

K.A.C.E.

A SURVIVAL GUIDE TO AN IMPOLITE SOCIETY

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Howdy,

With this Issue, Net Notes takes on a new direction. After a brief comment by myself, the remainder of the column will be taken up by letters from you, the fans. It is the direction we always wanted to go, but with a new club, its hard to get letters in before the first issue. In the future, if you have a comment you would like to appear in this column, address the letter to Net Notes. We will print all the letters we can depending on space.

As you will discover when you turn the pages of Issue Three, we have gone to a much smaller type size. This means almost twice the information for the same page count. That translates to more issue for the same money. (We thought you'd like that.) Let us know what you think.

Also included for the first time in this issue is a classified ad section. We will include this section as long as there is support. If you've got something going on that other runners should know about, let us know. We'll pass the word. And speaking of that, our highly-motivated, highly-trained staff will be making the rounds to several of the conventions between April and September. If you've got a convention and would like to see Shadowrun represented, let us know (well in advance) and we'll try to make it.

Finally, I'll close this letter with a standard comment. We cannot respond to letters that do not have a Self Addressed Stamped Envelope Included. Most of you know that, but if you forgot, send us a letter with SASE and we'll get back to you.

Enjoy,

Jim Long
Datatorner

Chummers,

Hoi, what drek is this, eh? Yer tellin' me to keep my label, that it's got me member number on it, and then ya go an' put it on the bag that me issue comes in.

Yer tellin' me I gotta keep the bag in my doss now? What with me extensive trideo collection, there just ain't the rume.

An earnest ork,
(Jim R., Misslpppl)

Editor's Reply:

Quit yer mouthin', chummer.

What you're talkin' about is null persp by now (thanks for the info, we talked to our printer and they're starting to label the magazines (as opposed to the bag) starting with this issue.

Shadowfolks,

Welcome to 2053!

Land of toxic spirits, corruption and desolation. Where the land weeps under the load of sewage dumped on it and pumped into it by uncarling generations past.

Where do you guys fit in to this picture?

Not that this is going to affect my subscription any, (I like the magazine, you guys are doing a great job overall), but I was wondering something. In 2053 are we going to discover that Ka·ge is clogging our landfills, the petroleum from its ink ruining our lakes and rivers?

Thomas L. Vt.

Editor's Reply:

Actually, the "clogging of the landfills" is obviously not a concern here, as we know that each and every one of you is hoarding your issues, guarding them as the precious commodity they are, right?

We read your letter and guessed that what you were actually getting at is: Are we environmentally-conscious?

As one might expect from a staff whose members include two tribal shamans, the answer is yes.

Ka·ge is printed on 100% recycled paper, using soybean-based ink (which answers your "ruining the water supply" question as well.)

We will fess up, however, at this point, our printer is unable to find a reliable source of recycled poly-bags. They are working on it, however.

Ka·ge Staffmembers

First let me say:

I think you guys are doing a good job. I like the scenarios, I like the fiction, I like the gear (give me spells, frag it!) In short, you guys are doing just about everything right.

Now that I have given you the carrot, let me get my stick.

Ka·ge is a nice looking magazine. Which is not necessary.

I'm a shadowrun fan. I like the game.

(My wife says that I like it more than I like her.)

So you don't have to go to all the trouble to make this thing look "sharp". I don't subscribe because it looks nice. I subscribe because of what is in it. Save yourself the time and space of including nice graphics and design. Give us more stuff instead.

There I put down my stick.

You can come out now.

Roger L., MO.

Editor's Reply:

Alright, we're coming out.

Thanks for your comments. The stick didn't hurt that much, anyway.

I guess it means that we are doing something right, if people are clamoring for more. We felt constrained by the type-size too, so as of this issue, we have reduced our type-size (for you typographic fans, we went from 12 on 14 Friz Quadrata to 9 on 10.) This results in roughly a 100% increase in the room available for our writ-

ten material.

Thanks for the compliments to our graphic department (of 1). We appreciate your comments about this not needing to be an attractive magazine, but we (and FASA) don't agree with you there.

We are the only SRUN magazine, and we do have certain standards to uphold.

(Stirring patriotic music heard in the background...)

Seriously, we are making a genuine effort to balance the two concerns: over-all attractiveness with piles of text.

Towards this end, we're going to lay off the staff-generated fiction for awhile, too, so as to allow for more nuts and bolts game material.

As for you liking your SRUN more than your wife, well that's your problem, chummer.

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To Homer, who did it best, and first.

It rained. The drops coursed across the blackened roofs, clattering and banging through crumpled gutters as it sought the street below, and the requiem of the sea beyond.

It curtained down evenly, futilely scrubbing at the twisted scar that was the Street.

Improbably twisted, it dead ended a hundred times, spilling out into a myriad of alleyways darkening away from the sullen scowl of the sodium vapor lamps that sputtered and flared.

Crumbling buildings towered over the trafficway, their featureless faces begrimed and blackened by smoke and soot and fire. An occasional window gaped; broken glass flashing a rictus behind iron bars. Trash-littered doorways loomed darkly, with huge planks nailing them shut, as if the dark buildings housed dark things best left inside.

Occasionally, a hole in a doorway would beckon, with splintered wood and torn iron indicating that the barriers had been unsuccessful, that whatever was once within, was now without.

Sudden light flared in an alleyway, causing the rats to skitter. For a moment even the rain seemed to pause as the light flickered and grew. There was a crackle and the light spat forth a stooped figure: milky white and grey.

The light vanished abruptly, leaving the figure in the alley mouth.

The rain resumed, soaking Daniel Ragfeather, who was dying.

He rocked back and forth on his heels in the alley's shadows, eyes closed, mouth twisting with remembered pain. Lightning skirled and cracked, throwing the lines on his face into sharp relief. His lips

split into a cry that was lost in the downpour. Far above him, there was the tortured screech of metal leaving metal, and a deluge of water engulfed him from three stories above. The impact knocked him to his knees. He fell there, writhing, clutching his chest. His eyes flut-



tered, mirroring the black water around him. Then one last spasm and he lay still amongst the trash of the street.

Finding him non-buoyant, the water lost interest, brushed under him, in its lemming rush to the sea. The oily flow shifted, filling his slackened mouth. He coughed and heaved as he inhaled a draught. He rolled over, and his stomach roiled in protest, expelling the viscous fluid.

He lay back against the crumbling brick wall and gasped for air.

Slowly his eyes levered open and he looked blearily around him.

He brought a hand up and swept his long black hair out of his face. His eyes widened in wonderment.

Where am I?

Hesitant hands moved down to his chest, exploring the unbroken skin glistening.

What the hell is going on? He sat upright, eyes darting into the darkness around him. *They were shooting and I...* His mind recoiled from the hammering flash of gunfire, the certain recollection of bullets ripping into his flesh. *Last I remember, I was...*

He looked at his chest and clawed desperately at his shirt. The fabric yielded and his eyes widened as the rain streaked and ran on his smooth skin. He gasped and sucked at the air.

But I felt...

He struggled to his feet, mind awlirl.

Was I dreaming? He clambered to his feet. *It's so hard to remember...*

He took in the alleyway, spiralling behind him into darkness, leading forth to the mouth where he stood.

This ain't no dream.

He slumped back against the wall and rubbed at his eyes.

Wait.... He frowned, fumbling with memories elusive. *I was with—* His mind saw a lithe figure, with a goatee and scar. *Tucson. That's who it was. And we were hired by some dwarf to raid this complex downtown for paydata. I guess they'd been waiting for me and Tucson to come out...* His eyes narrowed. *All I know was I felt this gun in my back, and a voice I recognized all too well. That Mr. Johnson that'd hired us to break into the DTG. Tucson turned to look at me with that smirk that said "Drek. We've been set-up." Then he'd broken left and there was a flash and I felt the bullets and I—* thought I was streetmeat. His words trailed off as his thoughts dead-ended.

He peered down at his body, seeking a clue. Torn black jacket, black



Jeans and battered cowboy boots.

Where's all my gear?

His hands moved unbidden, running through a familiar drill, seeking hidden pockets and spaces.

Damn. Hands moved from the empty holster to the top of his boot. Knife gone. Fingers traced through his clothing with practiced ease, unconsciously knowing to seek planowire, shuriken or blowgun. He grimaced. Nope. Stripped clean. Not even my credit stick. So they didn't kill me. They stripped me clean and dumped me somewhere, hoping the street would finish me off.

He slumped back against the wall.

And if I'm not careful, he thought, looking around him at the faceless brick, it will. First step, find out where I am.

Daniel crept to the mouth of the alley and waited.

Hmm. No traffic sounds. Clinging to the shadows, he peered into the street.

Check left.

The street curved sharply to the left then back to the right, narrowing to a path's width, then swelling to a roadway, before being lost in blackbrick anonymity.

Check Right.

A duplicate: a backbreaking twist through a profusion of walls and corners.

He debated the relatively minor merits of each direction.

Then he heard it.

As if from a distance there came a scuffle, a clicking of claws on stone.

Something expelled steam, sampled the night air, the heady aromas of filth and sweat and rain.

Daniel shrank back into the shadows, eyes wide.

It rounded a corner, a black twisted leviathan that seemed to shimmer and run in the downpour.

Drek. Runrunrunrunrun — a voice shrilled in his head.

Runrunrun—he cut it off abruptly. *And make a nice*

loping target of myself? Great idea. I think I'll rush right out and do that.

Daniel ordered his feet to edge back into the alley, desperately seeking cover amongst the clutter.

The thing lurched forward, its oily haunches seeming to struggle to hold up the weight of its ponderous head, slaving jaws.

He eyed the shape nervously, praying that his scent was masked by the rain.



As it drew nearer, Daniel could see the rain hiss and spit where it touched the broken flesh.

Too big to be a Bogle, or Hellhound. The thought came from somewhere. 'Sides they don't range urban.

The shadow of the misshapen dog? wolf? what? flickered along the crumbling walls, as it stepped slowly down the street.

He struggled to remember his Paterson's. *Wished I'd read the whole damn thing now, instead of just what I needed to get into Salish-shidhe overland. Come on, come on, think. He strove for a match. Urban predator, dog-like.*

He eyed the mottled flesh, as it gaped through the splotches of wiry

black fur. *Well, it's more dog-like than anything else. He ordered himself to continue, forcing his voice out, overriding the scream building inside of him.*

T-too s-s-stocky, wrong face for a Gabe hound. And damn. His voice was tiny and was lost in the darkness welling inside of him. It's so big.

Then a glimmer.

A shadowhound? Is it a shadowhound? The size is almost right. Hope roared into being. Yeah, and they don't attack people. I'm okay. They don't, they—

as proximity began to provide detail, Daniel slumped. *No. The head's all wrong. 'Sides, they're silent. And this thing is far from silent.*

The animal drew near the alleymouth, its jaws working. Daniel could hear the teeth grating on something hard, that splintered and snapped under the pressure.

Something flopped as it chewed, and Daniel realized that it was eating something. Part of it flopped onto the steaming sidewalk. Uncaring, the animal trod on the morsel, leaving only a smear. Suddenly, it stopped.

Turned.

Looked into the alley.

Daniel willed himself into immobility, as his rolling eyes took in the shape etched in the sodium vapor light.

It has no face...

Daniel's eyes trailed over the huge knotted head, glistening blackly in the rain. Patches of fur clung to it like lichen, breaking up the expanse of cracked skin, as it crested the monstrous brow and fell in a sheer plane over where the eyes should be.

Is it blind?

Hope gibbered.

The creature seemed confused. Slowly it worked at the ragged meat that hung from the monstrous jaws. The mouth stopped for a moment, the ragged holes above it swelling to take in the air in the alley.



smell it will smell me and I will...

The creature stepped back. Inside its mouth something stirred wetly, and shone for a moment, raw and pink and slick, before disappearing behind the blackened stumps lining the jaw.

Then it turned its head for a moment and Daniel got a good look at what was dangling from the jaws and he heard a noise pierce the rain and it was high and loud and it was him, howling, breaking away from the wall, running stumbling, dashing past the creature, into the street beyond.

The rain roared at him, as he broke into the street, the drops pounding on his head and shoulders.

There was a splash and a grunt from behind him and he knew that it was giving chase.

His legs pumped desperately, chest a furnace as he thumped down the street, afraid afraid to turn his head, to look behind him, as if just eye contact with the faceless mass would be enough for it to pull even and...

He hurtled a pile of debris. A second later, he heard the slap of its paws as it cleared the mass with ease.

It's gaining. oh god did you see? It had a head in its mouth and oh god did you see can you hear it? It's no use, it's not even tired.

Then he saw it.

A bare outline in the rain. Rusted and broken, the ladder twisted and clung to the side of the building, ending jaggedly seven feet above the sidewalk.

Without even a thought of *will it hold me and is it safe and where does this go* he was vaulting, leaping, grabbing handfuls of air and then iron and climbing climbing as underneath him he felt the animal go rushing by like a freight train.

Wildly, he lunged from rung to rung, frantically seeking distance, light.

The rain tore at him, as the wind roared and howled angrily, buffeting him, seeking to dislodge him from his shaky perch.

Up up he climbed into the black

stone sky.

The drops were like blows, first stinging then numbing, tricking his grappling fingers as he ascended.

Then suddenly, as his head broke the level of the roof, the torrent eased. Arms shaking from the strain, Daniel swung his weight up and lay panting on the jagged concrete of the roof. His lips moving soundlessly, unable to give voice to the horror that drove him from his hiding place to a certain death. They writhed on his face as his tears mixed with an ocean's down-pour, unable to give sound or sense to the identity of the head that the animal had been mauling.

Lightning crackled, scorching the rooftop with its brilliant light, throwing Daniel's face into bold relief, thereby displaying the proof of what he could not voice. That head that the creature had been savaging, well it had a face.

And it was Daniel's.

He cried out, neck straining to project the sound above the slate clouds, past the whipping rain.

Then he shook, his eyes rolling backwards in his head, and merciful darkness cast her cloak over him and took him away, if just for awhile.

The rain slapped him into sensibility. Something rose and slithered in his chest as memory returned.

The thing reared and its voice was strident fear: *It was eating our face.*

Daniel started upright, his eyes hollow, staring inward, facing down the fear.

Shut up.

I saw it.

Shut up.

I saw it. You saw it too. You did.

Shut up.

I can't. It had our face, it was eating and chewing on our face and it...

Shut up. It can't be. I'm here ain't I? I'm here. I'm alive.

But I saw it.

But I'm here, I'm alive...aren't I?

Daniel put his head in his hands.

We're dead.

The hands on either side of his head began to press, squeeze, shutting out

the voice, smothering it, forcing it down into the darkness that howled just an inch behind Daniel's eyes. He squeezed until his shoulders ached, until his temples were pounding with the strain. And only when the voice was silent, did he stop.

It doesn't matter what I saw. He shakily got to his feet. I'm here and I'm alive and I'll get out of this.

A maze of wires and pipes faced him, standing in mute rusted rows. He strained to peer beyond them, to fathom something out of the dark.

Rooftops stretched endless around him, like a vast cemetery.

This ain't right. Daniel thought with panic. *There oughta be lights or something in the distance. The space needle. Daniel thought. I oughta be able to see it from here...*

Unless... Daniel's brow furrowed, mouth twitched. *Unless I'm not in Seattle anymore.* The darkness howled inside his ears: *not in Seattle no. I'm dead and ...* Daniel rode it out, until it had died to a whimper then nothing, leaving him empty.

Daniel sagged against a ventilation duct. *What do I do now?*

A memory flashed: of a little girl and her dog, peering out of a house that sat on a witch. Daniel wearily echoed her sentiments: *No, I don't think we're in Kansas anymore Toto.*

He numbly took in the littered landscape stretching out around him.

At least I've got the high ground. That's always an advantage right? He shivered, suddenly cold against the wind. Okay, now what?

Hesitantly, he peered back over the roof's edge. The brown and grey rungs faded into distance.

He started. Somehow he knew it: down there was an eyeless face, peering back.

Okay, he said, stepping well away from the edge. Back is not an option.

The rain shifted and skidded in the wind.

Yeah, he thought wryly, ducking his head into his collar, but is it possible to retreat for-





ward?

The lightning arced again, revealing the dull grey horizon, with pipes and vents and ducts. And the sniper. Not less than 30 feet away.

His eyes labelled the form, crouching at the roof's opposite edge, its arm impossibly long and slim.

Daniel dropped to the asphalt.

So much for the advantages of the high ground, huh? He rolled behind a duct, grateful now for the rain's whip and clatter. *Okay, so what do I do now?*

He inched his head around the edge of the duct, shoulders tensed, ready at any moment to yank the head back at the slightest motion.

The gunner swayed at the edge of the parapet, eyes intent on his target.

He didn't see me. He didn't see me. Daniel pulled his head back. *I can't believe it. Me? A lucky break? I can't believe it.* He sat with his back to the duct, eyes searching the cracked surface diligently. Finally, he saw it. Furtively, he edged one foot out, to swipe at the broken length of rebar, and bring it within arm's reach. He hefted it. *Hmm. I don't know. Right length, but not heavy enough to do any damage. Oww.* An unseen edge bit into his hand. *So much for the no damage assessment. Damn.* He looked at the black stain in his palm for a moment, then at the pipe.

Hmm. He shook his head, weighing the pipe in one hand. *It guess it's heavier than I thought.*

He turned back to peer at the sniper, who crouched unmoving, a dark blot against a black sky. He silently got to his feet, and began the long wet creep towards the other edge and the gunman and death for one of them.

Daniel eyed the maze of pipes and ducts.

If I'm lucky he'll die of old age before I get there. His eyes narrowed. *What the hell was this place? I've never seen a set-up like this.*

The pipes curved in and around each other improbably, their incredi-

ble courses sending them spilling off the roof in places, in others reaching towards the sky in rusted supplication.

A plumbing warehouse?

He edged along the iron periphery, until finally,

Bingo.

He peered down a narrow walkway that seemed to pierce through the heart of the jumble. *Looks like it goes straight through. Ow. Drek!* He shifted the weapon again. *This thing is plenty sharp enough. All I've gotta do is get this guy to hold it for me. That'll finish him off.* He flexed the hand, bemused by the depth of the gash. *If I don't bleed to death before I get there.* He edged into the crevice.

He hadn't gone ten feet before the maze of twisting shapes had cut off all view of his target, the sky, stranding him in a world of iron bars. He frowned.

Wait a minute. He checked behind him for reference. The rooftop and rain glimmered in the opening behind him. *Thank god I ain't claustrophobic.* He stepped cautiously forward. *Drek.* He winced as somehow his shirt caught and tore. The passageway narrowed suddenly, so that he had to turn sideways. *I could've sworn this went straight through. Ow.* He rubbed at his chest, where one of the pipes had cut through his shirt. He cursed silently, but continued, until a violent outcropping forced him to stop. He crouched down.

This is great. What's the deal here? He looked around him, his world reduced to twisting iron snakes that blocked all further progress. He squinted. *I would've sworn this thing went straight through.* He rolled his eyes. *Mount up, boys. We're heading back.* He turned and his eyes widened at the solid wall that faced him. He sank down.

Deep inside himself he could hear the noises starting again. He swallowed deeply, and leaned back against the iron wall. He jerked forward as something bit into his back.

Drek! He swivelled and glared at the offending pipe. Its edges were

smooth.

What the hell?

The noise inside him grew louder. Gingerly, he reached out his hand, and stroked the curved sides of the pipe.

Suddenly, there was a searing pain beneath his fingers. He jerked them away in amazement, staring at the blood streaking the iron.

Suddenly the metal seemed to bubble, as if there was something underneath, moving, distending the alloy in its passage. Then definitely there was something inside, moving at impossible speed, causing the metal to flex to accommodate its width. Daniel shrank back as the iron parted, and a mouth appeared to slaver at the blood. Then it was gone.

Ow.

He looked down at the weapon, noting the fresh wounds on his palm.

When he looked up, there was an opening in front of him. He crawled on. He kept the weapon, because he didn't have one and dammit he needed one.

He was raw and bloody when it finally let him go.

He stumbled out of the maze, into the pounding rain, only to find the sniper still a world away, almost lost from view behind the ductwork.

Daniel crouched down behind one, to wrap one of the rags from his shirt around the weapon. *There.* He thought as he tugged it tight. From next to his head, the greasy mouth of the duct opened and there was a sudden eruption of black air as if somewhere something had stirred.

He looked at the hole, his eyes beginning to roll, the pounding starting in his head again.

Oh god... Then faintly, out of reach, he heard the voices waft to him, rising and falling like fire.

He stepped back, raising the weapon as if to ward them off.

The cries faded, leaving only the lashing rain.

Get a grip on yourself, man. Get a faggin' grip. It's just the wind. Just the wind. He eyed the metal shape ner-





vously, as if expecting it to move.

See? Calm down.

Nevertheless, he gave it a wide berth, stooping down to make his way around the others, that squatted upon the roof like black mushrooms.

It happened again. The minute he got near another, there was the foul stench, and the lamentings would begin again. His mind reeled with wild visions: the source of the garbled cries; the shapes of the tongueless mouths.

Somehow, Daniel continued on, teeth bared as he forced his feet to continue their meaningless slap.

Finally, he was clear.

He turned to gaze back, at the twisted pipes, writhing orgiastically against the slate grey of the sky with the mute ducts in silent audience.

Silently, Daniel resumed his end-
less creep. As he made his way closer,
the shape grew detail.

Daniel eyed it with a professional eye. *Lightweight.* The slender human looked up at the rain in irritation, and wiped at his scope. Daniel ducked back behind a duct. Predictably, there was a smell, and then another series of cries floated up to him. He grimaced and kept moving.

From behind a stanchion, he looked out again.

The figure huddled around the rifle. *Hmm. Walther MA 2100. Okay. Good gun, but a sniper's choice. I've got a chance.*

Daniel took a deep breath.

Okay, this is it. This is as close as I'm going to be able to get. He eyed the jagged piece of metal, clutched in one blood stained hand. *First, I take care of the rifle. Then after that, it's you and me, babe. Mano a Mano.*

He brought his feet up under him, and prepared for his leap.

Suddenly, the figure tensed, his words lost in the wind. *What's he say-*

The figure swayed again, pulling the rifle deep into his shoulder. *He's about to shoot.*

There was a muted chuff and the rifle bucked against his shoulder, the

muzzle spitting fire. Suddenly, the figure spasmed, blood sheeting into the air. Daniel reared back, his eyes wide, as from nowhere bulletholes appeared in the figure, turning the chest into ragged meat.

There was a thin scream, and the figure stumbled, the gun arcing out, spiralling end over end, as they both fell down, down, until they were lost in the darkness beyond the roof's edge.

From below Daniel heard a familiar sound.

He flung himself down and inched forward, until his eyes were afforded a view of the street below. In the flickering glow of a distant streetlamp, dark shapes rushed to feed.

Daniel rolled back, struggling not to be sick.

They're everywhere. His heart sank.

What the hell was the kid doing anyway? Trying to shoot one of them?

He kicked at the now useless pipe, sending it sliding across the shingles.

"Where the hell are we, kid?" He mused softly, speaking to the street below.

He clambered to his feet. *Okay. I don't know where I am. I don't know what those things are down there, but there are a lot of them. I'm unarmed. And scared to de—* he didn't finish the word. He looked out at the endless array of rooftops. *Lost in some urban hell with no way out.* He stepped back towards the roof. *But at least I'm safe up here.*

Memories of the kid's body, jolting as invisible bullets found their mark.

Maybe.

Wish I'd gotten a chance to talk to the kid. Maybe he knew something about this place. Daniel shook his head. *Mrs. Ragfeather's little boy is way out of his depth here folks.*

He heard a sound, and turned.

The kid was back.

Daniel's heart leapt.

"Hey!" He shouted, stepping toward the shape, as it settled on the roof's edge. "Hey, what the hell happened? I was coming across the roof—"

The figure swayed and sighted down the barrel.

"Look, my name is Daniel Ragfeather. I don't know where the hell we are, but I had this huge faceless thing chase me up here and—" his voice trailed off.

The figure pulled the gun in tighter, settling it in on his shoulder.

"Look, chummer." Daniel stepped forward and reached out for the sniper. "I hate to spoil your gig but you and I have to—"

His arm passed through.

"What the hell?" *He's not real*

The tornado behind his eyes reappeared.

I saw it. It had our face and ...

Daniel shut it out barely. *Oh god, please...*

In front of him, the kid swayed for a moment, and then hiccupped.

Daniel stepped next to him, studying him intently, desperately seeking a mechanism and trideo screen.

The figure burped, and Daniel winced at the smell of stale alcohol. Then the figure began to speak.

"There you are," the sniper muttered, pulling the weapon into him, peering into the bulbous scope. "There you are."

Daniel followed the plane of the barrel over the edge onto the street below. It could easily have been the alley in which he first appeared. It writhed and twisted amongst blackened walls. It was also empty.

Daniel checked his sights again. *Empty.*

"I got you now," the sniper hissed venomously. "I gonna put a hole right in the middle of your —" the words seemed to choke him. The gun wavered.

What the hell... Daniel stepped around, and peered over the gunman's shoulder, and then down at the street below.

There ain't nothing there.

He started. The kid had pulled back and Daniel had gotten a glimpse down the scope. The street was broad, and crowded





and teeming with life.

Daniel jerked back.
Darkness.

He leaned back into the scope, his pulse racing.

Inside the scope is light and a street and its early evening and there's this bar I can see it, hell I can see people there drinking and laughing in the glare of the neon.

Faintly, faintly, Daniel heard something tugging at his hearing. Almost inaudible, regular pounding... *music?*

The gunman moved the rifle and the scope shifted, steering its way through the bar, until finally centering on a couple at a side table. A beautiful redhead laughed, her arm draped casually over someone's shoulder. She stuck out her tongue at the figure, and he turned to smile. An arrowhead earring glinted on his pointed ear. He pulled her close and his lips moved. She tilted her head to hear over the music, the hair draping across his shoulder, his neck, caressing his ear...

"You pig." The sniper spat. "You fraggin' pig. I'm gonna geek you man." He was crying now, and he fought to keep the gun steady. "You said you loved me man. You said. You said." His breathing was hard and quick and Daniel knew without seeing that the trigger was pulling back, back. There was a noise and the ear and earring disappeared in an explosion of red.

Suddenly the kid was bucking wildly, and red frothed at his lips. Daniel drew back, as holes appeared in the jacket, and blood stained the air. Then the kid was gone, twisting, arching over the edge. Daniel watched him all the way down, but never heard him hit.

Daniel turned away from the sight, as from below there came a quavering howl.

Later.

It was still raining.

Daniel Ragfeather stood at the edge of the roof, staring at the twin posts of the ladder beck-

oning him into darkness.

Hands shaking, he went through his litany again, sending his voice out, over-riding the roaring behind his eyes.

I was going to wait for daylight, but I don't think that the sun ever comes here. So I might as well set out now, as any other time.

He pulled at the twisted length of steel he'd tucked into his belt.

You like the taste of blood, huh? Well if those creatures down there have any, maybe I can use that. I've been counting them down below. The kid goes through his act every five minutes or so, and I've been watching them when they feed. I've never seen more'n four or five. Maybe with a little luck, I'll be able to get past them.

Navigation's going to be tough. 'Cause I've seen how the buildings move. They didn't think I was paying attention, but I was. Like the pipes, they'll shift and catch you in an alley and then...

He reached and adjusted the rod, where it had torn through his jeans and was biting into his leg. *The only thing I can't figure out is why I'm here, on the outside. I fell asleep for awhile. And when I woke up, I was by one of the ducts. I lay there for awhile, and listened until I could understand what they were saying. They called me by name. I guess I know what's on the inside of these buildings.* He pushed his hair out of his eyes with one hand.

And I also guess I know where I am. I always joked I'd end up here.

High above him, lightning arced, filling the clouds with fire.

Something went wrong, though. Something must've happened, I dunno.

He shook his head. *I don't know but it made me end up like the kid here. Kinda stranded.*

He looked back at the figure across the roof, as it jittered under the pounding of the invisible ordnance.

So maybe that's good. I figured maybe that means I don't belong; I can get out, if I can find my way.

He put one foot onto the ladder, as

the rain began to pound on him again.

"Ready?" He said to no one in particular.

George Pace is still shorter than Jill Lucas, but is a much better dancer.

Hey you!

Slumped over that mug of what-all, staring at nothin'-

You.

Yeah, **you**- Mr. Attitude.

Mr. "ask-me-no-questions-and I'll-tell-you-no-lies".

Well hey, I gotta job for ya---

I figure you know these streets, right?

I figure you been running in the shadows for so long, you can't stand the light anymore. I figure only you know the squalid stories, the tiny betrayals, the riches of croesus that in the amber of the sodium vapor turn out to be so much drek...

I want you to write it all down.

Write for our Writer's Guidelines.

If you've already got them, send us a letter of inquiry, telling us what you've got in mind...

You can go back to your drink now...

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Private Investigator

"Of course you came to me. Sooner or later everybody in the whole dirty city wants someone or something found. That's what I do best — I find what is lost and what doesn't want to be found. Sure it's tough work, but a guy's got to make a living.

"You're correct about my lack of cyberwear. I'm 100% pure meat, and I plan to stay that way. In my business it takes as much brains and intuition as it does firepower and decking. Hardware doesn't mean squat in those situations, chummer.

"So who got lost? If you got the nuyen, I'll bring them back."

Commentary:

The private investigator specializes in what's going down on the street. Although he might not have the polish and flash of some of the other residents, he knows his job. More importantly, he listens and understands. He'll play a hunch, a guess, or rumor and make it pay off, most of the time. He doesn't like the rough stuff, but if the bad guys want to play, he's more than willing to accommodate.

Attributes

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

Skills

Stealth 4
Unarmed Combat 5
Firearms 6
Computer 3
Interrogation 4
Negotiation 4
Etiquette (Corporate) 4
Etiquette (Street) 6
Car 4

Dice Pools

Defense (Armed): 1
Defense (Unarmed): 5
Dodge: 4
Control: 0
Magic: 0

Cyberware

None

Contacts

Snitch

Gear

Colt Manhunter with reactive trigger and
Firepower ammo
2 Spare Clips
Armor Jacket
Form-Fitting Body Armor Level Two
Chandler Capture 100 Shotgun
2 Spare Clips
Portable Wrist Phone w/ Screen
Pocket Secretary
Binoculars w/ Low-Light
Dateline Tap
Shotgun Microphone (4)
Bug Scanner (4)
Dateline Scanner (4)
Medkit 2
Stimulant Patches (4)
1 Tranq Patch (6)





Backstreet Butcher

"I've seen better hardware on a cheap radio and this tissue looks like bad soy-burger, but I suppose I can use it for spare parts. I'll give you ¥350 for the whole body. If you don't like the offer you can find someplace else to take this stiff. Come on, quick! My tables are full and I'm wasting time talking instead of cutting."

Quotes

"These dermal plates would be worth more if there weren't bullet holes in them."

"Sure I can get a tissue match, the weekend is coming up."

"I don't want to know where you got the cyberarm and eyes from, as far as I'm concerned they fell off the back of a truck."

Commentary

Modern medical technology has been a blessing and the gift of life for many. The blessing also gave birth to one of society's most disgusting parasites: the Backstreet Butcher. A Backstreet Butcher trades fresh nuyen for a usable body or body part, no questions asked. Sadly, a lot of the people who disappear end up on a Butcher's

table. The amount of cyberware and the condition of the tissue determine the going rate. Then he auctions off the tissues and cyberware to the highest bidder. Butchers are perhaps the lowest scum in the sprawl. Few shadow runners admit to knowing one but many do. All too often, tracking a missing person takes the runner across the path of a butcher. A distasteful encounter at best. Warning: Use extreme caution when dealing with a Butcher, they are well protected and have no respect for life. Remember, to him, your body is as good as the next.

Attributes

Body: 2
Quickness: 2
Strength: 2
Charisma: 1
Intelligence: 4
Willpower: 3

Skills

Biotech: 5
Chemistry: 3
Etiquette (street): 5
Etiquette (corp): 2



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Joy Girl/Joy Boy

"I'm lucky. I started out on the streets as a way to pay for my chip habit but then I met . . . Mr. Johnson. He said I had a lot of potential, that I was real pretty and could make a lot more money if I got cleaned up. So he put me in a de-chip program and when I got out I started working for him at the company. It's worlds above the streets, cleaner place and better clients. Sometimes I wish I had a different job but the money is just too good."

Quotes

"Tell me more about you. You're absolutely fascinating."

"Let's get out of here. My place is much more private."

"Do you mind if I slip into something more comfortable?"

Commentary

In the year 2053 not much has changed in regards to escorts; they are there to make sure the client has a good time. Joy Girls and Joy Boys can be found at every level of the social ladder. At the street level they are little more than chip heads looking for a means to score the next buzz. At the top of the ladder

is the corporate escort who is paid enormous amounts and whose clients are rigorously screened before the appointment. The value of the escort to a shadow runner, beyond the obvious, is the escort's listening ability and memory. Clients have a tendency to talk. Which is also the reason why so many corporations quietly provide their own escorts so that company secrets stay just that, company secrets. A runner worth his name can probably work around that problem.

Attributes

Body: 3
Quickness: 3
Strength: 1
Charisma: 6
Intelligence: 2
Willpower: 2

Skills

Etiquette(*): 5
Negotiation: 3
Unarmed Combat: 2

Note: The attributes and skills of a Joy Girl/Joy Boy are highly variable and are largely dependent on the social level of the escort.



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Turring's Guide On-Line:
The Dwarven Technical Guild.

History

The Dwarven Technical Guild was originally started by a loose collection of Dwarven metahumans who wanted a forum where they could talk about their main interests: technology and how it applied to the awakened world. Although literature had always cast dwarves with a technological bent, the founders of the guild discovered the actual case was far from the truth. Dwarves were embracing magic and the paranormal, not technology.

>>>>(This is only as it should be. Dwarves are children of the earth and as such should embrace the earthmother and her powers as the only road towards salvaging the planet.)<<<< -Keyline 14:22:32/3-3-53

>>>>(What the hell was that all about?)<<<< -Quantum 14:23:00/03-03-53

>>>>(Are you truly so blind that you cannot see the error of technology's ways? Can you not see the acid that falls from the bellies of the clouds, and the rivers run rich with heavy metals? Have you been blinded by smog, choked by pollution for so long that you think that is your blirthright?)<<<< -Keyline 14:23:30/03-03-53

>>>>(Uh, yes?)<<<< -Quantum 14:24:00/03-03-53

>>>>(For those of you unable to pierce through the Jargonistic veil of the above, I believe we have a member of the Hammer of Light on-line.)<<<< -Krakow 14:24:30/03-03-53

>>>>(Are you friend or foe?)<<<< -Keyline 14:24:35/03-03-53

>>>>(Well now that's a rather narrow world-view, ain't it?)<<<< -Rodeo 14:25:00/03-03-53

>>>>(We are dealing with the destruction of our planet here. I have no time for banter.)<<<< -Keyline 14:25:20/03-03-53



>>>>(That's too bad. You were so good at it. You're out of here. God, I get so tired of that "running capitalist dog" kind of stuff. Let's think for ourselves, people.)<<<< -Quirk 14:25:30/03-03-53

>>>>(Okay, I'll bite. What's the Hammer of Light?)<<<< -Quantum 14:26:00/03-03-53

>>>>(It's that new rock group. They've got this whizzer stage show)<<<< -Beezer 14:26:30/03-03-53

>>>>(Who left the door open? Seriously, the Hammer of Light is an all-dwarf pro-magical anti-technology ecological terrorist group.)<<<< -Krakow 14:27:10/03-03-53

>>>>(That's some definition. Their calling cards must be a foot and a half long.)<<<< -Quantum 14:27:43/03-03-53

The founders of the guild were all Federated Boeing employees and their initial efforts greatly influenced the success of the aerospace giant. Because they were not controlled by a formal structure, the initial members were free to look at whatever they were interested in examining. The more complex the project, however, the better they liked it and because they were, for the most part, close personal friends, they worked as a closely knit team. Their initial success in solving the stress cracks which appeared in the First Federated Boeing VTOL commuter wing assemblies brought them to the attention of local engineering leaders. Soon the founders were working on independent projects for a variety of firms to supplement their wages from Federated Boeing. As their reputation for solving demanding engineering problems grew, other dwarves were attracted to the group. As the founders were all metahumans, who hotly debated metahuman rights and responsibilities as they worked, few humans were inclined to join. In many ways the attitudes of the current guild still reflect the opinions of the original members. Eventually there were so many dwarves, orks, and elves interested in associating themselves with

the research group, the founders had to formalize their structure.

Although brilliant researchers and engineers, the founders had little experience in business management. What started as a beer and pretzels round table quickly turned into a disorganized assembly of engineers who had little in common with the founders. Debates and arguments that occasionally lead to fights were not uncommon at the weekly meetings. Despite the excellent work done, the lack of firm leadership seemed destined to doom the fledgling organization before it realized its full potential. Into this arena stepped Wolfgar Marrson.

>>>>(It's sad that this drivel is being perpetuated online. Marrson is a pedantic, pencil-pushing racist, not interested in the quality of your work, only whether you're too short to see over a standard lab table.)<<<< -Lachsly 14:30:12/03-03-53

>>>>(A short joke. How amusing. Let's you and me meet later, chummer. You'll find out that the only thing your height will afford you is a bigger target.)<<<< -Dain 14:31:27/03-03-53

>>>>(You're on, stuntie. I'll bronze you and use you as a hood ornament.)<<<< -Lachsly 14:32:00/03-03-53

Wolfgar was not one of the founding members, but he had been involved with the group for a long time as a fringe member. Although he had been trained as a Civil Engineer, his real love was planning and administration. A physical dwarf with an intense stare and resounding voice, Wolfgar was elected as the first president of the Metahuman Research Assembly.

>>>>(A side note: I did get the chance to meet Marrson once, when I attended a conference at MIT&M. I was amazed at the amount of magnetism he possessed.)<<<< -Stax 14:40:00/03-03-53

>>>>(Yeah, all the paper clips and stuff stuck to his beard. It was embarrassing.)<<<< -Jlewis 14:40:50/03-03-53

>>>>(Seriously. I mean he was chairing a



roundtable discussion and instinctively people afforded him an immense amount of respect.)<<<< -Stax 14:41:00 /03-03-53

>>>>(I was wrong. His height did make a major difference. They were forced to dig a much longer hole.)<<<< -Dain 06:23:00 /03-04-53

To the surprise of all that elected him, Wolfgar immediately quit his job at Federated Boeing and ran the Assembly as his full time, non-paying job. Under his guidance, the Assembly swiftly became more structured. A review panel was set up to not only accept contracts from outside manufacturers, but to actively solicit them. Yearly dues were collected to meet rising expenses. Meetings became more frequent and the direction of the Assembly became more focused.

Within a year, the Assembly could afford to pay Marrson and a small staff a yearly wage to direct the acceptance and distribution of special projects. Within three years the Assembly was considered one of the finest engineering think tanks on the west coast. Offers from California and the CAS were accepted and the completed.

During this time, however, many members complained about the treatment they were receiving from Marrson and his staff. Although elected to consecutive terms, non-dwarves complained of racial bias and threatened to quit.

>>>>(I think its really sad that stuff like this goes on in our ranks. I'm not a dwarf but I have many friends that are, and none of us really approves of discrimination in any form. We're metahumans, that means we're better, doesn't it?)<<<< -Moonflower 14:47:10 /03-03-53

>>>>(What drivel. "I'm not a dwarf, but I've got a friend that is..." That's one of the oldest bleeding-heart lines ever routed. You show your ignorance by not realizing the import of your first four words: "I'm not a dwarf." That right there makes any input that you have unimportant. You call yourself better? You have been afforded lavish gifts by the earth mother and you have chosen to side with the technotrailors, the despollers of

our earth. Your kind too, will disappear in the forges of reclamation, when the earthmother takes back her own.)<<<< -Keyline 14:48:17 /03-03-53

>>>>(Whoa. How'd he get back in here?)<<<< -Rodeo 14:48:25 /03-03-53

>>>>(He's gone.)<<<< -Quirk. 14:49:00 /03-03-53

>>>>(A word on HoL, though. Don't dismiss them as crackpots. They are lethal individuals with a definite agenda. They are opposed to any technology, as they see technology as being responsible for the state the world's in today.)<<<< -Krakow. 14:49:20 /03-03-53

>>>>(Which it is, I guess.)<<<< -Quantum 14:50:00 /03-03-53

>>>>(Right, in a sense, though technology doesn't perpetuate itself. Man is the one who has to flick the switch. Anyway, they revel in the terrorist tag, as they truly will stop at nothing to reach their goals.)<<<< -Krakow 14:50:30 /03-03-53

>>>>(Is DTG their only target?)<<<< -Scatter 14:51:00 /03-03-53

>>>>(No. They will target any org that they see as contrary to their objective of banning tech and restoring the earth to its unpolluted state through the use of magic. DTG is one of their prime targets though for two reasons: HoL is incensed by the traitorous aspect, of fellow dwarves embracing technology, and DTG is so damn successful.)<<<< -Krakow. 14:51:20 /03-03-53

Marrson let the discontents quit. By 3044 there were less than one dozen non-dwarves in the organization. This did not seem to hurt their reputation, however. If anything, the Dwarven image enhanced it. Marrson let the stereotyping which had long worked against Dwarves work in his favor. Business was booming in 3046 when official resolutions passed forbid non-dwarves from joining the assembly. The following year the name was changed to the Dwarven Technical Guild and Marrson was elected Guildmaster for life.

>>>>(Read that "dictator for life.")<<<< -Garamond. 14:52:00 /03-03-53

>>>>(Jack out, chummer. Without Marrson, hundreds of talented dwarves would be consigned to work for corps, their ethnic identity lost.)<<<< -Segrin. 14:53:00 /03-03-53

Structure

The Guild works as a hiring hall and meeting place for its members. Because many of the members also have full-time jobs in the Seattle area, they work on projects for the guild as their schedules permit. Working on Guild projects is an excellent way for most of the members to rise socially, as well as economically.

The main reason most members join, however, is not for financial reward, but for the fellowship of other dwarves that think like they do. Members describe it as a family and recent events seem to back that feeling up. By now, everybody in Seattle knows that if you pick on a member of the guild, you pick on the entire Guild.

>>>>(Whoa buddy, is that Turring gifted with a talent for understatement. The DTG is one bad mutha. Some of my compatriots were hired to liberate some parts from a DTG truck that was being sent from one facility to another. Man, we barely got out of there with our lives.)<<<< -Gunzboy 15:23:00 /03-03-53

>>>>(You're not kidding. We made the mistake of trying to break into one of their warehouses last month. I'm the only one not in the hospital.)<<<< -Rhelpier 15:24:00 /03-03-53

>>>>(What's the deal? Does anybody know? Do they have their own soldiery? If so, where? How much?)<<<< -Quantum. 15:24:10 /03-03-53

>>>>(I will not divulge the location or composition of those we pick to protect our interests. Suffice to say, they are "freelance in nature" and all dwarven in makeup. They are also of sufficient number and prowess that I am surprised that you were able to elude them. If you're a dwarf, we might be able to find a place for you.)<<<< -Tiyado 15:26:30 /03-03-53



>>>>(Let's go offline.)<<<< -Rheiper.
15:27:00 /03-03-53

The Guild is ruled by Marrson and his hand-picked staff of assistants. Membership in the guild is open to all dwarves provided they pass a specialized test to certify technical expertise in their chosen profession. Current specializations include Civil, Electrical, Mechanical, Aerospace, Ceramic, and Industrial Engineering, Computers, Micro-technology, and Weaponry.

>>>>(These tests are a royal fraggin brainbuster, chummer. I had a friend that failed twice to get into the DTG as an apprentice. He ended up having to settle for a project management position with AWS.)<<<< -Spanick 14:27:20 /03-03-53

>>>>(Settle for? Jeez.)<<<< - Quantum.
15:28:00 /03-03-53

Once a prospective member has passed his initial test, he is given the title apprentice and allowed to work on limited projects which have been given to the Guild for completion. Under most circumstances the apprentice works under the direct supervision of a more experienced member of the guild, but this is not always the case with small projects. After three years as an apprentice, the members is allowed to test for the next level, journeyman.

Journeyman perform the majority of the work at the Guild. Although very skilled by non-guild standards, however, they represent only the middle level of ability. Journeyman are often responsible for large projects and can coordinate a staff of apprentices. After five years, the journeyman can test for the rank of Master.

There are only a handful of masters at the guild at any one time. Representing the cream of the intellectual crop, these dwarves are walking storehouses of knowledge about their specialization. Masters are never

required to accept a project and can work under their own direction. They have free access to the

resources of the guild, including testing labs, computers, expert systems, and personnel.

Resources

In addition to the main office and research complex in Auburn, the Guild maintains a number of low-profile buildings for their use.

>>>>(Runners, if you haven't picked it up by now: make sure you know who owns the buildings you are being asked to "enter." If it's DTG, you may be in for a rude surprise.)<<<< -Krakow 15:33:00 /03-03-53

>>>>(Ah, so what? Like nobody else has security?)<<<< -Topgun 15:35:10 /03-03-53

>>>>(Like consider that the DTG is operating on top-secret sub-contract work for the major corps. They are doing so while not underneath the security umbrella that an arcology provides. Therefore, if they want to keep these contracts coming, they have to maintain a spotless security record, catch my drift?)<<<< -Krakow 15:38:00 /03-03-53

>>>>(Big deal. You're all a bunch of stuntophobic whiners. I know where one of their buildings is. I'll break in, and let you know if I even broke a sweat.)<<<< -Topgun 15:38:20 /03-03-53

>>>>(Well, how'd it go topgun?)<<<< - Quantum 05:18:00 /03-06-53

>>>>(TG, you out there?)<<<< - Quantum 17:22:00 /03-12-53

Most of these building are used for testing and research, but the Guild maintains a dormitory in Auburn for temporary use of the members and a private retreat on lands leased to them by the Cascade Crow.

>>>>(It is only fitting that they have made their alliances with others that rape the earthmother. It is only right that they)<<<< -Keyline 15:40:00 /03-03-53

>>>>(Sorry.)<<<< -Quirk. 15:40:10 /03-03-53

Manpower and the ability to work on projects varies greatly, but membership has hovered around 200 members for the last three years. The relatively small number of members belie the fact that the guild has very deep pockets from the string of successful independent contracts they have completed since the restructuring. Their technical knowledge is difficult to gauge, but it is considered to be incredible.

Future

The Guild has successfully fought repeated legal attempts to have non-dwarves join the group. None of these trials has ever been concluded, however, as the plaintiffs have all eventually dropped their claims. In the final analysis, who wants to join a club where nobody wants you?

>>>>(Somehow I don't think that we're getting the whole story, here. Anybody out there who's taken legal action and wants to talk about it?)<<<< -Quirk 15:42:10 /03-03-53

>>>>(Offline.)<<<< -Falchion 15:44:00 /03-03-53

>>>>(Okay.)<<<< -Quirk 15:44:20 /03-03-53

Although membership is steady, the guild's price range has increased over the years. This trend shows no indication that it will stop soon. If the Guild can keep attracting quality applicants, they will be an excellent source of knowledge and experience for the years to come

>>>>(There will be no future for these defilers. The Hammer of Light swings even now, targeting those who serve the false Iron gods.)<<<< -Keyline 15:45:17 /03-03-53

>>>>(And on that note...)<<<< -Quirk. 15:45:30 /03-03-53



Dwarven Technical Guild NPCs

Wolfgar Marrson

Despite his small size, Wolfgar is an imposing figure. His clear eyes and resounding voice give him an air of command that others seem to accept without question.

Wolfgar dresses only in tailored business suits and keeps himself immaculately clean at all times. His close cropped red hair and beard are just starting to go gray.

B	Q	S	C	I	W	E	M	R	Armor
7	3	5	6	6	6	6	-	4	(5/3)

Dice Pools: Defense (Armed): 1, Defense (Unarmed): 4, Dodge: 3.

Skills: Etiquette (Corporate): 7, Etiquette (Guild): 6, Leadership: 6, Negotiation: 7, Sociology: 5, Firearms: 4, Unarmed combat: 4, Physical Science: 5

Cyberware: None

Gear: Browning Ultra Power, Armored Jacket, Pocket Secretary, Rolls Royce Phaeton Limousine, Lear-Cessna Platinum II Luxury Executive. Access to most technological equipment given time.

Craft Masters

There are currently nine craft masters in the Dwarven Technological Guild. One of the specialties, Aerospace Engineering, is currently vacant following the untimely and unexplained demise of Craft Master Tennison in an airplane crash. The guild is certainly looking in on Mr. Tennison's death.

B	Q	S	C	I	W	E	M	R	Armor
5	2	4	4	6	5	V	-	4	(5/3)

Dice Pools:

Defense (Armed): 1, Defense (Unarmed): 4, Dodge: 2.

Skills: Etiquette(Corporate): 6, Etiquette(Guild): 6, Negotiation: 6, Physical Science (Specialization): 9, Firearms: 4, Unarmed Combat: 4, Appropriate B/R: 9.

Cyberware: Varies by individual. All Craft Master currently have some level of cyberware. All use datajacks.

Gear: Varies by individual. All carry a minimum of a heavy pistol, armored jacket, and pocket secretary. All have access to appropriate equipment including cars and planes), given time.

Craft Masters:

Civil Engineering: Craft Master Lawrence Unger

Electrical Engineering: Craft Master Lucas Vadoor

Mechanical Engineering: Craft Master Todd Frank Saltzman

Aerospace Engineering: vacant

Ceramic Engineering: Craft Master Brett Jacob

Industrial Engineering: Craft Master Allison Peterson-McDarryl

Computer: Craft Master Quinton Eriksson

Micro-technology: Craft Master Falzar Bellme

Weaponry: Craft Masters Susan O'Mackelry and Dillon Jaynes

Journeyman

Making up the rank and file of the Guild, the Journeyman are the ones player characters will most often associate with. Journeyman are still out to make a name for themselves and are more likely to get into trouble or undertake a shadowrun.

B	Q	S	C	I	W	E	M	R	Armor
5	3	4	2	3	3	V	-	3	(3/1)

Dice Pools: Defense (Armed): 1, Defense (Unarmed): 4, Dodge: 3.

Skills: Etiquette (Corporate): 4, Etiquette (Guild): 4, Negotiation: 3, Physical Science (Specialization): 5, Firearms: 4, Unarmed Combat: 4, Appropriate B/R: 5.

Cyberware: Varies by individual, but most Journeyman consider it essential to their success both in the Guild and in the outside world. Cyberware often includes smartgun links or other "military" ware.

Gear: Varies by individual. Most carry a pistol at all times and only fools walk through Seattle without armor. Journeyman have limited access to advanced gear through the Guild, but they are accountable for its return and safety. Although they might be able to use a car for the evening, they would not be able to have access to more expensive gear.

Apprentice

Apprentices make up the lowest rung of the Guild ladder. Most are fresh out of college or trade school and are currently working at their first job. Most have barely figured out which end is up, let alone influence the events that shape their daily lives. Apprentices are more likely to need help than provide it, but occasionally a bright or resourceful individual will make his way through the system.

B	Q	S	C	I	W	E	M	R	Armor
5	3	4	2	3	3	V	-	3	(3/1)

Dice Pools: Defense (Armed): 1, Defense (Unarmed): 3, Dodge: 3.

Skills: Etiquette (Corporate): 2, Etiquette (Guild): 2, Physical Science (Specialization): 3, Firearms: 3, Unarmed Combat: 3, Appropriate B/R: 3.

Cyberware: Varies by individual. Most consider cyberware essential to their success, but few have the nuyen to afford what they need.

Gear: Varies by individual. Most carry a pistol and armor. Apprentices have severely limited access to common gear through the Guild, but they are accountable for its return and safety.



Short in the Dark

"Short in the Dark" is designed to give the game master the basic information to conduct a Shadowrun adventure that peripherally involves the player characters with the Dwarven Technical Guild. It is up to the game master to fully detail the particulars of the run. The sights, sounds, and smells of the environment as well as the actions and reactions of the non-player characters are heavily dependent on the GM's preference. Additionally feel free to alter the scenario to fit your GM'ing needs.

PLOT SYNOPSIS

Currently under construction in downtown Seattle is the Larousse Office Spectrum. Even before construction on the facility began all the available space was leased. This is a highly unusual circumstance. Many attribute the planner's success to an innovative and expensive public relations campaign. What only a mere handful of people know is that a majority of the businesses leasing space in the Larousse Office Spectrum are owned by members of the Dwarven Technical Guild (DTG). To make sure that no one tried to breach the integrity of the construction job, Wolfgar Marrson hired a shadow runner by the name of Wrayth infiltrate the construction crew and keep an eye and ear open for anything unusual.

Wrayth is a shadow runner who specializes in deep cover. Wrayth never makes personal contact with any of his employers which keeps his face and identity a secret. All progress reports are periodic and done electronically or by courier. Because of Wrayth's extreme caution few have heard of the name and most that have believe that Wrayth is just a street rumor. Most people can't accept that someone could be that good.

For six months, Wrayth has been in deep cover with the construction crew posing as Frank Delvino. During that time Frank moved into the same apartment building as one of the runners.

Wrayth discovered Marrson's fears were well founded. Wrayth detected a number of deviations from the plans, as well as the culprit: a militant environmental terrorist group called Hammer of Light (HoL).

HoL is a dwarven terrorist organization dedicated to restoring the earth to it's natural state via magic. HoL had influenced the design and construction so that when completed it would act as a lightning rod for an act of ritual magic, which would result in the building's spectacular destruction on opening day.

Unfortunately, Wrayth's investigations did not go unnoticed. HoL intercepted him and his communique to DTG thus plugging the leak.

The missed information transfer raised DTG's suspicions. Guessing the missed transfer and the disappearance of a worker were linked, Wolfgar Marrson has deduced that Frank Delvino and Wrayth are one and the same. Now both HoL and DTG are watching Frank's apartment one organization using magical means the other technological.

THE ADVENTURE

The runner will enter his own apartment and find a sealed envelope slipped under the door. It is addressed to the runner. The note reads: "(runner), I got a bad feeling about work today. If I'm not home by 6:30 get my duffle bag from under the bed, it's got some important stuff in it. Thanks, Frank." The note is dated yesterday.

Bachelor Pad

The maglock on Frank's apartment turns out to be a lot tougher than the runners think, Electronics (8) Test.

As usual Wrayth has been meticulous: it's exactly the kind of doss that a worker like Frank would have. The only items of note are a battered trideo player and an extensive collection of exotic trideo disks.

When the runner attempts to look under the bed, he can't because the pedestal for the bed is built directly into the floor. If the runner removes the mattress and makes a successful search of the bed, Intelligence (7) Test. He discovers by pulling on the wall mounted light fixture above the bed a door pops open on the pedestal. Inside the compartment is a sports duffle bag with two audio tapes one titled "Ultra Flash: Wave of Fire" and the other titled "Seattle Philharmonic: Tchaikovski 1812 Overture", a card with "HoL" scrawled on it and two unlabeled data disks. The GM also has the option of adding

weapons and other gear suitable for a shadow runner.

If the runner tries to listen to the audio tapes he will find them terribly distorted. If the runner slots the data disks he will find them encrypted.

Note: The key to making the next three sections (Pretty Lights/Deadly Lights, Dwarves to the Rescue, and Time to Go) work is creating as much confusion around the runners as possible. Make the battles and surrounding events seem chaotic. This will keep the runners off guard and help the GM guide the players in the right direction.

Pretty Lights, Deadly Lights

Seeing the discovery, HoL assumes the runners are associates of Frank Delvino. They figure the best way to eliminate any more potential problems is to kill all of the associates. The runners are attacked by a Hammer of Light magical combat squad. All members of the Hammer of Light squad are dwarves using 2 former wage mages fighter orientation (Shadowrun p.38), 1 former wage mage healer orientation (Shadowrun p.38), 1 shaman deceiver orientation (Shadowrun p.44), and 1 shaman detector orientation (Shadowrun p.44). Modify stats for dwarves. Additionally the squad will bring 1 fire elemental (force 6), 1 earth elemental (force 4), 1 wind elemental (force 5), and a total of six city spirits (force 3). The elementals will fight if necessary. The nature spirits are there to gather fallen HoL members and to cover the squad's exit.

If there are more than four shadow runners, then add 1 former wage mage fighter orientation for each runner above four. The objective of the HoL is simple: kill the runners. HoL will attack with surprise. During the battle give the runners an occasional chance to spot one of the HoL dwarves, Perception (3) Test.

Dwarves to the Rescue

Just as things look hopeless for the runners they encounter a dwarven mercenary squad (hired by the Dwarven Technical Guild to find out what happened to Wrayth and retrieve any information he gathered.) The mercenary squad had Frank's apartment staked out. As soon as HoL attacked the runners the spotter for the mercenary group called in an attack strike.



The strike team includes 4 dwarf street samurai (Street Samurai Catalog p.102) add 2 flash grenades to their equipment, 1 dwarf mercenary (Sprawl Sites p.99) and a Hughes WK2 Stallion (Rigger Black Book p.53). The mercenary group will only attack members of HoL. They attack with surprise. Give the runners chances to spot mercenary dwarves, Perception (3) Test.

Time to Go

HoL will realize that things are going badly and will begin to bug out covering their exit with splashy special effects like powerballs and illusion spells. This is assuming they aren't all dead (highly unlikely). HoL members will gather fallen comrades and exit under the cover of the city spirits.

The dwarven mercenary squad will pick up on their scanner that Lone Star has dispatched units to the area. The mercenary group has no desire to deal with Lone Star as that would mean public attention. They will cover their exit with multiple flash grenades as their Stallion rotocraft lands. They too will try to recover their own fallen comrades.

If a runner attempts to follow any of the mercenary dwarves, simply have them discourage the runners with a bit of firepower. Any runner going astral to follow would be easy prey for the spirits. Once the dwarves are gone, the runners must leave quickly or face incarceration by Lone Star.

Down to Business

The Audio Tapes were included as red herrings. Make them as mysterious as possible.

Data Disks

These are tough disks and it will take a true decker some good quiet time to break the codes

Skill: Negotiation (5) Test, Base price \$2000

Computer (8) Test, Base time 4 hours These are just as confusing as the audio tapes. The decker will inform the runners that the encryption was fairly serious but the information isn't. One of the data

disks is the script for Shakespeare's play Hamlet." The other disk is the script for an exotic film about Diedre, at least that's what the decker thinks since her name is most often moaned. The decker will inform the runners that he was

unable to find any other encrypted codes on the disks. These scripts are the actual clues for the runners.

If they remember the description of Frank's apartment they will immediately connect the second disk with Frank's exotic trideo collection. If they don't remember, give them an Intelligence (7) Test for the information.

Thumbs Up

Ducking under the Lone Star "Do not cross this line" tape on the door, the runners discover, Frank's apartment in even a greater mess than when they left it.

Amongst the rubble, the exotic trideo collection is scattered all over the floor and will take some searching to find a disk with the name Diedre on it. After a minute or two one of the runners finds the "Diedre on the Dragon" trideo. Just as that one is found the runners find three more Diedre trideos. The four titles are:

- Diedre, Wired Reflexes
- Diedre does Denmark
- Diedre on the Dragon
- Diedre, All Chromed Up

The clue to which is the proper trideo is in the first data disk. Hamlet was Prince of Denmark. Therefore, Diedre does Denmark is the proper choice. If the runners don't figure this out on their own, then give them an Intelligence (7) Test for the information.

After about two minutes of the Diedre disk, various design layouts will start to appear on the trideo with Frank's voice narrating how the building structure has a strange pattern to it and how some of the materials being used are rather unorthodox. Frank continues to hypothesize that the building could be used for some mystical purpose unbeknownst to the owners.

Strike Force

Just as the trideo is getting into some more details, the same dwarven mercenary squad from "Dwarves to the Rescue" strike the apartment.

The squad is reinforced with two additional dwarf mercenaries (Sprawl Sites p.99) who are armed with grenade launchers. These dwarves are on the street outside the apartment. They fire two knock-out gas grenades into the room.

The gas causes 6D1 stun damage.

Players must make a successful test against their body.

If they have a gas filtration system, the level of the system adds that many dice to the runner's test.

Successes	Result
1	Barely conscious, all actions suffer a +3 penalty
2	Groggy, all actions suffer a +2 penalty
3	Phased, all actions suffer a +1 penalty
4+	The gas has no effect

Immediately following the grenades two dwarf samurai (Street Samurai Catalog p. 102) rappel into the room through the window. The door of the apartment blows open and in rush 2 dwarf samurai and a dwarf mercenary.

All of the samurai are armed with smartgun-adapted Defiance Super Shock taser weapons (Shadowrun p.120). The mercenary is armed with a large net gun (Street Samurai Catalog p.72). The objective of the squad is to subdue the runners and take the Diedre trideo disk to the Dwarven Technical Guild.

If any of the runners remain conscious then one of the mercenaries will warn them to be on the watch out for the Hammer of Light. If all of the runners fall unconscious then they wake up on the floor of the runner's next door apartment to Lone Star knocking on the door. The mercenary squad moved the runners.

PICKING UP THE PIECES

DTG: Marrson is happy enough to recover the information and sends a small gift of \$20,000 to the runners.

The Hammer of Light: Will now consider the runners as mortal enemies.

Wrayth: Escaped from the HoL safehouse and sends the runners 10,000 as a thank you.

If the runners solved the clues on their own and survived the Hammer of Light attack then they have done exceptionally well. Reward them with 4 karma points.



1

The runners are hired by a very nervous dwarf scientist to protect him and his radical new invention, so he can sell the rights rather than having them stolen. Shouldn't take more than a week or so, as he is currently fielding offers from several major corporations.

Quotes:

"Um, yes. Chummy. This is my invention. Mine."

"Uh, yeah. I uh can't tell you what it is. It's uh— a secret. You know."

"I'm kind of a— generalist. I work with a whole bunch of scientific — stuff."

Notes:

The "inventor" is a disgruntled ex-DTG accountant who heisted a data disk just before his dismissal.

He is now trying to sell the disk, which contains technical data on a hush-hush project being jointly developed by DTG and Ares Macrotechnology. His clumsy efforts at marketing the paydata have tipped off his employers, who have hired runners to look for him.

Determined to preserve their perfect security record, DTG's runners will stop at virtually nothing to retrieve the item. In the meantime, Ares has also discovered the leak and is very concerned that these plans might be sold to a competitor.

To make things more interesting, the value of what he's holding hasn't been lost on Ares competitors, either; realizing that the top secret data is there for the taking. (With the unfortunate runners in the way, of course.)

Archetypes:

Inventor: Use City Official, p. 164, SR rules.

DTG runners: Use Dwarf Mercenary, p. 99, Sprawl Sites. Use Dwarf Street Samurai, p. 103, Street Samurai Catalog.

2

Dwarvish Mr. Johnson approaches runners, representing DTG. DTG has discovered that their plant has been infiltrated by competitors, intent upon sabotaging a shipment of high-tech parts on the eve of its delivery. In order to circumvent, DTG wants the PC's to "make the delivery". Because the DTG doesn't know who they can trust, they have arranged for the runners to "break in", with the DTG's help - maps of the compound, weapons, and security breakdowns provided. All the runners have to do is get out of the complex, keep the van out of sight until the danger is passed, then meet with a DTG van at noon for a re-transfer of the parts. Possibly some wet-work required as the saboteurs might get wind of what was happening and try to stop the delivery. Potentially dangerous, definitely lucrative.

Quotes:

"Well, yes. For the sake of authenticity, expect alarms, gun-fire, everything, just as if you were really breaking in."

"No, I carry no ID identifying myself as a representative of my client. What ID do you carry, chummer?"

Notes:

Dwarvish Mr. Johnson actually represents the Hammer Of Light, a dwarvish anti-technology environmental terrorist group. They are interested in killing a top executive of the DTG to further their cause. H of L has rigged the van (with its executive cargo) to explode on one of Seattle's busiest thoroughfares when the runners make their rendezvous at noon.

Archetypes:

Mr. Johnson: Use Terrorist, p. 121, Sprawl Sites.

DTG Security Chief: Use 1 Dwarf Street Samurai, p. 103, Street Samurai Catalog.

DTG Security Personnel: Use Corporate Security Guard, p. 165, SR rules. Equip with Form-Fitting Body Armor, Manhunters and Wrist phones. Info/Contacts

If they perform their job well, then they'll be dead. If they expose the fraud, then it's likely that DTG will think highly of them and use them in the future. Hammer of Light, on the other hand, will see them as yet another impediment to their objectives. And you know what that means, chummer.

3

The runners are called to meet a DTG staffmember, a Mr. Hanndarson, at a sight in the barrens. There they take in the twisted remains of the armored cargomaster delivery van and escort vehicles. Hanndarson is livid and wants the sabotage stopped. He informs the runners that the ineffectual former security chief has been fired due to his incompetence in dealing with the go-gangs responsible. He wants the runners (who he thinks are A-1 smugglers) to devise a new approach to getting the cargo to its intended destination.

Quotes:

"Oh, Jensen? That idiot. He couldn't protect his butt with both hands and a Stonewall MBT."

"No, nothing was stolen. They just completely destroyed the vehicles and contents, and then split."

"No, I don't want you to use any of our vehicles for the job. Too obvious."

Notes:

The runners are to map a route through the barrens to the subcontractor. Jensen will offer to help, citing: his experience, his current lack of employment and his desire to clear his name. In actuality, Jensen is the man behind these incidents. He hired a go-gang to assault the shipments, steal the original cargo, substitute some worthless parts, then make sure that there aren't enough pieces left for anyone to put the story together. This last time, however, the gangs decided to go into business for themselves and kept the cargo. Jensen wants it back from the gang and he doesn't care who gets



geeked in the process.

Archetypes:

Jensen: Use Formal Military Officer, p. 102, *Sprawl Sites*.

Gang Members: Use Gang Members, p. 39, SR rules. Also use Gang Boss, p. 167, SR rules.

Info/Contacts:

Depending on the outcome, DTG will be likely be too embarrassed at the internal security gaffe to provide the runners with anything but a paycheck. But, hey, at least they will get paid.

4

The runners have decided to sample a new night-spot, when their backtable vantage point affords them a view of a problem brewing. Seems

some particularly large, brutish examples of homo sapiens (with a major alcohol-induced attitude) have decided to have a little fun with a female dwarf who made the mistake of refusing an order to dance. They have her hemmed in by the bar, while the rest of the patrons are looking the other way. It is clear that their intentions are anything but peaceful. One of the thugs belligerently notices the runners interest in the scene. Congrats, chummer. You're now part of the action.

Quotes:

"She'll be even shorter when I'm done with her."

"She's ugly, but at least her face is down low, where you can't see it."

Notes:

This a tricky situation. There are a number of the thugs, and they're drunk enough to not know when to back down. Combine that with an all-human crowd, and the runners could find the enemy tally sheet going against them. The key is either expending lead or somehow finding a way to defuse the situation. As a side-
sight, the dwarf girl is not the innocent she seems, though she was unwilling to start anything, due to the cultural topography of the bar.

Archetypes:

Drunken Thugs:

Use Gang Member, p. 39, SR rules.

Dwarf Girl:

Use Dwarf Mercenary, p. 99, *Sprawl Sites*. Deduct armored clothing and FN HAR Assault Rifle. Substitute Self Defender.

Info/Contacts:

If she survives the incident, she will make a good street/dwarven/DTG contact, as she is a journeyman who does a lot of freelancing.

5

The runners are staggering home from their latest victory celebration. (Whaddyamean what victory. Din't we win sumthin once? Hic.) Down a side street they hear a fusillade of shots. Through bleary eyes, they can make out what could be a robbery in progress.

Quotes:

"Huhwhazzat? Didjoo hear sumthin chummer?"

"Idunno. All I can hearzmy 'ed pound-
ing."

"Hic."

Notes:

The runners have stumbled not only onto a robbery in progress, but a turf dispute as well. It seems that the Mortemates, a not particularly bright go-gang, has declared the blocks surrounding the DTG complex as their turf. Unfortunately, the Incisors, (another gang) already have laid claim to same. The fun starts when both groups decided to heist the same shipment as it leaves DTG. DTG security forces are present but have withdrawn back into the compound, bemused more than anything else, as the truck is full of empty waste containers off to be recycled.

Archetypes:

Mortemates: Use Gang Member, p. 39, SR rules. Reduce Intelligence to 3.

Incisors: Use Gang Member, p. 39, SR rules.

Info/Contacts:

Neither gang are considered reputable by the other gangs in the area, but there is that code of honor to be thought about: nobody geeks a gang but another gang...

6

The runners are hired for a very straight-forward mission: guard Wolfgar Marrson, head of the DTG as he travels to an executive meeting with a major client. What could be simpler?

Quotes:

"It's a very simple job. We want you to guard our CEO, Wolfgar, on a top secret mission."

"Well, you're not the first group we approached with this job. Or the second."

"You can't tell anyone that we have you guarding WOLFGAR MARRSON. IT WOULD BE CERTAIN DEATH IF ANYONE KNEW THAT YOU WERE TAKING HIM THROUGH THE BARRENS."

Notes:

The runners are just one of many who have been hired to spirit "Wolfgar" from their rendezvous point to the meeting. Reacting to a particularly vehement threat from the H of L, DTG security has decided to fill the streets with multiple runners protecting multiple Wolfgars, all due to arrive at the destination at different times. Of course, it's your group of runners that have the real thing, or at least that's the impression H of L has gotten.

Archetypes:

Wolfgar Marrson: Use Company Man, p. 164, SR rules.

Hammer of Light Terrorists: Use Terrorist, p. 121, *Sprawl Sites*. Use also Dwarf Street Samurai, p. 103, *Street Samurai Catalog*.

Info/Contacts:

If you survive, the "Wolfgar" (who is actually a DTG staffmember) could make a good corporate contact.





The Torque Wrench

The Torque Wrench is a hang-out for riggers and mechanics located in the Puyallup Barrens less than half a mile from the Tacoma city limits. Little more than a converted warehouse, the Wrench has become a popular spot in the Seattle Sprawl for finding "adventurous" pilots, crew members and riggers. Sooner or later, any jockey worth his pay will end up at the Torque Wrench. The Torque Wrench has been described as part tavern, part warehouse, part hiring hall and part fraternity. Depending on the time of day and the general economic conditions, the Wrench can be any or all of these things. The Torque Wrench has no real owner. The loose group of ex-riggers who serve drinks and act as semi-official brokers work at the Wrench because it suits them for the time being. Turn over among the "employees" is highly varied. Some hang around the Wrench for years, while others leave after a few nights. The attitude and atmosphere at the Wrench is very casual — Null Perspiration is the favored motto. You work, you get paid. You score big, you kick some back to the Wrench. If you've got a solid rep, but you're down on your luck, you might be able to get some help at the Torque Wrench.

If the Torque Wrench is famous for anything outside the rigger cliques, it is their wide selection of alcohol. The Torque Wrench can get a client a bottle of anything currently brewed or bottled in the world, given time and nuyen. The bottled beers are expensive, but most connoisseurs consider the products well worth the expense. The bar is well stocked and can produce any mixed drink the client wishes, but there are few calls for any mixed drinks other than a Forklift or Steamroller, at least by the regulars. The forklift consists of a ten ounce tumbler filled with clear liquid. Initially

tasteless, the mixture is rarely felt until it hits the stomach when it erupts

with heat and aftertaste. The Steamroller is a slightly yellow beverage also served in a ten ounce tumbler. It is strongly alcoholic and very bitter with a strong aftertaste. Although the Steamroller requires an individual to slowly acquire a taste for the beverage, it has become a staple of the bar. The recipe for each drink is a closely guarded secret.

Seattle's Mr. Johnsons have only recently learned about the hiring qualities of the Torque Wrench and has subsequently turned the Wrench into something of a guild hall. For a slight fee, any one of the riggers who work out of the Torque Wrench can put you in touch with the right jockey for the right job. Potential Mr. Johnsons should be forewarned, however, the Torque Wrench is much like an extended family. Setting up a member of the family could be very bad for a negotiator's continued health and well being.

Personalities

Jonah: Use Fixer, Shadowrun page 167. Add Vehicle Control Rig(1). Jonah is a grizzled street veteran who has worked behind the bar since the Torque Wrench first began serving home-brew ten years ago. Although the obvious leader and mentor of the Torque Wrench's clients, he denies owning the Torque Wrench or even knowing who does. Jonah handles most of the money taken in at the Torque Wrench, but it doesn't seem to go to him directly. Like most of the other employees, he sleeps at the Torque Wrench when not working.

Bartholomew: Use Dwarven Technician, Shadowrun page 166. All skills are one level higher. Bart, while a fixture at the Torque Wrench for the last five years, often disappears for days at a time. He denies being a Shadowrunner, but he seems to know things before other Torque Wrench clients. Whatever the case, he is the best technician working out of the Torque Wrench. His rates are high, but

he delivers quality on a deadline.

Olivia dePriest: Use Armorer, Sprawl Sites, page 105. Raise Gunnery (B/R) to 7, add Gunnery 5, Negotiate 4. O.P., as she is called, has worked out of the Torque Wrench for the last three years. Her specialty is Gunnery, but she works on other equipment as well. Her construction and repair facility is a closely guarded secret, but most informed regulars at the Torque Wrench can tell you the workshop is located somewhere in Tacoma. When talking weapons, O.P. is all business and very articulate. When talking about anything else she is easily distracted and can seem rather dizzy.

Kendel "The Whiz" O'Shea: Use Corporate Rigger, Sprawl Sites, page 107. Raise Vehicle Control Rig to Level 2 (Alpha implant), add Boosted Reflexes Level 2. Although a corporate rigger, Kendel is tolerated at the Torque Wrench because of his personality. Outspoken by nature, Kendel's cyberwear has further increased his energy level to nearly manic levels. He becomes bored easily and usually fills any silence or break with highly amusing stories of his latest corporate escapade. Kendel's employer is a closely guarded secret, but most regulars suspect he works for Ares Macrotechnology.

"Keys": Use Rigger, Shadowrun, page 42. Replace Car with Rotor. Keys is a fairly typical member of the Torque Wrench family. Quiet, but confident, she rarely talks about her work or history. She has built a reputation for getting the job done and staying calm even when the situation is falling apart. Although still uncommon, some Mr. Johnsons have begun to ask for her by name when they are looking for a good chopper pilot.



The Torque Wrench Map Key

1. Main Entrance. The main entry way to the Torque Wrench is via a single garage door. To the left side of the garage door is a smaller door, but this is normally closed. Unless there is some type of trouble, the garage door is kept open to a height of eight feet.

2. Main Bar. Here a team of two to four bartenders and three to five waitress keep shop for the clients of the Torque Wrench. The bar does an active business in both drink and information. If he is in the building, Jonah will most likely be found here.

3. Storage Room. Once one of the offices to the warehouse, this small room has been fortified to store the more valuable possessions kept at the Torque Wrench. The walls are all of reinforced concrete, although they appear as normal interior walls, and the doors are mag-locked (rank 8). Stacked in neat groups are cases of beer, liquor, canned foods, and miscellaneous items, both legal and illegal. The small music system which provides the limited audio abilities of the bar is also located in this room. Jonah keeps a small desk and a cot in the northwestern corner of the room for his personal use.

4. Office. Once the warehouse manager's office, this room has since been converted into a meeting room. Cheap and poorly matched furniture is loosely grouped around a large wooden table which occupies most of the center of the room. Available at a nominal charge, the room is protected by a white noise generator (rank 5) which sits underneath the table. In the northeast corner of the room is a concealed entrance to the sewer system. The grate, which is covered by a large carpet remnant, is further concealed by a heavy couch. Only Jonah and Bart know of the entrance.

5. Main Entry. Except for the bar along the left wall, this area appears to be lit-

tle more than a warehouse. The walls are sheet metal and the floor concrete. To the right are stacks of stripped and junked automobiles and vans. Across from the door are a stack of large shipping crates and boxes. Clients are lounging in, on, atop, and under the autos, vans, and crates of the area.

6. The Scoot. A single red Dodge Scoot has been converted into a small table. Non-regulars to the Torque Wrench are often directed to the Scoot as the only place to sit. While sitting at the Scoot, the new comers will be ridiculed and jeered. Regulars will not even talk to someone sitting at the Scoot. To the diehard jockeys of the Torque Wrench, asking someone to sit at the Scoot is a sure-fire way to tell if someone takes their transportation seriously. Obviously somebody who does would never sit on, or at, a Scoot.

7. The Stack. This is the main seating area of the Torque Wrench. Shipping crates and boxes of different sizes have been bolted into place to make a small pyramid along the northern wall. Clients can pick their own seat among the oddly shaped boxes.

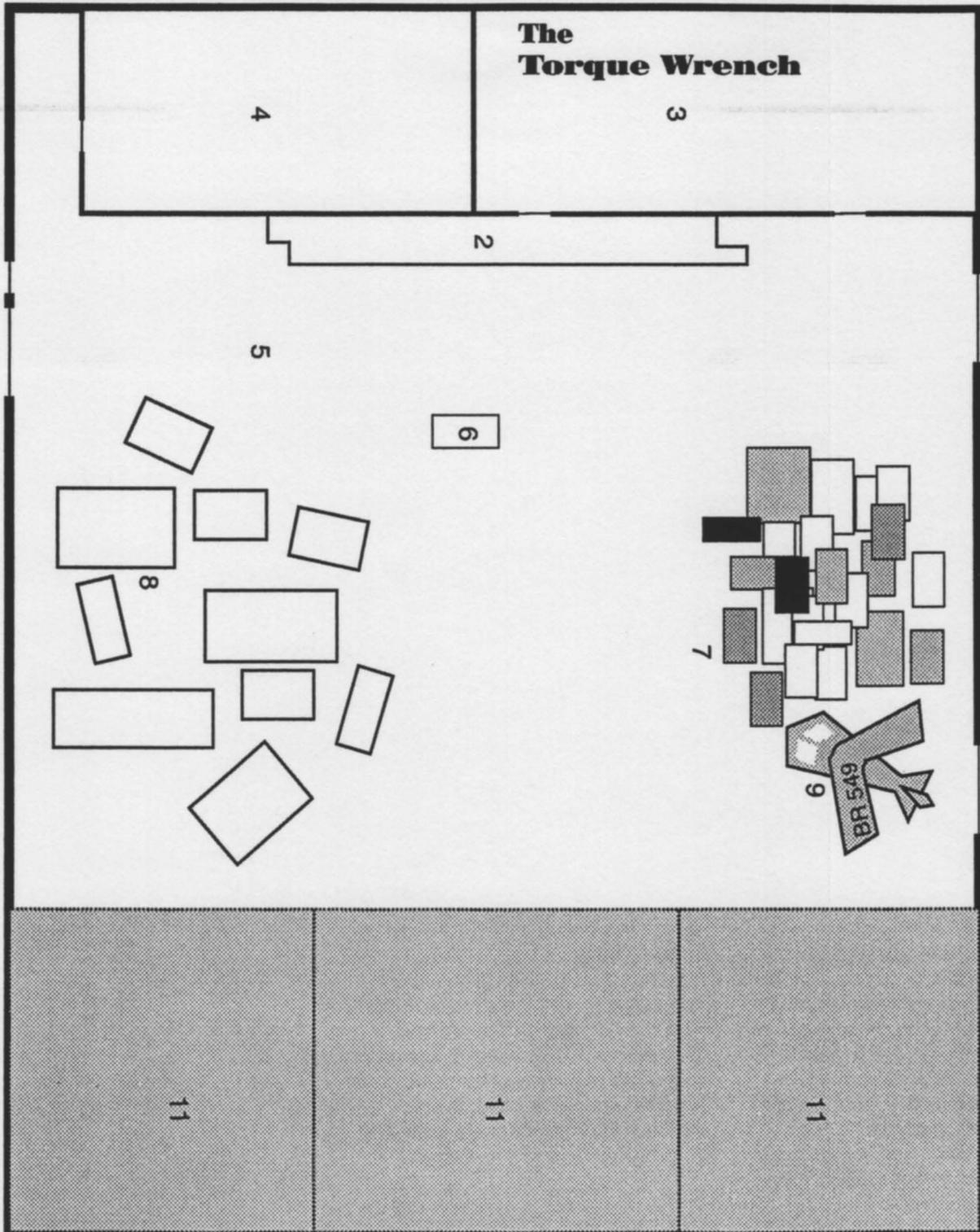
8. Auto Area. This area consists of a group of stripped and junked cars. All have been stripped of any useful parts and now the bodies are used for seating. Clients can sit on or in the various autos which have been slightly modified by numerous clients to provide easier access. The area includes such classics as a '97 Thunderbird, a '05 Benz, and a '33 Renault. The other seven cars in the area come and go on a revolving basis as old cars are removed and new ones are added by both the staff and the customers.

9. The Albatross. Suspended from the ceiling is a 2020 Albatross aeroplane. Customers can sit in the plane by climbing up the stack, but regulars tend to discourage this action. Legends and tales of the Albatross' history are varied, but most regulars

agree the Torque Wrench will remain open until the Albatross falls.

10. Emergency Exits. These garage doors are kept bolted down, but in an emergency, they could be opened (once the locks were either shot away or broken). Originally the northern entrances to the warehouse, neither door has been used in years.

11. Sleeping areas. Each of these three area is virtually identical. The sections are partitioned by large pieces of canvas, old parachutes, curtains, and quilt work fabric to form a relatively quiet sleeping area. Sleeping space is strictly first come first serve, and the regulars and staff of the Torque Wrench take interest in the number and type of people using the floor space. Unclean (relatively speaking) or diseased people are not allowed to sleep at the Torque Wrench.





>>>>[Just a few new spells and hardware floating around the streets. These are just re-postings from various sources.]<<<< (QUIRK 01:23:00 / 01/05/53)

Spells

Grappling Hook Manipulation Spell

Drain: L1 Type: Physical Duration: Sustained

Special Effect: Produces a 100 foot pale blue rope that snakes up the side of any vertical surface. Controlled by the caster, the rope will firmly attach itself at the top of the structure. If the caster throws the rope, it will attempt to attach itself to whatever is available. Used in this fashion, the spell can be used to bridge two distances once the other end is tied down.

Restraints Manipulation Spell

Drain: L1 Type: Physical Duration: Sustained

Special Effect: Places the target in hand cuffs for the duration of the spell. The target must have his wrists already touching for the spell to take effect, and even then he receives a standard saving throw.

Portable Hole Manipulation Spell

Drain: M2 Type: Physical Duration: Instant

Special Effect: Opens a one meter wide, one meter deep, hole in the ground anywhere the caster can normally target. Additional successes can be used to increase either the depth or the width of the hole. The target number of the spell is the resistance rating of the ground and the surface saves as normal. The spell will only dig a vertical hole. Although the angle of descent can be altered slightly, it can never be more than 30 degrees from vertical. The material excavated from the hole is deposited around the hole, just as if a shovel had been used for the digging.

Bulldozer Manipulation Spell

Drain: M2 Type: Physical Duration: Permanent

Special Effect: Fills in holes or natural depressions by collecting the available material in the nearby area and pushing it into the opening. Target number is 4. Only loose material will be pushed into the hole, starting with the material that is closest to the opening. If successful, a one meter wide by one meter deep hole can be filled. Additional successes go towards increasing the width of hole until the full diameter of the opening is included. Successes past that point can be used to fill a deeper opening. Occupants of the hole can be buried, or trapped, although they will not be crushed (at least initially).

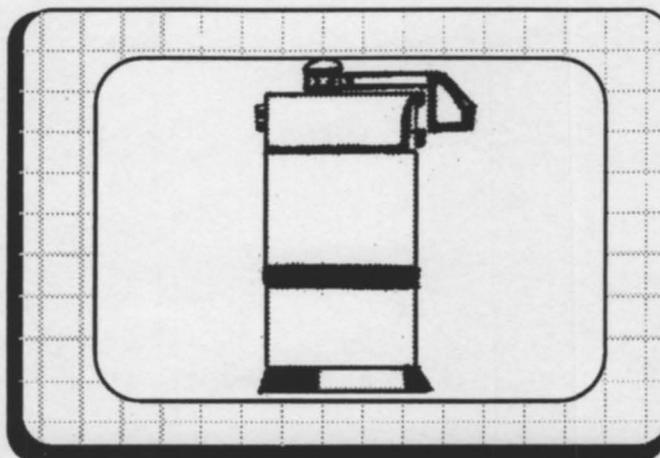
Everlast Chem Grenade

Burns hotter and longer than conventional thermite grenades

The latest addition to the Winter Systems IPE grenade series is the Everlast Chem Grenade. Packed in the same small package as our other products, the Everlast case is colored yellow for easy recognition. When you need an opening fast, use an everlast.

	Conceal	Damage	Weight	Blast Reduction	Cost
Everlast	6	6S5	.25	-2 per Meter	75¢

[Everlasts do not **explode** so much as they **burn**. When attached to a surface (via the glue strips on the bottom of the grenade), the Everlast flares briefly, then burns down. The intense heat and chemical reaction burns a one half meter hole in the object. Everlasts are not design to be thrown and should be treated as non- aerodynamic.]



FANART BY STERLING INFIELD



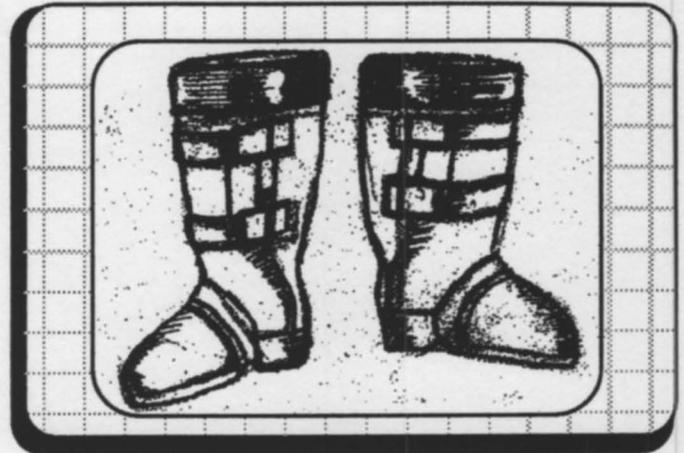
Diamond Back Combat Boots

"Sure my mother wear combat boots, but only Diamond Backs." Agrippa Bates, leading scorer, Timber Wolves

Armor for your feet. Diamond Backs boots come in a variety of styles and colors to suit the individual tastes of even the most demanding customer. Designed using the latest combat armor construction processes, Diamond Back Boots are fully guaranteed to protect the feet of the wearer, no matter how severe the trauma. Normal boots protect the feet and ankles. Full height boots protect all the way to the knee.

- Combat Boots (0/1) 120¥
- Full Height Combat Boots (1/1) 275¥
- Tres Chic Combat Boots (1/1) 500¥

>>>>[Of course, if your foot rips off just above the boot top, who cares how well preserved the appendage is?]<<<< (Rodeo 16:24:55 / 01/25/53)



FANART BY STERLING INFIELD

Slap Patches

from Bio-body Inc.

- Better meat through better chemicals
- Safe, child-proof packaging

Bio-body announces the latest in their growing line of UCAS and CSA approved personal medical products. Fully tested and researched, these medical advancements represent the cutting edge of biological science and are available with a doctor's prescription. Do be caught without one.

	Rating	Cost
Combat Juice Slap Patch	Maximum 6	80¥ x Rating
Block-all Slap Patch	Maximum 8	120¥ x Rating

>>>>[Doctor's prescription? What a laugh. More of these patches are going out the back door than the front. The go-gangs practically live on these things.]<<<< (Kable 23:27:54 / 01/28/53)

>>>>[These patches are now standard issue for the UCAS military]<<<< (Grizzly 11:04:53 / 01/29/53)

[Combat Juice can be applied at any time. It provides the character with an adrenal based chemical which speeds up the reaction time and quickness. Quickness and Reaction are increased by the rating of the slap patch. The effects of the chemical last for 10 combat rounds, then decrease by one point per round until the chemical is gone. Combat Juice is potentially harmful to the user, however. The character must pass a L2 body test versus the level of patch applied. If successes reduce the damage below light, apply them to mental damage (consider all the mental damage boxes full and the first physical box full — as if the user took 11 boxes of mental damage). If no successes are scored, the user will suffer a light physical wound and deadly mental damage immediately.

Block-all allows the user to save versus the effects of physical damage. When applied the user rolls die equal to the rating of the patch plus his willpower versus the number of physical damage boxes. Each success allows the user to ignore that box of damage. If all boxes are ignored, the user may operate without penalty. Although the damage is still there, user cannot feel it. For example, Neil the Ork Barbarian, already suffering the effects of a light wound, takes a severe wound on top of that, seven boxes filled. Slapping a rating eight Block-all patch to his chest, he rolls eight dice for the patch plus six dice for his willpower (14 dice) versus the target of 8. Defying the odds, he rolls six successes. Neil now operates as if he had a light wound (minus one/plus one). Further damage overrides the effect of the drug making the damage effects return immediately. The drug lasts for 2D6 minutes.]



rides the effect of the drug making the damage effects return immediately. The drug lasts for 2D6 minutes.]

Hypo-Doc

Fast effects for a dangerous world.
Lasts longer than standard slap patches

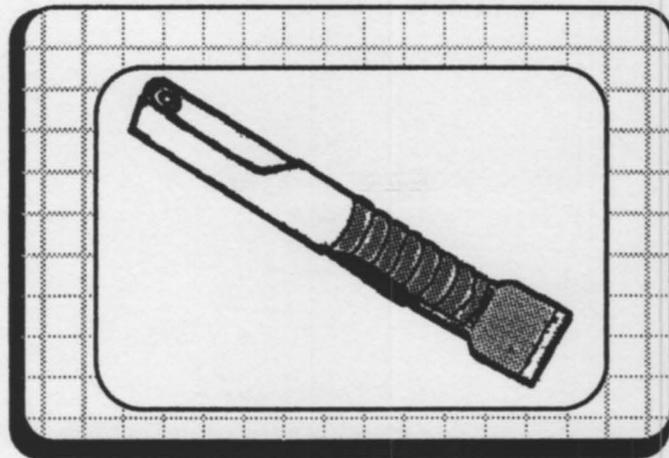
Nobody has to tell **you** its a tough world out there. You face it every day. Well, now you can face the world armed with the best medical care available without a doctor's prescription.

Hypo-Doc Chemical Injector Cost: 250¥

Supplies

- Antidote 55¥ per dose
- Stimulant 30¥ per dose
- Tranq 25¥ per dose
- Combat Juice 100¥ per dose
- Block-all 150¥ per dose
- Trauma 500¥ per dose

[The Hypo-Doc will accept up to forty doses of chemicals. The actual type of chemicals used are identical to the type used in common slap patches and have the same effect. To use the Hypo-Doc, select the chemical to be used, dial the setting (from 1 to 8), and apply directly to the skin. The injector uses air pressure to force the chemical into the system without actually breaking the skin. Resistance rolls are the same as for slap patches. Hypo-Docs can be refilled at any pharmacy at the per dose price for street legal drugs. Characters will have to make their own arrangements for restricted use chemicals.]



FANART BY STERLING INFIELD

CALENDAR OF SHADOWRUN EVENTS

>>>>(The following calendar lists the conventions for which we have heard rumors of roleplaying events. If you know of any conventions that are not on the calendar, please let us know so we can inform other SRN members. Go and show everyone that SRN Shadowrunners are the best.)<<<<

M A R C H

Coast CON: Held in Gulfport, LA; March 27-29@

A P R I L

I-CON XI: Held in Stony Brook, NY; April 3-5@

Fantasy Fest: Held in Shamokin Dam, PA; April 4-5

CubeCON '92: Held in Butler, PA; April 4-5

SAGE/Gamemasters: Held in Richmond, VA; April 4

Round CON: Held in Columbia, SC; April 10-12

UB CON: Held in Buffalo, NY; April 19-21

DEFCON III: Held at the Sheraton Inn in East Brunswick, NJ; April 24-26*

Chaoticon I: Held in Green Bay, WI; April 25-26

Little Wars: Held in Zion, IL; April 24-26

J U N E

LEGACY '92: Held at the Arlington Comfort Inn Convention Center in Arlington, TX; June 26-28*

A U G U S T

GENCON: It looks like the "mother of all battles" may be shaping up over this one, come and fight for your Shadowrunning turf.; Held in Milwaukee, WI; AUG. 20-23@&

* An asterisk means that there is more information about this item in the classified section.

@ An at symbol marks the conventions at which FASA plans to have representation as of press time.

& An ampersand marks the conventions at which SRN plans to have representation as of press time.



>>>>(It's time. Time to test our skills and abilities against a world of corruption and human degradation. Perhaps tonight we'll make a difference. Yes, it's time to shadowrun.

Shadowrun is obviously a game you enjoy playing. After all, you are a member of the Shadowrun Network. Like all games there are certain strategies that can lead to success. "Whoa!" you say. "This is not some board game. This isn't chess. This is role-playing."

You're right this is role-playing but there are many things you and your cohorts can do to make yourselves better players and better shadow runners. Perhaps the best way to convince you is by recounting some of the experiences I've had in shadows of Seattle.)<<<<

15 Tips on Running in the Shadows

White Dragon was a street samurai to the cybered T. Earlier in the day he and a couple of buddies humbled a go-gang. The light pistols of the go-gangers bounced harmlessly off White Dragon's armor. Now it was just past 12:00am and White Dragon parted from his pals to head back to his doss located on the edge of the Redmond Barrens. In the darkness, in the Barrens, he walked alone. White Dragon had attitude and the chrome to back it up. Who would bother him? The same go-gang that's who. White Dragon didn't run and hide when he heard the bikes. He turned to face them. He figured as they passed, one on each side of him, he would pop his claws and slice up

some street trash. But this time they didn't use light pistols. This

time they carried combat axes. The story turned out very differently from the Dragon's script. White Dragon died a grisly death after which the bikers desecrated his body by stripping the chrome.

Tip #1: Never walk alone.

Tip #2: Attitude is great, but it's not everything. Even the best runners can be flatlined by some punk with a Defender.

Francis had lots of attitude but he also had a lot of intelligence, at least by troll standards. Trolls, almost by definition, are tough but Francis had higher aspirations so he got as much muscle replacement as his big ol' body could stand. Needless to say his opponents preferred to shoot at him rather than get up close and personal. This particular incident I'm about to describe took place at a luxurious apartment courtesy of a "friend." There we were when all of a sudden in drops a mercenary strike team. It seems we no longer had a "friend." The amazing part of the strike team was a tall svelte ork who grinned evilly at Francis, put down his rifle and drew a sword. Francis smiled let the ork take two steps forward then drew an Uzi III and shot the ork.

Tip #3 Use your reputation to its utmost advantage.

Tip #4 Always carry a ranged weapon.

Aranged weapon is what Mercury Fire wanted to use, specifically the SMG built into her cyber arm. Her team had traced Mr. X to this club and now it looked like he was going to get away. Two goons scattering automatic weapons' fire in our general direction blocked a clear shot to the scampering Mr. X. Mercury Fire was as hot tempered as her namesake. Mr. X had hurt many good people and the thought of him escaping mad her blood boil. She figured with her wired speed and athletic ability she could somersault over the goons to get the clear shot. She made the move successfully. Unfortunately, the somersault made her the most obvious target for the goons and when she came down she was also a target for Mr. X. He got away and Mercury Fire went up in smoke.

Tip #5: Always, always think two moves ahead. Just because it might look good doesn't mean it will *be* good.

Later, thanks to some great mundane and magical medical care, Mercury Fire has another chance. This time she and the team have a plan of attack. Mr. X is basically pinned in a restaurant at the end of a pier. The team has purchased extra body armor and has a mage astrally watching the target. Things begin to get out of control and before anyone knows what happened three of the team are trapped in a firefight without their armor. Mercury Fire realizes that the



armor is in the trunk of the car. Stepping on the gas, she rushes towards her team. Out of the restaurant pops Mr. X. Mercury Fire guns the engine to run him over. She attempts a sharp turn (her Car skill is 1) while driving at 80kph, on a pier. She falls. The tires blow out and the car rolls over off the pier making her and the group's (astral) mage fish food.

Tip #6: Make sure everyone has their equipment before the encounter.

Tip #7: Put the body of an astral mage in a safe place.

Tip #8: Remember Shadowrun is science fiction. It must be based in realism to work. It's not the movies.

Someone who definitely could belong to the movies is Cayenne, gator shaman extraordinaire. We were in the bar simply to meet a contact but that didn't keep Cayenne from indulging in the fullness of life. He and another gator shaman, Cameron, became embroiled in a competition to out drink the other. Of course, it couldn't be any drink but an Australian brew(?) called Bilge Water. Several tubs of the stuff later, Cayenne and Cameron were in grand spirits. The rest of the patrons had lost their sense of humor a couple of tubs back. Before you could say "Louisiana gator" a brawl broke out. Bad move by the patrons. Gator magic filled the air. Within ten seconds it was over, the patrons were on their backs and

Cayenne was behind the bar looking for more Bilge Water.

Tip #9: If you are a shaman, act accordingly.

Tip #10: Magic is deadly. If you don't fear it, learn to.

Jezebel was a cat shaman adept. Illusion spells and city spirits were her forte. So when the job looked like it was going to take us into the sewers where giant rats had been spotted, Jezebel balked. Nuyen flashed in front of her and then more-nuyen flashed. "Alright" she thought. "I might not like it but I can buy a bunch of snazzy new outfits when I come back up." In we went, three samurai and Jezebel. What did we find? We found a overly large toxic spirit. Who had to deal with it? The mage of the group had to deal with it while the three samurai desperately looked for a way out. What happened? Jezebel was a cat shaman adept, you tell me. I liked this character alot she had good depth and personality. I did not pay attention to the following tips.

Tip #11: Discretion is the better part of valor. Know when to be a good runner, the kind that use their feet.

Tip #12: Make sure your team is well balanced with a wide variety of character types before you start an adventure.

Tip #13: Once you have a balanced team, know what your function is as part of that team.

The bar was crowded, the liquor cheap and the music loud. I noticed two thugs, the worse for alcohol, abusing an elven woman. Her stoic attempts to ignore their behavior enraged them. No one seemed to notice her slap, but the sound of a breaking bottle caught the crowd's attention.

One of the thugs pinned the woman against the bar. His companion pressed the jagged bottle against her, curling his lips in a sickening smile.

Being the only metahumans in the place, our loyalties were clear. An all out brawl was a finger snap away when Rodeo, the only human in our group, suddenly stood up and hollered

"Shoowee boys, why don't we just take little miss dandelion eater outside and show her a thang or two!" I was stunned at his betrayal and could only watch as Rodeo and the thugs dragged her outside. The crowd went back to their conversations like nothing had happened.

Finally, I rushed to the exit, determined to take Rodeo down if I had to.

Instead, I found myself a spectator as Rodeo beat the tar out of the thugs. Rodeo had not only saved the woman but disarmed the explosive crowd.

Tip #14: Lessen the odds whenever possible.

Tip #15: Think about where you are and how your actions will affect the situation. Keep an open mind.



Rigger Black Book

Rating 4 (out of 5)

At long last there is a real reason to play a rigger in Shadowrun. The weighty book is packed with vehicles of every description, color plates, new rules, and lots of art. With nearly one hundred pages of vehicle stats alone, the book should prove a valuable source for GMs and players alike.

Pros

The entire front section of the book is filled with vehicles. There is bound to be the perfect vehicle for any player character, no matter what his style. Had FASA stopped there, they would have had an acceptable product, but they decided to go a little further. After the vehicles and some dazzling computer generated color plates, the book finishes with 34 pages of rule expansions. The rules covered do not just apply to vehicles. This last section covers vehicle operations, vehicle modifications, heavy weapons, sensors, and revised combat rules.

One of the new rules concerns vehicle control pools. Just like hacking and magical pools, the control pool allows the rigger (only) to allocate dice to vehicle maneuver rolls. If high speed chases are as deadly in your area as they are around here, the rigger just became your cavalry.

Finally, have you ever picked up a book that just plain felt right? This is that type of book. The cyberpunk genre of fiction (and role playing) has always been heavy on style. Until now there wasn't enough style to one of the main purchases most characters are likely to make, their car. Now everyone can show their style to the world (then flip open the gun ports and reinforce the idea).

Cons

The Black Book is a solid product, but something got left out of the picture when the book went to press. The omission is a vehicle construction guide. You can heavily

modify your vehicle, but you can't really build one from the ground up. After talking with FASA, I discovered this was a design decision. Developers decided to give the players a group of different vehicles and let them modify the base design as they saw fit. I agree that fits the profile of a rigger, or mechanic, they will want to design a rig that is perfect for them, but it kind of leaves the GM out of the picture. I don't propose a complete car dueling system with hundreds of different vehicles, but it seems like a natural piece to include in the product. Other than the construction guide, the book has few bad points. The art work runs the range from very good (a pro) to not good at all (a con). Most of the vehicles are too expensive for most runners, but that should be somewhat expected. By the way, the Watersport on page 41 is 12,000¥ not 1,200,000.

Conclusion

The Rigger Black Book is a must have, especially for the Game Master. There is too much information in the back of the book to pass up and there are simply too many vehicles to throw at the runners to miss it. Players will also find the book extremely useful even if they don't play riggers. At \$15.00, the book should sit proudly beside the Street Samurai Catalog as a valuable reference tool.

Elven Fire

Shadowrun Scenario Book
Rating 3 1/2 (out of 5)

Gang violence has long been a staple of the Shadowrun game system. Just when the runners were ready to relax, half a dozen motorcycles would round the corner. Gang members made great thugs and there were always plenty of them.

Elven Fire takes a look at this from the gang member's point of view and allows the characters to run with one of the best (or worst depending on you look at it) gangs in the city, the Ancients.

Pros

The plot of Elven fire is as twisted and complicated as you could want in an adventure. Game Masters are bound to enjoy the numerous conflicts and varied non-player characters that get involved in the action. A lot of effort has gone into these non-player characters and their attitudes and motivations are widely varied. The action starts right away so there should be plenty to do right away.

The product is put together well and it reads very easily. Mike Stackpole's fiction is very good, but we've come to expect that. The layout and production are also well done. Much of the artwork is done by Janet Aullisio. Remember that name. She has done work for other FASA products as well as ICE. Even her simple pieces have a good balance and style. The plate on page 29 is especially well done.

Cons

The single biggest problem with the scenario is the runner's motivation. Given the intensity and scope of the situation, I didn't think that there was a good enough reason for the runners to agree to the deal with Mr. Johnson. After many of the encounters, my runners were ready to cut their losses and head for home. The streets were just too dangerous. I know that the Shadowrunners are supposed to live on the jagged edge of life, but hey, the key word is *life*. With better motivation (other than altruism), they would have been more willing to dodge gunfire. If you can get past that, the module's only other problem will be missed by most players. The text provides a lot of information for the Game Master, who should enjoy the product, but much of the action goes on behind the scenes and the runners may never know what is really going on. The references to the Elven Nation are interesting, but there is no support for the information given. Finally a general comment. The diagrams used for the building are getting better all of the time. Floor plans



>>>>[Re-Posted from the newsnet for your convenience.]<<<< (QUIRK 12:05:43 / 03-15-53)

TODAY'S HEADLINES

INTERNATIONAL

BORDERS TIGHTEN FURTHER

The Tir Tairngire government has announced further restrictions for visitors and persons wishing citizenship. In addition, it has announced increased border patrols and a large upgrade of equipment for defense of its lands. Tir Tairngire government officials can not be reached for comment.

PROTEST BREAKS OUT IN JAPAN

A riot broke out after the government announced that two soldiers it has been investigating will not be prosecuted in a criminal trial. The two soldiers were involved in a recent incident in which they opened fire on a group of unarmed Metahumans, killing 7. Troops were sent to disperse the rioters. Though 38 were injured, no fatalities were reported. Economic damage was estimated in excess of 1,000,000¥ Story continued on page 75.

NATIONAL

NANA DOWNS PLANE

A Boeing C7-10 Cargo carrier was shot down over the Pacific Ocean shortly after takeoff yesterday morning. The crew of three were pronounced dead and the cargo of expensive electronics was lost. A terrorist group calling themselves the North Americans for North America have claimed responsibility for the act (NANA). NANA is an Eco-terrorist group that want to return all of the land to its original, unpolluted state.

"If the pollution doesn't stop and the entire continent isn't returned to its original condition, we will start shooting down planes full of com-

muters. CLEAN NORTH AMERICA!"

The Salish Shidhe Council stated: "Since they used an Ares LR SAM stolen from us, we will do everything in our power to track down all responsible and see to it they are punished."

LOCAL

FISHING DOWN 35%

Puget Sound fisherman have complained of a sharp decrease in the catches this week.

There has been an approximate 35% drop in the average daily catch. The Salish Shidhe Coast Guard claims that there is no connection between the drop in fish and the disappearance of three boats and their crews. Story continues on page 146.

BUSINESS

AWS SELLS ADVANCED MATRIX UTILITIES

An announcement from AWS and Logitech-Honeywell today stated that AWS has sold its matrix utilities division to Logitech-Honeywell for an undisclosed amount. The statement didn't surprise many as rumors of the sale have been floating around the business community for some time now. When questioned about the reason for the sale, AWS CEO Geoff Willisie stated "The deck utilities were something we couldn't support properly and were not part of the direction that the board has chosen for the AWS of the future." He continued to say, "Now we can devote more energy to developing what we are the best at. Look for an AWS/GL Plus 22 in the near future!"

See "Logitech-Honeywell purchases a larger market share" on page 98 and "New handgun slated for release - preview" on page 103.

COURT LITIGATION CONTINUES

Fuchi Corporation has taken CYCO Circuits to court once again. Fuchi Lawyers claim that the recently

released CYCO Beta is as much of an infringement on their copyrights as the CYCO-4 was. The current tactic is to try and halt distribution and sales until the infringement case is heard by the court. Story on page 142.

ENTERTAINMENT

EPINEPHIRINE MAX:

#1 WITH A BULLET

The new techno-thrash group calling themselves "Epinephrine Max" has reached number one with their new single called "Secretions or Secrets" in just three short weeks, a feat which is amazing on today's music scene. A complete review of their album "Basilar Membrane" can be found on page 113.

SPORTS

JACKS TO PLAY THE TIMBERWOLVES SATURDAY

The first UK-UCAS combat bike competition will occur Sat. between the local Timberwolves and the London Jacks. When asked about the game, Agrippa Bates comment was, "We chased them from our shores 277 years ago, we'll do it again tomorrow."

When the manager for the Jacks was told about Agrippa's comment, his reply was, "If they face us on the field like men instead of hiding behind bushes and such, this contest will turn out very differently than the rebellion Mr. Bates mentioned."

Tune in to KKRU on channel 11 at 19:00 tomorrow for what promises to be an entertaining event.



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