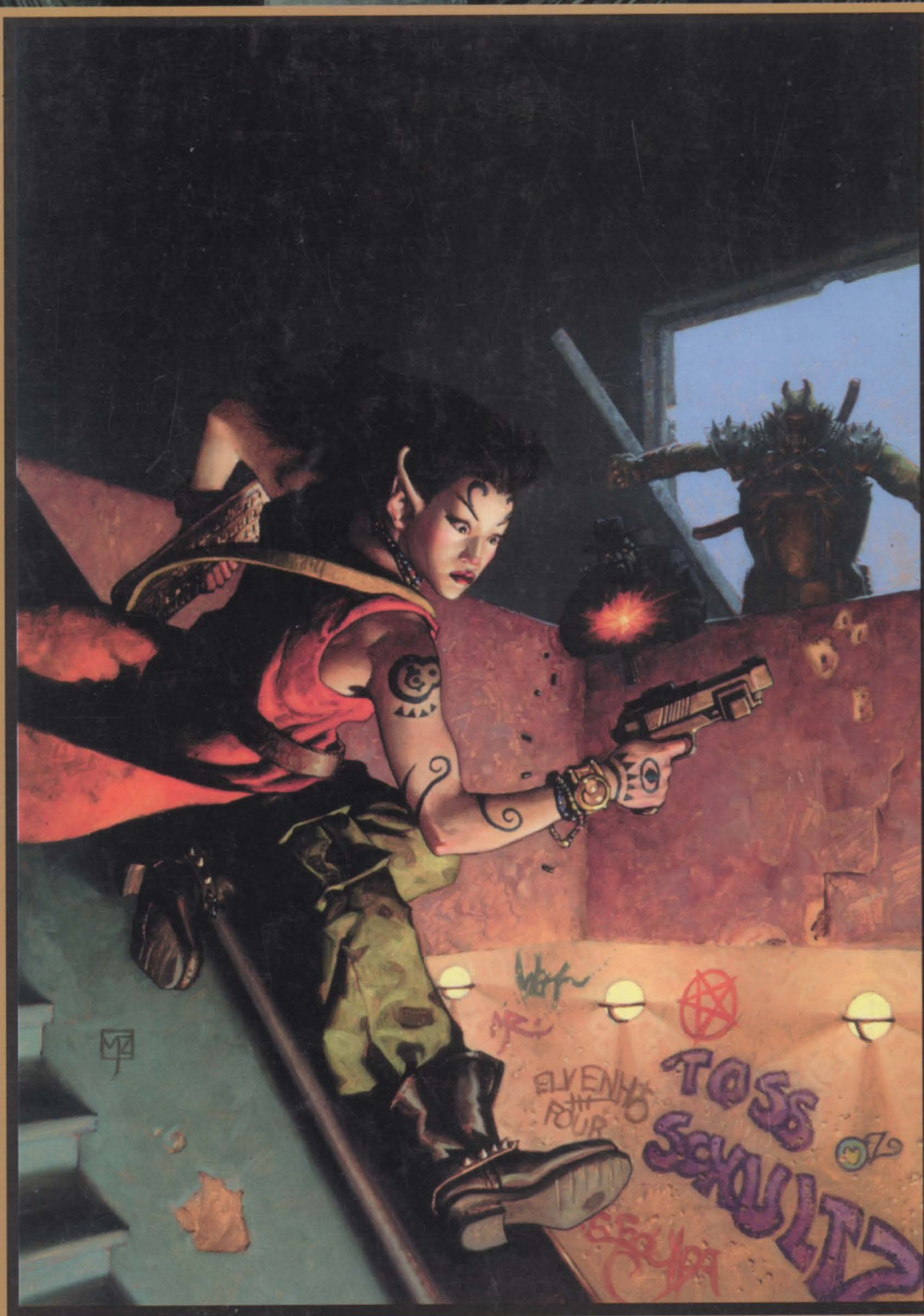


SHADOWLAND

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VOL. 6

Artwork by Mark Zug

SHADOWLAND

An Official Publication Devoted to FASA's Shadowrun Roleplaying Game

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The Editor Speaks...

Greetings and welcome to the sixth volume of Shadowland, the Shadowrun support magazine brought your way by Sword of the Knight Publications! We hope you enjoy and come back for more!

First, I'd like to apologize to Stuart G. I'm seem to have lost your full name and address. Please get in touch with us as soon as possible!

Second, last issue we talked about doing a classified type of thing. We're still interested, but you guys/gals have to send us stuff to run it! Please do so! There's no charge, but try to keep the entries under 50 words. We reserve to right to refuse any classified ad. Thanks!

Later, chummers...

Kevin Knight



Classified Ads

Who Wants This?

We'll place ads here for items people want to sell or trade.

Who Needs This?

We'll place ads here for items people are looking for.

Gab-Gab-Gab

This will be for mesages, personals, etc.

Restrictions: keep it brief and to the point, no profanity (has to be PG-13 rated).

Thanks to James Rommell for his suggestions!

How Are We Doing???

Thanks to the people who sent in their response cards from Volume #5! Please keep sending in your response cards, we really like to know what you think of our magazine! Winners of free copies of Volume #6 are ! Congrats!

Each issue we'll draw out three response cards and send free copies of the next issue to those people! So send your response cards in!!!

Responses from Volume #5...

<u>Article</u>	<u>Rating</u>
Cold	3.57
'Till Death Does the NPCs Part	3.43
Bigger, Badder, & Powered	3.19
That Voodoo That You Do	3.39
Daddy's Little Girl	4.10
A Change For the Better	3.83
Sister Savior	3.57
Hardware: Guns	3.77
On the Nature of Magicians	2.93
Headache: Little Boy Lost	3.53
Mr. Wherefore	2.76
The Hermetic Lodge	3.97
A Piece of Cake	3.21

<u>Artist</u>	<u>Rating</u>
Cover Art	3.42
Kevin Montanaro	3.90
Stuart Gormley	3.60
Richard April	3.17
Overall Rating of SDL 5	3.93

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They're all still available for \$5.00 each postage paid in North America or \$8.00 each postage paid elsewhere!
Send check/money order or Visa/MC info to...

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2240 Schuette Lane
Henderson, KY 42420 USA

Bad Karma

by Dave Panchyk

We join a Shadowrun game in progress. Mike is playing his street samurai, Shadowslayer (cool name, huh?).

GM: "The alarm klaxon is starting to go off now. The security guard behind the front desk has noticed you and he's starting to get up."

Rick: "Let's just run past him. We got what we came for."

Mike: "I shoot him."

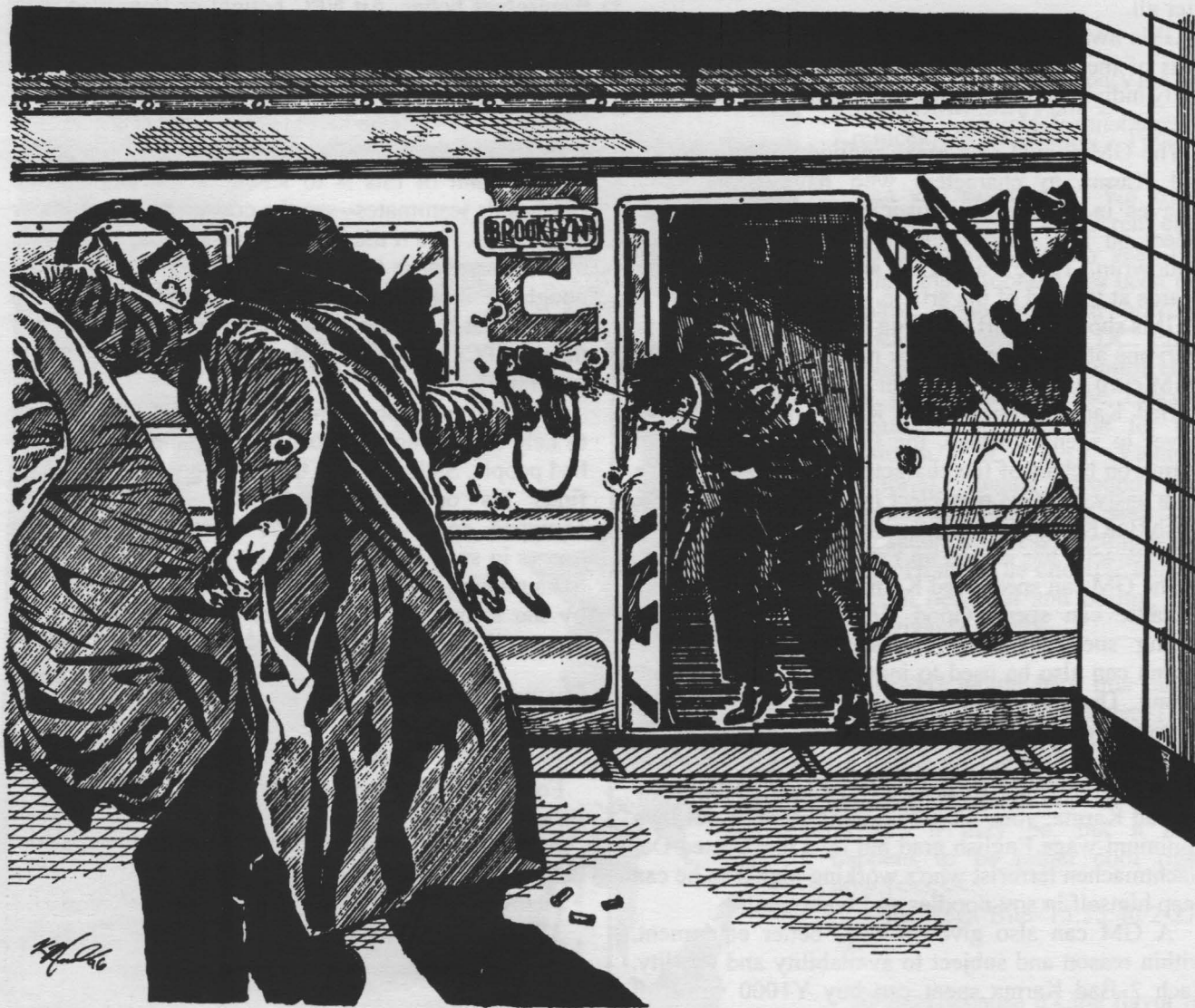
GM: "Uh, you notice he's unarmed..."

witnesses."

GM (sighs): "Okay; roll your dice..."

I'm sure we've all played in a group with a sociopathic character like Shadowslayer. Maybe we were even the player of that character. But if we were, we wouldn't be reading this article, and even if we were reading it, we'd probably be a little too thick to recognize ourselves, wouldn't we?

Characters in the Shadowrun world are violent, mercenary criminals, but they are usually something



Mike: "Good He won't be shooting back."

Rick: "Oh, come on, Mike..."

GM: "You know, you do have a Narcoject pistol."

Mike: "That's just for cows."

Sandy: "Cows?"

Mike: "So--I shoot the guy. I don't want any

more noble than that. They often apply moral standards to their work, acting as checks upon the darker activities of the corporations who find shadowrunners so indispensable in their nearly-invisible war.

Shadowrunners also let these moral standards affect

the way in which they commit their crimes. A minimum of mayhem is only right, as well as professional. They can see the line between ungentle persuasion and outright torture. Needless bloodshed, above all, is to be avoided.

But let's face it: some shadowrunners out there don't give a toss about the unwritten rules. Their only law comes from their guns or spells. Even though the Sixth World can be a rough place, and Seattle is a kind of frontier town, men and women like that can't live forever.

Sure, there's always the law. Lone Star, or the threat of it, can serve as a deterrent for many characters who would otherwise be tempted to pull out their guns and commit some very ugly no-nos. But if the universe itself rewards good acts, shouldn't it punish bad ones? That's where the very notion of "karma" comes from, after all.

GMs award characters Good Karma points on the basis of their actions during a shadowrun. These are partly individual karma awards for bravery, good ideas or excellent roleplaying.

The GM should also make individual "awards" of Bad Karma to characters who have consistently behaved in a violently antisocial way. These should reflect on how such a character behaved during a shadowrun. There's a list of suggested Bad Karma awards at the end of the article.

GMs shouldn't start applying the Bad Karma rule to everyone at every time. These rules are meant to help a GM curb a problem character.

Bad Karma, unlike Good Karma, isn't up to the player to spend. Instead, the GM "spends" the Bad Karma on behalf of the character's opponents. (To be extra nasty, the GM may elect not to tell a player how much Bad Karma his or her--well, let's face it, probably his--character has racked up.)

The GM can spend Bad Karma in most of the ways a player can spend Good Karma: rolling re-tests, buying successes, and increasing Attributes. Bad Karma can also be used to increase an NPC's Threat Rating. The cost for this is twice the current Rating; for example, a Threat Rating 2 security guard could go up to Threat Rating 3 for 4 Bad Karma (2x2), then to Threat Rating 4 for 6 Bad Karma (2x3). Voila: after 10 Bad Karma, your security post is manned not by a minimum-wage English grad but by a disaffected Der Nachtmachen terrorist who's working nights so he can keep himself in soy-noodles and bomb parts.

A GM can also give an NPC better equipment, within reason and subject to availability and legality. Each 2 Bad Karma spent can buy Y1000 worth of equipment, for a max of Y1000 per point of the NPC's Threat Rating (e.g. the beefed-up security guard above could carry an extra Y4000 worth of stuff). For instance, another security guard may invest in his own armored vest to wear under his uniform, and may want to carry "Betsy", his Ruger Super Warhawk, instead of

the piddly little automatic the company provided for him.

Another option is to buy an enemy outright for 30 Bad Karma. This is someone of Contact level of ability (beat cop, federal agent etc.), not a full-fledged Archetype, who has a major beef with the character because of something the character has done.

The saving grace? There is no such thing as a Bad Karma Pool made up of one-tenth of all the Bad Karma the character has earned and which replenishes every session.

In every case in which Bad Karma is at work, it should be evident to the characters what is going on. They might see a trideo news report about how some shadowrunners are going through corp security guards like so many Kleenex, and so the corps are hiring "more qualified personnel" and the guards are arming themselves better. An NPC bought or improved with Bad Karma may recognize the character who "earned" those points and even express the reason why he or she wants revenge. (The GM may want to suspend the "one word a phase" rule and let the NPC deliver a short but dramatic speech.)

The point of this is to let the character--and the character's teammates--see the consequences of his or her actions. And if the character doesn't see any reason for concern, those teammates should; after all, NPCs bought or improved with one character's Bad Karma are a threat to all the characters in the party (even if those NPCs do prefer to target the Bad Karma-generator).

Bad Karma is proof that while the universe moves to help those who do good, it stacks the deck against bad people. Suddenly, the trigger-happy Shadowlayer finds his opponents are getting tougher, better equipped and, well, luckier. Synchronicity shapes events in such a way that all his past sins come back to haunt him, and he realizes too late that he who lives by the sword/spur/Panther cannon/fire bolt, dies by the...well, you get the idea.

Killing an innocent person: 3

Killing an opponent while opponent is defenceless: 2

Engaging in torture, regardless of the reason: 2

For going out of one's way to engage in combat while on a run: 1

Attacking someone without provocation where self-defense isn't an issue: 1

Derailing the plot by the needless use of violence: 1

NERPS: Hot Spots

by Erik Jameson

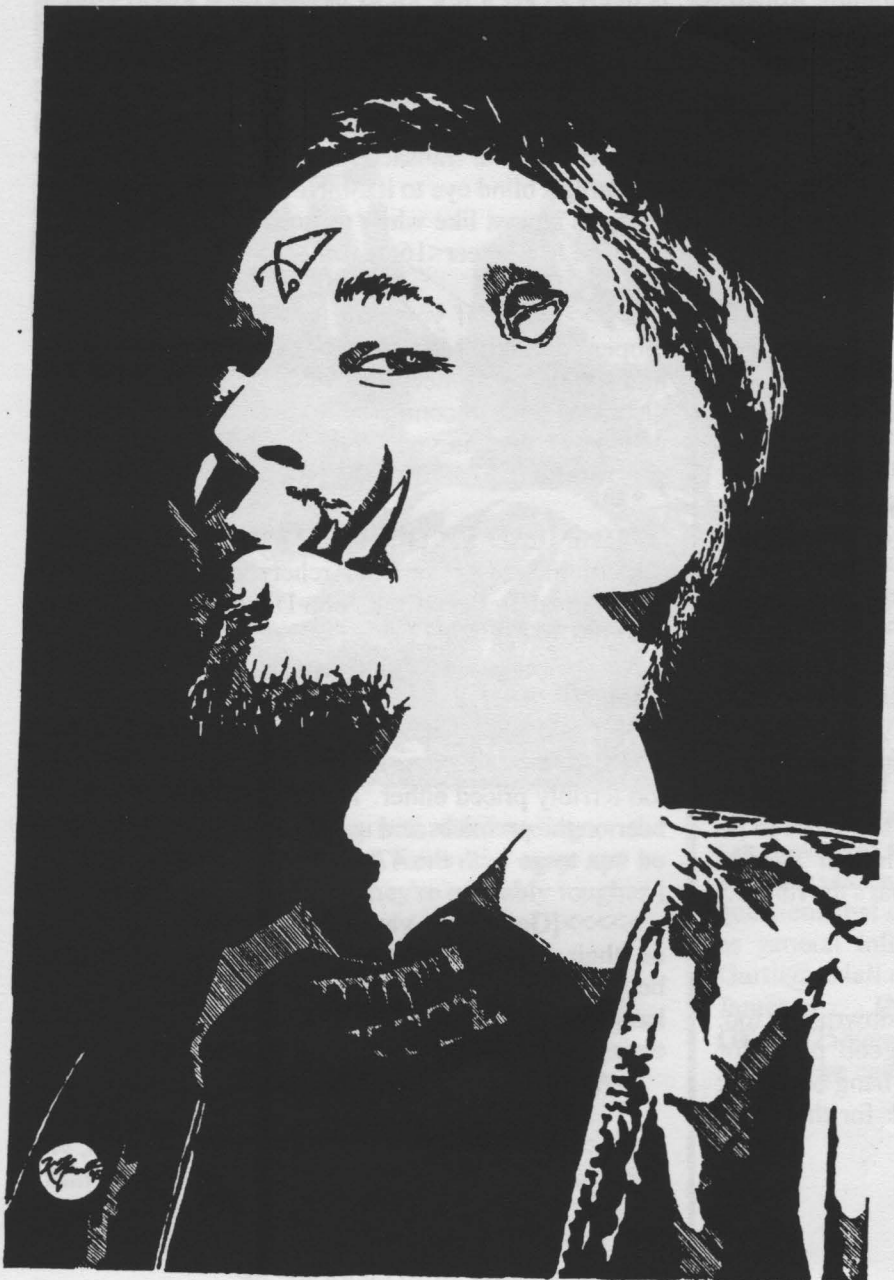
>>>>>[I popped on down to do the Penumbra thing last month. Never again. The entire clientele had to be shadowrunners, wanna-be's and hangers-on. Probably a few undercover cops and corp spies in there too. If Lone Star had decided to raid the place that night, there would have been a serious shortage of talent in the shadows for months afterwards. In other words, it's time to start finding some new spots. So I recruited a few friends and for the last few weeks, we've had the painful task of finding new clubs, bars and grub spots (otherwise known as restaurants). Many thanks to St.

Stan for taking the beer-stained notes we gave him and turning them into what you now see. And of course, thanks to Rage and Jackhammer. You both owe me a beer.]<<<<<

--Wildsmasher<15:07:48/2-27-58>

>>>>>[Okay, I've formatted things in the standardized format you've all come to know and love. As usual, post what you like. We here at Shadowland take no responsibility, blah blah blah...]<<<<<

--St. Stan<15:09:34/2-27-58>



The Capitol

Night Club Archetype/Vine & Fourth(Downtown)/Janice Kreijicek, Owner/Ugly People/LTG#206(55-6567)

Can you say trendy? We knew you could. There's a different club on this spot nearly every year. For the last eight months, it's been the Capitol, done up with horrible replicas of Washington DC. Enter through the steps of Capitol Hill, buy your drinks at the Lincoln Monument, wait in line for the bathroom at the Vietnam Memorial, dance around the Washington Monument, and hold your secure business meeting in the White House. The clientele tend to be both beautiful and boring, and unforgivably trendy.

>>>>>[I would hate this place, except it's so damn clever. They went all out, even making the doormen look exactly like bad trid versions of Secret Service agents. Trendy it may be, but it also happens to be rather cool right now.]<<<<<

--the Mega-Bite<15:35:40/2-27-58>

>>>>>[Because it's the flavor of the week (you don't think all that election fall out is helping biz at all?), it's almost always busy. Which means it's a great spot for when you need a public meet. It's a good alternative to Penumbra or the

Inferno.]<<<<<

--Fad-Man<15:49:43/2-27-58>

The Neon Blue Iguana

Night Club Archetype/7th & Pine(Downtown)/Mark Wellington, Manager/Subtle Bias against Trolls and Orcs/LTG#56(22-6585)

Probably the only reason this place has been ignored by shadowrunners has been the predominately corp clientele. Suits reign supreme here. The music is that techno-ambient-trance-jazz stuff, the decor simple (stark white walls and lots of cool blue neon), and the drinks are class. A very good place for meets, very discreet and secure. Just make sure you dress up, and don't bring your hardware.

>>>>>[Actually, a few runners have used the NBI for a hangout for quite a while. Even Johnny Rotten, the fixer, hangs out here. In fact, he's never met their dress code. Doesn't seem to affect business though. Just don't you try the same thing...]<<<<<

--Chrome Executive<16:01:36/2-27-58>

>>>>>[Get in good with the bartender, Biff (yeah, I know). He overhears all kinds of corporate rumors.]<<<<<

--Job Hunter<16:09:46/2-27-58>

Victory

Night Club Archetype/East 27th Street & D Street(Tacoma)/Scott Harders, Owner/No Bias/LTG#5206(16-2319)

A new club, it's only been around for a few months. Victory is a sort of winner's haven; memorabilia from all sorts of victories have been collected. That means an American World War II uniform is right next to a Seattle Supersonics jersey which is right next to a Sioux war shield from the NAN war, which is right next to a campaign poster for President Garrety (remember, the other one that was assassinated in your lifetime). They all seem to be authentic. And of course, the beer and the munchies are top-flight.

>>>>>[The owner, Scott Harders, is supposed to be some kind of hermetic. Has some kind of strange Sumerian type of tradition, or at least, that's the rumor.]<<<<<

--Magi Maker<16:21:03/2-27-58>

>>>>>[He's also supposed to be a shadowrunner too. Can't confirm that, but Victory is a good place for meets. I know a few runner mages that hang out there, just looking for biz (or letting biz look for them, I'm not sure).]<<<<<

--Spirit Watcher<16:26:21/2-27-58>

Sodom & Gomorra

Night Club Archetype/210th Street & 148th Street(Renton)/Mistress Brenda, Manager/Bias Against Normal People/LTG#16206(40-3467)

What the frag a fetish club is doing in the middle of staid Renton, we don't know. But if you've got a fetish for leather, latex, chains, whips, or any of that, than this is the place to go. Actually, Sodom is the shop on the ground floor, where you can buy, or special order, nearly any fetish item. Upstairs is Gomorra, the club. Loud techno-thrash is the typical soundtrack for the various shows and dance parties that are common.

>>>>>[Sodom & Gomorra is strictly look but don't touch. You breathe funny on one of the "show girls" you're likely to get your hoop drek-kicked by some monstrous bouncers. And the "show girl" you offended is likely to get a few kicks in too. Trust me.]<<<<<

--Broken Nose<16:41:06/2-27-58>

>>>>>[Speak from experience, eh? Doesn't surprise me. This place is actually pretty good for business. All kinds of discrete transactions occur here and the club just turns a blind eye to it all. Not to mention that damn music is almost like white noise at times.]<<<<<

--The Marketeer<16:45:14/2-27-58>

>>>>>[Yeah, if you want to shake up your oh-so-proper corporate Mr. Johnson, but don't want to make him too nervous, meet him here. He'll probably be so distracted and uncomfortable, he's likely to make a mistake or two...in your favor.]<<<<<

--Amused<16:52:39/2-27-58>

The New Crown Brewery

Medium Size Restaurant Archetype/113th Avenue & Main Street(Bellevue)/St. John Davis, Owner/No Bias/LTG#9206(78-4763)

An Americanized English pub, which means it's better lit, better decorated and serves more styles of beer. Good food that comes in good portions and over 200 different selections of beer to chose from. And not too terribly priced either. The New Crown even brews beer on the premises and usually has three of their own on tap, to go with the 47 other taps.

>>>>>[Get a wide variety of crowd here, from kids on their 21st, to old beer snobs, to everything in-between. Which means it's a good atmosphere to just hang out. And noisy enough for a bit of biz here and there.]<<<<<

--Al Ale<17:02:31/2-27-58>

>>>>>[If you want to try a pint of New Crown, you have to go to the pub itself. They refuse to make enough to bottle the stuff, only enough for their own taps.]<<<<<

--Lager Lover<17:05:03/2-27-58>

The Landing

Small Restaurant Archetype/88th Street & Wharf 103/Richard D'Antonio, Owner/Subtle Bias Against Trolls/LTG#3206(78-9974)

A very good restaurant that sits right on a small wharf on Puget Sound in Everett. On the small side, this family-run seafood restaurant serves nothing but natural dishe, and many of the items on the menu are brought in daily by the local fisherman.

>>>>>[The local community knows that the Landing plays a big part in making sure those fisherman survive the rough times. Which means, for you big bruisers



with no manners, don't frag with the Landing or the D'Antonio family. The local fisherman may not be cybermonsters like you, but they're probably tougher.]<<<<<<

--Rage<17:12:57/2-27-58>

>>>>>[What a minute! D'Antonio? They might not be the same, but the New York D'Antonios are big time with the New York Mafia. A connection?]<<<<<<

--PJ<17:15:20/2-27-58>

>>>>>[I don't know. But it would help explain a few things.]<<<<<<

--Rage<17:20:18/2-27-58>

"I THOUGHT NERPS COULD CURE EVERYTHING!"

Well, almost. This version of NERPS means "Net Enhancements for Role-Playing Shadowrun" and is an Internet mailing list where Shadowrun players get together and write free unofficial supplements for the game.

So far, four NERPS net-books have been written: ShadowLore, Foundations, Edge Runners and Underworld. This NERPS mailing list is also where this column comes from. Anyone who's a member of the list can contribute, and most members participate actively.

It should be noted that while FASA is aware of NERPS and our activities, FASA does not in any way endorse our electronic mailing list over any other.

To join NERPS, you will need access to an Internet account. Send an email to the following address: "Majordomo@listproc.itribe.net" with the words "subscribe NERPS" in the message text. Leave the Subject line of the message blank (or if your mailer won't allow that, type in "subscribe"), and naturally leave off the quotes as well.

Within a short time you will get back a message from the automated list server telling you that you have been subscribed. Read the instructions and guidelines in the message carefully, as they will prove useful in the future. Some time later, you will also receive a copy of the NERPS Frequently Asked Questions (FAQ) file, which you should also read entirely.

Once you are subscribed, anything you send to "NERPS@listproc.itribe.net" will be sent to all subscribers of the NERPS mailing list automatically. Note that you cannot send messages to the list if you are not subscribed to it.

If you have further questions, you can obtain a copy of the NERPS FAQ file, you can download it by pointing your web browser to <http://www.xs4all.nl/~gurth/index.html#nerps>. Any questions that don't get answered by the FAQ, as well as general information requests, can be emailed to Gurth@xs4all.nl (the Project Leader), or to Erik Jameson (NERPS/Shadowland Liason) at GKoth2258@aol.com, and we'll get back to you as soon as we can.

Spells in the Astral

Astral Space Can Take on a whole
new light to those who are prepared.

By Ron Cole

>>>>>[Take a look at what your favorite fixer found for you in the classified sections of MIT&M! Seems the scholarly types were trying to hold out on some valuable new astral data that was originally published in late 2054. Though I don't know much about the chummer who wrote this (Dr. Raymond Grace, PhD in Metaphysics from MIT&M), after a little personal research it appears that the man knows what he's talking about. And since all information should be free, here is the first chapter of the manuscript brought right to your door by the Magicknet (The complete 258 page copy is available for a small fee. Talk to The Money Machine for more details). Have fun!]<<<<<

- Uncle Transmuter <10:32:17/11-15-55>

>>>>>[In other words, "The Information is free, the disk will cost you." Spoken like a true fixer, oh he that tries to turn drek into gold.]<<<<<

- Spirit Motif <11:15:56/11-15-55>

The Astral Plane: One of the most mysterious and beautiful places one can ever visit. It glows with the light of our hearts and touches every aspect of our lives, yet few are allowed to travel there during their natural lives. It is those chosen few who can freely travel there (the shamans, the magicians, the few magical adepts) that also realize its incredible dangers. I have spent the past two years exploring the astral plane, and in that time I have learned more of its beauty and danger than any single man should have a right to know. It is for this reason that I publish this paper, Explorations on the Astral Plane, and hope that my fellow colleagues will be able to benefit from the knowledge within. With that said, let us look into the first chapter: Spells in the Astral.

>>>>>[He's an Elf. Definitely an Elf.]<<<<<

- Master Mage <11:20:01/11-15-55>

On a person's first visit to the astral plane, they notice that magic works a bit differently than normal. Combat spells have a tendency to be more damaging; Manipulation spells lose a bit of their luster. The following is a list of spells that I have either seen or used in my studies that are not readily known about in most academic circles. Accompanying them are a general description along with basic formula

information. For the complete spell formulas, see appendix D.

COMBAT SPELLS

Mana Wave

Mana wave creates a 10'x10' burst of astral energy that pushes away its target for 20' times the force of the spell. The target may avoid the blast by resisting with their quickness against a target number equal to the force of the spell vs. the caster's successes. If the target is forced into a solid astral object (such as a barrier) while the wave is being sustained, his or her astral body is held there unless they can resist using their astral strength score with a target number equal to the force of the spell vs. the caster's successes. Though it may only be cast on the astral plane, a light wind on the physical plane always accompanies this spell.

HEALTH SPELLS

Astral Vampire

A spell that I only saw once and never wish to see again, Astral Vampire drains the victim's essence from their astral form at a rate of one point per force of the spell. Essence points thus accumulated act as normal essence points for the recipient, but last maximum of two weeks. Essence points drained from the victim are recovered at a rate of one point for every two weeks of rest. Note that this spell works only on the astral plane and only on astral travelers or beings completely in the astral plane.

>>>>>[Frag! With a spell like that, you could keep yourself alive indefinitely in astral space... even after your body had died!]<<<<<

- Trancer <11:17:25/11-15-55>

>>>>>[There is a legend about a pack of bodiless spirits that roam the astral plane in search of unwary travelers, draining the life from the weak in order that they may continue their tortured existence. Perhaps the legend has more truth to it than one might suspect.]<<<<<

- Spirit Motif <11:20:14/11-15-55>

Hibernate Husk

A last ditch attempt to save a person lost in the astral plane, Hibernate Husk stops the essence loss that occurs in the physical body when a spirit is traveling. This "hibernation" lasts for one hour times the force of the spell, and can not be re-cast after the original spell expires. Should a person's spirit re-enter their body while this spell is in affect, the rejoined is forced into unconsciousness until the spell expires.

>>>>>[Not very valuable on a run, but I suppose it has its uses.]<<<<<
- Streak <16:50:38/11-15-55>

ILLUSION SPELLS

Phantom Aura

Phantom Aura creates the illusion of magical power around an object which attempts to deceive any who try and astrally assense it. Those attempting to assess the item do so against a target number equal to the force rating of the spell added to the item's current rating (if any). Unless the perceiver rolls four or more successes, the object appears as if it has the category and force that the illusion creates.

>>>>>[If you intend to con someone with this spell, remember this: if you lock Phantom Aura down with a spell lock, those who's money you take can use the lock as a material link back to you. I speak from experience]<<<<<
- Char Broiled <20:43:58/11-16-55>

>>>>>[And if you don't lock it down with a spell lock, you better hope they don't look at it astrally once you hand it over. If they do, they'll see a channel of magic leading from it straight to you, and know something is up. Not the most brilliant spell in the world, but I guess it could take a few people unaware.]<<<<<
- Speedball <22:10:06/11/16/55>

MANIPULATION SPELLS

Astral Blade

This spell allows the caster to focus the energies of the astral plane into a roughly sword-shaped weapon that acts exactly like a weapon focus with a force equal to the force of the spell. A must for any traversing the astral plane. Note that this spell only works on the astral plane.

>>>>>[Uhm... what's the point? I mean, a sword may look real wiz, but it would be a whole lot easier to just fry the chummer you're up against with an astral fireball. This is just another useless spell for runner wanna-bes at best.]<<<<<

- Master Mage <11:24:59/11-15-55>

>>>>>[The point is that it is easier to hit someone using a focus than when using a spell. Also, Astral



Blade is safer for the caster than your "fireball" because it is a less draining spell. Toss out two or three fireballs in the middle of a difficult astral conflict and you will be lucky to have enough strength left to say your last words with. What exactly are you a master of anyway, Mage?]<<<<<

- Marius 5 <02:06:05/11-16-55>

>>>>>[One fireball is all I need, Marius. Remind me

to show you sometime.]<<<<<

- Master Mage <17:42:20/11-16-55>

>>>>>[I'm looking forward to it.]<<<<<

- Marius 5 <02:32:56/11-17-55>

Reveal Astral Cord

Reveal Astral Cord allows the caster to pump mana into the nearly invisible cord that connects an astral traveler to his or her physical body. Though this spell can be cast at either end of the subject (astral or physical body), the cord may only be seen on the astral plane. Casting of this spell allows other astral travelers to find the astral spirit as long as the target does not move more than 40 feet per turn (use the astral tracking table, SR11 pg. 149). The person to which the cord is attached may find their body at the base time minus the force of the spell.

>>>>>[Another spell that is completely useless.]<<<<<

- Master Mage <4:10:36/11-15-55>

>>>>>[Why do they keep letting these young punks in here?! Not every spell has to be able to obliterate someone in ten seconds to be useful. Ever seen one of your chummers die because they couldn't get back into their bodies in time? Well, with this you can actually do something instead of feeling like a complete waste of mana just sitting there and watching them waste away. But I bet you don't have any chummers left alive, do you?]<<<<<

- Artic Wind <5:10:12/11-15-55>

>>>>>[This spell is also perfect for when you trap a runner in astral space with magic. You can just cast this on him, follow the cord to his body, and then send the meat wagon to pick him and his bros up. How's that for a clean sweep?]<<<<<

- Astral Law <7:28:03/11-15-55>

* * *

>>>>>[Well, that's all, boys and girls! Don't forget to contact The Money Machine for your full copy of the paper (and if you need to ask "how do I contact The Money Machine," you aren't ready for this yet). Your good old relative...]<<<<<

- Uncle Transmuter <11:10:02/11-15-55>

[END DOWNLOAD]

Rules and formulas for new spells:

COMBAT SPELLS

Mana Wave

Type: Mana Range: LOS Target: Quickness (R)

Duration: Sustained. Drain: [(F/2)+1]M

HEALTH SPELLS

Astral Vampire

Type: Mana Range: Touch Target: 10-essence(R)

Duration: Instant Drain: (F/2)S

Hibernate Husk

Type: Mana Range: Touch Target: 10-essence

Duration: Permanent (5) Drain: (F/2)S

ILLUSION SPELLS

Phantom Aura

Type: Mana Range: Touch

Target: Object Resistance Table

Duration: Sustained Drain: (F/2)M

MANIPULATION SPELLS

Astral Blade

Type: Mana Range: Limited Target: 4

Duration: Sustained Drain: (F/2)L

Reveal Astral Cord

Type: Mana Range: Touch Target: 4

Duration: Sustained Drain: [(F/2)+1]M

NightDancer Home Protection

by Peter Bailey

Shadowrun is a marvellous game with almost limitless scope for expansion. But have you as a player or GM consistently found yourself with the same security opposition?

We were getting tired of coming up against either Lone Star or Knight Errant, and I took the opportunity to try something different. The "Neo-Anarchist's Guide to Real Life" lists a number of security companies operating in the Seattle area alone, so I picked an interesting one and this is the result.

NightDancer is written here with as much detail as I thought anyone likely to need. The headquarters building is listed room-by-room "adventure style", so that characters can visit to purchase services, buy security pets, or maybe even try to penetrate the facility to snatch a widget the company is holding in it's armory. (The playtest team tried this. The results were messy..) Regardless of how you encounter them, the GM shouldn't need to create entire combat plans or buildings on the fly.

I would also like to point out that my team's campaign is deliberately behind FASA's current timeline. This allows me to better integrate their stories with mine. As a result, this article is set in early 2055, before Chicago bit the big one. If you are running a more current campaign, Invertebrate Carborundum would have more credibility and be more open than they are written to be. Not to mention a whole lot busier! Have fun, and please feel free to drop me a line to tell me what you think.

Peter Bailey
pbailey@gil.com.au

NightDancer Home Protection Building.

Tell it to them straight.

Nightdancer home protection is a fairly new "kid" on the security "block". Nightdancer sprung up in 2050, and thus far is only working in home and small business protection. This seems to suit the management fine as there has been no push to try and market their services. They are starting to make a mark in the astral security field though, their capabilities with paranormals and spirits starting to shine for such a small corp.

GM's Notes

Contacting them.

Central switchboard Number LTG 17206 (04-4444). The building is in a security rating 'B' district of Shnomish called 'Brier'. The building sits facing lake Ballinger with a lovely view only slightly obstructed by the almost constant smog.

Business makeup.

Nightdancer appears to be a "Mom and Pop" operation that's grown beyond their wildest dreams, and that's the way the management wants to keep it's image. The "Mom and Pop" that are listed owning the corp live in Bellevue, and apparently have a post office box and voice mail service for most business transactions. These people actually have no idea that the business is registered in their name. Of course, the corp has a signed and iron-clad power of attorney over all the business' transactions until 2100. Should any deckers get really determined, they discover that the board of directors is primarily made up of ex-middle managers from various small to mid size corps from around the world, but the one common thread seems to be that all the board come from VERY magically active areas.

Electricity Supply.

Although the local electricity authority has thoughtfully placed a supply boosting transformer right outside this building, the corp does not wish to rely on the power grid completely, and thus have installed an emergency generator in the second carpark level down, right next to the in-house fuel tanks. This feeds the building's security lights, and security locks etc. The primary computer systems are also fed from here, with the exception of the matrix connected SAN. (Kill the power, dump any visiting deckers.)

Construction.

General rules for the building materials and their barrier ratings are as follows:

- 16 Outside walls & columns are Heavy Structural material.
- 4 Front glass is ballistic glass with one way coat.
- 6 Interior walls unless otherwise specified Heavy material.
- 12 Elevator shaft casings are Structural Material.

- 12 Security Doors.
- 6 Standard Doors.

Maglocks etc.

The building's semi-autonomous maglocks are updated and given an all clear via a dedicated I/OP in the secure mainframe system. If a maglock hears the building's audible security alarms activate, it will lock and permit only those with "Guard commander" or "Mage commander" security cards to access the door in question. If a maglock hears the building's fire alarms activate, it will unlock and allow unrestricted access until the all clear is given. The maglock will remain in either "security" or "fire" mode until the relevant alarm is silenced, and an "all-clear" given via it's I/OP. In the event that first one and then the other alarm activates, the maglocks will remain in the state the first alarm dictates until an "all-clear" is given, then set itself into the second mode until an "all-clear" is given.

Fire Escapes.

The building's fire escape doors are mounted in between the elevator shafts on each floor. They are controlled by standard maglocks, with no access at all from outside.

Backup.

Nightdancer is not at all ashamed to call in Lone Star for assistance should they feel out of their depth. You might like to use the response time table in the DocWagon section of the "Neo-Anarchist's Guide to Real Life" for a gauge of what shows up and when, but I suggest that in about 7 minutes a wasp or yellowjacket shows up, followed by an FRT Citymaster in about 13 minutes. (For LS FRT makeup and kit out see the Lone Star Book)

1. Landscaped gardens.

Tell it to them straight.

This is a security corp? Huh. From the facade you wouldn't know it. The sparkling fountain in the main entrance pathway and the gardens on either side suggest something else. You're not quite sure what, but definitely not a security corp. The building seems to be built of a heavy grade black structural macroplast, but some yokel has managed to spray the structure with a metallic clear finish that suggests star sparkles under street-lighting anyway. Not that many of you can remember ever seeing stars.

GM's Notes

There isn't a lot of material worthy of note here. External camera #1 faces the fountain and everything else from the right side. It's not exactly obvious so give a target number of about 6 to notice it. In the front of the building is a small electricity authority substation

box. This box is a booster for the building and the buildings either side of this one. It sits in plain view of the street, and under the watchful eyes of cameras #1 and #3. Within it's little hole is the person access to the carpark levels (Security door, rating 5 cardreading maglock). The refuel point for the underground tank is under a mechanically locked refuel point at the front right side of the building. Keys for this are kept in the guard commander's office. Lighting is as displayed on the map, and quite bright enough to see individuals skulking about in the "shadows".

2. Foyer.

Tell it to them straight.

The revolving doors take you through to a subtly lit foyer, painted in shades of grey, where two information counters face a revolving door each. A small sign on the white elevator shafts direct people to the left set of elevators. The right set is labeled "executive lifts" with a tastefully small grey sign. A blocky security camera conducts an endless sweep of the foyer from it's wall mount on the back of the right-side elevator shaft.

GM's Notes

A number of things worthy of note here.

I. The guard's consoles

a. The guard's consoles are made of a dark coloured, hardened material. Barrier rating 32. They are designed to withstand 2 direct hits each from HE or AV rockets.

b. Behind the console is the display screens for the building's cameras, Access logging display, vehicle door intercam unit, weapons detector displays, revolving door locks, internal "PanicButton" to alert the ready room, and an external "PanicButton" to LoneStar. The guards are not left completely unarmed, they are each equipped with a large netgun, and another is built into the front of each counter.

c. The two panic buttons are not linked into the building's computers at all. Should either one of the panic buttons be tripped it sets off a series of audible security alarms throughout the building, as well as a separate alert to their respective destinations.

d. A rating 4 credchecker is built into each console.

Desk Guard x 2

B	Q	S	Ch	I	W	E	R	Armour
4	3	3	2	2	3	6	2	5/3

Initiative: 2+1D6

Threat/Professional Rating: 2/2

Skills: Armed combat 2, Car 2, Etiquette (corp) 3, Firearms 3, Interrogation 1, Unarmed combat 3.

Gear: Large Net Gun [SMG, 4(m), SS, dam: see SSC p72] fitted with laser sight, Microtransciever,

Securetech jacket (5/3).

II. Revolving doors.

The two revolving doors are both made of standard material, but are lockable from either guard's console. Built into the first part of the rotation is a rating 6 weapons detector / rating 4 chem sniffer. When the suite detects a weapon the door stops rotating, a recorded female voice will request the person in the door place their weapon in the slot provided, and informs the owner that their weapon/s will be returned to them on departure.

Economy: see note *Fuel type:* elec

Fuel: 8hrs stationary operation.

Sensors: Std(1).

Power usage: 8hrs stationary power.

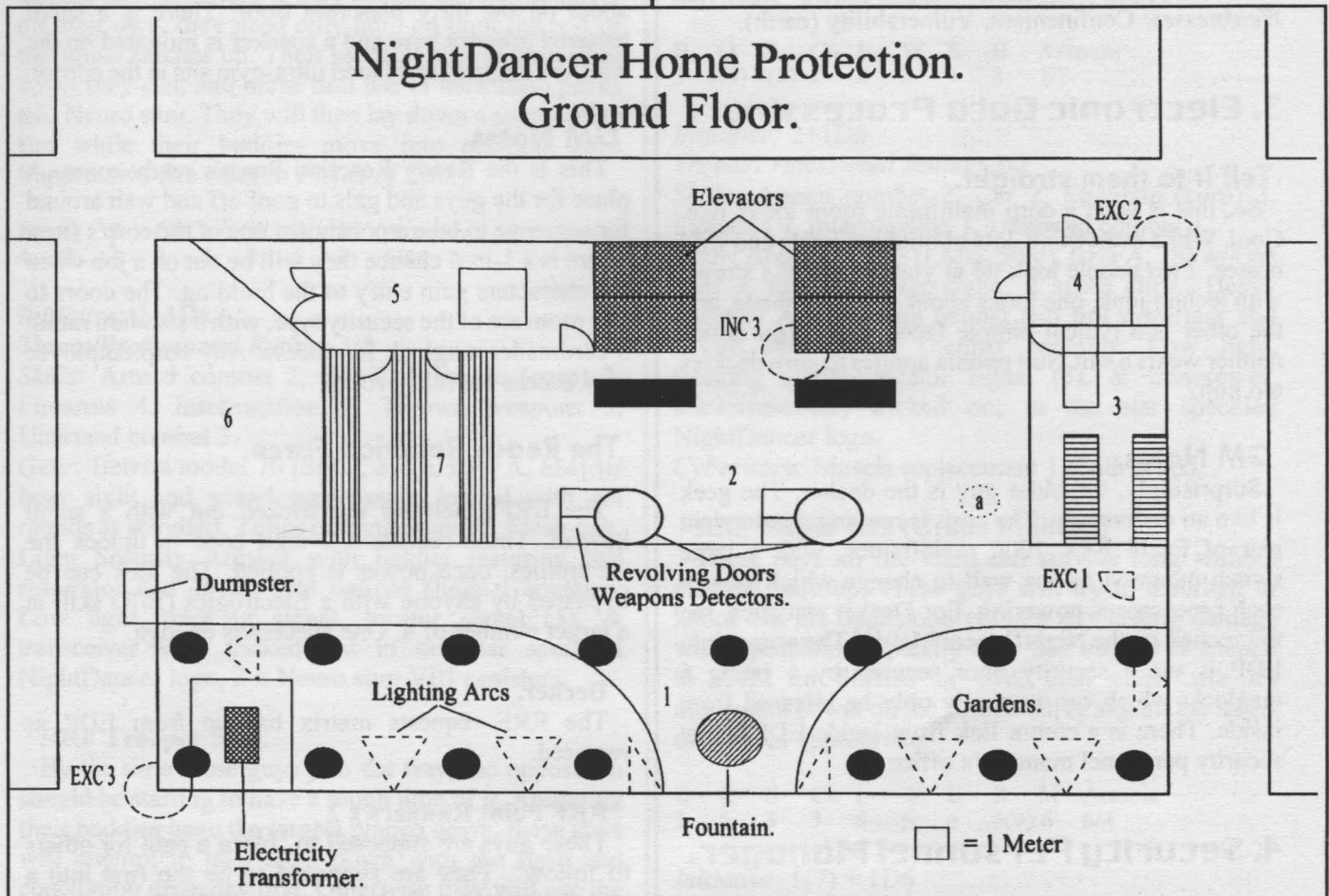
6min mobile = 1min stationary @ <cruise

12min mobile = 1min stationary @ >cruise.

Weapons: Firmpoint fitted, Grenade launcher fitted, magazine of 6 concussion mini grenades loaded.

IV. The Elevators.

The public (left-side) elevators are exactly that. Public. The executive (right-side) elevators will only



III. Mobile surveillance drone.

At the place marked by an "a" on the map is a "Flying trash can lid" drone. This drone is for use by the Ready Reaction Force's rigger when an alarm is sounded within the building. The drone is released by remote control from it's hiding place in the ceiling by the RRF's rigger on the roof. So long as the drone remains within the building it acts as if it is within line of sight of the rigger. This is possible courtesy of some special transceivers built into the ceiling throughout.

Type: Sikorsky-Bell Microskimmer.

Handling: 5

Speed: 30/90

Body: 1

Armour: 0

Sig: 3

Autopilot: 1

respond to a Nightdancer "mage" or "exec" card. "Security" cards will function only when an alarm is sounded. Maglocks are a rating 5 card reader type, attached both for user authentication and logging. The executive elevator doors are security doors.

V. The Elemental

The foyer is also defended by a roving Astral Air Elemental, and two watchers. Watchers are both at force 3, with one being set the task of informing the duty astral back-up mage of the astral presence, and the other to inform the elemental of the presence (in case it hadn't noticed). These creatures have been prohibited from entering room 7, and the watchers will remain on the ground floor unless they are alerting the elemental or a mage. The elemental is not currently confined as

it can find a clear path up the elevator shafts and out via the elevator machine room door's keyholes. Mind, if something blocks both of these, the elemental is in deep you-know-what.

Air Elemental (Force 3)

B Q S Ch I W E R
1 6(x4) 1 3 3 3 (3) 5

Attacks: As powers.

Powers: Engulf, Manifestation, Movement, Noxious Breath, Psychokinesis.

Weaknesses: Confinement, Vulnerability (earth).

3. Electronic Data Processing.

Tell it to them straight.

So, this is what a corp mainframe room looks like. Cool. White everything, lots of blinking lights and wild noises. Two people look up at you from desks strewn with techno junk, one looks about 40 in the shade, and the other is a typical pimple faced geek. You notice neither wears a suit. Suit phobia applies to corp deckers too huh?

GM Notes.

Surprisingly, the older guy is the decker. The geek is like an understudy. The corp is running a redundant pair of Fuchi FTX 7000 mainframes, with a large switch mounted on the wall to change which system each processor is powering. For Decker statistics, see the section on the NightDancer Matrix. The access into EDP is via a security door secured by a rating 6 maglock, which can normally only be released from inside. There is a comm link from inside EDP to the security personnel manager's office.

4. Security Personnel Manager.

Tell it to them straight.

Hmmm. Lemme see, Height scale painted onto the white wall near the door, intercom, bundyclock, external camera relays, site status display terminal, telecom, half eaten doughnuts, well used soykaf dispenser. Yup, this has got to be the guard commander's office.

GM Notes.

Yup, this is the guard commander's office. The Stainless Steel security door to the alley outside can only be opened from in here. The rest of the stuff is exactly what it seems.

5. Ready Room.

Tell it to them straight.

This is a big room with lots of well-used weapons and equipment racks mounted on the smudged walls. Some of the racks contain weapons, many do not. All of the weapons that are stored here are secured to the rack. However, they are secured with a wide variety of locking mechanisms. There doesn't appear to be a single standard type of lock among them. Trash litters the table along with the playing cards and portable trideo games. Some of the less enterprising refuse lies about on the dirty plascrete floor. There is a small battered telecom here and a speaker is mounted on the wall. An chipped and faded ultra-gym sits in the corner.

GM Notes.

This is the Ready Reaction Force's ready room. A place for the guys and gals to goof off and wait around for someone to take a pot shot at one of the corp's sites. There is a 1-in-6 chance they will be out on a job when the characters gain entry to the building. The doors to this room are of the security type, with a standard rating 5 cardreader maglock for access. Any corp employee may access the ready room.

The Ready Reaction Force.

The RRF's helmets are tricked out with a small keypad. These require a 4 digit code to unlock the electronics, once power is applied. The lock can be bypassed by anyone with a Electronics (B/R) skill at a target number of 4. One success is enough.

Decker.

The RRF requests matrix backup from EDP as required.

RRF Point Runners x 2

These guys are supposed to "blaze a path for others to follow". They are supposed to be the first into a situation and then first out again to brief the others on what they have found. They will avoid a firefight if they can, because that is not their function. Of course they will jump in if they are needed, or if they can disable the target from a direction he isn't expecting.

B Q S Ch I W E R Armour
4(5) 4 4 1 3 4 1.5 3(5) 3/1

Initiative: 3(5)+1D6(2D6)

Threat/Professional Rating: 5/3

Skills: Athletics 2, Armed Combat 4, Car 3, Etiquette (corp) 2, Firearms 4, Stealth 4, Thrown weapons 4, Unarmed combat 3.

Gear: Beretta model 70 [SMG, 36(c), BF/FA, 6M] w/ laser sight, sound suppressor., Chemsuit tricked out in NightDancer's colour scheme, Form fitting body

armour lvl 2 (3/1), Grenades; [Aerodynamic thermal smoke grenade x2, Aerodynamic flash grenade x2, Neuro stun VIII canister], Narcojet Rifle [SG, 10(c), SS, spec] w/ laser sight., Shock glove [7S(s)], 2 x Survival knife [6L].

Cyberware: Cybereyes w/ lowlight, thermographic, rangefinder and electronic mag 1 options., 2 x Cyberlegs w/ level 3 hydraulic jacks fitted, Wired reflexes 1.

RRF Trooper 1&2.

Probing troops. These guys are usually the first to engage an enemy and if they cannot handle the threat on their own, they need only hold on until the rest of the squad catches up. Their usual SOP is to grab what cover they can, and make best use of their flash packs and Neuro stun. They will then lay down a suppressive fire while their buddies move into position. (See Suppressive fire rules in *Fields of Fire*.)

B	Q	S	Ch	I	W	E	R	Armour
4	3	3	2	2	3	6	2	6/4

Initiative: 2+1D6

Threat/Professional Rating: 3/2

Skills: Armed combat 2, Car 2, Etiquette (corp) 3, Firearms 4, Interrogation 1, Thrown weapons 3, Unarmed combat 3.

Gear: Beretta model 70 [SMG, 35(c), BF/FA, 6M] w/ laser sight and sound suppressor., loaded with gel rounds as standard, 2 clips of regular ammo, Flash-pak, Light Security Armour with helmet featuring full respirator and enviro seal options (helmet contains: Low light, tracking signal, locator signal (5), & transceiver kits) tricked out in the star speckled NightDancer logo, 2 x Neuro stun VIII canisters.

RRF Trooper 3&4.

By the time these guys join the fray, the opposition should be starting to have a tough time of it. Assuming their buddies have the targets pinned down, these guys will attempt to take them down with the flash and concussion grenades first. Otherwise they will use the superior range and punch of the assault rifles to get to the target or keep them down until the point men can do something sneaky. They will transmit a warning to their buddies prior to using the flash grenades.

B	Q	S	Ch	I	W	E	R	Armour
4	3	3	2	2	3	6	2	6/4

Initiative: 2+1D6

Threat/Professional Rating: 3/2

Skills: Armed combat 2, Car 2, Etiquette (corp) 3, Firearms 4, Interrogation 1, Thrown weapons 3, Unarmed combat 3.

Gear: Flash-pak, Light Security Armour with helmet and full respirator and enviro seal option (helmet contains: Low light, tracking signal, locator signal (5),

& transceiver) tricked out in the star speckled NightDancer logo, vz88V Assault Rifle [assault, 35(c), SA/BF/FA, 8M] w/ Mag 2 scope, laser sight, grenade launcher, -3 recoil., 2 spare clips, grenade launcher loaded with alternating flash and concussion grenades.

RRF Trooper 5&6.

Every fire team needs some heavy back-up, and these guys are it. They won't open up unless their buddies are sorely pressed, then they will provide covering fire for either a withdrawal or attack as appropriate. Otherwise they simply record the firefight for the inevitable "please explain" from Lone Star.

B	Q	S	Ch	I	W	E	R	Armour
3	3(4)	4(5)	2	2	3	4	2	7/5

Initiative: 2+1D6

Threat/Professional Rating: 3/2

Skills: Armed combat 2, Car 2, Etiquette (corp) 3, Firearms 4, Interrogation 1, Unarmed combat 3.

Gear: Ares MP LMG [LMG, 50(c), BF/FA, 7S] w/ Gas vent 4, hip pad, laser sight., 2 spare clips., Heavy Security Armour with helmet and full respirator and enviro seal option (helmet contains: Low light, tracking signal, locator signal (5), & transceiver, minicamcorder) tricked out in the star speckled NightDancer logo.

Cyberware: Muscle replacement 1 (both arms).

RRF Mages 1&2 (Grade 1 initiate)

These days no fire team can survive long without magical back-up. These guys will try to disorient or knock out the opposition without any lasting damage where possible. Typically they will use the elemental to assist an illusion or two, then either use it's movement power on the point man, or assault the target directly as appropriate.

B	Q	S	Ch	I	W	E	R	M	Armour
3	5	3	3	6	5	6	5(9)	6	6/4

Initiative: 5(7) + 1D6

Threat/Professional Rating: 5/2

Skills: Conjuring 5, Etiquette (corp) 2, Etiquette (street) 2, Firearms 4, Magical Theory 3, Sorcery 6, Unarmed combat 3.

Gear: Beretta model 70 [SMG, 35(c), BF/FA, 6M] w/ laser sight and sound suppressor., loaded with gel rounds as standard, 1 clip of regular ammo., Flash-pak, Light security armour with helmet and full respirator and enviro seal option (helmet contains: tracking signal, locator signal (5), & transceiver), Power focus (3), Spell lock (Personal combat Sense/2 successes), Thermal smoke grenade.

Spells: Clairvoyance 4, Confusion 5, Control emotion 5, Manaball 3, Mana Barrier 4, Manabolt 7, Overstimulation 3.

Attached:

Water Elemental (Force 3) (3 services)

B	Q	S	Ch	I	W	E	R
5	10	3	3	3	3	(3)	2

Attacks: 3S(s) as Unarmed Combat 3

Powers: Engulf, Manifestation, Movement.

6. Vehicle access.

Tell it to them straight.

Hmm, looks like a ramp to the carpark and loading bay in one. There is a trid linked intercom box just outside the Main Chain-Link door here, which looks like the only way in.

GM Notes.

There is, however, another way out. Out of sight high on the top wall near the roll-a-grill that blocks the entry to this ramp, is an exit button. It's big, red, and is labeled "Emergency Stop". (And to hell with fire department rules.) Down in the car park levels are numerous small to medium cars belonging to some of the more affluent (or silly) employees. Also the RRF's two vehicles are here.

Type: HONDA-GM ZX Turbo

<i>Handling:</i> 4/8	<i>Speed:</i> 50/150
<i>Body:</i> 2	<i>Armour:</i> 0
<i>Sig:</i> 1	<i>Autopilot:</i> 2
<i>Economy:</i> 45/l	<i>Fuel type:</i> IC
<i>Fuel Capacity:</i> 30l	<i>Storage:</i> 4
<i>Seating:</i> 2bucket ej + 2bucket ej	
<i>Sensors:</i> 0	
<i>Other Notes:</i> Police type (but all yellow) Light bar fitted.	

This is usually used by other re-enforcements supporting the outside sites. It's also used as a re-supply vehicle for sites that have successfully repulsed attacks. Some prudent individual pointed out that as it is often carrying explosives, ejection seats might not be a bad idea.

Type: Citymaster

<i>Handling:</i> 4/10	<i>Speed:</i> 30/120
<i>Body:</i> 4	<i>Armour:</i> 12
<i>Sig:</i> 2	<i>Autopilot:</i> 3
<i>Economy:</i> 10km/l	<i>Fuel type:</i> IC
<i>Fuel Capacity:</i> 500l	<i>Storage:</i> 250
<i>Seating:</i> 2 bucket + 5 bench	
<i>Sensors:</i> Security I (4)	
<i>Other Notes:</i> ECM (2) fitted.	

Forward remote medium turret with twin FN-MAG 5 MMG's [MMG, FA, belt, 9S] fitted with 1 x 200rd belt each.

Twin forward firing triple shot gas grenade

launchers, loaded with ripple of; Neuro stun VIII grenades, concussion grenades, and flash grenades, all three types firing in one volley.

Runflat tires fitted.

Rigger control gear fitted.

The SOP for the rigger is to try to suppress any enemy activity he can with suppressive fire from the MMG's or best of all, use the grenade launchers to best effect. Prime object is to allow the RRF to disembark safely and then support them in the field. However, as the grenade launchers are only one shot each, he has to be a little judicious with his use of them.

7. Paranormal Animals cages.

Tell it to them straight.

Whoa, like what the hell? This place looks like a zoo from Nightmare land. Grey cages line the walls and centre aisle, all with strong locks on the gates. The air resounds to the occasional squawk or growl.

GM Notes.

Before the maglock for any cage opens, it must receive a permission signal from a slave node in the building's security computer system (Slave 11 if using Matrix 1.0). The permission lasts only 30 seconds. If the lock is not opened within that time, the lock will require another permission pulse. This node also records the thumbprint's owner, and date-time group of access.

These cages are filled with basilisks, cockatrices, eyekillers, and young nagas, ready for distribution to other sites for training.

I'll leave it to your feverish little imagination as to what would happen if all these got loose.

In cages we have...

Basilisk (x6) {Side of room closest to ramp}

B	Q	S	Ch	I	W	E	R	Attacks
4/2	2x3	7	-	1/3	2	(6)	2	6M +1 reach

Powers: Petrifying gaze.

Weaknesses: Allergy (own gaze, extreme)

Initiative: 2 + 1D6

Cockatrice (x3) {Cages in centre of room}

B	Q	S	Ch	I	W	E	R	Attacks
3	5x3	4	-	2/3	2	(6)	4	8M

Powers: Invulnerability (Own touch), Paralyzing touch.

Initiative: 4 + 1D6

Eyekiller (x1) {Cage on side of room furthest from ramp}

B	Q	S	Ch	I	W	E	R	Attacks
7	4x3	7	-	3/4	3	(6)	4	6S

Powers: Electrical Projection, Enhanced Senses (Low-light vision, Amplified Hearing)

Initiative: 4 + 1D6

8. Indoor firing range.

Tell it to them straight.

Whoa! Are these guys serious? An indoor firing range? Cool! There are 10 lanes on this range which extends down to an in-floor expended round trap. There is the usual motorized target transports lining the ceiling.

permission pulse. This node also records the thumbprint's owner, and date-time group of access.

9. Armory storage area.

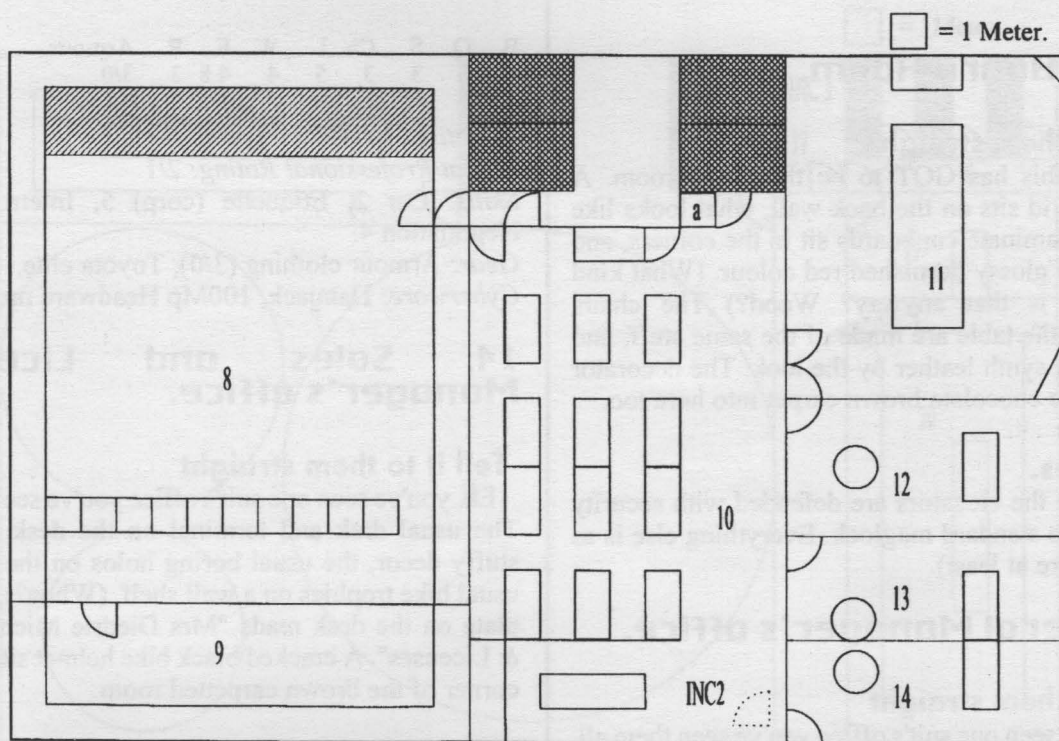
Tell it to them straight.

Ohhh, runner heaven. Boxes and boxes all marked with big icons meaning "Dangerous", "High Explosive" and such drek. Usually right alongside the "9mm", etc. markings.

GM Notes.

This is where the corp keeps it's man portable supplies of neuro-stun VIII, concussion grenades, and various forms of ammunition. There is 2-8 crates of each kind of ammo used by NightDancer stored in this room. (A crate will hold up to 1000rds of ammunition

NightDancer Home Protection. First Floor.



GM Notes.

The walls here are of a VERY heavy hardened structural material. (Barrier rating of "forget it"), Before the maglock for the range area opens, it must receive a permission signal from the security system's slave node (Number 7 if using Matrix 1.0). The permission lasts only 30 seconds. If the lock is not opened within that time, the lock will require another

for small stuff to 20rds for the larger things.)

10. Clerical Pool.

Tell it to them straight.

Blech, a wageslave prison. The ubiquitous counter stands as an intermediary between you and the ubiquitous clerical/sales/whatever pool. A neat and

tidy terminal sits amid the paraphernalia which these "individuals" choose to surround themselves with while at the office. Pitiful. The chocolate carpet does set off the black walls and ceiling though. (Urgh!)

GM Notes.

This area is exactly what it looks like. There is a tea room at the front of the building (for the view), and that's about it. The area marked "a" is a booth of one way ballistic glass where a desk guard sits, and "buzzes" through those people who need to be. The door into this area is a standard door, and the buzz lock wouldn't hold a determined wageslave, let alone a slotted off runner. It does look impressive though.

Sales/Clerical staff

(x6 During business hours, 1 working late otherwise)

B	Q	S	Ch	I	W	E	R	Armour
2	2	2	4	4	2	4.6	3	0/0

Initiative: 3 + 1D6

Threat/Professional Rating: 1/1

Skills: Computer 3, Etiquette (corp) 4, Negotiation 3.

Gear: Simsense rig, Pocket secretary.

Cyberware: Datajack, Display link, 100Mp Headware memory.

11. The Board Room.

Tell it to them straight.

OHhhhh, this has GOT to be the board room. A "S.O.T.A." trid sits on the back wall, what looks like real walnut laminate cupboards sit in the corners, and the table is a glossy burnished red colour. (What kind of material is that anyway? Wood?) The chairs surrounding the table are made of the same stuff, and covered with synth leather by the look. The decorator continued the chocolate brown carpet into here too.

GM Notes.

Even here the elevators are defended with security doors and the standard maglock. Everything else is as it seems. (here at least).

12. General Manager's office.

Tell it to them straight

Eh, you've seen one suit's office you've seen them all. The usual drek and terminal on the desk, the usual stuffy decor, the usual boring holos on the wall. There is a name plate on the desk reading "Peter Methalnic, Manager."

GM Notes

Again, everything here is just as it seems.

Peter Methalnic

B	Q	S	Ch	I	W	E	R	Armour
2	2	3	4	6	5	3.8	4	3/0

Initiative: 3+1D6

Threat/Professional Rating: 2/1

Skills: Car 2, Computer theory 5, Etiquette (corp) 8, Negotiation 6, Psychology 8.

Gear: Armour clothing (3/0), Toyota elite.

Cyberware: Datajack, 200Mp Headware memory.

13. Personnel & Accounting Manager's office.

Tell it to them straight

Eh, you've seen one suit's office you've seen them all. The usual drek and terminal on the desk (again), the usual stuffy decor (again), the usual boring holos on the wall. The name plate on the desk reads; "Sandra Dee, P&A Services".

GM Notes

Again, everything here is just as it seems.

Sandra Dee

B	Q	S	Ch	I	W	E	R	Armour
2	2	3	3	5	4	4.8	3	3/0

Initiative: 3+1D6

Threat/Professional Rating: 2/1

Skills: Car 2, Etiquette (corp) 5, Interrogation 4, Negotiation 4.

Gear: Armour clothing (3/0), Toyota elite.

Cyberware: Datajack, 100Mp Headware memory.

14. Sales and Licencing Manager's office.

Tell it to them straight

Eh, you've seen one suit's office you've seen them all. The usual drek and terminal on the desk, the usual stuffy decor, the usual boring holos on the wall. The usual bike trophies on a wall shelf, (Whoa?) The name plate on the desk reads "Mrs Diedrie Michkin, Sales & Licenses". A cracked black bike helmet sits in a back corner of the brown carpeted room.

GM Notes

Again, everything here is just as it seems. The only thing here which may interest the runners is the licenses on the walls permitting the corp to use "non-fragmentative" & "non-lethal" grenades in the course of it's normal operations and without warning, and another permitting the arming of both drones and manned vehicles used in the firm's operations.

Diedre Michkin

B	Q	S	Ch	I	W	E	R	Armour
2	2	3	3	5	4	4.8	3	3/0

Initiative: 3+1D6

Threat/Professional Rating: 2/1

Skills: Bike 5, Etiquette (corp) 5, Interrogation 4, Negotiation 4

Gear: Armour clothing (3/0), Yamaha Rapier

Cyberware: Datajack, 100Mp Headware memory

15. Laboratory

Tell it to them straight

Oh-Oh. This place looks a lot like something out of a Frankenstein sim. There are construction plastic drawers etched with all sorts of symbols, underneath

GM Notes

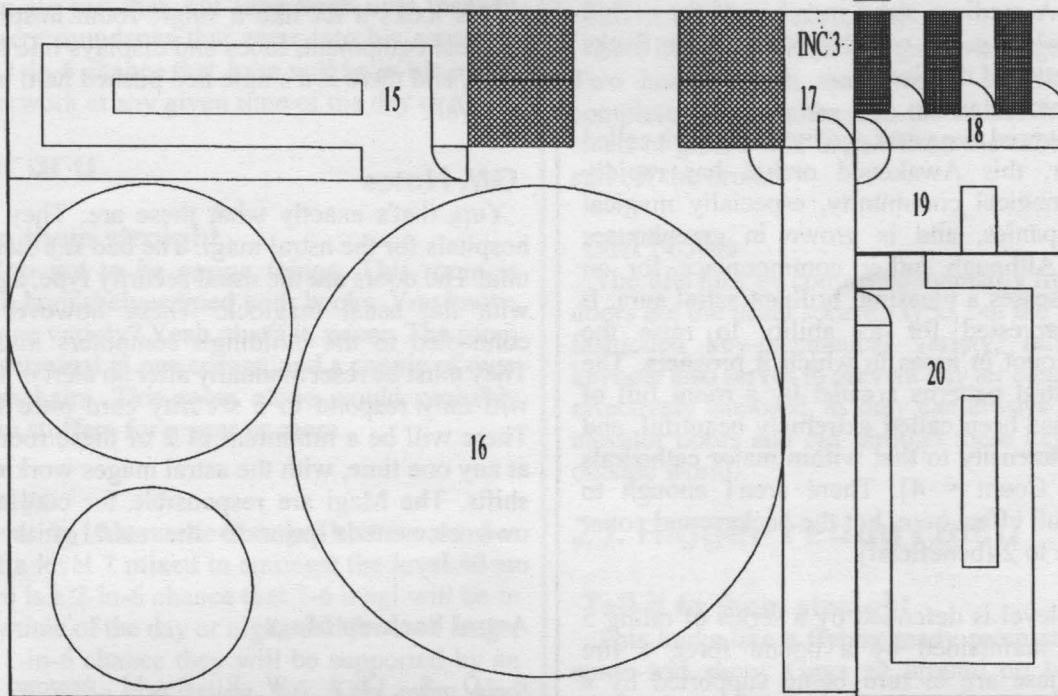
This is where the corp has started manufacturing it's own foci, fetishes, ritual materials, and summoning materials. The dwarf is Fuwar, and he is presently sleeping off the effects of a 2 week circulation. He is unlikely to awaken easily, and even assuming someone could wake him up, he's going to be plenty slotted off about it. The substance boiling in the beaker is 4-hour old soykaf. The object he was working on must have been taken away already, because it certainly isn't here. As a matter of fact the only thing of value in here is some non-virgin telesma, and 2 units of ritual summoning materials for a fire elemental.

Fuwar (Lab Tech)

B	Q	S	Ch	I	W	E	R	Armour
5	3	6	4	4	5	4.6	3	0/0

NightDancer Home Protection. Second Floor.

□ = 1Meter.



heavy counters supporting gas burners, glass beakers and bubbling frothy brown drek. The walls display the mute and mouldy evidence that the contents of the beakers do not always stay put, right alongside some very strange and arcane scribblings made using a thick marker. There's a fat and scruffy dwarf sprawled in a corner chair snoring thunderously. The chair squeaks alarmingly with every vast inhalation.

Initiative: 3+1D6

Threat/Professional Rating: 2/3

Skills: Blacksmithing 3, Conjuring 3, Enchanting 8, Etiquette (corp) 2, Metallurgy 4, Plant identification 4, Sorcery 4

Gear: Pocket secretary

Cyberware: Datajack, Display link, 100Mp Headware memory

16. Circle room

Tell it to them straight

This room is wierd. There are 3 arcane circles drawn on the plascrete floor using powders and charcoal and other drek. The overhead lighting strips are subdued, and what's with the flowers? Everywhere you look there's fragging flowers lining the walls.

GM Notes

The flowers are "Tess' Bloom". Read the text and you shall see why they are here. The circles are for summoning fire and water elementals (complete with ponds, flame hoods etc), and the larger of the circles has been recently drawn, ready for some ritual magic. Against whom I wonder???? There is a 1-in-6 chance that one of the circles on the left side of the building will be in use when the characters arrive. The door into this area is the standard security model, with the standard maglock fitted.

Name: Tess' Bloom

Taxonomy: Orchidaceae magisupplis

Cost: 10¥

Street Index: 1.0

Legality: Legal

Availability: 3/3 days

Appearance: A medium sized member of the orchid family, with white petals with black and green flecks toward the center of the flower.

Climate: Tropics, Hawaii

Effects: Discovered two years ago by a free spirit called Dion Kimber, this Awakened orchid has rapidly infused the magical community, especially magical security companies, and is grown in greenhouses everywhere. Although rather commonplace for an orchid, it possesses a pleasing, brilliant astral aura. It is mainly harvested for its ability to raise the background count in areas in which it prospers. The extraneous astral patterns created by a room full of these plants has been called extremely beautiful, and compared in intensity to that within major cathedrals [Background Count = 4]. There aren't enough to produce the full effect here, but the background count here has risen to 2 (beneficial).

The whole level is defended by a series of rating 5 wards being maintained by a bound force 4 fire elemental. These are in turn being supported by a number (1-3) force 2 watchers with instructions to go get their "boss". (The astral backup mage on duty).

17. Foyer

Tell it to them straight

(If the characters are not accompanied by a NightDancer employee, read the following.)

Arriving in this area you are set on by a spectral shape, loudly insulting you in some of the most juvenile ways you have ever heard. It seems to harp on about some rather disgusting bodily functions and something to do with your mothers.

(If the characters are accompanied by a NightDancer employee, or are wearing a NightDancer badge, read this.)

This is a small foyer with two doorways leading out. Some tastefull plants grow here with some pleasant scenery painted onto the walls.

GM Notes

The two watcher spirits on this floor pay particular attention to the elevators. If the people in the elevator aren't wearing a Nightdancer badge the watchers go to work. One begins ragging on whomever enters this area in an attempt to make them balk and buy some time. The other goes to find it's master (an astral back-up mage) and inform him of the new arrivals. The elevator doors here are not secured by any maglock etc.

18. Astral back-up support rooms

Tell it to them straight

This looks a lot like a single room hospital ward. Medical equipment, tubes and displays line the sterile walls, and there is a single bed pushed hard up against one wall.

GM Notes

Yup, that's exactly what these are. They are mini hospitals for the astral magi. The bed is a stabilization unit. The doors are the usual security type, again fitted with the usual maglock. These however are not connected to the building's computers in any way. They must be reset manually after an alert or fire. They will only respond to a security card once triggered. There will be a minimum of 2 of these rooms in use at any one time, with the astral mages working 4 hour shifts. The Magi are responsible for conjuring their own elementals prior to the start of the shift if necessary.

Astral back-up Mage

B	Q	S	Ch	I	W	E	R	M	Armour
2	5	2	2	6	6	6	5(8)	6(9)	3/1

Initiative: 5(8)+1D6

Threat/Professional Rating: 4/2

Skills: Conjuring 6, Etiquette (corp) 2, Etiquette (street) 1, Magical Theory 6, Sorcery 6.

Gear: Browning Ultra-Power [HP, 10(c), SA, 9M] w/ laser sight, Concealable holster, Fine clothing, Form fitting body armour 2, Knife Weapon focus (3),

Microtransceiver, Respirator, Spell lock (detect enemies 2 successes).

Spells: Clairvoyance 4, Confusion 4, Control Actions 3, Detect Enemies (extended) 4, Increase reaction (+3) 4, Manaball 4, Manabolt 5.

Attached: Fire elemental [Force 4 (2 services)]

B	Q	S	Ch	I	W	E	R
5	18	2	4	4	4	4	5

Attacks: 4M as ranged combat 5, Range = 8m

Powers: Engulf, Flame aura, Flame projection, Guard, Manifestation, Movement.

19. Magi Manager's office

Tell it to them straight

Eh, you've seen one suit's office you've seen them all. The usual drek and terminal on the desk, the usual stuffy decor, the usual boring pix on the wall aren't all that usual, but there's no telling people's taste in art. Symbols of "power" and astrology stare down from the wall.

GM Notes

Again, everything here is just as it seems. The wall decorations are just that, but John Scott uses them to cow the mere mundanes that enter into his sanctum. There is a 1-in-6 chance that John will be in his office doing paperwork at any given time of the day or night.

20. Library

Tell it to them straight

Drek! You got to be seeing things. This room is ringed with bookshelves lined with books. You know, the hard page variety? Yeah, that's it, paper. The room also has a terminal in one corner, and a couple of over stuffed armchairs. This room alone would probably keep you in stuffers for a year or more.

GM Notes

This is a rating 10 hermetic library. There is a number of parts of a level 7 mixed in amongst the level 10 as well. There is a 2-in-6 chance that 1-6 magi will be in here at any time of the day or night, and for each mage, there is a 1-in-6 chance they will be supported by an elemental of some sort rating 3-6. This room also contains a shelf of spell formula scrolls and chips. If the GM wishes, the characters may find some new spells here.

Studious Mage (level 3 initiate)

B	Q	S	Ch	I	W	E	R	M	Armour
2(4)	4	2	2	5	5	5.6	4	8(10)	0/0

Initiative: 4 + 1D6

Threat/Professional Rating: 3/3

Skills: Conjuring 5, Etiquette (corp) 2, Firearms 3, Magical Theory 5, Sorcery 6, Unarmed combat 4.

Gear: Badge displaying the NightDancer logo, Spell lock (armour 2 successes), Wand (power focus (2)).

Spells: Barrier 4, Heal moderate wounds 4, Ignite 8, Invisibility 5, Manaball 4, Manabolt 7, Powerbolt 3.

Cyberware: Cybereyes with thermo and low light.

Notes: This person has developed a wand power focus geas (From continous use). Now he must use it or his magic suffers. (+2 to all magic target numbers including drain)

21. Hallway

Tell it to them straight

The north wall displays the NightDancer logo and almost shrieks "Welcome to NightDancer Home Security Services." Signs on the doors to the helipads warn of rotating mechanisms and other dangers beyond the doors, and there is a set of one way windows to the next room. Surprisingly little of the outside noise makes it into here.

22. Elevator mechanisms

Tell it to them straight

Like it's real difficult to figure what's going on here? Two heavy winch mechanisms inhabit this room, complete with hatches into the respective shafts. The smell of grease fills the air from the cables rolling on and off the drums.

GM Notes

The lifts may be controlled manually from here. The doors are the usual security type, but the locks are old fashioned key-mechanical variety, rating 3. This keyhole also serves to prevent any air elementals being effectively enclosed, as they can always go under the elevator doors and out through these keyholes to the outside world.

23. Rigger ready room

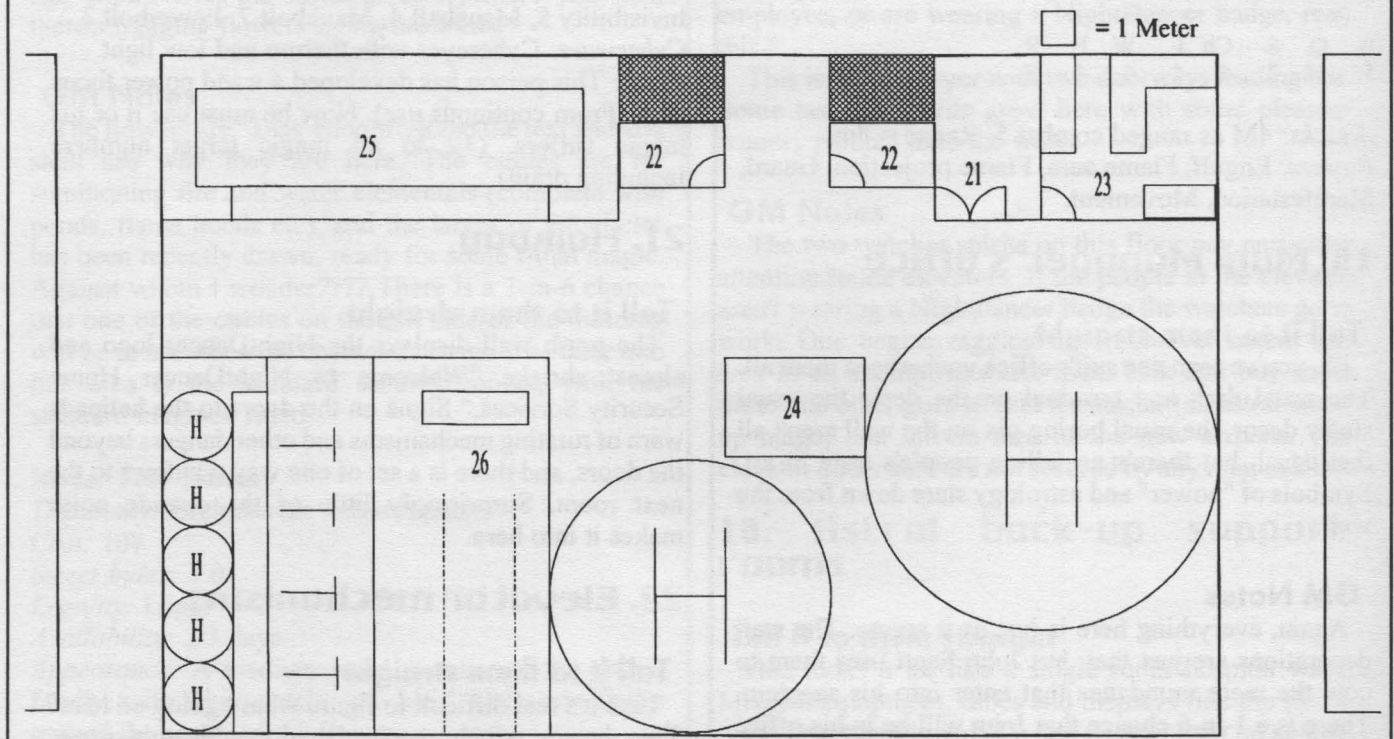
Tell it to them straight

This looks like a flyboy ready room straight out of some trid show. Guys sit around on broken chairs amongst empty soykaf cups, dirty vehicle control decks, worn tool boards, and other such drek. Lockheed posters line the walls almost covering a frayed dart board. The air in here reeks of stale turbine fuel, and the light shows up the constant miasma of cigarette smoke.

GM Notes

This is a combination control room and ready room

NightDancer Home Protection. Roof level.



for the corp riggers. There is also a dedicated deck for the control of the "Trash can" here, fitted with a special ECCM (2) designed for use within the building. There is also 2 x rating 4 cybernetic remote control decks installed here. The one way glass into the hallway allows them to monitor people coming and going to the roof, and the similar glass to the roof allows them a view of their charges.

Corp Motor Pool Tech.

B	Q	S	Ch	I	W	E	R	Armour
4	6	3	4	6	4	4.7	6(8)	0/0

Initiative: 6(8)+1D6(2D6)

Threat/Professional Rating: 3/3

Skills: Aircraft (B/R) 7, Car 3, Electronics 3, Etiquette (corp) 4, Firearms (B/R) 3, Fixed wing 2, Gunnery (B/R) 3, Rotor 2, Vehicle (B/R) 5

Gear: Aircraft repair kit, Electronics repair kit, Vehicle repair kit

Cyberware: Cybereyes w/(low light, & thermographic), Datajack, VCR 1

Corp Motor Pool Rigger x 2.

B	Q	S	Ch	I	W	E	R	Armour
4	6	3	4	6	4	4.5	6(8)	0/0

Initiative: 6(8)+1D6(2D6)

Threat/Professional Rating: 3/3

Skills: Car 6, Electronics 3, Etiquette (corp) 4, Firearms 3, Gunnery 3, Rotor 5, Fixed wing 4.

Gear: Colt manhunter [HP, 16(c), SA, 9M] w/ laser sight.

Cyberware: Cybereyes w/(low light, thermographic, and flare compensation), Datajack, VCR 1.

24. Fuel Farm

Tell it to them straight

Huh? These guys have got to be kidding. This tangled web of pipes can only be for fuel. Going by the icons stamped all over it saying "flammable" and the long hoses coiled up on racks, that looks like a fairly safe bet.

GM Notes

This is the fuel bowzers for any rooftop aircraft. The fuel is pumped up from in basement storage tanks as required, and pumped down again when not in use. This is to try and prevent fires.

Type: Hughes WK-2 Stallion

Handling: 5

Speed: 170/250

Body: 4

Armour: 0

Sig: 4 Autopilot: 3
 Economy: 0.25km/l Fuel type: IC
 Fuel Capacity: 1250l Storage: 10
 Seating: 2 bucket + 5 folding bench
 Sensors: Security I (4).
 Other Notes: A chin mounted mini turret mounts an FN-MAG 5 MMG with a 200rd belt fitted.

Rigger control gear fitted.

The riggers flying this baby will try not to let it get shot at. They prefer to use the MMG for suppressive style fire or to take out obvious defenses from extreme range, go in and drop off the passengers, then get the frag back to extreme range and keep moving. It simply isn't designed for a close in butt kicking session.

25. Armory

Tell it to them straight

Whoa! No-One flick a Bic! Boxes of drek line the walls and a few shelves. That wouldn't be so bad except they all have "Explosive 1.4" stamped on them. A single round parts company with the long belt it was just attached to, and falls to the dusty grey plascrete with a loud ping.

GM Notes

This is where the corp keeps it's aircraft loadable supplies of neuro-stun VIII, concussion grenades, and various forms of ammunition. There is 2-8 crates of each kind of ammo used by NightDancer vehicles stored in this room. Before the maglock for the roof storage area opens, it must receive a permission signal from the matrix (Slave node 6 if using Matrix 1.0). The permission lasts only 30 seconds. If the lock is not opened within that time, the lock will require another permission pulse. The slave node also records the thumbprint's owner, and date-time group of access.

26. Drone launch/recovery/storage

Tell it to them straight

Hey, hey, just like a mini aircraft carrier deck. There are drone parking bays, drone helipads, drone catapults, and a drone catch net here. Cool. By the look of the black streaked and stained plascrete, this area doesn't sit idle often.

GM Notes

This area may be remote controlled by landline from the rigger control room, or from the matrix if the riggers are all busy.

Type: Patrol rotor drone

Handling: 3 Speed: 35/70
 Body: 3 Armour: 6
 Sig: 3 Autopilot: 2

Economy: 7.5/l Fuel type: IC
 Fuel Capacity: 25l Storage: 1
 Seating: 0 Sensors: Std (1)
 Other Notes: These babies are equipped with two firmpoints. They are armed with either a pair of netguns, one large netgun and one grenade launcher loaded with concussion grenades, or a pair of grenade launchers loaded with concussion grenades and flash grenades respectively.

Type: Cyberspace Dalmation (Armed)

Handling: 3 Speed: 35/105
 Body: 4 Armour: 3
 Sig: 5 Autopilot: 2
 Economy: 12km/l Fuel type: IC
 Fuel Capacity: 50l Sensors: Security I (4)
 Other Notes:

Patrol craft: Centreline hardpoint fitted, 100l Drop tank fitted to centreline hardpoint (speed:-5/-15, handling +1, Emergency VTOL not possible while fitted.), each underwing firmpoint fitted with a stripped down M22A2 Assault rifle [AR, SA/BF/FA 40(c)(gel), 6M] with gas vent 1 and underbarrel grenade launcher loaded with alternating flash and concussion grenade loads.

RRF support craft: Two underwing hardpoints fitted, replacing the firmpoints, Each hardpoint is loaded out with two ripples of 7.62cm custom rockets consisting of the following:

- 2 x Concussion warheads (12M stun)
- 2 x Flash warheads
- 2 x Thermal Smoke warheads
- 4 x Neuro Stun VIII warheads

RRF Bird's Tactics: Standard Operating Procedure with these rockets is to open up with one ripple as soon as the rigger feels he can hit the target, at extreme range and in direct line of sight if possible, closer if need be but with as little danger to the drone as possible. This is to try to shake up the opposition. If he sees a rifle of any sort in the possession of the opposition, he is to take the drone no closer than 300m. If no rifles or heavier are evident, he may take the drone as close as 200m. If it appears that the first ripple has effectively disabled the target, he is to check his fire at that point, otherwise he is cleared to use more ammunition. At all times the rigger is to be VERY cognizant of collateral targets (ie. pedestrians) taking every effort to avoid hurting innocents. If the RRF team is at risk, the rigger is cleared to do whatever it takes to take the heat off of the RRF provided no collateral targets are injured. (Drones are cheaper than death benefits.)

At all times the riggers are to overfly both routine waypoints and tactical points from random directions, and are to vary their approaches as much as possible.

Cast of Characters

John Scott (Mage Manager) (Grade 5 Initiate)

B	Q	S	Ch	I	W	E	M	R	Armour
3	4	2	5	5	5	5	10(12)	4	3/0

Initiative: 4+1D6

Threat/Professional Rating: 4/3

Skills: Armed Combat 3, Conjuring 7, Etiquette (corp) 3, Firearms 2, Magical Theory 7, Negotiation 3, Sorcery 5

Gear: Ares Viper Slivergun [HP, 30(c), SA/BF, 9S(f)] with laser sight, Armour Clothing {fine clothing} (3/0), Custom made 50cm collapsible periscope, Docwagon (gold) contract, Ford Americar, Power Focus 2

Cyberware/Bioware: Cerebral Booster (1), Tracheal Filter (3)

Spells: Clairvoyance 4, Hellblast 7, Mana Barrier 10, Poltergeist 5, Sleep 7, Spirit Bolt (exclusive) 8, Treat 5
Voice: Excitable. Like a child's voice when the child is fascinated by what he is seeing.

Notes: This guy would have been a superb explorer if he was alive when the Chris Columbus' of the world were active. 35 years old and still attracting the ladies, he is always happiest when he's researching something. Of course, he wouldn't be seen dead wearing anything other than designer label....

Shari Tobel (Spider Shaman) (Level 1 initiate)

B	Q	S	Ch	I	W	E	M	R	Armour
3	6	4	5	5	4	6	7	5	3/2

Initiative: 5 + 1D6

Threat/Professional Rating: 5/2

Current karma: 2

Skills: Armed Combat 5, Biotech/Chemical influences 3/5, Conjuring 6, Etiquette (corp) 1, Magical Theory 6, Meditation (Centering Skill) 4, Sorcery 5, Stealth 4
Gear: Ares Squirt loaded with atropine [LP, 10(m), SS, 7D]{+1 to all active skill target numbers for the next 15 minutes. +1 to melee or firearms target numbers, and +2 to all knowledge, technical, B/R, language and magic skills. Sweats, hallucinations, hot dry skin, and hyperpyrexia affect the character.}, Katana Weapon Focus (3) [7M +1 reach], Light security armour with helmet and full respirator and enviro seal option (helmet contains: tracking signal, locator signal (5), & transceiver) Reuthenium fibre woven in with 2 scanners fitted, Tube Pass (though she rarely needs it, others tend to give her lifts.)

Spells: Bind 7, Control Actions 5, Detect Enemies 4, Magic Fingers 5, Mana Bolt 7, Power Missile (exclusive) 5, Spirit Bolt (exclusive) 6, Spider form 3
Voice: Shari's voice is very feminine, but jerky. It's as if she very carefully considers what she will say, rehearses it a couple of times in her head, then spits it

out all at once.

Notes: Shari is nominally an employee of the company, but spends most of her time studying in the library or at home in her medicine lodge. She is sometimes used to back up the RRF, and that's why she has a permit for the armor. She is unlikely to have the armour with her unless she has been placed on alert.

Ally (Force 3) "Web Dancer"

B	Q	S	Ch	I	W	E	R
3	3	3	5	5	4	3	4

Initiative: 4+10(+20)+1D6

Powers: Immunity to normal weapons, Manifestation, Sense Link, Sorcery (Death touch) 4, Three Dimensional Movement, Telepathic link.

Manifestations: A young boy of about 6 years old dressed in neat clothing, Bird eating spider (true form).

Formula: Kept in a vault at Seattle first district bank. (At a nasty cost I might add).

Notes: Web dancer is capable of limited understanding of the world. You can carry on a basic conversation with this spirit. He is utterly devoted to his master and wishes his master no ill.

Standard NightDancer trooper

B	Q	S	Ch	I	W	E	R	Armour
4	3	3	2	2	3	6	2	6/4

Initiative: 2+1D6

Threat/Professional Rating: 3/2

Skills: Car 2, Etiquette (corp) 2, Firearms 3, Interrogation 1, Thrown weapons 3, Unarmed combat 4

Gear: Beretta model 70 [SMG, 35(c), BF/FA, 6M] w/ laser sight and sound suppressor., loaded with gel rounds as standard, 2 clips of regular ammo, Flash-pak, Light Security Armour with helmet (helmet contains: Low light, tracking signal, & transceiver) tricked out in the star speckled NightDancer logo, 2 x Neuro stun VIII canisters.

Standard NightDancer Security Mage

B	Q	S	Ch	I	W	E	R	M	Armour
2	5	2	2	6	6	6	5(8)	6(7)	3/1

Initiative: 5(8)+1D6

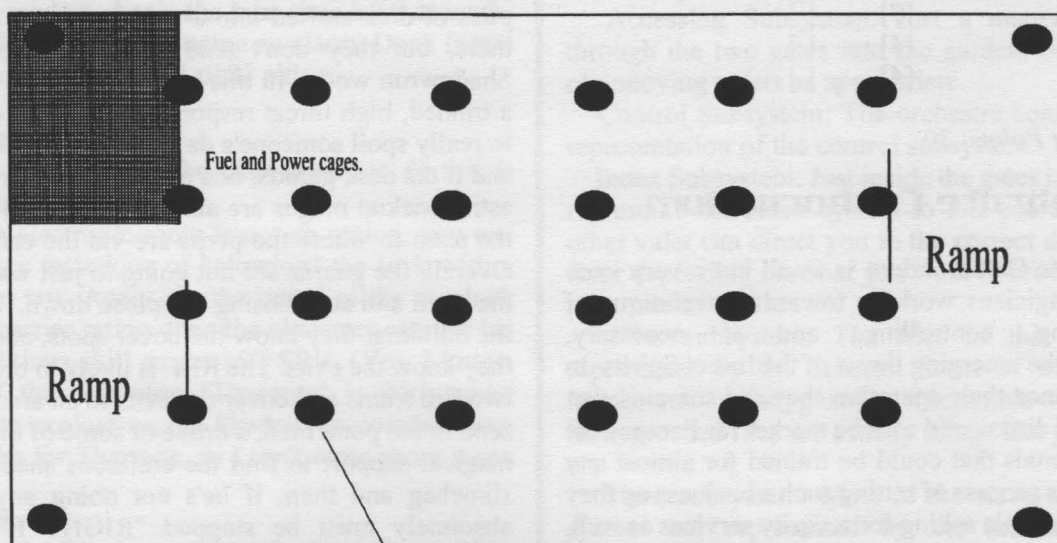
Threat/Professional Rating: 4/2

Skills: Conjuring 6, Etiquette (corp) 2, Etiquette (street) 1, Magical Theory 6, Sorcery 6.

Gear: Browning Ultra-Power [HP, 10(c), SA, 9M] w/ laser sight, Concealable holster, Fine clothing, Form fitting body armour 2, Knife Weapon focus (1), Microtransceiver, Respirator, Spell lock (detect enemies 2 successes).

Spells: Clairvoyance 4, Confusion 4, Control Actions 3, Detect Enemies (extended) 4, Increase reaction (+3)

NightDancer Home Protection. Basement level.



□ = 1 Meter.

4, Manaball 4, Manabolt 5.

Attached: Fire elemental [Force 4 (2 services)]

B	Q	S	Ch	I	W	E	R
5	18	2	4	4	4	4	5

Attacks: 4M as ranged combat 5, Range = 8m

Powers: Engulf, Flame aura, Flame projection, Guard, Manifestation, Movement.

Standard NightDancer Animal Handler

B	Q	S	Ch	I	W	E	R	Armour
4	3	3	2	2	3	6	2	6/4

Initiative: 2 + 1D6

Threat/Professional Rating: 2/2

Skills: Animal control 4, Armed combat 3, Car 2, Etiquette (corp) 2, Firearms 3, Interrogation 1, Unarmed combat 2

Gear: Beretta model 70 [SMG, 35(c), BF/FA, 6M] w/ laser sight and sound suppressor., loaded with gel rounds as standard, 2 clips of regular ammo, Flash-pak, Light Security Armour with helmet (helmet contains: Low light, tracking signal, & transceiver) tricked out in the star speckled NightDancer logo, 2 x Neuro stun VIII canisters

Hell Hound

B	Q	S	Ch	I	W	E	R	Attacks
4	4x4	5	-	3/4	3	(6)	6	6M

Powers: Enhanced Senses (Improved Hearing and Smell, Low-Light Vision), Flame Projection, Immunity to fire

Initiative: 6 + 3D6

Corporate Profile Form

Corporation: NightDancer Home Security.

Quarter Beginning: April 2053 *Ending:* June 2053

Interests Profile	PAR	AAR
AeroSpace	[[[[
Agriculture	[[[[
Biotechnology	[[[[
Chemicals	[[[[
Computer Engineering	[[[[
Computer Science	[[[[
Consumer Goods	[[[[
Cybernetics	[[[[
Entertainment	[[[[
Financial	[[[[
Heavy Industry	[[[[
Military Technology	[[[[
Mystical	[5]	[[
Service	[4]	[[

Operational Profile

Fiscal	[5]	[]
Intelligence	[2]	[]
Management	[4]	[]
Reputation	[5]	[]
Security		
Magic	[7]	[]
Matrix	[4]	[]
Physical	[4]	[]

Net Rating Points: 30

Invertebrate Carborundum

Invertebrate Carborundum is small but a very keen group of magicians working towards a technique of understanding, controlling, and if necessary, eliminating the emerging threat of the Insect Spirits. In order to finance their operation they did some market research and discovered a niche market for Paranormal Security animals that could be trained for almost any master. In the process of setting such a business up they found some people asking for security services as well, and they have simply grown from there. Members will rarely, if ever, discuss the purpose of the group they participate in for fear of ridicule. "Insect Spirits!, Hah!" (Of course, if the individual concerned knows about insect spirits, they may have a wholly different attitude.)

Name: Invertebrate Carborundum

Type: Initiatory/Dedicated

Members: 21

Limitations: Moral Codes (Where possible capture or destroy any Invertebrate Astral presence found).

Strictures: Belief, Fraternity, Karma, Oath.

Resources: Middle.

Dues: 500 nuyen per month. (Dues waived if member also works for NightDancer.)

Patron: None.

Customs: Members of the group dedicate, on average, two days a month in research or similar activity for the benefit of the group as a whole. New spells are immediately copied, and stored, providing a library for all members. Members are encouraged to aim their research into the arts of summoning, enchanting, or the field of Paranormal Animal research and training.

GM NOTE

One member of the group is a Spider Shaman (Shari Tobel). She manages to balance some of the desires of her totem and her human desires, with the help of the group. The group also gains assistance from her and her spirits in trying to understand the way insect spirits differ from those they know. While she cannot conjure insect spirits of any form, her totem gives her some insight into the insect shaman's world without losing

herself.

Goon Tactics

Ok, how many GM's play their Goons like well, goons? Sure there are dumb-assed, meat-for-the-beast, piles-of-drek-stuffed-into-a-uniform type goons out there, but they don't tend to last for long in the Shadowrun world. In this building you are looking at a trained, high threat response group with enough kit to really spoil someone's day. They talk to each other, and if the desk guards, one of the deckers or one of the astral backup mages are able to assist, they can guide the team to where the perps are via the camera's etc,. Overall, the guards are not going to just walk out into the open and start hosing the place down. They know the building, they know the cover spots, and above all they know the exits. The RRF is likely to break up into two fire teams and cover the exits to an area first, then send in the point men, a drone or some of the excellent magical support to find the cretinous shadowrunning slimebag and then, if he's not doing anything that absolutely must be stopped "RIGHT FRAGGING NOW!!!" they'll grab some cover, hunker down and wait for said slimebag to walk into the ambush. Never forget that these guys should have good astral backup. Spells and elementals etc used by the runners should have a real hard time trying to go through the astral to the goons. Mind the Goon's combat mages aren't likely to have that problem, or if they do, not as bad.

Generally these guys work together often, they have good communications, and they know the area. Play them as such.

Defeating the Building's Maglocks

(Information taken from Neo-Anarchist's Guide to Real Life, and the Corporate Security Handbook. Both of these books are copyright FASA and all their rights remain reserved.)

This building's innards are defended at various points with the use of a rating 5 cardreading maglock. This system can be defeated in one of three ways;

1. Defeat the Card Reader.

a. First and easiest way to defeat the card reader is to use a legitimate card. How? Steal it from a legitimate card owner and use it before the alarm is raised.

b. Next easiest is to use a maglock passcard. These babies are expensive, and can be hard to get. (Avail = (rating x 2)/10 days, cost = (rating x rating) x 10,000¥) To use one, the character inserts the card end of it into the lock, and the player rolls the passcard's rating quantity of dice vs. a target number of 5 in this case. Base time is 10 seconds, and failure to achieve a success triggers an alarm.

c. Last but not least, tamper with the card reader directly. First get the case off with an Electronics (B/R) test vs. a target number of 5 in this instance. Base time for this is 60 seconds, with failure meaning the case didn't come off. Then, tamper with the cardreader's circuits. Use an Electronics test vs a target number of 7 for these readers. Again the base time is 60 seconds, with failure this time producing an alarm. Don't forget the B/R modifiers on SR11 p183 either.

2. Defeat the Maglock.

a. First and probably the easiest way to do this is to defeat the card reader.

b. If the electronic route is not an option, you can try the noisy technique of "blowing" the lock with a demolitions test. Again use the rating of the maglock (5) as the barrier rating, then the character can use his/her demolitions skill as per p97 SR11. (Yes, I know, the use of the substance "Thermite" is fairly quiet compared to explosives, but Shadowrun does not have a set of rules for Thermite, so I can't write about it can I?)

3. Defeat the Structure around the Lock Assembly.

If all else fails, it's possible that there is a nearby wall that you could "blow", punch or cut your way through. Indeed, sometimes it's easier to do this or go through the door than it is to bypass the lock.

The NightDancer Matrix System/s

This section written using Matrix 2.0 rules.

The NightDancer construct is not particularly large, nor particularly far from the matrix floor. The node looks like a comet streaking up into a piece of starlit sky. The decker approaches along the comet's tail. Once the decker reaches the SAN he/she finds themselves in the primary metaphor of a green Elizabethan garden lit by moonlight, with a pristine white mansion beyond. Within the carefully tended garden of shrubs and hedges is a parquetry (fitted and polished timber) ballroom floor, complete with low musician's stage at one end and crystal chandeliers dangling on short golden chains in turn connecting to nothing in particular.

The ballroom floor is the Primary system. The security system is the mansion beyond. The security system can be accessed via the primary system through a vanishing SAN. This must be triggered from within the security system. The visual effect of the primary system construct is disrupted occasionally by a visiting decker. These guys hire time on NightDancer's primary mainframe to run jobs they can't afford to purchase a mainframe themselves to do. They are usually recognizable by dinner suits that don't quite hang right, and klutzy dancing. Why does NightDancer allow

visiting Deckers? Add it up. These two systems combined equal an investment in hardware alone of 70 Mil NuYen. Two 7000 series Fuchi FTX's have got to pay for themselves somehow.

Primary: Orange-7/11/14/12/12/11.

Accessing Subsystem: Just a matter of getting through the two gates into the garden, or past a pair of annoying valets as appropriate.

Control Subsystem: The orchestra conductor is the representation of the control subsystem.

Index Subsystem: Just inside the gates is a valet who represents the index system to this place. He or any other valet can direct you to the correct dancer on the floor depending on what you want to browse and your passcode of course.

Files subsystem: The files of this system are represented by the dancers. Some of whom have a Musketeer bodyguard (Scramble-3) nearby. Bodyguarded files are usually things like guard rosters etc.

Slave subsystem: Most of the slave nodes of this system are represented by the musicians of the orchestra. Notable exceptions are;

Board room trideo: An artist stands to one side of the orchestra stage next to his easel and works very hard or not at all depending on the demands of the Trid in the Board room. If the trid is displaying the contents of a file, then the artist is painting a portrait of one of the "dancers" who comes over to sit near him.

Guard commander camera displays: are represented by a person who stands near a hedge catching a seemingly endless procession of pigeons.

Other Imagery: If a corp decker comes directly into this system, he will appear on the low stage behind the orchestra, which itself represents the slave systems for this host. The vanishing SAN to the secure system appears simply as a path on one side of the "ballroom" that wasn't there before.

Primary System Security Sheaf

5 Probe-7

Imagery: This lovely piece of work is a shapely couple of dancers that seem to move very well together. They will approach the decker and ask if his dance card is full. Thereafter they will continue to dance close to the intruding decker, and perform a peculiar tapping strut every time the decker makes any sort of system operation.

10 Trace-5/Killer-5/Tar Baby-4 construct

Imagery: This construct is built to resemble a 2 meter long cobra that gets dropped by an owl onto the ballroom floor. Natch the "people" won't notice it. The owl will depart along the decker's path if the trace manages to lock on, otherwise it circles quietly above. The snake will attack the decker by trying to bite him, or spitting on any utilities used against it. The spit is

the tar baby.

14 Passive Alert.

17 Acid-7

Imagery: A cleaning woman appropriately attired for the setting approaches the decker and starts to clean his icon. The cleaning fluid is acidic of course.

21 Tar baby-8

Imagery: A dancer reels across the floor. Spilling wine extensively. If the character uses a utility, the dancer grabs onto the utility for support, sending them both crashing to the floor and then disappearing.

24 Blaster-8

Imagery: An English Fop wearing a long epee works his way across the floor to the decker, removing a glove as he goes. As he gets close he draws his epee, throws down his glove in front of the character with a cry of "en-garde".

Note: This IC program is designed to use a combat maneuver as it's second action in a combat phase. Provided it can still see the decker's icon, it will use it's second action to execute whatever combat maneuver seems best. If in doubt, it parries.

29 Active Alert. Duty decker enters system in 1D6 turns.

32 Sparky-8

Imagery: This IC appears as very attractive member of the opposite sex to the icon. It wears a black cape, with red lining. It attacks by attempting to draw the icon under the cape with a loving embrace, then using it's "vampire teeth" to bite the icon.

Note: This icon will use it's first action in a combat phase to position attack if appropriate.

37 Shutdown.

Imagery: The dancers start to leave the floor in the final warning turns, and they return to a series of seats that weren't there a second ago.

Security: Orange-7/11/15/12/14/15.

Access Subsystem: This is represented simply by the doors and windows to the mansion. If your access test succeeds, the door or window opens.

Control Subsystem: Represented by the butler who seemingly follows the decker everywhere he goes, although you don't seem to spot him until you fail a control check. Should this happen, he appears and forcefully places things back how they should be while explaining that "that sort of thing just isn't done here".

Index Subsystem: Consists of a maid who appears from a side room and answers your questions.

Files Subsystem: The files here take the form of scrolls or, in one case, a scratching post.

Slave Subsystem:

Building camera feeds/controls: are within the Lounge room of the mansion, represented by two large Trids with recorders fitted. Each trid has a comfortable chair sitting before it, each with a remote control for the trid resting on the chair's arm. The remote control's buttons respond to the switchings and twiddlings of the

front desk guards, and the trids are displaying views of the building's internals and externals. Behind the trids are a pair of bird cages where a seemingly endless series of pigeons hop out, touch the trid recorder, then fly out the window.

Revolving door locks etc.: In the room with the trids is a pair of children playing with clear plastic tops. The children sit quietly watching the tops spinning. If the decker looks into the tops he can see a false colour image of some sort displaying the person inside one of the front revolving doors. Should one of the weapons detectors detect a weapon, the child will reach out and stop the top. The child will then restart the top when "the bad thing is gone". The restart sequence is defended by Scramble IC rating 7.

Internal/External doors: Upstairs is a corridor of door icons, with a "glass window" in each. The icons which control an external door where a camera can see who is requesting access, display the camera's view alongside a holo of the person to whom the card belongs, instead of just the holo of the person. The doors in this corridor open and close in response to the maglock's decision. The decker may give an override (close) to any semi-autonomous maglock, and may "open" one of the 30sec clearance doors as appropriate, but there is no facility for a decker to override (open) any maglock. The decker issues an "all clear" to a given maglock by stopping whichever bell is ringing at the end of the hall, then moving the door icons to where they are supposed to be.

Fuel pumps: In the kitchen is a series of glasses of water sitting on shelves at different heights. The fuel pumps for the vehicles are controlled by pouring the water from where it currently is, to where it's needed.

Building lighting: A child's room contains a doll's house lit by a series of candles. The candles light and go out in response to the lights in the real building. The decker may of course override the lighting timers from here.

Drone catapults/nets: On the top of the doll's house is a pair of spring catapults and a catch net. These of course control the drone facilities on the roof.

Paranormal cages: The children's room also contains a stack of cages of spitting, hissing cats, all trying to get out. If the decker opens a cage he is giving a 30sec permission to open a paranormal cage. If the cage is opened in the real world, the "cat" jumps out of the cage and scratches the name of the people who let it out into a scratching pole near the door. The cat then disappears. The cage doors are defended by exploding scramble IC rating 9.

Other Imagery: Joining onto the main hall is a pair of offices. These are drawn with the seemingly standard bookshelves on the wall, pleasant desk and so on. A small terminal sits on the desk, with the power light of the terminal displaying if it's connection is in use or not. In each office is a pair of "Newton's Balls" sets. (That's a series of hanging balls where you lift one

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and allow it to swing down under gravity. When it hits the line of other balls, the ball on the opposite end swings up and away from the rest, then down and the cycle starts again in reverse). Both of which are in motion. This imagery has little purpose except to provide the corp deckers with a place to appear whilst in this system. The bookshelves are only full while a backup is in progress.

Throughout this building, an intercom system is mounted next to every door. This permits decker access to a real world in-house radio broadcast to the occupants of the building who need to talk to the deckers.

Security system Security Sheaf.

3 Probe-7

Imagery: This program does not manifest itself as an icon as such, it simply makes a noise like squeaky floor boards when it detects an unauthorized system operation.

6 Trace-6 (Defence 1)/Tar Pit-6 Party IC

Imagery: A dusty figure wearing a floppy hat appears near the decker, accompanied by a blast of brassy music. A small oriental child accompanies him, but disappears when the location cycle starts. The tar pit icon lashes out with a whip to try to snatch away any icon the decker tries to use. (Yes folks, it's Indiana Jones.)

9 Paint-9 (Defence 2)

Imagery: Some laughing children appear from around a corner and throw mud pies at the decker. They seem very agile and will try to dance away from any attack the decker tries to make against them.

12 Passive Alert

15 Blaster-5/Bodstripper-5 construct. (Threat 2)

Imagery: This construct simply resembles a Hell Hound.

Notes: This construct is simply savage. It goes for the "throat" and will continue to do so at every opportunity.

20 Blaster-8 (cascading)

Imagery: An English Fop wearing a long epee works his way across the floor to the decker, removing a glove as he goes. As he gets close he draws his epee, throws down his glove in front of the character with a cry of "en-garde". Every time it cascades, it removes a jacket, shirt or shoes to give itself a bit more freedom of movement. It never seems to let it's guard down for a moment however.

Note: This IC program is designed to use a combat maneuver as it's second action in a combat phase. Provided it can still see the decker's icon, it will use it's second action to execute whatever combat maneuver seems best. If in doubt, it parries.

24 Active Alert. Corp decker jacks in within (1D6)-2 turns.

(During working hours, the decker is already jacked in and will take only one combat turn to appear.)

28 Sparky-8 (cascading)

Imagery: This IC appears as very attractive member of the opposite sex to the icon. It wears a black cape, with red lining. It attacks by attempting to draw the icon under the cape with a loving embrace, then using it's "vampire teeth" to bite the icon.

Note: This icon will use it's first action in a combat phase to position attack if appropriate.

31 Shutdown. All the lights in the mansion dim and then finally go out.

Matrix 2.0 CyberDeck

MPCP-8/6/6/0/6

Response 1, Hardening 2, I/O 300, 1K Active Mem, 1.5K Online Storage, & Hot ASIST.

Programs (Persona)

Current Max 50% +50% Mode?

Bod	[]	[6]	[3]	[9]	[]	I/O -50%
Evasion	[]	[6]	[3]	[9]	[]	I/O -50%
Masking	[]	[0]	[0]	[0]	[]	I/O Norm
Sensors	[]	[6]	[3]	[9]	[]	I/O Norm

Icon: A Maroto Dragon. (Large non-awakened lizard) This icon is non-person specific.

Programs (Utility)

Degrad Rating Size Active?

Attack-M	[]	[6]	[108]	[]
Cloak	[]	[4]	[48]	[]
Medic	[]	[3]	[36]	[]
Mirrors	[]	[3]	[27]	[]
Scanner	[]	[4]	[48]	[]
Shield	[]	[6]	[144]	[]

Seeker. (Dumb Frame).

Core Rating; 6, (Frame MPCP-6/0/0/0/6). Size; 120Mp. Programs Loaded; Scanner 4.

Attacker. (Dumb Frame).

Core Rating; 6, (Frame MPCP-6/5/0/0/1). Size; 180Mp. Programs Loaded; Attack-L 6

Frames and Imagery

Dumb frames

Seeker Frame.

Imagery: This is simply a little drone shaped construct with radar dishes for ears. It makes no attempt to conceal itself.

Attack Frame.

Imagery: This construct resembles a lion. Again, it makes no attempt to conceal itself.

Utilities.

Attack: Resembles a lion. The deckers icon seems to

make this utility out of a lump of clay as it fires up.

Cloak: This program displays as a chameleon effect on the decker's icon.

Medic: Standard UMS medic program. When run a series of bandages appear around the "wounds" on the decker's icon.

Mirrors: Again standard, a series of mirrors appear around the icon and whirl about, producing a confusing effect.

Scanner: This program manifests as a "point" dog, that sniffs through the node and points to any persona's it can find.

Shield: This is the standard shield program. A translucent shield appears attached to the decker's wrist.

Resident Deckers

Data Controller.

Micheal Forsyth Jnr. PhD.(MIT).

B	Q	S	Ch	I	W	E	R	Armour
2	3	1	4	4	3	5.65	3	4/2

Initiative: 3(5) + 1D6(2D6)

Threat/Professional Rating: 4/2

Skills: Computer theory 7, Computer 5, Etiquette (corp) 2, Firearms 2, Negotiation 5

Gear: Ceska vz/120[LP 18(c), SA, 6L, conceal:7], Concealable holster, Microtransciever, Pistol permit, Pocket secretary, Securetech longcoat (4/2)

Cyberware: Datajack, Math SPU 2

Data Processor. Jason Dall.

B	Q	S	Ch	I	W	E	R	Armour
3	3	2	3	4	3	5.8	3	4/2

Initiative: 3(5) + 1D6(2D6)

Threat/Professional Rating: 4/2

Skills: Computer theory 3, Computer 4, Etiquette (corp) 2, Firearms 2.

Gear: Ceska vz/120[LP 18(c), SA, 6L, conceal:7], Concealable holster, Microtransciever, Pistol permit, Pocket secretary, Securetech longcoat (4/2).

Cyberware: Datajack.

Credits

Written and Illustrated by: Peter Bailey
(pbailey@gil.com.au)

Tess' Bloom by Les Ward, and taken from the "Drugs_in_Shadowrun" net.book found on the cerebus.acusd.edu server. Used here with permission, and permission granted for publication as part of this work provided acknowledgement made here.

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A number of books were used in the development of this work. The SRII Player's Handbook of course, the 2nd edition Grimoire, The Neo-Anarchist's Guide to Real Life, ShadowTech, Rigger's Black Book, Corporate Security, and for the Matrix material both versions of Virtual Realities were used.

"There comes a time in the development of any product where one must shoot the Authors/Engineers and commence Production."

-Anonymous

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Dr. Burt's Body Shop

By Mark and Eric Fisher and Bert Patrick

Good evening folks. Welcome to the Body Shop, my name is Dr. Burt and I'll be your surgeon this evening. If you'll follow me, I believe we have a couple of open tables this way.

>>>>>[What?! Is this guy a loop or something?]<<<<<
--FTW<03:45:19/9-10-57>

>>>>>[Shut up and keep reading.]<<<<<
--Jazz<10:15:12/9-10-57>

What? No I'm not insane. That's just street doc humor. You know, a joke?

<Sigh> Yeah, well okay. So you want some work, huh? New stuff? <Evil Grin> Oh yeah, we got new stuff...

<CYBERWARE> CYBERTEETH

Now here's a wiz little invention. If everyone had a set, we could shut down the dental industry. These puppies are completely immune to decay 'cause they're made of steel coated in white dura-plast. Each individual tooth is lovingly handcrafted and anchored into your jaw; because we care.

They come in two styles: regular and retractable. Regular is, well, just that; normal looking teeth. Retractable are the fun ones. The canines are replaced with 2 to 3 centimeter long fangs that retract up into the top of the mouth. Sorta creepy, just like those old "Dracula" flats. <Involuntary Shudder>

	Ess.	Damage	Avail.	Cost	St.In.	Lg.
Regular	0	(Str-2)L	4/72hrs	1500¥	1	Legal
Retractable	.1	(Str+1)L	6/72hrs	2250¥	1	8-CA

>>>>>[I've got a pair of Retractable Cybertooths and I love 'em. Cuts the time of eating a steak in half. Now the problem is catchin' 'em.]<<<<<
--Skitch<06:26:43/9-10-57>

>>>>>[Uh, hey Skitch, you're supposed to kill the cow first.]<<<<<
--FTW<09:29:45/9-10-57>

>>>>>[Really?]<<<<<
--Skitch<00:04:54/9-11-57>

FINGERTIP TOOL LASER

The tech here isn't new, it's just being utilized in a different way. We basically took a Cybereye tool laser,

jammed it into a fingertip compartment, and "Wham!"; the Fingertip Tool Laser was born. There really isn't anymore to tell about it.

System: Use the same stats as the cybereye tool laser found on page 23 of Cybertechnology.

Ess.	Avail.	Cost	St.In	Lg.
.3	10/2weeks	7500¥	2	Legal

>>>>>[Just be careful which finger you pick your nose with.]<<<<<
--Skitch<08:03:35/9-10-57>

>>>>>[You of course realize that you're disgusting.]<<<<<
--Jazz<11:20:55/9-10-57>

>>>>>[What? C'mon, everyone does it. Right?]<<<<<
--Skitch<00:34:09/9-11-57>

CYBERLIMB CONCEALABLE HOLSTER (CLCH)

Hee, hee! I love this thing! You ever see that real old flat "Robocop"? Well, it works sorta like that. A holster pops out of the cyberlimb, usually a leg, to hold the pistol. The only real problem is that clothing can be a hindrance, but there are ways around that.

When activated, the holster generates a constant low magnetic pulse which throws off weapon detectors. Yeah, I thought you'd like that.

Sysytem: If covered, the CLCH is undetectable to the naked eye. Against weapon detectors it adds 5 to the weapon concealability. The CLCH will hold up to a heavy pistol.

Ess.	Avail.	Cost	St.In.	Lg.
.25	12/2weeks	11,750¥	2	4-CB

>>>>>[I'll bet a Troll could hide a Tiffani in his<.05 MP deleted by Sysop>]<<<<<
--Skitch<17:38:51/9-10-57>

<BIOWARE> SYSTEM: RESPIRATORY GILLS AND GILL FILTER

This little toy was originally developed a couple of years ago by the UCAS Gov't for use by Navy divers in a time of war.

Gill slits are cut behind your ears so as to hide them. See, the Navy is still just a tad sore that this got out,

so no reason to flaunt 'em.

The way it works is the gills collect oxygen from the water and put it directly into the blood. Mixed with a gill filter, you could swim through the most polluted water and be just a little worse for the wear.

Because of the impact it has on the recipient's system, it isn't suggested unless you spend alot of time near water.

System: Gills-Just what it sounds like.

Gill filter-Small clumps of tissue are placed around the gill slits to help filter out pollution. The maximum level a character can have is up to her unaugmented body rating, Reduce the power level of a pollutant attack by one half the level of the filter (rounded down.)

	Body	Avail.	Cost	St.In.	Lg.
Gills	2.5	12/2months	145,500¥	3	2-BC
Filter	.2/level	same	35,000¥/level3		same

>>>>>[This could be very dangerous in the wrong hands.]<<<<<

--Jazz<14:09:25/9-11-57>

>>>>>[It already is...]<<<<<

--Land Shark<17:19:41/9-11-57>

SYSTEM: DIGESTIVE ENHANCED DIGESTIVE SYSTEM (EDS)

Do you have symbiotes? Suprathyroid gland? You know how it seems like you're always eating? Well then this little prize is for you!

With the help of a few well placed enzyme sacs around the stomach and intestines, digestion is made much more efficient. You derive more nutrition from food as normal. Not only that, but you can eat just about anything you want and you won't have to worry about heartburn. This item is especially popular with Trolls.

System: A character with EDS derives twice the nutrition from food as normal. Additionally, he can digest any organic material (although the amount of nutrition to be found in wood shavings is questionable.)

Body	Avail.	Cost	St.In.	Lg.
1.2	10/1month	65,000¥	2	Legal

>>>>>[Now people won't yell at me for eating out of garbage cans anymore!]<<<<<

--Skitch<11:34:42/9-12-57>

>>>>>[Yes they will.]<<<<<

--Jazz<13:13:11/9-12-57>

>>>>>[Now I won't damage myself from passing bones.]<<<<<

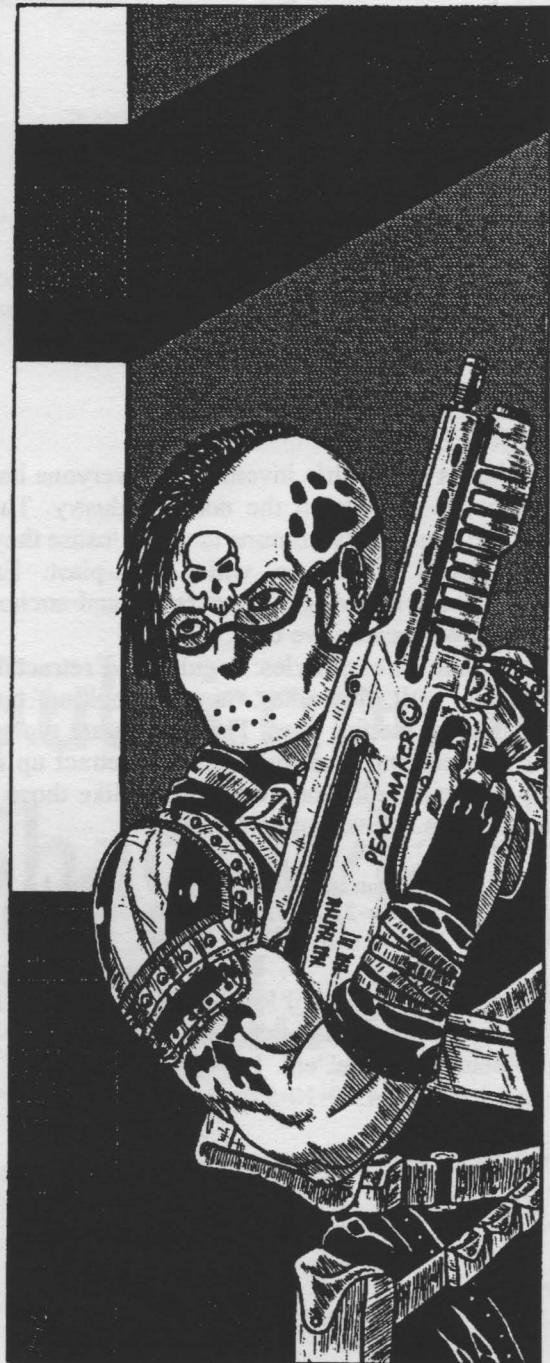
--Creed<23:35:32/9-12-57>

>>>>>[What?!?!]<<<<<
--FTW<01:21:18/9-13-57>

>>>>>[Uh, nevermind. You never heard that.]<<<<<

--Creed<10:54:24/9-13-57>

So, see anything you like? Excellant choice sir. I'm sure you'll find that it will cut your food bill down considerably. And for you ma'am? In Delta? No, I'm afraid not. But I could arrange for Beta...



Balance

by Lee Shaw Morrison

"JUST ANOTHER PERFECT DAY IN PARADISE," Diesel growled under his breath. He cast his compatriots a surly sidelong glance and pulled his armored duster closed as they hustled along in the wet Seattle night.

They ran through the dangerous downtown streets, trying in vain to avoid the raindrops. The streetlights flickered on and off as the deluge increased. Luckily the alleys were deserted so they could hurry unimpeded by squatters begging for corporate script or streetpunks trying to make a quick impression for themselves.

Usually the only impression they made was on the asphalt as their lifeless bodies fell in some forgotten shadow on some dead-end street. Their last words were their only epitaph.

Usually, "Drek!!!"

They finally reached the monorail station's roofed ramp, a dry haven from the storm. Max, a granite block of a dwarf, wiped his shiny dome of excess water and flung it away. Juice shook his long rastafarian dreadlocks free of the rain. As the secondhand water fell atop him, Max grimaced. The dwarf looked at Juice with infinite disdain as he wiped his head clean of moisture. Again, Juice smiled his disarming toothy grin, an utterly urban and perfectly Pavlovian self defense mechanism. His perfect white teeth gleamed in the midst of his dark face.

"Sorry Max," Juice said as he put his hat back on. "I forgot you were down there."

A sharp kick in Juice's shins served as a future reminder.

Diesel and Riot, the muscle of the group, brought up the rear. Between them the troll and ork carried some 800 pounds plus of pure muscular intimidation. Not many things stood toe to toe with them in the shadows of Seattle.

Fewer things, still, walked away under their own power.

A hollow rattling sound echoed in their ears as they walked upwards. Max's genetically superior ears heard it first, and he had his weapon drawn as the others had just begun to reach for theirs. An empty spray paint can rolled towards them as Max's heavy pistol's targeting laser lit it up with a crimson point of light.

"Watch it mon," Juice laughed as he saw the threat for what it was. "It looks mighty dangerous!" He slipped his pistol back into his holster and slapped Max on his broad back.

Max took his finger off the trigger, extinguishing the ruby red light of his laser, but he kept his Colt Manhunter in his meaty mitt. "Somebody was using this, dread-head," Max sneered as he peered into the

darkness at the top of the ramp. "You don't live as long as I have without being careful."

"Or paranoid," Juice said.

"Call it what you will," Max said as he slid his gun back into his holster, not securing it. "Remember, just because you're paranoid doesn't mean that they're not out to get you!"

"What a comforting thought," Riot rumbled. But he, too, left his Remington Roomsweeper shotgun at the ready.

It was probably just some street hooligans adding some more graffiti to the already overburdened monorail station walls. But then again, it never hurt to be careful. Max was living proof of that. In the shadows, you didn't get to be his age by being foolhardy. The four continued up, but now Diesel and Riot led the way, just in case someone was foolish enough to roust them.

As they reached the top, they spotted the fresh graffiti. Its crimson paint was still dripping, running slowly down the wall.

It read: IF A MAN DIES SHALL HE LIVE AGAIN?

Underneath it was the artist's signature. A stylized human skull grinning evilly under an explosion of dreadlocks.

"Dredds," Juice whispered under his breath. He had not seen or heard from his old gang since he left them many months before. And that was just the way Juice liked it. He could no longer turn a blind eye to the gang's cancerous hold on the youth of Seattle. They would sell anybody anything. Age was no object. But price was. As long as you had the scratch, they had the trash. BTL chips to drugs and every sinful vice in-between. Of course, the same tainted nuyen that Juice detested let him break with the Dredds in the first place. Its soiled script let him disappear into the shadows and live a life of relative luxury. He was not proud of his past, but neither did he begrudge the creature comforts that it provided him still.

The four paid their nuyen and entered the station, ready for anything. They would not start any trouble, but somehow it always found them. Sometimes they were just a big shit magnet. But that was just the way it was. Nobody had it easy in their line of work. They just wanted the dry ride home that the monorail would provide. They saw no reason to let a bunch of street punks dissuade them. Paranoia be damned; they were tired of being wet. Juice pulled his collar up and dragged the brim of his hat down to hide his features. He had a feeling his former gangbangers might be lurking within. He hated it when he was right.

Spray painted and filthy, it was a typical monorail station. Typically deserted. Mostly. The lights flickered on and off as the group scanned the few figures in the station. A pair of dreadlocked blacks sat on a bench along the far right wall, their heads down and eyes closed. Another wrestled a cup of hot soykaf from a malfunctioning vending machine in the far corner. It all seemed normal enough, until one of the seated Dredds raised his eyes to meet Juice's. An icy chill accelerated up Juice's spine. He swallowed dryly. A nefarious yellow glow bled from his eyes, piercing the darkness. The unnatural light dimly lit his chest and face. When his partner looked up, Juice feared his eyes would glow yellow as well.

They didn't.

They glowed red.

"Hey, mon, what are you doing out on the streets on a night like this?" the other Dredd asked. He approached Max with a smile that rivaled Juice's as he slowly stirred his soykaf. Max turned to him and curtly nodded his head. To Max's relief the Dredd's eyes appeared normal. Extremely bloodshot, perhaps, but at least they didn't glow.

"Do I know you, my brother?" he asked, his head cocked to one side.

"I don't think so," Juice answered between tightly clenched teeth. "And you sure as drek ain't my fraggin' brother. Go sell your tainted candy to children and get out of my face!"

The Dredd laughed loudly and raised his hands in a placating gesture. "Sure, I know you, mon," he said. "Everybody knows you!" He continued laughing as he pointed at Juice and walked away, shaking his head back and forth.

Juice looked past him to the monorail station platform on the other side of the track. A sudden movement had caught his eye. Sudden movements in the shadows often meant death. There were a couple of suits, a man and a woman, awaiting the next train. They were oblivious to the danger that was all around them, enraptured in their drunken frivolity. They were out too late in the wrong part of town. That would be their undoing. Easy pickings for the subhuman vultures who came out after dark. There were Dredds on that platform as well, and Juice's honed eye saw they were subtly circling in for the kill.

A muffled gunshot echoed from the opposite platform. The male suit went down in a heap, a net wrapped around him, his body jerking spasmodically. The woman screamed then turned to run. She should have done it in the other order. The Dredds wrestled her to the ground quickly. Juice grabbed inside his longcoat for his pistol, but he felt the cold steel of a gun barrel firmly pressed against his temple before he could draw.

"Don't even think about it," the Dredd boss sneered in Juice's ear. "Don't even blink."

Sweat mingled with rain on Juice's brow as he

slowly, carefully, pulled his hand out of his coat. He nodded slightly, acquiescing.

And then Juice was gone, vanishing into thin air.

The Dredd suddenly held a gun pointed at nothing.

The Dredd's eyes popped open in surprise, then narrowed as he screamed in rage. He jerked the trigger of his machine pistol and sprayed automatic weapon fire through the station, hoping that the bullets could find what he could not see.

Diesel and Riot vaulted to their feet with weapons drawn. Riot pumped a round into his pistol-gripped shotgun as Diesel's unsheathed katana reflected in the station's flickering lights. The Dredds with the dead glowing eyes jumped up as well, freeing weapons of their own. Diesel roared fiercely. He charged the Dredd with the yellow eyes instantly, a bellowing force of nature.

A frightening thing, a charging, screaming troll with a sword raised.

But not as frightening as an automatic shotgun with a drum magazine.

Yelloweyes lowered the gun at Diesel and fired, the roar of the shotgun drowning out that of the troll. Burst after burst struck Diesel squarely in the chest as the drum whirled, launching the slugs with deadly speed.

The armored duster took up some of the impact, but Diesel felt the slugs bite into his flesh, grind into his bones. His hot warm blood flowed freely inside Diesel's shirt as he fell to one knee. He growled inarticulately, pulling his lips back from yellowed fangs.

Diesel felt the impact of the shot, but not the agony. Years of mental training in Max's dojo had steeled his mind against sensation, walled off pain. The blast slowed him, but only momentarily. He was instantly back on his feet, charging ever forward, his katana upraised. The blade swung down with inhuman force and clove through the Dredd's arm, imbedding in his side. Diesel felt a bit of smug satisfaction. A mortal wound.

Or so he thought.

Riot's Roomsweeper rang out two slugs, biting into the Dredd with the unholy crimson eyes. The Dredd flew backwards as the slugs transferred their immense kinetic energy into and through him. He impacted the wall of the station, near death. The odds had increased further in the quartet's favor.

The sudden outbreak of gunfire caught Max halfway through a gulp of soykaf. He promptly spit it out all over himself. The plastic cup dropped to the floor as Max drew his weapon, wheeling, dropping into a crouch in one fluid motion. Max was granite that could move. The gang boss still aimed his pistol at empty air, firing wildly. Max drew out a concussion grenade, pulling out its pin with his teeth. He rolled it at the leader, who, blinded by rage, was ignorant of his pending sneak attack. A thunderclap sounded as the grenade exploded, the echoes reverberating endlessly

against tainted tiles. The Dredd boss crumbled to the grimy station floor, his weapon firing into the ceiling. His body jerked once spasmodically then laid still. The gymbag of Neon fell open as he dropped, the drug ampules scattering across the damp floor.

Diesel withdrew his katana from Yelloweyes' side and in one smooth arc thrust the bloodied blade into the Dredd's chest. He shoved the swordtip between the ribs in a practiced motion and found his target. Yelloweyes' heart. The Dredd's mouth dropped open in silent agony as he fell to his knees. Blood spurted from his gaping chest wound in rhythm with his dying heart. Diesel withdrew his blade from the wound, satisfied that the kill was clean. Geyser after bloody geyser erupted in the katana's wake. The rastafarian's dark, rich blood pooled around him as he fell. His face surged unabated to the concrete floor, flattening in a sickening crunch.

The Dredd with the red eyes watched in horror as Diesel skewered his compatriot. Redeyes slid down the station wall, already dead for all intents and purposes. All that remained was Last Rites or a toe tag, whichever came first. Riot raced up to him and kicked the gun from his grip, sending it skittering across the floor. It flew over the edge of the monorail platform, landing on the alley floor below.

Diesel cleaned his katana and resheathed it under his longcoat. He shook his head, dismayed at the spilling of blood. While often necessary, it was all too prevalent in their shadow world. As he turned, he heard Riot mutter.

"What the hell-"

Yelloweyes wasn't done in quite yet. He rose from his ever-growing crimson pool, his sucking chest wound now reduced to a slow trickle. With his remaining arm, he slowly raised his automatic shotgun. And he pointed it at Diesel's broad back. Riot reached into his longcoat to regain the pistol-gripped shotgun that he had already secured. But even as he drew it, he knew it was too late. Miraculously, Diesel had already withstood one blast from the Dredd's shotgun, but Riot doubted that even Diesel could withstand another. His mind raced. How could they have had made the major mistake of leaving an adversary alive and relaxing their guard? Hell, we didn't make a mistake. That guy was dead! He wasn't even bleeding anymore! Riot's mind raced at the ramifications as the Dredd moved in slow motion before him. Riot's finger reached for his trigger just after Yelloweyes squeezed his.

"Diesel, look out!" Max yelled from across the room, but could only watch and wait, his impotence overwhelming.

Yelloweyes laughed fiercely, leering at Diesel. He had him dead in his sights. But then he suddenly turned his aim on his fallen cohort, who was still on his knees, hovering near death. He coldly pulled the trigger, the station erupting in thunderous echoes as slug after slug blasted the red-eyed rastafarian's body. His body jerked

spasmodically with each impact, even long after he was actually dead. He slid all the way down the station wall, the graffiti eclipsed by his blood, bile, and brains. His life gone, he laid perfectly.

Riot stood dumbfounded for a moment, his mind numb. But then the practiced reflexes that he had honed and hardened on the street kicked in. No thought required. He fired round upon round from his pistol gripped shotgun into Yelloweyes at point blank range.

"Die, damn you, die!!" Riot bellowed. As the slugs bit again and again into Yelloweyes, he calmly turned his aim on Riot, seemingly unaware of the chunks of flesh that were ripping from his body. The new wounds barely bled at all, leaving only raw open holes in the Dredd. He had no more blood to bleed.

The automatic shotgun rang out a third time, this time with Riot in its sights. The ork tried to roll with its potent punch, to assuage some of the horrible impact that came his way. But it was too little, too late. Struck, his body spun like a limp rag doll, and fell. Mortally wounded, he still tried to escape, painfully inching away from the Dredd, fingers digging at hard concrete. But the wound was too grievous, and he felt his life force ebbing away with his consciousness.

Diesel turned just in time to see his friend fall. His eyes and his brain wrestled with the insane tableau laid out before him. He reached again for his katana, but instantly thought better of it. Instead, he pulled out his matched pair of Rhino Enforcer pistols and emptied his clips into the Dredd who should be dead. The Rhino Enforcers were specially designed, custom made. Only a troll of his carriage and strength could hold them steady. Their kick was immense. Firing 7.62mm ammo, they could stop, well, a rhino. But he might as well have been shooting spitballs at Yelloweyes. Muscle, tendon, and sinew flayed from his bones, but he was completely unaffected. If he noticed at all.

Meanwhile, unnoticed by the combatants in the melee, the gymbag full of Neon floated up into the air, seemingly of its own accord. The Velcro lined opening closed itself, and then it was gone. Footprints formed in the pool of blood as Juice invisibly secured it under his longcoat. Even though he was transparent, he left wet red footprints in his wake.

Redeyes suddenly bolted upright. Diesel's eyes widened as what could not possibly become any more terrifying did so none the less. The battered Dredd smiled, wiping the blood from his face, carelessly sending the droplets splatting upon Riot's fallen form. He pulled another semi-automatic pistol from his coat almost faster than Diesel could see. Aiming past Diesel with his one good eye, he put Max in his sights. The dwarf dove behind the central concrete support post just as bullets riddled it, splinters of concrete flying in a cascade of dust.

Diesel pumped lead ceaselessly into Yelloweyes, hoping against hope to finally bring him down. But still the Dredd advanced, content to calmly stalk his prey.

Sill Diesel fired. Sweat and blood flowed freely into his eyes, causing the troll to blink rapidly to clear his vision. His gargantuan forearms burned as he fiercely pulled his pistols' triggers. This isn't happening, Diesel thought to himself, the battle hardened street warrior nearly in a panic. These guys aren't playing by the

"Show yourself or get out of the way," Max retorted, readying another grenade. "If these things won't die, then we will!"

Simple logic, yet infinitely difficult to argue against.

The Dredds flew to far sides of the station. The overhead fluorescent lights fell, swinging to and fro,



rules! You shoot something, it falls. It dies!

"IT DIES!" Diesel bellowed, and concentrated his aim on Yelloweyes' forehead. The first shot sheared away most of the Dredd's brain pan, exposing the gray matter beneath. Diesel saw its anatomical structure quite clearly, no obscuring blood left in the Dredd's body. The following rounds imbedded into the pulp that was Yelloweyes' head, their impacts obscenely silent in the echo of explosive gunfire. But still Yelloweyes approached. Flesh, it seemed, was optional. Diesel backed away in jumps, shearing away parts of the Dredds face with every trigger pull.

"The hell with this," Max harrumphed and pulled out another grenade. This time it was a fragmentation device: an offensive grenade with only one purpose. Kill. And kill now. He pulled the pin and lobbed it between the undead Dredds, covering his ears. The sudden resultant explosion ripped easily through their disabused bodies. They flew in opposite directions, the blast also throwing the massive Diesel from his feet. Car alarms blared outside in answer, an urban cacophony. The station's sprinklers deluged the combatants, the sputtering lights refracting in the liquid sheets.

"Watch it with the damn grenades!" Juice's disembodied voice screamed.

illuminating the scene with an other-worldly light. Yelloweyes was cut clean in two, his lower torso landing some meters from his upper. Redeyes laid near the station's entrance.

Max dared to breathe again once they finally had the upper hand. His respiration was short lived. Suddenly his wind caught maddeningly in his chest. His eyes glazed over in confusion.

Redeyes slowly began to rise. Diesel nearly dropped his weapons in utter disbelief. He watched dumbfounded as Redeyes limped to the entrance, effectively cutting off that avenue of escape. And that was the only thing Diesel wanted to do at that point. To get the hell out!

Another burst of automatic shotgun fire erupted, destroying part of the pillar that Max hid behind. Yelloweyes pulled the trigger again. Luckily Diesel's instincts were still intact, even though his brain had frozen solid. He reacted without conscious thought, narrowly avoiding what would surely be a fatal blast. Dropping to one shoulder, he rolled towards his fallen friend, Riot. The shotgun's blast flew over Diesel's head close enough to part his long hair. As he came up into a crouch, his eyes opened wide of their own accord, drinking in the utter horror. His mind tried to reject the damning evidence out of hand, but could not.

The irrevocable, if impossible, evidence was right before his eyes. Yelloweyes' torso pulled itself along the floor, broken fingernails bending backwards with each grasping reach. He, or more precisely, it, slowly inched through the water and blood and bile that covered the concrete floor, slowly coming closer. The lower half of his body kicked wildly, trying in vain to recover its balance. The upper half crawled ever closer, his exposed spine trailing behind, a slimy intestine-laced trail wet behind him.

Diesel scooped up Riot's still form and lunged towards the monorail. Mortal terror gripped his throat like never before. He was flush with fear he never imagined existed within his towering frame. Suddenly nothing he had ever learned made sense. Suddenly, none of the rules applied. In lethal conflict, there was only fight or flight. Well, they had already tried the former with, shall we say, less than stellar results. That only left the latter. Diesel wholeheartedly accepted his defeat and wrapped every fiber of his being around his single fleeting hope. Retreat. Riot in tow, he leapt over the railing that separated the station from the single track and plunged headlong over the side. He positioned his body as best he could to protect his wounded friend from the impending impact, but the alley floor approached awfully quickly.

Redeyes still guarded the entrance, straining his glowing red eyes to spot his elusive invisible target through the flashing fluorescent lights. He saw bloody footprints form on the station floor, edging towards the rail. Raising his pistol, he fired rapidly above the prints. Bullets had no eyes; they didn't care if they could see Juice or not.

Juice yelled out, startled by the bullets as they whistled by. He took Diesel's lead and sprinted towards the railing, his invisible feet splashing through pooling puddles. "Get the hell out, Max!" he shouted.

Max tried to follow, but another automatic blast drove him back into hiding. Juice reached the railing, leaping, but caught his toe and went sprawling into the darkness below, gymbag of Neon and all.

Max's brow furrowed. It was suddenly just him and the pair of Dredds, who were slowly advancing on him. He pulled out another grenade and rolled it at Yelloweyes as he bolted after his friends. The grenade exploded just as he reached the railing, sending him flying over it. He bounced heavily off the main monorail support. His titanium reinforced body dealt out more damage than it took before landing in a crumpled mass. Yelloweyes' automatic shotgun also flew over the side in the blast, landing near Diesel. A pair of unseen hands helped Max up.

"What in the hell was that?!" Juice asked as he materialized to rejoin the group in the spectrum of visible light. Diesel bent over Riot, staunching his wounds as best he could, trying to keep his best friend on this side of the doorway of death. Juice tried to help Max, but the dwarf shoved him roughly away.

"I'm all right," he grunted.

They were all breathing heavily, trying and failing miserably to catch their swirling wits. The station was in flames above them, lighting them in a harsh flickering crimson glow. Distant sirens sounded, rapidly coming their way.

A sickening thump fell behind them, snapping their already fragile nerves. They wheeled around instantly, disbelieving the gruesome sight before them. Each time they thought their sanity was stretched to the breaking point, they had to reconcile another impossible image. Yelloweyes (or should it now be Yellow Eye, since only one of his remained) had fallen from above. He pulled himself with agonizing slowness towards them with the three fingers he had left on his one hand. The boney fingers reflected bright white in the night, the flesh seared away. All that remained of him was a single arm connected to half a head, with only a fraction of his upper torso holding the two together. His skinless face scraped the asphalt of the alley, his single glowing yellow eye laying grotesquely in his skull, the top of which was sheered away. His cranium was largely hollow, with only a gray-black pudding smoking inside.

Still, dead or not, it came.

Enraged, Diesel snatched up the automatic shotgun and lowered it at the approaching thing. His mind rebuked his eyes, and he fought back the only way he knew how. With hot lead. Screaming, he fired burst after burst into Yellow Eye. Chunks of charred flesh flew away, but still it came. Diesel fired until he had emptied the barrel magazine, the whirring of the metallic clicks almost silent in the roaring automatic's aftermath. Diesel continued to scream primally, his face somewhere between red and blue, his thick veins bulging in his forehead. He held the trigger down even though the shotgun's load had been spent.

Still it came.

The red and blue lights of the law approached, reflecting off the rain-slicked streets as the sirens neared. Juice pulled gently on Diesel's arm. "We gotta go, Diesel," he said gently. "We've got to get Riot some help."

Diesel turned in shock towards Riots' still form as he released his death grip on the shotgun's trigger. Max was struggling to hoist Riot up so he could carry him, even though he could barely stand himself. Diesel absentmindedly handed the automatic shotgun to Juice and prodded Max to one side. He bent over gingerly, picking up the larger than human ork easily. He cradled him in his arms like a mother with her child, and began down the alley away from the probing light of the law. Away from the long cold arm of madness.

The group ventured once more into the Seattle shadows, as they had innumerable times before. More often than not, what they met in those shadows died at their feet or fled in panic.

But this time, they ran.

Double Trouble

by Karen Mason-Richardson

A shadowrunner group's Fixer tends to be one of the more commonly portrayed NPCs. The following is a well-developed fixer contact which could prove especially useful for starting off a new group of characters....

Gemini is a Fixer who works out of a 'seedy bar' archetype, The Road to Ruin, which is located in one of the (relatively) more civilized areas of Redmond. She will meet runners in her office, located in the back rooms behind the bar, after they have made contact with the bartender, Weasel. Gemini has a shadow reputation of being fair, honest, and straightforward in her dealings with both clients and 'contractors'.

Physically, Gemini seems to be in her late 30's/early 40's. She is quite tall, with dark hair and an olive complexion. Gemini will always be impeccable dressed in business attire ('Zoë' skirt & jacket/suit), hair worn up, and well-groomed. Interaction should leave PCs with the impression of a businesslike, professional, polite, elegant, and gracious lady. Gemini will always present this appearance, any time of the day or night.

In reality, Gemini is actually two people: Artemis and Persephone Kalogiridis, identical twins of Greek descent. The two were born Siamese twins, joined at the torso, and were surgically separated at age 2. Artemis is a Snake Shaman initiate (Serpentine Healer Society) and skilled in medicine. Persephone is a self-initiated Mage. As a team, they are a formidable magical force, because due to their identical genetic makeup and the sharing of astral aura from being physically joined, the two are able to combine spells (ie: both casting a Force Five spell as a Force Ten, and sharing the drain as two Force Five's) The only limitations on this are Artemis' Snake Shaman disadvantages and morals (she will not do anything to harm anyone who is not a direct and immediate threat to Gemini) and the fact that the two MUST be in physical contact.

Gemini are former shadowrunners. During their last run, the sisters ran afoul of a powerful vampire, who infected Persephone with HMHVV. After the infection caused Persephone to murder a team-mate, the two decided to retire. The Road to Ruin was purchased, and they set themselves up as a fixer, utilizing the extensive network of contacts they had acquired over the years. At present, Artemis (with full cooperation by Persephone) is using her medical knowledge and

shamanic abilities to seek a cure for the HMHVV infection. Artemis and Persephone actually live in the basement of The Road to Ruin. The basement has been renovated into a small apartment, and a research facility for Artemis. During the day Artemis will act as Gemini, and Persephone takes over for nights. They never appear together in public.

For GM use, Gemini can be set up as having fairly recently purchased the bar, and on the lookout for talent. Being magical in nature, there would be a tendency for runs to contain a magical component, although not always. Due to their experience and relative familiarity with many of the Johnsons they contract with, it would be highly unlikely that runners would be sent on 'suicide' missions, and they do not arrange wetwork. Also, Gemini themselves have an agenda, and may send runners who have proved competent on jobs for themselves, such as collecting research ingredients, acquiring information from biotech companies, attempting to track down and capture other vampires for experimental purposes, etc.

It should be noted that, as initiates, both women have strong masking abilities, and to a non-initiated mage they would assense identically. If a PC initiate mage/shaman manages to pierce their masking, he/she will see either a snake shaman, or a vampire mage, but otherwise the auras will remain indistinguishable.

Headache: Zone of Twilight

by Chris Hussey

Headaches are short shadowruns for an average size team of shadowrunners. These 'aches are designed to be played out in one or two sessions and can be used as stand-alone runs or as a sideline to a current mission, or even as a plot element to further confuse and frustrate the players (sadistic gamemasters only please...).

The following headache takes place in a small town while the runners are in route to a big plex. Most of the scenario is role-playing intensive, but the action picks up in a big way at the end. The final battle may prove tough for the characters, so gamemasters should take note. The scenario is fairly self-contained but allows for gamemaster tweaking and modification. The end of the headache gives hooks for possible plot expansion and potential runs down the road.

Stormy Night

Tell It To Them Straight

The drive has been long, if not extremely boring. Nothing but the open road. Today the road must have extended hours, 'cuz it feels like you'll never get there. The last town you passed must have been a good hundred clicks or more back, and you can feel nature calling again. Great! Next rest stop is how far?!

It's too bad you don't have time to think about that, though. Up ahead, you can see some storm clouds. And they're closing in fast. Doesn't look good, time to drive a bit faster.

Behind The Scenes

The adventure begins as the runners are making a long cross-country journey. They are on their way to some major plex, but must travel by road. The countryside on the way is pretty dull and featureless, and the towns (the few that there are) are pretty much the same. Civilization does get around to these parts much.

The storm clouds on the horizon are just that. But this is one nasty storm. The runners will not be able to avoid it, and once they're in it, will find the going tough and slow. It rains so hard, the runners almost begin to feel totally lost (instead of just partially).

The team should suffer through the storm, and all the

creepiness that a wilderness storm can bring, for a couple of hours before seeing the dim lights of a small town up ahead.

When the runners near the town, read the following...

You're not sure how much longer you'll make it through this storm. The rain is pounding down so hard, you fear if you stop, you'll be swept away.

Then you see it. Lights. They're dim, but they're up ahead, and it's definitely no night mirage. Spirits, you've been saved.

A few clicks more and you are pulling into the outskirts of a small town. Rain soaked two-stories and mobile homes line the roads as you slowly drive by. A faint glow of a neon sign catches your eye, and you head toward it. Your luck must be changing, as you pull up and realize it's a motel, and there's even vacancies.

Behind The Scenes

This is the town of Miller's Grove, and the runners have just pulled up into the Twilight Vista Motel. There are enough rooms to accommodate the whole team. Only one other room is filled. The manager, Vik Johnson, is a slightly overweight, balding gentleman, who never let problems of personal hygiene get him down. Despite his appearance, he is a dry and welcome sight (The runners will become totally soaked as soon as they exit their vehicle).

Vik is eager to talk to strangers and will quiz the runners about what is up. He'll talk about the weather, the town, Mr. Phil Diller in room 210 (the only other occupant), offering the runners food and drink (which he'll tack onto their room fee later on) the whole time. Vik comes off as a pretty nice guy. The gamemaster should play this out to the hilt, giving the runners the impression that this is a nice town and that Vik is a good example of the local flavor (which he is not).

Welcome To Day One In Hell

Once the runners have checked into their (slightly leaky) rooms, and headed off to sleep, read the following the next morning...

Good morning. You expected to wake up with a stiff back, but that's not the case. Despite the appearance of the rooms and decor, you actually had a good nights sleep. Vik is there to greet you in the lobby, offering rolls and even real coffee (yuk!), if you want it. Oh sure, there's a diner in town, but Vik's got the best sweet rolls, or so he says anyway.

Behind The Scenes

The runners are about to find out what it's really like in Miller's Grove. The town doesn't get a lot of visitors, especially people that look like the runners, and they like it that way. The characters may be used to being treated with suspicion, but here in Miller's Grove, they're about to discover whole new levels.

Wherever the runners go, and whatever they do, they will be blatantly looked at, whispered about and pointed at. Everyone they meet will treat them with the utmost suspicion. People will talk to the team, if they have to, but it will be in short, semi-polite sentences.

This level is magnified for any dwarf, ork, or troll in the group.

Despite this hospitality, the runners are free to spend as much time in town, as they like, and will not be stopped from going anywhere (legal that is).

When they finally decide to get in the car and leave (after paying Vik's unusually large bill), read the following...

Click, whrrrr. Click whrrrr. Oh great, what the frag's wrong with the car? It won't start, hell, it won't even turn over. Not good. A quick check under the hood reveals the obvious problem.

Someone has messed with your car.

You are not happy.

Behind the Scenes

It's true. Someone has indeed messed with the runners' vehicles. Several critical components have been removed, and apparently, the safety alarms never went off. Their car has been sabotaged by a small gang of punks with nothing better to do than harass the locals and create some business for Cooter. This is a side plot element that the gamemaster can make as big or small as he likes.

The runners are stuck here.

The usual routes to solve the problem, will get the runners nowhere. Cooter James, the local auto shop mechanic says that he doesn't have any replacement parts, but he can get them in three days (for a fee, of course). Although the runners may wish it, there is no junkyard nearby for them to scavenge parts from.

The local sheriff, Billy Mahoney, feels for the runners situation, but says there's not much he can do. There's been a string of car thefts lately, and all leads

have come up dead. But, he does say that he'll look into their problem.

No one is headed in the runners direction either. And even if they were, they wouldn't take the team anyway.

Despite their best efforts, the runners will be forced to spend another night in Miller's Grove (much to Vik's delight).

Comes The Morning

Tell It To Them Straight

Well, Day Two. Hopefully, you can get the frag out of this dead-end town today. Nice place to visit, but....

Vik's in the lobby this morning, once again, sweet rolls at the ready. 'Cept this time, he doesn't look as happy.

"Best stay low today my friends," he begins. "Just got done talking to Sheriff Billy. Seems 'ole Cal Wainwright was killed last night."

Cal who?

Vik nods sorrowfully. "He's on his way over right now."

Behind The Scenes

While the runners were sleeping, someone murdered Calvin Wainwright, a local high-roller. Vik doesn't know much of the details, but he knows that Cal was killed at his house, and if asked, will tell the runners that the body is probably in the basement of the Dr. Hansen's clinic.

The Sheriff is on the way to talk to the runners about where they were last night. Sheriff Billy intends to grill the runners intently, trying to break them, on the assumption that they are guilty. Any questions the runners ask, will be greeted with suspicion, and more questions. After getting nowhere with the runners (also on the assumption that they did sleep the night away), the Sheriff will depart.

The runners are free to do what they please around town, but again face even more suspicion from the townsfolk. No one will take any direct action against the team. Any questions from the runners will again be greeted with more suspicion.

Who Killed Cal?

Cal was killed (indirectly) by Mezzermont, a Wraith that has recently reappeared in the small town. He had visited Miller's Grove a year ago. During that visit, three people were killed before he departed (the runners may learn this from the Sheriff, if they play their cards right). In the bigger picture, Mezzermont has been visiting several towns in a wide area in this region. His main method of operation is to influence one of the townsfolk, and use him as a pawn to murder another, thus drawing power from the violent death of

the victim. Mezzermont then returns the killer to wherever he came from, and waits to use them again.

Mezzermont has chosen Phil Diller, in room 210 to be the executor of the spirit's will.

Questioning Diller

The runners can talk to Mr. Diller if they choose. Phil spends most of his day inside his motel room, rarely coming out. He has not been feeling well lately, and he is just passing thorough Miller's Grove on his way to the next city.

Indeed, Diller does not look good, as he has not been getting much sleep, and his mind is a mess from Mezzermonts tampering.

If the runners are convincing and non-threatening enough, they may learn from other townsfolk, that a man matching Diller's description was seen around town on the two nights of the murders. Diller has no answer and swears up and down he didn't go out. There is little physical evidence to refute Diller's statements, as Mezzermont has been most careful.

Checking the Body

The runners may want to check out the body of Calvin Wainwright, and getting in to find the body should actually be a relatively easy task, as Dr. Hansen's office has no security whatsoever. The only threat the runners face is being discovered, and this should only happen if the team really blows it.

Cal's body is not a pretty picture. He died violently and painfully from all accounts. It almost seems like someone wanted to kill Cal, and not just a random killing. Cal had no cyberware, and none of his wealth was taken.

Day Three

Tell It To Them Straight

Good morning! Yeah right. There's nothing good about it. You're still stuck here and not going anywhere soon. In fact, you still have to suffer through one more day in this fraggin town, and everyone thinks you've killed someone.

Out in the lobby again, actually looking toward some of Vik's sweet rolls.

That's strange, he's not here. In fact, nothing's here. Trid isn't on, no coffee brewing. Hell, the lights aren't even on. This isn't like Vik.

Paranoia, your favorite shadowrunning talent, kicks in, and you start to look around for an answer. It doesn't take long until you find it.

Blood.

Just a small trail, seeping out from under Vik's door. Cautiously, you step over and turn the handle....

There he is. Vik. Or what's left of him. His body is

in parts all through the room. Leg here, arm there. Blood everywhere.

And you thought you were in sorry shape.

Frag.

Behind the Scenes

Vik has been murdered, and the runners are at the scene. Their options are wide open here. The runners can flee and look totally guilty, or they can call in Sheriff Billy and try and keep the situation under control.

When the sheriff does arrive, he will lose most of his composure for a few minutes, until he does calm down. He will grill the runners in a not too kind way, and then take his frustration out on Mr. Diller, until he once again comes up empty.

Since he has little to justify bringing the runners "downtown," he will order the team to stay in the motel until he can figure out what is going on. If the runners ask to stay in the jail for their own protection, Sheriff Billy will agree to it, but will give them a key to the holding cell so they may come and go as they please.

The Sheriff will also warn the runners that their lives may be in jeopardy, if the townspeople find out. Vik, despite his eccentricities, was well liked in town, and people are nervous and will be looking for a scapegoat. The runners fit that role nicely.

Most of the day will pass without incident, until nightfall...

When it is good and dark, read the following:

You've been on edge all day, and now that it's dark, it won't be any easier. Even though you've stayed put, you can feel the whole town turning against you. If you've ever hoped for justice, you're hoping now.

Then you begin to see a number of glowing lights in the distance, moving closer and closer. Hmmm... looks like tonight could be interesting. A slow rumble in the distance marks the coming of another storm. As if the storm marching down main street wasn't enough to make you wet.

Then you hear it.

A scream, coming a few rooms down. Diller's room. Oh drek.

Behind the Scenes

Throughout the day, word of Vik's death and the runners presence at the scene has worked its way through town. As with any story passed through several dozen people, the tale grew further and further from the truth. By nightfall, a good portion of the town has whipped itself into a frenzy and is about exercise some vigilante justice. They are on the march to the runners motel rooms.

If the runners stayed in jail during the day, have them forget something very important back at the hotel, and

urge them that it might be wise for them to travel together. If this is the case, the gamemaster will have to paraphrase the above text.

Before the townsfolk get there, the runners will hear a scream come from Diller's room. Mezzermont is in there, and forcing Diller to violently kill himself. Mezzermont knows the town is out to get the characters and is hoping to set the runners up. Seeing Diller dead, and the runners at the scene should push the townsfolk over the edge and create a nice, violent confrontation between the runners and the town, making Mezzermont a very happy evil spirit.

When the runners arrive in Diller's room, read the following:

You burst through Diller's door and find the salesman kneeling on the floor, knife in hand. He is covered in his own blood from self-inflicted wounds.

He looks up at you with a pained expression, like he doesn't want to do what he's doing. He's fighting this the whole way.

Then you realize he's not alone.

In the dark corner of the room, a robed figure glides into view, eyes glowing red. He oozes evil and malice. His menace reaches out toward you.

Then Diller's expression changes. He looks filled with rage. With a howl, he rises and charges you.

Behind the Scenes

Mezzermont is forcing Diller attack the runners, while the spirit engages them as well. Mezz hopes to hold the characters off long enough for the townsfolk to arrive, then he will slip away into astral space, and remanifest outside the motel. From there, he plans to enjoy the oncoming bloodshed. Mezzermont will soak up the power he gains from the violence.

Mezzermont's statistics can be found at the end of this adventure. His current Spirit Energy for this encounter is 3, however.

Phil Diller

B	Q	S	C	I	W	E	R	Armor
3	3	4	5	5	5	6	4	None

Initiative: 4+1D6

Threat/Professional Rating: 4/4*

Skills: Armed Combat 3, Salesmanship 6, Negotiation 5

Gear: Knife 4L

Note that Phil has already inflicted a Moderate Wound upon himself.

*These ratings reflect the power Mezzermont has over Phil.

Running The Battle

The runners should try and not kill Phil, and concentrate on Mezzermont. The spirit is no fool, however. If he is even Moderately wounded, he will flee into the astral and retreat to his lair (see below), and wait for the runners to come to him.

If the townsfolk do arrive and Phil is dead, they will almost immediately attack the runners, unless the runners can take some quick action to slow or stop the mob.

Stopping the angry townsfolk will not be easy. They are not partial to anything having to do with the supernatural or magic, and are not easily swayed. Strong role-playing is called for here, and the runners will need all their tricks. If the group is a bit role-playing stiff, a Charisma (12) Test with at least 3 successes will do.

Most likely, the runners will have to tangle with the town. They are outnumbered big time, and their best option is to flee. If this does happen, allow the runners to catch site of Mezzermont leaving the scene, and give them impetus to chase the spirit.

If the runners do tough it out with the town, sooner or later, they will notice Mezzermont, as the power he gains from the battle will make him glow like a fragging halogen. At this point, Mezzermont, drunk with power, will attack the runners and finish them off. His Spirit Energy will be around 10 or higher at this point.

Townspeople (25)

B	Q	S	C	I	W	E	R
3-5	3-5	4-6	3	3-4	3-5	6	4

Initiative: 4+1D6

Threat/Professional Rating: 3/2

Skills: Armed Combat 3, Firearms 4, Unarmed Combat 3

Gear:* Club (Str+1)M Stun, Heavy Pistol, 12 (clip), SA, 8M, w/ 2 extra clips, laser sight, Stun Baton 6S Stun

*This gear should be divided up between all the townsfolk

Following Mezzermont

As soon as the runners begin their pursuit of Mezzermont, another rainstorm will break out. The spirit will lead the runners on a chase out of town and into the nearby woods for nearly a hour, until he will finally lose the team.

When Mezzermont has ditched the team, read the following:

Damnit! You almost had that fragging spirit, and you lost him. Now you're stuck in the fraggin rain, not even

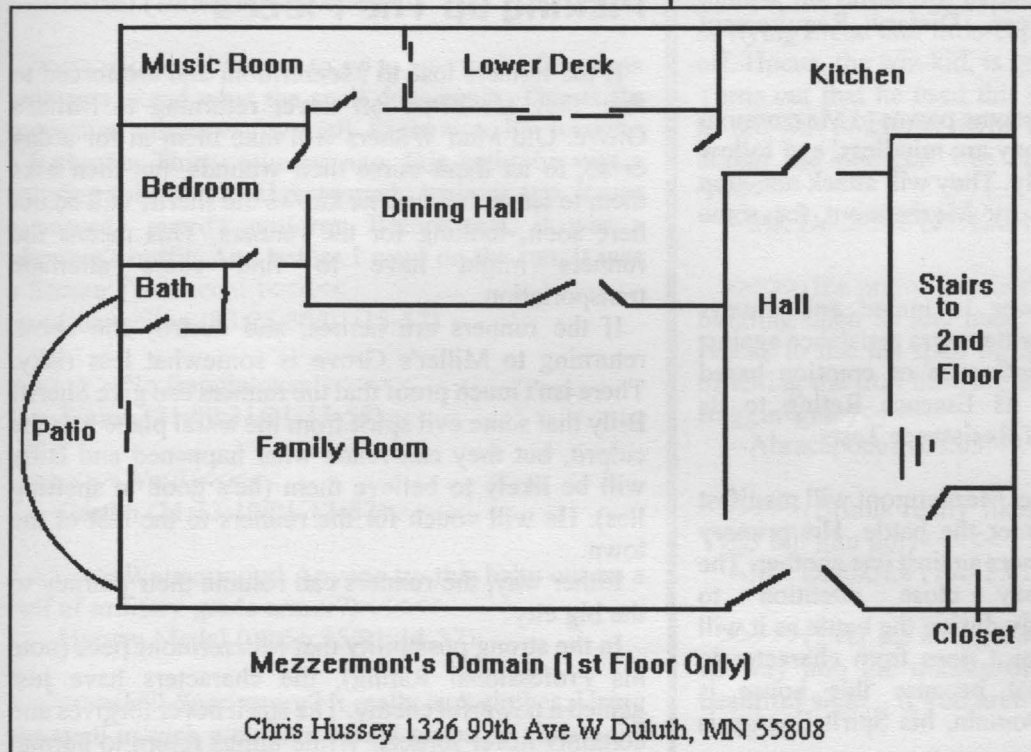
sure which way to take back to town. Could you get more frustrated?

As you begin to make your way back (at least which way you think is back), you see a light in the distance. Wasn't there a moment ago

Maybe whoever is there can help...

Behind The Scenes

Mezzermont has ditched the runners, and left them stranded in the woods. He hopes that the team will find



their way back to town and face off with an angry mob.

Unfortunately for the spirit, the team is about to go the wrong way. The light the runners are approaching is the home of Old Man Withers.

Withers is an 80 year old astral adept, except he doesn't really realize it. Withers sees visions, and changes in astral space, but is not sure what they are.

What he does know is that Mezzermont's presence around Miller's Grove is screwing up "the pattern of things."

Withers will gladly let the runners in to dry off. He will talk to them about almost anything. Withers rarely gets company, as most of the townsfolk see him as crazy.

If the conversation turns to the subject of spirits or an evil presence, Withers gets excited, and talks about "him" (Mezzermont), saying that he is causing everything to go bad around town. "Did the same damn thing a year ago, before he finally left."

Withers will then tell the runners that he (Mezzermont) lives not far from here, about three clicks to the northwest. Withers will gladly loan the runners his truck if they volunteer to kill Mezzermont.

If any runners are wounded, Withers will offer them some soup. This is no ordinary soup, however. Any wounded character who eats at least one bowl within Wither's home, will gain back one box of Physical Damage. This will not work outside of Wither's home.

Ghostly Face-off

Tell it To Them Straight

You park the truck at the base of the overgrown driveway. You can see the house through the flashes of lightning. It sits at the top of a small rise. A large three-story structure. It's decaying away to nothing and is covered with mold and vines.

You slowly begin your approach. It's obvious that no physical being has lived here in years, and it's also obvious this spirit doesn't take good care of the grounds.

Taking one last gulp for courage, you approach the front door.

Behind the Scenes

This is where Mezzermont lives. He has lived here for at least three years and has made this home his Personal Domain.

The house itself is in a sad state of disrepair. Floors and walls are weak and easily breakable. It will be nearly impossible to sneak about the house, as every step will make a loud creak. The gamemaster should play up the suspense and scariness of this encounter. The flashing lightning outside, the dark house, creaking floorboards, crumbling walls and stairs, and so on. The characters should hear other noises which aren't theirs to keep them on the edge.

Mezzermont is not the only occupant of the house, however. The spirit has been able to capture a few wandering hitchhikers over the years and has turned them into his personal slaves. These creatures behave much in the same way as Vampiric Pawns. These servants will be the first wave sent by Mezzermont to soften up the runners.

They will attack the runners when they enter the Family Room.

Mezzermont's Pawns (5)

B	Q	S	C	I	W	E	R
5	5	7	1	2	3	3	7

Initiative: 7+1D6

Threat/Professional Rating: 3/4

Attacks: Melee Combat=Reaction, Damage 7M Physical

Powers: Immunity to Age, Immunity to Normal Weapons, Enhanced Strength (3x/day for [Essence]D6 turns), Stern Will*

Weaknesses: Essence Loss, Dietary Requirement (from Mezzermont).

These poor souls have become pawns to Mezzermont and are beyond saving. They are mindless, and follow orders from the Wraith only. They will attack non-stop until killed or called of by Mezzermont for some reason.

*Stern Will. This power is innate and always functioning. It grants the critter extra resistance against any attempts at mental influence or emotion based spells. The critter adds its Essence Rating to its Willpower for purposes of Resistance Tests.

At some during the battle, Mezzermont will manifest before the runners and enter the battle. His primary tactic will be to pit the runners against one another. The gamemaster should pay close attention to Mezzermont's Spirit Energy during the battle as it will fluctuate wildly as the spirit goes from character to character. Also note that because this house is Mezzermont's Personal Domain, his Spirit Energy is doubled.

Mezzermont

B	Q	S	C	I	W	E	R
9	12x3	7	3	7/7	11	12(A)	6

Initiative: 6+1D6

Threat/Professional Rating: 5/3

Spirit Energy: 4/2 (in the house/outside his house)

Attacks: Special, Melee=Reaction. Damage, 7S

Powers: Confusion (Zone x 2), Fear (Zone x 2), Immunity to Pathogens, Immunity to Poisons, Influence (Zone x 2), Magic Sense, Magical Resistance, Manifestation

Weaknesses: None

Notes: The wraith acts as a free spirit (GR11 p. 76) and so uses a Spirit Energy Rating. The wraith's Spirit Energy Rating generally begins at zero, then increase by 1 point for every box of Stun or Physical damage a victim under its influence does to another living being or inanimate structure. The wraith can have a maximum Spirit Energy equal to twice its Essence.

But What If We Lose?

This is by no means an easy battle. Mezzermont alone could give the runners a serious run for their money. If the runners look like they are losing (and they could very well be after Mezzermont has turned the most powerful mage against his teammates), the gamemaster may want to drop a few hints that leaving would be prudent. Still, leaving will not be an easy task either, as the spirit will not just let the runners leave.

Picking Up The Pieces

If the runners lose to Mezzermont and are forced to flee, they are better off never returning to Miller's Grove. Old Man Withers will take them in for a day or so, to let them nurse their wounds, but then asks them to leave, because he knows the sheriff will be out here soon, looking for the runners. This means the runners might have to find some alternate transportation...

If the runners are heroes, and destroy the spirit, returning to Miller's Grove is somewhat less risky. There isn't much proof that the runners can give Sheriff Billy that some evil spirit from the astral plane was the culprit, but they can relate what happened and Billy will be likely to believe them (he's good at spotting lies). He will vouch for the runners to the rest of the town.

Either way, the runners can resume their journey to the big city.

In the strong possibility that Mezzermont flees (note his Professional Rating), the characters have just gained a powerful enemy. The spirit never forgives and certainly never forgets. While things return to normal in Miller's Grove, Mezzermont may take that time to go hunting...

Team Karma

Survival: 1

Keeping the townsfolk calm: 2

Driving off Mezzermont: 2

Defeating Mezzermont: 3

That Spell is Useless!

by Mike Bodary

Fashion

>>>>>(Big deal. You can change attire in just a few seconds and never be out of style. I'd rather be able to toss a fireball.)<<<<<<

--Toztee (10:56:31/01-12-57)

>>>>>(Remind me not to go to any social functions with you. Read what the spell does again. This is far more than a mere vanity spell. Right now, I'm wearing a bathrobe. Thirty minutes ago, this bathrobe was a catering suit for a local restaurant. An hour ago, it was a security guard's uniform. Before that, it was a plumber's outfit. And before I went on the run, it was a Secure Trenchcoat.)<<<<<<

--Changeling (03:25:00/01-13-57)

>>>>>(No fraggin' way!)<<<<<<

--Wainn (21:09:31/01-13-57)

>>>>>(Way!)<<<<<<

--Garthh (21:13:19/01-13-57)

>>>>>(Waitaminnut! Anyone try this baby out on a suit of military-grade armor?)<<<<<<

--Harvey Medal (00:56:35/01-14-57)

>>>>>(Mil-Spec armor? It really isn't clothes. Using the spell in such a manner would probably violate the spirit of the spell.)<<<<<<

--Sandman (01:10:07/01-14-57)

>>>>>(Spirit-Schmeerit, Tree Hugger! As soon as I get my mitts on some armor, I'm gonna get a buddy o' mine to fix me right up.)<<<<<<

--Harvey Medal (01:28:42/01-14-57)

>>>>>(Go ahead, drek-for-brains. You'll ruin the armor and might be injured or killed in the process. I'm sure we'll all miss you. When will mundanes learn that you can't play games with magic?)<<<<<<

--Sandman (01:33:26/01-14-57)

Animate

>>>>>(Okay, so, basically you can make things move on their own. Why not just get Levitate Item or Levitate Person and just use those instead?)<<<<<<

--Zippo (13:53:17/01-10-57)

>>>>>(A few weeks ago, my buddies and I were getting pounded by some drone totting a few miniguns. I guess we musta tripped some alarm when the troll knocked on the door with the assault cannon. Anyway, I thought our hoops were hung out to dry. All of a sudden, the drone just explodes into a bazillion hunks of flying metal and little explosions as its ammo goes off. Hocuz, the wiz-kid, is grinnin' like a Cheshire cat. Turns out that he used this spell on the minigun. All he did was pinch the barrel closed. The EX explosive ammo the minigun was carrying did all the rest.)<<<<<<

--Mr. Doubtfire (23:12:01/01-10-57)

>>>>>(It's pretty impressive to have the wall of a building open up and make a hole in itself, too. Ask Hocuz to use his spell on the wall next time instead of letting the troll blowing down the door with the big fraggin' gun.)<<<<<<

--Abracapocus (08:03:49/01-16-57)

>>>>>(Brutus really likes to use his gun, though. YOU tell him no!)<<<<<<

--Mr. Doubtfire (19:42:02/01-20-57)

>>>>>(Ever see a rigger's van get up and inchworm its way into the middle of oncoming traffic? It's a beautiful sight... if you aren't in the resulting pile-up.)<<<<<<

--Fraktur (15:48:24/01-23-57)

Transform

>>>>>(This spell often gets overlooked as a good way to eliminate opponents swiftly, quietly, or even creatively. Imagine changing that cybered troll into a cute little kitten. Or, instead of just killing that guy who double-crossed you, change him into a dog and drop him off in Chi-Town. Bon Appetite!)<<<<<<

--Chet Bo Ardee (20:07:16/01-08-57)

>>>>>(Hehehe. I do a lot of biz in the pipelines. We were bein' chased through the sewers last month by these ghouls. I cut loose on the front ghoul and turned him into a sperm whale. Too bad the pipe wasn't big enough to accomodate him. Too bad all the ghouls behind him had to find another way to catch us. Too bad we all got away with time to spare.)<<<<<<

--Nimh (14:29:10/01-11-57)

>>>>>(Too bad my work crew had to clean up your mess.)<<<<<

--Urchin of the Sewer (23:16:33/01-11-57)

Makeover and Healthy Glow

>>>>>(You know, with all these people delving into the sewers, these spells might come in handy. People tend to look at and remember groups of people covered in what they flushed a few days ago--not to mention the smell. Plus, I hate it when "friends" track blood, gore, goo, and grime into my flat. Soiled guests are unwelcome guests.)<<<<<

--Anna Flanders (12:20:10/01-16-57)

Translate

>>>>>(Since this spell works via low-level telepathic connection and translates intent more accurately than phrasing, it's harder to lie to someone. Of course, it's also harder for the fraggin' bastich to set you up, too.)<<<<<

--IDKFA (14:29:18/01-12-57)

>>>>>(You can talk to animals with this spell. Of course, they usually don't have anything interesting to say. They aren't very smart. I had a conversation with a squirrel in the park the other day. All it did was sit there, looking at me, saying, "Nuts! Nuts! Nuts! Nuts! Nuts! Nuts!" The moral of the story: never discuss Plato with a squirrel.)<<<<<

--Hal (00:14:19/01-17-57)

>>>>>(Plato?)<<<<<

--81FF!!!!111111 (04:47:54/01-18-57)

>>>>>(... or your average shadowrunner.)<<<<<

--Hal (06:47:22/01-18-57)

X-Ray Vision

>>>>>(Great for pervert mages.)<<<<<

--Cee Throooo (10:51:24/01-04-57)

>>>>>(Actually, this spell changes all the rules for hitting targets with spells. Just because you've dove behind cover or are in your house doesn't mean you can't get slagged by some slot you can't see. The only problem with it is that it needs to be pretty hefty to get through thick barriers and it gets hard to cast two spells at once.)<<<<<

--Penetr8or (40:35:27/01-08-57)

>>>>>(Not for high-level initiates, it doesn't.)<<<<<

--Dodmot (06:14:29/01-09-57)

>>>>>(Rant Mode: On. Magicians are hard enough to come by. It ain't like they grow on trees. Initiates are even harder to come by and they certainly don't come cheap, either. I don't even want to think about how much a "high-level initiate" would ask for. Frag, they might even be offended by the mere inquiry. Rant Mode: Off.)<<<<<

--Delurker-1 (03:59:34/01-10-57)



>>>>>(Also of note, you can't use manipulation-based spells this way. Most spells, when cast, travel astrally and re-enter to the physical world at their designated point of impact. Manipulation-based spells travel to their target in the physical world, so it would strike the physical barrier even if you could see your target.)<<<<<

--Mourning Glory (21:13:43/01-14-57)

>>>>>(Of course, an astral barrier of some sort would block or at least impede an incoming astral spell.)<<<<<

--D. Flector (06:27:37/01-16-57)

Fix

>>>>>(Ever wonder what the difference between a pile of twisted metal and a sniper rifle is? The pile of twisted metal won't get you arrested at a border.)<<<<<

--M. Bargo (00:28:49/01-18-57)

>>>>>(Stop the press! What if I dropped my Ingram Warrior-10 SMG into some machine, ground it up into a metallic powder and swept the whole thing into a plastic bag? Are you saying that I could smuggle it into a high security area and then reform it once I'm cleared?)<<<<<

--Jezebel (07:00:03/01-18-57)

>>>>>(The name of the spell is "Fix", not "Perform a Miracle". And get a real gun, you hoser.)<<<<<

--Sandman (10:39:39/01-18-57)

>>>>>(You know, I wonder if any BTL smugglers know about this meth--**<<<<<TRANSFER INTERRUPT:.....PARTIAL DATA LOSS 2.46 Mp ESTIMATED<<<<<**{bold end}

>>>>>(My rigger friend simply adores me because of this spell. Someone puts a round through his drone and I can fix it so long as the body panel the slug goes through isn't too massive.)<<<<<

--Mekka (10:13:43/01-21-57)

>>>>>(It's great if you've got kids that like to borrow your car and are, shall we say, not very competent drivers. I've saved myself a small fortune over the years.)<<<<<

--Papa San (23:09:45/01-24-57)

Shape Earth

>>>>>(This one comes in handy in a lot of situations: create instant cover, make the local terrain rougher, seal up exits or entrances to buildings, smooth out a path, or even create a roadblock.)<<<<<

--Fender (14:13:19/01-12-57)

>>>>>(Not only can you mess with things on the ground, but you can manipulate the structures of most buildings. After all, they're mainly concrete, metal and glass--earth components.)<<<<<

--Wulf Molder (13:42:29/01-13-57)

>>>>>(Do you realize what you could do by altering the foundation of a structure like a corporate building, a bridge or a skyscraper? **TIMBER!!!**)<<<<<

--Python (19:50:42/01-14-57)

Temper

>>>>>(I put up silk curtains on the walls of my bedroom/library. Just cast and quicken. I sleep well at night.)<<<<<

--Allen Ethan (16:51:10/01-20-57)

>>>>>(I think I impressed this street samauri I worked with once--not that that means a whole lot to me, though. On our run, my bearskin cloak bounced HMG fire from a gun emplacement. I didn't get a scratch and the bearskin is still in great shape. The Gun-Bunny took a while to pick his jaw up off the ground--not to mention that he was bleeding. Typical moronic gunbunny.)<<<<<

--Sandman (23:30:16/01-21-57)

>>>>>(YOU ARE DEAD! DEAD! DEAD! I WILL KILL Y**{bold}**<<block delete 10.41 Mp>>**{end bold}**)>>>>>

>>>>>(You're welcome.)<<<<<

--SY800R D00D (hE:IP:mE/mO-mM-y!)

Making Some Changes

by Gurth

> The following is an extract from an on-line catalog produced by a rather shadowy business going by the name of PacRim Armory UnInc. From what I could dig up on them, it seems to be a smuggler/fixer network specializing in selling weapons and ammo to anyone who wants them. I deleted most of the standard stuff like the Ingram Smartguns and Ares Predators they have warehouses full of, and left in the assorted weapon modifications that could prove interesting to learn more about.

> ASDF

> Latest news on PacRim Armory is that the FBI arrested what appear to be the head honchos of the operation on 01-20-58. Don't worry if you fancy owning any of the stuff in this catalog, though -- there are plenty of other suppliers around.

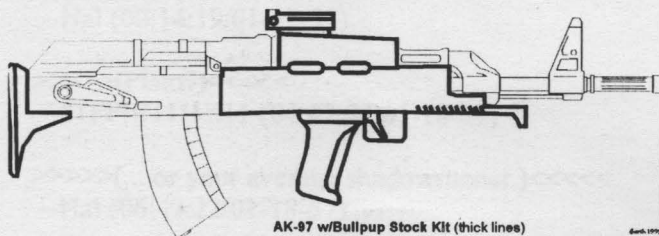
> S'Milly

> The only way the Feds can get the leaders of PacRim Armory is if they put a warrant out for Damion Knight. Ares is behind this deal, I'm 100% sure of it.

> Walker, Seattle Ranger

> All you need is proof, right? <evil grin>

> Chat



AK-97 w/Bullpup Stock Kit (thick lines)

AK-97/98

Since these guns are the same apart from the grenade launcher, these mode selectors fit both of them equally well, and they can also be put onto the SMG variant. We also have a number of AK-97s with folding stocks, only 750¥ each. The clips are guaranteed Russian Army issue, straight from the factory.

Clips	Availability	Cost	Street Index
22-round	2/24 hrs	5¥	.75
22-round (SMG)	2/24 hrs	5¥	.75
75-round drum	4/24 hrs	10¥	1

Trigger Groups	Availability	Cost	Street Index
SA only	3/24 hrs	100¥	1
SA/FA	3/24 hrs	200¥	1.25
SA/BF/FA	2/24 hrs	200¥	1.25

Game note: the drum magazine reduces Concealability by 2.

> Those drums are actually for the RPK-97 squad automatic weapon. They fit into an AK-97 alright, just be careful that you don't overheat the gun by rapidly burning off a couple of them.

> Freddy

Browning Ultra-Power

Although it comes equipped with a top-mounted laser sight in the standard model, Browning also makes a slide without that feature, for target shooters mainly. We also stock the 20-round clips made for military and security use.

Item	Availability	Cost	Street Index
20-round clip	3/36 hrs	10¥	2
Slide only	4/24 hrs	225¥	1.5
Ultra-Power w/o laser	4/24 hrs	475¥	1.25

Game note: a 20-round clip reduces Concealability by -2. The slide adds +1 to the weapon's Concealability, but removes the laser sight.

> Makes for a nice, concealable, and above all deadly pistol.

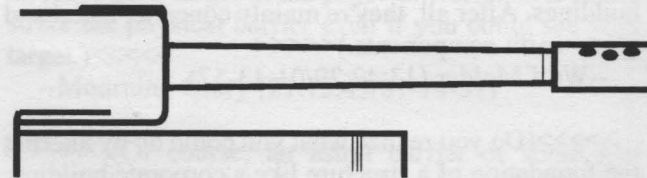
> Aunt Annie

> There's no need to buy the slide to make the gun easier to hide: all you need is a hacksaw. Sure, it's a bit rough around the edges, but I'd rather pay 5¥ for a saw than 225¥ for a new slide.

> Weather@pretend.org

> If you don't do Weather's "field mod" right, you may end up having to get a new slide anyway, maybe even more (possibly including a few body parts). It pays to be careful and keep an eye on where exactly you're sawing in a firearm.

> Stranger Total



Colt M22A2 w/Short Barrel replacement kit

Colt M22/M23-series

Even though these two may be the best-known of the series, Colt makes many more variants, nearly all of

which have interchangeable parts to some degree or other.

Barrels	Availability	Cost	Street Index
Short	8/10 days	300¥	2
Long	8/10 days	400¥	2

Receiver	Availability	Cost	Street Index
M22 w/o gr.lnchr.	4/36 hrs	175¥	1.25

Trigger Groups	Availability	Cost	Street Index
SA only	4/24 hrs	150¥	1
SA/BF	5/36 hrs	200¥	1.5
SA/FA	5/36 hrs	200¥	1.5
SA/BF/FA	6/36 hrs	300¥	1.25

Game notes: the M22 receiver removes the grenade launcher, adding 2 to the weapon's Concealability. The long barrel gives the weapon 10% greater ranges, and reduces Concealability by 1; the short barrel lowers ranges by 10%, and adds 1 to Concealability.

> With all these options, Colt tries to sell a whole family of weapons to military customers, all built around a common design but adapted for specific needs. For example, most members of a squad may be armed with M22s that only fire SA/BF and without grenade launchers, while two soldiers carry M22s with launchers, and one has an SA/FA M22 with a long barrel and a bipod for use as a support weapon.

> Freddy

> You don't have to worry about those combos on the street, do you?

> Bushwacker

> What's more important for the average runner to know, is that many of the assault rifles you get to deal with, will have widely varying specs because they were gathered together from all kinds of sources. It's very likely that the reason someone is only firing single shots at you, is because his rifle doesn't allow full-auto fire, for instance. That can be a great tactical advantage for you.

> Chat



> Then again, maybe he's only trying to make you think that...

> Sledgehammer

Heckler & Koch HK 227-series

Thanks to Heckler & Koch's philosophy of making just about

every possible option available, we've got loads of modes for you to choose from...

Clips	Availability	Cost	Street Index
16-round	2/24 hrs	5¥	.75
20-round	2/24 hrs	5¥	.75

Stocks	Availability	Cost	Street Index
Rigid plastic	3/18 hrs	250¥	1
Folding metal	3/18 hrs	300¥	1.25
None	3/18 hrs	50¥	1.25

Trigger Groups	Availability	Cost	Street Index
SA only	2/12 hrs	200¥	1
BF only	4/24 hrs	250¥	1.25
SA/BF	4/24 hrs	300¥	1.25
SA/FA	5/24 hrs	350¥	1.25
BF/FA	5/24 hrs	350¥	1.25
SA/BF/FA	5/24 hrs	350¥	1.5

> FYI, all these items, apart from the clips, also fit the MP-5 TX.

> Stranger Total

> Why does it cost me money to put no stock at all on my 227?

> Black Lace

> It's a cap that's put on the rear of the receiver, to close off the mechanism. Without it, all the working parts of your gun would come flying out into your face the first time you'd pull the trigger.

> Ferret

Mossberg CMDT & CMDT/SM

The model that gets advertised most is the one that Mossberg tries to push on sec firms and the military. What you only find out when you look at their catalog, is that there's also a semi-auto-only variant made for civilians.

	Availability	Cost	Street Index
CMDT/C (SA only)	6/7 days	1,200¥	1

> Unfortunately, Mossberg did their homework on this one, and the CMDT/C is very hard to convert to a true CMDT. Nearly all the parts that make up the trigger group are slightly different sizes to their equivalents in the standard model, so you can't just swap a few bits and pieces (or a whole trigger group) and have a burst-capable shotgun.

> Hairy Harry

> There are ways around that, too. You can't swap trigger groups, but it is possible to take the whole pistol grip from a military CMDT and put it into the civilian model -- problem solved.

> GeeGee

> Getting your hands on a pistol grip is about as easy as finding a complete CMDT.

> Tall Chris

> The /C doesn't have the folding stock of the standard model, either.

> Rellik

Remington 990

Different magazines, assorted stocks, shorter barrels, even a semi-automatic trigger group. We got it all!

Barrels	Availability	Cost	Street Index
Short	4/48 hrs	200¥	2.5
Medium	4/48 hrs	225¥	2
Long	4/48 hrs	250¥	2

Magazines	Availability	Cost	Street Index
3-round	4/48 hrs	25¥	2.5
5-round	3/48 hrs	30¥	2
8-round	3/48 hrs	35¥	2

Stocks	Availability	Cost	Street Index
Bullpup	6/10 days	450¥	3
Fixed	3/24 hrs	100¥	1
Folding	4/60 hrs	125¥	2

Trigger Group	Availability	Cost	Street Index
SA	6/5 days	500¥	3

Game notes: changing the magazine requires the character to field-strip the weapon; this is not something that can be done in a Simple Action, unlike with weapons using clips. A 5-round magazine cannot be used with a short barrel, and an 8-round magazine cannot be used with short or medium barrels. The short barrel adds 2 to Concealability, lowers the Power Level by -2 and reduces ranges by 20%, while a medium barrel adds 1 to Concealability, lowers the Power Level by -1, and reduces ranges by 10%.

> The semi-automatic trigger group is a rare beast, it was designed to turn the 990 into a combat shotgun back in '43, but the resulting weapon (the 995) was not adopted by any military. It is possible to turn the 995 into a fully-automatic shotgun, but the shells tend to melt in the chamber after a few bursts. Not nice...

> Freddy

> You can get an excellent back-up weapon by combining several of the options: folding stock, 3-round magazine and short barrel creates a shotgun you can put under a waist-length jacket, and that still has awesome firepower...

> ASDF

> ...if you don't mind having hardly any ammo capacity and ranges worth drek. There's an important

trade-off there, chummers -- choose wisely.

> Rellik

GAME INFORMATION

The preceding catalog section gives examples of weapon variations and modifications that could very well be encountered by Shadowrun characters. It adds yet another a degree of uncertainty to their lives, and is also an easy way to give an otherwise standard encounter a little twist. This works especially well with players who have the tendency of grabbing a book and looking up the game stats for the weapons used by the opposition every time they get into a firefight: by changing the weapons slightly, they can't be so sure they IDed them correctly.

Although the variations listed can be quite extensive at times, don't let them limit your own imagination -- in the real world, almost any weapon in production right now comes in at least a few different models or variations, and there is no reason why in Shadowrun this should not be the case. If anything, with the corporate situation the way it is, it would be surprising if there weren't a great many variants of any given firearm.

Virtually the only limitation is to keep it all believable -- an assault rifle produced to military specifications will not fire in Single Shot mode, and neither do civilian weapons generally have a full-auto mode or a silencer. That said, there could always be some small, pre-production or prototype series of a weapon with unusual features that somehow got out onto the street...

DIY

Following are some modifications that characters can make to their firearms, given access to the proper parts and tools.

From SA to FA

Most weapons capable of semi-automatic fire can be modified to give off fully-automatic fire by making some changes to the mechanism. In the end it is a gamemaster's decision which weapons can be changed in this way, taking into account that it is only possible for self-loading weapons. Some weapons published for Shadowrun have an SA firing mode, but they are clearly not self-loading; for example, the Remington 990 shotgun from Fields of Fire is a pump-action weapon, rather than a self-loading one. This gun can therefore not be given a full-auto firing mode.

The actual change from SA to FA is not all that hard, it consists mainly of altering or removing the mechanism that normally stops the weapon after each shot. This requires a Firearms B/R test with a target number of 4, and access to a firearms shop. (Use

Gunnery B/R skill for heavy weapons.) It can be undone in much the same way by installing spare parts for the gun, which must be bought separately (assume 5% of the weapon's cost).

The main drawback to this is that it totally removes the weapon's ability to fire semi-automatically. Weapons not designed to be FA-capable (most civilian weapons, and virtually all pistols) will also get damaged from the stresses imposed on them by the much more rapid fire than they normally handle. When and how the weapon fails is at the gamemaster's discretion.

Due to their low mass, pistols could very well end up with the rate of fire of a supermachine gun (see Fields of Fire, p.81) after this modification. Especially light pistols should be prone to this (possibly unwanted)

side-effect.

From BF to FA

This modification is similar to the previous one, but the way in which it is performed is slightly different. Burst-capable weapons use a mechanism to count the number of shots fired, stopping the action after the third round. Disabling this mechanism effectively gives the weapon an FA firing mode in place of the normal BF.

This modification requires a Firearms B/R (3) test; any weapon with a BF firing mode can be changed to FA. This modification is generally easier than from SA to FA, and requires only a firearms toolkit. Undoing the modification is easy too, and requires no spares, only the same Firearms B/R (3) test.

Changing The Trigger Group

The trigger group is the part of the weapon that includes the trigger and firing mode selector. The simplest way to alter a weapon's firing modes is to remove the entire trigger group and replace it by a new one.

This modification can be carried out only if a trigger group with the desired firing modes is available for the weapon; using a trigger group from a completely different weapon is as good as impossible without making extensive modifications.

A trigger group can be changed by anyone who can field-strip the weapon, which will be just about anyone who knows how to use it in the first place. This does not normally require the character to roll a test, nor does it require any tools that don't come with the weapon.

Fore-Grips

A fore-grip is a small pistol grip at the front of the weapon, to give the firer a better hold on it. These fit

onto the under-barrel mount of the weapon, and increase the firer's Strength by 1 for determining recoil compensation. (See Recoil And Strength on page 83 of Fields of Fire.)

For example, Regina has a Strength of 4, and she fires an MP-5 TX fitted with a fore-grip. She would normally get no recoil reduction from her Strength, but with the fore-grip, she gets 1 point anyway.

A fore-grip is usually bought in a store, though with a Firearms B/R (6) test a character may be able to fashion one from scratch, using metal tubing, a pistol grip from another weapon, or something similar; this requires a firearms shop. Buying a fore-grip from an armorer or gun store costs about 100+, availability as weapon/24 hrs, street index 1. Actually fitting the grip to the weapon is a Firearms B/R (3) test that only needs a toolkit.

Sawn-Off Barrels

Although done most often with shotguns, some other weapons can have their barrels sawn off to increase concealability as well. The best guide to whether or not a barrel can be sawed off, is a picture of the gun: if it clearly shows an exposed part of the barrel (like the Colt M23, p.32 of Fields of Fire), the barrel can be sawed off; on the other hand, in weapons like the Ares Alpha or Franchi SPAS-22 (Fields of Fire pages 33 and 37, respectively) the barrel is either almost fully covered or is fixed to something else, so it cannot be reduced in length. With virtually all pistols, it is impossible to saw off the barrel.

This modification requires a firearms toolkit and a hacksaw, but no skill roll. The player decides how much he or she wants to add to the Concealability: from 1 to 3 points is normally possible, though the gamemaster has the final word in this. Every point of extra Concealability reduces the weapon's Power Level by one, and reduces the weapon's ranges by 10%. As a side-effect, the weapon's muzzle flash will now be much larger, so use the gain in Concealability as a negative modifier to all Perception tests made to spot the flash.

In an example, Tiko takes a hacksaw to an M23, wanting to add 2 to its Concealability by cutting down the barrel. This reduces its Power Level to 6M, the same as for many SMGs (though it still fires assault rifle rounds), and lowers the ranges by 20%, to Short 1-12, Medium 13-32, Long 33-80, and Extreme 81-200 meters. However, anyone trying to locate Tiko by the M23's muzzle flash gets a -2 target number modifier to their Perception tests.

Stocks

How hard changing the stock is, depends on the weapon -- some are easily removed and replaced by another type, while in other weapons the stock is part

of the weapon as a whole. In the latter, changing stocks is difficult to impossible (though it can be sawed off, in most cases), in the former it can often be done without any more tools than a nail or some other pointed object.

Bullpups are a special case: in a bullpup weapon, the trigger is placed further forward than normal, to make a shorter weapon (the Steyr AUG-CSL on page 53 of the Street Samurai Catalog is an example of a bullpup rifle). The clip or magazine is usually behind the trigger, instead of in front of it. Bullpups are easier to conceal due to their shorter length, but can still be placed against the shoulder for accurate firing. Left-handed characters cannot normally use these weapons, because empty cartridges tend to be ejected to the right -- that is, into the face of a left-handed shooter. This problem does not exist with weapons designed as bullpups from the outset, nor with caseless weapons. Generally, only rifles and shotguns can be turned into bullpup models.

The game effects of the various kinds of stocks are:

- * Rigid stock: when adding a rigid stock to a weapon that normally has a folding one, reduce its Concealability by 2.

- * Folding stock: gives a -2 modifier to Concealability when folded out, but while folded in the weapon cannot be fired from the shoulder (+2 target number modifier). Shock pads are also ineffective as long as the stock is folded in. It costs a Complex Action to fold a stock in or out.

- * No stock: as for a folding stock that is folded in.

- * Bullpup: +2 Concealability. Modifying a weapon to bullpup configuration requires a specially-made stock; this is not something that can be done without the proper parts.

RECOIL

The way a weapon is held determines a lot about how much the aim suffers from recoil: holding one submachinegun in each hand and pulling both triggers is a sure way to make a lot of bullets miss their targets, while a single SMG held with both hands and braced against the shoulder can be very deadly.

All weapons have a base recoil of +1 per round, reduced by recoil compensation. Multiply the final modifier by a value depending on how the weapon is held by the firer:

- * x1 if the weapon is properly braced, like holding a pistol with two hands, and longarms (rifles, machine guns, etc.) with both hands and the butt against the shoulder.

- * x1.5 (round up) for longarms (including SMGs) fired from the hip but held with both hands.

- * x2 for pistols and SMGs fired with one hand (gamemasters may want to ignore this for hold-outs and other weapons firing very low-powered ammo).

- * x3 or even x4 (gamemaster's discretion) for longarms fired with one hand.

Pistols capable of full-auto or burst fire, heavy weapons, and shotguns double these multipliers: a shotgun fired from the hip has a recoil multiplier of x3, for example.

An example: Big Al the troll merc can hold his Ares MP LMG with one hand, leaving the other free for his combat axe. The LMG is equipped with a gas vent 3, and Al's Strength is 9. He fires 10 rounds on full-auto at some punks who were trying to steal the hubcaps from his car: this is +10 recoil, reduced by 3 for the gas vent, and by another 3 points for Al's strength. This leaves an uncompensated +4, and the gamemaster decides to be nice and give only a x3 multiplier for firing the LMG one-handed (Big Al is one tough troll). Big Al gets a +12 to his target number, making it 16 and the cause of Al neatly shooting 10 holes in his own car.

...AND ONE IN THE CHAMBER

To get an extra shot out of your weapon, you can put an extra round in the chamber. This is generally only possible for weapons with a clip rather than those using a cylinder, internal magazine, belt, or break-action, though shotguns with a magazine can also use this option. It takes a little more time to load (a Complex Action, in addition to normal loading time), but the extra shot may just make the difference in a firefight.

Of course, carrying a gun with a round in the chamber is not necessarily the safest thing to do in the world...

Headache: What's Cooking?

by Karen Mason-Richardson

Tell it to Them Straight

It's a god-awful hour to be awake, but whatever Mr. Johnson wants... Five a.m. at a 'soycafe and grease-bullet' shop is busier than you thought it would be, with night shift wage-slaves stopping by on their way to wherever, and the day shift getting their startup shot of go-go juice. Your fixer told you to look for the person reading an old-style paper book. Scanning the crowd, you spot the Johnson in the corner, and it's Ms. Johnson. As you wind your way through the close-packed tables to the corner, Ms. Johnson lowers her book. Grabbing the only empty chair around, you turn it backwards, straddle it, and speak the code phrase given by your fixer. "So, have you read War and Peace?" With a furtive glance around, the lady replies "Only the last half". That was what you were waiting for...

Prologue

The meet with Ms. Johnson has been arranged through the PC's usual fixer, and will take place in the early morning at a local coffee shop. Ms. Johnson is a very attractive dark-haired young woman. She will show the runners a picture of a rather paunchy middle-aged man, and quietly explain that she wants them to break into an apartment (she will provide the address), find a trideo chip of this man with his mistress, and override the live broadcast of a weekday afternoon tridshow with the contents of that chip so that it is not only broadcast, but seen by the studio audience as well. Also, she wants the mistress killed so that it looks like a suicide. She will explain that the live show in question has a 30 second time delay to broadcast, so the tape will have to run for at least ten

seconds after that. Ms Johnson will arrange a suitable fee for the PCs, and will give them a deposit, with the majority being held on successful completion. She will give them a two digit number, informing them that on completion the remainder of the number will be given through the fixer, along with the pickup location for



their pay. The show to be overridden is "Your Family Really Cooks", which appears on WSET, a local religion station.

Hooks

A successful Perception (5) Test will reveal that the Ms. Johnson is disguised, with the number of successes detailing how accurately the guess is as to her actual appearance. If 2 or more successes are made by a player character with Media Etiquette, an Etiquette, Media (5) test will be reveal: (1 success = someone in media, 2 successes = someone from a daytime trideo show, and 3 successes = the identity of the Johnson. Also, Media Etiquette (4) Test. 1 success = someone in media, 2 successes = someone from daytime trid, and 3 successes = the identity of the man in the picture as Liam Bonhomme

Backstage

'Your Family Really Cooks' is a family/religious oriented cooking show that has acquired some popularity with its target audience (the religious right /family values set). It is co-hosted by the husband and wife team of Alicia and Liam Bonhomme. Of late, the show's popularity has been on the decline. It is broadcast live, complete with a live studio audience, at 2:00, Monday to Friday, between the Reverend Jones Evangelical Hour, and Songs of Praise.

The runners have been hired by Alicia Bonhomme. Alicia feels that the declining popularity of the show is her husband's fault. She has petitioned the new station director to let Liam go and set herself up as the sole host, but Mr. Wise is not willing to make that kind of a drastic change. The Bonhomme marriage, although publicly fine, in actuality is a war zone, and Alicia desperately wants a divorce, but she is very apprehensive about how such a scandal will sit with her audience.

Last week, Alicia discovered that Liam is having an affair. She found a receipt for rental of an apartment downtown, and has followed Liam on the sly enough to have figured out that is where is mistress lives. Although she at first intended to go public with this information, after consideration she has figured out a way to become the sole 'host' of the show, get her divorce without blame, and garner enough publicity to help the show regain its popularity. Alicia, through experience, knows that Liam likes to 'keep souvenirs' of his amorous encounters, so she will have her hired shadowrunners find one of the trid chips she knows he loves to make, steal it, and override the entire show broadcast with the tape. Of course, her reaction on camera will be total surprise, shame, humiliation, grief... anything to get sympathy for herself and disgust for Liam. She feels this method will make more of an impact with the news media than the 'just sell the tapes' method, as well as giving her more of the spotlight. Also, she thinks that the resulting publicity will result in higher ratings...

Liam is aware that someone has been following him

lately, and is a bit spooked. He has taken the precautions of destroying all the trid chips he had made of their encounters "just in case".

At the Seattle Public Religious channel, WSET, all is not harmonious either. Six months ago the station hired a new Director, Leonard Wise, a former evangelical preacher. The Vice-Director, Albert Shapiro, has been keeping the station running for years, and fully expected to be promoted to Director. He was shattered when the Board of Directors went over his head to hire 'some outsider'. Shapiro is determined to get that position he has worked so hard for, and in the last couple of weeks has begun mailing anonymous death threats to Wise, trying to scare him enough to quit. So far this has not worked, and Shapiro is beginning to think he may actually have to kill Wise himself. Meanwhile, Wise had begun skimming profit off the donations to the station, and therefore is reluctant to call in any kind of law/authority, so has hired a shadowrunner bodyguard team in response to the threats.

Crossley Towers, Unit 8B

The address provided to the runners is a 12-storey middle lifestyle apartment building in south downtown. One of the Sprawlmap apartments would work well for this encounter, otherwise, any generic one-bedroom apartment will be fine. The building itself is getting long-in-the-tooth (late 20th century), but appears to be well maintained. The apartment is on the 8th floor. The building has an old fashioned intercom buzz in/out system, as well as two security guards, one of whom patrols the building while the other maintains a security desk in the lobby. They have headset radio communications gear. The doors into the building are equipped with rating 3 maglocks, swipe-only. Also, the apartment doors also have rating two swipe-only maglocks. The mistress Desdemona Carlisle is usually home in the evenings, as she works the day shift at the Mr. Crunchy in the local mall food court. On his last visit Liam took and destroyed all the existing trid chips of their encounters, except for the one in progress, which is half full and is still in the trideo camera they use. The camera is kept in a carrying case under the bed. Desdemona may try to bargain for her life in exchange for the camera's location. If she senses that her life is forfeit anyway, she will defend herself with her Werther Palm Pistol, which she always keeps concealed in her bra "just in case".

Security Guards (2) Human Male

B	Q	S	Ch	I	W	R
5	3	4	2	3	3	3

Threat/Professional Rating: 2/2

Skills: Firearms 4, Armed Combat 2

Gear: Secure Vest 2/1, Ares Predator, Club

Desdemona Carlisle (Dwarf Female)

B	Q	S	Ch	I	W	R
6	3	4	5	3	3	3

Skills: Negotiations 3, Firearms 3 (Werther Palm Pistol)

On Location

WSET is located in a small industrial park. This independent station, due to the nature of its rather right-wing content, has fairly good security including five internal security guards, a fenced compound, and gate guard who will request proper ID/tickets for entrance. Members of the studio audience will be subject to a weapons search. Tickets for this show are generally available up until a couple of days before the day's broadcast.

Overriding the broadcast with the trideo chip must be done from the production booth. It is here that live camera feed is received, edited if necessary, and sent to both the broadcast beacon and to the large trids on either side of the film stage for viewing by the studio audience. Both Director Wise and Vice-Director Shapiro help out in the production booth during the taping of this show. Also present are two to three technicians, working sound, camera feed, and lighting. As soon as any of the WSET people see the contents of the tape, they will make every reasonable effort they can to shut down, if not the playback unit, then the entire broadcast system.

The Shadowrunning group acting as bodyguards for Director Wise contains a Cat Shaman, Scratch, who will have two Force 4 watchers acting as 'alarms' patrolling the television studio, with instructions to report any kind of astral activity to her. The watchers will appear in astral space like domestic house cats. Style (Physical Adept) will be with Director Wise at all times, under Improved Invisibility, sustained by Scratch. Scratch is dressed as a 'corporate secretary' and will be with Wise at all times as well. Cracker (Orc Street Samurai) will be nearby, and is connected to both Style and Scratch by radio headphones and ready for immediate action. Cracker will guard Scratch's body in the event that any astral action is needed.

The Cast

Liam Bonhomme

B	Q	S	Ch	I	W	R
3	2	3	5	3	4	3

Threat/Professional Rating: 1/1

Skills: Armed Combat 2 (Cleavers)

Alicia Bonhomme

B	Q	S	Ch	I	W	R
2	3	2	5	4	3	4

Threat/Professional Rating: 1/1

Skills: Unarmed Combat 2, Acting 4, Disguise 3

Scratch, Female Human Cat Shaman

B	Q	S	Ch	I	W	M	E	R
4	6	4	5	3	5	6	6	4

Initiative: 1d6 + 4

Threat/Professional Rating: 3/3

Skills: Armed Combat (External Spurs) 5

Gear: Secure Clothing 2/1

Spells: Mana Missile 4, Levitate Person 3, Fireball 3, Barrier 4, StunBall 3, Mask 4, Chaos 3

Notes: Scratch has a Force 4 Hearth Spirit 'on call' for her use, with two services.

Cracker, Male Orc Street Samurai

B	Q	S	Ch	I	W	E	R
9	5	6	1	3	4	2.7	4(8)

Initiative: 3d6 + 8

Threat/Professional Rating: 3/3

Skills: Firearms 6 (Ares Predator 8), Armed Combat 5 (Retractable Spurs 7), Athletics 4

Gear: Secure Jacket 5/3

Cyberware: Wired Reflexes 2, Retractable Spurs

Style, Male Human Physical Adept (Invisible Way)

B	Q	S	Ch	I	W	R
6	6	5	3	4	5	5

Initiative: 2d6 + 5

Threat/Professional Rating: 3/3

Skills: Armed Combat 4, Swords 6, Katana 8, Athletics 6, Stealth 5, Unarmed Combat 6, Thrown Weapons 4 (Knives)

Abilities: Pain Tolerance 4, Killing Hands 5S, Traceless Walk, Increased Reflexes 1, Counterstrike 1

Gear: Lined Coat 4/2

Leonard Wise, Director, WSET

B	Q	S	Ch	I	W	R
3	3	3	6	3	4	3

Albert Shapiro, Vice-Director, WSET

B	Q	S	Ch	I	W	R
3	4	3	3	5	3	5

Skills: Firearms 2 (Colt America)

Security Guards (5)

B	Q	S	Ch	I	W	R	Armor
5	4	4	3	4	4	4	5/3

Skills: Firearms 5, Unarmed Combat 3, Crowd Control 2

Gear: Secure Jacket, Fichetti 500a

Lights, Camera, Action

Infiltration of WSET could proceed several ways, but will probably tend to work out to the same conclusion. The PCs may attempt to acquire tickets to the show, or find another means of penetration, to gain access to the production rooms. If the infiltration is detected by Wise's bodyguards, it will immediately put them on the defensive, and of course any kind of violent or suspicious act in the vicinity of their employer will cause them to take pre-emptive action. Any kind of firearm use may set off Vice Director Shapiro, who will use the cover to try to shoot Wise himself. If the runners are successful in overcoming or avoiding any unpleasantness, and run the tape, Liam Bonhomme's immediate reaction will be a fit of panic and rage, where he will attempt to charge into the production booth armed with cleavers, with which he is adept. Alicia Bonhomme will begin her play for sympathy with the audience, with shock, tears, and a 'collapse'. Also, any commotion will bring station security.

Cut!

If the job is completed successfully and the PCs

escape station security, their fixer will contact them with the other half of the number left by Ms. Johnson, in an envelope detailing that the complete number is for a secure locker at the Space Needle tube station, in which the PCs will find a certified credstick with the remainder of their pay.

Go to Print

There are several potential spin-offs to this particular adventure. Keeping in mind that the majority of the this adventure will go down in a television studio, chances are good that some if not all of the action will be taped. Also, the entire studio audience will be present, with their own cameras. There is the potential that the PC's faces may be made public, raising hell with their shadow reputations. If any of the PCs have enemies, this could be a giveaway to their whereabouts. In addition, many members of right-wing religious movements will be sure that "Uncle Liam could never do such things, the whole thing is a set up", and will want the PCs blood for destroying 'such a good, god-fearing family man'. Alicia is very ambitious, and if the runner's work impresses her, she may hire them again later on for 'career enhancement'.

If the PCs were filmed, they may run into difficulties picking up the last half of their pay from such a public place as the Space Needle Tube Station.

This is a short run that should be over in one game session. If the PCs complete their task successfully, they get three points of Karma. If they complete it without being filmed, and without any violence (unlikely, but possible) give them four points.



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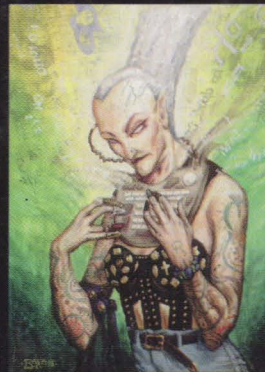
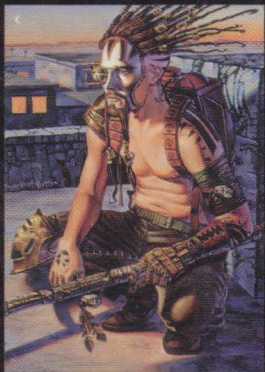
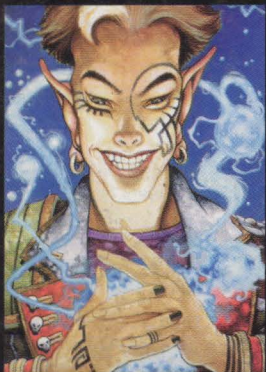
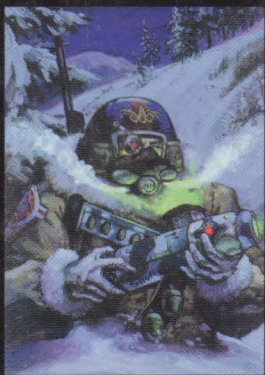
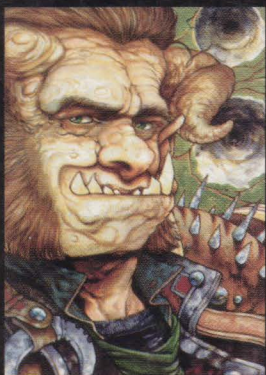
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