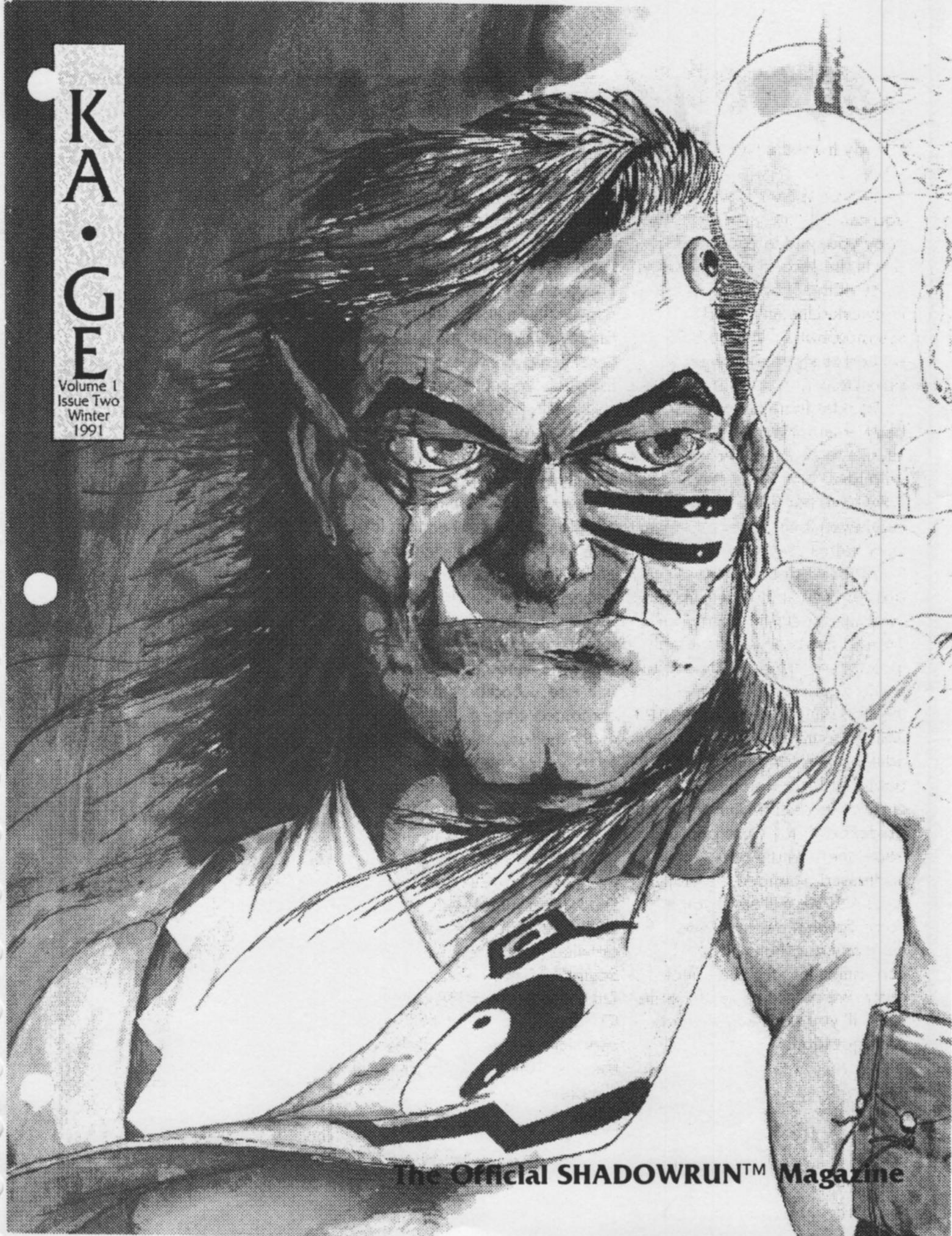


K A • G E

Volume 1
Issue Two
Winter
1991



The Official SHADOWRUN™ Magazine

net notes

Howdy from the Net

Welcome back to the net. As you can so plainly see from the copy you hold in your hands, this is the second issue of *Kage, voice of the Shadowrun Network*. Like any good sysop/editor, I'll keep this section as short and sweet as possible.

Thus far the Network has been an amazing success. Thanks to all who have written with ideas and suggestions. They have not fallen upon deaf ears, even if we are sometimes slow with a response. If you have not written with ideas or opinions, do so now — while you still remember what you wanted to say. If you have an idea for something you want to see in *Kage*, send a letter of inquiry. We will respond ASAP with encouragement and advice for getting your works published. If you don't have a copy of the writers and artist's guidelines (they were printed in issue one), send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to us and we will send you a copy. For that matter, if you have any questions or comments and need a direct reply, we will be happy to write back, IF you send a SASE with your question.

Ral Partha

As you are checking out the issue, pay special attention to the reviews. You will notice, if you have not already, Ral Partha is now doing the Shadowrun miniatures. I could rant and rave about the quality, the level of detail, the consistency of scale and all of the cool characters for a page and a half, but the final proof is in the product. If you haven't seen any of these miniatures yet, don't waste time. The top five would be excellent additions to any collection. It is nice to be able to review an entire line of products and only be concerned with the artistic quality, not the quality of manufacturing. To Ral Partha, welcome to the Shadowrun universe. Good luck and continued success.

By the way, if you would like to try your hand at sculpting, Ral Partha is always interested in talented craftsmen. Although the field can be hard to break into, free-lance openings are available. To see if you qualify, send a resume of your sculpting experience and detailed photographs to Sculpting Supervisor, Ral Partha Enterprises, Inc, 5938 Carthage Ct. Cincinnati, OH 45212. Don't send lead and don't call. Follow the rules (that's the first mark of a professional).

Enjoy,

JLong

one

what and where

net notes 1

ka·ge fiction 2

corp. profile 9

contacts 12

archetype 14

scenario 15
gm eyes only

personalities .. 17

upcoming 18

ideas 19

q & a 23

off the shelf....24

reviews 27

*writing on
the wall*.....30

just another night...

Drek." A figure whispered. "Can't see a thing." He stopped. Vague shapes crowded the alley. From behind one of them, he heard movement.

"Your own fault, Sharkey," came back the reply from the murk. "Shoulda cybered."

"Yes, I know." Wearily, the well-dressed ork climbed over a pile of trash, almost toppling a precarious pile of twisted girders. "And what's more," he called ahead. "I shoulda stayed on my nice warm barstool instead of coming out here with you. I have lots of shoulda's, Goon."

"Not me."

"Lucky you. You should. I know how you pay your rent."

A light laugh floated back to him. "Oh yeah?"

"Yeah." Twin tusks gleamed into a grin as he stepped over a pile of trash. "This may come as a surprise to you, but there are still some people who won't do anything for money."

"Really? If you find any, call Paterson. We'll be rich."

"Rich would be nice." Sharkey grunted as he stepped past a redolent dumpster. "I think I could do rich."

"Now!"

At Goon's shout, Sharkey whirled, unlimbering his Ingram. Above them, something chuffed and spat in the darkness, sending bits of brick whining and stinging as unseen rounds peppered the building behind him.

"Got two on the ground, Goon." Sharkey yelled as he switched to infrared. The sniper stood out like a beacon. Steel fingers constricted, and the spot of color seemed to writhe and dance before tumbling off the fire escape.

Sharkey whirled as a new shape hurtled down on him from behind. He stiff-armed the opponent,

directing the impetus of the charge forward. The shape catapulted limply and lay still.

"Clear?" Goon called.

"Clear." Sharkey grinned at the lithe figure stepping over the mounds of trash. "You're slipping, girl. I had to take care of two."

"Two? What, Mr. Rooftop had a friend up there with him?"

"No. Just the one that you spotted. I was referring," he nudged the body disdainfully with his boot. "To this once-friendly fellow. You were supposed to take care of him, yes."

Goon pushed her hair back out of her eyes and sighed. "Yes I was, hero. And before you sprain anything patting yourself on the back, why don't you be a dear and pull my knife out of his throat, will you?"

Gingerly, Sharkey complied. He wiped the blade clean on the figure's shirt and handed it back. "You know, for a motorhead, you're not too bad."

"Thanks." Somewhere in the darkness, lips parted into a grin. "An' you've got cute buns for an ork. Hit the remote, will you? We're late."

He reached for his belt and depressed a key sequence. The girder pile swung out smoothly.

He muscled his way into the square of blackness, hands reaching through memory for a handle, and keying in an entry code. There was a hiss as the car de-pressurized, and he slid into the backseat. As the door sealed shut behind him, he sank gratefully back, as the chair welcomed him with a contoured embrace. He caught Goon's eyes smiling at him from the front seat. He sighed. "Yes, I know. Walking into an ambush."

She pulled the data lead out of the dash.

"An ambush that I spotted before we even entered the alley."

"Yes." Sharkey thought for a moment. "Arguably bad tactics. But brilliant. I knew we could take them." Around him the Phaeton rumbled into life. The limousine crept forward, skirting the pile of debris with practiced ease. "No," he stretched out his legs gratefully. "The best way to ascertain the nature of a trap is to set it off, they say."

"Who says that?"

Sharkey turned to look back at the alleyway as it diminished behind them. He thought for a moment before answering. "Dead men," he said softly as they sped towards the light.

The swordsman was good. Muscles strained against the elf's gauzy shirt, sending the blade singing through the air. He moved with the grace and fluid quickness indicative of his race.

He stamped and flourished along the top of the bar, sending drinks flying. He whirled at the end, slipped in a pool of brew and crashed unceremoniously to the floor.

The swordsman was drunk.

With a flash of steel, he regained his feet.

"Come on, you rotters!" He roared at the sea of retreating backs. "Fight me. Stand and fight!" He shook his fist at the now empty room. "So you've heard of me, have you? Heard of Reichenbach the Reiver? Reichenbach the Raver? Run, then you cowards! Run!"

He staggered and caught himself on the edge of the bar.

"Hello," he slurred to his reflection. The clean-cut face with pencil thin mustache blearily smiled in reply. He grasped the bar for support. Sudden movement caught his eye.

just another night...

He slowly turned to face the new threat: a mountain of leather topped by a scowling troll face. "Ahah." Reichenbach swayed. "They weren't running from me, then," he burped extravagantly. "They were running from you." He sighed deeply, and slouched back against the bar, his blade-point trailing in a pool of brew. "I guess I'll have to kill you, too."

The troll shook his head with disgust.

"You act terrible."

The figure straightened up indignantly. "What are you saying?" He shook his head in disbelief. "I was masterful. Masterful. Don't tell me that even you weren't fooled."

"I weren't fooled." The troll retorted, ducking through the doorway.

"You are as much a critic as you are a grammarian." The sword disappeared with a flash. "Come on, he's over here. We'll have this discussion later."

"Wait a minute." The troll grunted, wrestling with a small box. "Here." He extricated a length of cable and threw one end to Reichenbach. "Plug that in."

Reichenbach sighed and tossed aside an unconscious patron, straining for the wall plug. "Got it."

There was a click, and two images wavered, then solidified.

"You perfidious mountebank!" Reichenbach leapt madly at the troll, neatly leaping over a thrown table. The blade slashed twice, and the troll roared in pain. A huge hand scrabbled for a silk-clad leg and twisted.

Reichenbach roared in pain as the bone cracked. "Eat steel, you rascallion!"

The troll caterwauled as fingers parted from bone and blood sheeted into the air.

"Well," said Reichenbach, stepping back from the spectacle. "It's a shame that my trideo talents are wasted on situations like these."

"It don't matter." The troll grunted, aiming the machine towards the door. "Just as long as it makes 'em think they can't come in for awhile."

Reichenbach eyed himself appreciatively. "Good move, that," he muttered as his vid image back flipped over the bar, sword swiping madly. "Too bad it takes a mini-trampoline to do it."

"Maybe we could carry one around," the Troll sneered. "Now get your dandelion butt over here. I haven't been playing bouncer for three weeks just so we could apprise your acting skill."

"The word is appraise, Gunther old boy, from the root word

'praise'." He smiled

helpfully. "You'll find our Mr. AWS over there, under the table with the knife in it."

"And the mage?"

Reichenbach shrugged. "He seems to no longer be of any importance. Just tend to our fellow under the table."

The troll strode over to the object in question. He peered at the jagged blade, protruding all the way through the table's composite top.

"Knife's going a little bit far, ain't it?"

"The knife," Reichenbach corrected, moving smoothly to the table, "is not mine. It is a plebeian little blade, made of Runabout-quality steel. I was protecting Mr. AWS from some

errant assassin."

"Whatever." The troll rolled the table away, revealing a sallow sarariman, lolling over a briefcase. As the table shifted, he crumbled forward.

"Huh." The troll watched disinterestedly as the figure fell onto its face. "Dead?"

"No." Reichenbach knelt down and rolled up one of the sleeves, feeling for a pulse. "Just very, very drunk."

"Good. Now let's get him out of here." The Troll elbowed the Elf aside and grabbed the figure by the hair. It gave way and the form slipped to the floor.

"Euh. What's this?" He shook his hand in revulsion, sending the mat of hair flying across the room to perch on the bar. He surveyed the sarariman in repugnance.

"What a human."

"You said it. Now let's grab him and go."

"I don't think so." An imposing figure stepped through the trideo display. He stared at them as a ghostly Reichenbach went stumbling across his chest. "I don't think Mr. Pipes would like it if I let you and Mr. Cooper go home together."

Reichenbach smiled grimly. "Mr. Pipes. Mr. Pipes... I don't believe I've had the pleasure of -"

"AWS." Gunther grunted from beneath his human load. "Pipes is head of Security for AWS."

"Thank you," Reichenbach said dryly. "You've just made any possible chance of passing this off as a random barfight snatch-and-grab impossible."

"Sorry," Gunther shrugged, causing Cooper's legs to flop.

"Now then," the figure stepped into the room, narrowly missing a transparent section of the bar thrown by a ghostly Gunther, who was howling in rage. "Let's just

just another night...

put Mr. Cooper down. Chillers!" He snapped and a similarly garbed figure stepped into view, shoulderng a Mossberg.

"Sir?"

"Kill that noise, will you?"

There was a slap of cloth on cloth, a blur of steel, and the mossberg detonated, sending vid-projector shards pinging off the furniture.

The commander winced.

"Turning it off would have sufficed, but thank you, Chillers."

"Yes thanks." Reichenbach swallowed as the Mossberg swung to find his chest as a mark.

The Rolls was dead.
It hadn't moved for over an hour.

Silent, sleek, it hulked by the curb, its mirrored windows throwing back the dying sparks of the streetlight above it.

From around the corner of the twisting street came the keening roar of a motorcycle. The headlamp stabbed into the darkness, illuminating the gleaming auto. As the bike passed, it slowed imperceptibly, dumping a cloth wrapped bundle onto the filthy street. Then it roared back to speed, its tires howling as it took another turn and was gone.

From somewhere, shadowy figures detached themselves and scurried to their business, as the trunk lid opened with a hiss of escaping air. The bundle was hefted and lowered gently into the glowing compartment. As it eased shut, they melted back into the darkness that had spawned them.

And the Rolls was dead again.

"Problem." Goon's voice hung lazily in the still air of the Phaeton.

"Yes?" Sharkey took a pull on his drink, and pulled his arm out from behind her head as she sat up. "Problem? What? You've

found another man? Er, ork, I mean?"

She snorted and rested her chin on his chest. "With a Phaeton? Yeah, right. I just put an ad in the paper."

"Ah," he sighed deeply, his hand wandering idly through her hair. "The specter arises again. You love me for my car, not my mind." His fingers caressed the recessed steel of her datajack.

"Actually," she smiled, "It's your tusks I love. But the car helps."

"Yes." He hung his head in mock melancholy.

"A lot." Her eyes flashed.

"Yes, I see."

She stretched her neck. "All heartbreak aside, you remember me mentioning a problem?"

His tusks flashed a smile in the dim light. "One more pressing than the depth of our love and commitment to each other? Is there no end to this heartbreak?"

"Don't say committed. It makes me nervous." She slipped over into the driver's seat, narrowly avoiding a lazily groping paw. "Stop that."

His seat softly whined to an upright position. "If it is midnight, and there's a problem and it's worse than the end of our relationship, then it must be the AWS deal."

"Must." Her tone hardened. "Reich and Gunther failed to report in." The Phaeton roared to life.

"Ah well," he sighed, pouring his drink back into the pitcher. "Back to business. That was our package being delivered?"

"Yes and don't worry," she said as the Phaeton slid away from the curb. "We'll smooch later."

"Promises, promises." He set about loading his Ingram. "Pipes' boys'll have them transporting by now, so plot an intercept." He

braced himself against the door as

they screeched around a corner. "They're most likely to head for their safe-house in Redmond."

Goon's voice floated back over the squeal of tires. "I thought the contract said that they would be using the..."

"Trust me. Redmond is the—."

His voice broke off as he saw them careening towards two trucks stopped in each lane, with only a hairbreadths of light showing between them. He shut his eyes knowing that it would take either incredible luck or a rigger without equal to get between them.

Luckily, he had both.

"I wouldn't try it."

Reichenbach looked up at the muzzle of the Predator as it hovered near his nose. He straightened up slowly to face the smirking guard.

"They're plastic restraints. Bone breaks before they do. Don't tell me you've never seen them before." The van swayed as it hit a bump. The Predator's barrel glanced off Reich's nose.

"Oops." The guard smiled. "Sorry. Dandelion-eater."

"You think that one up yourself?" Reichenbach smiled sweetly.

The guard nodded smugly.

"It's very funny." Reichenbach turned to look out the steel-corded window of the van, as the desolate streets ribboned behind them. Empty. No Phaeton.

"Funny."

"Got 'em." Goon's voice was low and feral as the two van convoy hove into view. The car shifted slightly as the Phaeton shot from a side street, squealing into a high-gee turn. Sharkey leaned forward and put a huge hand on her shoulder.

"Whatever you do," he said gently, "don't bother with subtlety." The car shot through a

just another night...

red light, causing a tiny Jackrabbit to run into the median and flip over on its top. She turned to face him, eyes shining.

"Okay, if you insist."

She continued to face him as the car squealed through a torturous curve.

She laughed. "Look ma! No hands!"

He winced. "Very funny, wirehead. Just turn around and and at least pretend that you're driving the car."

"No need to drive." Her smile was toxic. "I am the car."

"There's a situation comedy in there somewhere." Her laughter broke off as the first of the cycle teams roared up behind them, guns flashing.

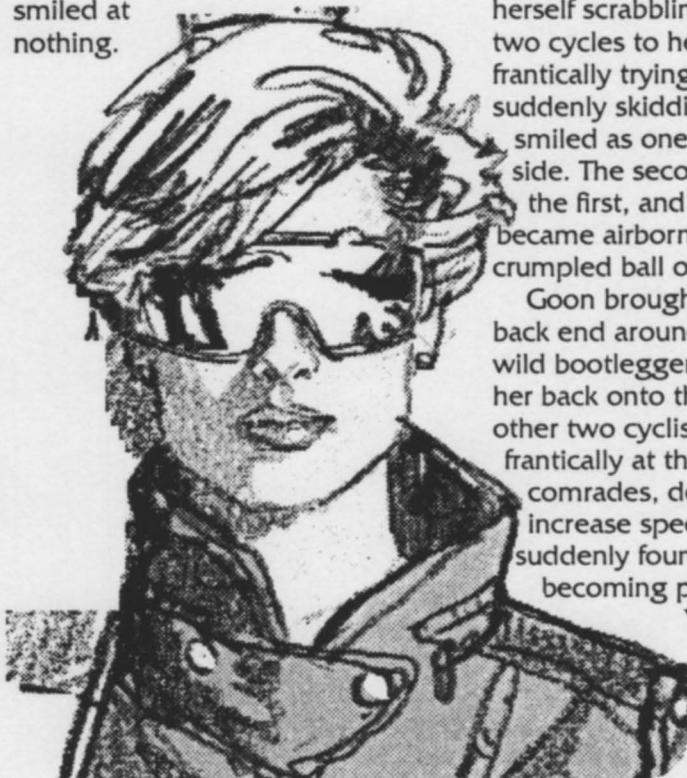
Out of the corner of his eye, Gunther saw Reichenbach stiffen imperceptibly at the window.

They made eye contact over the head of the guard.

Yes? Gunther's eyebrows asked.

Reichenbach nodded.

Gunther turned away and smiled at nothing.



Sharkey.

The van picked up speed.

The guard peered out the back window and swore.

"Problem?" The elf asked sweetly.

She was roaring with life, flying over the pavements on feet of rubber and steel as the wind whistled and shrieked over the song that was her heart that was the engine. The motorcycles surged behind her, their guns stitching out gouges of paint. Goon laughed at them, her voice harsh, metal.

Faster and faster they roared down the street, the lights above them melting with the centerline into a river of motion. The motorcycles surged, bracketing the hurtling limousine. Beneath the Phaeton's creamy exterior, cannons ached for use.

Not yet. Don't waste it on these guys.

Adrenaline flowed from hidden tunnels of flame as she braked suddenly, and pulled a hard right. Rubber protested, and she felt herself scrabbling at the road. The two cycles to her right were frantically trying to avoid the suddenly skidding auto, and she smiled as one went down on its side. The second cyclist ran over the first, and his bike too became airborne, landing in a crumpled ball of metal and flame.

Goon brought the Phaeton's back end around, sluicing into a wild bootlegger's turn that headed her back onto the main road. The other two cyclist's, breaking frantically at the demise of their comrades, desperately tried to increase speed as they suddenly found their prey becoming predator.

Yes, now.

An armored port whispered

open, and the
five

tarmac split and splintered as the bullets swept up to the retreating bikes. One swerved sharply to the left, and disappeared down the side street.

No honor among corpsers.

The bullets caught the remaining cyclist, contorting the metal and rider with equal abandon. The bike dipped, and then caught, and Goon had to swerve hard to avoid the brilliant explosion.

Reichenbach's lips moved faintly, ghosting a smile.

Gunther nodded as the careening van rocked and swayed. Good.

Sharkey leaned forward as soon as the G's would allow it.

"If they're following prudent policy, then they've dumped our boys and our prize into two different vehicles, forcing us to make a choice as to which to target. It is more likely that our friends are in the hindmost van. To forestall any shooting on our part, of course."

"Yup."

Sharkey swivelled in his seat. "I hate to quibble but..."

"I know. Two C-N P1's, on a convergence course." Her voice was terse.

"Lone Star?"

"I thought this was a private party." The Rolls sliced into a turn and came out of it within shooting distance of the rear van.

Sharkey sighed as his cybereyes filled him in. "They're AWS."

Silence greeted this remark.

Finally Sharkey spoke. "This wasn't part of the contract. Can we just outrun them?"

The reply was a long time coming, as Goon busily ran damage diagnostics. "No."

"Hmmm."

The Rolls lunged forward, the turbo kicking in, blowing hot fire in

just another night...

her bloodstream. Her heart skipped a beat, as the Phaeton passed 120. She glanced back at the twin ebony shapes, no longer gaining ground. Good. At least they're stock. If they weren't, they coulda caught us by now. Her throat tightened as she saw the hood of one of them distend, and a slim column appear. Drek. A turret. The Phaeton's other gun ports opened, and barrels jutted out into the rushing wind.

Reichenbach's eyes widened. Gunther arched an eyebrow. The guard turned gleefully. "So, you guys have friends. Ain't that just great? Too bad we've got some too. A lot tougher than those rapiers were."

Reichenbach's nod confirmed the information. "Yes," he ventured tentatively. "Too bad all of the fun is out there, eh?"

"Yeah." The guard said darkly. "But don't go getting any ideas."

"Oh no." The elf nodded sagely. "You have the gun. That makes you head field boss. Doesn't it, Gunther."

"Yeah," The troll rumbled as their eyes met. All the fun is out there, eh? I get what yer saying. The van swayed desperately as the driver struggled to outpace the cars in pursuit.

With a roar, Gunther shot forward, his ponderous weight crashing down on the guard's legs. The guard managed to get his gun up, and the tiny cabin rang. Reichenbach brought an elbow down once, twice, until the figure slumped back against the seat, nose a shattered pulpy mess.

"Sharkey owes me for the shirt." Reichenbach leaned back and caught his breath.

The troll used the guards head as a fulcrum, levering himself back into an upright position. "Okay. We done it. Now what?"

Reichenbach turned a quizzical eye. "What what?"

The troll glowered. "What's yer plan?"

"My plan?" Reichenbach yelped as a sudden evasive maneuver threw him off of the seat.

"Don't tell me you don't have no plan."

"I did." Reichenbach regained his seat gingerly. "Relieve the guard of consciousness and his weapon. We have done both."

The troll blinked slowly. "We done that."

"Yes," Reichenbach turned to peer out the window, trying to decipher the circus of lights and flashes behind them.

"But we're still in the van."

"Perceptive. There is no plan for somehow breaking through the cockpit wall that separates us from the driver and getting him to pull over."

The troll peered into the heap on the floor. "We've got a gun."

"Really," Reichenbach admonished. "You're as bad as he is. A gun is nothing." The van lurched and he braced his feet against the seat. "The mind is the weapon. And my mind," he braced himself to look out the window, "says that to shoot the pilot of a speeding vehicle, while in same, makes little sense."

The troll ruminated. "Fine," he decided grumpily, and leaned back. Lifting up his ponderous boots, he used the fallen guard as an ottoman. "Wake me when we get there."

The Rolls swerved desperately, as bullets traced its left fender.

She felt one round graze a tire. Frag this drek. This is getting ridiculous. There was a chuff and the tarmac lifted next to them.

An indicator went off somewhere, telling her that their atmosphere had been breached. She slowed instinctively, diagnostics scanning the cabin for damage. She had to smile when

she traced the source.

Sharkey hung half out the window, brandishing some weapon. He roared something and fired.

'Get your scaly butt back in the car.' She yelled. Gotta love him. Attempting a shot while we're going 130 plus. "I don't have time to drive and babysit. What the hell do you think you're gonna hit at 130 miles an hour..." The lead Patrol 1 spun frantically, trying to avoid some objects in the road. With a shriek of metal, it slammed into the median, and lazily took to the air, to land on its roof.

The second Patrol 1 suddenly lifted and shredded in a paroxysm of fire.

Goon whooped as the explosion shook the roadway.

"Just what the hell was that?" She roared, as behind her, bits of the once-car returned to earth.

He settled back into the seat. "That's the great thing about contact explosives. Your target hits them for you."

He gestured towards a distant squatting warehouse, ablaze with light.

"This is our stop, I think."

"Well, don't you guys look tired." Goon couldn't help but smirk as the bedraggled elf helped the troll out of the van.

"It shows?" The elf held out his hands peremptorily. "Get rid of these things."

"Yeah," the Troll yawned and stretched. "Me too. What took you guys so long?"

"Well it seems," she strained to cut the cuffs, "our friends don't play by the rules." The restraints parted with a snap.

Reichenbach rubbed his wrists gingerly. "I noticed the Chrysler-Nissan's. I didn't think that was part of our contract."

"Yeah," Gunther said, proffering his wrists. "Where's the boss?"

"In there," Goon gestured over

just another night...

her shoulder, at the decrepit warehouse. "Talking with Pipes."

Pipes was triumphant.

Plush and polished in his suit, he flashed his teeth at the elegant ork. "Looks like we won."

"Yes, it looks that way."

Sharkey was intent upon preparing his cigar. He rolled it gently back and forth between his fingers.

"It was a good plan, though." Pipes voice struggled with gloat and lost. He gestured his men to unload the second van. "Taking the Mage out under the guise of a bar fight. Good plan. But we had it covered." He barked an order. "Chillers, Saxon. Put him over here."

"Yes," Roll. Roll. Sharkey eyed the human bundle that the guards dumped onto the concrete.

"Yes, yes, your watcher."

Pipes looked at him in surprise. "You got that?"

"Yes." The ork sniffed the cigar

appreciatively. "Only a stupid man wouldn't have."

Pipes considered this for a moment. "Well, if you did know that, it certainly didn't stop us from catching your boys."

Sharkey nipped one end off the stogey with a yellowed fingernail. "No, you caught them."

"I liked the trideo projector. It was very real," Saxon volunteered.

Pipes gestured him over. "This is Sgt. Saxon. He was the man in charge of the squad that apprehended your men."

Sharkey nodded, intent on delicately molding one end of the cigar.

Pipes coughed. "Sgt. Saxon

was also responsible for stopping your abortive rescue attempt."

Sharkey gently cradled the cigar on his lips, sampling its heft. "Good."

Pipes frowned. "I, of course, added my own touches."

For the first time, Sharkey seemed to notice him. His voice was low. "Yes. The two Patrol 1's."

Pipes stared into the yellowed orbs high above his. "Errr. Yes."

The ork's orbs seemed to smoulder. "The two Chrysler-Nissan's that weren't part of the contract."

Pipes stepped back. "Well, not technically no. I felt that a certain element of surprise was..." He broke off as the ork shrugged and lit the cigar. He puffed on it for a moment, wrapping himself in a cloud of sulphurous smoke.

employees. Therefore, they directed me to offer you 200,000\$ if you and your three associates could somehow manage to overpower Mr. Cooper's standard security contingent, and remove him. However, if our security teams managed to extract Mr. Cooper to one of our secure facilities, then all monies would be forfeit."

He smiled over the top of the paper.

"The contract is very specific on that point."

The ork rumbled. "The contract was specific on many points."

Pipes brushed it off. "Be that as it may, we do have Mr. Cooper in our warehouse."

"Not the warehouse you told us that you were going to use, however."

Pipes smiled.
"Yes, well. Another element of surprise." He continued.
"You failed to recover Cooper, or

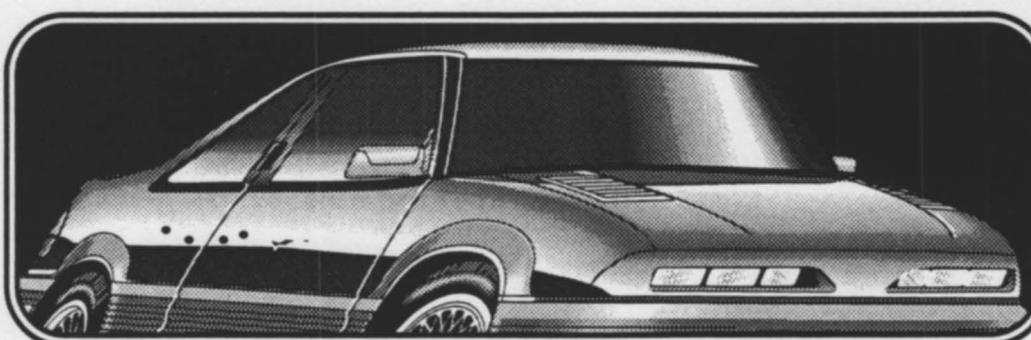
your own
men." He deliberately folded the paper and placed it back into a well-oiled pocket. "It seems that you didn't manage to meet any of the objectives of our contract, Mr. Sharkey. I've got Cooper plus your two boys. The 200,000 in certified creditsticks stays with me. And I'd like to say that AWS security has more than proved its competence in this case."

"Indeed." Sharkey murmured from within his greyish cloud. He didn't move.

"Well," Pipes fidgeted uncertainly. "That's that."

"Indeed." The cloud repeated stolidly.

Pipes turned away from the ork and began barking orders.



"Well, anyway," Pipes strove to regain the control that had never been his to begin with. "Anyway, speaking of contracts I have a copy of it here." He reached into his valise. He unfolded a piece of paper and elaborately adjusted his tie. "As it says here, you were contracted to—" he paused and his lips writhed distastefully with the word, "test the normal security procedures of AWS, Inc. by arranging for the abduction of one of our senior programmers, within a time frame mutually agreed upon. My superiors"—he spat the word—"didn't believe that my division was capable of guarding our

just another night...

The cloud spoke. "One thing." "Yes?" Pipes turned.
"Before you go, take Cooper with you."

"Right." He smiled again.
"Saxon, Chillers, grab Cooper will you and —" His face drained of color as he looked at the prone figure.

"Wait a minute..." He knelt down and turned the figure over.
"This isn't ..."

John Pipes stared at the ground for a long, long time.

His jaw worked. Finally, he managed one word. "How."

"Easy, actually." Sharkey blew a voluptuous smoke ring. "You were waiting for a snatch and run, so I gave you one. I also gave you my own version of Cooper."

Pipes shot to his feet, blustering, indignant. "The mage. You bribed the mage. He knew

Cooper intimately. That—."

Sharkey waved him off. "Don't cashier him yet. That's why we carefully took the mage out first. I gambled that he was the only one who knew Cooper at all. I gambled that you wouldn't leave Cooper guarded by his standard security contingent, per our contract, and that you would bring in your top guns for the test. Top guns who wouldn't know Cooper from Jocasta Peters."

Another oily smoke ring.

"You'll find Mr. Cooper in our trunk. I had two other operatives spirit him out, the minute the bar fight began."

"Two other..." Pipes' jaw clenched. "The contract said..."

"Surely, you, of all people, would appreciate a little element of surprise..."

Sharkey tipped an imaginary hat

as Gunther came in, with a familiar bundle.

"This yours?" He smiled at Pipes as he dropped the unconscious figure to the ground.

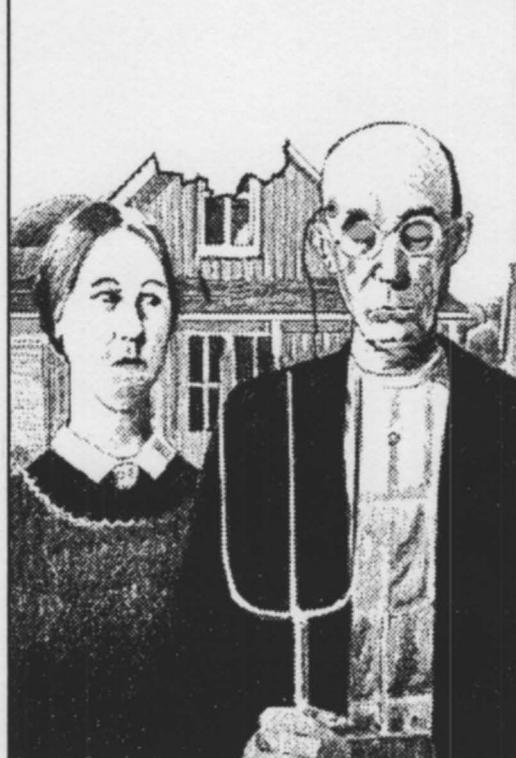
Sharkey picked up the briefcase. Gunther brushed against him as the two walked towards the door.
"Better ditch that cigar, boss. Goon'll kill you for smoking those things."

The ork raised an eyebrow.
"Who do you think is in charge here?"

The troll grinned. "Right. I'll hide it for ya."

Laughing, the two passed out into the night.

George Pace is a freelance writer and a Macintosh manager. Aside from writing Squasher and Squeeker for Ka·ge Issue Zero, and interminable work on his novel, he exists solely to be shorter than Jill Lucas.



YOU NEVER CALL, YOU NEVER WRITE

You left to find fame and fortune in the metro-hell they call the sprawl.

Now you never write home to tell Ma and Pa about the latest job. You figure they just won't understand the life of a runner.

Well we're **not** your parents! We understand about deals made in the shadows. We've seen the glitz and the gore of night.

So what's yer excuse?! Write in and let **us** know what yer doing!

Refer to our writer's Guidelines for the how.
Our back cover gives you the where.
You give us the what.

corporate profile: AWS

Turring's Annotated Guide to Modern Organizations.

>>>[I recently found a datastore that contains copies of Turring's Annotated Guides. As they sometime contain (or start the exchange of) information useful to many of us, I'll try to pull down a new section every so often.]<<< (QUIRK 14:35:56 / 11-13-52)

ADVANCED WEAPONS AND SYSTEMS, INCORPORATED — AWS INC.

Published 03-19-52

>>>[Re-Posted to The Shadowrun Network.]<<< (QUIRK 14:43:32 / 11-13-52)

HOME OFFICE LOCATION: St. Louis
PRESIDENT/CEO: Geoff Willsie

PRINCIPLE DIVISIONS

Division Name:

Marketing/P.R.

Division Head:

Laura Blakemore

Location(s) of Division:

Seattle, UCAS, London, U.K.

Chief Products/Services:

The marketing of all AWS products and replacement parts.

>>>[This should read "The creation of markets ..." If the buyers are currently scarce, starting a small conflict will make a new market.]<<< (SLAM 02:22:54 / 11-13-52)

>>>[Hey Slam, did you forget how to use the comm again? Call me.]<<< (CINNAMON 18:22:01 / 11-14-52)

>>>[Let's keep the priv chat in the personals.]<<< (QUIRK 08:34:16 / 11-15-52)

Division Name: Remote Systems

Division Head: James Linder

Location(s) of Division:

Dallas/Ft. Worth, CAS

Chief Products/Services: The



production and sale of drones and missiles. Also responsible for the control components and replacement parts.

Division Name: Vehicular Systems

Division Head: Mauri Oldfield

Location(s) of Division: Detroit, UCAS

Chief Products/Services: The production and sale of vehicular weapon systems and upgrades.

Division Name: Personal Arms

Division Head: Edward Mintz

Location(s) of Division: Graz, Austria

Chief Products/Services:

The production and sale of personal arms and ammunition. This division is also responsible for the production of ammunition for the weapons produced by the vehicular systems division.

Division Name:

Aerospace Frames and Avionics

Division Head: Lisa Bishop

Location(s) of Division:

St. Louis, UCAS/CAS

Chief Products/Services:

The production and development of aerospace craft as well as advanced avionics and electronics.

>>>[Why any AWS division ever mentioned in connection with development? AWS R&D exists more as a screen of agitated phosphors than in the real world. They farm out the development of most of their top notch tech to other Corps as in the deal with CYCO Circuits (Scan#CYCO@KA-GE.net.p14 10-02-52 Vol1, Ish1)]<<< (LAVA 23:43:20 / 11-27-52)

Division Name: Security

Division Head: John Pipes

Location(s) of Division: St. Louis, (Main Headquarters)

corporate profile:

Chief Products/Services:

The security of any AWS facility and/or shipment.

Division Name:

Shipping and Receiving

Division Head:

Tyson Jones

Location(s) of Division:

St. Louis

Chief Products/Services:

The delivery of AWS weapons and parts. Also responsible for the routing and storage of incoming materials and components.

Employees:

275,000 (approx. - world wide)

Human: 85%

Elf: 5%

Dwarf: 1%

Ork: 5%

Troll: 4%

Other: 0%

Living quarters differ for the employees and their dependents, according to the location of their division. In St. Louis, Dallas/Ft. Worth, Detroit, and Austria, most of the families live in the corporate production archologies. The Seattle and London locations are not much more than offices and the personnel live in private housing.

Average Income:

30,000¥

Education:

< 12 years: 5%

High School: 32%

College Degree: 48%

Graduate Degree: 15%

Origins

In the early 1990's, the design and production of weapons was stagnant. Two reasons cited for the slowdown in military systems was the public outcry about the expensive bugs that had to be fixed at the taxpayers expense (in addition to the "normal" cost overruns) and the question raised about the need for such expensive systems. At the time, the two major antagonists (the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R.) were bridging the rift in their relations, a major source of world tensions since the end of WWII.

In addition, some members of the U.S. public were calling for a ban on the importation



and private ownership of any personal weapons that looked like military weapons or had a magazine capacity larger than six rounds. Handguns such as the GLOCK series were doubly targeted due to the large capacity magazines and polymer frame, which many claimed made the pistols invisible to metal detectors. (A myth that was nearly impossible to shake.) Due to the rapid increase in violent crime in major U.S. cities and

terrorism around the world, the import of all firearms was banned in the United States late in 1998. Government officials tried to start a movement, in 2001, to confiscate all handguns currently owned by any citizens not employed as police or security agents. Needless to say, the firearms owners, knowing that the criminals were still going to be armed, resisted.

>>>["Resisted" is putting it lightly. That's like saying that the food riots were a few hungry chummers cutting to the front of the soy burger line. God only knows where we would be now if honest citizens had gone along with the fanatics and turned in their firearms. The damn criminal meta-so-called-humans would have destroyed this great nation before we could have re-armed ourselves.]<<< (HERO 03:43:21 / 11-27-52)

>>>[Heroes have a brain, Sludge. (If I ever catch hold of your racist hide, I'm going to make a cape out of it.) Open a history file and see that the "Great North American Gun Ban" folded in a desperate last ditch attempt of the U.S. government to renew the economy. The 2009 repeal came even before the VITAS epidemics, much less UGE and goblinization. (Still didn't keep "this great nation" together, did it?)]<<< (SKYSCRAPER 05:32:54 / 11-28-52)

The anti-weapons hysteria caused the demise, or near demise, of many companies. In 2006, the U.S. government realized that high tech weapons production and exportation was one major portion of the U.S. economy

corporate profile:

that the country couldn't do without anymore so, the import/export restrictions were loosened. By 2009, the public majority had shifted back to a pro-firearms stance due to "the Indian problem", and the private ownership laws were quietly repealed. By that time, many weapons manufacturers worldwide were teetering on the edge of bankruptcy.

McDonnell Douglas of St. Louis, on the other hand, survived the weapons restrictions in better shape than most. With the window of opportunity now available, the board decided to purchase several other smaller companies in order to diversify production capabilities and broaden their technology pool. Having changed the drive of the company a great deal, the board changed the name from McDonnell Douglas to Advanced Weapons and Systems (AWS) in the 2nd quarter of 2010.

To form a diverse corporate basis for the future, McDonnell Douglas saw several weakened arms manufacturers that would work well together as a single, stronger corporation. GLOCK of Austria, Grumman America, and BMY of the United States (PA) were the three major purchases that formed the technology base AWS needed to start off competitively in the market. Boosted from the beginning with a large amount of starting capital from

McDonnell Douglas, AWS has been a major player in the field of advanced weapons since day one.

>>>[You want to talk about corps swallowing other corps? Did you know that AWS owns a major chunk of CYCO Circuits?] <<< (SLAM 01:23:42 / 11-18-52)

>>>[Do you have a source for that information other than thin air?] <<< (QUIRK 01:38:34 / 11-18-52)

>>>[Privileged information. Let's just say the horse told me.] (SLAM 01:45:11 / 11-18-52)

GLOCK gave AWS the basis for the few advanced small arms they actually produce. More important than the plans for a line of pistols, were the rights for the advanced polymer of which they were constructed. This formula is currently used, at least in part, in every weapon produced by



AWS. The polymer has some properties that make it very attractive, which in turn, makes AWS weapons attractive to a large portion of the market. This laboratory synthetic is stronger than steel, withstands heat up to 200 deg. C without structural changes, will not oxidize, and only weighs about 14% of steel. Obviously attractive in small arms, these traits, in addition to the polymer's resistance to conducting electricity, also

make it an excellent choice for most missiles and drones.

>>>[Have you seen the AWS/GL Plus20? The last time I saw such an ugly block of plastic ... Hell I've never seen such an ugly block of plastic before.] <<< (BULL 12:00:00 / 11-24-52)

>>>[It may not look sweet, but it sure does handle like a broken-in form-fitted glove. Style count's, that's for sure, but since living is also important, I wear my Ruger Super Warhawk slung on the hip with my 'Plus20 in shoulder holster inside the vest. Trusty six shooter for looks and backup, large capacity 10mm for lotsa firepower.] <<< (RODEO 12:09:50 / 11-24-52)

>>>[What about the AWS/GL Plus22 or 23? Do they function as well as the 20? It seems that the .40 S&W and 10mm rounds are basically the same.] <<< (KID GLOVES 11:21:34 / 12-03-52)

>>>[They function as well mechanically but I don't think that is exactly what you asked. Though the .40 S&W and 10mm bullets are basically the same diameter, they are NOT basically the same cartridge. I believe I saw some info comparing cartridges that stated the 10mm tends to have better penetration and flesh trauma due to the increased velocity of the slug. If I find the info, I'll upload it later.] <<< (GUNSLINGER 04:24:06 / 12-05-52)

Grumman America added a vast knowledge of aircraft and avionics to the McDonnell Douglas pool to expand the AWS technology base. Though they have not been able to compete with Federated Boeing in the combat aircraft field, complex avionics systems from Grumman have been added to many very successful drones. The control systems designed for the drones has become the basis for the guidance systems of all AWS

corporate profile:

missile systems. The combined aircraft technology has been used to create a highly maneuverable thruster system that is acknowledged by most to be the best in the field.

To gain the ability to construct land vehicles, BMY was a logical choice. Though BMY didn't design completely new systems from the ground up, they had years of experience taking the frames of old military vehicles (tanks and A.P.C.s), and performing a refurbish/upgrade process on them. The finished product was basically a new, greatly improved system that helped

build BMY's reputation of "maximum quality - minimal expense" in the military vehicle industry. Even with this reputation, the restrictions on importing and exporting weapons caused severe fiscal problems for BMY which necessitated that several of their plants be mothballed. Once the weapons restrictions were loosened and BMY joined the AWS family, the influx of new capital allowed the old plants to be reopened and upgraded. Though AWS does not produce its own vehicular weapon systems at this time, they do offer "upgrades" that can extend the usefulness of

almost any assault vehicles being used worldwide.

NOTE: This guide is published as an aid or tool for those who wish information about various organizations in our world today. We try to gather as many relevant facts as possible at the time of publication but the readers must understand that Turring's Guide Inc. is in no way responsible for changes in facts since publication, or misprinted facts (due to errors in documents used for research). Our guides are meant to be as complete as possible but as mentioned before, they are only a tool. More research into specifics may be needed to insure current and safe business practices.



This could be you.

That's right.

This is the same picture as our cover (destined to be a classic.)

And it was drawn by Sean Parrack, local shadow runner, artist and member of the net.

Seems that for quite a while now, Sean has been amazing his friends with his drawing talent, doing pictures of their characters. (Those that lived long enough to attend a sitting, that is.)

We heard about him from our local game shop owner, James Herring of Cheshire Cat, and we were amazed, too.

Believe it or not, this is his first published piece.

So why haven't we heard from you, chummer?

Ka•ge needs artists and writers. Send an SASE for our writer's and artist's guidelines.

contacts

Body Shop Tech

"Well, well, looks like you lost some of the exterior lustre of your vehicle. Did the auto-pilot decide to do some stunts or did you? Just kidding! I've seen a lot worse, once. Now that it's in the shop, though, I can make this a real beaut! I figure pin stripes along the edging, heavy tinting on the glass, lightning bolts on the hood and a deep electro gloss finish. Then they'll know who's coming down the road!"

Quotes

"Sure we can put mag wheels on your Runabout."
"We can start work two weeks from tomorrow and we only need it in the shop 30 maybe 40 days."
"Let's see, ¥400 for the primer, ¥200 for the hood ornament, ¥25 for our brush that broke and ¥1222.38 for the paint. Now labor . . . "

Commentary

In 2053 style is more important than ever. It doesn't matter if you've got the shades, the leather and the doo, if you're driving a faded blue Chrysler Jackrabbit chances are you've already lost their respect. A good body shop tech can turn that little rabbit into a rodent with an attitude. Style isn't cheap but nuyen can work wonders. But don't insult him and be wary of too good a deal or your electro gloss may just turn into electro goo during the next rain.

Attributes

Body:	3
Quickness:	2
Strength:	3
Charisma:	2
Intelligence:	2
Willpower:	3

Skills

Electronics	1
Negotiation:	3
Car:	2
Car B/R:	5



Independent Hauler

"I don't need no wires sticking out of my head to drive a rig. I've been riding these roads for 17 years and I ain't never needed to 'jack in' to get the load there. And let me tell you another thing, it's downright unnatural to try to become part of a machine. Don't matter no how if you don't know the backroads like I do."

Quotes

"Shoo-wee boy! The best pie and soy-caf I ever got was just outside of Portland at Mama D's!"
"You need a load delivered, m I can get it there a lot cheaper than those wire-heads."
"Looks like we got us a connvoyyyy!"

Commentary

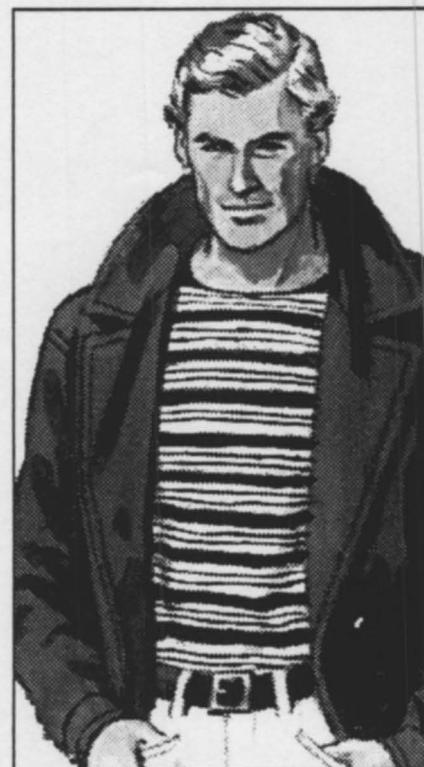
The Independent Hauler is a dyed in the wool traditionalist. His father drove and his father's father drove and none of them ever plugged into a rig. Sure the Hauler can get your cargo where you need it for a bit less than a normal rigger but don't expect it quick. Now if the items you are moving need to be handled with discretion the Hauler's knowledge of no longer mapped highways and backroads could be just the thing. Of course, the price goes up, but you can't have everything.

Attributes

Body:	3
Quickness:	2
Strength:	2
Charisma:	2
Intelligence:	2
Willpower:	4

Skills

Car:	4
Car B/R:	1
Firearms:	2
Negotiation:	1



archetype:

FORMER DOCWAGON™ PARAMEDIC

Former DocWagon™ Paramedic

"Sucking chest wounds, bleeding abdominal wounds, multiple traumatic amputations — I've seen them all. I've healed the sick, cured the diseased, and restored the dying. And what good has it done? Not a whole lot, if you ask me."

"The only people I was allowed to help were the contract holders, the big-wigs, the ones with all the money. Well, that's going to change. I have the skills and the ability to make a difference. Maybe I can prevent some of those injuries I was always repairing. But that doesn't mean knowledge comes any cheaper because its cause is noble. My skills are still going to cost you."

Commentary:

In the deadly urban jungles of the metroplexes, Paramedics are the front line doctors and life savers. Although Doc Wagon is the largest emergency health care provider, there are many more agencies which run body shops across the plex. Paramedics deal with death, agony, needless suffering, and the after effects of man's cruelty and stupidity on a daily basis. Sometimes it just gets to be too much and dedicated life-savers look to the shadows to provide healing, and nuyen. Highly sought- after as a member of any support team, their skills can mean the difference not only between success and failure, but life and death.

Attributes:

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

8 Stimulant Patch (2)
4 Tranq Patch (10)
8 Tranq Patch (5)
1 Trauma Patch (6)
1 Trauma Patch (4)

Skills:

Athletics: 4
Car: 3
Negotiation: 4
Unarmed Combat: 3
Biotech: 6
Cyberotechnology: 5
Firearms: 3
Etiquette(Corporate): 2

Dice Pools:

Defense (Armed): 1
Defense (Unarmed): 3
Dodge: 5

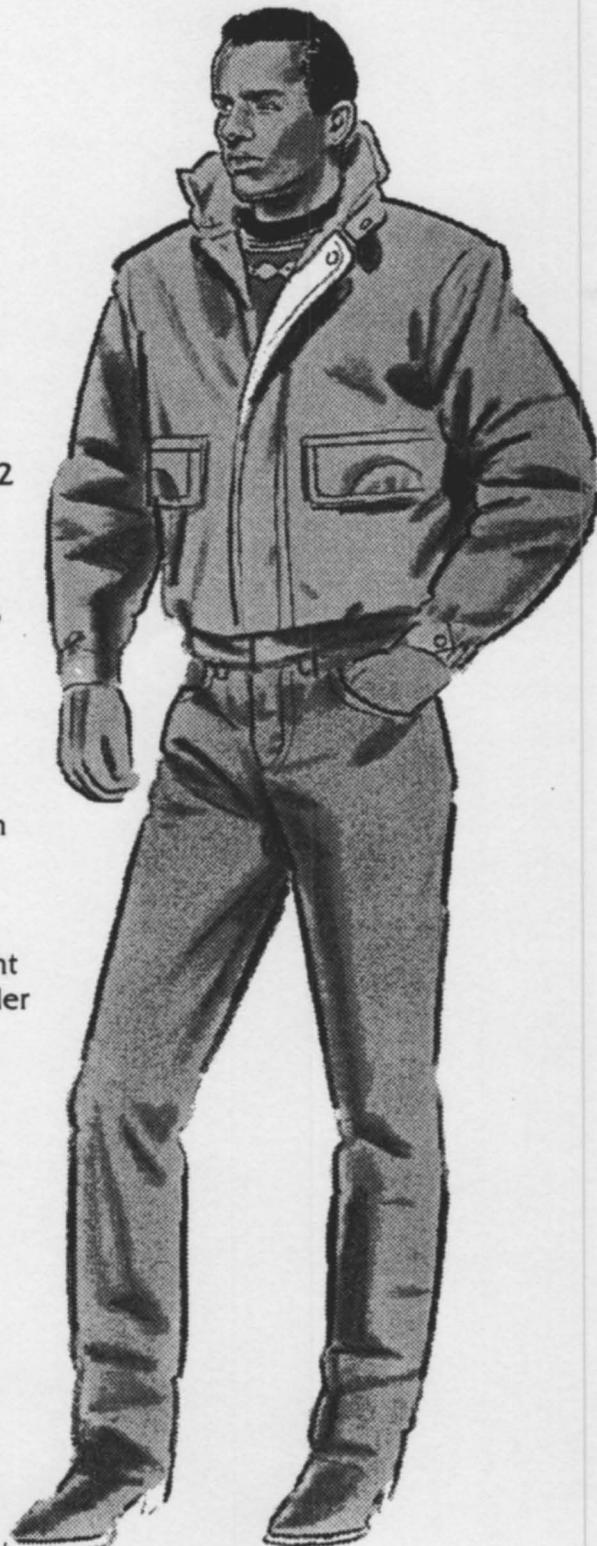
Cyberware:

None

Contacts:
Former Company Man
Street Cop

Gear:

Colt America L36 Light
Pistol (3M2) in Shoulder
Holster
3 clips regular ammo
Armor
Clothing (Medical
Jumpsuit) 3/0 Secure
Jacket 5/3
Earplug phone
Medkit w/ 4 extra
supplies
2 Antidote Patch (8)
2 Antidote Patch (6)
2 Antidote Patch (2)
6 Stimulant Patch (6)
8 Stimulant Patch (4)



seenak!o!

A Night in the Sound

"A Night in the Sound" is designed to give the gamemaster the basic information necessary to conduct a "cargo transportation" shadowrun in the Puget Sound area. It is up to the individual gamemaster to fully detail the particulars of the run. The sights, sounds, and smells involved in the run, as well as the actions and reactions of the non-player characters, will give each gamemaster's adventure a different feel. Although this is a fairly straight-forward scenario, the gamemaster should feel free to change events and circumstances to fit his style of play and the skill levels of the runners involved.

Seattle grew from nothingness to the great city it is today by using its natural port as a means to ship products. Early in its history, timber was shipped through Seattle to many ports and as high tech industries moved into the area, the range of products being sent to sea increased. With water being the most economical shipping method for bulk cargos, the independent haulers and other land based shipping companies couldn't dent Seattle's international shipping trade. Very little has changed today. With the Treaty of Denver, the waterways around Seattle have become even more important for the survival of the large city. The only economical shipping method for most bulk cargos is by water. When moving goods by land (if they are destined for the UCAS or CAS) they must travel through two or three other countries who each have their own restrictions for rigs, cargos, travel permits, etc.

If the treaty would have given exclusive rights of the waterways to the Pacific back to the Indians, Seattle wouldn't have been able to survive. As it stands, the UCAS may use the main channel of the Puget Sound, the Admiralty Inlet, and the Strait of Juan De Fuca to get to and from the ocean. Use of these waterways isn't "free" as NAN is monitoring for pollution control and such, but at least, no special permits are required and they only the most flagrant offenders get hassled.

THE SETUP

THE FIRST DANCE

While the runners are out for a night on the town, celebrating their latest successes no doubt, their rigger is approached by an extremely attractive female. (If the group rigger is female, change the contact to a male.) She is a 5'9" apparently uncybered human with dark brown hair swaying seductively down to her waist. The leathers she is wearing are obviously real and tailored exclusively for her. (Simsense Star, Sprawl Sites, page 118) Without acknowledging any of the shadowrunner's friends gathered around, she will move in closely and, in a voice as sexy as she is, introduce herself as Bambi and ask the rigger (by name) if he would like to dance this slow, hip grinding song with her. If the Rigger agrees, Bambi will probably disappoint him when she starts to whisper a job offer into his ear instead of the sweet nothings expected. If the dance is refused, Bambi will do whatever she can to get the dance, without drawing too much attention. (Tears, causing a minor scene, or threatening to do so, etc.) If that still doesn't work, she will storm away and try again a little later. (If the runners move to another night club, Bambi will try again shortly after they arrive.) If she is still denied her dance, the less-than-brilliant sexpot act will be dropped and she will just come out and ask about the rigger's interest in a job importing some merchandise into Seattle. If she should have any trouble at all (with the runners or others at the nite club) two bodyguards (Mafia Soldier, Sprawl Sites, page 113) will rescue her.

THE FIRST DATE

If the rigger says he is interested in the job, she will give him a location to meet her at 9:00 pm tomorrow night, for an in-depth discussion of the gig. If he has some friends in mind to help provide security for the merchandise, they should also come along. The spot is the Mon Hing Restaurant and Bar, (Seattle Sourcebook, page 97) in the Renton district. When the runners arrive, they will see Bambi sitting next to an american indian, wearing a very nice suit, in a back corner booth. Extra chairs will be brought up to seat them all at the booth if necessary. The man with Bambi will introduce himself as J.J. (Terrorist, Sprawl

Sites, page 121) and wait to be introduced to the runners. Once the introductions have been completed, J.J. offers to buy dinner. Once it has been ordered and delivered, J.J. will make an offer to the runners. The job is to pick up some restricted merchandise (in a boat he will provide) from a contact in NAN waters and bring them back to Seattle. The group of runners will receive a 50,000¥ payment (15,000¥ in advance if the runners make a successful negotiate (5) test) with a 10,000¥ bonus if it is a quiet run and all of the merchandise arrives intact. (If any of the runners ask why they are discussing biz in a hangout for off duty cops, J.J. will calmly answer "Because the cops believe that this is the last place on earth in which anyone would be stupid enough to discuss a job, therefore, here is the last place on earth they would look for anyone discussing business.")

THE FIRST KISS

Upon accepting the deal, J.J. and Bambi will finish their meals and leave. The runners are informed that the information and any advance that was agreed upon will be given to them outside, when they leave. If they refuse the gig, J.J. and Bambi will graciously exit, and stiff the runners with the check for dinner. (J.J. and Bambi of course each had the most expensive meal on the menu in addition to a few drinks.) When the runners leave the restaurant a short while later, a gentleman they have never seen before approaches, sets his attache case down, and shakes the riggers hand saying something like how long it has been since they have seen each other and should get together soon, etc. The last thing he says in a mumbled breath is "The passcode for the door is BIG DOG." As he walks away, the runners will notice that the case was left at the rigger's feet. When they later open it, it will contain a certified cred stick containing the up-front money, some nautical charts for the Puget Sound and surrounding waterways, a passkey for the boat, and instructions for the run. They include the location of the warehouse that contains the vessel they are to use, the pickup point, the times and dates to make the contacts, and information about how and when the runners will receive the rest of their payment. The runners should be given a couple days to try and find out whatever

they can about the NAN patrols in their waters. If the runners get the bright idea to fly in, they will have to supply their own vehicle and have to figure out how to deal with the NAN radar.

THE RUN

ONE SLEEK WOMAN

Upon the time of departure, the runners will gather at the small bay warehouse given in the instructions. The code they were given will open the personnel door at the front, just off the main street. (If they have forgotten the code, the runners need to make an electronics (5) test (base time 2 min). A successful Stealth (3) test is required to avoid detection by the neighbors. When they enter, they will find the only item in the building is a tarp covered boat raised out of the water by a hydraulic lift. When the tarp is removed, the rigger will immediately notice that this is a non-standard Zemlya-Plotava "Swordsman." (The Rigger Black Book) The paint job is a dark, non-reflective black and grey pattern which is quite different from the, bright paint with stripes normally used at the factory. There have also been changes made to the engine mounts. The twin Nautilus Marine outboards have been replaced with EuroNav "Poseidon"s to increase the top speed. The EuroNav engines can be switched with a pair of Acced Marine electric drive units also stored in the boat. (Make a Boats B/R (3) test; base time of 2 min.) Painted on the stern in a fiery red, the craft's name, HASTSEZINI. (the Indian fire god also known as "The Black Lord")

Once the runners are ready, the boat may be lowered into the water and they may exit through a door in the back side of the warehouse. From the outside, the door looks like timbers protecting the buildings footings from the wear and tear of the bay. If the runners leave at night, with the electric engines, there should be little problem with the neighbors noticing (make a Stealth (2) test if low speed, Stealth (3) if high. If they leave using the EuroNav engines, there will be a much greater chance of being spotted, (make a Stealth (5) test if low speed, Stealth (8) if high. Departing unnoticed during daylight hours would be impossible with the daytime traffic in this area. Trying to do so will guarantee problems waiting for the runners when they return.

ROUGH WATERS

The standard weather in the area should be to the players advantage as there is quite often fog, overcast sky, and or a drizzle. This weather will keep the visibility of the Salish Shidhe coast guard down to a minimum. The runners shouldn't have much problem with the lack of visibility as the channels they will be moving in are fairly wide and their charts are up to date. If however they decide they need to flat out move for some reason, they run the risk of running into some of the large chunks of driftwood may be found floating in the water. (Successful navigation requires a Boats (4) test.) Whether washed in from a storm or escaped from a lumber facilities containment nets, it doesn't really matter to the fast boat that gets stopped by one.

The S.S. patrols that the players need to worry about generally patrol in the GMC Riverine. (The Riggers Black Book) They may run into any of the three models but most of the patrol craft are the police model. They cost less and can always radio for the security or assault riverines if necessary. Make four secret rolls each way if the runners cause no problems for themselves. (more if they act stupid) (for patrol crew, use Street Cop, Shadowrun, page 171 (modify skills for weapons being used)) (patrols make an Intelligence test with a variable target depending on the motor type used by the runners: electric engines (low), 12; electric engines (high), 10; Gasoline engines (low), 6; Gasoline engines (high), 3) (for the type of Riverine the runners get caught by, roll 2 die, 2-9 Police Model(crew of 3); 10-11 Security Model (crew of 3); 12 Assault Model (crew of 4, boarding party of 5) If the Assault Model is chosen, roll one die, on a 1-4 one of the assault team is a medic; on a 5-6, in addition to the assault crew add a Combat Mage (Sprawl Sites, page 98))

MEETING THE OLD MAN

If the runners make it past the patrols without getting picked up, or shake any pursuit, they shouldn't have any trouble making it to Flattop Island. If they were spotted and shook the pursuit, their contact will arrive late and nervous. An old Indian that goes by the name Swimming Deep, (Independent Hauler KA-GE Vol. 1, Ish.2) will tell the players that he was late because the entire Salish Shidhe water patrol is on alert. If the runners snuck in without stirring up trouble, the contact may still be late

because of some mechanical trouble with his rickety old boat. Make the players sweat a little. Once contact is made and Swimming Deep is satisfied that these are the people to whom he was told to give the merchandise, (make an Etiquette (street) (4) test, he will pull aside a tarp and defuse some explosives that he had guarding the crates. Once that is done, he will watch the runners move the heavy boxes while he nervously asks them to hurry. (moving the heavy cargo from boat to boat is tricky, requiring an Athletics (5) test.)

TAKING HER HOME

If the runners wish to examine the crates, they will find that they are full of firearms (24 AWS/GL Plus20's and ammo) and missiles (12 Ares LR SAM and 3 Ares portable launchers) from the Salish Shidhe. They look like they were probably a legal shipment that was either hijacked or stolen out of a depot. It doesn't take a mastermind to know that getting caught with these would involve more than just charges of smuggling. The trip back should be roughly the same as in except that, if on alert, the S.S. coast guard will be out in force.

GOODNIGHT

J.J. would prefer that the runners just leave the boat and weapons quietly in the warehouse for one of his men to pick up in a couple of days, if the coast looks clear, so to speak. The balance of the payment can be deposited into an account for the runners or a courier could deliver a certified cred stick when the goods have been picked up and the dust has settled. If the runners do not like that arrangement and another has been made, then the delivery and payment should follow that plan. In any case, J.J. will try to keep himself as separated from the whole deal as possible. If the runners do deliver the weapons and no trouble follows them in, they will be paid and they will get the bonus they were promised. (J.J. doesn't cheat anyone who does a good job for him.) If the weapons get confiscated or lost, J.J. will hold the runners responsible and wait until the proper time to seek vengeance. In any case, any runners who survive should receive one karma for survival and one point if the weapons are delivered intact. Any additional karma awarded is left to the discretion of the gamemaster according to special play.

personalities:

AWS NPC'S

Vice President, Marketing/P.R., AWS Inc.

Laura Blakemore

Former Company Man (Shadowrun, page 37)

Attributes:

Lower: Body to 3
Raise: Essence to 5.1
Charisma to 5
Intelligence to 6.
Willpower to 6

Skills:

Replace:

Demolitions

with Etiquette(Tribal) 6

Stealth

with Etiquette (Govt) 5

Unarmed Combat

with Negotiation 5

Raise:

Etiquette (Corp) to 6

Cyberware:

Drop:

all except for
the Datajack

Add:

Telephone
Chipjack

Other:

Adjust equipment and
contacts as appropriate

Ms. Blakemore manages a highly successful Marketing/PR division. Though not overly attractive, Laura knows how to make just about anyone feel "at ease." This talent has allowed her to personally swing some multi-million nuyen contracts with one short meeting. Even though she has the ability to affect large deals, public relations is her prime concern.

Very little is more important, personally, than stepping into the media spotlight. Since she knows there is no possibility of monitoring every deal being worked worldwide, Ms.

Blakemore makes sure her staff is full of top notch negotiators. (Use the Corporate Official contact (*Sprawl Sites*, page 107) with an appropriate etiquette skill as entry level personnel for Ms. Blakemore's division.) The larger the deal, the better trained, equipped, and protected the Marketing/P.R. group will be. Since she has taken over, this division has started helping the sales departments of the other divisions by bringing in

mentioned earlier, improved) will often hire runners to cause the problems at various locations around the world, that boost tensions and sales. The runners are usually hired by Blakemore or Ludwick with as little help as possible, in order to keep the number of people with knowledge of the deal to a minimum.

Director, Shipping and Receiving, AWS Inc.

Tyson Jones

Former Military Officer

(Low-Grade) (*Sprawl Sites*,
page 102)

Skills:

Add: Management at 5

Other:

Adjust equipment
and contacts as appropriate

Mr. Jones spent four terms in the UCAS service, moving up in the ranks, before he became disillusioned with his "slim" chances of becoming one of the "upper echelon." Starting out as private Jones, Tyson demonstrated above average leadership and intelligence. As he learned to play the military game, it didn't take long to move up to OCS and a couple of rungs beyond. After that, the reality of small standing armies and the fact that the turnover on the top isn't very frequent, caused a standstill in the upward climb. Tyson decided that though the military life was enjoyable, his



many new "clients." These purchasers are often large security agencies or various governments, baited away from AWS's competitors. In addition to these legally grabbed clients, the marketing division has been involved in the illegal activity that arms producers and politicians call "market creation." Since it is an illegal activity, Ms. Blakemore or her assistant (Jacob Ludwick, **Corporate Official** as

Personalities:

future was with private industry. After settling back in his home town of St. Louis, Tyson started work at AWS Inc. as a middle level manager in one of the warehouses.

Showing a keen grasp of management, Tyson started an upward movement that climaxed with his becoming Director of international shipping and receiving after an accident that destroyed warehouse number three and his superiors.

Tyson Jones runs the shipping department in an efficient, by-the-rules manner. Even so, he realizes that security can't always be trusted and some of the drivers are on the take. When he has a shipment that has to get somewhere fast, or he wants some of his staff checked out, Tyson will resort to hiring

runners. It isn't something he likes doing, but if it's the only way to be sure of the personnel, it's worth it. He ALWAYS personally meets any outside help hired to help his department. After giving them the old officer's once over, he will either give the ok to continue, or the get the hell out of here.

Standard Security Agent, AWS Inc.

Dyke Miller
Elven Street Samurai (*Street Samurai Catalog*, page 104)

Attributes:

Raise:
Intelligence to 5

Skills:

Raise:
Etiquette(Street) to 5

Add:

Etiquette(Corporate) at 5

Other:

Given enough time, Dyke can get almost any piece of AWS weaponry, with a crew to man it, that he may need.

Dyke Miller is John Pipes' "golden boy." (Use Standard security agent stats.) So far, Dyke has never failed a task he was set to and has (several times) plugged major technology leaks before they could become a problem for AWS. He is given a fairly free hand and has been known to hire help outside the corporation for what he sees as security reasons. If he does hire help, Dyke is always careful to not allow them to gather any information on AWS that may come back to haunt him or the company. In other words, fill

upcoming from FASA:

Due out in December, just in time for the Christmas rush, is **The Rigger Black Book**. It features dozens of vehicles, support gear, cyberwear, and new and expanded vehicle rules in a fully-illustrated sourcebook. It should be available by the time you read these words.

Due in February is **Elven Fire**. Seattle has been ravaged by random, senseless gang violence. The runners are drawn into a web of lies and deceit (in Shadowrun?) as they try to discover who has turned Seattle into a war zone.

Finally, in March we will see **ShadowTech**. This sourcebook details all the newest and sharpest in personal-enhancement technology on the streets. From adrenalin-boosting bioware to headware cyberdecks to complete sensory enhancement packages, this package provides it all (or so we are lead to believe).

On the distant horizon is **Shadowbeat** by Paul Hume. This multi-media source book and rules expansion should be out in April or May, depending on the final production cycle.

Run for it!

The following scenarios incorporate the companies profiled in Kage 1 & 2.

One

A striking female patron enters the runner's favorite watering hole. Though instantly the center of attention, she wanders over to the group.

Quotes

"You look like a promising group. Tell me, have you ever done anything I would have heard of?"

"Nice outfit, Ace. That's a Marconi jacket, isn't it. You can always tell by the cut of the sleeves."

"You seem eager enough. Maybe the night is just getting started."

Notes

Vivid thrives on being the center of attention and she is more than able to play it to the hilt. Despite her flashy ways, however, she is a true professional. Although she prefers to get paid as she works, she is putting in some uncompensated overtime tonight.

Several days ago guards thwarted a break-in attempt at a CYCO Circuits warehouse. One of the intruders lost a distinctive Navajo silver and turquoise pendant at the warehouse and Vivid has been attempting to track down the owner since then. She finally got a break earlier today and now has a name and address.

Vivid wants to lean on the jewelry-owner and try to get the name of the individuals responsible for setting up the theft attempt.

Unfortunately for Vivid, and the runners, the thieves are all members of the same tribe. They only recently left their tribe to seek their fortune in the big city. Their run would probably have been successful, but their decker didn't open the warehouse doors on schedule, so the band left. They were discovered on the way out.

The warriors will fight for and with one another. They will not abandon a wounded comrade, but they will fight to escape. If captured and forced to talk, they admit nothing. In fact, they only know their contact as Mr. Johnson.

Archetype

Vivid: See CYCO NPC section in Kage Issue 1.

Four Thieves: Use **Former Tribal Warrior**, Sprawl Sites page 103.

Info/Contacts

Vivid knows, and is well known, in most magical circles within the city. She travels around a lot and makes sure she is remembered by those she meets. She would never compromise CYCO, but she will help the runners if they helped her. She will be especially faithful to any runner who actually saves her life.

If the runners turn down the

Scenario Ideas

offer, she will likely remember them should they run into one another in the future.

Two

The runners are approached by a grizzled, but elegantly dressed, dwarf who introduces himself as Mr. Big. He dares the runners to make a joke about the name with a glare and solid stance.

Quotes

"Naw, chummer. I'm not sensitive about comments regarding my height. I just consider the squatter source."

"Short! That's real perceptive. Your mama must be extra proud of you."

"Mind your manners, boys. There ain't but six of you and I got a whole company on my side."

Notes

Mr. Big has a problem and he has been forced to look outside the company to solve it. He recently discovered that some member of his executive staff is attempting to assassinate him to clear the way for a quick promotion. Although there are little hard facts, his long history with the shadier side of the street told him it was time to nip this thing in the bud. His security is good, but he wasn't ready to tip his hand. He wants some extra muscle to watch him from a distance and do some cautious

run for it!

searching into the background of some of his staff.

In truth, the contract has been placed by the executive committee of AWS, Inc. Although the corporation owns a majority interest in CYCO, they are not sure about the abilities of the new CEO and have devised this rather harsh test. If he fails, there is no great loss as he has been on the job for only a short time. If he survives the attempt, he will have proved himself able to lead a company in the highly competitive electronics industry.

The hitter always works alone and has a long string of successes. He is very patient and will walk away from an attempt if he is not absolutely sure of his shot. If cornered he will fight to the death. If captured, he will not talk.

Archetypes

Mr. Big: See **CYCO NPC** Section in *Kage* Issue 1.

Hitman: Use **Elven Hitman**, *Shadowrun* page 166.

Info/Contacts

Mr. Big is well-connected; both in the corporate world and on the street. If the runners manage to save his life, he will certainly be willing to help out when they are in need. Tough, but honorable, he will skate the laws, but not openly cross them.

Mr. Big (Mr. Schaferkotter) also has access to all of the equipment at CYCO Circuits. Although he would never give

the runners any decker equipment (no matter what they did), he would be willing to let some pieces go for a reduced price. If the runners want tech, however, Mr. Big's debt will be considered paid and they cannot use him as a contact in the future.

Three

The runners are approached by a well dressed dwarf. He wastes little time in offering the runners a job, in a factory.

Quotes

"A short joke! That's really great, chummer. You stay up all night thinking of that one?"

"Time is money. You interested, or do I have to find somebody else eager to make some easy money?"

"Equal Opportunity, chummer. We hire elves, dwarves, orks and Trolls. I even got an Aztech or two on the floor."

Notes

A recent random sample of MPCP chips provided by CYCO Circuits parent company, Logitech-Honeywell (ESI), was discovered to be flawed. Instead of working poorly, however, the chips activated a trace and report when in the matrix. Not only is this very bad for current business, but every decker in the country would be out for revenge if the news got out. Because of tampered receiving records, however, it is unclear if the chips actually came from

twenty

ESI or were switched at CYCO. In either case this is a definite inside job.

Mr. Schaferkotter (Mr. Big) wants the runners to discover the identity of the inside man (or men). Until he knows the name of the saboteur, Mr. Big will allow the faulty chips to be used (their serial numbers and the serial numbers of the decks which use them are easily traceable). Nobody but Mr. Big and the Vice President of Research know of the tampering, and Mr. Big plans to keep it that way.

The chips were actually switched at CYCO by Gillian Widborne and two accomplices. Ever the short-sighted thinker, Gillian believes the altered chips will ruin Mr. Big without taking the company down with him. The new chips would be instantly spotted on the market, making them useless as a beacon, but very powerful for embarrassing Mr. Big. Gillian will eventually tip his hand and give himself (and his accomplices) away unless the runners figure out what is going on first.

Archetypes

Mr. Big: See **CYCO NPC** Section in *Kage* Issue 1.

Gillian Widborne: See **CYCO NPC** Section in *Kage* Issue 1.

Two Accomplices: Use **Mercenary**, *Shadowrun*, page 40. Remove all cyberwear.

Info/Contacts

Mr. Big always remembers a favor. If the runners are ever in

run for it:

trouble, they can turn to him. Although he will only give them access to reduced-price equipment if they were outstandingly successful, he will attempt to stay in touch with future job offerings and information.

F o u r

The runners are approached by a confident individual with a seemingly easy mission. Take a parcel from Seattle to St. Louis. Drop off the package in a designated airport locker and return on the same day. What could be easier?

Quotes

"You look like you could keep the rabble out of the way. So, what do you say, chummer?"

"It's easy money. Most of the time you'll be cruising in the calm blue yonder."

"Danger? What do you mean, danger? I'd take the package there myself, but my mom has come down with flu."

Notes

The package the runners are to take is actually a worthless piece of electronic gear (the motor to a standard blender). The runners will each receive 10,000¥ (half now, half upon return) and a first class round trip plane ticket to St. Louis. The contact, who works for the Shipping and Receiving department of AWS in St. Louis is hiring several small teams to take similar packages to

different airports across the UCAS and CAS as part of a decoy scheme to slow down the competition while the real gear is being transported by AWS security personnel.

The mission should be fairly straight forward until the team touches down in St. Louis. There the gear is mis-identified as a bomb component. The runners will be detained (after they have been subdued by airport security if necessary) until the truth comes out. Depending on their reactions and the result of any confrontation with the security forces in St. Louis, the runners may be back on the way to Seattle or waiting in a cell for a long, long time.

Archetypes

AWS Contact: Use **Fixer**, *Shadowrun* page 167.

Airport Security: Use **Street Cop**, *Shadowrun* page 171.

Info/Contacts

The AWS contact will look for the runners after their return to Seattle if they didn't compromise AWS during their stay in St. Louis. Although he is only a mid-level personnel acquirer, he does have contacts with the security division and CYCO Circuits. If the team did well, he could offer them employment on a future decoy job (with the runners knowledge this time), or introduce them to the senior members of his division for more "in-depth" work.

F i v e

The runners are in the middle of a run when they chance upon a man who lurches out of an alley at them. He thrusts a small case into their hands and slumps to the wet pavement. Closer examination reveals he is dead, the victim of three gunshot wounds.

Quotes

Bang, bang, bang.
"Hey, are they shooting at us?"

Notes

The runners have stumbled upon a former member of the AWS security division. The package he gave the runners contains a polymer holdout pistol with a container of caseless ammunition. The caseless ammo is not only more powerful, but it is very cheap to produce and it can be stored indefinitely without the chance for misfire. Unfortunately for AWS, several competitors put together a team of runners to stop the project and the lone security agent was the only one to get away. Now that the inventors are dead and the lab is ruined, the only evidence of the project is the package owned by the runners.

Hot on the heels of the agent are the shadowrunners sent to kill the armorers and destroy the lab. Now that the security agent is dead, the runners are the only witnesses,

and you know what that means.

Archetype

Former Company Man:

Shadowrun, page 37.

Ork Mercenary: *Shadowrun*, page 41.

Combat Mage: *Sprawl Sites*, page 98.

Elven Samurai: *Street Samurai Catalog*, page 104.

Info/Contacts

If any of the runners from the encounter survive, the players can look forward to a few days spent looking over their shoulders. If they start passing out the ammo, or asking too many questions, they could be visited by a team from either AWS or the competition. Maybe both sides will come calling. If they lay low for a week or two (at least keep the ammo out of sight), the attention will die down.

The ammunition can only be used by a hold-out pistol designed to fire caseless ammunition. It raises the power level and staging by one. Inside the package are 25 bullets. They cannot be reproduced by an armorer (although the armor might not tell the runners that until he has a few of the rounds for testing). The presses and chemical process for making the rounds has been destroyed.

Six

The runners are relaxing at their favorite watering hole when a very serious looking woman enters. After a brief look around the room, she heads straight for the team. She shifts an alloy briefcase to her left hand and extends her right. She immediately offers the team a "Field Test Contract."

Quotes

"It's a standard FTC. Just sign the bottom line and be sure to clearly print the name of your next-of-kin."

"Dangerous? Chummer, just crossing the street in this day and age is dangerous."

Notes

Morgaine Kelley is an eager up-and-coming research assistant in the weapons division of AWS, Inc. Her current project has entered the prototype testing stage and although initial test results were not outstanding, she feels a "live" test would greatly enhance the chance for additional funding. She offers the weapon, with ammunition, and 5,000¥ for a field test.

Normally a dedicated company woman, she would never think of hiring Shadowrunners, but the rather explosive failure of the first test has left most of the other members of the testing department either incapacitated or uninterested. She is sure she can fix any problems, but like

most techies, she needs more information.

This is an opportunity for the game master to introduce his own weapon system into the game, either a hand-gun, rifle, vehicle weapon, or missile. This can be either a "safe" weapon or one which packs a nasty surprise (for the firer). Ms. Kelley will make the weapon available in whatever quantity seems appropriate, providing the runners a discrete about its use and provide a full and detailed report on the weapon's performance. Although she will not make it immediately apparent, she will pay for several reports at the 5,000¥ each. If the weapon seems to work well in the campaign, AWS will eventually go into full production. (So send Kage the results of the test so we can publish the statistics.)

Archetype

Morgaine Kelley: Use **Arborer**, *Sprawl Sites*, page 105

Info/Contacts

If the runner prove accurate, dependable and discrete, Ms. Kelley will seek them out again for further testing of AWS products. An excellent armorer, she will undoubtedly go far at AWS unless a disgruntled tester ends her career.

1. How do average citizens use money? Are credsticks the only form of accepted currency?

There are three primary financial systems in the world of Shadowrun. 1) The credstick. The use (and abuse) of this credit and ID system is covered in Sprawl Sites, page 126. 2) The Certified credstick. These are effectively like current day "bearer" bonds. The owner of the stick can slot it anywhere and receive the cash, no questions asked. This form of currency has, for the most part, replaced cash. 3) Script. There are still a few people who cling to cold, hard cash. Most corporations pay their employees with corporate script (which is good in the corporate and corporate-associated stores). Although billions of nuyen are transferred via script, it is only a very small percentage of most economies.

Corporate stock and corporate issued script is the standard currency of Shadowrun. When a runner is paid via credstick, the "behind-the-scenes" transaction involves the transfer of corporate nuyen from one bank to another. In most instances, it is unnecessary for the runner to know or understand the process. In actuality, the stock price of a company will greatly influence the value of the script issued. One hundred nuyen

FASA EXPLAINS IT ALL TO YOU

issued on Aztechnology script might purchase 115¥ of goods one day, 90¥ of goods another. It all depends on the current market conditions. Without a government to stabilize what 100¥ will buy, the value can change dramatically (even from one block to the next). This is why some runners prefer payment in gold, gems, and blue chip stock. The value is much more stable.

Unless a game master wants to create and maintain a stock market on all the major corporations, keep it simple. Nuyen on any type of credstick is stable and will neither go up or down in value. Script will be worth a variable amount each time it is used. Roll a d6 = 1-2 - 90% of face value, 3-4 - 100% of face value, 5-6 - 110% of face value.

2 Do you have to purchase a concentration when you take Etiquette during archetype creation?

Etiquette requires a concentration at creation. Once purchased an additional level is received for free. If four points are spent, therefore, in Etiquette(street), the final level would be a five. There are no bonuses for additional concentrations. If the same character spent four points for Etiquette(Media), the final level would still be a 4.

3. What is caseless ammo and how does it work?

Caseless ammo does not use a brass cartridge to hold the powder when initially constructed. The powder is actually formed into a solid piece with the bullet on the end. The entire cartridge is burned away when the weapon is fired. The primary advantage of a caseless round is the light weight. Since there is no brass, each round is lighter. Therefore a soldier can carry more rounds and use a smaller, lighter weapon. Caseless ammo will not fit in a "normal" weapon as there is too much gas leakage around the receiver and ejection port. This type of ammo requires a tight seal in the firing chamber to focus the gases (and bullet) forward which means a specially designed weapon must be used.

Jim long is managing editor
george pace is production/design
dean sestak is mis/db management

sean parrack is cover artist
gil cooper is production assistant

editorial board is you + 300 Others
tom dowd is fasa corp. approval
sam lewis is corp. relations

SHADOWRUN AND MATRIX ARE TRADEMARKS OF FASA CORPORATION. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

ALL MATERIALS IN KA·GE
© 1991 AWOL PRODUCTIONS AND
© 1991 FASA CORPORATION.

Off the shelf!

Rodeo Pickup Truck

Rugged good looks combined with pulse pounding power, this on-road special is designed for the urban cowboy and those with a nostalgic streak. Classic pickup truck lines conceal a hi-performance engine which provides more than ample power to get two passengers where they need to be. The plush cab is armored and provides full passenger protection with an APPS restraint system.

Handling	3/6
Speed	45/140
B/A	3/1
Sig	1
APilot	2
Cost	63,000¥

Seating	twin bucket seats
Access	2 standard
Economy	18 km per litre
Fuel	IC/150 litres
Cargo	80 CF rear

Standard Accessories

- Hi-Performance Engine
- APPS
- Anti-Theft System - Rating 8
- Swivel Mounted Spot-light
- Performance Tires

Black Crab Reverse Street Trike

With the two main wheels on the front of the trike, this vehicle looks like it is stuck in reverse, but don't let the unusual looks fool you. Designed for city travel, this vehicle has what it takes to make it on the mean streets. Improved suspension and reinforced seating make sure even the largest passengers have a smooth safe ride. Too tired to drive? Let the Black Crab take you home. (UCAS Geological Survey Map Chip of Seattle included at no additional cost!)

Handling	2/4
Speed	35/105
B/A	3/0
Sig	2
APilot	0
Cost	14,200¥

Seating	Twin bucket + 1 rear
Economy	50 km per litre
Fuel	IC/75 litres
Storage	15/60

Standard Accessories

- Improved Suspension
- Autopilot - Rating 1
- Reinforced Seating
- Runflat Tires

off the shelf

Princess Carriage Sidecar

There is no doubt you can make a statement arriving at the latest Hollywood Sim-sense premier on your fully-equipped street hog, but will your date be ready to impress after the wind-blown trip? Play it safe with the Princess Carriage. Installs in minutes and provides complete comfort for the fairer sex with a mini-bar and overstuffed seat. What's more, the APPS will not even wrinkle her dress. Pop open the canopy and let the crowd gasp in wonder as you arrive in perfect form.

Sidecar

body	3
Seating	single bench
Cost	7,750¥
Cargo	7 CFs
Standard Accessories	

APPS

Mini-Bar

EnviroSeal

Goodyear-Koch

2X1 Off-road tires

If you've ever wanted two sets of wheels, but only had the nuyen to purchase one, the 2X1 is the wheel for you. More than just a set of tires, the 2X1 includes the patented rim, which stores air from the tire. Need more PSI for on-road travel? Press the wheel stud and the compressed air is forced into the tire. Want a little less when you're moving into less hospitable terrain? Pull the same stud and air is released back into the rim. It's that simple. A PSI gauge is even included with every tire. Get the tire that provides on, and off, road performance.

2X1 Off-road tires

Cost: 300¥

(set of 4 is only 1,000¥!)

MaxView Safety Helmet

"Got a two-nuyen head? Wear a two-nuyen helmet."

When you're riding your favorite hog, you need safety and a full field of vision. MaxView offers a full line of UCAS and CAS DOT approved motorcycle helmets in a wide range of styles. Each is fully guaranteed to provide complete cranium protection. Wear what the Timberwolves wear. Wear a MaxView.

Standard Helmet	(0/1) 200¥
Greek Warhelm	(1/1) 500¥
Roman Warhelm	(1/1) 500¥
Viking Warhelm	(1/1) 500¥
WWI German Helmet	(0/1) 250¥

Options

Digital Music Stereo	150¥
Low-light Option	550¥
*Smartgun Option	3,250¥
Earphone Telephone Option	800¥
Micro-Transceiver Option	2,000¥
Respirator Option	500¥

* requires Smart-Gun Connection

off the shelf

MaxGlide Anti-skid Suit

Ever wonder how Agrippa Bates of the Timberwolves Combat Bike team manages to even stand after one of his famous "eat my bike" suicide slides? Like all professionals, he is fully prepared. He wears a MaxGlide anti-skid suit under his uniform. Normal cuts and abrasions are not even a consideration, let alone a problem.

"Hey I may be reckless, but I'm not stupid. I wear MaxGlide" — Agrippa Bates, leading scorer for the Timberwolves.

Anti-Skid Suit 200¥

[An anti-skid suit reduces the damage code for any vehicle accident by one, if the wear is thrown clear. (Deadly damage would become Serious.) For the suit to provide the protection, however, the wearer must be able to slide with the impact. Slamming into a tree or building, or being thrown about inside the vehicle itself, negates the bonus of the suit.]

Chandler Capture 100 Shotgun

The number one choice of police forces and security teams across the UCAS is renowned for its reliability even under the most extreme environments. Chandler's compact size and light weight make it the only choice for veterans everywhere. Now available with a variable choke*. For distance targets, add the under barrel grenade launcher at a reduced price. For slightly more, increase your stopping power with the smartgun variant and adjust the choke on the fly.

Type	Conceal	Ammo	Damage	Weight	Cost
Capture 100 Shotgun	3	12 (clip)	5M3	3.75	1,500¥
Capture 100/SM Shotgun	2	12 (clip)	5M3	4.0	2,000¥
Grenade Launcher	-2	4 (mag)	per Gren.	+2.0	1,500¥

* Variable choke allows the firer to alter the scatter pattern of the shot as an action. Listed damage is for wide choke. The shotgun fires with normal effects. With a tight choke, the weapon loses the potential to damage adjacent targets (the shot will not spread per Shadowrun rules), but the damage code increases to 6M2. The smartgun can adjust the choke without spending an action.

>>>[Excellent damage when you're up close and personal, but forget the bean shooter underneath.]<<< -Kable

>>>[Forget the variable, tighten the choke and let it smoke!]<<< -Barracuda

ASW/GL Plus 20 Heavy Pistol

Light weight and heavy stopping power. Until now the two were mutually exclusive, but with the arrival of the Plus 20 you can have the best of both worlds. Constructed of light weight polymers and a minimum of alloy parts, the Plus 20 is the lightest weapon in its class. Why get weighed down? Pack the Plus 20 and travel light.

Type:	Conceal	Ammo	Damage	Weight	Cost
Plus 20 Heavy Pistol	5	12(Clip)	4 M2	1.75	600¥

>>>[Ever tried one of these things with Firepower ammo? Talk about a kick!]<<<
-Rodeo

Reviews!

Total Eclipse

Rating 3 (out of 5)

This adventure module takes the runners on a quest to retrieve the four members of a band, The Elementals, who have reportedly broken their contract with the record corporation. By the time the runners catch up with the band members, they have all gone their separate ways, requiring either a multi-pronged attack or dogged determination to achieve success.

Once the band has been rounded up, the runners are asked to take a second contract to provide protection for a late night video shoot in the middle of Elvish lands. As in all other Shadowrun adventures, things are not as they seem, but then you're not even a little surprised are you?

Pros

This adventure is designed for beginning shadowrunners who are looking for an assignment which will provide them some sort of rep. The writing is clear and concise, with all of the major points covered (except one — see the Con section). Beginning game masters should have no trouble running the adventure and beginning runners will probably be able to complete it provided they have a little luck or heavy firepower.

The characters of the module are very good. Although the stats for the band members are

virtually identical, the personalities and backgrounds are very diverse, proving stats DO NOT make the character. Along the way, the runners should encounter several interesting NPCs, who for the most part want to cut the runners' careers short.

The art work is diverse and is provided in a wide range of styles. Most of the contributors will be known by experienced runners for their distinctive style. The overall quality of the work is very good.

Cons

There are only two weak parts of the adventure. The first involves the change in tempo once the band members have been recovered. The second contract is offered after the band members disappear into a back room with Mr. Johnson for a brief time and return all smiles and giggles. Only the truly foolhardy, naive, or stupid will believe the band members could have been fighting so hard to retain their freedom one moment and perfectly at ease the next. It would have helped (especially if the game master is inexperienced) to have some believable explanation why the band is willing to cooperate so easily. (Magic? Naw, it couldn't be.)

Secondly, the runners will have to go against some very experienced opponents. Capturing the band members will be the least of their worries.

KA·GE PICKS AND PANS

especially when they run up against Nemesis and have to stand toe-to-toe in the final encounter. Tough opponents are not necessarily a problem, but these are not people that rookies should normally have to fight (unless the game master is in an especially cruel mood). Nemesis alone should be able to take out most of a party, especially if he manages to surprise the runners. (By the way, Nemesis should have a Quickness of 6. His running speed is 30.) Once the run is over, the awarded karma is very low considering other adventures which have been recently published and the level of the opponents involved.

Conclusion

Total Eclipse is a good product, but refs should take a look at the two weak points and consider how they will handle these problems before the adventure is run. Either play the opponents weaker (NOT), or increase the rewards, especially if the runners manage to successfully complete the entire adventure. There is still a debate on whether beings with regeneration can have cyberware, but that is up to refs (for the moment). Assuming the runners are successful, the band members and any surviving opponents should make colorful contacts or adversaries in future campaigns in the Seattle area.

Reviews:

Native American Nations, Volume 2 **Rating 4 (out of five)**

NAN2 follows the same format of its predecessor, NAN1, and covers the Amerindian tribes of the north. The front fifty pages are devoted to an adventure, Eye of the Eagle, and the back half covers Danchekker's Primer on the **Native American Nations, Volume Two**. Like NAN1, NAN2 is part adventure and part source book. Readers use both parts of the book to develop a complete picture of life in the north.

Pros

In NAN1, I said the adventure is the weakest link in the book. In this volume, that is not the case. The adventure, which involves eco-terrorism, is very well done with a good combination of bad guys to fight, innocent civilians to save, and detective work to pursue. Even if the runners do not want to spend a good deal of time in the wilds of what was once Canada, it would be well worth their time to accept the contract which takes them on the adventure Eye of the Eagle. Just be sure to bring along the heavy weapons, you'll have ample opportunity to use them.

The back half of the book is very strong. It covers the Algonkian-Manitoo council, Athabascan Council, Trans-Polar Leut Nation and the Tsimshian Nation. Each culture is strikingly different than the others, proving that just because

people live in the same region, they don't necessarily have the same problems. The shadow-vox sections of the book are very well done, with numerous good comments about life among the Amerindians and the many hardships they face.

One of the most striking things about the book is the abundance of excellent art. Readers receive more of Jeff Laubenstein's Indian dancers and Tim Bradstreet's excellent character studies than in the previous volume.

Cons

There are not many cons with this product. Most of the problems are minor and should provide nothing to slow the action. For instance, what about a Polar Bear shaman, or Walrus shaman? My single complaint is the constant reference to the state of the environment. Readers are constantly reminded the land is an economic and ecological nightmare. Most, if not all, of the conflicts within the Nations revolves around the use and ownership of the land. (Astute readers will note that all conflict revolves around use and ownership of something.) In the north, however, that seems to be all there is to worry about. I felt it was a little over-done.

Conclusion

This is a very good product which deserves to be used in any campaign. The adventure is strongly written and gives the players the chance to get out into the wilderness to try their hand at

life in the cold. The source section is also very well written and gives the game master plenty of information on running a short campaign in the north. For us southerners who know little about the people most of us have always thought of as eskimos, this book can be very enlightening.

Ral Partha Shadowrun Miniatures

For those of you who did not know, (because you did not read the Net Notes) the new Shadowrun miniatures are now being produced by Ral Partha. In a word, the overall quality, maintenance of scale, and detail is **excellent**. Most of the bases are even detailed with items such as man hole covers, brickwork, and concrete lines. We at Kage suggest you waste as little time as possible in purchasing a package (or two) for your next session. Each package contains a variable number of figures, depending on size, with a standard retail price of \$4.00.

Part Number 20-500, Shadow Runners (4) by D. Mize and D. Summers Rating 3.5 (out of 5)

Figure one is a former company man. Very good detail, especially on the Predator and slouch hat. Figure two, the best figure in the set, is an elf with an Ingram. The detail is excellent, but slight joint lines on the legs mar a nearly perfect figure. Figure three, a female Amerindian

Reviews:

with staff, is nicely detailed, but lacks the level of animation found in the first two characters. Figure four, a dwarf with a laser axe, is the weakest of the set. It just does not have the level of detail found in the other three figures.

Part Number 20-501,

Deckers (3)

by D. Mize and T. Meier

Rating 3 (out of 5)

Figure one is a long-haired male with a deck slung over his back. The head and hair is very well done, but the deck itself is rather non-descript and the feet suffer from slight flashing. Figure two is a short haired male with a deck under one arm and machine pistol in the other. The animation is very good, especially in the face. The final figure is a female decker holding her deck. Again the details are very good (the cyber eyes are a nice touch), but the legs are marred by joint lines.

Part Number 20-502,

Human Street Samurai (3)

by T. Meier

Rating 3.5 (out of 5)

Figure one comes with heavy gear - cyber ears, light machine gun, submachine gun and grenades. Pitched slightly forward, the figure carries a good sense of movement, especially with the slightly open long coat. Figure two comes with CMDT Combat gun, Katana, and a string of grenades. The good detail, however, is spoiled by flash and joint lines. In addition, the left foot is raised, seemingly for no

good reason as the rest of the figure does not support the foot's movement. The final figure looks like Blackwing rendered in 3-D. The long haired elf comes complete with sun glasses (it's never too dark to wear shades), and more weapons than most of the other packages combined. Excellent movement and detail make this the best figure of the package.

Part Number 20-503,

Mages (3)

by D. Mize and T. Meier

Rating 3.5 (out of 5)

Figure one is a suited hermetic mage with sun glasses, briefcase and staff. The subtle motion and expression provides the figure with an extreme air of confidence. Figure two is a female mage (either shaman or hermetic) striding forward with a staff. Although the motion is good,

KA+GE picks			
Troll Street Samurai	20-504	5.0	(out of 5)
Female Elven Runner	20-505	4.5	(out of 5)
Male Elven Runner	20-500	4.5	(out of 5)
Former Company Man	20-500	4.0	(out of 5)
Male Mage	20-503	4.0	(out of 5)

this miniature does not have the level of detail found in most of the other figures in the line. The final figure is a male with a crop-top hairdo and a host of weapons and arcane devices. The figure itself is the largest human in the line making it an excellent centerpiece while still maintaining the correct scale.

Part Number 20-504,

Meta-Human Street Samurai (3)

by D. Summers

Rating 4.5 (out of 5)

Figure one is a very large, cigar-chomping Troll, hip-firing a belt-fed Panther Assault Cannon while he holds an Ingram at the ready. The figure is superb and will be the standard by which the other miniatures of this line are judged. Figure two is an ork with an upraised baseball bat in one hand and a submachine gun in the other. Figure three is a heavily armed dwarf.

Although all have excellent facial detail, only the troll maintains this high standard throughout.

Part Number 20-505,

Elves (4)

by D. Mize

Rating 4 (out of 5)

Figure one is a male decker with Predator. The animation and detail are good, but joint lines mar the leg and feet. Figure two is a female mage with cane held aloft. The overall design is good, but the cape is very thick and there is little animation to the miniature. Figure three is a female runner with one hand holding an Ultra-Power and the other running her fingers through her hair. This excellent miniature is marred by slight flashing on the gun and inside of the legs. The final figure is an Elven Samurai with assault rifle and katana. The animation and detail are good, but the entire miniature is surrounded by a joint line.

~~Writting on the wall:~~

TODAY'S HEADLINES

INTERNATIONAL

Flames Erupt in Devonshire

Fire of an unknown origin ripped through Devonshire, England last night, forcing thousands of residents to flee their homes. Thick rolls of oily black smoke blotted most of the sky during the morning and had only begun to clear following the mammoth efforts of area firemen. The fire is still under investigation.

Royal Family Visits Fort Lewis

The British royal family paid a brief and unexpected visit to Fort Lewis last month to inspect local security procedures. Local forces reported only light casualties.

NATIONAL

Violence Continues in Dallas/Fort Worth

The fourth straight night of gang violence rocked the city of Irving as rival gangs fought to a bloody stand off. Although the battles appear to be over gang turf, local officials are unable to explain the ferocity and duration of the attacks.

LOCAL

Killing Resumes in Redmond

After a three week lapse, bodies are again turning up in Redmond. Sgt. Moon of Lone Star reported today that the fifth body was discovered last night near the vicinity of the first four. "Although it is too early to tell, these acts of violence appear to be the work of one individual. We have been unable to determine if this string of violent acts is in any way

connected to the serial violence of last month." Story continues on page 133.

BUSINESS

Coroner Reports on Otaka's Death

The coroner's final report on the death of Miles Otaka, senior manager of Lochlann Products, was released today. Despite several pieces of startling evidence, the coroner ruled the elder Otaka died of natural causes. Lochlann Products could not be reached for comment.

CYCO Circuits Announces New Product

Following aggressive litigation by Fuchi corporation, Cyco Circuits has stopped sales of their popular Cyco-4. A spokesman for the Seattle-based firm announced the product would be replaced with a similar product, the Cyco Beta. "Our former CEO might have gotten a little carried away in the past by provoking Fuchi. Believe me, that won't happen again." Fuchi officials seemed happy with the results of the court case, but were clearly surprised by Cyco's new product announcement.

ENTERTAINMENT

Leo brings down the house

Chaos broke loose at the Skeleton when Leo knocked loose one of the lighting supports during his act, causing the entire rack of lights to fall onto the stage. Despite the flames and small explosions, panic was kept to a minimum by Leo, who climbed on top of the wreckage and

continued the set. Said one excited fan, "It was a great show. Stellar on overdrive." A review of Leo's latest CD can be found on page 113.

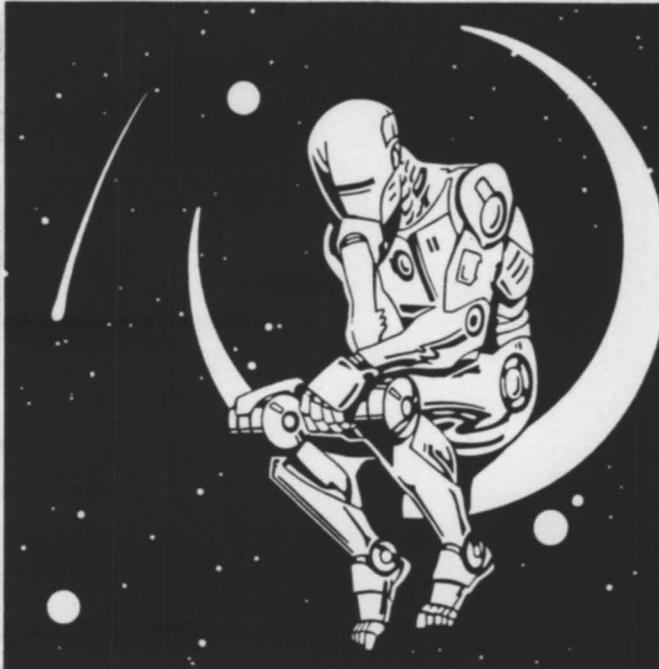
SPORTS

'Wolves Make Championship Run

Despite mediocre play, the Timberwolves are again making a run on the combat bike division title behind the team's leading scorer, Agrippa Bates. Bates has played like a man possessed following rumors of his breakup with sim-sense star Jocasta Peters. "Any comments I have will be made on the field, so buzz chummer." Peters has been conspicuously absent from the local scene for the last three weeks. Full story on page 69.

Dozer gives Screamers the Cold Shoulder

Despite news to the contrary, it appears that Marion "Dozer" Barnkowski will not play for the Screamers during the upcoming Urban Brawl season. Late night negotiations broke down when the Screamer's final offer was violently rejected. Screamer management promised to release a statement as soon as their negotiator healed enough to talk (or move). It appears talks broke down about 3:00 am when the Screamer negotiator was launched out of a third story window. Dozer could not be reached for comment.



**Don't get left out.
Join Today.**

Name _____
Archetype _____
Address _____
City _____ ST _____ Zip _____
Phone: _____
*If a member of Mechforce NA
please insert # _____

Send \$16.00* in Check or Money Order only to
Shadowrun Network
2101 West Broadway, #305, PO Box 6018
Columbia, Missouri 65205-6018

Canadian, Puerto-Rican and Mexican Members please add \$4.00 S & H. All others outside the United States add \$6.00

Shadowrun Network
2101 West Broadway #305
PO Box 6018
Columbia MO.
65205-6018

FIRST-CLASS MAIL
U.S. POSTAGE
PAID
COLUMBIA, MO
PERMIT NO. 353

FIRST CLASS MAIL