

Intro

InfoRunners

The world is run by information. You have the power to manipulate that information. **What will you do with this power?**

Inforunners are young, brash, and brilliant mercenaries. They trade information in return for pay. Similar to organized crime cells of the previous century, Inforunner cells are warring factions which vie for dominance in an age ruled by information.

They are comprised of drugged up teenagers and twenty somethings who rule the streets. These drugs, mixed with cybernetic implants make them nearly immortal for a price. The prolonged hypermetabolic stimulants irreparably damage the bodies of these youth, artificially shortening their life expectancy to their early thirties.

This story takes place in the warring metropolopolis of Buenos Aires. **Elect these first few choices carefully**, they will effect you throughout the game.

You are
the inforunner that could change it all.

[Proceed to choose your background.](#)

Ending 7

Catching Up

Ending 1

Janitorial Arts

You decide to follow Paulo as he turns the block. The rain is now coming down in sheets to the point of obscuring your vision and your ability to run. The street is one giant puddle.

The film of water gives the ground a gelatinous feel as you increase your pace. This is going to make this even more messy if you're not smart about this.

You know, based on your CCTV research that Paulo is about to turn down a darkened section of the street, and it's your time to either take him out, or take attempt to steal his security card credential discretely from out of his bag.

The timing on this has to be perfect, or you'll alert him.

Another Meal

It's always wet in Buenos Aires. Not just the kind of wet you get from the rain of everyday, but the heavy humidity feels like a spongy membrane covering every pore. Skin longs for air, and only finds a thick soup of stickiness. The heavy dew seems to coat everything. Railings, handles, walls. Nothing can escape the thick aqueous layer. Small droplets trickle down the marble walls of the Ministry of information.

You ascend the long staircase as the water cascades down, pushing back at your feet. You enter nervously through the large glass entrance of the ministry and prepare to be scanned.

Your pulse escalates as you walk through the scan gate.

Purpose of your visit?

The synthetic voice asks.

You hesitate, then respond

To visit Silvia Romero in IT

The synthetic machine processes your response, then the barrier lighting around you fades to a pleasant shade of green followed by the message **"Access Granted"**.

The guards glare at you as you walk to the elevator bank and look down at the floor selection.

[Select your floor](#)

Brute

You make your move as he turns into the dimly lit area. You sneak up behind him slowly, yet at a brisk pace. The water spreads out from your foot steps, helping to cushion noise from the pavement, but creating an ethereal 'gloop' noise that could give you away if you're not careful.

You're a hulking goliath compared to Paulo, and you know that now is the time to use that to your advantage.

As he turns onto the darkest portion of his route, you grab Paulo by the back of his neck while simultaneously covering his mouth from screams.

You don't want to hurt him if you don't have to. He is not your enemy.

You quietly struggle backwards against a wall and reach for your tranquilizer. You're able to hold him down as you inject him with the substance. It will give him something equivalent to a heavy hangover, but nothing he won't live through. He may not even remember the night.

You hold him tightly until he stops struggling. Fishing through his bag reveals miscellaneous personal affects, including a handgun. You're glad you didn't have to deal with that.

You snatch up the lanyard with his keycard, and head back towards the Ministry a few blocks away, but not before you make sure Paulo is covered and out of the rain.

You make your way back through the shadows and to the front of the well lit, monolithic building. Credentials in hand, you start heading up the long flight of stairs to the glass door entrance.

You breach the door to the ministry and spot 4 guards inside of a cavernous open space. You glance upwards noticing the glass roof must be at least 1400 feet from where you stand. Though you only count the 4 of you in the football-field-sized room, there must be at least half a dozen or more watching on CCTV cameras scattered around.

You walk straight through the security gate checkpoint without even glancing at the chatting guards.

Welcome back, Paulo

says the attractive synthetic voice. Your heart races. The guards look up from their conversation, but you're already in the elevator...

[Select your floor](#)

Firefight

Preparation

You step back outside of the den and start walking down the street. The rain gently beats against your exposed face as you begin to read:

Here's what we know, \$Player_Name. The ministry has scraped our list from our servers and is now filtering it through their system. You need to get into the ministry, remove it from their servers, and get out. I would recommend one of three approaches:

1. You can try to enter with force and take down their entire infrastructure. **A one man army.**
2. You can talk your way into the ministry with a disguise. **Sneaking.**
3. Trick someone into giving you access. **Indirect social engineer.**

You ponder for a moment in thinking which route you'd like to take.

(Think on how your origin story and stats might effect each of these routes. Each is a drastically different approach. The risk of failure grows throughout the story.)

[One Man Army](#)

[Stealth](#)

[Indirect](#)

Stats

\$Player_Name, choose your features wisely. You only have points remaining.

Strength:

Intelligence:

Willpower:

Proceed to determine who you are and how lucky you feel.

Politicking

We should go to the ministry right now. It's important.

You can't believe your luck! You follow her as she leads you right up to the ministry just a few blocks from where you've been eating.

The massive glass doors lead you into a large open space with guards and checkpoints.

Give me just a minute while I get you clearance.

She looks backwards and runs up to the guard quarters off to the side of the checkpoint. You wait a few minutes without saying anything.

The guard quarters start to shuffle and a few guards come out.

They approach you with stern faces, and surround you.

Do you confirm that you are \$Player_Name, Friend of Silvia Romero?

You nod your head.

The guard grabs the back of your head and slams you against the ground.

\$Player_Name, you're under arrest for the intent to commit treasonous acts, punishable by Buenos Aires order 3217.3.

You feel the cold steel barrel of a rifle pushed up against your back as you're cuffed and escorted away.

Ending 5

Ending 4

The Crowd

The time for the operation has come. Bolo has brought with him 6 other guys to help with the heist. You're definitely a small army, and a force to be reckoned with. Though they're all street kids, they're smart, fast, strong, and pumped up on stimulants. They're also carrying all sorts of weaponry.

You take your places outside of the ministry. Paulo is on time as he clocks out without even a minute of error. You signal Bolo's guys to grab him and knock him out.

The operation is swift and silent. They drag him back to the alley where you're hiding

Sorry buddy. I hope you don't lose your job for this.

You strip his identity card and uniform, and change into it. Just as you planned, it fits perfectly. You lay the poor man's body aside.

Now it's game time.

You head to the bottom of the stairs of the main entrance to the ministry where Paulo had just exited moments earlier.

Small droplets of rain trickle down its marble walls. You wonder if this will be your concrete and marble tomb.

With Bolo and his 6 men following closely behind, you proceed through the entrance. You breach the door to the ministry and spot 4 guards inside of a cavernous open space. You glance upwards noticing the glass roof must be at least 1400 feet from where you stand. Though you only count the 4 of you in the football-field-sized room, there must be at least half a dozen or more watching on CCTV cameras scattered around.

You walk straight through the security gate checkpoint without even glancing at the chatting guards. They seem preoccupied. Immediately you spot the main elevator bank on the right side about 100 feet in front of you.

Now you signal Bolo and his men to move. They're fast and swift. Weapons drawn, they fire in unison and you watch as all guards in the room are dropped instantly. The regiment of street soldiers joins you at the elevator.

[Select your floor](#)

Butter Fingers

You make your move as he turns into the dimly lit area. You sneak up behind him slowly, yet at a brisk pace. The water spreads out from your foot steps, helping to cushion noise from the pavement, but creating an ethereal 'gloop' noise that could give you away if you're not careful.

When you reach an arm's length distance from him, you slowly reach into the bag he has slung over one shoulder. He stops at the intersection. You make your move. You fumble around for a split second without feeling the lanyard you're looking for.

You see 2 seconds remaining on the opposite crosswalk and know you're out of time.

You feel the cord. You instinctively squeeze your fist shut, and pull backwards.

Your timing couldn't be worse. Your hand gets caught at an awkward angle as Paulo starts to walk forward again. Your hand pulls against the side of the bag pulling him backwards by the strap, and you, forward onto your knees and opposite hand.

Paulo looks at you stunned as your hand is embedded in his bag, kneeling in the puddle

Without even hesitating, the old man moves quickly. A solid kick to the chin is all he needs to knock you on your back. Stars override your vision as your head slams against the ground.

He slowly fishes through his bag for his sidearm, and removes it from the satchel.

This is for going after a poor old man

you hazily stare down the barrel of the gun as he pulls the trigger.

THE END

Overseer

You break out into a dead sprint back to the elevator, but notice that it's in use. It's headed up to your floor.

You shout,

Spark! I thought you had this under control!

She responds calmly yet sternly.

Listen, I can't control free will. The guard seems to just be making his rounds.

You step into the shadows just as the elevator door dings, and a monster of a man steps out. He seems completely unaware of your presence. You take a dive for the elevator just as the door begins to close.

The doors shut behind you as the man looks back, but not in time to catch the door to question you.

A bead of sweat rolls down your face.

...that was close...

[Get out of there](#)

IT Floor

Ending 3

Small Fry

You make your move as he turns into the dimly lit area. You sneak up behind him slowly, yet at a brisk pace. The water spreads out from your foot steps, helping to cushion noise from the pavement, but creating an ethereal 'gloop' noise that could give you away if you're not careful.

You're a hulking goliath compared to Paulo, and you know that now is the time to use that to your advantage.

As he turns onto the darkest portion of his route, you grab Paulo by the back of his neck while simultaneously covering his mouth from screams.

You struggle to hold on, surprised by the old janitor's strength. Suddenly you're elbowed in the temple and lose your balance. Your involuntary flinch has given Paulo the time to run about 15 feet in front of you. He's frantically digging through his bag.

You erupt in full sprint after him. You're gaining on him, just in time to see him pull a sidearm out of the bag. You know it's too late to stop your sprint and push yourself harder to close the remaining 8 feet or so.

Your eyes widen as you see Paulo cock the gun, and squeeze back on the trigger. You hear the blast just as everything in your world turns black.

THE END

Floor Selection

Ending 10

Tingling feeling

You have to move fast, and your fingers are starting to melt into the sides of the piping, even with your gripping gloves. You push forwards quickly, smelling the burnt flesh of your hands slide against the glowing pipe.

The steely incinerator room - a room not filled with flames (as they would consume all the oxygen) but rather one plated with superheated steel.

The turbine is whirring at a high-pitch and breakneck speed now. You're forced to jam your hands into the sides of the pipe to hold on because the pull is too strong. You leap forward towards the fork in the pipe in an attempt to grab the opposing ledge, but you're forced backwards against the pipe, losing your grip.

With an immense force, you're launched upwards and sucked down the pipe towards the incinerator room, ramming against the filtration grating. Your world slowly begins to melts away. The last thing you hear is the deceleration of the turbine as it celebrates its victory.

THE END

A Task For a Mercenary

You stare at your VIVI paying no attention to his attempt to raise some form of interest from you. He can sense your lack of interest

"You really are nothing but a washed up vet, aren't you?"

...says the blabbering idiot. You start to block him out as you read about the developments in the local chem trade on your VIVI. Looks like prices might be going up again. Unfortunate.

"\$Player_Name, are you even listening to me?".

You snap back to attention realizing that his lack of joking means he probably has something of a serious job on his hands. You give him a sarcastic smirk and look back down at your wrist, pretending to pay attention.

"You really need to learn to concentrate, scum bag."

His incessant disparaging remarks are starting to wear thin on your patience.

"Let me get down to why you're here. We've got a leak and it needs plugging. The master list detailing all the vitals on the cell's members is out. Someone leaked your info too, \$Player_Name. I need this list back because I've got too much to lose."

Did he just say he leaked your identity and information? If that gets out, you're done. The army will find you and will make you pay for your abandonment.

You feel the sudden urge to destroy Blitz rise to the top of you. It bursts like a boiled over pot. The blind rage thrusts you onto the waste of human life and you find yourself smashing your fists into his head with as much force as you can muster. His muffled cries for you to stop bring you back to reality. The fleshy pulp of his face shares a similar color tone as your bloodied and raw hands.

You stand back, satisfied, yet slightly shocked at your own animosity. The war truly never left you.

He looks at you with his glaring eyes, unable to move. He'll live, but just barely. The dossier with the details of the mission appears on your VIVI and you walk out.

Preparation

Bash

You begin to pick up any spare hardware and throw it at full force against the server banks. You run up and down the aisles pulling plugs left and right, ripping them out at full force.

The rage flows through you and you begin kicking over cabinets with full body force. Adrenaline surging in your veins, you can feel your heartbeat in your head.

Sparks explode out from the falling cabinets as you decimate the machines. More alarms begin and you the sprinklers turn on to help snuff out the fires you've just started.

The alarms bring with them hard metal bars to seal the exits.

Getting Hot

You will your way through the boiling pipe, ignoring the incredible pull of the wind and heat, tearing at your face. It must be at least 150 degrees and rising. You will not last long in this.

You reach for the corner of the pipe at the fork, but realize you can't make the grab without losing too much grip on the pipe. You'll be literally toasted if you make a lunge like that. Having run out of other options, you force your hand into the side of the boiling pipe. You can smell the melting and burning skin as your hand literally boils against the pipe wall.

After hitting a point of excruciating pain, you lunge from the ledge while your melded hand keeps your pivot secure. Now comes the part you're really fearing. Cringing from the searing pain, you rip your hand away from the red hot pipe in order to pull yourself up. Like skin from a chicken leg, your hand is peeled of layers of flesh as you rip it away from the wall. Despite the amount of chems and stims in your system, no amount of drugs can dull the pain of the freshly scorched and distorted hand.

Through sheer will, you force yourself up and over the fork and into the adjacent tubing.

[Into the Freezer](#)

Shattering

You're now out of time and options. Your only way into the building is directly in front of you: the glass window. You curl up into a ball, and position your feet flat on the glass in front of you.

Looking at the charges on your palms you have time for maybe three kicks before the pads die. You coil yourself as tightly as possible and push backwards away from the window, swinging you upwards.

You collide against the window with brutal force, but it isn't enough. Your horizontal force only cracks the window.

You coil and prepare to strike again. Pushing off with your full strength, you hold on as tightly as you can, feeling the strain of the force against your wrists holding you against the building.

You pull downwards with your full force using your hands and wrists as the pivots and stretch out both feet as rigidly as possible and collide with the glass window.

The glass cracks further, but it's still not enough. Both pads are now blinking and alarming wildly and the hum is stuttering. They're giving out. Last chance.

You coil. Push off. Pull down as hard as you can. As you whip yourself towards the window, you rip the pads off of the building pushing your feet through the window. A a shower of glass erupts around you.



[Unintended Entrance](#)

Stealth Action

You decide on taking the stealth route . This could be the most perilous route, but you're committed to getting in and out with that list without even the ministry knowing it's gone.

After a few days of prep, you begin your trek across the city.



After days of endless urban navigation you finally arrive at the Ministry of Information and ponder on your next move. It's always wet in Buenos Aires. Not just the kind of wet you get from the rain of everyday, but the heavy humidity feels like a spongy membrane covering every pore. Skin longs for air, and only finds a thick soup of stickiness. The heavy dew seems to coat everything. Railings, handles, walls. Nothing can escape the thick aqueous layer. Small droplets trickle down the marble walls of the Ministry of information.

You stare up at the imposing skyscraper - it must be at least 1500 feet tall. This means that they can't possibly watch all of it. Based on your research, you know you have at least two viable options here. You can either enter from the top, or you can go in through the ventilation system. Neither are small feats and you risk detection, or even worse, death.

The ventilation system will try your **willpower**, and going through the roof will try your **strength**. Which way will you choose?

[Through the roof](#)
[The ventilation system](#)

Ending 11

Talk The Talk

You decide to take a more indirect route. The ministry is something of an armored fortress. You'd rather take a route less...lethal.

Alternatively, you've been keeping an eye on the shifts of the various custodial workers at the ministry and have a particular custodian in mind who could give you access to the right floors on the elevator in order to access the server farm. You're not sure how you'd convince him to give you access...but there are a few tricks up your sleeve.

This might take some muscle or very careful planning. The choice is yours.

[Janitorial Work](#)

A Cold Reception

The Call To Action

You receive a call from Blitz on your VIVI arm band (Virtual Intelligence Variable Integration). It's 2:30am and you're forced awake in a cold sweat by the incessant notification gently tingling your arm. He says you need to be at HQ in less than 15 min.



Throwing on one of your more grungy work outfits, you take a hit of a minor stim and are up and in less than 10 minutes you're out the door and bounding in the empty streets and through the shadows.

You get lost in through as you tear through the thick night shadows at a breakneck pace. "Sure" you think to yourself, "Blitz is a moron, but he helped me get where I am today." You wonder if the vegetating waste of human space has more than a few months left in his withering body. He's not doing horrible for a 35 year old ex-runner, but his days are counted.

You jump from building to building on your way over to headquarters.

The Tour

You move forward to the server farm entrance door. You slowly open the door and hear a large blast of air gush from the seams of the portal. Julia makes a snarky remark on the sci-fi inspired noise.

Upon entering into the room, you find yourself in a deserted, yet massive conglomeration of servers with whirring fans, and an unnaturally dry air. The dehumidifiers help climate the control the air and it's a sharp contrast for your skin.

Let me show you some of the stuff I've been working on...

She takes you over to the terminal with her work and you know that this is where you need to access the files. You should act fast.

You know that no one else is around. You can either tranquilize her, or try and explain your plight to her. You can tell she's begun to trust you, but you aren't sure if you're going to be able to convince her.

Make your choice:

[Grab her and sedate her](#)
[Explain the situation](#)

Dirty

Explosions echo behind you as you bypass the elevator in favor of an external escape. You know that guards will be swarming the stairs so you take off to an office space. Looking out over the rainy city, you see the refracted lights through the combination of rain drops and large glass panes. You grab the office table and ram it through the glass.

The sudden shower of glass, raindrops, and the blast of cold, humid air almost throw you off your feet. You watch the table tumble the 500+ feet to the street below. It seems to liquify with the rest of the rain on contact.

You pull out your scaling gear from your bag and affix the electrogrippers to your hands. Even though they'll do the majority of the work, you know the task at hand will be exhausting.

You carefully swing your body around the glass shards remaining in the window frame and affix your grippers to the wide, slippery side of the building.

Hand over hand you affix and release your grippers as you slowly descend into the rainy abyss below.

You finally reach the ground and pack up your things. You notice the police force has a large presence at the front of the building. You count at least 40+ officers and custom vehicles swarming the premise. You need to get out now.

You make your way down the shiny street and begin the long trek home.

[Head Home](#)

Charge the Premise

You decide to take on the ministry head to head - like a true runner of power. You take a few days to prepare for your direct assault. You've planned your heist in between shifts at 3am - when you'll find the least amount of resistance and personnel. After two days of intense planning and preparation you begin your journey across the city to reach the Ministry of information.



As you travel across the wet streets, you ponder the city. It's always wet in Buenos Aires. Not just the kind of wet you get from the rain of everyday, but the heavy humidity feels like a spongy membrane covering every pore. Skin longs for air, and only finds a thick soup of stickiness. The heavy dew seems to coat everything. Railings, handles, walls. Nothing can escape the thick aqueous layer.

You arrive in front of the ministry of information. Small droplets trickle down its marble walls. You wonder if this will be your concrete and marble tomb.

You gather yourself, your equipment, and start up what seems to be thousands of steps, pushing you back with a cascade of small waterfalls generated by the rain at your feet.

Into The Freezer

You crouch in the adjacent piping to the main ducts and cradle your now misshapen hand. You take a hardcore pain blocker from your bag and apply it to your forearm. It begins to take effect almost immediately. You bandage your hand, and carry on.

As you crawl through the ducts, you're able to notice that you've happened right into a section of the server farm, but you know that the security system therein is going to be extremely strong. No doubt you'll find countless motion detectors within the room. Not a risk to be taken lightly.

You have the option to drop down into the room, or carry on to a different route.

[Risk the jump](#)

[Keep moving for an alternate entrance](#)

Your Cell

Your cell is run by a nefarious, but lazy and fairly decrepit man named **Blitz**. The definition of a lucky scumbag. Blitz is a man who has never earned anything in his life, but rather has been in the right place at the right time more than once. He has been lucky enough to surround himself with people smarter and more talented than himself while he coasts along with just enough intelligence to get away with the things he does with his info runner cell. He has become lazy in his later life (early 30s for retired inforunners) and suffers from complications from his permanently drugged existence.

While he doesn't have much time left in his life, he does still try to feel important and needed. He doesn't think much of you, yet he's small business compared to some of the more elite and advanced runner cells around. His hollowed out demeanor makes him look more intimidating than he actually is.

However, your fellow runners are your family. You trust them and care about them. They're all you have in this world.

Now, lets get started...

Jump into the fray

Clean

You make a quick getaway once you arrive in the lobby and head back to the street. The rain is now a thick soup. The sheets are visible and cascade with menacing force. The pavement reflects the neon lights and glow of the various signs around you. The city is a restless force, even while she sleeps.

You begin the long journey home.

[Head home, runner](#)

If Button Pressed

You decide it would be silly to pass up on the opportunity to get back with your old gang - especially for a hack this big.

You pull up VIVI and connect to Spark. Calls to her usually take about 25 seconds to connect due to all her filtering and firewalling. Luckily for you, you're on the bypass list for all her safeguards.

\$Player_Name, long time. Finally ready to come back and help do the good lord's work?



You never understood her weird religious overtones.

You respond:

Well, Spark. I've got a job. A big one. Biblical even. Only thing I've got for you on this one is notoriety, and whatever else I can dig out of their servers. It's the Ministry of information.

Spark is a pretty hard-headed girl, but you see that she's noticeably jolted by the request.

Spark:

You have my attention, \$Player_Name

You explain the situation with the list and ask for ideas on how to proceed. She ponders for a minute.

It's going to be hard. Really hard. I need a day or two to scout it out and figure this out. Start heading across town, and I'll be ready by then. Dress nicely, will you?

You thank Spark and sign off.

You set out on the two day trek to the other side of town.

Infiltrator

Janitorial Work

The Farm

Your eyes attempt to adjust to the blackness dotted with LEDs. The roar is almost deafening. You've reached the center of the fortress. Before you move in any direction you carefully examine your surroundings. Motion sensors must be everywhere, and you know that even the slightest change in temperature can set off alarms. Your presence alone has already shortened the amount of time you have. The rows of servers are imposing and reminiscent of a sleeping monster. You've entered its lair and dare not awake it from its slumber.

Unable to go anywhere or do anything, you realize the guards are now breaking in and you have to go.

Bolo realizes he's down to his last man, who is mortally wounded and holding off the guards as long as he can.

He reaches into his bag and throws out what looks like a small brown parcel. He tosses it and takes off down the maintenance stairway.

As the door to the staircase closes, you feel an immense impulse of pressure and an ear-rattling explosion behind you. The shockwave shakes the whole building and you have to reorient yourself and you follow Bolo down the stairs.

[Down the stairs](#)

Rebellious Nature

Blitz starts with a jab at your heritage,

"Well, since you're the high and mighty king himself you should already have connections with the ministry of information, correct?"

You nod confirming you do, thinking of Silvia who works as head of IT in the ministry.

"Let me get down to why you're here. We've got a leak and it needs plugging. The master list detailing all the vitals on the cell's members is out. Someone leaked your info too, \$Player_Name. I need this list back because I've got too much to lose."

Your heartbeat races. If your true information is leaked, your runner credentials are as good as wiped out. All of your accounts and personas you've built up over the last few years would be gone, and you'd be as good as jailed. You'll never work as a runner again. you ask:

"What do you mean leaked? Who has the information and how do we get it back?"

He continues:

"I don't know the whole story, but I have my suspicions. Our server logs have been mostly wiped clean, but we can tell it came from one of the automated scrapers built by the Ministry. It's only a matter of time before they filter it through the system and it gets to human eyes. This is probably part of their efforts to eliminate the inrunner cells as a threat to their own secretive intelligence"

Blitz blubbers on:

"This means you need to get in there and wipe out all trace of the list. I need very tangible proof on this one. Everything is at stake".

Everything you worked for in getting away from your previous life will have gone to waste if you don't destroy that list. You take the dossier from Blitz and, in a single motion, whip around and walk out.

Preparation

Blitz

You enter the dark, and surprisingly dry apartment from the 3rd floor emergency access panel of the rather uninteresting skyscraper. It's a pain, but luckily Blitz doesn't usually call you in. You pass through empty and pitch black hallways up to the non descript door which leads to the inner den of the cell.

The stench is as bad as you last remember it. If living flesh could rot, this would be the smell it made. Not a single light is lit in the den. In his usual corner, Blitz is hooked into his stationary life support machines, drinking in the flow of the digital waterfall of information cascading down his various screens.

His expressionless face only visible thanks to the back light of his screens. He's laid back, but alert. Despite his body withering away, his mind is sharp.

"Took you long enough, **\$Player_Name**. Busy sitting around amounting to nothing as usual?"

You check your VIVI not paying any attention to his hollow threat.

"Lets cut the small talk." He responds to himself. "I have a job for you. It's a big one too."

Stand Your Ground

The hulking behemoth stands tall over you. He grunts and spits at the ground.

Bolo's payin' me first. You ain't getting to him. He ain't here.

You realize that, even though you yourself are not small by any definition, this guy could break you quickly and assuredly. You know the only way to take him down is to act fast, or expect a miracle.

Fatigue

You push forward, mustering all your strength. Unable to push yourself further, you glance downwards at the faint bokeh of the city lights. You knew this was a ridiculously ambitious idea and if you had been stronger or had the option to do it differently, you might have seen success.

As the charge on your left gripper runs out, you suddenly feel a calm come over you. You know your fate now. Instead of waiting for time on your right hand's cup to run out, you decide to untie your hand and let gravity take its course.

THE END

Ending 2

Ending 9

Windy Passages

You elect for the ventilation system. The physical risks of scaling such a monstrous building smell like trouble, even with your physical power you doubt you'd be able to scale the entire thing.

You loop around to a side of the building where the ventilation system pulls in all the fresh air. It's a large gated area that extends the length of a city block. it's been gated off with barbed wire fences to prevent any stray animals (or people) from getting in.

You fix this quickly with some cuts from your multi-tool and slip into one of the blowing grates and follow the pipeline.

As you make your way through the system, you become more and more disoriented by the loud fans and howling winds all around you. It seems that the generators are compensating for the current clog in the system - you. The tunnel is pitch black and obviously not meant for human traversal.

You come to a vertical section of the piping and scale up with your legs pressed against opposite sides of the pipe. As you shimmy up the pipe, you start to feel the sides of the piping getting hotter and hotter. You must be getting close to the cleansing rooms. In essence these rooms 'boil' the air, just as you would with water, and decontaminate it with innate gasses and chemicals before filtering it through the recirculation system.

As you get closer and closer, you can tell something in the system is compensating for your mass as well. The system detects you as though you were a foreign body about to get sucked into the incinerator and it's heating up faster and faster, even if you're not moving.

The suction continues to pull at you, even to the point where you're pushing against the flow of air, rather than with it. Something is going to reach critical mass soon, and you don't want to be there when it does.

The sound of the rotors on the turbines are accelerating just up the tube, and you have to make it to the fork and turn away from the filtration system, but it has begun to glow red hot. Sweating profusely, you push forward.

Maintenance Staircase

You decide to go down through the dark and damp stairway. It's obviously leaking in rainwater and the smell is pungent.

You wind around to the correct floor exit and end up just outside of the server room, but unfortunately you spot a pair of guards.

You slowly creep up behind them and recognize the damage firing a weapon might cause. You holster your weapon.

You slowly raise your hands to grab the necks of both men simultaneously. You force your hands together once they're in place and throw your hands together with as much force as you can muster.

Both men's heads collide and they fall to the floor.

[Head inside the server room.](#)

All The Way

Your knees rub against the smooth surface. A deceiving surface. Although as smooth as anything you've ever felt, the consistent rubbing of your inner knees for over 1400 feet have rubbed the sides of your pants completely raw. Your knees are leaving a trail of skin and blood as you shimmy up the final 50 feet of the surface.

You reach the edge of the roof, just as your grippers start to send off panic noises, intent on warning the user that the charge has been depleted. As you roll over onto your back, you're covered in a mixture of sweat and blood. The heat from your head rolls off in the form of steam.

After about 15 minutes without moving, you pull yourself together, looking down at the miniature city below. You've conquered the climb, but the real task remains - getting that list.

You search around for a way down. You pull up your dossier and find the correct floor for the IT servers holding the list data.

You find the main elevator and the maintenance staircase.

[Head through the maintenance stairway](#)

Ending 6

Welcoming Party

Swept

You know that if you lay on your back much longer, it will be the end of you. You whip back and kick as hard as you can against the behemoth's shins

Struggling Upwards

Sweat rolls down your face as you struggle up the menacingly smooth surface. With only about half of the building behind you, your arms are on their last wind already. You're huffing and heaving. The hum of your electrogrippers resonating with the crosswinds throwing you back and forth. As your vision blurs, you know you're in trouble. You're running out of time and options. Your grippers aren't going to have enough charge to get you to the top at your current pace. You have to act now.

Charismatic

You look at her sullenly, and nod in a show of gratitude. She glances at you, then looks down and begins to cry.

[It's time to head back](#)

Backstory

\$Player_Name, you are an Inforunner. This gives you a great responsibility, as your journey will impact many more lives than just your own. **Remember, you are fast, smart, and extremely powerful.**

Our story begins with the world in a state of complete ruin. After the mutually assured destruction of China, Europe and the USA because of their nuclear war, the northern hemisphere lies in rubble as nothing but an irradiated wasteland.

You live in the sprawling, dystopian metropolis of Buenos Aires. Run by a hodgepodge government comprised of rebels who dared fight against the onward march of the South Alliance - a hegemonic and totalitarian regime based in South Africa driven by the thirst for power. The largest entity to emerge after the war, it oppresses Buenos Aires and the opposition.

What remains of Buenos Aires is a crime-riddled, filth-filled poverty hole barely clinging to the definition of civilization.

[Learn about your inforunner cell.](#)

Infiltrator

After days of endless urban navigation you finally arrive at the Ministry of Information and call up Spark on your VIVI. It's always wet in Buenos Aires. Not just the kind of wet you get from the rain of everyday, but the heavy humidity feels like a spongy membrane covering every pore. Skin longs for air, and only finds a thick soup of stickiness. The heavy dew seems to coat everything. Railings, handles, walls. Nothing can escape the thick aqueous layer. Small droplets trickle down the marble walls of the Ministry of information.



Dressed in an impeccable suit and tie Spark almost doesn't recognize you.

\$Player_Name, I guess you actually took my advice for once. Good. This is the easy part. Walk in and head up to the elevator bank on your right. Don't run. You'll scan through just fine. You're currently on the board for interior economic ration distribution. Enjoy it while it lasts for the next 15 minutes.

You take a deep breath, inject some stims for good measure, and start up what seems to be thousands of steps, pushing you back with a cascade of small waterfalls generated by the rain at your feet. You wonder if this marble tomb will allow you to escape.

You walk through the large glass doors, uneasy at your lack of armaments. You notice that there are only a handful of guards left at this time of evening, none of them particularly interested in you.

You pass the first scanner, which checks your VIVI for identification. If Spark didn't do this right, you will be walking into your graveyard.

"Welcome Yoshihiro Takashi"

The voice dryly welcomes you. You think to yourself, really, Spark? You couldn't even try and match my race? Luckily none of the guards bat an eye.

You continue up to the elevator bank and look down at the floor selection menu.

[Head up](#)

Second Meeting

Go to the end
Go to the end
Go to the end

Go to the end
Go to the end
Go to the end
Go to the end

Ghost

You make your move as he turns into the dimly lit area. You sneak up behind him slowly, yet at a brisk pace. The water spreads out from your foot steps, helping to cushion noise from the pavement, but creating an ethereal 'gloop' noise that could give you away if you're not careful.

When you reach an arm's length distance from him, you slowly reach into the bag he has slung over one shoulder. He stops at the intersection. You make your move. You fumble around for a split second without feeling the lanyard you're looking for.

You see 2 seconds remaining on the opposite crosswalk and know you're out of time.

You feel the cord. You instinctively squeeze your fist shut, and pull backwards with a swift, dexterous flow of movement.

The lanyard is in your grip, and Paulo continues down the street.

You make your way back through the shadows and to the front of the well lit, monolithic building. Credentials in hand, you start heading up the long flight of stairs to the glass door entrance.

You breach the door to the ministry and spot 4 guards inside of a cavernous open space. You glance upwards noticing the glass roof must be at least 1400 feet from where you stand. Though you only count the 4 of you in the football-field-sized room, there must be at least half a dozen or more watching on CCTV cameras scattered around.

You walk straight through the security gate checkpoint without even glancing at the chatting guards.

Welcome back, Paulo

says the attractive synthetic voice. Your heart races. The guards look up from their conversation, but you're already in the elevator...

[Select your floor](#)

Origin

\$Player_name, choose your origin story wisely, **it has great ramifications** regarding your choices later on.

Homeward Bound

This time, it only takes you a day to make it across the city. You have to report back to Blitz, and this is not a report to be done virtually. The old man needs to see this. He needs to know that not only did you do the job, you did it in a convincing and resonating manner.

[Go see Blitz](#)

Shadows From Above

You decide to go through the roof of the building. The only problem is scaling the behemoth of a structure. In a city where air travel is so severely restricted, it's hard to imagine even thinking about some kind of airlift. Your only option is to scale the external shell of the building. Luckily the window grid system of the building allows for blind spots all the way up the exterior of the edifice.

You make your way around to one of the sides of the monolithic pillar and find one of the pillars that will hide you from internal eyes on your way up.

You pull out your scaling gear from your bag and affix the electrogrippers to your hands. Electrogrippers are a rather new technology. Designed to look something like a non-translucent, black cup, they atomically bond most materials to the inside of the cup for a short period of time. Even though they'll do the majority of the work, you know the task at hand will be exhausting.

You activate the pads after you strap them to your hands and wrists. The low hum of the pads sends tingles down your spine as you lift one hand up and place it on the wall.

Instantly your hand is glued to the structure. You lift your right hand just above the level of your left, deactivating the left cup as you firmly fasten your right handed pad to the smooth surface. You then lift it above your head to the next level and continue the pattern.

Your Big Moment Awaits

You breach the door to the ministry and spot 4 guards inside of a cavernous open space. You glance upwards noticing the glass roof must be at least 1400 feet from where you stand. Though you only count the 4 of you in the football-field-sized room, there must be at least half a dozen or more watching on CCTV cameras scattered around.

You walk straight through the security gate checkpoint without even glancing at the chatting guards. They seem preoccupied. Immediately you spot the main elevator bank on the right side about 100 feet in front of you.

The toughest looking guard is the first to yell:

Hey, you forgot to scan your ID.

You keep walking, pretending that you didn't hear him.

He shouts again:

Hey are you hearing me right now?

You start to move quicker, and you hear footsteps behind you speeding up.

You accelerate. The single pair of footprints has transformed into a cacophony of all four guards.

You're fast. Fast enough for the world to blur around you - sound fades and adrenaline kicks in. You're easily outrunning all four guards behind you.

Last chance before...

His muffled voice trails off into your adrenaline haze as you slam up against the controls of the elevator bank at full sprint. Before you can even turn to face your pursuers, you're thrown backwards with a force you've never felt before - like the weight of a boulder has relentlessly rammed your side with a velocity at least twice what you were running, but exponentially more weight.

As you sit up, you look down to the bloodied and frayed fibers of your left side. It's a rather ethereal feeling looking at your body and not seeing a part of it which has always been there.

The world starts to fade as you slowly black out from blood loss. The guards catch up to you. The last thing you see as you tilt your heads to the guards is the bottom of a boot coming down on your head with full force.

THE END

Unintended Entrance

You roll as you hit the ground, since you came in near the ceiling of the floor whose glass panel you rammed. The drop hits hard on your already tender ankles. You fear the worst as you raise your head to try and decipher where exactly you landed inside of this massive building.

You brush off flecks of glass as you try and gather yourself and your bearings. To your surprise, you find yourself inside of some kind of board room with table, chairs and projector.

Somehow, you were able to dodge all of the tables and chairs and rolled to a safe position.

Now you have to figure out your way to the server farm. You pull up your VIVI and to your surprise, you're on the same exact floor as the server farm, albeit on the wrong side of the building.

You see that your closest exit in the large board room is off to your right about 20 feet away. You slowly open the door and move down the hallway. You realize your time is limited because you surely set off some kind of alarm by shattering the window so loudly.

You start heading over to the entrance of the server farm, near the elevator bank.

[Head to the front of the Server farm](#)

Streetkin

You approach the shack and pound on the door. A groggy moan emanates from within.

He yawns:

Go away, I'll get you the stuff in the morning...

You elect a path with less waiting and bash the door in. You find Bolo drooling and half asleep. Somewhat of an awkward find for such a large kid.

He jumps to a right angle while trying to orient himself. He squints in the faint light trying to recognize you.

\$Player_Name, is that you?

You nod as he jumps up to give you a big hug.

Man, I thought I'd never see you again after I moved over here! What are you doing all the way on this side of the city?

You take the next 15 minutes to catch up, and then explain your plight.

You're absolutely nuts, \$Player_Name. No one gets in there. Even if we could, what's in it for me?

You offer Bolo the chance out of the slums, to be a runner like you. He dislikes the idea.

Nah, man. That's not my life. I just want to live peacefully, ya know?

You mention the massive supply of computer hardware, bank accounts, and other physical and virtual goods that could have very serious price points.

Bolo likes the idea, but says he'll have to bring along his boys to help carry out the goods. You're fine with this idea so long as they stay out of your way.

You take a day to plan and prepare with Bolo.

[Join the crowd](#)

The Lonely Ones

You stare at Blitz, anxious, yet showing no emotion.

"Still playing the silent game, eh? Well, no worries I don't need your feedback. Let me get down to why you're here. We've got a leak and it needs plugging. The master list detailing all the vitals on the cell's members is out. Someone leaked your info too, \$Player_Name. I need this list back because I've got too much to lose."

You stare at him with a mute rage, yet listen on.

"I don't know the whole story, but I have my suspicions. Our server logs have been mostly wiped clean, but we can tell it came from one of the automated scrapers built by the Ministry. It's only a matter of time before they filter it through the system and it gets to human eyes. This is probably part of their efforts to eliminate the inforunner cells as a threat to their own secretive intelligence"

You continue to stare, your eyes as daggers. Your intensity is tangible yet you still say nothing. Your face has yet to show any sign of emotion. This makes Blitz uneasy.

"Listen kid, I know I haven't worked with you long, and I'm sorry, but we're all in this together now. I need you to take what I know in this dossier and get out and fix this"

You can tell that his blood pressure is rising, yet this achieves nothing. You decide not to waste any more time or words on Blitz, now focusing your energy on how to break into the ministry to get the list. If that list comes to light, your past crimes are likely to speak against you. You'd be done.

[Preparation](#)

Good Timing

You feel around looking for anything to slow the man down, but find nothing but a hand of dirt. You throw it into his face as he leans down to taunt you. His face now filled with dirt, the rage is visible.

With one swift, yet brutal action he swipes down and grabs you by the neck, easily lifting you by one hand. He begins to squeeze.

The world starts to turn black around you and you begin to let go. Just as you are about to close your eyes and give in, you suddenly feel the rush of gravity. You've been dropped.

Coughing and wheezing you look up and wonder what's going on. You can't focus, but you look to your left and notice a body being kicked repeatedly on the ground. It's the behemoth that just tried to choke you. He's being beaten down by a familiar face. Bolo.

Stay down, nerd!

Shouts the familiar voice.

Bolo looks down with surprise in his voice

\$Player_Name, is that you?

You nod slowly as sharp pain sears through your neck.

Lets get you back somewhere safe, old friend.

Bolo carries you back to his small shack in the corner of the slum.

Man, I thought I'd never see you again after I moved over here! What are you doing all the way on this side of the city?

You take the next 15 minutes to catch up, and then explain your plight and mission. Bolo's expression droops from a smile to something between confusion and fear.

You're absolutely nuts, \$Player_Name. No one gets in there. Even if we could, what's in it for me?

You offer Bolo the chance out of the slums, to be a runner like you. He dislikes the idea.

Nah, man. That's not my life. I just want to live peacefully, ya know?

You mention the massive supply of computer hardware, bank accounts, and other physical and virtual goods that could have very serious price points.

Bolo likes the idea, but says he'll have to bring along his boys to help carry out the goods. He warns you that the haul better be good.

You're fine with this idea so long as they stay out of your way. It could be a mutually beneficial partnership.

You take a day to plan and prepare with Bolo while nursing your pained neck. Thanks to the cocktail of stims and chems, you'll notice not difference once the operation starts.

[Join the crowd](#)

Summary

Ministry Slums

Tranquilize

Ending 8

Maintenance Staircase 2

You make your way down the staircase at breakneck speed. You're barely touching the stairs on your way down. You've already started uploading the file package back to your encrypted database at home in case something happens to you on the way back.

You make it down to the bottom of the stairway and notice the dual authentication door at the exit. Man these guys are thorough.

You are lucky that the custodian quarters are just down the hallway. You wander in and look for a cabinet or locker - anything where the keycards would be stored.

You find the locker bank and kick the locks off of 6 of them before you find two cards. Looks like most of the workers don't leave them here. Smart move, but you have to account for the lowest common denominator.

You take the two keycards and walk back towards the back door, ignoring the custodian who has emerged from a side room after hearing the noise. He's still wearing a towel and clearly just getting out of the shower. You walk outside into the pouring rain, leaving the echos of his voice behind. He won't be able to get out without his keycard anyway.

You exit into an alley on a different side of the monolith and head back to a main street.

[Homeward Bound](#)