5
Firearms.....	6
Unarmed Combat	3
Cyber-Implant Weapons	5
His Spur	7
Stealth.....	4
Smuggling.....	2
Etiquette (Street).....	1

Cyberware

Muscle Replacement.....	2
Dermal Plating.....	2
Retractable Spur -- single large blade (for those extra large holes in the back)	

Contacts

<p>Street Shaman (Buddy) Former Smuggling Partner from his tribe; <i>She's seldom in town, but always offers me nice prices.</i> Mafia Soldier; <i>At least they didn't concentrate on geeking Indians.</i> Squatter (or any other street type); <i>He told me where to go and what to do when I was new. Apparently he didn't follow his advice, or he wouldn't be still in the drek.</i></p>

Gear

<p>Smart goggles HK-227-S with internal silencer, smartlink, shock pad. 60 normal rounds 30 explosive rounds 2 spare clips 6 kg plastic explosives, compound 4 4 kg plastic explosives, compound 12 iron shrapnel for bomb-building 2 radio detonators 3 timer detonators Armor vest with plates Armor clothing Ordinary clothing with extra wide shirts</p>
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Other

<p>Low Lifestyle (1 month paid) Nural Low Light Vision 2 points in Karma Pool Starting Cash: 420 + 3d6*1,000 Nuyen Hay fever: Mild allergy vs. pollen (uncommon)</p>
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The Ninja

by Brian Ward & Michael Scott

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Priorities: A) skills , B) magic (adept), C) tech, D) attr, E) race

This template came out of a conclusion that the physical adept got severely weakened in the switch to 2nd Ed, and that it could be done another way, namely using a variation on the Sorcery Adept. The big change is in style of play, since the ninja must think like a thief and not a martial artist.

The touch only spells and shock gloves work well in hand-to-hand, where one does not need to be a troll to take one down, especially with a balanced mix of magic and technology. The grenades make a great surprise, since the ninja can plant them anywhere with a delayed boom for the rest of the team. Nuyen will be eaten up initially buying spell locks for Personal Combat Sense, Armor, and Increased Reaction, which will make this character into a fairly good imitation of Remo Williams (for those of you who know the

original Destroyer). So far, we have not seen one of these killers initiated, but the ability to mask would make him hell on wheels.

We tend to research our own spells, reverse engineer and new ideas, so the character has a very high Magic Theory concentration, because he will need to use magic in different ways than the typical mage or sorcerer, and the spells are liable to not exist.

We suggest an introduction to the Destroyer Series (I forget the author, but look for Remo Williams), and that the character be played like Chiun, cold, calculating, and lethal. Stay out of the light where the samurai can tear you to meat, but strike from the shadows and teach those drekheads some good oriental manners.

Attributes

Body.....	2
Quickness.....	4
Strength	2
Charisma	1
Intelligence.....	4
Willpower.....	4
Essence.....	6
Magic	6
Reaction	4 (4+1d6)

Skills

Unarmed Combat	5
Martial Arts.....	7
Sorcery	5
Spell Casting.....	7
Magic Theory.....	1
Spell Design	3
Hermetic	5
Athletics.....	6
Projectile Weapons.....	5
Stealth.....	4
Negotiation.....	4
Etiquette (Corp).....	4
Etiquette (Street).....	4

Spells

Power Bolt w/blast effects, touch only (6), (f/2)S
Stun Bolt w/blast effects, touch only (6),(f/2)-1 S
Personal Combat Sense (2)
Increased Reaction (+2)
Armor (2)
Improved Invisibility (4)
Heal (3)

Contacts

Yakuza Boss
Fixer

Gear

RangerX bow (str min 2), bow mount, rangefinder, external smart link, 50 arrows
2 shock gloves, right and left
Bug scanner 6
Jammer 6
Signal locator 6
10 tracking signal 6
Pocket secretary
Hermetic library 6—magical theory, 3600
MP chip
table top computer 5 GP memory
Smart goggles, IR capable
Grenades
6 flash
10 offensive
10 defensive
10 concussion
Armor
Level 3 body armor
Sec Long Coat
Sec Ultra vest
Forearm guards

Other

5 months low lifestyle, prepaid
2 months low lifestyle, prepaid, bolt-hole
really crappy military surplus longcoat, no armor value, squatter disguise

The Rolodex

by Wordman

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The following are NPC deckers in increasing skill and technological edge. They were written with opposition to PC deckers in mind, and the utilities included are suited to combat against an intruding PC within systems the NPC's are cleared to be in (systems owned by their corps). Some changes in the utilities may be desired.

An attempt was made to make all the decks legal under the deck construction rules (for example, the Fuchi Cyber-4 cannot legally have

Response Increase greater than 1, in spite of the Decker Archetype in SR11). Those decks which are not directly off the rack are indicated with a "(modified)" following a close approximation of a standard deck. Decks which hold the maximum levels of all functions for their MPCP level are indicated with "(Modified to maximum)".

Note that the initiative listed includes the "free" d6.

Wannabe

Attributes

Body:.....	2
Quickness:.....	4
Strength:	3
Charisma:	1
Intelligence:.....	5
Willpower:.....	4
Essence:.....	5.5
Reaction:	4
Initiative:	4+1d6
Matrix Initiative:.....	4+1d6

Pools

Combat:.....	6
Hacking:.....	9

Skills

Computer:.....	5
Computer (B/R):	5
Computer Theory:	4
Etiquette (Corp):.....	2
Electronics:	4

Cyberware

Datajack (SR1)

Cyberdeck

Type: Sony CTY-360	
MPCP:	6
Hardening:	6
Memory:	50
Storage:.....	100
Load:.....	20
I/O:	10
Response:.....	0
Bod:	4
Evasion:.....	4
Masking:.....	4
Sensors:.....	4
Utilities:	
Attack:.....	4 (32Mp)
Auto-exec:.....	6 (36Mp)

Bush League

Attributes

Body:.....	2
Quickness:.....	4
Strength:.....	3
Charisma:.....	1
Intelligence:.....	5
Willpower:.....	4
Essence:.....	5.5
Reaction:.....	4
Initiative:.....	4+1d6
Matrix Initiative:.....	6+2d6

Pools

Combat:.....	6
Hacking:.....	11

Skills

Computer:.....	5
Computer (B/R):.....	5
Computer Theory:.....	4
Etiquette (Corp):.....	2
Electronics:.....	4

Cyberware

Datajack (SR1)
Headware Memory: 30Mp

Cyberdeck

Type: Fuchi Cyber-4	
MPCP:.....	6
Hardening:.....	3
Memory:.....	100
Storage:.....	500
Load:.....	20
I/O:.....	20
Response:.....	1
Bod:.....	4
Evasion:.....	4
Masking:.....	5
Sensors:.....	5
Utilities:	
Attack:.....	4 (32Mp)
Auto-exec:.....	6 (36Mp)
Sleaze:.....	4 (48Mp)

Minor League

Attributes

Body:.....	3
Quickness:.....	4
Strength:.....	1
Charisma:.....	1
Intelligence:.....	6
Willpower:.....	5
Essence:.....	4.5
Reaction:.....	5
Initiative:.....	5+1d6
Matrix Initiative:.....	7+2d6

Pools

Combat:.....	7
Hacking:.....	15

Skills

Computer:.....	6
Computer (B/R):.....	6
Computer Theory:.....	5
Etiquette (Corp):.....	3
Electronics:.....	5

Cyberware

Datajack: 4
Headware Memory (FIFF): 300Mp
Math SPU: 4

Cyberdeck

Type: Fuchi Cyber-4 (modified to maximum)	
MPCP:	6
Hardening:	3
Memory:	300
Storage:	600
Load:	60
I/O:	30
Response:	1

Bod:	5
Evasion:	5
Masking:	4
Sensors:	4
Utilities:	
Attack:	6 (72Mp)
Auto-exec:	8 (64Mp)
Shield:	3 (36Mp)
Sleaze:	6 (108Mp)

Major League

Attributes

Body:	3
Quickness:	5
Strength:	3
Charisma:	3
Intelligence:	6 (7)
Willpower:	6
Essence:	2.75
Reaction:	5 (6)
Initiative:	6+1d6
Matrix Initiative:	10+2d6

Pools

Combat:	9
Hacking:	18
Task:	1

Skills

Computer:	7
Computer (B/R):	6
Computer Theory:	6
Etiquette (corp):	4
Electronics:	6

Cyberware

Datajack: 4
Encephalon: 2
Headware Memory (FIFF): 600Mp
Math SPU: 4

Cyberdeck

Type: Fuchi Cyber-6 (modified)	
MPCP:	8
Hardening:	4
Memory:	300
Storage:	600
Load:	50
I/O:	30
Response:	2
Bod:	6
Evasion:	6
Masking:	6
Sensors:	6
Utilities:	
Attack:	7, S Staging (200Mp)
Auto-exec:	10 (100Mp)
Evaluate:	6 (72Mp)
Mirrors:	4 (48Mp)
Shield:	5 (100Mp)
Sleaze:	8 (192Mp)

Heavy Hitter

Attributes

Body:.....	3
Quickness:.....	5
Strength:.....	3
Charisma:.....	3
Intelligence:.....	6 (8)
Willpower:.....	6
Essence:.....	2.0
Reaction:.....	5 (6)
Initiative:.....	6+1d6
Matrix Initiative:.....	10+3d6

Pools

Combat:.....	9
Hacking:.....	18
Task:.....	2

Skills

Computer:.....	7
Computer (B/R):.....	6
Computer Theory:.....	6
Etiquette (corp):.....	4
Electronics:.....	6

Cyberware

Datajack: 4
Encephalon: 3
Headware Memory (FIFF): 600Mp
Math SPU: 4

Cyberdeck

Type: Fuchi Cyber-7 (modified)	
MPCP:.....	10
Hardening:.....	4
Memory:.....	500
Storage:.....	1000
Load:.....	80
I/O:.....	50
Response:.....	2
Bod:.....	8
Evasion:.....	7
Masking:.....	7
Sensors:.....	8
Utilities:	
Attack:.....7, Penetration,	
.....M Staging (242Mp)	
Attack:.....6, D Staging, One Shot (60Mp)	
Auto-exec:.....12 (144Mp)	
Compressor:.....3 (18Mp)	
Evaluate:.....10, One Shot (50Mp)	
Medic:.....5 (100Mp)	
Mirrors:.....4 (48Mp)	
Shield:.....7 (196Mp)	
Sleaze:.....8 (192Mp)	

Netgod

Attributes

Body:.....	3
Quickness:.....	6
Strength:.....	3
Charisma:.....	3
Intelligence:.....	6 (10)
Willpower:.....	6
Essence:.....	1.75
Body Index:.....	2.2
Reaction:.....	6 (8)
Initiative:.....	8 + 1d6
Matrix Initiative:.....	14 + 4d6

Pools

Combat:.....	11
Hacking:.....	24
Task:.....	2

Skills

Computer:.....	8
Computer (B/R):.....	6
Computer Theory:.....	6
Etiquette (corp):.....	4
Electronics:.....	6

Cyberware

Datajack: 4
Encephalon: 4
Headware Memory (FIFF): 600Mp
Math SPU: 4

Bioware

Cerebral Booster: 2

Cyberdeck

Type: Fairlight Excalibur (modified to maximum)	
MPCP:.....	12
Hardening:.....	6
Memory:.....	600
Storage:.....	1200
Load:.....	120
I/O:.....	60
Response:.....	3
Bod:.....	9
Evasion:.....	9
Masking:.....	9
Sensors:.....	9
Utilities:	
Attack:.....7, Penetration,.....M Staging (242Mp)	
Attack:.....6, D Staging, One Shot (60Mp)	
Auto-exec:.....12 (144Mp)	
Compressor:.....3 (18Mp)	
Evaluate:.....10, One Shot (50Mp)	
Hog:.....8, One Shot (48Mp)	
Medic:.....5 (100Mp)	
Mirrors:.....4 (48Mp)	
Poison:.....5 (75Mp)	
Restore:.....7, One Shot (37Mp)	
Shield:.....7 (196Mp)	
Sleaze:.....8 (192Mp)	

The ICE Box

New Cyberdeck Programs

by Jonathon K. Henry (Keith) >>> the Reflex <<<

<warmongr@mentor.cc.purdue.edu>

The following material has been inspired by the game scenarios played out in the Greater Lafayette Indiana region by a number of Shadowrun players. All material should be considered as entertainment value and game session inspiration. I do hope you enjoy it...

>>>[Hey Hey, the Boss is away!!! So I just thought I would put forth a wee little thing that -I- got and very few others do. I DO hope you enjoy this one...]<<<

— Backdraft<11:50:30/7-23-61>

Smokescreen I

Sensor Program
MP = <Rating^2> X 2

With this program, it becomes a bit more possible to defeat Smoke and related styles of programs within Simsensual Reality (i.e.. the Matrix). The rating of the Smokescreen I is pitted against the Rating of the Smoke program. For every two (2) successes the Smokescreen I has against the Smoke, the level of "interference" generated by the smoke is reduced by one (1) for the USER of the program only.

Smokescreen II

Sensor Program
MP = <Rating^2> X 3

This program is essentially the same as the Smokescreen I above, but this version has a staging of one (1), instead of the above staging of two (2).

Smoke Filter I

Utilities Program
MP = <Rating^2> X 4

This is a VERY powerful version of the Smokescreen(tm) programs as listed above. It can be viewed as a limited version attack program, as it does technically -attack- Smoke Programs and their effects. However it is an all or nothing approach. The rating of SFI is pitted against the Smoke Programs effect. If the SFI gets even one (1) more success than the Smoke Program, then the Smoke Program is completely shut down/erased from the effect of the node. If the Smoke Program gets even one (1) success over the SFI, then the SFI has completely failed, and the Smoke Program continues functioning normally under its current parameters.

Compressor IV

Utilities Program
MP = <Rating^2> X 5

This version of the Compressor Utilities Program functions at a greatly increased efficiency. Basically, it can compress a file 4 times greater size than the standard Compressor Utility program. Please note it takes a Compressor IV to uncompress something of this size, and the Compressor IV can uncompress files from the standard Compressor Utility program.

The Spirit Guide

Horse Totem

by Wolf-Hunts-by-Night

<cdrysdale@center.colgate.edu>

A close friend of mine, who just recently became aware of her shamanic potential, spoke with me at some length about what she had experienced. I've just summed it all up in a few words in "Standard Format" for anyone else who is interested. Here it is:

Characteristics:

Horse is wild, a traveler, a wanderer. Free and strong, she roams the world. A fast runner, she will fight only if she must to live or protect those she loves. She is free, but sometimes she may choose to associate with Man. However, though Man is not her place; she may go there, perhaps even live there, but her power is not great there.

Favored Environment:

Prairie

Advantages:

+2 dice for detection spells;
+2 dice for conjuring prairie spirits.

Disadvantages:

If annoyed or angered, Horse may strike out (at least verbally, depending on the relationship with the person) at the source of annoyance. She hates to be confused, and will seek to escape chaotic situations. Horse shamans have a -1 die modifier for conjuring City spirits, for the spirit of the city is too chaotic and confining for her.

Dove Totem

by Ethan Court

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Characteristics:

Dove is thin and austere. She is flighty; quick in motion and in thought. She seems naive and inexperienced, often jumping to conclusions and believing in people's better natures. She avoids combat actively, and is primarily a healing totem. She is fastidious in dress, though often wearing simple and functional clothing. Dove is the totem of those who practice the healing traditions of the ancient Christian sects, and in fact is one of very few totems to be openly espoused by the Catholic Church.

Dove is a healer. It is her prime motivation and reason for being. She will refuse healing to none, oftentimes even healing her enemies.

Environment:

Urban

Advantages:

+2 dice Healing, Semi-empathy(see below);
+2 dice for conjuring a Spirit of Man.

Disadvantage:

-1 die for casting any non-stun spell. A Dove shaman cannot refuse healing to *anyone* who requests it. A Dove shaman will not tolerate evil or ignoble actions. Also, see below.

Notes:

Dove shamans possess, almost as a side effect of their "choice" of totem, a heightened awareness of others' feelings. This does not allow them to read minds or to broadcast/receive others' emotions in any real sense, but instead allows the Dove shaman an infallible sense of when someone is in pain, even being capable of use as a locator. This form of empathy allows the Dove shaman to avoid physically damaging someone, as to do so is almost as painful to the Dove shaman as it is to the victim. The Dove shaman must use Willpower to resist a deadly stun with a Target Number of 4 if she witnesses a death due to violence.

The Black Market

Firearms Accessories

by M Edward Davis III

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THE FINE PRINT: With most people looking at the final price of the firearm, a lot of features are overlooked. In effort to prevent this, I present a list that includes any accessories that are included with the weapon.

Notes:

Any accessory or weapon change included in Second Edition will have [] around them. Also note that shoulder stocks are no longer an effective (read no recoil bonus) in 2nd Edition.

In	Pistols	Type	Accessories
RL	Alta	Heavy	None
SSC	Ares Crusader MP	Light (MP)	2pt Gas Vent Recoil
SSC	Ares Light Fire 70	Light	None
SR	Ares Predator	Heavy	None
SSC	Ares Predator II	Heavy	Smartgun Link
SR	Ares Viper Slivergun	Heavy	Silencer
SSC	Beretta 200ST	Light (BF)	1pt Shoulder Stock Recoil
SR	Beretta Model 101T	Light	None
RL	Bracer	Hold-Out	None
SR	Browning Max-Power	Heavy	None
SSC	Browning Ultra-Power	Heavy	Laser Sight, Reactive Trigger
SSC	Ceska Black Scorpion MP	Light (MP)	1pt Shoulder Stock Recoil
SSC	Ceska vz/120	Light	None
SR	Colt America L36	Light	None
SSC	Colt Manhunter	Heavy	Laser Sight
RL	Élan	Hold-Out	None
RL	Elite	Light	None
RL	Exec. Action	Light (BF)	None
SR	Fichetti Security 500	Light	None
SR	Fichetti Security 500	Light	None
RL	Gun Cane	Hold-Out	None
SR	Remington Roomsweeper	Heavy	None
SR	Ruger Super Warhawk	Heavy	None
SSC	Seco LD-120	Light	Laser Sight
RL	Sting	Hold-Out	None
SR	Streetline Special	Hold-out	None
RL	Tiffani Needler	Hold-out	None
SSC	Tiffani Self-Defender	Hold-out	None
SR	Walther Palm Pistol	Hold-out	Reactive Trigger (kinda)

In	Taser	Type	Accessories
SR	Defiance Super Shock	Taser	None [low light scope]
RL	Pulsar	Taser	None

In	Rifles	Type	Accessories
RL	Hatamoto II	Shotgun	None
SR	AK-97	Assault	None
SR	AK-98	Assault	Grenade Launcher
SR	Defiance T-250	Shotgun	None
SR	Enfield AS7	Shotgun	Laser Sight, 50-shot Drum
SR	FN HAR	Assault	2pt Gas Vent, Laser Sight, Stock
SR	Ranger Arms SM-3	Sniper	x3 Scope, Low Light or Therm, Silencer, Stock [GV 2]
SR	Remington 750	Sporting	x1 Scope
SR	Remington 950	Sporting	x1 Scope
SSC	Colt M22A2 Assault Rifle	Assault	1pt Gas Vent, x2 Sight, Grenade Launcher
SSC	Heckler & Koch G12A3z	Assault	2pt Gas Vent, Laser Sight, Stock
SSC	Mossberg CMDT	Shotgun	Laser Sight
SSC	Mossberg CMDT/SM	Shotgun	Smartgun Link
SSC	Ruger 100 Sporting Rifle	Sporting	x3 Scope
SSC	Samopal vz 88V	Assault	2pt Gas Vent, Laser Sight, x2 Sight, Stock
SSC	Steyr AUG-CSL	Assault	1pt Gas Vent, Laser Sight, Transformable
SSC	Steyr AUG-CSL Carbine	Sporting	1pt Gas Vent, Laser Sight, Transformable
SSC	Walther MA-2100	Sniper	Smartgun Link

In	Submachine Guns	Type	Accessories
SR	AK-97 SMG/Carbine	SMG	None
SSC	Beretta Model 70	SMG	Laser Sight, Silencer
SR	Heckler & Koch HK227	SMG	2pt Gas Vent, Laser Sight, Stock
SSC	Heckler & Koch MP-5TX	SMG	2pt Gas Vent, Laser Sight
SR	Heckler & Koch S variant	SMG	Laser Sight, Stock, Silencer
SSC	Ingram Smartgun	SMG	2pt Gas Vent, Smartgun Link
SSC	Sandler TMP	SMG	1pt. Stock, Laser Sight
SSC	SCK Model 100 SMG	SMG	Smartgun Link
SSC	Steyr AUG-CSL Carbine	SMG	1pt Gas Vent, Laser Sight, Transformable
SR	Uzi III	SMG	Laser Sight, Stock

In	Light Machine Guns	Type	Accessories
SSC	Ares MP-LMG	LMG	2pt Gas Vent, 1pt Hip Pad, Lasersight
SSC	GE Vindicator Minigun	LMG	None
SR	Ingram Valiant	LMG	2pt GV, 1pt Hip Pad, Smart Goggles [no Goggles]
SSC	Steyr AUG-CSL Carbine	LMG	1pt Gas Vent, Laser Sight, Transformable

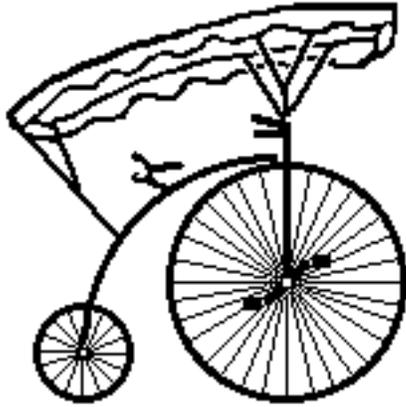
In	Heavy Weapons	Type	Accessories
SR	Assault Cannon	Cannon	None
SSC	FN MAG-5 MMG	MMG	2pt Gas Vent, Laser Sight
SR	Heavy MG	HMG	None
SR	Medium MG	MMG	None
SSC	Panther Assault Cannon	Cannon	None
SSC	Stoner-Ares M107 GPHMG	HMG	3pt Gas Vent, Laser Sight

Key: SR=Shadowrun Rule Book

SSC= Street Samurai Catalog

RL= Neo-Anarchists' Guide To Real Life

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Shadowrun Second Edition Revision of NAGEE 1

by Chris Doherty

<cpdoherty@chemical.watstar.uwaterloo.ca>

Here they are, the conversions to Shadowrun Second Edition for all the spells and archetypes from all of the current issues of the NAGEE. [Chris revised NAGEEs 1-4, and I'll be running the other three parts in NAGEEs 6, 7, and 8 — Tony.] All the conversions have been done with (reasonably) strict attention to the new rules, especially character creation (i.e. no starting values above 6, that sort of thing). Note that I have taken some liberties with the original spell descriptions, but this was necessary to bring them in line with the new rules and theories in the Second Edition Grimoire. Anyone who dislikes what I've done with their spells or archetypes is free to email me and complain, or better yet, write your own SR2 versions (this is hard work, y'know). Anyone who would like my reverse-engineering and design notes (ooh, I feel so game-

designerish) can email as well. Note that I have made several assumptions about the spell design process as outlined in the SR2 Grimoire that may not be borne out by a strict reading of the rules. These assumptions were made after comparison of similar spells, reverse-engineering representative spells, and careful consideration of several suspected errors in the SR2 Grimoire. Anyone who would like to discuss these assumptions can damn well start a thread on the rec.games.frp.cyber group, 'cause I'm tired and I want to go to bed.

P.S. Watch for the 'IChorse' handle. These comments will provide some insight into the assumptions mentioned above as well as some cute comment fostered by an excess of caffeine and a lack of sleep. I really don't do daylight. Honest.

Archetypes

Bladeboy

Attributes

Body.....	3 (5)
Quickness.....	5
Strength.....	5
Charisma.....	2
Willpower.....	2
Essence.....	1.2
Reaction.....	4 (6)
Initiative.....	4 (6)+1D6 (3D6)

Skills

Firearms.....	4
Unarmed Combat.....	6
Armed Combat.....	6
Etiquette (choose).....	4
Stealth.....	5
Throwing Weapons.....	6
Projectile Weapons.....	6
Bike	3

Pools

Combat.....	5
-------------	---

Cyberware

Dermal Plating (2)
 Smartgun Link
 Boosted Reflexes (3)
 Cybereyes
 Lowlight
 Flare Compensation
 Retractable Spurs

Contacts

Choose 2

Gear

Armor Jacket
 Katana
 Mono filament sword
 Aurora Racing Bike
 Ranger X Longbow, Strength 5
 Bow Accessory Mount
 Smartgun Adapter
 36 Precision X arrows
 Colt Manhunter
 200 rounds regular ammo
 Wallacher Combat Axe
 Gold DocWagon Account
 4 months Middle Lifestyle, prepaid

 Starting Cash: 3d6 x 1000¥ + 20458¥

The Street Rigger

Attributes

Body.....3
 Quickness.....5
 Strength.....3
 Charisma.....2
 Intelligence.....4
 Willpower.....3
 Essence.....0.3
 Reaction.....4 (6) [8]
 Initiative.....4 (6) [8] + 1d6 (2d6) [3d6]

Pools

Combat:.....6
 Control:.....8

Skills

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

Cyberware

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

Contacts

Choose 2

Gear

Smartgoggles (Lowlight)
 Earplug phone
 Platinum DocWagon Account
 Colt Manhunter (Smart)
 70 rounds regular ammo
 Armor Jacket
 Remote Control Deck (3)
 700 000¥ worth of vehicles and/or drones

 Starting Cash: 3d6 x 1000¥ + 459¥

Spells

Astral Fog

See Astral Static, SR2 Grimoire

Disguise Vehicle

See Vehicle Mask, SR2 Grimoire

>>>[Hey, D.C., what's up, chummer? You gone corp on us?]<<<

— IChorse <23:21:57/6-16-54>

Blackout

D.C.

Illusion Spell

Type: Physical
Range: LOS
Target: Intelligence (R)
Duration: Sustained
Drain: (F/2+2)M

An area-effect stunt of D.C.'s that blinds everyone in the area (including yourself, so you might want to Perceive before casting it).

It's a physical spell, so it affects cameras and other technological sensing devices. You can think of it as creating an area of basic null-light 100% black. The target number is Intelligence (Resisted) for a living being, or 4 for technological sensing devices. For every two successes you beat your target by, there is a +1 modifier to any of his tests that involve sight.

The mere shift to Perceiving avoids the spell's effects.

Existential Blues

D.C.

Manipulation (Control) Spell

Type: Mana
Range: Limited
Target: Willpower (R)
Duration: Sustained
Drain: (F/2+2)M

A nihilistic Mob Mood - 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 a +1 Drain Target (and really, [F/2+2]M is no big deal), he could intensify the effects and make them actively want to give up instead of just feeling angsty.

Forced Truth

White Winter (Leader, Hermetic Order of Guardians)

Manipulation (Control) Spell

Type: Mana
Range: LOS
Target: Willpower (R)
Duration: Sustained
Drain: (F/2)M

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 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 the 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, you're 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

Spectre

<p>Detection Spell Type: Physical Range: Limited Target: 4 Duration: Sustained Drain:(F/2+3)S</p>

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 Bonus Game Effects modifier.

Phantasmal Force

Spectre

<p>Illusion Spell Type: Mana Range: LOS Target: Willpower (R) Duration: Sustained Drain: (F/2+1)S</p>

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 to. Having always had a nuyen for the macabre, I like to pull stuff like lowering the ambient temperature ten degrees, having shrieking demons descend 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 cameras 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 10,9,5,5,4,4,3,1,1. Now, characters with Willpower 6+ need to roll two successes against the Force to resist; characters with Willpower 5 need four successes; characters with Willpower 4 need seven successes; etc.

Temporary Insanity

Jerry Stratton

<p>Manipulation (Transformation) Spell Type: Mana Range: LOS Target: Willpower (R) Duration: Sustained Temporary L Insanity Drain: (F/2+3)L Temporary M Insanity Drain: (F/2+3)M Temporary S Insanity Drain: (F/2+3)S Temporary D Insanity Drain: (F/2+3)D</p>

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. The number of successes achieved against the target 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 Billa 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. Billa resists with her Willpower, rolling 3 dice vs. the spell's Force of 4, getting 9, 4, and 1. Two successes reduce the net successes to 4, so Billa is still Moderately insane (see Insanity).

Marcia rolls drain. She saved 2 Magic Pool dice for drain, so she rolls 8 dice, vs. the Drain Target of $(4/2+3)=5$, getting only 3 successes. She takes Light drain.

Truth Glow

White Winter (Leader, Hermetic Order of Guardians)

Detection Spell

Type: Mana
Range: Limited
Target: Willpower (R)
Duration: Sustained
Drain: (F/2+2)S

This area-effect spell works like a polygraph test, but 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 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>

>>>[Don't believe the hype, chummers. Here's the chiptruth: this isn't a hypersense spell. All it does is measure the vocal stress patterns associated with a psychomatic response that indicates a lie. Which means that if you've got a silver tongue and null-sweat cool, you've got a decent chance of blindsiding the spell. Even better if you've got weird vocal cords, like your average robustus or ingentis, and a virtual certainty if you're a Sasquatch.]<<<

— IChorse<00:57:29/06-17-54>

Turn Marble To Bat

D.C

Manipulation (Transformation) Spell

Type: Physical
Range: Limited
Target: Object Resistance (5) (R)
Duration: Sustained
Drain: (F/2+2)L

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 Restricted 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).

>>>[Say, anybody remember those two hermetics, Dowd and Hume? The two that wrote that crock research thesis about how restricting a manipulation spell formula to a certain class of matter really, really, doesn't make it any easier on the caster, -honest-. I hear MITM finally got around to revoking their Th.Ds. Apparently the original paper was rubber-stamped and the degrees granted before anyone had a chance to look at the thesis.]<<<

— IChorse<00:35:03/06-23-54>

X-Ray Specs

Keith Ammann

Detection Spell

Type: Physical
Range: Limited
Target: Object Resistance (R)
Duration: Sustained
Drain: (F/2+2)M

A handy little hypersense gem, to be cast on any voluntary subject. Roll against the object's resistance; the object you are looking through resists normally. Each net 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.

Master Spell List Addenda

Illusion Spells

Name	Type	Range	Target	Duration	Drain
Blackout	Physical	LOS	Intelligence (R)	Sustained	(F/2+2)M

Detection Spells

Name	Type	Range	Target	Duration	Drain
Know Exit	Physical	Limited	4	Sustained	(F/2+3)S
Truth Glow	Mana	Limited	Willpower (R)	Sustained	(F/2+2)S
X-Ray Specs	Physical	Limited	Object Resist. (R)	Sustained	(F/2+2)M

Illusion Spells

Name	Type	Range	Target	Duration	Drain
Blackout	Physical	LOS	Intelligence (R)	Sustained	(F/2+2)M
Phantasmal Force	Mana	LOS	Willpower (R)	Sustained	(F/2+1)S

Manipulation Spells

Name	Type	Range	Target	Duration	Drain
Existential Blues	Mana	Limited	Willpower (R)	Sustained	(F/2+2)M
Force Truth	Mana	LOS	Willpower (R)	Sustained	(F/2)M
Temporary L Insanity	Mana	LOS	Willpower (R)	Sustained	(F/2+3)L
Temporary M Insanity	Mana	LOS	Willpower (R)	Sustained	(F/2+3)M
Temporary S Insanity	Mana	LOS	Willpower (R)	Sustained	(F/2+3)S
Temporary D Insanity	Mana	LOS	Willpower (R)	Sustained	(F/2+3)D
Turn to Bat	Physical	Limited	Object Resist. (5) (R)	Sustained	(F/2+2)L

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