





A SURVIVAL GUIDE TO AN IMPOLITE SOCIETY

## >>>[RUNNING IS A LONELY BUSINESS]<<<

**S**ure it is. It's got to be. I mean, if you wanted to live elbow to elbow, you'd have joined a corp, right?

Still, how many times have you found yourself in the middle of a run gone sour, sopping wet and watching your new found friends hightailing it across the fence?

We thought it might sound familiar. That's where we come in. We're the Shadowrun Network, the FASA approved organization for shadowrunners.

And this thing you're holding is Issue Zero of Shadowrun Network, presented as being the on-line magazine to Ka•ge.net (see the box for a Webster's). Each quarter, aside from loads of Shadowvox, and 2050 Seattle atmosphere, you'll get 32 pages of the latest chiptruth on the game

system that peeks out at us from between the headlines: Shadowrun. Where man and machines meet myth and magic. Where race memories of trolls and elves and goblins becomes dynamic memory as you frantically try and reconcile your storybooks with the 2.9 meters tall gun-toting

monstrosity testing the live-load rating of the bar stool next to you. He kicks back another one of

those foaming black drinks that remind you more of stewed sewage than anything else and looks at you out of the corner of his eye. No one needs to tell you he's a mean drunk.

We're going to be giving you new contacts and archetypes for use in your upcoming runs. We'll detail the latest in equipment advances, from cyberware to spells to cargo vehicles.

We'll give you location archetypes, and through the matrix glimpses behind some of Seattle's darkest doors.

Each issue will include a new shadowfiction piece, and a new scenario.

### USER MANUAL

**A**cross the top of each page is a row of computer buttons. Each button, and its attendant icons, represent the different nodes of the Net. Magic users, razorguys, deckers, chipheads, we've got it all here for you. Both in Shadowvox and game statistics.

### DON'T READ THIS.

**E**ach quarter, our center-spread will feature the Ka•ge scenario. (Leafing through, you'll notice it has "confidential" stamped across it. This contains all of the behind the scenes information you'll need to ref the scenario, so if you're planning on enjoy-

ing playing it, don't read it.)

### THE NETWORK

**K**a•ge.net is not just a magazine that you'll run across every three months or so. We're not a fan club. We're a network, with an accent on the work. We want to know how you're running, who you're running against, and who's running against you. We want to know what we and FASA are doing that you like, and what you don't like. Not just through the mails, either. We're going to be at Origins and GenCon this summer, with an expanded schedule in 1991.

We want to give our members a forum for their experiences, their expertise and their concerns. We would like for Ka•ge.net to become that rarest of things, an organizational magazine written by, for and about its members.

So enjoy Ka•ge. If you liked it, or didn't, we want to hear from you.

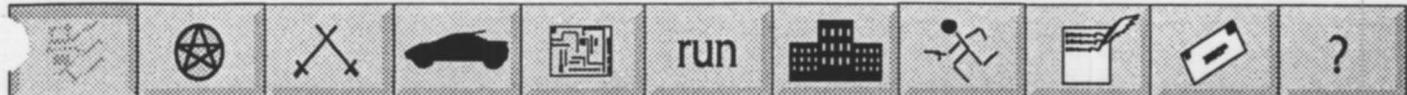
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>>>(Inside this Ish.)<<<

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# >>>[IF YOU ARE READING THIS, THEN YOU'RE EITHER GOOD, OR YOU CAN AFFORD SOMEONE WHO IS]<<<

**E**ither way, you're no tourist cruising the matrix looking for a joy slot. This is the on-line magazine for Ka•ge.net the only dataservice written by and for shadowrunners.

## THE NET

On the other page some sarariman was prattling about running and loneliness. Sarariman or no, he was loading chiptruth when he talked bout the run going sour all because of somebody you trusted blowing smoke to somebody somewhere. Everybody, including your oldest friend who just cut you in on that tempting contract - has got something they're hiding. Whether it's the fee amount, the size of the security force or what's really in that fragging box you're supposed to heist, they're all going to tell you as little as they have to.

We banded together

for one reason: to collect and distribute information. Paydata that the corps don't want you to know, the Johnson's don't want you to know, in short, the information you need to know in order to make it through the run.

## WE SLEEP ALONE.

Ka•ge.net is user-sponsored. >>>[That's right, you're already being billed]<<<

We're the only dataservice that isn't in bed with somebody. Not the Yaks, not the rings, the Mob or the Corps. (Close your mouth, forget what you think you know. We're right about this one.) So you can download to your hearts content, knowing that what you're getting isn't sarari fodder, or uninformed drek. In our business, if you're wrong, you're dead. If you're dead, we look bad. Besides, we rely on this info too. If you're dead,

chances are we're lying there next to you.

Or it's our bullet in you.

Just kidding.

## KEEP OUT.

Ka•ge.net uses no passwords, and the IC changes at irregular intervals but often. We've got people, connoisseurs you might say, who keep their eyes open for the latest and greatest in frozen black water. We figure if you want in, so does everybody else. So we make it hard to get in, everytime. A pain if you're running low on defense programs, but at least you know your data is uncorrupted.

## LAST WORD

No on-line help here. You want that, go to the public datanet. We figure it's pretty easy to navigate there. A hell of a lot easier than getting in here was.

## PAYDATA

Inside each ish, you're going to get stuff you can use.

Rumors and realities from across the sprawl. The inside drek on corps, both new and old.

Mages and Shamans check out the *Spell Focus* section, (under the pentagram icon).

Razorguys look under the crossed swords in our *On The Street* section for who's packing what and how fast it can shoot.

Riggers, the Westwind will get you *Plugged In* - where you can find the latest with wheels or wings.

Deckheads? come on. You don't need me to tell you which one to use. You got in here, didn't you? Look for me in our *Cyber Space*.

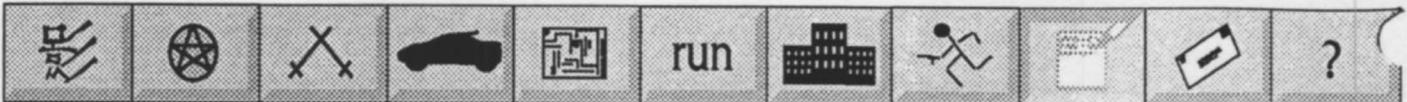
>>>[SYSOP QUIRK]<<<

>>>(Hey, Sysop! What the hell was that thing lurking out in the Matrix? I barely got by.)<<< -(Des Roy, 21:43:55 / 06-23-52)

>>>(Didja like that? It's the latest in liberated designs from our friends in the darker section of Renraku.)<<< -(Sysop Quirk, 21:44:20 / 06-23-52)

>>>( Right. Just give me the access code, okay? I don't want to have to waste my defense programs next time.)<<< -(Des Roy, 21:46:15 / 06-23-52)

>>>(You MUST be raw, chummer. Ka•ge.net doesn't have access codes. You want in, you break in. Against different IC every time. You think we want you handing out all of the access codes to all of your drekky little friends? Buzz, bait.)<<< CONNECTION TERMINATED.



## >>>[SQUASHER AND SQUEEKER]<<<

**H**e was a big man. Powerful sinews laced across his forearms, as they clawed the air. His slate silver eyes rolled balefully, as he scabbled for the length of room-sweeper hanging from under his coat. He was big, he was lethal, and he was being tossed out on his ear.

Wakizashi stepped lithely out of the way, admiring the cool efficiency which the immense bouncer used in disposing of the trouble-maker. The bigger they are, Wakizashi thought idly. He elbowed his way into the soup of lights and smoke and noise that was Lou Garoux Bar and Grill.

As usual, Wakizashi was late.

Suddenly, there was a rough hand on his leathers, pulling him around.

He craned his neck to face the threat.

"Hoi. Look what we got. Izzit a dwarf?" The speaker, his scarred face leering over an immense belly, laughed uproariously at his own joke. Just past him, Wakizashi could see the others at his table trying to calm him.

"You better listen to your friends," Wakizashi looked up into the florid face. "I

think that their heads are a little clearer right

now."

"Hoi!" The man rocked back on his heels unsteadily, and reached down to grab at Wakizashi's hair. "Little worm. Izzit tellin' me wot to do now? You short little—"

Suddenly the fat man's roar soared into a screech as his eyes bulged, staring in disbelief at his hand, which lay twitching in a puddle on the floor. He sank to his knees, futilely clutching at the stump as it spilled his life blood onto the uncaring wood.

Wakizashi stepped closer to the hulking figure. The eyes rolled and then locked on him. Wakizashi sheathed his sword with a flash.

"Gee," he said, with a ghost of a grin. "You're my height now."

Squasher scooted over, the booth creaking dangerously under the troll's weight. Wakizashi slipped into the space created, and motioned to the barman for a drink.

"You're late, Squeeker." Wakizashi smiled at the nickname. "Sorry, didn't get your message until late."

The troll drained an immense flagon of reconstituted god-knows-what and belched for another. "Oh, you gettin' work now?"

"Yeah." Wakizashi gratefully sipped at his drink. "A

trickle. Seems like Bela's finally let up."

"Oughta've." Squasher smiled over at the crowd near the door. "Nice work, that. I see you ain't lost your touch."

Wakizashi shrugged. "I lost my temper. I shouldn't let the short jokes bother me, I guess."

"Nah." Squasher belched again. "Let 'em bother you. You're not to blame. You got one of them - what do you call it?"

Wakizashi made himself comfortable as the conversation took a familiar turn. "Napoleon complex."

"Nah." Squasher quaffed another drink. "You're too simple to get a complex."

Wakizashi laughed. "Right. Are we ever going to have anything new to say to each other, or have we just been married too long?"

The troll eyed him dourly. "Married way too long, judging by the looks of you."

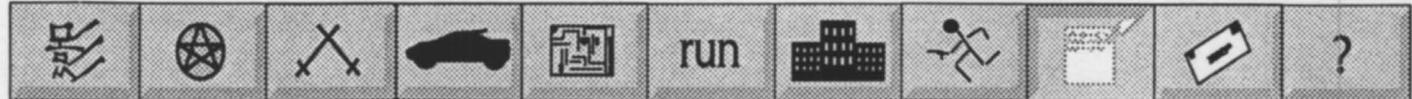
"Your mother." Wakizashi eyed the medics at the door as they scrabbled for the fat-man's hand which had been kicked under a table.

"Yar. At least my mother was supposed to look like a troll."

"Yeah," Wakizashi smiled. "You got somethin' new for me?"

"Uh-huh." The troll leaned





## >>>[SQUASHER AND SQUEEKER CONTINUED]<<<

back and looked at Wakizashi for a moment. "Work."

"Work?" Wakizashi put down his drink carefully. "You and me? Together?"

"An' why not?" The troll put his elbows on the table, which shifted alarmingly.

"You know why not." Wakizashi leaned forward. "Bela is why not."

"Bela's a wimp."

"So you say. As long as he agrees with you, then—"

"He is a wimp." The troll exhaled loudly. "Listen, I'm tellin' you. If he was anything but, he would've tried to hit us by now."

"Right. Revenge is a dish best eaten cold."

The troll shook his head. "Wrong. Revenge is a dish best eaten of your enemies guts while his eyes go real wide and he makes this little noise in the back of his throat and —."

Wakizashi waved him off and grimaced. "Mmm. Thanks. Nice image."

"Thanks." The troll flashed a look around them, then dropped his voice. "Look, squeeker, I——"

"Do you have to call me that?"

The troll looked surprised. "What? I thought you liked it."

"Could anyone, short of a rat shaman, like the name Squeeker?"

"But that's what I called

you when we —"

Wakizashi nodded wearily. His mind unwillingly supplied him with pictures of their first meeting: of a run gone sour, of how the troll had come back to save the cocky little stranger who had taken a round in the chest and lay gasping on the shining floor of the warehouse, of the troll's tireless arms carrying Wakizashi's bleeding form through block after block of deserted tenement, evading corp security, until depositing him safely into a docwagon truck.

"Squeeker" he'd been dubbed then, both in tribute to his tiny size and the hole in his lung that made him only able to whistle and squeak. "Squeeker" and even more importantly, "friend." The troll's eyes darkened.

"Okay." Wakizashi winced. "Don't pull that drek on me again. I owe you, I know. Geez, anyway it's better than hearing you call me——"

"Washaneeki." The troll supplied helpfully.

"Wakizashi."

"Washamakazzi." The troll smiled brightly.

"Squeeker." Wakizashi shook his head resignedly. "Fine. Now let's get back to the subject at hand, okay?"

"Well, yeah." The troll leaned forward again. "I

know that you an' me decided we should both lay low for awhile —"

"A wise course, considering that we personally were responsible for the dismantling of Bela's entire sim-sense operation."

The troll snorted. "Bela's a wimp."

"So you say."

"Anyway, it's been three months now. You think he's going to do anything about it? He's outta business, outta town, outta our lives okay? Even if he had been around, which he hasn't, you think he cares about lowlifes like us?"

"Speak for yourself."

"Right." The troll dismissed him with a shrug. "Here's the deal: I got us some old mage guy who wants to rent some muscle to get some stuff of his back from some other old mage guy who stole it from him. Sound cheese, or what?"

Wakizashi shook his head, knowing that to the troll that that was enough information to evaluate the run. *There must be a reason for trolls*, he thought. *If Squasher were anything else, he'd of been dead by now.* He kept his face calm. "Is that all you can tell me?"

"Yeah." The troll shrugged impatiently. "Whaddya want? You think about stuff too much."

"Right." Wakizashi

sighed. "Look. Where is this guy?"

"The old mage guy or the old mage guy who stole the stuff from the other old mage guy?"

"I don't know," he said wearily. "Do you have the answer to either?"

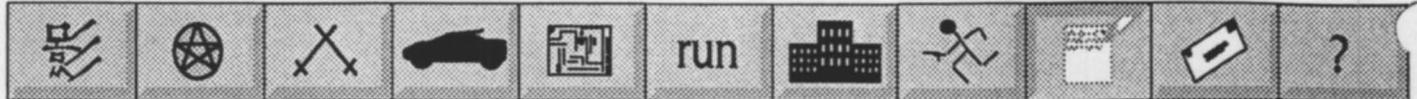
"Yeah." The troll sneered. "The first old mage guy is right here. Waiting for you to quit yakking enough to let him sit down."

Wakizashi turned around and took in the sorry sight. Squasher's "mage" probably consort more with mineral spirits than astral ones, and his clothes were redolent of dumpster living. *Oh well*, Wakizashi was surprised to hear himself thinking. *Time's are tight. It won't hurt to listen.* He gestured for the figure to sit down. *Before he falls down*, he added wryly, wrinkling his nose as the cloud of alcohol settled down around them. He snorted as the mage tumbled into the booth.

"Shhhh." The mage said to no one in particular as he staggered into a trashcan. Wakizashi groaned inwardly.

The mage, who had declared himself as Bloodwren, very carefully regained his balance,





## >>>[SQUASHER AND SQUEEKER]<<<

and stepped over to Wakizashi with exaggerated precision.

"It's right here," he said, pointing somewhere over his head.

Wakizashi looked up the blasted face of the building, its broken windows glaring back, revealing nothing. He turned to Squasher. He knew that to the troll, night and day were much the same.

"Huh." Squasher grunted noncommittally, his eyes narrowing. "Got maybe a hair of movement. Some heat. Fits with the two old mages fighting over a rag."

"A fetish." Bloodwren corrected him loudly. "It's a fetish. That's what I told you. A fetish." He burped.

"Look," Wakizashi regarded the mage dourly and then turned to the troll. "Squash, why don't we just leave old wiggle wand here? You and me'll go up nice and quietlike, get the fetish, then come back down."

The troll rumbled and thought. "Sounds good."

Bloodwren started. "No. No. No. You have to go up with me. You have to."

"What?" Wakizashi shook his head. *Times aren't this hard.*



The mage looked guiltily around.

"Look. I need the fetish, okay? I need you guys to come up with me to get it. It was stolen from me. I want it back. I need it." His eyes were fever bright.

Wakizashi nodded slowly. He'd seen this before. Mage burn-out. After too many close scrapes, they lost their essence or something. Left 'em dried out, full of empty words, craving the exhilaration of spell casting, but unable to call upon the power.

The mage turned to the troll. "Besides. I ain't paid you all of it, yet."

The troll looked at Wakizashi doubtfully. "S'got

occupied.

Bloodwren put a finger to his lips. "It's here," he said, rocking back and forth on his feet. "I can feel it."

"Good. Which way?" Wakizashi peered into the gloom, his sword lost in the blackness.

As if in a trance, the mage stepped through a doorway.

There was a screech, and then the lights came on. Bloodwren was shouting something, and Wakizashi rolled through the door, his katana flashing, throwing sparks. The troll thundered in behind him, his Ingram sweeping the room. The room's occupant cowered in

light. Let him go."

The troll gave way, and the stick figure stumbled past him into the limitless dark of the hallway. There was a howl, of something lost and never found, that quavered around them, then was gone.

Wakizashi looked at the hunched figure in front of him, eyes closed in orgiastic ecstasy, and shuddered, sheathing his blade. "Let's get our newyen and get out of here."

"Right." The troll strode forward. "Hey. Bloodhen. We got you your weeds. Now you pay us the other half. Ka?"

Bloodwren slumped to the floor, his eyes closed, his body relaxing.

"Huh." The troll stooped over the body curiously. "Is he dead?"

"No." Wakizashi gripped his hilts nervously. *Something isn't quite right here...* "He's gone fragging astral." He began backing towards the door.

"Get away from him," he barked to Squasher. "I don't like this."

"What?" The troll turned. "You worry too much. He can't go nowhere without his body, right?"

The mage stirred, his face moving, his legs shifting, like a dog dreaming.

A warning light went off in Wakizashi's head, and he threw himself backwards as

He'd seen this before. Mage burn-out. After too many close scrapes, they lost their essence or something. Left 'em dried out, full of empty words, craving the exhilaration of spell casting, but unable to call upon the power.

a point there, squeek."

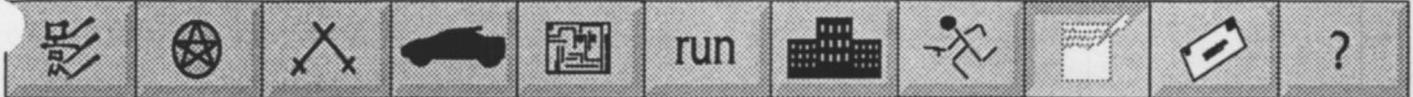
Wakizashi nodded, and the three melted into the gloom.

The hallway was surprisingly clear for a derelict, proving that it, like so many other of Seattle's "abandoned" buildings, was

the corner, his eyes blinking from the light.

A matched pair. Wakizashi thought, taking in the drawn face, the sunken eyes. The occupant tried to flee, but Squasher blocked his way.

"Its all right." Bloodwren gasped, clutching a battered box to his chest. "It's al-



## >>>[SQUASHER AND SQUEEKER]<<<

the room suddenly exploded into flame.

*Served you right, a voice was saying, rolling in on waves of pain. You should've known that was a trap. Going off with some troll leading the way. You—*

- Something kicked at him, and he heard himself groan.

Wakizashi struggled to open his eyes. The world swam and blurred then abruptly a face came into focus. "Bela." Wakizashi croaked.

Bela Brecht stepped back from the body in surprise. He smiled down at the twisted form. "Oh are you awake?" He inquired sweetly. He waved into Wakizashi's squinting eyes. "I—" Bela punctuated his lilting words with vicious kicks into Wakizashi's ribs. "Was." Kick. "Hoping." Kick. "You." Kick. "Would." Kick. "Be." Kick. "Dead." Kick.

Involuntarily, Wakizashi cried out.

"Oh did I hurt you?" Bela cooed. "Sorry. I meant to geek you, like I did your friend there."

Wakizashi's heart clenched as his gaze followed Bela's finger.

"Aw Squash..." Wakizashi groaned as he took in the sprawling form, lolling on a metal table. The huge troll's face was blistered black, and all of the hair was gone.

There was a huge gaping hole in his chest, which the heat of the blast had cauterized neatly. *I wish I could pick you up, buddy. Run like you ran with me.* The arms, that had been so strong, lay shattered, withered by the heat.

"What..." Wakizashi croaked, turning back to a smirking Bela.

"What what?" Bela laughed. "What incredibly clever plan did I use to ensnare you? I didn't need one. I just found me an old burn-out, craving the touch of the power, and simply promised him that if he could get you up to a room, and then go astral, I would reward him with what he sought. The minute he made astral connection, I had another mage in my employ hit him with everything he had—"

"Knowing that the spell would spill over into the room."

"Exactly."

*Neat and vicious.*

*Everybody would know he did it, but no evidence to tie him to it. Same old Bela.*

Bela rubbed a hand through his thinning hair. "You didn't think I would just let you get away with ruining my life, did you?"

Wakizashi struggled to sit up. "No."

"Of course you did. I'll bet you were wandering up and down the streets. I

geeked Bela's whole op, you said. I was the *big guy*—" Bela cackled. "I was the guy who shut down the big Bela. I was the guy who sent him out of the sim biz into —" His arms swept around the room. "Into this little pit. You figured that's the end of old Bela." He leaned down into Wakizashi's face. "Well you were wrong. Dead wrong."

Wakizashi surveyed the room, as it suddenly dawned on him that they had been moved. *Except this place is even worse.* Something dark stained the walls, and

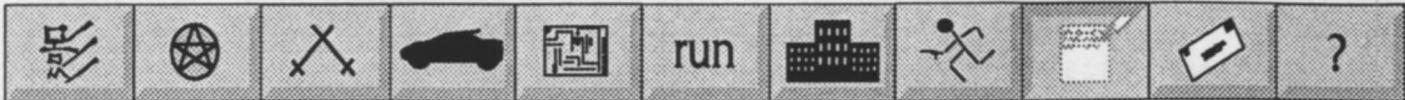
Wakizashi became aware of an aroma clouding the air. His stomach roiled. *Keep him talking. Give yourself a chance to think your way out of this.*

"You in a new line of work now?"

"Oh yes." Bela bowed elaborately. "As if you didn't know. As if."

Wakizashi's eyes widened as he caught sight of a dented metal table in the corner of the room, and the long grey barrel sticking out of the floor. His nose labelled the odor and his mind reeled. *A chop shop. How perfect for a jackal like Bela.*





## >>>[SQUASHER AND SQUEEKER]<<<

"You have come a long way, Bela. Got tired of your old clientele? So tired you started chopping off their body parts and selling them to your new rich friends?"

Bela snarled. "You'll find out. I've arranged for you to watch us dispose of your friend here." He sniffed indifferently. "Not that there's any demand for troll parts mind you, but I think your little limbs might make some little old man a nice present, don't you?"

Unconsciously, Wakizashi reached for his sword to ward off this threat.

Bela laughed. "Forget it. Forget it, and your knife, and your shuriken and your flash grenades and your screamer and your pistol and your everything else. I hold all of the cards here." He reached under the table and pulled out a dingy laser-knife. "I'm no doctor," he cracked, "but with what I'm going to do to your

friend, I don't need to be." There was a flash and crackle of ozone, and the shimmering blade appeared. "Oops." Bela reacted in imaginary dismay. "I slipped." The knife flashed through Squasher's leg. Wakizashi's heart fell, as he heard the foot thump to the floor. "I made a mess," Bela said sadly.

There was another flash. "Oops." Thud. Wakizashi closed his eyes, and mercifully, his mind let him go, ranging far into the darkness, crying for his friend.

"Oh no you don't." Bela jerked him awake.

Wakizashi's eyes fluttered, then focussed. He saw that the table was bare.

"Since you avoided my little show, I figure I should let you clean up my mess." Bela jerked him to his feet. "See that barrel? Leads into the sewers. We throw trash, whatever we don't use

down there. That's where your friend goes."

He yanked Wakizashi across the floor and pushed him towards a spill of meat and bone that he knew was once Squasher.

"Do it!" Bela roared. "Pick him up. Go ahead. Try and pick up the pieces..."

Unsteadily, Wazikashi knelt, his fingers shying away from the task.

"Do it!" Bela's voice cracked, as he towered over him.

"Alright." Wakizashi's breathing was ragged. "I'll do it." He straightened up and spun, wielding his newfound weapon.

Bela cried out as he was hit. He reeled, and Wakizashi swung again. Bela tripped and fell against the barrel. Wazikashi anticipated his feint, and devastated him with an uppercut. There was a shrill scream, then it was only the barrel, and the room and Wazikashi

and Squasher.

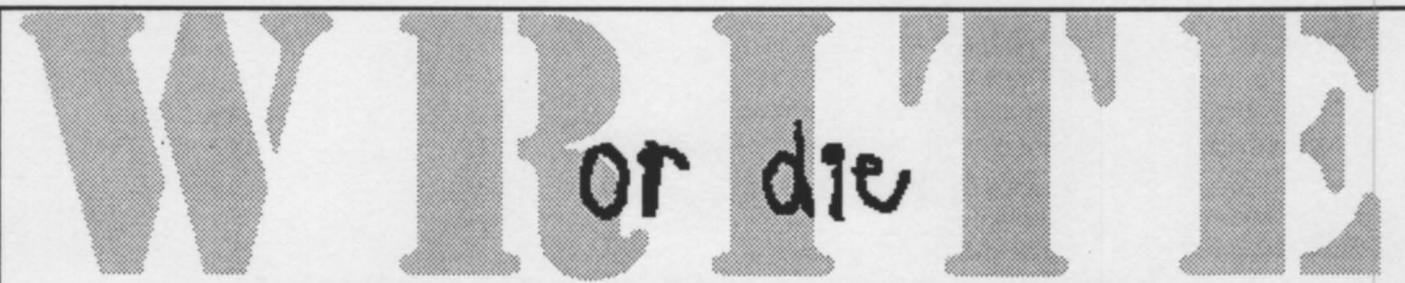
From far below, Wazikashi heard a noise. A voice, undeniably Bela's, floated up to him from the barrel.

"No." It shook. "Please. No." There was a yell, then a guttural snarl and a splash. Then a silence that went on forever.

Wazikashi shuddered.

*Who knows what it was when it crawled into this hole and found meat so fresh? Who knows what it became when it crouched there in the dark, and decided to stay?*

He hefted the weapon, admiring the delicate tracery of veins, the glorious wanton rise of muscle, the ever-strong arms of Squasher, all scorched clean by magic fire.



Had a run gone sour? Had a particularly interesting day in the Sprawl? Or maybe you're just looking for someone to listen to your pathetic little life story. But don't just send it to us, 'cause we'll just throw it away, and then jack into your credstick and order three thousand pocket fisherman. Go ahead, chummer, write to get our Writer's Guidelines. Make sure to include an SASE. No, that ain't shad-owvox, it's a Self Addressed Stamped Envelope. Our address is on the back cover.

Okay, you can stop reading now.





## >>>[CONTACT: FETISHMONGER]<<<

### FETISH MONGER

"Hey. Whaddya want I should do? Drop everything else for everybody else I'm doing for? Ooh. You're in a hurry? You must be the only one who has ever come in here in a hurry. You can wait. You can wait."

#### QUOTES:

"Whaddya mean it doesn't work? I need to cast the spell for you too?"

"I gave you what you asked for. Is it my fault you didn't know what to ask for?"

"You want cheap, you go get cheap. You want god magic, you come see

me. Now quit wasting my time."

"A critic is someone who knows the price of everything and the value of nothing. Vincent Price said that."

#### COMMENTARY

The fetish monger was a deeply spiritual man, who through years in the shadowrunning trade has gotten hardened and cynical. He holds a warm spot in his heart for any who appreciate his work, and generally abuses those who seek to know only the price of things.

#### ATTRIBUTES

Body:	2
Quickness:	2
Strength:	1
Charisma:	2
Intelligence:	6
Willpower:	5
Essence:	6
Reaction:	4

#### SKILLS

Bike:	4
Biology:	3
Etiquette (street)	6
Magic Theory:	4
Negotiation:	5
Unarmed Combat:	4



## >>>[CONTACT: LIMO DRIVER]<<<

### LIMO DRIVER

"Of course I adhere strictly to my employer's policy regarding illegalities. Well, yes, when I am contracted to transport an individual, he should be allowed to set his own policies. Our company services are not for those to whom price is the prime determinant. Rather we favor the value conscious clientele: people who appreciate the finer things, the subtle touches; armor plating, aie wine, firmpoints, and such like."

#### QUOTES:

"The gentlemen are

shooting at us, sir."

"If I may interrupt - we are being followed. Shall I lose them?"

"If you wish, I could slot a disposal fee onto your bill. That way your business guest could ride with me a while longer."

#### COMMENTARY

The limo driver is an exquisitely refined man, who in actuality served time in prison (he was the driver for a Mafia Don). He is soft-spoken and genteel, but not all squeamish when it comes to violence and the orchestrations of assassination. He is intensely loyal to

his current employer and is more than willing to assist him, as long as it does not involve him leaving the car to do so.

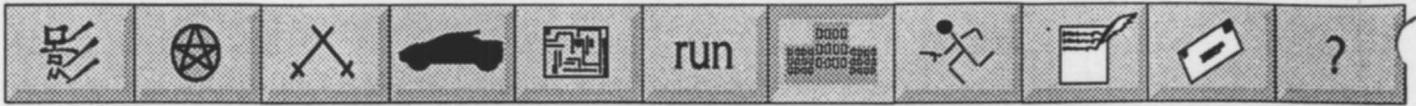
#### ATTRIBUTES

Body:	5
Quickness:	6
Strength:	3
Charisma:	4
Intelligence:	4
Willpower:	4
Essence:	6
Reaction:	5

#### SKILLS

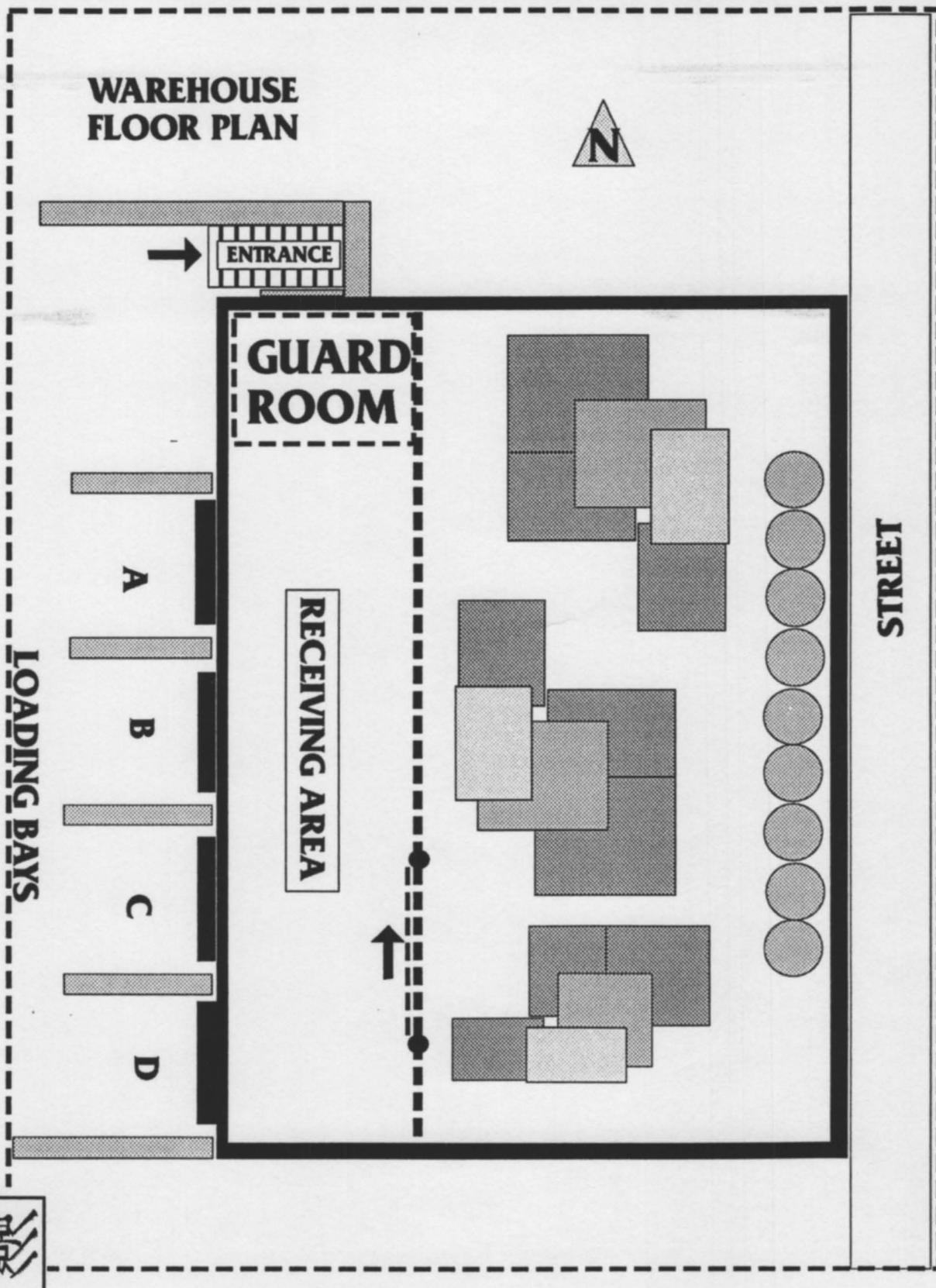
Athletics:	3
Car:	6
Etiquette (Corp.):	4
Firearms:	5
Gunnery:	5
Ground Veh. (B/R):	4

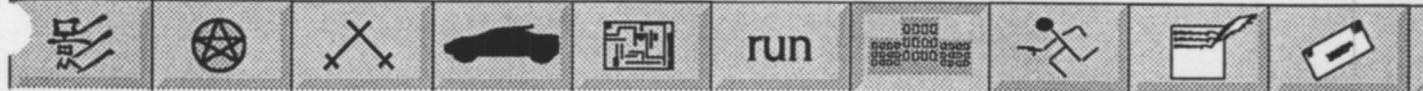




## >>>[ARCHETYPE: HIGH SECURITY WAREHOUSE]<<<

**WAREHOUSE  
FLOOR PLAN**





## >>>[MAP KEY]<<<

### High Security Warehouse:

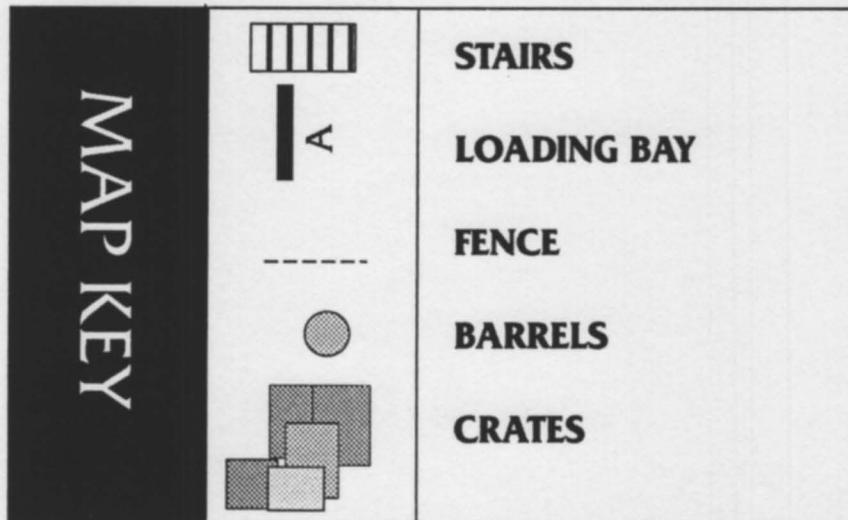
Hulking, dark, mysterious, devoid of windows or any markings, these mini-fortresses dot the streets of Seattle. Rough in appearance, these buildings are a necessity to any business in 2050, where industrial sabotage and theft has become a standard business practice. These warehouses serve as safe depositories for a multitude of cargos: secret prototypes, new shipments moving through the corporate purchasing process, expensive or sensitive goods inventory or, as rumor

has it, a secret place for any "low-profile work" the company may require. All companies involved in the production of goods have a number of these warehouses scattered all over the town, though the lack of markings on the building and staff would make it a challenge to identify the building's owners. Many companies seem to favor

the more desolate areas when they're planning to build.

Though it may seem foolhardy for a company to build a security warehouse in an area with anything less than a stellar security rating, many actually seek out the more desolate areas of Seattle, as less security

call "the convoy approach". A number of company warehouses are grouped in a single district, with security linked from one to the other. Many a runner has been surprised by the alacrity of reinforcements, not realizing that another facility was just down the block or across the street.



also means for a much lower public profile.

These warehouses often counter-act the risk of low security areas and distance from their corp in two ways.

The most obvious is revealed by even a cursory inspection of any warehouse: extensive security measures. A less obvious technique involves the use of what security planners

### STAIRS

### LOADING BAY

### FENCE

### BARRELS

### CRATES

### Archetypes:

#### The Outside Guard:

Intended as a deterrent to the curious, as well as a mobile variable aspect of the over-all security scheme, many companies opt for Trolls or Orks in this position. (Use any troll or Ork non-magical archetype.)

#### The Inside Guards:

Usually located in a guard-room connecting to the only door, there are at least 3 guards per installation, more if the sensitivity of their cargo warrants. (Use Corporate Security guard, **SR**, pg. 165 or Merc, **SR**, pg. 40.)

Though most warehouse's security measure are limited to electronic and anti-assault, if the content warrant, then magical security could be employed. (Use Combat Mage: **SPRAWL**, pg. 98)

# KA-GE RUN: FISHING SEASON

## Go Fish!

Assano Nitobe likes the clothes, the fast cars and the beauties that only money brings to your table at the clubs. And, as a procurement and supply officer for an Asian extra-legal unregistered business organization, (or if you'd rather, a fixer for the Yakuza) he was paid almost enough to afford the lifestyle he felt he deserved.

You know what happened next.

First he began to "borrow" from the incredible horde of weaponry entrusted to his care. A crate of rifles misdirected, a shipment of grenades "relieved" from inventory, all became fuel for his rapidly rocketing lifestyle. As time went on, he grew bolder. A hovercraft, a specially armored Nightsky, all somehow were lost in transit. Who notices in an organization the size of the Yakuza? he thought. Who would notice a little fish like me helping myself?

Bigger fish, that's who.

Rumors began to circulate, rumors that became more substantial when club owners identified Nitobe as a spender far beyond his means.

The Bigger fish thought. "Embezzlement. A most serious charge. An example must be set. But caution must be used. Inarguable evidence must be obtained. And what better evidence, than the near-empty warehouse, barren of the goods that were supposed to be there?" The Fish made a call. Assano must not be informed.

One of Assano's beauties

however, who also shared the favors of another

member of this same organization, was prattling between drinks, and let drop a snippet of a conversation she had unwittingly (everything she did was unwittingly) overheard. The conversation talked about some stealing fixer whose warehouse was going to be raided on Friday.

Assano's world shattered. He knew exactly who they must be referring to and he knew he was as good as dead unless he could somehow come up with a reason why his warehouse was almost empty. (His latest beauty had said she'd just die if she didn't get a helicopter. Just a little one.)

He ordered another drink, and rudely dismissed his buxom lifesaver. He ignored her protestations, and drew out a pen. He snagged a napkin and began to plan.

## THE MEET

The shadowrunner are approached by a Mr. Johnson (who in actuality is Assano Nitobe.) He tells them that he is a Mr. Johnson for an electronics firm that shall remain nameless. This firm and its major rival were engaged in a mad race to debut their lines of similar products first. Business and competition being what it is, however, the rival, (who was a full two weeks behind) had stolen the prototypes, and secreted it in an old warehouse in the Barrens until after the upcoming show.

The competition is going to announce their new product on Friday of this week. Mr. Johnson's firm is willing to pay handsomely for the recovery of these items on Wednesday, Thursday at the latest. Any later, he cautions, and the

competitive advantage will be lost, (as will be any financial enumeration.)

He offers the Shadowrunners the maps of the compound with a listing of the security forces (see player's aid #1). He also offers them a list of the crates involved and informs them that a truck will be required (he can make one available to them for 25,000¥). He mysteriously intones that the "Magic security will not be a factor." (He plans to give his mage the night off.) A certified creditstick, with 50,000 ¥ is exchanged, with 50K more if delivered by Thursday.

## Why Assano is the Chief Procurement Officer for his district.

Some hard drinks and a stack of bar napkins had yielded the following brilliant plan. Set up the Shadowrunners to hit his warehouse, have them steal empty crates. Then, just as they are leaving, have his own forces (which would be held in reserve) attacking the runners, making a good show of it, but ultimately let them escape. Then when the Oyabun showed, he would have not only a damn good reason for the missing inventory, but, by his courageous action, also provide inarguable proof that he was long overdue for a raise.

The last napkin had involved his final plan for the Runners. To prevent them from leaking word of his involvement with the caper, he would make sure that one of the crates contained a bomb of some size (another good use of inventory). Rest In Pieces, he toasts them as they leave. Rest In Pieces.

## Why the Oyabun is the Oyabun.

Thievery and embezzlement are hardly rare occurrences in any large organization, and the Yakuza is perhaps better equipped than most to deal with it.

After deciding upon his course of action, the Oyabun had set his soldiers to watch Nitobe's warehouse, in case the little fish decided to try and swim away. As a result, he is going to be very interested when the Warehouse is suddenly under attack.

## THE RUN

### THE NEIGHBORHOOD

Never a pretty sight, the area around the warehouse lets you know why this is called the Barrens. This night, however, it's teeming with lethal life. If the players survey the neighborhood, a successful perception roll of 9 will betray the existence of the Yakuza surveillance crew in a bombed out building across the street. If confronted, the crew, ordered to watch the warehouse, not engage wandering runners, will withdraw (to a nearby location).

### THE WAREHOUSE

The warehouse has a number of state-of-the-art security layers, a lot of which Assano did not tell the players. (He wants to know when they are arriving.) If the runners are detected, (roll on Nitobe chart below for result).

### THE FENCE.

Weight Sensitive:  
Any contact of a weight greater than 20 lbs. sets off a screecher on the security guard's desk.



# KA-GE RUN: FISHING SEASON

**Electric Eyes:** The area around the fence is a maze of low freq. IR beams.

**Beam Detection:**

**IR Sensitive Players:**

**Awakeneds:** A roll of 6 is required to note the beams.

**IR goggles or cyberware:** a roll of 5.

**Beam Navigation:**

Four athletic rolls of three are required for the IR sensitive player to successfully navigate. If non-IR sensitive players are lead or directed through the beams, then they require four rolls of 8 - minus the intelligence of the person leading them through the beams.

## THE OUTSIDE GUARD

(Former Troll Bounty Hunter, *Sprawl Sites*, pg. 04)

*Look before you leap.*

If the runners scan the compound before going in, they will readily spot the guard. A perception test with a target of 5 will make clear the sweep pattern. The runners will then only have to make two stealth rolls of 3 to make it across the compound.

*Feet First*

If the runners did not attempt to locate the guard, then roll on a die 6 to determine the nature of their encounter. 1= the guard spies them at the fence and after seeking partial cover, begins ranged attacks as soon as they are all over the fence. 2= the guard sees them as the second runner comes over the fence, and rushes their entry point, close assaulting whoever is on the ground. 3= The guard isn't really sure if he saw anything, but stalks closer to make sure. A perception roll of 3 is required to hear him coming. 4= Guard just passes out of

sight around the building. Roll twice more before reaching the building. 5= Guard is nowhere to be seen. Roll once more before reaching the building. 6= Runners see the guard slumped against the wall. Evidently being a troll is tiring work.

## THE CAMERAS

The Cameras sweep just as Assano said. Three stealth rolls of 3 are required to pass unnoticed.

## THE DOORS

The guardroom is mag-locked. A mag-lock passkey will allow immediate noiseless entry. The troll has a key as well. A successful electronic roll of 4 will allow entry.

The Bays are locked from within with old fashioned bolts.

## THE GUARDS

(3-Corporate Security Guards; *Shadowrun*, pg.

165 Additional Equipment:

The two corp guards are wearing partial heavy armor, and are armed with a stun baton, and an HK 227 smg. Each carries plastic restraints, and a comm-link to the other.) These guards will fight until sustaining two boxes over "moderate" wound, then will surrender.

## DETECTION

Any failure of a stealth roll means the runners were detected. Roll a d6 against the following table.

1= Screecher on the desk sounds. Guards are alerted, call Nitobe for help and engage runners.

2= Screecher sounds. Guards call Nitobe for help, but wait for his arrival.

3= Screecher sounds. Two guards come to investigate.

4= Screecher sounds. One guard investigates.  
5=Screecher sounds. Guards call Nitobe. He orders them to withdraw into the warehouse, and wait until he arrives to engage.  
6= Screecher malfunctions, guards so busy playing mah-jongg they fail to notice.

## THE CARGO

The warehouse is a maze of boxes and crates, all filed in what is either a unique highly developed complex system, or complete and utter chaos. A perception roll of 5 is required at each stack of crates to locate the "Air Filter" boxes. Once located, the boxes will require two players making a strength roll of 5 to move the boxes to the truck.

## THE YAKUZA

The Yakuza were told to watch the warehouse to guard against any untoward actions by Nitobe. They are intrigued by the runners, but are told to watch and wait, as this was most unexpected. Whenever the runner's non-Yak truck arrives however, the Yakuza team radios in that Nitobe is attempting another shipment. From this moment on, the Yak quick strike team is assembling and on their way to catch the little fish. The quick strike team, a crack Yak unit, will fight to the death.

The Quick Strike Team  
(1-Former Company Man -SR, pg. 37, 2-MMercenaries -SR, pg.40, and 1 - Combat Mage, *Sprawl*, pg. 98)

Roll a 1d6 for the quick strike teams arrival time.

6= 25 rounds

5= 25 rounds

4= 20 rounds

3= 15 rounds  
2= 10 rounds  
1= 10 rounds

## THE LITTLE FISH

Nitobe and his shadowrunning crew are waiting for the runners to get the truck loaded. Once the truck is loaded, he will mobilize his crew from down the street and be at the site within 5 rounds. His men will engage the runners, seeking to weed out their ranks, not exterminate them. (They want those crates to get away, remember?) In fact, if the runners begin taking the worst of it, Nitobe will direct his men to help even the odds.

**NITOBES CREW**  
(Ork Street Samurai;  
Street Samurai Cat,  
pg.106, and 2-Bodyguards  
*Sprawl Sites*, pg. 97)

Assign each runner a # and roll on 1d6 to determine who is targeted by Nitobe's team. Each of Nitobe's Team members will fight until sustaining serious wounds, then will withdraw from combat.

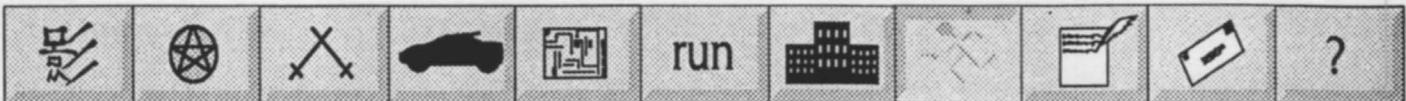
## FEEDING FRENZY

The final battle should be a mass of confusion, with the runners trying to pack the truck and get out of the war zone, Nitobe's team trying to kill the runners and the Yaks, while the Yakuza quick assault team will be targeting Nitobe as well as the runners.

### THE BOMB:

**GMS OPTION:** If the gm feels that the runners are acting responsibly by blithely accepting the word of a total stranger as to the contents of the box, then let the bomb misfire. If not, then have Assano trigger it (roll 2 d6 minutes) after they have escaped.





## DANTE: LOCAL BOY MAKES (NO) GOOD

>>>[Hey, Quirk!]<<<< (GUNZBOY 19:45:56 / 5-20-52)

>>>[Quirk! Quirkquirkquirkquirkquirkquirkquirkquirkquirkquirkquirk!]<<<< (GUNZBOY 19:47:56 5-20-52)

>>>[WHAT?]<<<< (QUIRK 19:48:00 / 5-20-52)

>>>[Gotta question for ya. I was running in the Matrix the other day...]<<<< (GUNZBOY 19:48:15 / 5-20-52)

>>>[Goin' for a jog? Or messing with Renraku again?]<<<< (QUIRK 19:48:25 / 5-20-52)

>>>[How did you — nevermind. Anyway, I found myself in this little LTG I'd never seen before. I guess I lost track of where I was going]<<<< (GUNZBOY 19:48:45 / 5-20-52)

>>>[Is this news?]<<<< (BRAULAR 19:48:50 / 5-20-52)

>>>[Ignore him and download the coordinates off-line.]<<<< (QUIRK 19:49:00 / 5-20-52)

>>>[Ka. Anyway I found myself outside this puny little blue node with a green "d" on it.]<<<< (GUNZBOY 19:50:15 5-20-52)

>>>[A "d" as in David?]<<<< (QUIRK 19:50:18 / 5-20-52)

>>>[No. D as in dogtired and damaged which is what I was. Anyway, I step in waving my passcode around-]<<<< (GUNZBOY 19:50:22 / 5-20-52)

>>>[Passcode? Are you still using that tired old thing? I'm embarrassed for your family.]<<<< (QUIRK 19:50:30 5-20-52)

>>>[Anyway, I no sooner stepped into this little san-pan when oh me-oh my - there was the biggest red thing in there with these huge fangy teeth. I mean, it made the renraku ice look like a chihuahua.]<<<< (GUNZBOY 19:50:45 / 5-20-52)

>>>[You should know what chihuahuas look like. Aren't you and Lori still dating?]<<<< [BRAULAR 19:50:50 / 5-20-52)

>>>[Ignore him. So what'd you do? Tip your hat and say excuse me?]<<<< (QUIRK 19:50:48 / 5-20-52)

>>>[Made like a jackedrabbit.]<<<< (GUNZBOY 19:51:00 / 5-20-52)

>>>[First smart thing you've told me. You say this was a blue san?]<<<< (QUIRK 19:51:05 / 5-20-52)

>>>[Not just blue. I'm telling you this thing was pale blue. With a big red nasty inside. What was it? Yak, ring?]<<<< (GUNZBOY 19:51:20 / 5-20-52)

>>>[Let me get back to you.]<<<< (QUIRK 19:51:25 / 5-20-52)

>>>[Well, here it is. I asked around and it turns out that intrepid Gunz was lucky to get out with his life. As usual somebody always looks after the stupid people...]<<<< (QUIRK 10:53:22 / 5-27-52)

/dnld. file:Danté/

**DANTE:** A classic american rags-to-riches story.

Ernesto Danté was discovered by the Yaks in the barrens an indeterminate number of years ago. The Yaks always keep their eyes out for upcoming talent, especially latent awakened talent, and ol' Ernesto put 'em on their butts with his



power. They offered him home, hearth, family and more

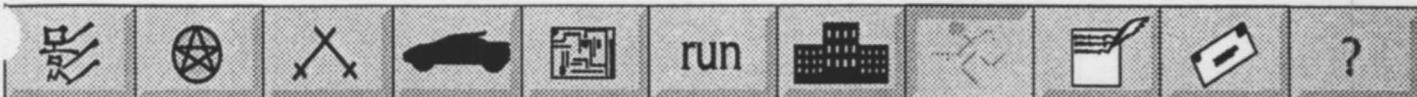
nuyen than you could eat in a year. Typical irresistible offer. He surprised them. He resisted.

Sure enough, within two years, he was on a full-ride at MIT&M, where he pioneered work in Astral mapping and his controversial Hemispherical Awakening Theories. Most looked at the tall gangly magescholar and figured him as walking the easy road to tenure with a Nobel or two on the way. He surprised them again.

After his doctorate,

Ernesto dropped out of sight for a number of years, where it is believed he was working as a shadowrunner named Falchion. With the profits from his missions, (rumor even had it that he was involved in the Aux Claire scandal: where-in all the occupants of a luxury hotel were discovered drowned in their beds) he started his own company called Danté. He recruited several of his runner friends, and began to do some contracting work for other run-

ners. Within a year, his reputation had spread. An effective word-of-mouth campaign brought Danté to the attention of the big boys. Renraku sub-contracted out some black box stuff based on his hemispherical theorem. Ares tested his prowess at magical testing devices for their security forces. Gradually as his business grew, Danté expanded. In 2044 another company, B.E.O.R.N., (run by an orktech named McCoy) began working with Danté



on still unspecified projects. Previously B.E.O.R.N. had been pioneering work in refinements of Skillwire technology as applied to animals. Though never made public, sources indicate that either B.E.O.R.N. or Danté must be a subsidiary of the other. In the years since, Danté has continued this trend: Working for the big boys on black box projects, within a vague framework of what is now estimated at a minimum of twenty different small high-tech firms. Nobody knows what goes on at Danté, the saying goes, and maybe it's just as well.

#### Ernesto Danté

##### OVERVIEW:

Perhaps as a holdover from his running days, everything about Danté, from his clothes to his business philosophy, says *shhhh*. From the Black Box (the name given to his squat unimpressive warehouse /office/corporate headquar-

ters/abode), to his clothing and lifestyle, nothing calls attention to itself. Perhaps this might explain why Danté made a million nuyen from its Renraku contracts alone, (Info. courtesy of MadJack), without your average sarariman even being able to find it on a map.

##### APPEARANCE:

Ernesto Danté is an extremely gaunt man, with shoulder-length raven black hair surrounding a grey wispy goatee. His eyes (alternately

described as "darkest green" and "cold steel" and "soft brown" seem to always make an impression regardless of their color. Scratch the surface however, and you find all sorts of things which are more shout than shush.

**Age:** No official birthing records exist for Danté, and all of his college records

(admission forms and the like) are conspicuously lacking from the MIT&M databases. Outside observers however, attribute him with the appearance of a man around 45. Given his recorded prowess as a magic-user, however, any physical description is subject to change.

##### McCoy

**Nobody knows just what goes on at Danté, the saying goes, and maybe it's just as well.**

assistant to a blackmarket dwarf technician named Chaff. Soon he bought out Chaff, who subsequently disappeared, and renamed the shop B.E.O.R.N. (meaning unknown). It is presumed that Danté and McCoy met at this point with Danté as the customer. In either case, after Danté was well established, the first company he formally allied with was B.E.O.R.N.

##### APPEARANCE

McCoy is an unexceptional

example of the genus *Homo Sapiens Robustus*, though he does have a pronounced flair for leather. He is extremely quiet in his demeanor, and affects a large pair of antique black horn-rim glasses when he works.

#### ERNESTO DANTE

##### ATTRIBUTES:

BODY: 4  
QUICKNESS: 3  
STRENGTH: 3  
CHARISMA: 6  
INTELLIGENCE: 6  
WILLPOWER: 5  
ESSENCE: 6  
MAGIC: 6  
REACTION: 4

##### DICE POOLS:

ASTRAL: 18  
DEFENSE(ARMED): 1  
DEFENSE(UNARMED): 1  
DODGE: 3  
MAGIC: 6

##### SKILLS:

CONJURE: 5  
COMPUTER: 4  
ETIQUETTE(CORPORATE): 5  
ETIQUETTE(STREET): 5  
FIREARMS: 3  
MAGIC THEORY: 8  
SORCERY: 6 SPELLS:  
ANALYZE TRUTH: 4

DETECT GUNS: 4  
HEAL SERIOUS WOUNDS: 4  
INCREASE REACTION +2: 4  
INVISIBILITY: 3  
POWER BLAST: 6  
RAM: 4  
STUN BOLT: 6

##### CYBERWEAR:

NONE

##### CONTACTS:

TALISMONGER  
STREET MAGE  
FORMER COMPANY MAN  
CORPORATE OFFICIAL  
RIGGER

##### GEAR:

ARMORED JACKET  
EARPLUG PHONE  
HERMETIC LIBRARY (8) ON  
TABLE TOP PERSONAL  
COMPUTER  
MITSUBISHI NIGHTSKY  
POWER FOCUS (4) IN THE  
SHAPE OF A SIGNET RING  
ROOMSWEEPER W/ LASER  
SIGHT





## >>>[SCENARIO IDEAS WITH DANTE]<<<

### A PEEK INSIDE THE BLACK BOX

#### 1.>>>[LOOK OUT RAZORGUYS]<<<

A project called "KillWire". Working in conjunction with B.E.O.R.N., Danté is working on an internal security system for cyberware. Initially contracted by Ares, this add-on would allow the installer of the cyberware to "kill" the cyberware of the employee should he ever decide to leave his employer. We were unable to ascertain the meaning of the word "Kill" in this context. Kill the cyberware's effectiveness, reducing the employee to pre-implantation levels? Or the more traditional kagecrawler definition of kill? Either way, the implications are obvious.

#### 2. >>>[COULD IT BE MAGIC]<<<

Raise your hand if you haven't heard this one: Computers in Astral Space. Machine controlling magic. Everybody says it can't be done, but everybody's been wrong before, right? Anyway, call it the rumor that won't die. It's been making the rounds again.

Briefly, here is the case:

Someone noticed that Dasman, Duke and Wol (long suspected to be part of the web that is Danté) was receiving large shipments of paranormals for scientific experimentation. Someone also noted that all of the subjects were of the astrally active variety. Maybe they're just animal lovers. Maybe.

It was not long after that Dr. Russell Grant, (the famous magic/physiology researcher and a school chum of Danté's) was brought into Seattle with max hush. Sources say to serve as a consultant on a big project for DD&W. For those of you not in the know, Grant was the one who pioneered work in discovering where magic comes from in a person. He concluded in a paper he presented to the AAAS that "the only machine capable of wielding magic remains the living mind of a magician." And speaking of magicians...

The ever-present "someone's killing mages" scare - where-in people began to think about how maybe there was a reason for them being killed. Like to cover up something. Or maybe they FOUND SOMETHING OUT. You know, THEY KNEW TOO MUCH. Right. Dead Shadowrunners? Only mages would try and make that news. Put that with Grant's quote and you do have a connection, albeit tenuous. It's 2 am, do you know where your shaman is?

And finally, in the "to make things worse" department, MadJack (who really is mad, you know) claims that he once decked into Mitsuhamu and hit paydata on something called Project Cerebrus. He claims that this doc detailed a proposal whereby a contractor (presumably Danté) would attempt a study on constructing Astral Security: using a living mind as "the engine" and coupling it with skillwires and personality chips, you could create sort of an astral drone, which would be completely controlled by the company. Voilà! No more having to worry about whether the mage was going to come through for you, huh? Of course, ol' MadJack was dumped before he could fragg download the data, so this rumor goes on and on. Of course if it's true, it's enough to make you quit and just go home.

#### MCCOY DA ORK

##### ATTRIBUTES:

BODY: 6 (8)  
QUICKNESS: 4  
STRENGTH: 8 (9)  
CHARISMA: 1  
INTELLIGENCE: 3  
WILLPOWER: 3  
ESSENCE: .8  
REACTION: 3 (7)  
ALLERGIES: SUNLIGHT, MILD  
DICE POOLS:  
DEFENSE(ARMED): 5  
DEFENSE(UNARMED): 3  
DODGE: 4 SKILLS:  
UNARMED COMBAT: 6  
FIREARMS: 5  
ETIQUETTE(CORPORATE): 3  
ELECTRONICS: 3  
BIOTECH: 4

##### CYBERTECHNOLOGY: 4

##### LEADERSHIP: 3

##### CYBERWEAR:

DERMAL PLATE (2)  
CYBERARM (RIGHT) WITH SMARTGUN  
LINK, RETRACTABLE SPUR, AND +1  
STRENGTH  
WIRED REFLEXES (2)  
DATAJACK

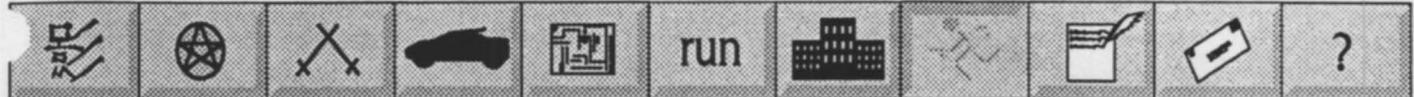
##### CONTACTS:

FIXER  
STREET SAMURAI  
YAKUZA BOSS

##### GEAR:

ARES PREDATOR II SMARTGUN W/ 2  
EXTRA CLIPS  
SECURE VEST  
DOCWAGON CONTRACT (GOLD)  
TOYOTA ELITE WITH PANICBUTTON  
ACCESS TO MOST ELECTRONIC  
EQUIPMENT (GIVEN TIME)





## >>>[ARCHETYPE: FREE-LANCE REPORTER]<<<

### FREE-LANCE REPORTER

"Trust me, Chummer. Everybody wants to be famous, even if it only lasts for a few minutes.

"You say you're different? Or maybe you've got something to hide? Whatever you say friend. Truth is my business, and I'm very good at what I do. You don't want to tell me what is going on? Alright by me. That is the nice thing about the truth. It always comes out in the end.

"I thought you might like to help. Of course I'll keep your name out of the story. I've got to protect my sources, don't I? Now, just start at the beginning and take it slow. I've got the recorder ready to roll."

### COMMENTARY

The free-lance reporter has heard, or seen first hand, nearly every story the 'plex has to offer. Cynical and jaded by the constant exposure to life's darker side, he continues to look for the good in life — only to be constantly disappointed.

That does not mean, however, that he will give up trying. He still has his ideals, even if they are a little tarnished around the edges, and he still has the desire to expose the misdo-

ings of society. He has more than his share of enemies, especially among the corporations and governments he has exposed, but he also has his friends and those that count on him to tell the truth.

#### ATTRIBUTES:

Body: 3  
Quickness: 3  
Strength: 3  
Charisma: 5  
Intelligence: 3  
Willpower: 3  
Essence: .05  
Magic: —  
Reaction: 3 +1d6

#### SKILLS:

Athletics: 3  
Bike: 3  
Computer: 3  
Etiquette (Street): 4  
Etiquette (Media): 6  
Etiquette (Corporate): 5  
Firearms: 4  
Negotiation: 5  
Stealth: 5  
Sociology: 2

#### DICE POOLS:

Defense (Armed): 1  
Defense (Unarmed): 1  
Dodge: 3  
Hacker: 3

#### CYBERWEAR:

Datajack  
Video Link  
Internal Transmitter  
Cybereyes with  
Optical  
Magnification  
Low Light

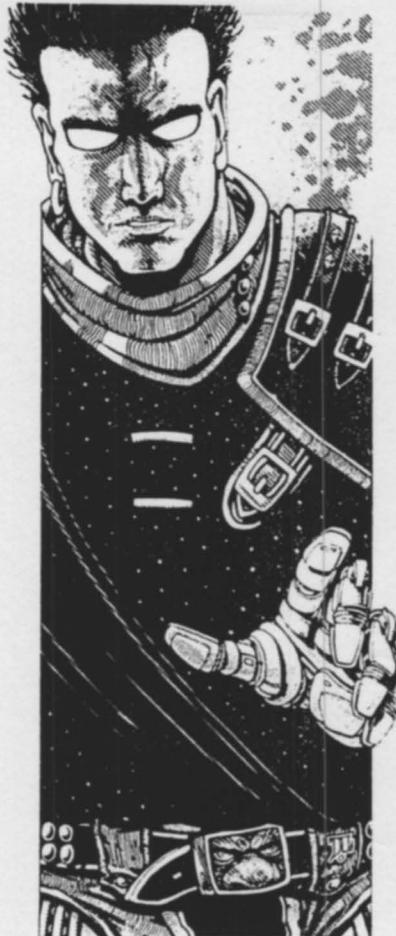
Flare Compensation  
Hearing  
Amplification  
Headware Memory  
360 Mp  
Display Link  
Telephone  
Commlink-X  
Crypto Circuit (5)  
Scramble Breaker  
HD (4)

#### CONTACTS:

City Official  
Corporate Official  
Snitch  
Any one Street Type

#### GEAR:

Colt America L36  
w/ Laser Sight & 4  
clips ammo  
Armor Jacket 5/3  
Dataline Tap  
Bug Scanner (5)  
White Noise  
Generator (5)  
Micro-Camcorder  
(6)  
Laser Microphone  
(5)  
Pocket Secretary  
Medkit  
DocWagon Basic  
Service  
Yamaha Rapier





## >>>[QUESTIONS & ANSWERS]<<<

### 1. Should beginning archetypes have a limit of six on all of their statistics?

Officially, the limit of six is for general skills (Concentrations can go to 7, Specializations to 8) and unmodified attributes, however, the unofficial rule used in many cases extends to spells, programs, foci, equipment, etcetera.

### 2. How does a trauma patch work? Does it have a rating or is it a standard patch?

For those with the first edition, the correct stats for a trauma patch should be:

Trauma Patch Maximum Rating = 6 Cost = 75 X rating The rating adds to the characters Body to test against "Death" as outlined in the rules.

### 3. Does a LMG (Light Machine Gun) use Firearms or Gunnery skill?

A LMG uses Firearms skill and should be considered

the heaviest weapon to use the skill. You can concentrate with a LMG under Firearms. Heavier weapons (HMG, Assault Cannon, etc.) should use Gunnery.

### 4. The riot shield listed in Street Samurai Catalog seems to do a lot of damage. Is the number correct?

The amount of damage is correct, but the type of damage is Stun, not Lethal.

### 5. What is the difference between a Smartgun Link and smart goggles?

A true smartgun sends the image from the gun through the altered nervous system of the samurai where the image is seen through the eye (it is an internal system). This system receives a -2 firing modification. The smart goggles bypass the nervous system and are transmitted via cables to a set of goggles which are worn over the eyes (an external sys-

tem). This system is not as accurate as a true smartgun system and receives a -1 firing modification.

### 6. Are firing modifications cumulative?

For systems which do the same thing (ie. counter recoil, assist aim, or counter poor visibility), the best system available is used to determine the firing modification. For example a true smartgun with a laser sight would receive a -2 modifier as a smartgun, not a -3 for the smartgun and laser.

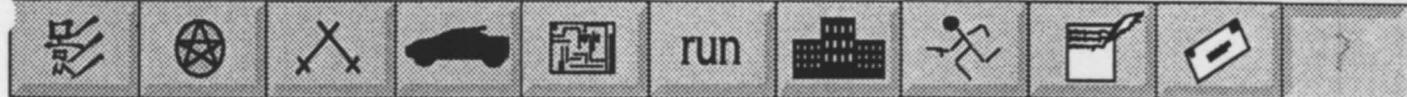
### 7. If I have a level 6 skill wires, 3 datajacks and 2 chipjacks, how many skillsofts can I run and at what level?

Only chipjacks can run active skillsofts, Datajacks can just run datasofts. The maximum number of chips that a chipjack or datajack can hold is one. In this example you can run a total of two active skillsofts from the installed jacks (and

three datasofts). The maximum rating of skills a set of skillwires can run is equal to the rating of the skillwires — rank 6 skillwires can run a rank 5 skill and a rank 1 skill, or two rank three skills, etcetera. Finally, skillsofts can only be run at the rank purchased. Rank 6 cannot be "downgraded" to act as a rank 3 so you can run a secondary skillsoft (you have to purchase another chip at rank 3).

### 8. Is dermal plate visible?

Although implanted under the skin, normal dermal plate gives the body bulges and bumps where there are usually none. Alpha and beta dermal plate is not normally detectable because of the excellent implantation procedure. If you want normal plate without the unwanted attention armor seems to provide, modify the price by 1.5 (the essence cost and protection remains the same).



## >>>[QUESTIONS & ANSWERS]<<<

### 9. Does magic work in the Matrix?

No, no, NO! Mages are tuned into essence and the flow of life around them. The matrix is exactly the opposite of that.

### 10. Are shadowrunners just as agile in heavy armor?

Not a chance, chummer. The idea behind heavy armor (through the ages) is to take the impact, but not the damage. Reduce the dodge pool of anyone in full heavy armor by two and give them a targeting modifier of +2. Partial heavy armor reduces the dodge pool of the wearer by one and gives a target modifier of +1.

### 11. Neal the Ork Barbarian gets pushed out of a Ares Dragon as it takes off and falls twelve meters to the ground below. When he hits the parking lot

will there be anything left?

Falling damage is computed as follows:

$$\text{Power} = \text{Stories fallen} * 2 \\ (\text{one story is 3 meters})$$

$\text{Damage} = \text{Deadly}$

$\text{Staging} = \text{Stories fallen}$

Our favorite ork would

then take a 8D4 damage. Any armor he is wearing adds its full impact value as automatic successes and Neal can save with his dodge pool as well as his body to represent his attempt to keep his arms and legs from getting pinned

under his body upon

impact.

### 12. Can you split firearm attacks between multiple targets without going to autofire?

No. This rule has been deleted in current editions

of Shadow Run and should be considered dead and gone. If you want to fire at multiple targets, use autofire.

### 13. Grenades seem to be rather whimpy weapons. Is there any way to make them more "real?"

Sure, there are lots of ways to make

them more "real," but if you do lots and lots of shadowrunners are going to die. Trust us on this one. A firm suggestion is to keep grenades to an absolute minimum, but if you want something "real," try this:

Throwing a grenade: Throwing skill versus a target of 4 (normal modifiers still apply for the thrower and visibility, but not for the target as the destination of the grenade is a point in space, not a person).

Determine the impact point.

Damage: This is based on distance from the grenade at detonation. If the victim within Power/4 meters, multiply the Power by two and add two steps to the damage code. (5M2 become 10D2.) If within Power/2 meters, multiply power by 1.5 and add one step to the damage code. (5M2 become 8S2.) If within Power meters, damage is as listed.





## >>>[GRUMMAN CARGOMASTER]<<<

### GRUMMAN CRATEMASTER CARGO VAN

- Double steel walls to protect valuable cargo. - Advanced electronics on all doors for complete security - The best handling van in its class

Grumman has been making cargo vans for generations and every bit of that knowledge and dedication has been put into the 2051 Cratemaster. This van offers excellent handling and driver comfort normally found only in small passenger automobiles. The easy opening rear door provided seven feet of clearance to transport large objects. Available in a variety of configurations, the Cratemaster offers versatility and durability from a name you can trust.

Grumman Cratemaster	Handling	Speed	Body	Armor	Signature	Pilot	Cost
	4	35/105	4/6*	0	2	2	75,000¥

\* 4 for the driver compartment, 6 for the cargo compartment

Security Option (available to licensed security firms only) 55,000¥

1 point of armor for cargo and driver compartment

Increased armor - per additional point (max of 3) 15,000¥

Thermal shielding - Signature raised to 4

High Output engine - Speed 45/135

Weekend Hauler Option 30,000¥

Handling Upgrade - Handling lowered to 3

Improved autopilot - Pilot raised to 4

Personnel Transport Option 10,000¥

Cargo compartment seats eight with moderate gear.

Delivery Option 5,000¥

Cargo compartment fitted with storage racks along both sides

### S creecher

S

Instant protection for the home or office. - Easy to use and requires no special permit.

Now personal protection is just a shout away. Easily implanted as an outpatient operation in most clinics, Screechers provide the protection you need at a price you can afford. Why bother with the hassle of a knife or pistol when you can install a Screecher instead? Hearing dampers included at no extra cost.

Damage: (Rank)L1 Stun, Essence Loss .1, Cost 6,000¥ X rank (maximum rank = 6)

Screechers (or howlers or wailers, as they are sometimes called) involve replacing most of the owner's larynx with an enhanced audio system. When the owner yells or screams, the audio system emits a high frequency signal which causes pain and even unconsciousness. Although the sound is easily audible from a long range, actual damage can only be done at close range. The number of dice rolled for the attack is equal to the rank and the damage is per normal stun attacks

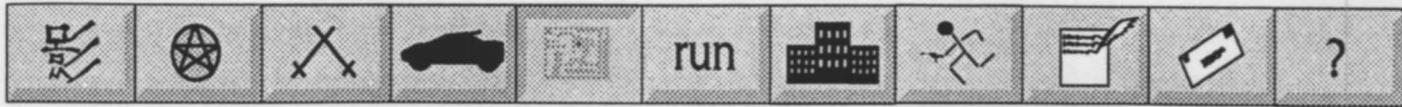
modified as follows:

-1 to attack power per 2 meters away from the attacker

+4 to attack power if victim has high frequency hearing

-4 to attack power if victim has hearing damper or appropriate edit-out





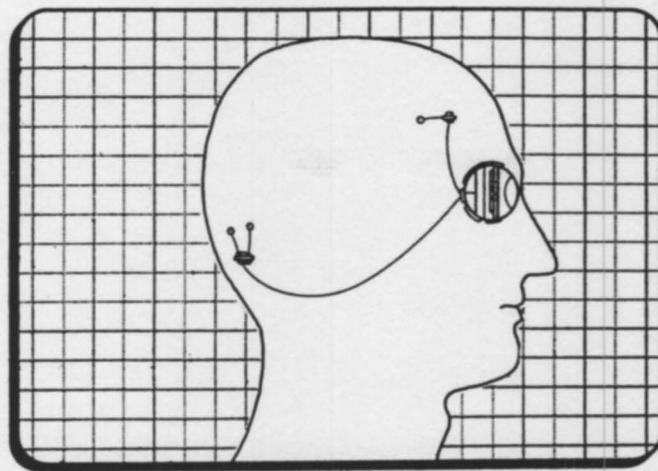
## >>>[OFF THE SHELF: NEW PRODUCTS]<<<

### Microvision

- The latest in precision optics - All machine crafted components to ensure quality - Approved by the CAS optometric society

Tired of straining to work on your latest electronic project? You've got the tools to do the job, but you can't see well enough to make those last connections. Forget the clumsy magnifying glass and go with the leader in precision optics. Available in three strengths, MicroVision by Nu U is the easily implanted at most complete clinics. The world is getting smaller, make sure you can see where you're going.

	Ess. Loss	Cost
Microvision 1	.1	3,000¥
Microvision 2	.1	8,000¥
Microvision 3	.2	15,000¥



Microvision uses optical lenses to magnify the images of small objects near the owner's eyes. Effective range is 12 inches and the optics can be linked with low-light to provide enhanced vision in low light conditions. The cyberwear adds its rank to any action which involves the manipulation of small objects such as electronics, biotech, and most build and repair. If exposed, microvision systems have a Concealability Rating of 9. If covered, they are undetectable.

**I**mproved Visual Spectrum The first commercial and civilian availability of CAS military technology. Proven on the battlefields of the east and south, these systems increase the visual ranges of the owner by electronically processing the incoming light and rendering it through the enhanced optic nerves. Fully compatible with all other commercially available visual enhancement systems, IVS allows you to see things in a whole new light.

	Essence Loss	Cost
Ultraviolet.	.1	8,000¥
Infrared	.1	6,000¥
X-Rays	.1	24,000¥
Gamma Radiation	.1	58,000¥

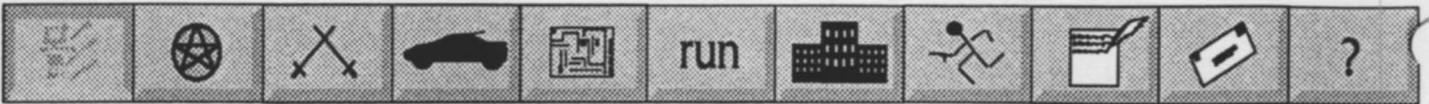
Spectral Ranges can be added to the normal range of vision. Each additional range allows the owner to see different types of light. Just like thermovision and lowlight vision, however, these ranges must be switched by the owner with only one active at any one time.

Ultraviolet - Above the normal range of vision, ultraviolet light is potentially damaging to the soft tissues of the body (this is the light which tans skin). Depth perception is severely altered with Ultraviolet vision. Firing by Ultraviolet vision is -3.

Infrared - Like thermovision, this allows the owner to see objects by the varying level of heat generated, however, it is a much more complete visual system which is able to see light as well as heat. Many security systems use Infrared triggers as activators. Infrared vision can be fooled by most heat lamps, including those used to grow plants and warm artificial environments.

X-Rays - Allows the user to see and track the emissions of most high tech machinery by the trace emissions projected during normal operations.

Gamma Radiation - Allows the user to view varying levels of radiation. Potential radioactive "hot spots" can be avoided and nuclear emissions can be traced. (CONTINUED)



## >>>[OFF THE SHELF: NEW PRODUCTS CONTINUED]<<<

### IVS-CONTINUED...

	Full Darkness	Glare	Mist	Reduced Light	Smoke or Fog
Ultraviolet	0	+2	0	0	0
Infrared	0	+2	0	0	+2
X-Rays	*	*	*	*	*
Gamma Radiation	*	*	*	*	*

\* Does not normally give an advantage to vision, except under special circumstances.

## >>>[PLAYER'S AID #1]<<<

### PLAYER'S AID NUMBER ONE

The Warehouse has a number of security layers.

#### Layer One:

The first is the chain-link fence around the compound. It is pressure sensitive.

#### Layer Two:

The second layer involves the roving troll guard.

#### Layer Three:

The third layer involves the security cameras. These are on automated sweeps.

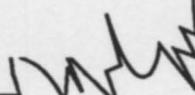
The dock door opens directly into the security office where there are three guards on duty. They are armed.

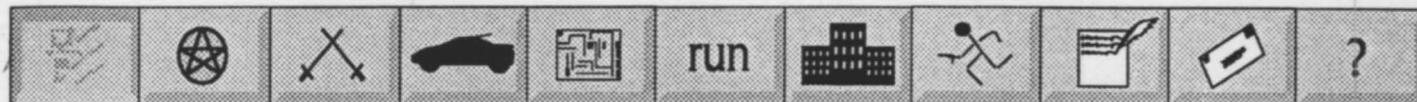
The bay doors are wired to the security desk only.

The crates are in the main warehouse. Take as many of them as possible, but at all cost, do not miss the ones marked Kenayagi Respirators. There are six. These contain the prototypes. Do not tamper with these crates, as certain parts (the filters) of these machines cannot be exposed to air.

The nearest cadre of re-inforcements is a number of blocks away. Earliest reinforcement ETA is 5 minutes after alarm. Truck loading: Max. of 5 minutes.

Conclusion: don't trip alarm.





## >>>[WRITING ON THE WALL]<<<

### Tir Nan Og Tightens Travel

Ireland announced even tighter traveling restrictions for non-elves seeking to enter the Emerald Isle. Reaction in the world community was immediate and negative, but if the Council cares, it was not shown.

### East Coast Simmers

The heat wave continues on the east coast. Temper have risen with the mercury and local law enforcement officials report this is the worst summer on record for violent crimes. Boston is reportedly near bankruptcy as continued violence has forced millions of nuyen in overtime wages for security firms.

### Killing Stops in Redmond

Rash of Killings stops in Redmond - for the first time in three weeks the night passed without the discovery of another mutilated body in the Barrens. Could the reign of terror be over? Story on page 132.

### Otaka Dead

Miles Otaka found dead - Mr. Otaka, one time senior manager for Lochlann products, was found dead in his Matthews Beach condominium, the victim of an

apparent suicide. Lone Star refused to comment on the case, stating simply the matter is still under investigation.

### Lyons clash with Lone Star

Gang clashes with Lone Star - Sgt. Sylvia Hawkens of Lone Star reported a Lone Star riot control team was sent to Echo Lake in the Redmond Barrens following numerous reports of gang activity. The arriving team had a brief encounter with a local go-go-gang, the Wyld Lyons, before forcing the leather clad pack into the night. No Lone Star injuries were reported.

### Cyco Stock Soars

Cyco Circuits stock prices shot through the roof today before trading was suspended by the market board of directors after Cyco Circuits announced what they call a Cyco Cyber-4. According to Mr. Biggon, company president and CEO of Cyco Circuits, "It's a Cyber-4, with all the bells and whistles of the Fuchi model, guaranteed. We just sell the CC-4 for half the price." Fuchi officials refused to comment on the new product or what it would mean to their market share.

### Accident Closes Popular Club

The owner and manager

of Pier 69 (renowned for their near-famous sushi) announced they would be closed for the next two weeks for extensive construction. A hovercraft accident severely weakened the structural support of the pier which forced the building inspector for Seattle to declare the area a danger zone.

### Tallmage to Visit Seattle

A noted metaphysical theorist, Miss Tallmage will address the Young Elven Technologist meeting on the 24th. Security is said to be very tight for the speech, but tickets are still available.

### Mercurial Makes the Scene

Dropping by for an unexpected visit, Maria Mercurial gave an impromptu performance at Underworld 93. Fans packed the club as word of the performance spread. Fans were left yelling for more following her closing number "Young Adonis," which is expected to be released later this week.

### 'Wolves Return from Road

The Timberwolves Combat Bike team returned today from a two week road trip to the east coast of the UCAS. Agrippa Bates scheduled to return to the

line tonight despite the skull fracture received in New York four days ago.

"It's nothin'. Really. I mean, I can ride a bike blind-folded if I have to." Bates refused to comment on rumors of his involvement with sim-sense star Jocasta Peters. Complete story on page 89.

### Dozer to return to Screamers?

Insiders claim the Screamers are close to resigning star defensive back Marion "Dozer" Barnkowski. Though small for a Troll (he stands only 6' 3"), last year Dozer lead the Screamers in unassisted kills, but quit prior to the last game of the season citing "philosophical differences" with the teams management.

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