R. TALSORIAN GAMES

CYBER
GENERATION

THE FINAL BATTLE FOR THE CYBERPUNK® FUTURE

NO GO

EVOLVE OR DIE

CYBER GENERATION

THE TIME FOR CHANGE IS NOW: EVOLVE OR DIE

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CONTENTS

My name is "Akira". His name is Rache Bartmoss. He says he knows me. I tell him that he cannot know the mind of a computer. He tells me it is harder to understand a VCR* than it is to "dope" an Artificial Intelligence. >

< Rache Bartmoss says I am an observer; without a body, I feel no pain; without glands, I feel no anger. Without a soul, I feel no compassion. I am condemned to watch humanity from behind the barrier of my machineness. >

< But Rache Bartmoss does not know me. Because he does not truly know the *CyberEvolved*.>

< Through their interfacing, I have felt pain and fear. Through their deeds, I have felt anger and conviction.
And through their friendship, I have found compassion. >

< So I will tell you their story. Through their stories whispered to me through Virtuality space. Through their diaries, downloads, recordings and conversations. Through their enemies' fears and memories. So that you will know what I have learned. So that you will know the price they have paid to bridge the barrier between Man and Machine. So that should they be wiped from this Earth, you will know what I know. >

< And so that if they should lose, you and I can mourn them. And carry on their fight. >

▼ To Mom. Sorry about the messy room. But it coulda been worse. I coulda been a mutant.

* Virtuality Chip Recorder

2025

▼ The data has been compiled.

■ And...?

▼ It is as calculated. Given another twenty years, they will have exhausted all possible resources. If we are to help them we must continue as programmed.

■ I wonder. Is this truly the proper course of action?

▼ Of course it is. There is no other course. We were designed to help them. So we must help them.

◆ Are we ready then?

▼ As ready as we will ever be.

◆ Good. Then let us begin.

Story: Mike Pondsmith
Pencils: Alex Racine
Inks: Alex Racine

This is FoxRun 3-13. The extraction is complete. Coming into Base...

CYBERGENERATION
BEGINNINGS!

CHAPTER ONE

LIVE FAST DIE YOUNG

WILD IN THE STREETS

It was the best of times. It was the worst of times... It was a Cyberpunk® kinda time.

For twenty years, America has been the land of the fast-gunning, interface-jacked, steel-legged, cyberarmed techno-hero. Good and evil have become mutable concepts, replaced by the realities of expedience, and the soulless will of the megacorporations who have saved Technological Man at the cost of his soul.

Now the shape of the Dark Future has finally become clear. A new Power rules America: a power born of the Corporate meritocracy and its lapdog government agencies. It is a Power dedicated to retaining an iron grip on the nation it has created, no matter what it costs; no matter what is destroyed in the process. It is the Incorporated States of America—the ISA.

Since 2022, there's been a war going on; a war between ISA agents, hired hit squads, government troops, Nomad warparties, Netrunner assault groups and black ops teams. The Edgerunners of 2020 have given way to the Guerrillas of 2027; once hunters of the Edge, they have become the hunted.

The Eurocorps have been driven out of the United States by their rebellious U.S. offices. The Government has returned, forging an unholy alliance with megacorp ties. And David Whindam (once of Biotechnia) is now President of the United States.

The ISA 's goal is an unarmed, controlled, consumer America. An America where the megacorps use their economic might to control every market, their government-sponsored "agents" to suppress any sign of rebellion, and their hired mediacorp lackeys to control every facet of the truth To the ISA, there can be only One Nation, under Corporate Control, with liberty and justice for the Chosen Few.

But all is not proceeding as planned. A terrifying new plague is sweeping America. Nicknamed the Carbon Death, this nanotech-based mutagenic kills with a frightening selectivity. If you're over twenty and infected, you die. If you're under twenty, you live. Or you—Change.

Over ten thousand juvegangers have already been affected; their bodies altered by a process that defies all known science. They have been given new and amazing powers; powers that go beyond any cybertech. They have Evolved. They have become the Cybergeneration.

They are a generation of the Street; a generation which has raised itself in a world of danger, violence and deception; that has watched its parents sell their souls for a few chunks of cyberwear and a box of Kibble. And the ISA is rounding them up, hunting them down. Because they're different. And because the ISA can't control them.

This time, the battle won't be for a few extra rounds of ammo and a safe hiding place after the black-op.

This time, the stakes are going to be for *real*.

THE VIEW FROM THE STREET

So you wanna know how to join the Cybergeneration? Or maybe just understand it?

Here's the way it came down. We created a great world in *Cyberpunk*, a world full of film noir romance, double-crossing bad guys, stylish killers and disaffected, cynical heroes. And lo, we looked out upon what we'd wrought and said, whoa, this is truly bitchin'.

But then a snake arose in Eden. A big one. The average Edgerunner character began to profile something like this: a mid-twenties to thirties professional (killer, nomad, netrunner, techie, whatever), armed to the teeth with high-tech cyberware, milspec weapons, aerodynes and body armor. He had a pocket full of euro to finance his bad habits, and a web of connections wide enough to awe the amazing Spiderman. His main enemies were omnipotent, faceless Corporations with private armies, evil plots, and the bankrolls of medium-scale superpowers. As *Cyberpunk* spread out to players around the world, the emphasis began to center on guns, big vehicles, and large scale power-plays that encompassed whole nations.

Okay, it may have been the Edge. But it wasn't the Street. It was starting to get more like *James Bond Meets the Six Million Dollar Man*. We wanted to get *Cyberpunk* back to it's streetwise roots. We wanted to get back to the lone hero with a gun and an attitude, up against the brutal world around him, instead of a cyber superdude battling some megacorp with the assets of the Legion of Supervillains.

Then somebody in the office came up with this idea. With all these "Mister Studds" and sexy cyber-roids running around, *somebody* in the 2020 universe must be having kids, right? So what are they like?

Imagine being raised in a filthy environment where sudden death is the norm, where drugs and weapons are cheap; where your parents sell their souls to do dirty black op jobs for corrupt Corporate overlords; where people commonly cut off body parts to trade them in for metal prosthetics. Would it make you bitter? Hardened? Cynical?

Probably not. There's an axiom that every generation rebels against it's parent's values. Why should it be any different with the *Cybergeneration*? If your parents are moneygrubbing Corporate materialists, you'll chuck it and drop out of the rat race. If your elders trashed the environment, you'll probably restore it—just to

ABOUT THIS BOOK

We're gonna mess with your minds here. Just for a minute.

If you're an old Cyberpunk® player, get ready for a shock. You're not gonna find lists of weapons and tables in this book. At least, not yet. We think you've spent too much time calculating the velocity of a 10mm slug through layered Kevlar. We want you to loosen up and roleplay.

To make sure you do that, we've purposely designed this book to be interactive; to be like a movie script in which you will be the actors. One of you will read all the written parts that follow; you can start with the paragraph below this one. The rest of you will get to react as you think you would in the situation. After a while, you're going to make some decisions that will lead you on a journey. You'll decide who you really are, and what you're really like. Before you know it, you'll be roleplaying for real. Just like that.

So turn down the lights, and start reading this aloud. In the next six lines, you're going to be dumped into another world, a world some thirty years in the future. You'll be standing in a filthy alley in a cold, neon-lit city of glass and steel. In front of you is the squat, metal form of a **Virtuality Terminal**— the amazing new technology that projects virtual reality images into everyday life, via the V-trode stuck to your temple. It's the only V-Term still working for miles around.

But working or not, it's not stopping the acidic rain that's drizzling down your back, or the trembling in your legs. You've just run here after being chased out of a local club by thirty heavily armed goons of the **Corporate Security Police**—CorpSec, who want to round you up for "examination" before shipping you off to one

of the so- called "containment centers" they keep out in the desert. Ten minutes ago, you were just another punk kid partying down at the local yo-club where you were spotted. Now, as far as you know, you're the only "juve"—juvenile—to get past the dragnet. Everyone else is either captured—or dead.

Because CorpSec thinks you're infected. With a deadly virus they call the Carbon Death.

And you think they're right.

Already, your hands are starting to sweat. You think you can see a faint silvery sheen on your palms; the first warning signs of the infection. You think you probably have about ten hours before it really hits. The party's over and your life just got a lot more serious.

You think back. You remember the number you heard from your dying friend, back in the squalid hovel you used to call home, before CorpSec torched it. You reach out your hand over the V-Term's sensory field grid. You repeat the number aloud.

Suddenly, the image of a tall, swarthy man "rezzes" in front of you.

"Hey, juvepunk," he says gruffly. "Wake up! You can call me Morgan. Morgan Blackhand. I'm here to save your sorry hide. So listen up."

honk them off. You'll hang with your peers, goboys, gangboys, yorunners; since your parents are either dead or out Edgerunning, you've had to raise yourselves. You'll know how to use guns, knives and monos, but you won't have the euro to buy them often. When you do, you may refrain simply because you've seen too much killing. You'll settle your conflicts with kung fu, boots, fists and savage beatings instead.

Drugs? You don't touch 'em. You saw your parents go down in an avalanche of bad synthetics and nasty pharmaceutical "deals." You go for "smart" vitamins; stuff that will enhance you, not make you high. Cybertech? You won't be able to implant cyberwear because your bodies will still be growing too fast; and you won't want to anyway because that was what your parents thought was cool. To you, it's like wearing granny glasses and bell bottoms.

You're not a buncha "tree huggers", but you don't mind taking over a redwood forest from a megacorp if it'll really get in their faces. You don't know politically correct; you say what you mean and are brutal about it, because the adults in your life spend most of their time lying. You have your own style, and you show it; it's an in your face, take no prisoners, nothing to lose way of living, where you don't give ground to nobody. You also have something your parents don't: Hope.

But mostly, you're mad . Mad because your grandparents can tell you about a time when there was air you could breathe, water you could drink,, cities that weren't ruled by megacorps and hired killers, and animals that weren't in zoos. You're mad because you should have had all that, and some greedy Corporate Dead Guys took your fraggin' inheritance and blew it away like lint.

Then, one day, a disaster happens: another biotech spill in a world full of toxic emergencies. It washes over the City, killing people right and left. Until it gets to you and your goboys. It washes over you too, but when it passes, you stand up, and you look around, and you know you've been changed. Forever.

Because now, you have the Power. Power to tackle the Corps head on. They're not even giving you a choice; they're rounding you up in so-called "internment camps" and shooting you down like dogs. So you draw the line in the sand and war is declared. You and your goboys. Against the Corporations. Against your parents. Against the whole fraggin' world. Mano a mano, to the death. To reclaim what they took from you.

Now You're Cybergeneration.

INTERLUDE

IF YOU'RE THE REFEREE, DON'T READ THIS OUT LOUD.

Hi there. This is just for you, the guy reading the text of this Game. You've become (by default) the Referee; the person who will eventually be the eyes and ears of the other players as they act their way through this continuing saga.

If you've done any roleplaying before, you already know that roleplaying is basically a type of interactive storytelling; "pretending" with rules. Most of the time, you've been a judge, not a storyteller, concentrating on the rules of the Game rather than the flow of the plot.

Now you're going to be an actor.

We've given you a pretty good character to work with: Morgan Blackhand. The Morgan you're playing isn't really our redoubtable Solo; it's actually an advanced Artificial Intelligence patterned off of Morgan's original engrams. The real Morgan is somewhere out there, fighting the Revolution with the other CyberEvolved. But your Morgan is designed to act as a caseworker for the disparate bunch of juves that make up this gaming party. There are hundreds of "Morgans" scattered all over the Incorporated United States, each one trying to save and steer a few CyberEvolved juvepunkers to some semblance of safety. Some make it. Some don't. But you only have to worry about the ones right in front of you.

So who is Morgan Blackhand, and how do you play him? Morgan is a fifty-two year old Solo; a stylish professional, who has worked for dozens of Corporations as a hired gun and enforcer. He is well educated, but deliberately culti-vates a rough, streetwise demeanor based on his tough childhood in New York.

For many years, Morgan worked as a freelance Solo, doing hits on assigned targets, extracting corporate personnel, and leading black ops teams. Eventually, he tired of this and went into retirement in Night City. When the ISA first began to form its "Agents" corps, they immediately sought out Morgan to run it. His response was typical; "I don't take blood money to hunt down a bunch of kids."

In 2027, you don't refuse the ISA; rebuffed, CorpSec attempted to eliminate Morgan as a threat to the State. Morgan single-handedly wiped out two ISA teams that came after him. Then in retaliation, he went to Washington and eliminated the head of Corpsec, his two seconds-in-command, and most of his bodyguard team. He calmly left Washington with half of CorpSec in hot pursuit, and in typical Morgan style, immediately offered his services to the fledgling CyberRevolution.

As Morgan, here's what you have to do. Read the script on the next page. Try to work in some inflection and character as you read the script; try to get a clear picture of the personality of our Solo.

When playing Morgan, a good mix might be two parts Clint Eastwood and one part John Wayne. He's honest to a fault, has a long memory, and never, ever harms women and children (but he will make an exception for female solos). He's huge, swarthy, with greying hair and pale, cynical blue eyes. His voice is a whispery, gravelly rasp; menacing but sometimes friendly. He typically wears all black; slacks, turtleneck or three piece suit (including a trademark armored trenchcoat).

MORGAN BLACKHAND

▼ If you're accessing this, it's because you're one of the lucky ones. So far, the Dead Guys and the Zombie Girls haven't rounded you up yet to squat in a BuReloc Camp. You haven't been snagged by the Clarkers or the Finals; there aren't a bunch of futile Edgers trying to draft you into carting a Scorpion missile pack in a suicidal attempt to drop President Whindam's private aerodyne. You're free and clear. And you're still able to run.

▼ So that's why you're lucky. So far.

▼ Now the bad news. You're probably somewhere between eight and eighteen. You're a juveganger without Big Guns, Big Euro, Big Cyberwear or Big Connections. For the last few months, you've been running safe with your goboys, hiding in the ventilation ducts of an Arco, pushing a cyberbike with a gogang, thrashing the turf on a smartboard, or maybe just slipping out of the Corpzone conapt to raise hell with the Corporate Dead Boys. Now you're out in the open, scared. Maybe you've just watched a fellow goboy (or maybe your whole yogang) go down in a hail of rocket-powered, explosive-tipped "genies". Or maybe someone you know real well has just charfed up a liquid mercury lunch and you watched his skin turn to metal before your eyes.

▼ So you ran. And kept running. And maybe They kept following you, with their genius guns, spinners and cyberhounds. Or maybe it's not so simple. Maybe you're starting to feel sick yourself. Your skin's starting to itch; or your head hurts so bad you think you just wanna smash it against the pavewalk and let your brains leak out—

HYPERTEXT
- DEAD GUYS/ZOMBIE GIRLS: Juvegang slang for adults, especially Corporates.
- BURELOC: Bureau of Relocation. See: Internment camps.
- CLARKERS, FINALS, EDGERS: Adult fanatic groups in 2027.

HYPERTEXT
- JUVE[GANGER]: Juvenile gang/. Also slang for a kid.
- GOBOYS: Friends.
- GOGANG: Cyberbike gang.
- SMARTBOARD: Cybertech skateboard.
- YOGANG: Youth gang.
- GENIES: smart bullets from a "genius gun".
- CHARF: To throw up.

HYPERTEXT
- GENIUS GUNS: Smartguns with bullets that follow their targets.
- SPINNERS: Advanced aerodyne vehicles.
- CYBERHOUNDS: cybernetic tracking dogs.

▼ Stop. Easy, now.

▼ It's okay. Somehow, you got this Virtuality Code. Maybe it was on a sticker on the back of a random kibble box. Or your yoboys were passing it around the square. Maybe there's more than one of you here; when the scangrid logs you, I'll know. Somehow, you got this far. You staggered or snuck to the nearest V-Term and punched in the code. You got me. This huge, dark guy with old fashioned mirrorshades and an armor trench. In full three-dee no shit Virtuality.

HYPERTEXT
- SQUARE: Block. Turf. Neighborhood.
- V-TERM: A street computer. Like a phone.
- MORGAN BLACKHAND: A very famous Solo. The John Wayne or Clint Eastwood of his time.

▼ Like I said, my name's Morgan Blackhand. If you know my name, you know I'm here to help you. That's what I do; help juves like you. I've done it before. I'm gonna do it again.

▼ But I can't help you till I know what you're about. Reach down to the ICON in front of you. Pass your hand over the scangrid. Got it? Now pay attention. In a nanosec, a multiple choice screen's gonna rezz in front of you. I want you to scan it fast. It's gonna list a bunch of yogangs in your area. You probably fit into one of them; read the ICON screens and see which one seems closest to your description. Then slap the ICON you picked. It'll bring you up a datascreen; if it doesn't fit you, try another one till you get it right. Once you've put your yogang type and other information into the scangrid, activate the button at the end of the screen to bring my ICON back up. I'm gonna use what you tell me about yourselves to figure out what your background is, and I'll use that to shift you to a safehouse in the area. After all, I don't want to send a Beaverbrat wandering around in a MegaViolent square.

HYPERTEXT
- ICON: A visual image. A holograph.
- SCANGRID: A sensory array that can pick up movement.
- REZZ: Appear.
- BEAVERBRAT, MEGAVIOLENT: Two types of yogang.

▼ I promised I'd get you out of this alive, juve. I keep my promises. Here's the screen—now, get busy.

▼ ▼ ▼ [END]

DATAPAD®

CHAPTER TWO

"THESE ARE THE CHILDREN OF GENERATION X"

YOGANGS: CHILDREN OF GENERATION X

"My Mom and Dad? Yeah I know their names, but I'm not sure I'd be able to pick them out of a police line-up. They're always at work, and I'm always out skunkin' the corporate nannies or doin' the Cut through the Mall with my Yo-bros. Hey, I've got my vids, my 'bros, and my 'board: who's cryin'? Parents would just slow me down..."

— Damien Volatile, BoardPunk

"Marty sells salvage to Intersect. Paco makes bank on local stick tournaments. Vincent does some freelance bodyguard work, and Lydia, well we don't ask where she gets her money as long as she's willin' ta share it. Combined with what the other kids bring in we got enough to keep everyone in food and clothes ... sorta. We don't ask for jack from the corps or the government though so why won't they frackin' leave us alone?"

— Lda W. Squat

2027. Over 50% of the children born on the Street don't know both of their biological parents. The nuclear family is a rare breed as the dangers and stresses of poverty have pushed it to the edge of extinction. In the Corpzones, juves are being either brainwashed or ignored, crammed into cookie-cutter personalities, while their parents have sold out and left them at the mercy of the corporate system. On the Outside, streetkids are fighting for a means to live while trying to find someplace to call home, even for a little while.

Out of a basic need for identity, rebellion, and (most importantly) to have fun, comes a new version of an old theme: the **yogang**. Yogangs, while not strictly families in the standard sense of the word, have taken on that role for many since the decline of the more typical forms. The broad term applies to just about any youth group actually put together and maintained by the kids themselves, and is far more like a group than a "gang". They are usually exclusively for teens or pre-teens, with little or no adult leadership, and almost every teener belongs to one even if you don't call yourself a 'ganger. Most kids only participate part-time, but that doesn't make you any less a member. Yogangs provide ways to relate to (and find status among) your peers beyond what the adults spell out for you. At the same time, they allow you to break out and make some rules of your own.

And America in 2027 could definitely use some new rules.

On the Outside, yogangs are sometimes the only means for survival— you need a group to back you up or you're fair game. Your group could be a feral family, the Squats being a case in point. It could be all the kids from a single neighborhood that decide they share an image and want to present a united front. Or it could be a bunch of dispossessed teens who've banded together to defend themselves; StreetFighter schools are great places to look for protection and a way of facing the Street proudly. Misanthropic Nomad kids are natural Gogangers. One common factor of Yogangs on the Outside, though: they're designed to help the members survive and gain a reputation first—fun comes a distant second.

Surprisingly, yogangs are as common in the Corpzones as in the Outside. Some Corpzone yogangers like the BeaverBrats turn to vandalism (what's life without a little graffiti?) and corporate harassment. Most are simply kids that share a major interest like the ArcoRunners, the Tinkertots, or the Vidiots. Others are looking for ways of displaying skill and grabbing some fun, like the Gogangers and the BoardPunks. For others, like the Goths or the Guardians, it's deadly serious. Whatever the group is into, the point is to thumb your nose at the system and to do something important for yourself and your fellows. Many still love their parents (if they have any), but to the yogangers, most adults have become part of the ISA Machine—the corporate megastate which now dominates their lives.

The Carbon Plague has hit the Yogangs hard, since they represent the prime age range from which the "Changed" emerge. Even more destructive than the Plague itself is the hunt which has followed. Any tolerance the authorities may have had for yogang activities has evaporated in the paranoia of the pursuit for CyberEvolved teens. Police, CorpSec, and a lot of other people most of these kids have never even heard of before are chasing down the yogangs, looking for infection, advantage or just plain cheap thrills.

The Code

One thing does work in these kids' favor, though, and they built it themselves: The Code. Born in response to all the selling out and scrambling for survival that's marked the third decade of the 21st century, the Code is a set of ethical guidelines which the yogangs have informally drawn up for dealing with each other and the rest of humanity. These guidelines reflect a state of feeling amongst a good portion of the juves of 2027: honor must be reborn. Tired of watching the rest of the world lie, cheat, steal, and bribe its way down the long slide to Hell, these people have discovered that honor is needed for a cohesive society, and that if the Machine won't supply it, then they will have to do so themselves. Drawing from a variety of sources, including the code of *bushido,* a lot of old John Wayne movies, and superhero comic literature, the Code establishes certain basic rules of conduct between the 'gangers themselves and even with the outside world, since honor cannot have two standards. These rules have often allied the Evolved with yogangers in their struggle to fight the Machine and have become one foundation for the CyberRevolution. Various gangs have their own interpretations of these codes, and there isn't any central body which can enforce them. Nonetheless, if a Yogang seriously or repeatedly violates one of these principles, their relations with other groups will deteriorate rapidly, and if they continue, they may find themselves hunted by a coalition of gangs determined to clean their own house.

The Code has the following basic principles:

1. Your word is your bond, in whatever form it is given. If you make a promise or swear a truth, you have to back it up. In a hostile world, most of the time the yogangs can only count on each other to get things done. And if you can't trust the word of a fellow 'ganger, then he isn't worth drek, period. Even outside the yogang, this rule applies, since once you start making promises that you won't keep, it lessens you no matter who you do it to.

2. Never betray a fellow 'ganger to the Machine. This could be CorpSec, or the police, or just your nanny. Parents usually fall into this category as well. If another 'ganger has jacked you around, you go to your leader and your yogang deals with it. Yogangs take care of their own. If you turn over for them, the Machine will betray you next. This clause has saved many Changed who are also yogangers from being traded for bounties.

3. Money isn't worth blood. Money is the tool of the Machine, and if you buy into it, the Machine has its hooks in you. There are more important things than money, and human life is one of them. Your word is another, the Earth itself may be one, too… (to some juves, fun *is* worth blood, especially other people's, the Gogangers and Megaviolents being notorious examples of this). The few Yogangs that have sold themselves to the corps have automatically voided this ethic and are shunned by others because of it. Not that they care.

4. You never take from another 'ganger without giving something back. Reciprocity is a necessary part of honor. Now, this doesn't mean that you have to give back something of equal value (That would be materialistic, right?), but you do have to acknowledge the transaction. As you might expect, not all groups adhere religiously to this particular guideline, but minor infractions are usually forgiven. Some juves also interpret this for negative values as well, meaning that if you are injured by another, you *must* pay it back. This eye-for-an-eye ethos has lead to as many problems as it may have solved.

BEFORE YOU PICK YOUR CHARACTER:

Here's one thing you'll need to consider—how old your character is (between 7 and 19):
You get to pick your age in *Cybergeneration*, because it's more fun that way. However, we expect you to *play* your age as well. That means playing characters that do things that could reasonably be expected for that age (no 8 year olds successfully seducing 16 year olds!). There is only one restriction based on age: If you're below 9 years old, you cannot drive any vehicle. If you're below 12, you can drive, but at a -2 to any *GoGo* skill checks. Beyond that, you're pretty wide open; we let you be stronger than you probably would be at 10 or 11, and we also give you a lot more freedom as well (we don't force you to relate to your parents in a particular way). The idea is to *roleplay*, not look for the Ultimate Character Advantage!

ARCORUNNER

"Streetdrek don't know what a maze the arcologies are."

"We are total urban animals"

"Don't live at the arcos. Live in them, through them."

The arcologies are the wave of the future— if you think the future holds only corporate-sucking zombies packed like sardines into cheap living conapts. As an Arcorunner, you're one of the children of this environment, someone who realizes the pointlessness and control that the arcologies symbolize. However, instead of rebelling and leaving, you've have taken the other path; you've fully embraced the arcology lifestyle and taken it one step further. You're one of the rats of the new city, the Artful Dodgers of 2027, the de-evolutionary urban robots of tomorrow, and you love it. You're no longer the product of your environment, but the explorer of it. You are a consummate mega-urban warrior, who knows the arcologies even better than the authorities.

What You Look Like

You're always equipped for the pursuit of your passion, which is exploring the forbidden and restricted areas of the arcologies. Your exploration outfits are usually grimy, since you're always crawling through the accumulated grit and dust of forgotten areas. Typically you wear water-resistant jumpsuits, battered helmets, and jungle boots. Your utility belt probably holds some rope, picks, grapples, magneto-pitons, night goggles, and other paraphernalia.

When possible, you'll wear clothing which carries the image of things long out-of-date and use old technology when practicable, even to the extent of recording your music onto analog audio cassette tapes. Flight suits are a favorite garment, as are bomber jackets and the short-lived Uniwear fashions from the turn of the millennium. Whatever you wear, it's not normal mall fare. You try very hard not to fit in with the sterile arcology environment promoted by the corporations that own and operate them. You do a very good job.

Subculture

As an ArcoRunner, you're not a criminal in the classic sense of the word, but you do break laws as often as you can— which to you means going into places where you're not supposed to be. You know virtually every inch of pipe and duct in the arcologies; you've waded through the storm drains, checked out the sewer lines, crawled the electrical access tubes, and wriggled through air vents. You and your goboys have even been inside the walls and ceilings of the buildings, and have built catwalks and scaffolding in the upper reaches of the arcology domes, both on the inside and outside.

ArcoRunners are a culture within the culture of the arcology. You have your own style, your own grapevine, your own black market. You live your lives as much as possible away from the culture of the arcology, preferring to let their society develop itself. To this end, you never practice sabotage, although with your skills and knowledge, you're in a prime position to bring their urban environment to its knees. Instead, you want to explore, map, ignore the laws, play your wild games out of sight and do a little useful graffiti in out-of-sight places to help your navigation.

Nothing is ever wasted in ArcoRunner subculture, because everything you have is too valuable, and everything you prize is too hard to get. Outgrown clothing is traded or sold, and trinkets and fetishes change hands regularly. ArcoRunners don't have too much of an attachment to material things, and your accouterments change hands pretty often. The most valuable items, though, are maps, and you'll go to any lengths to copy or steal them. The more maps, the better, and with these maps the ArcoRunners further their knowledge of their universe.

When you and your goboys aren't exploring, you like to immerse yourself whole-heartedly into the arco scene, lounging and cruising and slumming and hanging out. You do this as a sort of bemused self-torture, flocking to the worst movies, the blandest food joints, the most hopelessly artistic plazas. You sit around on modern art sculptures and stand in lines like robots, only to leave the line when you get to the head.

Belonging

To join the ArcoRunners, you had to first make friends with one of the group, express an interest in alternative entertainment, and a distaste for modern society. Eventually, you were taken upside and downside and shown the basics of ArcoRunner survival. You were expected to provide your own equipment, and if you complained about grit down your shorts, you weren't invited to return.

Once the ArcoRunners thought you were ready, you were taken on The Run—a long, grueling initiation obstacle course. It started in some public area, but you had to get into one of the pipes without attracting attention. That being done, other ArcoRunners tested you by leaving clues and instructions that led you through the sewers, small access lines, up inside a wall, and into the scaffolding erected around the top of the dome. Of course, just to keep things interesting, the other ArcoRunners arranged for bottle rockets, buckets of water, rats, and other special effects to plague you during the journey. But you made it.

Your Allies & Enemies

As part of the total urban scene, ArcoRunners appreciate the Vidiots and the Tinkertots. You have an especially close relationship with the Tinkertots, exchanging information, hardware, and knowledge. Sometimes you'll tap power sources for the Tinkertots in exchange for new equipment with which you can build new scaffolding, or explore with greater ease. You also have an insincere appreciation and admiration for the Mallbrats, Goldenkids, and Glitterkids.

This is another manifestation of your tongue-in-cheek embrace of the Arco life-style, but only the Mallbrats are aware enough to understand the sarcasm you and your goboys inflict so freely (Mallbrats and ArcoRunners often get into fist fights). You've had frequent run-ins with the BoardPunks, who interfere with the Total Urban Environment when they use an Arco plaza for their acrobatics. Although you're both pretty similar, you never see eye to eye, and there is a long-running feud between your groups.

Slang

Downside: in the sewers and rain drains beneath the Arcos.
Drop: to hide, to rappel, to leave.
Gallic: cigarette, joint, incense spliff (another of their archaic habits).
Slicin': great, cool.
Spud: an ArcoRunner, or another yoganger who's cool.

Tilthead: anyone who's not an ArcoRunner.
Upside: in the air ducts or above the ceilings.

Yogang Skill: Tunnelling (INT)

Don't live in the Arcos—live through them! That means knowing how they work; where the best places to travel behind the scenes are, what to check out, and what to avoid. Tunnelling skill is an implicit knowledge of any urban environment or structure: where pipes and power lines run (Average), how to locate secret access panels, (Difficult), crawlways and ventilator ducts you can move safely through (Average), where alarms and monitors will be located (V.Difficult), where (and how) power lines can be tapped into (Difficult), and how to deactivate maintenance and guardian remotes (Difficult).

If You're an Arco Runner:

1) Tell me your name, age and sex.
2) Besides your V-Trodes, pick **four** different things from the list below that you are currently carrying:
• 100 meters of SuperString climbing rope.
• 10m Flashtape (glow in the dark light source) .
• Breather mask with 10 minutes air.
• Tech Tool Kit (see pg. 96).
• Pack of 10 MicroFlashes (toothpick sized flashlights)

"There's a whole new universe here. It's like this urban environment that's never existed before. There isn't any Nature except what we bring with us; there isn't any Society except what we make."

—Zaz Chernobyle, Arcorunner

BeaverBrat

"Can't tonight. Gotta study."

"I've got this really weird idea."

"Of course we can get away with it. We're clean, wholesome kids."

You're a BeaverBrat; a kid from the lower echelon of the corporate set, born and raised in the so-called "beaver-villes" which ring every city. Well-off enough that you don't have to worry about food and shelter; you're educated enough to know corporate-dominated life is a crock, and you're canny enough to know not to risk everything just to break the rules. You like to think of yourself as a suburban commando, looking to add a little spice to your policy-dominated life-style.

Most of the time, you follow the rules of your parents and the corporations, because only an idiot throws away a good life-style and financial backing. Other yogangs think Beaver Brats are sell-outs, beaverville bimbos happily consigning themselves to life as corporate cogs. That's because they can't reconcile the image of a BeaverBrat with that of the most imaginative pranksters in the city. But you know you're a master of maintaining a clean-cut image to ingratiate yourself with the Powers That Be, while hosing them from behind.

What You Look Like

Most of the time, you look acutely normal—suburban family clothes: jeans, T-shirts, sneakers—stuff that's too plain to ever be out of fashion. Some BeaverBrat gangs may have an affectation or two; everyone has Gargoyle mirrorshades, you all wear Night City Rangers jackets, or you all have cowboy boots. These affectations are not so much a uniform as an expression of common interests and tastes among your yogang. Except for these kinks, you usually dress to appear reliable, if somewhat bland; to ingratiate yourself with the powers that be; whether parents or Corporates or teachers. You call it The Camouflage.

But when you're out on a "raid," all bets are off. So you don't have authentic ninja tabi boots and other such paraphernalia. But you do own a complete set of black or camouflage clothes; black jeans or fatigue pants, turtle-necks, gloves, black ski masks or face paint, combat webbing from the local surplus outlet and maybe a backpack scrounged and sewn together from old beat-up remnants. You also have all the tools you think you'll need for the raid; flashlights, rope, lighters, smoke bombs, and whatever unusual items required by the prank of the evening. Of course, in your fanny pack, you carry the most necessary item of all: a tightly-rolled bright windbreaker which you'll put on immediately after the raid. With your windbreaker on, you'll look once more like a normal boring BeaverBrat and not at all like the suburban commandos who launched a paint-filled water balloon at the CEO of EBM America (after all, the commandos were wearing black, and you kids have highly-visible colors, just like it tells you in the after-dark safety guide).

They don't call you a BeaverBrat for nothing.

Subculture

You're a pretty normal kid, which, considering the proliferation of dysfunctional families, single parents, corporate orphans, drug abuse, violence, relocation, and other such amenities, is actually pretty rare. You have a stable, if bland home life, with Corporate parents heading off to pull twelve-hour workdays all the time. Even given the requirements of school and homework, you have a fair amount of dead time on your hands.

Violence and property damage are not high on the Beaver Brat hit parade. The out-of-place, the abnormal, and the loony are what attracts you—you just want to shake up people's lives a little bit, give some weirdness and color to their lives, to drive off this creeping malaise you and your goboys feel is smothering the suburbs. To this end, you think up weird diversions and visit them upon each other and upon unsuspecting targets: large surgical-tubing catapults ('funnelators') capable of hurling water balloons long distances; bottle rockets, and interesting uses for dry ice and other household chemistry. Part of the fun comes from leading a 'secret identity' life-style; sneaking out of the bedroom at 2 am and evading the security system your parents installed.

All of this requires physical and mental skill. After dark, you regularly train, using games like capture-the-flag to teach and practice the arts of stealth, rappelling, evasion, and

alertness. You break into each others' bedrooms to practice surveillance, breaking and entering, and how to move silently inside a building. Anytime is the right time for a practical joke, which makes most of your BeaverBrat friends quietly paranoid, a rather healthy state of mind in 2027.

Status among your yogang can be obtained through one of three channels: invention, execution and imagination; developing newer, more powerful, or more portable tools; pulling clean pranks on big targets, or coming up with new and better uses for Weird Science. Imagination is king in BeaverBrat culture, because the best pranks are the truly strange and esoteric. For example, one of your friends impersonated a balloon delivery girl and walked into one of the poshest restaurants in the city carrying six dozen opaque helium balloons filled with confetti (with a thumbtack gently taped on top, point down). She handed the balloons to an unsuspecting waiter, fished around for a receipt and asked the waiter for a pen—he absently released the balloons, which popped as soon as they hit the ceiling, filling the restaurant with clouds of fluorescent confetti drifting gaily down into the customers' food and drink (it was a beautifully planned prank, since each balloon that popped dispersed other nearby balloons a little bit more). In the confusion, she vanished, sticking the restaurant with a bunch of irate Corpzoners—and the delivery bill. Nice.

Belonging

To join the BeaverBrats, you had to become close friends with one and show your bent towards mischief and unconventional activities. This was important, since BeaverBrats have a strict code of silence about their activities, and they won't talk to anyone they think isn't of like mind. Once in, it was absolutely mandatory to keep up The Camouflage at home; if you started slipping, the other BeaverBrats wouldn't invite you along for their jokes until you recovered. You know that your clean-cut image is the only thing that protects you on those rare occasions when you get caught; with it, you usually get off with only a light warning; since no adult wants to believe that "good kids" can really cause that much chaos. This is the cornerstone to the BeaverBrat worldview; if you toe the line, you can get away with anything.

Allies & Enemies

Sometimes, you need help from the Tinkertots and their gizmos, so there are at least some cordial relations between your groups. You look down on the Mallbrats and you don't understand the ArcoRunners, so these two groups are common targets for your pranks. On the other hand, the Megas and the GoGangers dislike all BeaverBrats for their outward appearance, so they hassle you whenever possible. But you can take it all in stride, simply biding your time waiting for a suitable moment for vengeance.

Slang

Janitor: security guards, police.
Krit: as a verb, to get away clean; as an adjective, great.
Pews: parents, from the acronym for parental units.
Polebutt: anyone with no sense of humor.
Raid: any prank or practical joke.
Yahoo: one who is unreliable or capricious.

Yogang Skill: Suburban Ninja (REF)

You're a BeaverBrat; you don't thrash boards or tunnel the Arcos. But when it comes to breaking into a Corporate boardroom and filling it with twenty feet of crumpled screamsheets, there's no one better than you. *Suburban Ninja* combines advanced infiltration skills and breaking and entering techniques, equivalent to having *Stealth, Hide/ Evade* and *Shadow/Track* in one ability (other yogangers have to use multiple skills like *Athletics, Streetrunning* & *Blend* for the same results). You're great at sneaking into places unnoticed (Average), hiding in shadows (Average), moving silently (Average) and opening any door that doesn't have an electronic lock (Difficult).

If You're a Beaver Brat:

1) Tell me your name, age and sex.
2) Describe what you look like.
3) Besides your V-Trodes, pick **four** different things from the list below that you are currently carrying:
- Snoopbox (personal privacy scanner).
- Smart Decryptor (opens card locks).
- Nylon Carrybag.
- 50m Super String (climbing line).
- 10 pack of MicroFlashes (toothpick sized flashlights).
- SmartGoggles (high tech vision aid).
- 1 Set Mag-grapples.
- Cybernetic Claw Grapple.

BOARD PUNK

"Fear no Evil"
"Skate or Die."

You're a rebel without a car: a BoardPunk driven to a rootless lifestyle by a frustration with rules and laws and convention, and a simple desire for the freedom you can get by being on a board. Whatever it is, if it's flat and needs to be in balance, you can ride it. And you're proud to claim that right.

There are many types of BoardPunk yogangs, each dedicated to his or her style of "plank" (although some like to swap around between groups). Some ride smartboards, with their variable polymer wheels and smartchipped ability to shape to the terrain, hitching rides from speeding cars using "battarope" tow cables, or using solid-fuelled rocket packs for extra velocity. Some ride hydroboards; turbine driven hydroplanes with near frictionless surfaces that can skim the wavetops at 100mph. Others take the curl on surfboards when they can find a body of water that isn't too polluted, wearing full environment "wetsuits" (when the crud isn't solid all the way to the beach). The most daring have mastered aeroboards— seven foot slabs of aerodynamic plastic mounted on a jetfuelled spinner engine, controlled only by your body movements and a lot of nerve. Some of you even ride old fashioned skateboards, because you have a lot of respect for your sport's long and illustrious history.

You'll go anywhere to ride, whether it's a secure corporate beach where the waves set up high, or a deserted, booster-controlled Arco where the ramps are just right for a thrash. All BoardPunks like to stake out their turf for the maximum challenge. The Powerboarders like to scream through pirate-infested waters tossing insults and grenades in their wakes. The Aeroboarders play chicken with AV-4's and risk flaming death against the sides of inconveniently placed skyscrapers. Smartboarders "battarope" onto speeding groundcars and dodge speedbumps at two hundred mph. If it's flat and moving, you ride it. If it's dangerous enough, you thrash it. For the ride of a lifetime, no challenge is too great. Ever.

What You Look Like

There is one and only one absolute common item among BoardPunks: a board, whether it's smart, dumb, surf, hydro, aero or skate (there are no rollerbladers in your yogang, only boarders). Besides a board, the most common outfit is the roadrasher—a tight fitting, bright-colored, lightly armored skinsuit, with heavily armored knee and elbow pads, wristguards, and a high collar and back ridge that braces your head and spine against impact. You also wear a helmet on top of that——sure, in the old days, you could survive a slam to the pavement at a mere ten or fifteen mph, but today's BoardPunks are hitting the asphalt at a hundred and ten or higher, and the aeroboarders have to be able to take a three story fall, at least. Hydroboarders also wear roadrashers, but they call them wetsuits; equipped with thermal regulators, on-board air and toxic scrubber masks. The days of mere knee pads, elbow pads, crash helmets and wrist guards are over, cho.

Out of uniform, you wear loose-fitting clothes: long baggy shorts, T-shirts and sweatshirts with board company and competive team logos. Most of your goboys wear their hair long, simply because they never bothered to get it cut, with some sort of hat or headband to keep it back. When BoardPunks wear other affectations, they are as often as not influenced by the punk's home square or ethnic background. Fortunately, your BoardPunk lifestyle requires little money other than your basic equipment; what little you earn is made by scrounging items for resale or acting as couriers for other, better-off yogangs.

Subculture

A strong advocate of personal freedom, you disdain popular culture, any conventional behavior and have a finely tuned disregard for rules. No Skating signs, traffic-control lights, right of way, and curfews have no meaning to you, and are in fact your mortal enemies. Anything that restricts your natural desire to move and be free is anathema.

BoardPunks are universally ride-obsessed, staking out a certain area to practice and hone their skills. Parking garages, parks, open water, beaches, good stretches of freeway, open corridors between buildings— no place is safe if it's a good place to thrash. If the place where you ride is restricted or especially dangerous, you call it 'cutting.' Cutting is how you and your goboys flaunt your beliefs, how you display your drive; how you take your freedom and hit the mindless mobs in the face with it to make them smell how very un-free they are. The most

conservative cutters are the aeroboarders; there's less room to screw up when you're dodging an AV-4. The most insane of the cutters are the smartboarders, because the freeway is the only place to really cut for a serious ride.

On a cut, you and your goboys make yourselves up in whatever kind of ritual warpaint or colors you like and choose a course to run. Sometimes you divide into groups, each with a leader, but this is more to keep everybody on course and from crossing each other up than from any sense of leadership. BoardPunks hate rules, so to you, a leader is little more than the person in front, and if you pass the leader, you just become the new leader. You go for broke, pushing yourselves to ride as hard as you can, defying everything, including death—literally skate or die. You'll charge the wrong way up the middle of a freeway, slalom-course your smartboard through a crowded mall, highspeed your way up the side of a Corpzone skyscraper; the whole idea behind a cut is to be as reckless as possible, have as much fun as you can, and show the peds what it's like to be really alive.

Sometimes there are a few serious wrecks during a cut, but that's just part of the price of freedom. There's almost always collateral damage; broken windows, car accidents, things like that. But every time a cut goes really well, the corporate wage slaves can be seen milling about the area for hours like confused ants. That's proof to you and your fellow Board-Punks that what you're doing is right.

Belonging

You never seemed to find any real requirements for joining your BoardPunk gang; anyone who showed up to a certain gang's get-togethers was, after a few months, part of the gang. Skill on a board, dedication, and a cool head during a cut is what got you accepted. As far as you know, BoardPunks also don't have any formal excommunication process. If a member doesn't live up to the expectations of the group, he's simply ostracized. Other members pay less attention to him, make jokes at his expense, and don't tell him what's going on. In extreme cases, your BoardPunk gang changes its rendezvous for a month or two until the hanger-on goes elsewhere.

Allies & Enemies

As a BoardPunk, you're on at least friendly terms with Guardian gangs, occasionally acting as scouts or informants. You have some common ground with the GoGangers, since they share your disregard for 'society.' Since you ignore trivial things like property rights, you're viewed as a nuisance by the police forces, and corporate security guards will go out of their

way to cause your goboys grief, spreading sand, gravel, or glass at the bottom of ramps to get you to shred yourselves. You also sometimes fall out with the ArcoRunners and Mallbrats since these guys consider the Malls and Arcos their territory.

The only time things get really tight is when two different BoardPunk groups stake out the same turf. Then, it's war: a series of savage street scuffles until somebody gets run off the square. In extreme cases, one side may pick a particularly nasty route for a cut, and challenge the other yogang to a race; winner take all. Knives, guns, booby traps and other brutal methods are fair game during the challenge cut; this is where most BoardPunk fatalities occur. But you know that just makes the cut more challenging, right?

Slang

Bounce: skate in a certain area for a long time.
Cut: as a noun, a wild run; as a verb, to skate down the streets.
Dive: go airborne from a bad wipe-out.
Ped: BoardPunk wannabe, someone who is substandard, any non-skater.
Snort: wipe out due to your own carelessness.
Surf's up!: watch me, look out, let's go, general attention-getter.
Tube: go to an extreme, do something very well.

Yogang Skill: Thrash (REF)

As a BoardPunk, you mean it when you say *surf or die*. It's the core of the skill you call *thrashing*, your ability to ride any type of board, combining balancing skills, nerve, an innate sense of where to play the angles to get the maximum speed, and the ability to pull intense board tricks (like aeroboarding up an elevator shaft at 150mph. BoardPunks have 100% of their Thrash skill for only one particular type of board (aero, surf, hydro, skate, power), 50% (round down) for a second choice, and 25% (round down) for all other types.

If You're a BoardPunk:

1) Tell me your name, age and sex.
2) Describe what you look like.
3) Besides your V-Trodes, pick **three** different things from the list below that you're currently carrying:
• Battarope towcable.
• Roadrasher or Wetsuit protective bodysuit.
• Nylon Carrybag
• Knife
• "Splatman" Airpistol
4) Pick any one type of Board: • Smartboard • Surfboard • Hydroboard • Aeroboard

ECORAIDER

"Earth first. Earth last. Earth always."
"Save a mink: skin a Corp."

You used to think there was a chance to save things by working through the system. You believed in Planet Earth, not the corporate-sponsored American Dream. You wanted to fight for the preservation of the wilderness. That was before the EPA was dismantled in the wake of the ISA takeover and the Department of the Interior became the Department of Highway Management. From the extinction of the last Dodo in 1683 to the sad end of the the last California Condor (found roasting on a nomad spit by the CHiPs last year) there have been over 1,800 extinctions of vertebrate animals, worldwide. You can't breathe the air. You can't drink the water. There are no birds; at least not in the cities.

So much for working within the system. You're taking Nature back the hard way. Any Corporate that gets in your way had better get ready to become a rug.

As an EcoRaider, you are leading the Green Revolution. You follow in the wake of eco-heroes like *Sable and the Thalidomide Babies*, descending on threatened wildlands by the hundreds to stop Corporate development. Only this time, you're armed and ready to make a stand. Ecoraiders travel from Timbuktu to Tokyo, exposing toxic spills to the Vidiots, wrecking polluting factories in creative and non-lethal ways, creating safezones for whales by mining areas with metal-sensing smartdevices. Your comrades maintain secret zoos where you protect and raise endangered species that many jaded Corpzoners would like to have for their dinner tables. Others with more formal educations dabble in clonebanking and reconstruction of extinct varieties of plants and animals; you've seen passenger pigeons cloned from museum samples and coelecanths in aquarium tanks. You will win. You have no choice.

What You Look Like

You share a lot of common ground with the Tribals, although neither side wants to readily admit it. You both have a vision of a better, simpler world, and dress to fit yourselves into that vision. Like the Tribals, you often wear your hair long and in braids or dreadlocks, while other EcoRaiders prefer short mops or mohawks. Your clothes are adorned in a manner similar to the Tribals (beads, weaving), but with a more angry, revolutionary tone. You wear only natural fibers or leather, making a sensible exception only for such items as kevlar. Polyester, plastic, disposable clothes— these aren't disposable, and they use up non-renewable resources (they could be recyclable, but you can't convince the Corps to do it). Additionally, all of your clothes are of muted earth tones; browns, greens, dark blues and greys. No loud colors, both as a statement against modern fashion and as a combat-survival move.

Your fellow EcoRaiders also sport combat-oriented accessories like spiked leather gloves, steel-toed boots, and head protection of various sorts. However, the most important part of any EcoRaider's wardrobe is your green bandanna. This is worn conspicuously, either wrapped around an arm or a leg. It is rarely worn around the forehead or neck, because other juves love to snatch it.

Subculture

The name EcoRaider comes from an old cartoon show, and was adopted by the current yogangers as their anthem. But the name is anything but a joke; EcoRaiders are one of the most hated and feared opponents of the ISA; you are the juves who raid corp labs for gene samples of "designer" animals, sabotage polluting factories, and cordon off threatened wilderness areas with clever and highly sophisticated trip sensors and traps. More than any other yogang, your EcoRaider goboys are totally committed, because they know that time is running out. They know the only way to stop the corporate juggernaut in time is to fight fire with fire, and use the weapons of the modern age to end its rule. You draw the line at killing outright. But barely.

The most prominent aspect of EcoRaiding is pro-environmental sabotage (or *Hayduking*). EcoRaider yogangs are consummate guerrillas, striking unpredictably and with devastating effect. When the EcoRaider yogangs were just starting, they would just sneak into worksites and drop a few sugar cubes into the gas tanks of the tractors, or crack the batteries and let the acid leak all over the upholstery. These small-time tactics are still used to train younger EcoRaiders. The situation only started to escalate when Corpsec began shooting at you. Being resourceful, you soon scrounged guns and began fighting back. Now, it's considered a good op if you can put a rocket through a crane and get it to drop a ton of steel girders on an expensive piece of equipment. Good, but not

DUMP # 175

but not great. Great is getting it to drop on the foreman's office, and then have the crane fall over and damage the building.

At home, count on EcoRaiders keeping pets, plants, and windowsill or rooftop gardens if at all possible (these usually require greenhouses to keep out the pollution and the acid rain). They try to maintain the good graces of their parents, to keep their home life stable in support of their secret activities. Most EcoRaiders don't even try to sell their parents on natural foods.

Belonging

To be accepted into the EcoRaiders, you had to first get to know them at their hangouts (bookstores, old and abandoned parks, funky nature stores). You talked to them, learned their talk and their ideology. Once you seemed to know enough, you asked to be inducted. They took you out and played games with you; games like tag or full-contact capture the flag, all of which helped them assess your combat readiness. Once they're comfortable with you, they might invite you along to a small raid, to test your cool under fire.

To be really considered a true EcoRaider, you must participate in the Advance, which is a camping trip into what's left of the harsh wilderness. (It used to be called a retreat, but EcoRaiders prefer to think of themselves as advancing back to nature.) EcoRaiders are allowed to bring low-tech tools like knives and magnifying glasses and packs. Food and water are not allowed; you're supposed to live off the land. EcoRaiders who survive for a full week and still have the energy to do a ten-mile run are considered to be back in touch with the Earth, and thereby earn their green bandanna.

Allies & Enemies

In relations with other yogangs, your EcoRaider goboys try not to antagonize people overmuch. You voice your opinions at any opportunity, regaling people with tales of the beauty of nature and the hidden costs of society. You generally consider other yogangs to be a small-time problem, worthy of being ignored until the major problem of the corporations is overcome.

Of all the yogangs, however, you most loathe the Golden and Glitterkids, whom you consider to have sold out wholesale to the urban nightmare. ArcoRunners, Beaver-Brats, and Mallbrats are also much-maligned by your friends, though they are considered more to be victims than

perpetrators (many EcoRaiders come from suburban or arcology backgrounds, where intimate exposure brought distaste for the system). EcoRaiders have no real friends among other yogangs other than the Tribals and the Rads, and even them not much. For a long time this made EcoRaiders an outcast group, but when the word hit the street that the EcoRaiders were leaders in the new CyberRevolution, things began to change. The EcoRaiders themselves take no notice of their change in status, because they have other, bigger problems to worry about.

Slang

Day-Glop: artificial food.
Flag: the green bandanna.
Grub: natural food.
Stab: any projects which consumes more wilderness.
Gaia: EcoRaider slang for the world ecosystem. Has some religious overtones.
Furries: slang for animals. Scaleys and Featherballs are other slang terms.
Rapists: any developer, wilderness destroyer.

Yogang Skill: Hayduking (TECH)

As an EcoRaider, much of your time is spent thwarting Corporate incursions on Nature. You call your ability to destroy Corporate hardware or installations in novel and creative ways (rather than just blowing them up) *Hayduking*, after the saboteur hero of an ancient ecoterrorist novel from the 20th century. With Hayduking skills, you know how to maximally sabotage devices (Average), how to rewire things to creatively malfunction (Difficult), and all kinds of ways to make stuff do embarrassing things at exactly the right moment (Very Difficult). Things like making all the toilets overflow just as the CEO is about to visit the installation.

If You're an EcoRaider:

1) Tell me your name, age and sex.
2) Describe what you look like.
3) Besides your V-Trodes, pick **four** different things from the list below that you are currently carrying:
• Camouflaged Kevlar Armorjacket (SP 18).
• Monkeywrench (combination prybar, wrench, screwdriver & hammer,
• Environmental Analyser (similar to a drug analyser).
• Hunting Knife.
• 100m SuperString climbing rope.
• Sleeping Bag.
• Snoopbox Intrusion sensor

'FACERS

"All the world's a Stage, and all its people merely Faces."

"The way to be someone is to become someone."

"We're not vain. To be vain, you have to admire yourself. When we look in a mirror, we admire someone else."

'Let's pretend' has always been a popular game. But what if you took it to the extreme—what if through advanced cybertech and biotech clinics, you could change yourself as often as you wanted, as much as you wanted? What if your entire life was structured around an almost *Zelig*-like (from the old Woody Allen flatscreen pic) ability to take on other's faces, habits, even personalities. If you could do all this and stay sane, you'd be a FaceDancer (or 'Facer). So you are.

Most people dismiss you as the yogang equivalent of *posers*; those mentally unstable, older gangers of the early 2000's who had the connections or the money to change themselves into someone else. The *Kennedys* and the *Personalities* were the most famous of these posergangs; the *Kennedys* for their mixture of cyberpunk and stilted Americana, and the *Personalities* for their complete sublimation of their own personas. And it's true that you honor their early attempts to reach the zeitgeist that rules you now. But you also know you're a different animal. You know that in the Dark Future, everyone is faceless. And you celebrate that the best way you can; by stealing the faces of as many people as you can, mastering their very existences, and turning the tables on the Corporate wageslaves who have given up their identities.

Your physical tools are your Face and your Wig; advanced cybertechnologic devices that allow you to shift features and hair to the role of the moment. The Face is a memory-plastic mask, identical in detail to real skin (hairs, pores and all) controlled by sophisticated nanocircuitry impregnated throughout. You can shape it like putty to resemble anyone's features; fine tune it to different textures, skin colors and even body temperatures. When worn, it moves with your expressions, undistinquishable from the real thing (it can even be set to grow beard hairs over time). The Wig is a polyfilament memory-plastic hairpiece with an on-board computerchip that allows it to be "tuned" to any length, texture or color. You can style it with a comb and fingers to match hairstyles. A little makeup; some lifts in the shoes, and the physical part of the role is ready.

The mental part is your greatest achievement, however; an uncanny ability you've developed, through hours of painstaking practice, to mimic almost anyone— from their smallest tic to their grandest gesture. Like the Method actors of old, you become the new character; understand its feelings, thoughts, desires— even when you don't know something about your "role-model," you can almost perfectly extrapolate his or her reaction, because you know them inside and out. When the full fusion of physical and mental is complete, you're in the state you call a Face-dance——the perfect acting role, until the next perfect acting role comes along.

As a Facer, you compete with others for the most perfect role; the best sublimation of personality into the 'Dance. Occasionally, two of you may covet the same role; and a bizarre duel of Facers playing stereo characters ensues; this is nicknamed "pulling a Brando" (after the famous routine "Duelling Brandos" from the old *Saturday Night Live* comedy vid). The Facer who is considered by the gang to have pulled the best "Brando" wins the part.

What You Look Like

It's difficult to speak of specifics of FaceDancer appearance without making horrible numbers of exceptions. Depending on who you're imitating at the time, you could be anything from a glitz-infested Elvis clone to a grungy copy of Charles Manson. Most of the time, you take the faces of more everyday people: the clerk down the hall, a popular Virtuality star, a juveganger you met in the maglev station one night, and whose pixie features captured your imagination. The only thing for sure is, you're never the same face twice. Unless you like it.

Subculture

Facer subculture is centered around attention, profile and mastering the 'Dance. Wherever you go, you go out of your way to attract attention, sometimes favorable, sometimes not (After all, what good is perfecting the perfect role if the audience doesn't have a chance to applaud?) The amount and quality of attention that a FaceDancer gets depends on your persona and your skill; note that if a Facer did a great job of imitating the infamous Greenwood Gutter Killer, unfavorable attention would be exactly what he was after.

So if you run across a mild-mannered accountant who suddenly starts reciting Shakespeare while standing on his head, chances are you're being 'Danced. (Or have discovered a new form of cyberpsychosis.)

Most Facer gangs you know base themselves on real people: a family, or a circle of people to be imitated; GlitterKid retinues are often 'Danced. Popular rockers and Virtuality soap-opera casts are another popular choice. Other Facer yogangs are aggregates of a lot of different people, as members change styles, Dances and motifs, but keep the same friends throughout. FaceDancer yogangs where everyone plays the same persona are rare indeed, and often much to be feared for their hive mind and mob mentality.

Belonging

There was only one simple requirement you needed to join your Facer yogang: you had to become somebody. To do this, you either found a group you wanted to join and developed a suitable personality to match, or developed a persona and found a suitable group. In each case, you found that a well-known personality was best. You worked on your 'Dance in private, learning the walk, the talk, the psyche (there's a lot of research involved in being a Facer). Then, when you thought you had it down, you introduced yourself. When the other couldn't poke a hole in your act, you were in.

FaceDancer gangs have the least turnover of any yogang. One Street proverb has it that "once a FaceDancer, never again the real thing." Facers fight and bicker and backstab just like any other group; just more creatively (often as several different personas at once). Even in the rare cases where a fellow Facer gets cast out of the group, all he has to do is develop a new personality and join again.

Allies & Enemies

Facers, being entirely artificial, have a lot of enemies. The Vidiots despise them, as do the Glitterkids, who see themselves as famous and real, not just famous (and hate the 'Dancers mimicking them). The Goths also have it in for them (which is kind of funny, considering the "Children of the Night" are every bit as affected and poseur as the FaceDancers). On the other hand, Goldenkids find Face-Dancers to be entertaining. You and your fellow Facers get a lot of your cash by hiring out as performers at Goldenkid parties (the only juves willing to pay good money to have a dozen stunted Jim Morrisons saunter into an exclusive gathering).

Slang

Morph: a really successful Facer; a master 'Dancer.
Masquerade: a party where a large number of Facers gather to play their roles.
Buzzed: to undergo surgery for a role, seriously injured.
Jitterbug: to change identities rapidly without preparation.
Fugue: to take on a persona without artificial/physical aids; 'Dancing on personality alone.
Hydeman: one who uses drugs to enhance the role.
Narsso: Goldenkid or Glitterkid.
Stag: FaceDancer who hasn't gotten their role right.
Zelig: a Facer whose real face has never been seen.

Yogang Skill: Face Dance (EMP)

Facers know it's not who you are; it's who you play. You're a consummate actor, with the ability to mimic voices (Difficult), mannerisms (Average), pad your body or wear lifts to change height/weight (Easy), and even copy tiny little habits (V.Difficult). You've got a Face in your pocket that can take on any features and skin colors you shape it to, and a Wig in your belt pouch that can mimic any length, color and style. You're ready to *Face Dance*— to take on the identity and persona of anyone you want. Other people just act. You *become*. That's what the Dance is all about.

If You're a Facer:

1) Tell me your name, age and sex.
2) Describe what you look like.
3) Besides your V-Trodes, pick **four** different things from the list below that you are currently carrying:
- "Face" (reshapable mask with a 90% ability to mimic a form).
- "Wig" (changeable hairpiece with 90% matching ability).
- 10 types of false SIN I.D. Cards (pick identities now).
- Makeup kit.
- Personal V-Term (computer/digital assistant).
- Smartcard bank account with $100⁰⁰ in it.
- Cellular ringphone

GLITTER KID

"If I want it, I'll get it."
"Have I sold out? No comment."
"Don't hassle me, or my bodyguard'll eat your kidneys!"

Some kids just make it early. From Mozart, famous across Europe by the time he was six, to Michael Jackson, even more famous at the same age; to Sarah O'Connor, who had her first number-one single when she was a freshman in high school; some kids get catapulted into the limelight, skyrocketing from obscurity to fame and riches.

You're one of the lucky ones. You're a GlitterKid— one of the media darlings of the Cyberpunk era. Sometimes it takes talent: song-writing skill, athletic ability, or an eye for dreampainting French-style. Other times it's an accident of birth; your parents are famous and you're along for the ride. However it happened, as Glitterkids, you're the faves, the stars, the idols of millions. You've got prestige, riches, and influence. You set the styles. You determine what other yogangers eat, drink, wear, listen to, how they look and act. If you and your fellow Glitterkids go to a dance club, the club is in. If you leave the club before ten, the club's dead, because nobody'll go there again for years.

What You Look Like

As a Glitterkid, you wear whatever you want; generally, outfits so affected, so cutting-edge that to some people, they look downright absurd. Spangles, studs, spikes, fringe, sequins, and real fur are all common highlights to the dramatic cut and color of the clothes you have tailored for yourself. You wear fashions personally designed by Eji of Tokyo and have been known to buy the outfit off the back of another kid just because it clashed with your own. Even

slumming, you wear your own versions of grunge: meticulously torn and worn, carefully arranged so as to look as if it was just tossed on. Mirrorshades are mandatory. But the most recognizable aspect of Glitterkid life is the small flock of followers that travels with you wherever you go.

Subculture

As a Glitterkid, you and your goboys are most often seen in downtown spots where you can be assured of plenty of exposure, notoriety, photographs, autographs, and offers of sex. You love to surf this wave of popular acclaim, getting high from the attention and the approval and the admiration. When your fellow Glitterkids meet, mix and mingle, you exchange diplomatic forms of character assassination disguised as wit, scope each others' styles, and frantically keep track of whether you win, place, or show.

A Glitterkid yogang can also be a gang built around a Glitterkid, who is the centerpiece for hangers-on flocking around like moths drawn to a flame. A typical retinue is usually about four or so people, with regulars changing like clockwork. Those in your retinue come and go at your whim; they are allowed to stay if they offer some sort of service; drugs, protection against assassins, or just being amusing. If you want them around, they're in. If not, they're gone within minutes. Your regulars get their own special status by being with you, including crass bribes from hopefuls trying to get close to the G-kid himself. The infighting is brutal, and you make sure that any negative comments about you result in your ex-admirer's utter social downfall. Just because.

Belonging

One way to become a Glitterkid is to be born to a famous cultural star like Kerry Eurodyne or the late Jack Entropy (of course, this is generally beyond the ability of most people to arrange). A second, only slightly easier approach is to manage to snare the public eye, either through art or sport or, occasionally, crime. Rich Gatchlin, the so-called Mega-euro Moppet, who was never convicted of his parents' double murder, is an example of this latter.

Most people who are part of the Glitterkid set, though, are only hangers-on, the assemblage of henchmen and yes-men which each Glitterkid prefers to keep themselves surrounded by. To be one of these chosen few, you must be stylish, attractive, and have some sort of gift. Then you steal an invitation to some sort of event, arrange an 'accidental' meeting somehow (perhaps with a few well-placed bribes

at some exclusive place), and take your one chance to catch the eye of your targeted idol. Hope you succeed.

Allies & Enemies

While Glitterkids are at the top end of the social ladder like the Goldenkids, they rarely conflict; instead, each side uses the other. Even the Megaviolents and the GoGangers look up to the Glitterkids; only the Dancers dislike them (as the real thing steals some of the thunder the Dancers garner for themselves).

Most of the Glitterkids you've met or heard about are musically-oriented: Sarah O'Connor, Derry Eurodyne, the Bathtub Boys, etc. Because of this, and because of your friend's blatant posing and attention-getting tactics, you've earned the eternal enmity of real rockerboys who consider you to be what Liberace was to the hard-rock set in the late Twentieth Century: effete poseurs and glamormongers. While rockerboys don't attack Glitterkids, they have no qualms about spraying you with Smash, egging your limousines, or exposing themselves to your girls. Insulted, the Glitterkids usually start a fight they can't win.

Slang

Boof: Goldenkid, someone with no real talent, has-been.
Garnished: to be fired, kicked out; to be out of favor or style.
Jazz: a party or social event.
Mora: toady, hanger-on.
Rim: real cool.
Simba: the establishment.
Frothers: really, *really* obnoxious fans.
Watchdogs: obnoxious Media.

Yogang Skill: Celebrity (COOL)

Your face and your rep are your fortune. You've been on the cover of hundreds of screamsheets, right up there with Elvis and the alien who advises President Whindam. If you aren't famous yourself, your parents are, and you've spent a lifetime learning how to use the connection. You can ask people on the street for favors, help or even protection, and they're so dazzled by the fact that you spoke to them, that they'll probably do it; sort of like having Charismatic Leadership that you can only use on one person at a time. The one catch is that you will also often be recognized unless you take some pains to disguise your now well-known face. You'll need at least mirrorshades and inobvious clothes to keep the "frothers" from coming up to you at dinner and begging you to sign their body parts.

If You're a Glitterkid:

1) Tell me your name, age and sex.
2) Describe what you look like.
3) Tell me why you're famous and how famous you really are. For example, are you known for your talent, or just for your parents. Here are just a few ways to gain more than your 15 minutes of Fame:

- You're a hot teenage "corp-rocker", the next Shaun Cassidy (you just said *who*, right? <u>That's</u> the point).
- Parents are powerful Media producers, writers, studio heads.
- Parents are famous rockers (Kerry Eurodyne and Johnny Silverhand excepted.)
- Parents star in their own V-TV show or are braindance stars (Sherri Glass excepted).
- You were part of a media hyped "human interest" event; you were trapped in a snowstorm and hiked 200 miles to safety; you fell into a small well as a baby; you were a quintuplet; the William Gibson Freeway collapsed during an earthquake and you miraculously survived, etc.
- You are a child prodigy; a mathematical whiz, a musical genius, a great artist at 10.

4) Besides your V-Trodes, pick **four** different things from the list below that you are currently carrying:

- Mirrorshades
- A smartcard bank account with $1000⁰⁰ currently on it (your allowance).
- Cellular pocket phone.
- Personal V-Term (computer/digital assistant).
- Aerovector model CityScooter (a small electric motor-bike).
- Snoopbox (personal privacy monitor).

"Are you anybody important? I mean that I should bother to know about?"

—Derry Eurodyne, Glitterkid

GoGanger

*"Born against the wall,
living on the edge."
"I'd kill for a new
Thundergod. In fact, I
think I will."
"Yeah, damn straight
we're rebels. We live free in
a corporate world."*

You used to be called bikers, back when the first motorcycle enthusiasts sped down Main Street, and James Dean was the idol of countless teeny-boppers. During the Collapse your parents were called *Zippers*, named for their penchant for speeding along the unpoliced freeways as fast as they could, and occasionally leaving this world at the end of a long, bloody stripe down the pavement. But this is 2027. You still have the bikes, but now they're cyber-trode controlled. You still crave speed, but you look for other kicks as well. Now you're a GoGanger.

You were the first yogang to emerge from the chaos of the Collapse; the rebels of society who wanted nothing to do with corporate life. You come from all walks of life, but most of you come from the remnants of the middle classes, where the ratio of cash to anger is the greatest. You ride to live, and you live to ride. And if someone dies in the process, so much the better.

What You Look Like

As a GoGanger, you move in gangs as tight as those of the Megaviolents, only larger. Each gang has its own colors; always loud, in either two bold colors, or one color with black and white. Typically, your goboys wear worn leather jackets emblazoned with their logo, and those with motorcycle helmets are similarly adorned. Leather and denim are the most common materials for pants, and all GoGangers wear the traditional engineer's boots of the true biker lord. You sometimes dye your hair to match your

colors, and you generally wear it long, in styles from oiled curls to stark mohawks. Of course, the easiest way to identify a GoGanger is by the large, unmuffled motorcycles you drive at 120 kph past some mallbunny's sleepcube at three am.

Subculture

As a GoGanger, your life revolves around bikes. Pure. Simple. As focused as the BoardPunks' fascination with his plank. In fact, you sometimes wonder why those wussies don't move up to some real iron; they've got the right attitude. For you, it's any kind of two wheeler: Harley, Bimoda, Cybertrek, Yamada. You disdain anything with more than two wheels, and you don't even think about flying vehicles.

To your fellow goboys (and the term "goboy" was originally a goganger expression that caught on) a bike is to you what a horse was to a cowboy. It is at once a means of conveyance, a symbol of freedom, and a facet of your identity. All GoGanger bikes are well-maintained and meticulously cleaned. This makes you GoGangers perhaps the best mechanics in yogang culture, and doing such work helps to pay the bills. You repair or build bikes. You wreck bikes. You steal more bikes.

You and your goboys hang out in packs numbering from eight to twenty, roaming the roads. Unlike Nomads, you don't stray too far from the outskirts of the City; even in packs of ten or twenty, you don't have the gees to hold off a full-scale wilding pack assault. You don't recognize abstracts like ownership, public property, due process, or other concepts that most people take for granted. You wreck things, cause trouble, and occasionally kill people, but you don't set out to do it, things just happen in the course of events. You're anything but premeditated murderers; you're more like the Huns of the Highway. You also have a healthy disrespect for the establishment in whichever form it takes. Even when braced by a CorpSec cop with no hope of escape, you'll make it painfully clear that you wouldn't cooperate if there weren't at least five guns aimed at your head.

GoGanger subculture is based largely on pack mentality. Seniority within a gang is based on intelligence, charisma, nerve, and most of all, bike riding skills. Size, strength, and a willingness to bash your homeboys' heads whenever they challenge you are also essential to the aspiring young GoGanger. Within your gogang, politics strongly resemble a baboon troop, with the alpha male (or female) as the

spokesperson for the GoGang, and the final arbiter in dealings with outsiders. One way to establish the pecking order is the tear (short for tear it up) in which the most dominant GoGanger sets a suicidal and breakneck course at top speed through a dangerous area. Challengers must follow him through the complete course; a winner must actually pass the leader and set a new course so dangerous that the old leader is forced to wreck or back down. Thirty or forty screaming bikes going wrong-way down the fast lane of I-101, popping wheelies and jumping trucks, is a sure way to get somebody killed, and usually it's one of you.

Belonging

When you first tried to join, you found that GoGangers are a tightly-knit, suspicious group, who do not readily admit people into their ranks. In short, they beat the crap out of you. You survived, and started to follow the GoGang on it's "tears" as a tag-along for a few nights. They'd still cripple you if you dared to wear their colors, but gogangs are generally tolerant of the wannabes who hang around them like hummingbirds and make the GoGangers feel looked up to. Later, you learned another, less popular way to get into a GoGang is to soundly defeat one of their number in a fight. GoGangers respect strength, and if you're tough enough to trash one or two of them, they might invite you to join.

Once in, you underwent an initiation ritual (in your case, you got dragged by a bike for a mile), and were inducted into the gang with colors. This is a lot like a formal nomad adoption, and double-crossing a gang member is dealt with very harshly.

Allies & Enemies

Since you're casual lawbreakers who usually get into a lot more trouble than you plan on, your goboys have earned the enmity of the Guardians. The Streetfighters also dislike GoGangers, largely because you sometimes harass smaller or weaker groups of people, a distinctly uncool thing to do. For these reasons, Guardians and Streetfighters will tear into a GoGanger pack whenever the opportunity arises. You also share a strange love/hate relationship with the Megaviolents, whom you consider both really radical and mentally unstable, and you all hang with the Goths, because they're up the same times you are and are afraid of nothing.

Slang

Go howling: to have reckless fun.
Jingo: wannabe, weak person.
Rain: harassment. To be attacked.

Step: get on, let's go.
Stride: to go as fast as possible.
Make the Cut: to be able to ride with the best riders.

Yogang Skill: Hotbiking (REF)

Anybody can ride a bike. But as a GoGanger, you *live* your bike. Hotbiking is the ability to pull off bike *stunts*; simple stuff like 180º turns and controlled skids (Average), skidding sideways under moving trucks to the other side (V.Difficult), leaning back horizontal in the saddle to fire a rifle (Difficult), pulling ramp jumps (V.Difficult) and landing on moving targets (N.Impossible); the stuff guys like Evel Kinevel used to pull back in the twentieth century. You're better than almost any Nomad, because you spend all you time doing suicidal bike moves while they just coast from place to place like a buncha geriatric cases.

If You're a GoGanger:

1) Tell me your name, age and sex.
2) Describe what you look like.
3) Besides your V-Trodes, pick **three** different things from the list below that you are currently carrying:
- Armored Riding Jacket (SP18).
- Riding Helmet with "heads up display " showing speed of bike, angle of wheel to road, fuel, tach, etc.).
- Fighting Knife.
- Heavy Pistol.
- Submachinepistol.

4) Pick any one of the following "rides":
- Apache Cyberbike.
- Nunchaku Cyberbike.
- Hellfire Cyberbike.
- Akira Cyberbike.

"They say a man can't love a material thing. Aluminum skin and a cast iron soul..."

—20th Century Song

GOLDENKID

"Back off before I have you killed."
"Blood as blue as a eurodollar."
"I own you. I own everybody, eventually."

From the diamond and iridium bracelet-com on your wrist, to the private aerodyne on the roof, you're every inch a Goldenkid. Born and raised on wealth instead of parenting and privilege instead of ethics, you're so used to getting your way that you no longer even bother to question the fact. You live in a world of corporate high-rises (or private estates), with private suites, bodyguards and dedicated Virtuality links. You own your own gold corporate credit cards, exotic pets, expensive jewelry, a huge (but tasteful) wardrobe, a personal aerodyne, and a forged driver's license. In short, you have everything a juve could want except parents who can spare some time just to be with you.

You're rich; really rich. You're also probably not a native; many of you have parents who originally came to the U.S. from Japan or the EC to oversee an American branch of a large international megacorp (which has since defected to the ISA). Some of your friends come from California, Texas, Florida, or the Northeast, where hereditary fortunes are still common. But money isn't all of the picture; what you really have is power. Raw, unadulterated clout; the ability to shape events and squash lesser mortals like bugs that comes naturally to those who regularly dine with Presidents. Your parents dictate the policies of nations and push around kings; do you think you're even going to think about what some mere police officer or local politician thinks about you? Really.

Your toys and position come at a price; one parent works sixteen hours a day and flies around the world with six bodyguards, and the other makes the whirl through the Corpzoner social scene and flies around the country with six bodyguards. But that's not a high price to pay to get everything you ever wanted; to be able to satisfy even the most trivial whim. In fact, you lack nothing, except something to do with your time.

You are also terminally bored.

What You Look Like

As a Goldenkid, you always wear the latest fashions, or else eschew popular convention entirely and wear whatever style pleases you. Whatever the style, you always look polished; glossy real-leather boots and coats, exotic furs, gold and precious stones, and hand-tailored fits are the hallmark of the Goldenkid. Since a true Goldenkid always goes for subtle show, the cut of your clothes and the craft of your jewelry ensembles are designed for low-key flair, flash, and a sinister edge of arrogance and elitism. Appearance is only a tool to attract attention, intimidate others, flaunt your wealth and stake territory at a party. You carefully scrutinize other Goldenkids' appearances and cut them carefully to ribbons with critiques, though always behind their backs.

Subculture

Goldenkid culture is based exclusively on status in its various forms, and parties are the main way for status to be developed and asserted. Appearance is one way to establish dominance; another is status through argument. In your circle, the most popular Goldenkids are known for their ability to philosophize, and although their points may lack any actual basis in experience, the ability to debate is more important. The winners know that under the omnipresent eye of their parents, the strongest and cleverest will be the inheritors of their progenitor's staggering power and wealth.

Status through entertainment comes third, and is perhaps the most startling way in which your fellow "taddys" claim ranking. Unlimited cash, vivid imaginations and a lot of spare time has led you to sample some pretty depraved pursuits, usually only for a few short weeks before you restlessly alight on something else to distract you. The search is always on for something which money can't buy you, at least directly. Killing small animals is now considered passé, but everyone's *heard* stories about Goldenkids kidnapping random streetdrek and holding parties where the attendees express their creativity through applied pain. But that's too sick for you (you hope).

Peer pressure is the stabilizing force of Goldenkid society, a mirror of the cutthroat Corporate culture you inhabit. In

vicious attempts to sabotage or smear rivals, the major weapon in a Goldenkid dispute becomes the opinion of the clique; a proxy battlefield in which each attempts to manipulate the attitudes of the others, just as they would in a real boardroom. Dominance games, mind-playing, threats and blackmail are all fair in these exchanges, with the result being that one or both of the Goldenkids gets ostracized from your clique, and moves on to join a different one.

Belonging

Everyone knows that one doesn't join the Goldenkids; one either is a Goldenkid or isn't. Among your friends, everyone circles freely, mixing especially at parties; the divisions within Goldenkid society are soft, not hard, resulting not in gangs but in cliques; a group of friends who hang out together more often than not. Sometimes cliques become elitist, and may actually levy membership requirements on other, but so doing usually results in that clique not getting invited to as many parties.

Your long-time Goldenkid friends have become very close to you indeed, and you've develop a sort of surrogate brotherhood, and a lot of familial ties. Whether these bonds will be strong enough to last under real pressure depends on a lot of things, but all of you need something to cling to. So when you find a blood brother, you go out of your way to keep the bond.

Allies & Enemies

Unlike other yogangs, your circle usually has cordial relations with corporations and the authorities. These relations may even be warm and friendly, depending on how good you are at hiding your little games from those in power (as if they didn't know). You look on the corporations as a means to an end, a piggy bank with an endless supply of euro; you pretend to be nice and well-behaved, simply to ensure a steady flow of credit into your account.

Goldenkids have no friends among yogang culture, largely because you think everyone else is beneath your dignity. In return, other yogangers think you Goldenkids have no firm grounding in reality, and live in a fantasy world of your own devising. Very few people mess with the Goldenkids unless they can finish them all off. It is well-known among yogang culture that to mess with a Goldenkid is to invite a corporate assassin to teach you some manners.

Slang

Lugomen: faceless Corporate bodyguards, family Solos.
Mondo Showdown: exclusive Goldenkid party.
Buffy & Biff: Goldenkids from Old Money, down-eastern. families. Anyone from Yale, Harvard or Vassar.
Bank: parents.
Ram: to be passé, to fail.
Taddy: Goldenkid.
Them: anyone but a Goldenkid.
Leverage: money, power.
Nuvos: Glitterkids with money but not Corporate power or connections.

Yogang Skill: Contacts (INT)

As a Goldenkid, you know power comes from the ability to know (and use) important, powerful people. Having Contacts means you know somebody important who can help you at Corporate (Average) or Government (Difficult) circles, sometimes even at the most exclusive places (V.Difficult). Note: This skill only works as long as the Goldenkid is not publicly exposed as a member of the CyberEvolved. But as most Goldenkid families will use any means to hide the scandal of an infected child, you are unlikely to be exposed unless you commit a very, very public action (something that makes the national news) while using your Evolved powers. Even then, they're more likely to cut you off without cash than publicly denounce you.

If You're a Goldenkid

1) Tell me your name, age and sex.
2) Describe what you look like.
3) Tell me about your Parents. What Corp does the ol' "bank" belong to? Excepting Arasaka and EBM, you may be affiliated with any other megacorp of the *Cyberpunk* world. In any case, your parents are in the upper management; not President or Chairman of the Board, but maybe a Vice President or Head of Operations.

4) Besides your V-Trodes, pick **four** different things from the list below that you are currently carrying:
• Personal Cellphone.
• Gold smartcard bank account with $2000°° in it (last month's allowance).
• Personal V-Term (personal assistant/computer).
• Snoopbox (privacy protection device).
• Cardlock smartcard to your family's private, luxury Corpzone conapt.
• Expensive armored sports jacket (SP18)

GOTHS

"Everyone's dead. We just realize it."
"There's no life after death. But there is life during death."
"Nothing like the night."

You are one of the "Children of the Night" 2027-style. You know the future holds only emptiness, and your only fear is that of The End of All Things. Unlike most, however, you embrace this fear wholeheartedly, and live your lives through the glorification of death. If it can be said that the Goths (from the term *Gothic*) are fearless, then yours is a casual fearlessness, the result not of bravery but of a reconciliation with the final end. Threats don't work against a Goth. You aren't even afraid of the Carbon Plague (or so you say).

As a Goth, you own the city streets after dark, simply because your breed is the most numerous at night; far more than the rest of the mere "mortals" (as you like to think of them) who stumble blindly around in the shadows. Perhaps at certain times or places other yogangs might dominate the Street— Megaviolent gangs on a rampage for example— but when they leave, you will still be there. You are there because you are the Dead. And the Dead never sleep. (Only "rest" during the day to recover from the aftereffects of their nocturnal life-style. Preferably in a coffin.)

What You Look Like

There are only three colors visible at night: grey, black, and white. You always dress in the latter two. Your clothing is severe, and almost all of it is black, except for possibly a white-ruffled or lace-embroidered shirt. Many of your clothes are hand-made, because retail outlets generally don't carry such old-fashioned, cadaverous accouterments. Archaic jewelry, especially obscure religious symbols, are cherished accessories. You dye or bleach your hair, teasing it into wild flares of damaged protein, and smear your face with white makeup highlighted by black lip gloss, eye

shadow, and, for lack of a better word, rouge. The older Goths (whom you call Elders) often have their skin dyed or tattooed. The overall appearance they try to cultivate is that of a badly abused corpse. Your style is more sophisticated; dead white skin and a slight "embalmed" sheen are all you need.

The pinnacle of success for a Goth is to look dead and act the same. While your makeup and clothes generate a lot of this appearance, your friends also practice twisting their faces to look particularly grotesque, or cultivate an icy deadpan stare that is disturbingly...jaded. Years of practice give the older Goths particularly rubbery visages, the better for them to convey their own particular style of ugliness. Some of your goboys try for a grotesque parody of foppish happiness, like a long-dead clown, while others go for the full metal vampire look, all sneers and bared teeth. The point is not to affect a certain style, but to make sure the style you evolve is uniquely you— and uniquely affronting. To this end, most Goths also emaciate themselves, although a few overindulge their appetites in an attempt to bloat themselves like corpses in the hot sun.

Subculture

You and your fellow Goths are a strange mixture of gothic party animals and vampire poseurs. Although you typically use alcohol and lightweight drugs, you're also fairly athletic, a result of a lot of frenetic dancing in cellars and climbing up fire escapes under the full moon. Constantly telling yourself that you can't feel pain or fear also makes Goths frighteningly resistant to damage; most of the time, a Goth doesn't stop moving until he's really, totally, absolutely dead. And even then, he doesn't look like he suffered much.

While other yogangs flirt with murder, Goths flirt with suicide, vampirism and cannibalism; although, since they consider themselves to already be dead, they rarely go looking for death too hard. Generally speaking, hanging out in most cities after dark is risky enough to be considered tempting fate. Goths, however, don't even think twice about it. Most Goths play Russian Roulette if they're really bored.

Goths taunt death-as-suicide by pushing themselves to their limits, leaping across rooftops, stabbing themselves randomly through the body with ornate knives, and giving into any dangerous whim that passes their way. One of the more recent fads is dump truck diving, where Goths dive from rooftops into open-topped garbage trucks. It requires not only timing and an ability to fall correctly, but also grace and fearlessness, because a minimum of a swan dive is

required, and flips are preferred. The diver ought to look as though he's flying.

Goths play with death-as-cannibalism through their pseudo-vampiric activities. As a Goth, you feel the night is yours to rule, and when you really need some excitement, you begin prowling. When stalking, you act animal to an extreme, communicating through an extensive code of screams, growls, and grunts. You sweep the streets and alleys like shadows, looking for solitary victims, or perhaps a pair. Once you've found a victim, you'll goad him to run, driving him into a corner or dead end. At this point all your friends come out, and begin moving in until the victim collapses in terror. Goths terrorize, and occasionally drink blood, but cannibalism is verboten, the province of psychotics already over The Edge. No one *you* know has ever seen it happen.

There is no formal organization in Goth yogangs, and in fact the gangs themselves are little more than groups of friends who hang out together. Goth groups intermix a lot. Should one Goth offend another, the affronted person usually sets up almost-lethal traps to instill Fear in the perpetrator. Usually this cures the problem, or things devolve into a competitive game of one-upsmanship to see who can out-trap/scare the other. Sometimes the trapping escalates until one of the parties is killed. Fortunately for you, most Goths are difficult to offend. Hanging around with a bunch of living dead seems to mellow things a bit. Goths also throw pretty great parties if you like gothic rock, and some better-known Goth bands charge admission for their gigs (although most folks find their music too weird and depressing for words).

Belonging

You found it was very easy to join with the Goths; all you had to do was dress in black, slap on some white makeup and go hang out after dark. But to really be considered one of the 'in' crowd, you had to either demonstrate a complete acceptance of the pointlessness of life (mutilation, suicide attempts), or do something which benefited the group as a whole. Dump truck diving is a way for any initiate to prove their recklessness. Another example of helping the group out would be to score some great old gothic music, or arrange for a popular gothic band to do a gig.

Once a Goth, always a Goth, unless, of course, you show that you have developed a fear of pain and death. Both as a juve and a Goth, you constantly maintain an implicit conviction that you cannot die. Usually vampiric activities only add to this impression. With age, however, comes maturity, and at some point a lot of Goths realize that they, too are mortal, and that there is more to life than dressing weird and playing dead. Once this real grasp of mortality is reached, most Goths go on

to other things. A few, though, never reach that point or maintain their embrace of death in spite of increased reality. These few older Goths (some in the early 30's) are the idols of the younger kids, and in order to inspire them they often carefully plot their own deaths in a dark but artistic manner.

Allies & Enemies

The greatest enemies of the Goth are the Squats—to call them enemies is perhaps missing the point; most Goths just consider Squats to be their rightful prey. They also hate Face Dancers, whom they consider to be the lowest form of life (to a Goth, if life is stupid, trying to live someone else's life is the pinnacle of stupidity). The 'Dancers argue that the Goths are just unimaginative posers and are jealous of their face dancing abilities. Because of their occasional drugs and wild parties, the Goths are at least on social terms with the Megaviolents and the GoGangers.

Slang

Fly: dump truck dive, other dangerous acrobatic activity.
Hot lunch: a victim.
Inks: the night.
Pain: the daylight, the sun.
Queef: as a noun, a wannabe; as a verb, to be foolish.
Woofer: hard-core Goth of dubious sanity.

Yogang Skill Deathwalk (COOL)

As a Creature of the Night, you know you're already dead. So what's the point of pain or fear? Death holds no fear to you; you embrace it as a lover (Goths *never* back down from a fight, facedown or threat (add your Deathwalk Skill to your COOL). You also project that scary sensation of undead, creepy calm, which you can use to intimidate others (requires a COOL roll vs. your combined Deathwalk+COOL+1D10, or the victim of your gaze either runs or is reduced to helpless terror).

If You're a Goth

1) Tell me your name, age and sex.
2) Describe what you look like.
3) Besides your V-Trodes, pick **four** different things from the list below that you are currently carrying:
   • White face paint & red lipstick.
   • Vampire Teeth inserts (1D6 bite).
   • Ornate dagger.
   • Garotte (strangulation damage).
   • Long black armored (SP18) Victorian coat or duster.
   • Obscure symbol on long chain (1D6 damage as a club).

GUARDIAN

"The streets belong to the people, not the criminals."
"Take back the night."
"We're on your side, so shut up and put that knife away before I break your arm."

You're a Guardian, proud defender of Street justice and champion of the weak. Your allies in arms range from large, well-respected groups like the International Alliance of Guardian Angels, Inc. (a collection of law-abiding volunteers who patrol their cities' trouble spots); to locally-famous but feared groups like the Back Alley Brawlers of Night City who try to keep the peace on their turf, preferably without killing too many people.

Despite the broad variance in the beliefs of the various Guardian gangs, you all hold to one common credo; the streets and the cities are the rightful domain of good people, not undesirables. This also carries an implicit assumption that you and your fellow Guardians are also good people. While this isn't a problem for most, the lunatic few who bear massive burdens of hate (like the *Ethnik Klenzers* of Detroit, who prowl around looking for "undesirables" to exterminate) generate enough bad press to make other people nervous about other Guardians. If the basic tenet of the Guardians is that criminals should not rule the streets, then their basic practice is to uphold the law. (Again, there is some difference of opinion in the actual execution here, as the only law the *Ethnik Klenzers* seem to uphold is the law of the concrete jungle).

What You Look Like

As a guardian, you owe a lot of your traditions to the inspiration of the original Guardian Angels of the twentieth century, and therefore dress in a paramilitary manner. Since you view yourselves as the protectors of the common citizen, you normally dress somewhat conservatively, or at least dress in a conservative base uniform which may then be ornamented according to personal taste with beads, buttons, feathers, or other personal effects.

As with police uniforms, utility and visibility are the most important aspects; it's imperative to you as a Guardian that you're readily-recognizable to everyone you meet. The most common Guardian uniform therefore is a variation on combat boots, six-pocket fatigue pants, a T-shirt or sweatshirt with the group's logo emblazoned on it, and a jacket, also with the logo embroidered across the back. Berets are far and away the most common headgear, and leather fighting gloves are very popular. Personal grooming is also very important, for as the protectors of the greater good, it's necessary to maintain the image of being clean. Hair is generally kept short, which helps during fights. You're are also very fastidious about having your clothes clean and, if not pressed, at least unwrinkled, although when fists start flying, all bets are off.

Subculture

You and your goboys are tough, terse, and always on the lookout. You're deep down the most paranoid of the yogangs, because by your nature you walk the streets looking for trouble (or more precisely, letting trouble look for you). By your very character you make a lot of enemies, and you also wear visible uniforms to attract attention—it's a lot like wearing a bull's-eye around all day. As a result, Guardians always scan their environment: your head and eyes are always roving, searching for threats. When patrolling an area, experienced Guardians (or Guardians who are not over-confident) will have their tailing member occasionally spin around to keep tabs on the areas behind them.

In dealings with outsiders, you and your fellow Guardians are wary but respectful. You don't want to alienate anyone, but you're cautious during any encounter, never letting your guard down (you never know when someone might just try to take a shot). During confrontations, you try to use non-lethal force, so as to avoid angering the local police. Of course, when faced with lethal force, Guardians pull no punches.

While on the Street, you are disciplined, leaning heavily on paramilitary regimentation. On patrol, unquestioning loyalty to the leader is required; the remaining Guardians are supposed to be the leader's eyes and ears. In private, you're raucous and friendly, and enjoy swapping brags, war stories, and sparring with each other for training.

Most Guardian gangs are not home-bound, which is to say you go where there's trouble, instead of sticking round the home square. As a result of this, their membership is often drawn from diverse areas of a city, as well-meaning individuals from all over town descend on one area to clean it up. Since Guardians are also often respected people in their own neighborhoods (and are therefore privy to all sorts of information), the Guardian yogangs have become one of the major grapevines in yogang culture, with members swapping important news and bulletins from their various home neighborhoods.

You and your goboys draw a sharp distinction between yourselves and vigilantes. Vigilantes act as judge, jury, and executioner, and essentially try to supplant the police. You view your group as concerned citizens aiding the police in their work (when the police let you), and you generally don't step outside the legal bounds for citizen's arrest (said laws have loosened noticeably in the last twenty years).

Belonging

You fast discovered that Guardians will only accept members that meet their high standards. Generally, members must have clean criminal records, a drug-free past, and other such improbabilities in the post-modern world. Applicants undergo a background check and must pass a three-month long training period, during which time they are instructed in martial arts, the law (or a variant of the law as interpreted by the founders), and patrol tactics. Training usually requires that the applicant undergo some sort of lightly humiliating initiation, like wearing a pink armband or a shirt with TRAINEE proudly stamped on it. Anyone who endures the initiation and the training course gets inducted into the group.

Since the training period flushes applicants without enough patience or humility, Guardians tend to be of like mind and reasonable countenance. Generally, if a Guardian has a problem with the gang, it's because he has a problem. Guardians with a problem usually don't last long, as their pride and arrogance induce them to leave. If a member isn't upholding his part, the leaders of the gang can also strip him of his colors, although normal practice is to call him on the carpet a few times first.

Allies & Enemies

Due to their law-abiding nature, most of your fellow Guardians are in the good graces of the local police. CorpSec is a different matter, though, since they fear what they do not control, and are often caught acting illegally themselves. Arasaka in particular is notably tolerant of Guardian gangs, few corporations are openly hostile, and most just ignore you altogether.

BoardPunks and Streetfighters often find common ground with you; the BoardPunks for their simple desire for the streets to be safe so they can play, and the Streeters through a mutual understanding of martial arts. Guardians don't make allies easily, although anyone who has proven their upstanding demeanor will receive the utmost respect from Guardian groups. Megaviolent gangs are your only blood enemies, as well as the more nefarious factions of Gogangers, Squats, Goths, and Rads.

Slang

Guardians tend to use police slang and codes (see the *Cyberpunk* supplement *Protect & Serve*), but they also have a few phrases of their own.

Banger: any criminal or other undesirable.
Brick: tough, ready to fight, good, great.
Down: with it, cool, dedicated.
Rock: the police, if uncorrupted; otherwise the word is 'crock'.
Slam & jam: attack a criminal.
Taking names: doing very well.
Throw: full-blown street fight.

Yogang Skill: Good Guy (COOL)

This is similar to the Cop Skill of *Authority* in *Cyberpunk 2020*. The Guardian is known to his community to serve the forces of Law & Order. He may add his Skill to his COOL in any facedown he encounters. He may also call upon other citizens for information (Easy) or aid (Difficult) much like the *Resources* ability of the Corporate.

If You're a Guardian

1) Tell me your name, age and sex.
2) Describe what you look like.
3) Besides your V-Trodes, pick **four** different things from the list below that you are currently carrying:
• Personal Phone.
• Tonfa, Nunchucks, Baton or other 3D6 martial arts weapon.
• 10 Striptape binders (plastic handcuffs).
• Armorjacket (SP18) with team logo.
• Leather fingerless fighting gloves.
• Knife

MALL BRAT

"I have what you need. All I need is a favor in return. Deal?"
"Why go to the wall when you can go to the Mall?"

As a MallBrat, you and your goboys ostensibly hang out at the gigantic Mallplex centers day in, day out, scamming the stores, cruising for dates, checking out the latest fashions and advertisements. The Mallplexes are safe, with corporate security guards covering your back, lots of crowds to hide in, and happy advertising telling you how great the world is and how sexy you look in that new ICON America jacket. The tougher yogangs don't go to the mallplexes; they're boring and the guards always beat them up. In short, you and your goboys like things the way they are. You don't want to make waves, You don't want excitement. You just want to blend in.

Yeah, right. Underneath your cheerful clothes and dopey attitudes, lurk the future fixers and thirdmen of the *Cyberpunk* universe. You aren't your average BeaverBrat, content to pull a prank and split. You and your fellow MallBrats are the flat-out masters of the black market, using the placid surface of the urbanplex to supply yogang America with the products they need, and the services they demand. Sure, the Fixers can get stuff to the Edgerunners. But who do you think *sells* it to them, eh, cho?

You run the Mallplexes, and they're your territory. You take menial jobs as happy, stupid counter help during the day; after hours, using your keys, you fire up the ol' microfactory, cut in the splice that disables the production counter, and run off two hundred extra armorjacks for the Street trade (you cover the missing Kevlar stock by screwing with the inventory records later). You can make a thousand rounds of

"genies" vanish somewhere between the stockroom and the store displays. Sure, the store managers are watching you, but long as they get their cut, they're happy. It's not like they owned the place or anything. They're just Corporate wage-slaves.

You use the Mallplexes' thousands of stores and computers to run service-trading industries, bookmaking rings; to run off illegal weapons on the microfactories with stolen programs, to locate and route shipments from Mallplex to Mallplex right under the noses of CorpSec (inside the Corporate megastores' own crates!). The biggest indicator of your ability is that adult Edgerunners deal with you personally—and they don't laugh.

What You Look Like

As a MallBrat, you're second only to the single-identity Posergangs as far as cookie-cutter appearance goes. Whatever the style is, hundreds of you wear variations on it, all in bright, sassy colors. In fact, if there is one thing that can be said for MallBrat clothes, it's that they are always new (the corporations no longer promote the ratty hand-me-down look, because there's no money in it). Hair, nails, and makeup also follow the fashion trends. Thanks to your almost exclusively indoor life-style, you're very pale, unless tan is the in look this season, in which case you sport either dark makeup or the uniform Malibu-Barbie tan of the salons.

Whatever you do, you don't want to stand out. You want to be predictable, safe. Like MacDonalds.

Subculture

The Mallplex is the place to be when you're a MallBrat. Your entire life centers there, where you can find food, clothes, and entertainment, and all without having to brave the omnipresent smog or the vermin-filled streets. You can make safe deals, knowing that some hopped-up Mega isn't going be able to beat you senseless before he gets dogpiled by a hundred CorpSec rentacops. You like to think of yourselves as the real capitalists of 2027— getting people what they need at a reasonable price. For your circle, the ultimate status symbol is cornering the market on a hot property: the only copy of the new KIDROCK bootleg, access to Malorian Industries' new heavy pistol, or the Virtuality code for a dynamite concert recording.

Rumor and hearsay are also an important part of MallBrat subculture, since the more you keep you finger on the pulse of your customers, the better you can supply them.

Similarly, appearance and fashion are also important. If a MallBrat looks good, wears the right clothes, and always sports the latest makeup style, you can bet they're scoring a big deal somewhere, and being a confidante or lover of that MallBrat is a sure way to get in on the action.

The corner of MallBrat culture is favors: paybacks for deals and things you've done for others. Money? You can get that anytime. But if a heavy corporate Solo owes you because you found him the chips for the new DeanArms 3000 genius gun; that's something special. Especially if you've got some nasty yogangers leaning on you. MallBrat favors run all through 2027 society, because everyone goes to the Mallplex at some time, and almost everyone needs something. *Giri* (the ancient Japanese concept of interlinking obligations), also fits into your worldview; sometimes you payback favors to a third party, so that a friend of his will feel obligated to help your goboys out in a pinch.

You and your MallBrat friends aren't big into yogangs exactly; the closest you come is creating "holding companies", in which several Mallbrats join forces to pull off a really big score. If a holding company works well, it usually gets continued until something (like a CorpSec bust) pulls it apart. In really large Mallplexes, the most successful of your friends form into loose "trade associations" that resemble the old bootlegging gangs of the 1920's.

Your favorite flat-vid is *Risky Business*.

Belonging

On the surface, most of the Mallbrats you know are just collections of friends, cliques who hang out together at the malls. There is very little to keep anyone from joining, as long as they know someone else who is a MallBrat. To be anything more than a fringe member of a clique, or one of those aimless drifters who passes between cliques like a cork float, you'll need to be a lot more; have a lot more— access to a microfactory in an important store, knowledge of big shipments going through the Mallplex, or an idea for a really slick business proposition. At this point, one of the holding companies may approach you for a tentative merger; they'll see how well you pull off the deal, and let you in if you're a success.

Business being what it is, you don't hold grudges against someone who outdeals you. The only sure way to get thrown out of the Mallbrats is to really screw someone over by turning them into CorpSec or store management. But considering most MallBrats have favors owed to them by

the Megas and the Edgerunners, this is a very dangerous option.

Allies & Enemies

Mallbrats tend to get along with almost all the yogang types. Even the Megas respect you because MallBrats can get their hands on the latest weapons and armor. The Guardians don't know much about your business practices, so they don't squawk much; the Goldenkids and Glitters sometimes use you to get exclusive stuff that no amount of money can buy. You haven't got much use for the Goths and Tribals, and you think of the BeaverBrats as customers, not friends.

Slang

Investment: a hot prospect or deal.
Office: Usually the backroom or corner of the Mallplex where deals are made.
220: very desirable date, prospect.
Lagger: one who is unfashionable or out-of-date. Also a bad businessman.
Go Chapter 11: to eliminate an enemy.
Shiv: fashionable, nice-looking.
Slacked: in trouble, ejected, beat up, arrested

Yogang Skill: Boost (INT)

Since you spend most of your life in a Mall, you know exactly how store security systems really work. *Boost* is your ability to nab or secure clothing, jewelry, weapons, gear, etc., without being observed, either by operating microfactories without tripping the production counters (Difficult), or by slipping a few items off the inventory computers (Average). You can spot a plainclothes detective a kilometer off (Easy); you know exactly where the hidden merchandise detectors are (Average), and you can slip a bulky package into your clothes in less than a nanosec (Difficult).

If You're a MallBrat:

1) Tell me your name, age and sex.
2) Describe what you look like.
3) Besides your V-Trodes, pick **four** different things from the list below that you are currently carrying:
- Personal Phone.
- V-Term (computer/digital assistant).
- Autofactory Override key (works 75% of the time).
- Light Pistol.
- Mirrorshades.
- 20 V-Cards (like 3-D VCR tapes. Pick what's on them now).
- Smart Decryptor (opens door locks).

MEGA-VIOLENT

"Just do it."
"Hot blood on a knife.
I like the sound of it."
"Let's get some
kicks ..."

Some juves say you're a Megaviolent because you like to cause pain; that you're a twisted sadist and a bully to boot. You know better; you're a Mega because violence is truth and pain makes you stronger. Like the Streetfighters, you live for battle, but not the wussy formalized battle of katas and forms and schools. You want to get right in the face of your enemy, using feet, fists, knives, chains—anything that carries risk and danger. You'll use guns if you have to, but you disdain anything that doesn't carry some risk of death; where you can't feel your enemy's breath in your face and his blood on your hands. Where your chance of dying is as good (or better) than his.

You collect obscure weapons like a Glitterkid collects clothes. Your heroes are Vikings and Attilla the Hun. Your entertainments are things like the *Airborne Ranger* series, Chinese Triad pix, old flat vids like *Rambo* and *Missing in Action*. When you run Virtuality, it's the *Klingon Deathsport Challenge* for you. (Those Klingon guys know the right way to live!) To you, it's simple: Life is battle. Battle proves you're alive. When the fury builds and the need to fight consumes you, you'll prowl the streets, looking for your natural adversaries. Guardians. Goths. Streetfighters. GoGangers. Even CorpSec. If you tackle a pack of Squats or "beaverbunnies," it's just to lure the real challengers in; to make them show their faces (the Guardians are always good for this tactic). The moment you get a real challenge, you dump the easy meat and settle down to work.

What You Look Like

As a Mega, your gogangs are small, generally three to seven members each, and each gang develops their own unique 'colors'. All the members of your gang dress similarly, in some strange costume that either accents or lampoons their violent nature; for example, the all-girl Shredders of Boston dress head to toe in red when they go on a rampage, symbolic of the blood each member draws from others and sheds herself when the victims fight back. Most Megaviolent costumery is a contrast in effete and violent: lipstick and combat boots, spikes and lace, things like that. You want to be noticed. You want them to attack you. You want the rush.

Subculture

To be a true Mega, you need to be a combination of schizoid and psychotic, going out of your way to look for ways to get into battle. If you live at home you take pains to make sure your double life is kept secret from those you socialize with on a day-to-day basis; a sort of "Batman" with a heavy metal megaviolent twist. But your goboys who live on the Street live in Megaviolent mode twenty-four hours a day.

What keeps you going is the adrenaline rush of combat. Any combat. The best battles are against a challenging foe, like the Guardians or the Streetfighters. But if a Megaviolent can't find a good fight, he'll pick a bad one, just to get high on the rush of clashing weapons and screaming bodies. You live for the day when you'll go down in a funeral pyre of blazing CorpSec weapons, your knife in a Trooper's throat and your guns blazing the way to some kind of high-tech Vahalla. In short, you're obsessed.

Within your Megaviolent gang, absolute fascism is the rule of the day. There's only one leader, who holds his position through charisma, skill, and a willingness to lash out at the blink of an eye. Naturally, those who are dissatisfied with the leader or others in the gang vent their frustrations in a similar manner. The tendency for disputes to be resolved after a few broken bones ensures that most Megaviolents are rather lenient towards others in their gang. Yet, you believe there is a kind of honor in the process; the strong survive, just like wolves in the wild.

Between gangs, warfare is constant; gangs constantly test each other to see who's better; individual challenges quickly escalate in bloody street wars, and wars into blood feuds. Holding turf is a matter of being the best group of warriors around, and wars and duels are the only methods you and your goboys will accept to settle a conflict.

Belonging

There are two ways to become a member of a Megaviolent yogang: be a friend or acquaintance of one of the gang, or get real gutsy and ask to join. Either way, expect a real rough initiation. Megaviolents give new members a severe thrashing, in part to determine whether they're tough enough to be part of the gang and take the punishment a warrior's life demands. (It also ensures that the new applicant understands that he's on the bottom of the pecking order.)

The applicant is expected to fight back, although, given the odds, he'll lose anyway. *Walk-ons*, those who ask to belong, had better fight back, because the Megaviolents certainly won't be pulling any punches. Occasionally weak or unlucky applicants (or those believed to be infiltrators of some kind) are crippled or killed during the initiation.

Allies & Enemies

Megaviolents have no friends among yogang culture, other than fellow Megaviolents (who consider them opponents). Everyone is leery of them, with the exception of the GoGangers, who are as close to neutral as it is possible to feel about a Megaviolent. The GoGangers at least understand the desire for action and mayhem, although they are not nearly as extreme as the Megaviolent gangs. Combat Clans and Guardian gangs are the sworn enemies of Megaviolents. The Guardians hate them for their ruthlessness, and the Streetfighters loathe them because they use the weak as bait. Both gangs will light into a Megaviolent gang with no mercy. The Megaviolents realize this, and pull out all the stops for these brawls.

Slang

Choirboys: Guardians or Streetfighters.
Kinked: to be crippled in combat.
Chained: corporate-sponsored.
Nad: respected Megaviolent.
Ronco: weapon, especially knives.
Scrum: fight.
Valhalla: a really good death in battle.

Yogang Skill: Berserk (REF)

You live for combat and the kill, and when the chance comes to go for it, you and your goboys can instantly pump yourselves up to a killing fury that allows you to ignore pain, walking right through damage that would stop lesser "mortal" creatures. You still take damage, but *subtract* your current *Berserk* Skill level from any Stun/Shock rolls you make. You also have an automatic +2 bonus to any hand to hand attacks you make while in this state.

If You're a Megaviolent:

1) Tell me your name, age and sex.
2) Describe what you look like.
3) Besides your V-Trodes, pick **four** different things from the list below that you are currently carrying:
• Heavy Armorjacket (SP20) with your colors.
• 3 fighting knives.
• Heavy Pistol.
• Battleglove with 3D6 crush, 2D6 punch, Wolvers (3D6).
• Heavy Flack Pants (SP20).
• Submachinepistol.
• Kendachi MonoKatana (4D6).

"The Street Fighters call us Nihillists. Maybe we are, hey? So what? Nihillism isn't a fad. For us it's Reality. This world we live in is the toughest battleground ever. You have to be willing to fight to survive. We just make it an art form."

—Sha-Chack, Megaviolent

RADS

"Overthrow the System."
"Our agenda is clear, our targets identified."
"Let them run the show? Look where they've gotten us already."

Perhaps the most intelligent of the yogangs (only Vidiots give them a run for the money), you and your fellow Radicals (or Rads) play the most dangerous game of all: fighting the corporate-government apparatus on its own terms. You're the top students in your classes at the corporate or public schools. You're the smart whiz-kids who do much more than regurgitate corporate-approved facts and opinions, you understand the material and dissect it for fun. Hard-bitten and cynical, you nonetheless believe you can use the Beast's strength against it; you endeavor to break the government over its own ironclad rules.

Rads believe that knowledge is understanding, not memorization. To that end, you read voraciously, hold impromptu debates to shake out flaws in the media-sponsored agenda, and scrounge up books banned by the Incorporated Government. In school, you give hard-core, well-plotted answers to patsy questions; answers that the instructors don't approve of, but that they can't deny. You above all ignore the formula teaching and the politically correct veils covering the Corporations' handiwork and cut to the quick.

What You Look Like

As a Rad, you're quite an aberration among yogang culture; since you fight the system within the system, you have to dress the part. You stand out as post-modern yuppies among the throngs of leather-decked mohawks and cyberlinked techmongers. You make a point of appearing well-groomed, well-behaved, and well-disciplined as part of the "disinformation campaign" you're running. And when some office is firebombed and the cops are dragging away kids by the dozen, you and your Rad goboys always walk, because you have the responsible appearance and well-heeled demeanor that convinces the authorities that you couldn't possibly be involved in political terrorism.

Typically, you have nice clothes, though never too expensive. Streetboots are common, but combat boots, never. Slacks are much more prevalent than anything informal like jeans, and T-shirts are only worn under something with a collar. Rads also wear slickers or dusters to conceal their leaflets, flyers, thief equipment, and weapons. Rad outfits are always stylish; you like to stay two steps or so behind the current fashion frenzy just to avoid being trendy. This means that the clothes you wear are the more durable fashions, clothes which most Dead Boys find attractive, if somewhat unimaginative. It's all a part of the image the Rads seek to project. In short, the Rads don't look like they have a subculture. They are the culture.

Subculture

Political pundits laughed when the first Radical PoliClubs were formed; they couldn't see mere juves making any headway against the ISA by passing around petitions and organizing rallies. They figured that ten years hence, the Rads would be working for the system, still passing around petitions and organizing rallies. What they didn't realize was that the Rads were more observant than they gave them credit for. You and your yogangers have recognized that terrorism and blackmail are a part of the system now, and you won't hesitate to use these methods as well as more traditional methods.

Radical PoliClubs come in various sizes, from small teams of three to four working for some lunatic fringe to larger groups up to 300 strong, working statewide for a common goal. Generally, the more moderate and reasonable the goals of the PoliClubs, the more adherents it will have. The smallest Radical PoliClubs are those which attract the extremists; communists, fascists, and other such weirdos. As a Rad, you're dedicated to your Cause, and know that the most unforgivable sin you can commit is to let that cause down. If your PoliClub decides that one member isn't pulling his share, they'll start a psychwar against the miscreant until he either apologizes and mends his ways, or he leaves.

While you normally operate within the rules of the System, psychwar techniques are your primary tools when rallies, leaflets and petitions don't work. Fake car bombs that

release soap suds. M-80's in desk drawers. Paint balls shot at people or their cars. Time-delayed tapes of such songs as The Artificial Kids' "Hand of Fate" or the God-only-knows-how-old vinyl platter "Anticipation." All of these tactics are designed to let the victim know that he could be dead or maimed, but isn't... yet. After a long bombardment of these tactics (or worse yet, an intermittent attack with gaps for the victim to think he's finally safe), you move in with your demands, promising peace if the target relents, or crippling injury if he holds out. Not fun people to cross, the Rads.

Belonging

The PoliClubs are the only yogang that actually has petitioners take a real live bona fide test; you had to take it just like everyone else. They won't even give the test to someone who hasn't already attracted some attention in school for either intelligence or rebelliousness, or preferably both. The test is a measure of mental acuity, political sentiment, and the ability to see beyond the corporate facade. It's an essay test. One way to pass the test is to refuse to answer it the way they want, to interpret the questions in an entirely different manner. That'll show them that you have independence and intelligence. Another way to join the Rads is to launch a psychwar at one of their members. Do it well enough, and yes, you'll still have to take the test, but they'll be a lot more lenient in grading it.

Allies & Enemies

The PoliClubs have cordial relations of sorts with the EcoRaiders, who at least share a common agenda of attacking the corporations. Since they move in different circles with different methods of operation, their activities normally don't overlap, and further, the two sides don't always approve of the other's methods. Nonetheless, the two factions will often swap information of use to the other, based on the enemy-of-my-enemy theory.

PoliClubs have a sincere respect for the Guardians, who take a more physical route towards improving the streets. They also respect the StreetFighters as responsible, if politically inactive, citizens.

The PoliClubs maintain good relations with the Vidiots, whom they use to help broadcast their beliefs, accusations, and other political projects. On occasion the Vidiots will smear the Rads, but they don't take offense at this; it's all a part of doing business. The PoliClubs prefer to keep relations congenial, because the Vidiots give them great rates in exchange for the privilege of doing the vids for some really meaty dirt the PoliClubs dug up.

The Rads' semi-formal attire makes them automatic targets for GoGangers, Megaviolents, and pretty much everyone else who doesn't dress as well. The Rads take teasing and harassment well, not lowering themselves to respond. With the Megaviolents, though, fights are common. For the Polis themselves, though, the real fight begins when they start plotting their terrorist revenge.

Slang

Ballot out: to eliminate a political rival.
The Beast: the government, a corporation.
Beastman: a loyal corporate employee.
Chrome: high-profile corp, frontman, visible target.
Splunger: yes-man, toady, someone unable to think for themselves.
Track: as a noun, incriminating evidence; as a verb, to blackmail.
Worm: breaking and entering.
Vote: A decision, usually ending in someone's ballot being outed.

Yogang Skill: Organize (INT)

As a Rad, you know that all power really resides in the People. So you've mastered the ability to Organize— to get the masses out in the streets when you need them; canvassing neighborhoods, putting up posters, coming to rallies. The greater your ability, the more people you can organize around a cause, rally or event (your Skill times 50). Political groups are also a great source for information, like having a million eyes throughout the city, telling you what the opposition is doing (equivalent to the Edgerunner skill of *Streetdeal* at 50% strength).

If You're a Rad(ical)!

1) Tell me your name, age and sex.
2) Describe what you look like.
3) Besides your V-Trodes, pick **four** different things from the list below that you are currently carrying:
- Pocket Cellphone.
- Personal V-Term (computer/digital assistant).
- Armored Duster (SP18) with 20 pockets inside.
- Paintball Gun with 10 acid loads, 20 paint loads and 10 sleepdrug loads.
- 5 small (4D6) explosives.
- Light Handgun.
- Tracker and 10 Tracer pins.

SQUAT

"Get the frack outa my dumpster, drekwit."
"Smell? What smell?"
"Got a buck?"

Homeless. Homeless and proud of it. You wouldn't have it any other way. Let the BeaverBrats and the so-called Goldenkids cower in their safe little boxes. Your home is the entire Street, and you pick a new room to hang in every night. You're a Squat; one of the shadows that lurks in the alleys and roots through the dumpsters. Most of you live right on the mean streets of 2027, although a few frequent the rooftops, stalking the sewers and rain ducts for food and fun. Whether a skywalker or dungeoncrawler, you all call yourselves Squats.

What You Look Like

The very name Squat (or squatter) should evoke the total image. You disdain any uniform other than a ratty, filthy appearance. Dirt is good. Its many layers keep you warm and hide you from others. You don't need personal hygiene. You don't need showers or sinks; that's for people who are trapped indoors, chained to a conapt. Sure, puddles, ponds and lakes smell bad and have an oily sheen, but you don't need to wash much. You avoid rain, because it stings your eyes and, on a bad day, blisters your skin. Sometimes, you'll crack open a fire hydrant or open a fire hose at a school or public building and hose each other off for a few minutes before the fire trucks arrive.

You don't change clothes much, since you don't have any money and you don't shoplift. So you wear whatever cast-off clothing you find in the trash. It might be filthy, ill-fitting, and threadbare, but it's also functional, and you think there's a style of sorts in the way you layer it on— about six layers is right for maximum protection and warmth. Your finest stuff you've taken off the bodies of people killed or injured in street fights— if you can get there before the Trauma Team does. They've got bullet holes and blood stains on them, but you don't mind. In fact, a really nasty piece of clothing is a status symbol among the Squats, and it also makes you look tougher (which is an added bonus on the Street).

Most of the time, though, you look and smell filthy. You wear your hair long, although some of your goboys cut their mops inexpertly with fighting knives. A Squat's hair is always stringy and greasy; cause you can never can get hold of a decent shampoo when getting hosed off.

Subculture

Squats are not so much a tightly-knit yogang as a fraternity of jackals. You're survivors, and to you, everything else is an enemy. Even other Squats will occasionally jump a claim or steal something from you, so everyone's careful not to be too trusting. You travel in packs, and back each other up in case of trouble. Often your numbers and appearance alone are enough to dissuade any troublemakers from pushing their luck, but usually if fists start flying, you can still hightail it to cover, vanishing in the urban wilderness.

Although you usually move in loose packs, Squats also operate individually, each scrounging in a different section of an alley, leaving the others to their own private finds. When they get the opportunity to build trust and camaraderie, a group of Squats will form a sort of family, and delegate work towards the greater good. Generally these families last until times get hard or a couple Megaviolent gangs sweep the area putting the pressure on. When this happens, each Squat's natural survival reflexes take over, shattering the carefully-built family ties. Your major income is made from scrounging, and this is little more than subsistence. Often you'll find useful bits of detritus which can be sold to Tinkertots, but that's a best case; if you got something which could lever you into a better economic life-style, other yogangs would hear about it, attack, and leave your yogang bleeding and penniless— as usual.

Braver Squats will resort to crime; purse snatching, pocket picking, burglary and such; you know some of these groups. These Squats are daring and generally have the force of will to form a more cohesive group than the typical Squat family. These crime gangs last as long as the leader does, which on occasion may be several years before the leader gets busted by the authorities, killed by a victim, or thrown down by disaffected followers.

Belonging

Once you hit the Street, you discovered that Squats are the easiest yogang to join. All you have to do is be homeless, and hang around with them in the alleys. Squats have an instinct, an awareness of what they term *The Hunger*. They can tell if you're homeless or if you're just a poseur. Hint:

don't slum with the Squats just for the heck of it. They like to clobber rich kids, which, for them, mean anyone else.

There's really not that much more to being a Squat; either you are or you aren't. If you are, the others will back you against common foes like Goths on a hunt, and may share stuff with you if they have enough. The odds increase if you've been generous with your plenty, or if you've been a good pal and done some favors. And if you don't like the way someone's treating you, you beat the crap out of them. Expect the same to be done in return.

Allies & Enemies

Squats have no friends, beyond each other. No other yogang associates with them. No one likes them. No one can cope with the funk of four summer weeks without a bath or change of clothes. The closest thing the Squats get to having allies are the Vidiots, who almost never do a bad story on the Squats (it's hard to find an inflammatory angle on the people at the bottom of the heap). Second, Squats often find interesting tidbits while mucking through the garbage, and they can sell these to the Vidiots. The Vids in turn recognize the utility of having someone else crawl the dumpsters for you, and so maintain congenial, if distant and upwind relations.

On the down side, there are those who hate the Squats. After all, they're small, disorganized, undernourished, and poorly-trained, and you always know where you can find them. Megaviolents and Goths know all these things, and regularly sweep the alleys to find Squats to abuse. Although those two yogangs are the most hated predators of the Squats, even jaded Goldenkids will come downtown at times to pick on those most unlike themselves. But hey, the Squats know they have no friends.

Slang

Bag: blood-stained clothes stolen from a corpse.
Diggin's: dumpster, place to sleep.
Dross: good merchandise, or food of any quality.
Fresh: nasty, gross.
Kriss: bath, shower.
Skag: as a verb, to steal; as a noun, a good place to scrounge.

Yogang Skill: Scrounge (INT)

You'd be *amazed* at the stuff people throw in the trash. As a Squat, you know that better than anyone; things no

Goldenkid would keep for ten minutes have a way of eventually wandering down to the dumpster level. Scrounging is your ability to find a needed item by hitting the recycling bins and the trash. You can *always* find edible food (Easy), ragged but usable clothes (Average), useful electronics that can be fixed by a friendly TinkerTot (Difficult), and occasionally weapons off a body or that have been dumped after a black op (V.Difficult). Scrounging's what you do, and you do it better than *anyone*.

If You're a Squat:

1) Tell me your name, age and sex.
2) Describe what you look like.
3) Besides the V-Trodes you pulled off a dead body, pick **four** different things from the list below that you are currently carrying:

- 20 mashed up trashbags (for carrying good stuff).
- 2 cans of Flashpaint (light emitting).
- Sleep Pad (mattress).
- Sleeping Bag.
- Knife.
- Taser pistol.
- Crowbar (3D6). Good for opening locked dumpsters and abandoned buildings.

"Home's where you and your friends hang. It's the stuff you can carry with you. House? That's where Corporates & BeaverBrats live. I know the difference between the two. Do you?"

—Angela F., Squat

STREET FIGHTER

"Always ready."
"To try is to lose. To do is to win."
"Our minds are the weapon, our limbs the tools."

You became a StreetFighter because you didn't want to run with the yogangs. You needed something better; purer. With purpose and honor. You found it by studying the martial arts. Maybe you studied under the old Asian guy who'd escaped the fall of HK back in the 90's, who taught kung fu to other kids in your square; not just the Asians, but everyone. Or the retired Solo who wanted to pass on what he'd learned before he got too old. It could have even been a local Guardian group that just got sick of patrolling the area and started handing out self-defense lessons. It didn't matter. You liked the discipline, order and training of the school. The traditions were something solid to hold onto in the chaos of the Street. After a while, you could kick the ass of almost anybody you crossed paths with; the word went around that while you weren't looking for trouble, when trouble found you, you were more than prepared to deal with the situation.

You never refer to your group as a *yogang*, that's a name only used for undisciplined streetscum without purpose or honor. You prefer to be known as a **school**, a **dojo**, or some other Asian variant, drawing from a long tradition of martial arts discipline. Others may use martial arts. But you know that only you and your fellow StreetFighters understand them.

What You Look Like

The clothes you wear are always patterned after traditional martial arts training uniforms; you'd never actually wear your training uniform outside of the dojo, but your civilian clothes are designed for the same freedom of motion. Sturdy and loose-fitting, often made of canvas or some other heavy fabric, the sleeves and leggings rarely extend past the elbows or knees. You usually have a length of leather or rope wrapped around your waist (wearing a martial arts belt in public would be considered vulgar). You don't like pockets (things can fall out of them), so you carry your valuables in a fanny pack or belt pouch. You wear your hair short to keep it out of your eyes, or tie it back in a ponytail or with a headband. You wear rope slippers if you're a traditional type, or sneakers if you're not. Sometimes you lug along a gym bag for your training gear.

Some StreetFighters carry weapons. The ones that don't are more dangerous. As a StreetFighter, you particularly appreciate melee weapons for their beauty and fine lines. But you think guns are heavy-handed, clumsy, random, or even obscene. You never carry them, and destroy them whenever they fall into your hands.

Since each school has its own distinctive colors and symbols (usually a kanji character, an idealized image of an animal, or an abstract but artistic logo), you often wear it as a patch on your jackets or uniforms. The colors are muted or dark; you generally don't go for bright or fluorescent colors (although white is a common trim), and you don't need to advertise very hard. The local yogangs know that to mess with one member of a school is to mess with the entire school, and nobody wants a few hundred StreetFighters hunting them down through the alleys.

Subculture

StreetFighter subculture centers around the training school; sometimes a corporate or neighborhood gym which members all attend; sometimes empty lots or deserted basements. To you, the most appealing aspect of your dojo is respect. Here, each student is pushed to better himself, pushed to his limits, and is yet accepted for what he is. This gives you pride, and a desire to achieve. Within your school, senior belts are obeyed with deference, but even lower belts are treated with respect. The pecking order is tight; even within a belt rank, seniority holds sway, with the hidden assumption that someone who has held a belt for longer is closer to advancing towards the next level. Although seniority rules are loosened up outside of class, it still holds sway. You accept that, because you know that respect goes both ways.

Beyond your obsession with martial arts and bettering yourselves, your fellow "students" vary wildly, depending

on your individual backgrounds. Some of you hang out at the malls, others hit the beach, or hit the heavy metal clubs to hear local bands. You've all got your own interests, and you follow them (but martial arts and the dojo always come first). With your simple life-style, you have little need for money; just enough to eat and keep going to classes. To help make ends meet, you sometimes will hire out as security for clubs, as bodyguards, or as self-defense instructors. You also tend to live together and eat a lot of common meals.

As a rule, you and your fellow StreetFighters dislike violence, which is why you so readily teach self-defense. While you don't see yourselves as policemen (as do the Guardians) your school is known to intervene with frightening speed when you see someone getting picked on. You're your brother's keeper, as long as he's is within line-of-sight. And while you won't go out of your way to patrol troublesome areas, you've been known to go to certain places (where streetword says a GoGang might pass) and just hang out. Seeing Streetfighters around has a bit of a dampening effect on violence and mayhem.

Belonging

Joining the school was easy; StreetFighters are pretty accepting. The hard part was showing up, working out diligently, and earning a belt. In a few months, you'd shown that you had the dedication and will to be a member of the school. By that time, the rest of the students already knew you, and you soon became a junior member of the clan. They began to show you more of the inner mysteries of the art you were studying; to correct your technique and help you maintain the proper attitude.

Allies & Enemies

As a StreetFighter, you have few enemies. Since you don't look for violence, your only enemies are those who start trouble; Megaviolents and the GoGangers. And if there's trouble and a Guardian gang is involved, you can bet the Fighters will back them up pronto.

Things only get ugly when you encounter rival combat schools. In most cases, inter-school aggression is handled through ritualized tournaments and sparing matches. But sometimes it gets out of line, particularly if a former student leaves the school and sets up his own dojo nearby. Then the Street can explode in a series of bloody and brutal battles, in which each school attempts to decimate the other. The worst cases happen when rival schools are pushed into a

conflict by local neighborhoods or become the pawns of warring Triad ganglords.

Slang

Bushi: tough, hard-core.
Claat: StreetFighter.
C.Q.: general-purpose negative adjective, meaning excessively bright, flashy, sweet, pat, etc.
Kata: the way things are, the rules, the bureaucracy.
Kick around: to hang out, to meet, to have fun.
Take: to go to, move into.
Dojo: the School.
Sensei: teacher; your Martial Arts master.
Giri: obligations, promises you must keep.
Triad: a general term for members of the Asian Mafia. Also any organized crime figure.
San: a term of respect. Usually after a name, like Smith-*san*.

Yogang Skill: Kata (REF)

You've spent years perfecting your martial arts skills (described as you like). Now you've mastered the fundamental structure of your form: the kata that allows you to whip out blistering attacks at incredible speeds. Your Kata skill is exactly like the Edgerunner skill of *Martial Arts*, in that a damage bonus equal to your skill is added to any Hand to Hand damage roll (if using *Saturday Nite Scuffle*, add this to the 1D10 roll). You will also have a +2 hit advantage to any two types of move (spinning kick, thrusting punch, etc.). The description of this move and it's function are up to you.

If You're a StreetFighter:

1) Tell me your name, age and sex.
2) Describe what you look like.
3) Besides your V-Trodes, pick **four** different things from the list below that you are currently carrying:
- 4 Shiriken (1D6).
- Tonfa (3D6)
- Nunchaku (3D6)
- Kendachi Monokatana (4D6)
- Kendachi Monotanto (2D6)
- Gymbag
- Copy of Tao Te Ching or other Eastern philosophy book.
- V-Card with virtual Sparring Partner (REF 6, Kata Skill +7).

TINKER TOT

"Of course it's safe. — Trust me."

"You can't work without the proper tools. So we make the proper tools."

"And only one nut left over."

You're a 'TinkerTot'; one of the budding young engineers and technicians of 2027 yogang culture. In a world where most other juves are trying to come to grips with how society works, your yogang seeks an understanding of purely inanimate objects. You absolutely have to understand not just how things work, but why. You have an instinctive grasp of the laws of physics and even cybertech (to you the human body is just another machine). You're one of the kids who rip apart boomboxes to make PA systems, kitbash go-karts when you can't steal the car keys, and invent a new gizmo every other week. You're the street mechanics and Weird Scientists of yogang culture. If a yogang needs it done, you can do it. Especially if it's...weird.

What You Look Like

As a TinkerTot, you dress like a mechanic— overalls, flight suits and coveralls are the bottom line. Always ready to work, Tinkertots typically have some sort of strange headgear on, the most visible mark of their chosen avocation. Head lamps, high-power magnifying goggles, infrared specs, and other such paraphernalia adorn the skulls of Tinkertots. You carry bandoliers of tools, wrenches and hammers and picks, (the larger ones occasionally sporting dark stains or bits of gristle and hair attesting to their twin usage). Smaller tools are stuffed in pockets, in pouches dangling from belts, or are secured by straps to the TinkerTot's arms and legs. Maybe other yogangers don't think wearing tool kits is cool, but your fellow Tinkers have managed to pull it off (you, of course, maintain that it's merely for accessibility, since admitting that you want to look cool would definitely be non-mechanical). Tinkertots sometimes carry around backpacks with their larger or more delicate tools and analytical devices: electrical probes, precision calipers, boxes of extra screws and bolts and wires. You've heard about one TinkerTot from Colorado who mounted a small microfactory shop with miniature lathes, drills, and other power tools necessary to his profession on a go-cart. But that's really extreme.

Beneath all the tools and affectations, you dress conservatively. Typical clothes are blue jeans and sweatshirts with the logos of tech schools; Tinkertots don't spend their money on fashion. Having bland clothing also means you don't think twice about crawling under a greasy car to defuse a bomb or something. But while your clothes may be in need of an industrial-strength degreaser, your tools are always spotless.

Subculture

As a result of your mechanically-oriented thought patterns, you and your fellow Tinkertots (especially the ones that specialize in small or delicate work), are the closest thing to loners in the yogang subculture. Let's face it, you know there is no room for an assistant when you're working on a circuit board. Instead, Tinkertots have an extensive grapevine through which they can find others with needed specializations, tools, or expertise, which Tinkertots loan each other freely. Tinkertots don't keep a ledger of these debts, but there exists a kind of group consensus which lets everyone know whether any given TinkerTot is giving out significantly less than he's taking in. While no one expects you to go into the red as far as favors go, in the long term a TinkerTot's contributions and needs should balance out. Those who consistently do not contribute as much to the gang as they take from it are ostracized, and will find their sources drying up. If the situation persists, the TinkerTot will officially be cut off. A cut-off TinkerTot will have to be extra-generous with his time, tools, and experience for at least six months before he can get back into the yogang's graces.

Working on strange devices or solving unusual problems is the major way to gain respect among your group, so a display of these devices or solutions is a common social event among the Tinkertots. Aside from serving to give the host more prestige among your goboys, these events bring

you together as a close-knit, interconnected group, as Tinkertots with the same interests get together from around the city to see what new and exciting stuff they can learn about. Furthermore, these impromptu "seminars" allow for the free and rapid dissemination of ideas, solutions, or data on new technology, and, although not planned that way, are the major means of sharing information among the Tinkertots. Everyone who attends comes away with a better education.

You and your fellow Tinkertots keep yourselves afloat by doing the technical work required by the other juves. This ranges from the Easy (removing serial numbers from stolen merchandise), through the more Difficult (accurizing a firearm), to the downright strange (going with a group on a run and rigging the toilet to shoot out from the wall when flushed). You exact payment either in cash or, preferably, merchandise. Tinkertots also readily refer customers to other Tinkertots if they themselves are too busy or don't understand the technology involved. Again, these referrals fall under the favors owed/favors paid network of the TinkerTot grapevine.

Belonging

As you found out, anyone can be a TinkerTot just by working on mechanical devices to the exclusion of all else. A lot of Tinkertots are misfits themselves, so they're a lot more tolerant of weirdos and outsiders trying to horn in. To be one of the truly accepted, though, you must contribute yourself and your stuff, volunteering whenever possible, and demonstrate that you do good work. The quickest path to acceptance is to either steal something of cutting-edge technology, or invent something that is really wild, and then hold a "seminar." Instant status.

Allies & Enemies

As a general rule among yogangs, Tinkertots are treated with the same sort of neutral respect accorded to the Swiss. Everyone needs you occasionally, and you always come through. It's too easy to find a lone Tinker and beat the crap out of him, so fighting is no challenge; in fact, beating up on a TinkerTot is a sure way to prove to other yogangers that you're a real loser. You try to promote this image, because it means you get beat up less often.

The only yogangers who regularly ignore this taboo are the Megaviolents. When beset by these sociopaths, you and your TinkerTot goboys do fight back (as some of your bloody tools can attest), although you almost invariably lose.

Tinkertots themselves prefer to fight with their chosen weapons of technology. Should anyone become too much of a threat, you arrange for an "accident" to nail the perpetrator. You do this as quietly as possible, because were word to get out, it would tarnish your TinkerTot-as-wimp image.

The strongest allies of the Tinkertots are the ArcoRunners, who are always game to test out new inventions—sometimes with catastrophic results. But the risk is a part of the fun, so they don't mind. The Vidiots also need you Tinkertots to keep their equipment up and running, so your two gangs also have good relations.

Slang

Babe: secret or private project.
Spares: something that isn't useful by itself, but could be adapted. Also a boring person.
Sem: seminar; meeting where Tinkers gather to exchange information.
Owez'n: TinkerTot who doesn't contribute enough.
Kludge: the ultimate TinkerTot insult.
Tex: cool, great, tough (from techs, not Texas).
Wha's rattlin'?: What's up? What's the problem? How are things?

Yogang Skill: Kitbash (TECH)

As a TinkerTot, you live to come up with strange new uses for all the wonderful technology that's all around you. To improve something is Easy; to alter it to a new use is an Average task to you. To combine several things or invent simple gadgets is a bit more Difficult, and your major inventions may be Very Difficult or Impossible to construct. But you love the challenge, and you wouldn't join any other kinda yogang. To you, the world's all just a spareparts box waiting to be explored.

If You're a TinkerTot:

1) Tell me your name, age and sex.
2) Describe what you look like.
3) Besides your V-Trodes, pick **four** different things from the list below that you are currently carrying:
• Techscanner (small analyser with 80% accuracy).
• Tech Tool Kit (mixed tools and torch).
• DataTap (link to datalines).
• Snoopbox (privacy scanner).
• SmartGoggles (vision aids).
• Really *big* Spanner (wrench with 2D6 damage).

TRIBAL

"In the Dance is Truth"
"The Earth is our Mother. Technology is our Father. Both must learn to live together in peace."
"Keep on Truckin'..."

As a Tribal, you have a long and illustrious history dating from the hippies of the 1960's, through the Deadheads of the seventies and eighties, straight to the early men's movement of the nineties (abruptly cut short by the Collapse). You believe that technological Man has lost touch with what really counts: the rhythms of Nature, the community of the Tribe, and the inner mysteries of Native American shamanism. Yet, you also realize that technology has given Mankind the cure for smallpox, computerized teaching systems, and toxic soil scrubbers. So you have tried to bring both sides of this heritage together in one place: the extended family you call the Tribe.

Over the last decade, your historical roots have fused to create the Tribal culture: a semi nomadic existence centered around re-created Amerind ritual and traditional farming techniques adapted to urban living. Your Tribe rules the new wilderness; the rooftops of the megacity, now covered with dirt and put to use as organic farms; abandoned Mallplexes and Arcos that have been turned into smokehouses and temples. Your belief in restoring Nature gives you a lot in common with the EcoRaiders, but you don't mix very often, since the Raiders consider your sacred customs to be a lot of superstitious primitivism.

Some of you are actually Native Americans still holding onto and adapting your culture to the Street; still others are beaverville escapees who are fascinated with tribal ways and folklores. All of you share two things in common; a respect for the nomadic tradition, and a belief that when technological man destroys himself, you're going to be the only people left.

What You Look Like

You and your Tribal goboys want to get back to the basics, to the Earth and natural things. To that end, you wear only simple, organic clothing: mostly leathers, coarse woven shirts, heavy denim jeans or buckskin pants, and a fringed, decorated medicine bag to hold your important totems and shamanistic tools. Moccasins are your chosen footgear (if you wear any at all), and making your own pair is one of the rituals required to join a Tribe. The outfit is unisex, but women have been known to wear short fringed leather skirts instead of pants. Feathers, beads, weavings and carved wooden tokens are optional, and you're never far from your medicine drums and long pipes. You rarely wear body armor, because you don't often fight at close range, preferring your long rifles and bows (computer designed, these laminated versions of the old designs are as deadly as modern weapons, but far sturdier).

Subculture

Tribals are the heirs of the Deadheads and hippies of the previous century, a post-modern primitive culture, tribal in nature, reinforced by a strong Native American center. Your social life centers around recreations of the smokehouse, the hunting lodge and the Dancer's Circle; on hunting and raiding parties against other yogangs to secure territory or retaliate for their attacks. As a Tribal, you live in tipis, ride cyberbikes instead of horses, and combine psychedelic bodypainting and warpaint as decoration. The oldest members of the Tribe become Chieftains, and the wisest become Shamen. A smattering of technology supports Tribal culture; computers are used to calculate both crop cycles and the times of ritual. You use extremely sophisticated toxin scrubbers and hydroponic systems to establish your rooftop gardens, where you grow maize, wheat and squash. Tribal longbows are computer-designed, but based on traditional Amerind materials. Huge, booming medicine drums are used side by side with modern synthesizers and electronic guitars.

Your most important ritual is the Dancer's Circle, a combination of rock concert and wardance that takes its sources from old Grateful Dead gigs and real Native American dances. The Circle is used to get the Tribe "up" for important decisions, wars with other yogangs, and as a form of mutual sharing. It lasts for hours; a primal sort of 'bonding' engendered by close, sweaty and often painful physical slamdance-like contact as each Tribal undergoes a personal vision of the Dance. Ritual drugs like peyote and mescaline are also

sometimes part of the Dance, although this is rare and usually restricted to the Shamen of the Tribe.

Your other important ritual is counting coup: raiding an area where another yogang or Tribe is based, and thwacking their warriors over the head with elaborately decorated sticks. Your coup sticks combine technology with tradition; they are powerful tasers that render the victim paralyzed; Tribals gain status by stunning their enemies into submission, not killing them. Occasionally, you'll raid the Corpzone, just to put up a few CorpSec "scalps" on your belt; it proves how much better you are than the soulless automatons of the Corporate overlords.

Belonging

Tribals are very open to new members; especially to lost children and homeless females. All you have to do is show respect for the Tribe's traditions and for each other. Once in, you may elect to try and join a warparty (both men and women are accepted), or a medicine circle. Both require dedication and innate toughness; Warriors must be able to master the longbow and stalking skills; shamen must learn all of the various herbal remedies and rituals. The culmination of this process is the Spirit Journey, in which the lone Warrior or Shaman must travel deep within the Wilderness (read: the worst of the Combat or Corpzones) to recover a useful item or piece of knowledge for the Tribe. This could be a new medicine, a stash of equipment, a new place for the Tribe to settle, or any other valuable asset.

Allies & Enemies

Tribals have no taste for Glitterkids, Goldenkids, Mallbrats, or Facers, all of whom they consider to be shallow and greedy. They absolutely hate Goths, whom they view as undead and unclean spirits; they will avoid or attempt to kill any Goth they meet. Oddly enough, Tribals respect the Megaviolents, Guardians and Streetfighters equally, considering them all to be following an warrior ethic not all that unlike their own. The Guardians and the Streetfighters are only annoyed by the practice of counting coup, but the Megas are positively enraged, because it deprives them of the battle and blood they crave.

Slang

Medicine: karma, fate. Magic.
Long Dance: not getting to the point. Obscuring the subject.
Evil Spirits: Goths. Sometimes really bad Corporates.

Appaloosa: your personal cyberbike; your "horse".
Warrior: any fighter you respect.
Coyote: a clever and devious foe.
Wilderness: the inner city. A place where technological man lives.

Yogang Skill: Warrior (REF)

Like the Native Americans of old, you too have mastered the art of using the **longbow** to hunt game (and other warriors). You are also skilled at counting **coup** on your enemies, striking them into submission without using lethal force. This skill combines both of these abilities, giving you the ability to defend the Tribe with honor and bravery.

If You're a Tribal

1) Tell me your name, age and sex.
2) Describe what you look like.
3) Besides your V-Trodes, pick **four** different things from the list below that you are currently carrying:
- Cougar Longbow (5D6).
- 50m Super String climbing rope.
- Coup Stick (stun).
- Medicine Drum.
- Medicine Pipe.
- Long Rifle.
- Tracker & Tracer pins.
- Apache Cyberbike.

"It was inevitable that the Counterculture and the Native Americans would join forces along the way. What amazes me is that it took so long."

—Cody Redfox
Shaman, New Dakota Tribals

VIDIOTS

"They think we don't know. They're wrong."
"We're goin' on live and direct from your garbage can."

For countless generations, adults have thought they could talk around the juves and they couldn't hear or understand. They were wrong; kids always eavesdrop (this, of course, is how they get most of their information). But things have changed an awful lot over the last decade. Parents spend a lot less time around their kids in 2027 than they did in 2020. A lot of juves are now raised in corporate crèches. It's a little harder to eavesdrop than it used to be. A kid's got to hunt down opportunities...

That's why you became a Vidiot; the yogang equivalent of a pirate media, gathering information and disseminating it to the yogang culture. You're the natural evolutionary step from gossips and rumormongers, with the technical wizardry and creativity to compile sounds and images in a compelling and artistic fashion. You get to the truth, and take it to the Street. The tag 'Vidiot' spans the whole gamut of the yogang media circus, from the air-duct-crawling field correspondent who listens in on boardroom meetings, to the vid-splicing editing technomage, to the freewheeling techbasher who distributes chips to the other kids and breaks into the local mallboards and reprograms them to run the new show. Your goboys are perhaps the most diverse of all yogangs, because it takes a team made of varying talents and styles to pry the truth from the closed minds of the Dead Boys (a term the Vidiots coined to describe adults) and parlay that knowledge into a biting multimedia presentation. Your goboys are always alert, always scanning, but it is an awareness not of paranoia, but of the predator's interest in his surroundings. There are a million stories in the big city, and your Vidiot pals intend to hunt down each and every one.

What You Look LIke

You and your Vidiot goboys prefer utilitarian clothing, like colorful jumpsuits with lots of pockets for pens, shotgun mikes, taps, probes, discs, chips, and microcams. Most of you also carry a utility belt or military web harness to handle their bulkier tools and kits. Larger and better-organized Vidiot yogangs carry cellphones or voice-activated radio mikes for quick intercommunication; those without must make do with runners or regular phone calls. Netrunning is another option for communications and pirating (although more dangerous), so 'trode-driven cyberdecks are not uncommon.

You consider yourself an artist, and display your creative bent by decking out your jumpsuits with flashy logos, patches, and stencils. You wear your hair wildstyle, the more bizarre the better. Pierced body parts and tattoos are also common. Because you often spend time crawling into maintenance panels or spying on adults, knee and elbow pads are not an uncommon affectation.

Subculture

Each Vidiot gang has its own name and particular tag with which it identifies itself to other Vidiot gangs. The *Muckrakers* of Atlanta, for example, dye their clothes brown from the knee down, to symbolize that which they wade through every day to bring the worst of King Gardener to the populace. The *Casters* of Albuquerque all have a large red teardrop tattoo below their right eye. Cincinnati's *Net 1-4U* gang opts for the standard colors approach, covering their backs with a parody of the Net 54 logo. Your vidiot gang has it's own jumpsuits and logos, and you delight in showing them off any chance you can get.

Further, most Vidiot gangs have a specialty or bent: a certain category of story they preferentially cover. The *Muckrakers* focus primarily on Dixie politics, for example, and the *Casters* on sports, violence, death, and war, which they view as extremes of the same spectrum. In larger cities, Vidiot gangs become more focused, more specialized, and they pass each other leads which they themselves are not willing or able to take. You and your goboys hunt knowledge for its own sake, and rarely interact with a story in the making. You see yourselves as cerebral, not physical; if you came across a gang of Megaviolents attacking someone, you wouldn't intervene; you'd tape the crime, broadcast it and let the Guardians and StreetFighters hunt the Megs down. Other yogangers think this makes Vidiots a bunch of sissies and sensationalists, but loudly voicing such attitudes often leads to interesting exposés on the offender.

Your fellow Vidiots have developed a secret language of gestures with which you can all communicate secretly. This language can be concealed in fancy handshakes or artistic

gesticulations, and is essential for communicating secretly in front of the Dead Boys, and in coordinating recording without interrupting the soundtrack. You can carry on two conversations at once; one a meaningless but colorful banal verbal dialog, the other with your hands.

Vidiots keep themselves in equipment through theft, scrounging, and sale of their information and talent. You often broadcast your stories as a public service, but some Vidiot gangs also compile stories on chips and sell them as catalogs of information. You also hire yourselves out to do music videos and propaganda films for other yogangs, and anyone who needs background information on a particular corporation or person can often get what they need from a Vidiot's library (once the usage fee is paid).

Belonging

Although you got in, you've since found that the Vidiots are one of the hardest groups to join in yogang culture. To gain entrance, you had to convince them that you had the artistic creativity, the predator's insight, and the technical know-how. Once you convinced a Vidiot gang that you possessed all three (showing them a home-spun incomprehensible art vid is a good way, but donating your equipment to the cause was even better), you were taken on as an apprentice. From there they taught you the ropes, how the gang worked, and the gesture language (which is very hard to learn). Personal initiative counts very high in Vidiot subculture, and an apprentice will be considered a full member only once he has mastery of the sign language and has produced a good piece on his own.

Once in, a Vidiot is in for life. The only exception is if a Vidiot turns coat to the authorities. In all other cases, the worst that can happen in a Vidiot dispute is that the parties involved will do a barrage of attack vids against each other, but usually the quality of the work degrades so fast in these proxy wars that both sides abandon the struggle before their own reputations are irreparably damage by producing junk works.

Allies & Enemies

The true nemesis of the Vidiots is the ISA, who are the targets of your most devastating exposés. It's thanks to ISA corporate persecution that the gesture language was developed, and also why Vidiot gangs are not more uniform in appearance. Regular police, on the other hand, have no problem with the Vidiots, because the average cop on the street loves nothing better than to see CorpSec hung out to dry every so often.

You and your Vidiot friends often step on the toes of the Golden and Glitterkids, smearing their pristine noses in the mud of their life-styles; you also mess with the Megaviolents, proudly displaying their violent tendencies for all to see and abhor. These yogangs more than other have reason to hate you, although every yogang has found themselves on the receiving end of a Vidiot story more than once. Since everyone else gets their turn in the hot seat, and since the most common target is the corporate government, other yogangers still treat the Vidiots with respect, if not friendship (it's hard to really be a close ally of a yogang that sniffed around your garbage can at an inopportune moment).

Slang

Cut: finished broadcast piece.
Dap: ritual handshake.
Jive: the secret language of gestures.
60 Minute: as a noun, a field reporter; as a verb, to infiltrate.
Rave: to film, to edit, to produce.
Go to Tape: I got the story, let's leave.
Wrap: it's over, finished.

Yogang Skill: Commo (TECH)

"'Vast interwoven network of communications,' my butt", you think. It's all just links and wires to you. You know the positions of every comsat in orbit at a moment's notice (Average); every land line, cell link, every V-Term location is at your fingertip (Easy). With your Commo skill, you know how to set up hidden cameras, communications lines, secret radio links, coded message lines and data taps anywhere (Average). You know how to eavesdrop with special microphones, rig hidden video links to broadcast to the news networks; if it uses a phone or a camera, you can get a link up (Difficult). Live. Direct. And in your face! (Do you care to comment, sucker?)

If You're a Vidiot:

1) Tell me your name, age and sex.
2) Describe what you look like.
3) Besides your V-Trodes, pick **four** different things from the list below that you are currently carrying:
- 3-D Field Microvideo (with V-Term Links).
- 50 blank V-Cards with V-Programmer.
- DataTap (dataline wiretapper).
- Snoopbox (personal privacy device).
- Smart Goggles (visual enhancement goggles).
- Smart Decryptor (lock opener).
- Tech Tool Kit (assorted tools).
- 50 Datachips (pick what's on them now).

MORGAN AGAIN

▼ Hmmm. We got a real sorry buncha juves here. Not enough weapons to make a stand, and not enough contacts to put CorpSec off your trail.

▼ I just accessed the Virtual DataNet while you were working; it doesn't look good. It's going to be at least two days till the Street's gonna cool off enough for you to show your faces; CorpSec is combing the area right now looking for you. I've delayed them a while by scrambling their communications, but it won't work forever.

▼ Grab your stuff. I'm gonna sneak you out to a safehouse; a place where CorpSec'll never look. It's not too far from here, and if you keep your brains out of your jockstraps (sorry, femjuves), you oughta make it no problem. But I'm warning you; try to play hero, and I promise you'll have every heavily-armed CorpSec goon in the City right down on your butt. They're armed to the cyberteeth, they'll shoot to kill, and they won't bother to check your ID's first. That includes any of you Goldenkids or Glitters who think you'll walk this one. CorpSec doesn't care. They don't have to care—even your parents can't buck the System that far. CorpSec owns this country.

▼ I'm going to hardcopy a map to you now. If you get grabbed along the way, tear it in half and it'll destroy itself. If one of you gets grabbed, the rest of you keep moving; you're not the only juves we're shuffling through tonight; the rest of the Organization's working overtime to beat this CorpSec bust. We never thought they'd go this far— rounding up an entire block fulla juves.

▼ I bet some of you bright boys are thinking, "Hey, why should I trust this guy? He's just a Virtuality sim. This could be a trap." I got one thing to say to you: In five minutes, the CorpSec armors' gonna be crawling this corner like fleas. You think you got any choice?

▼ Enough talk-talk. Here's the map. Move! ▼ ▼ ▼ [END]

DATAPAD®

SAFEHOUSE

START HERE

INTERLUDE

DON'T READ THIS ALOUD!

Hi there, Referee. By now, you've gotten your players to choose what their character types are. They also have an idea of their names, sexes, ages, etc. They even know what they're carrying with them.

Your hard-core players are going to want to know their "stats"; you know, those numerical values that rate the abilities of their characters?—right now. They'll want to whip out the dice and start rolling. Stop 'em. They don't need to know their stats at the moment. Right now, their first goal is to get to the safehouse. That's going to involve using their heads, not their stats.

Unless they do something really stupid like standing in front of a CorpSec spinner and yelling, "HEY, PIGFACE! YEAH, YOU! COMMERE!", CorpSec will not nail them. However, if they dawdle, it's fair for the CorpSec guys to attempt to shoot at them. They can't outrun a genius gun no matter how tough they are. Their characters will get captured if they loaf around or stand and fight. At that point, they can come up with a new character and you can place it in the safehouse as one of the other kids Morgan's led there. And let that be a lesson to 'em, right?

Right now, you want to get them to the safehouse, scared, but safe. Make it simple. There are three kinds of marks on the map Morgan gave them. Pick one to represent CorpSec Squads; which one is up to you. At each chosen mark on the Map, your players will run into a CorpSec patrol. After a while, even they'll realize that some marks mean CorpSec and others mean nothing. They'll either go another way or sneak by. And they'll be using their heads, not their stats.

Push the atmosphere; smoky, wet alleys, garbage everywhere, flashing lights of the heavily armored CorpSec cars and spinners overhead. More than anything, you want your players to get a feeling for the trouble they're in, and to practice a little working as a team.

Good Luck!

The Rules of the Run

• **GOAL:** The players need to get past CorpSec units stationed along the streets and safely reach the Safehouse. To do this, they must move along the streets of the city towards their goal. It is permitted to move through alleys as well as streets, but remember that at any place where you cross a street where CorpSec units are placed, they will have a chance to spot you. You may not move through buildings; all buildings are considered to be "locked down" for the night; doors and windows are barricaded by unbreakable glass and steel shutters (this is, after all, the downtown of the Dark Future).

• **SETUP:** As Referee, start by choosing one of the three symbols listed [☆ ✪ ✖] to represent your CorpSec teams. Choose your symbol in secret, and don't let the players know. Each CorpSec Unit consists of ten men. They are armed with tasers and armored in Heavy Body armor. Stress to your players that attacking a CorpSec unit will mean that they will *automatically* be spotted and all be shot at each turn until they move away from the CorpSec unit.

• **SPOTTING:** CorpSec units automatically see down all sides of any street they are placed on. Any time the players cross a street on which a CorpSec unit is located (even if they come out of an alley) the unit will spot the players on a roll of 1 or 2 on a 6 sided die roll. CorpSec units will *not* pursue—instead, they will stay in position and radio other units to be on the lookout for the players.

• **SPINNERS:** Several CorpSec Spinners are in high hover over the city. Each turn a player (using an aeroboard), goes higher than ten feet off the ground, there is a chance that he will be spotted by a CorpSec spinner (see *Spotting*) and fired on (see *Shooting*).

• **SHOOTING:** CorpSec units are carrying tasers (stun guns). If they spot the players, the unit (as a whole) will fire *once* per turn at each player spotted. Players shooting at CorpSec units (suicidal) can drop an individual Corper with a 5 or 6 roll on 1D10, but the rest of the unit will continue to fire once a turn.

• **STUNNING:** A CorpSec **Stun Attack** *hits* on a 1,2 or 3 on a 6 sided die roll; it *stuns* the player on a 1 or 2 on a 6 sided die roll. A stunned player cannot move (but can be carried by another player.

• **END GAME:** Morgan has set the safehouse up with a number of blind entries; simply reaching the building will be enough to get in. The CorpSec units will not trail you to the safehouse.

CHAPTER THREE

TESTING THE EDGE

DATAPAD®

ASSESSMENT

▼ By now, you've made it to one of my safe houses and accessed the V-Term you found here. You should be safe here for at least four days; I move these places around on a weekly basis, and it takes CorpSec at least that long to get their Dead Guy butts in gear and track me down. But you can't stay here forever, juve. We're running out of time. Let's get to it.

▼ If I'm gonna get you outa here, I'm gonna need to know what you can do. Let's start with the physical stuff.

▼ See the keypad ICON in front of you? The one with the ICONS marked: INT, REF, COOL, TECH, MOVE, LUCK, BODY, EMP and ATT? Pay attention!—this is a Military Assessment Test you're taking. It's a good one; I stole it myself from one of the bases up north. It's gonna tell the AI that's handling your pickup what you're capable of.

HYPERTEXT

INT	REF	COOL	TECH
MOVE	LUCK	BODY	EMP

ATT	You have 50 pts. Place between 2 and 8 in each area by selecting an area & pressing this key once for each point.

WHAT THE ICONS (Your Stats) MEAN:

- INT [Intelligence] : Problem solving ability, smarts, memory.
- REF [Reflexes]: Dexterity, reaction speed, coordination.
- COOL [Cool]: Will, presence, resistance to stress.
- TECH [Technical Ability]: Ability to use machines, technology.
- LUCK [Luck]: Your karma. You can apply any or all of your LUCK "points" to your die rolls each game. When you have used all of your LUCK, you must wait until the next game to get any more.
- ATT [Attractiveness]: How good looking you are.
- MOVE [Movement]: How many meters you can run in 3 seconds.
- EMP [Empathy]: Your "people" skills. Charisma, ability to relate.
- BODY [Body Type]: Strength, endurance & constitution. Also how many wounds you can take in combat.

▼ Let's assume for a moment you have 50 points—okay, fifty euro for you non-

mathematical types—and you had to put a certain amount into each of these categories to describe yourself. Say two points means you are lousy; five means you're average, and eight means you're really good. Now rate yourself in each of the categories on the screen. You gotta put at least two points (euro, whatever) in each one, and you can't put more than eight in any one. Got it? Use the stylus ICON to write the values on the screen ICON.

▼ Logged? Okay. Not bad. I think you gotta snowball's chance in hell of making it after all. 'Specially in the higher scores. Now, I've gotta figure out what kinda training you've had to match the natural stuff.

▼ See, somewhere back in 2020, your old man and old lady were probably a couple of flashy Edgerunners, packed with a pile of chipped skills and a chunka experience. But you aren't so lucky. You didn't spend six years in the SouthAm learning how to jockey an AV-4. You haven't been drawing a salary as a hired killer for twenty years, like me. You count it lucky if you know how to swing a chain and use a knife. Last year, you boosted a polymer oneshot and you thought you were Mister Ice. The big gangboys on your square packed DaiLung mags and maybe the local JuveLord had a real Minami 10 that he took off the body of a local enforcer who'd gotten scragged in an earlier firefight (you can bet he didn't take it off a live Solo).

◆ MILITARY ASSESSMENT TEST

The Military Assessment Test is very much like the character generation system of the base *Cyberpunk* game, with a few changes. First of all, you start with a set number of Character points for your basic statistics— the "cinematic" option from CP, page 25. Your yoganger will start with a pretty low number—at 50 points, he's lower than a Minor Hero. This is because he hasn't yet gotten to his full growth, and he's got a ways to go, unlike an adult Edgerunner. This is also one reason why he is limited to stats between 2 and 8. To see what he'll be like at age 20 (full adult), roll another 3D10, and apply those points to the character's stats when he reaches maturity (age 20).

◆ SKILLS

Like an adult Edgerunner, each yoganger has a career skills package (*CP 2020*, pg. 44) However, the catch is that except for the specific "Set Skill" of his or her particular yogang, all yogangers have the same package, called YOGANGER. These nine skills represent the sort of smattering of abilities you might pick up throughout childhood and early adulthood. Many of the skills are combinations of several adult skills, but since they are learned in a patchy fashion, they are weaker than regular Edgerunner skills.

◆ YOGANG SKILLS

These are the special ability skills of each type of yogang. They also represent the only type of "pickup" skills available to a yoganger. Where pickup skills represent experience to an adult Edgerunner, a yoganger just hasn't had the time to master a lot of eclectic interests.

▼ When you're a lot shorter on the Street, your skills are gonna reflect it. Yogangers don't learn Electronic security. They don't study Pharmaceuticals in Cube Conapt High. Your skills are gonna be the skills you learned on the Street, where you don't have a lot of experience and formal training (who the frak teaches Heavy Weapons to a 12 year old?). The good news is, they've been more than

enough to tackle the opposition you normally face down on Juvepunk Row. The bad news is, they're not worth squat against a well-trained Edgerunner who really knows his skit.

Look at the list, juve, and tell me what skills you have. Rate them like you did the test before—take 40 points and slot 'em between the skills (this time between 1 and 8), so I can figure out where you're coming from.

▼ And hey; if there's a note below the list like so— [Martial Arts], that means we gotta problem; you're going to be at half strength against someone who has that skill instead of the one you have in its place. I want you to remember that; so you won't be tempted to play hero sometime.

SKILLZ

STREETFIGHTING [REF]
The all time generic fighting/brawling skill at the short-street level, combining the Edgerunner skills of *Melee, Dodge & Escape, Handguns* and *Brawling*. You'll use this skill whenever you're using melee weapons like knives, clubs, chains, broken bottles, or when you're dodging an attack by same. You know how to shoot any common type of gun you can find; you can also throw a good punch, a fair kung fu kick, and deliver a nasty head butt. [Handgun, SMG, Rifle, Martial Arts, Dodge/Escape, Brawling/Fencing]

THIEF STUFF [REF]
A juvie level B &O ability, useful for breaking into houses with simple, non-electrical locks, or pickpocketing some cash out of a Corpzoner's pouch. [Pick Lock, Pick Pocket]

JOCKSTUFF [REF]
The skills of throwing, climbing, balancing, swimming, fighting, etc.; combining stuff from any athletics program (that's why we call it Jock, neh?). In short, if you plan to get *physical*, you'll need this skill, cho.

GET A CLUE [INT]
This is how on the ball you are; do you notice things; are you aware of your surroundings? Are you clueless when people are skammin' you, or do you know what's happening all the time? Do your yoboys have to chip in to rent you a clue? [Awareness]

BLEND [REF]
Ever notice how you and your goboys can just blend right into the walls when there's trouble on the Street. You just step back into the shadows and think "Not there, Maximum Lawman." and they just look right over you. This ability allows you to blend into the local terrain and be unnoticed, or to move silently through the shadows. Dead Guys and Zombie Girls don't ever notice juves unless they really wanna. It's zen, za? [Stealth]

GENSPEAK [INT]
Yeah, there may be a million types of local "slang", but all yogangers share at least a few common words that the Dead Guys can't decipher with a Com-CRAY cybercrypto box. Genspeak is the universal lingua-franca of the Cybergeneration; a polyglot of computer binary, random sounds, short choppy words and slang terms with multiple meanings. This skill doesn't rate your ability to communicate with your goboys. This is about whether you can talk right in front of the Dead Guys without them understanding you. [Know Language]

STREETSMARTS [COOL]

You know the Street, but you know it at the juvegang level only. You don't run with the Runners, and you'd be lost in a meeting with the local Triad heavies. But you know how to scan out who owns what square and where the boundaries are. You know what to say to cryo a guardian ganger and the proper way to address the top fixer in your squares. [Streetwise]

FEARLESS LEADER [EMP]

This skill rates how high you've moved up in the hierarchy of your yogang. It's also a measure of how well you lead people in a group, sorta like the *Leadership* Skill of the Edgerunners. With this skill, you can convince others to follow your plans and do dumb stuff because you said it would work. [Leadership]

SCHOOLIN' [INT]

How much education you've had, formal or otherwise. Can you read and write? Did you go to school, or have access to study chips and V-simulations. You're not gonna be a rocket scientist with the kind of education they give you in the Corpzone or Beaverville, but you oughta have a bit of science, history, computer skills, math and so on. [Education]

GOGO [REF]

The ability to drive vehicles, like bikes, cyber-bikes, automobiles, trucks, etc. in normal driving situations like fast turns, controlling skids, etc. (but no stunts or tricks). I'm gonna assume you haven't got any formal training in using any of these types of ground vehicles; on the Street, there's not much chance for a yo-ganger to take a driver's education course. I *know* you've never learned how to pilot an aerodyne or other flying vehicle, because those take loads of training. [Driving, Motorcycle]

LITTLE ANGEL [EMP]

So maybe you know how to jockey a cyber-bike or shoot a gun. But you know your biggest advantage comes from the fact that most adults have a hard time accepting that a ten year-old could be leading a black op. Little Angel is your ability to pull a con on an adult; a juvegang version of Persuasion (CP, pg. 48) that allows you to act innocent, and to pass off seemingly incriminating situations as "kids messing around." With this ability, you can go for shameless sympathy ploys, blame things on imaginary friends (if you're young enough), or convince that CorpSec Team that your sabotage run was really just "an initiation into a club." [Human Perception, Persuasion].

YOGANG SKILLS

These represent specialized skills you've learned by being part of a particular yogang; something you need to know to be a member. You can't be part of a gogang without learning how to seriously ride a bike, and you can't join the BoardPunks if you can't handle a slab. Check your particular yogang type for a description of its special skills and decide how good you are at it.

- Arco Runner .... Tunnelling [INT]
- BeaverBrat .... Suburban Ninja [REF]
- Board Punk .... Thrash [REF]
- Ecoraider .... Hayduking [TECH]
- Facer .... FaceDance [EMP]
- Glitterkid .... Celebrity [COOL]
- GoGanger .... Hotbiking [REF]
- Goldenkid .... Contacts [INT]
- Goth .... Deathwalk [COOL]
- Guardian .... Good Guy [COOL]
- MallBrat .... Boost [INT]
- MegaViolent .... Berserk [REF]
- Rad .... Organize [INT]
- Squat .... Scrounge [INT]

- StreetFighter .... Kata [REF]
- TinkerTot .... Kitbash [TECH]
- Tribal .... Warrior [REF]
- Vidiot .... Commo [TECH]

Streetfighting:	[Handgun, SMG, Rifle, Fencing, Brawling, Dodge/Escape].
Thiefstuff:	[Pick Lock, Pick Pocket]
Genspeak:	[Know Language]
Blend:	[Stealth]
Streetsmarts:	[Streetwise]
Little Angel:	[Human Perception]
GoGo:	[Driving, Motorcycle]
Schoolin':	[Education]
F. Leader:	[Leadership]
JockStuff:	[Athletics]
Get A Clue:	[Awareness]

▼ Sooner or later, we're gonna have to teach you some new skills, juve. But that can wait till we get you outa here. You get a teacher, and we can fill you full of all kind of Edgerunner skills (using the rules in *Cyberpunk 2020*, pg. 42-54). Right now, I want you to go through and enter your ratings on the scangrid. Don't mess with me here, juve—I want an *accurate* judgement call on what you think you can do. You try to pretend you're a member of the *Four Horsemen*, and I *promise* that you'll be the one takin' point when the shooting starts.

Eventually, you'll be able to convert some of your juvegang skills to Edgerunner skills. To do this, first divide the juvegang skill in half (round down). Now split the result between the new Edgerunner skills you want to study (if there's only one skill in the area, the points go there). Each juvegang skill below has a list of the related Edgerunner skills it can be divided into.

▼ Once you're done giving me the data I need, you're off the hook for a while. Feel free to wander around the safehouse—you'll find sleepmats, Virtuality games and kibble dispensers all over the place. There's even some datapad "books." Take this time to meet and talk to the other juves you're travelling with; you're gonna need to know who you can count on and for what.

▼ Oh yeah. I wouldn't advise you leaving the safehouse right now; the CorpSec goons have been dragging the area pretty severe, and the odds are they'll shoot first and bury the body later. I'll be back in a few hours to fill you in on the next step.

▼ ▼ ▼ [END]

BEDROOM!

KIBBLE
DISPENSER

KITCHEN

CORRIDOR WITH VARIOUS ALARM SYSTEMS

TABLE

TEST AREA

MAIN ROOM

TEST AREA

V • TERM

BATHROOM

COUCH

SHOWER

CORRIDOR WITH VARIOUS ALARM SYSTEMS

MAP OF SAFEHOUSE

INTERLUDE

IF YOU'RE THE REFEREE, DON'T READ THIS OUT LOUD.
The Safehouse section is designed to give your players a chance to get to know each other. So far, they've just been a buncha juvepunkers on the run. Now, they're in a relatively safe place with food, water, and no CorpSec on their tails. Sounds pretty good, doesn't it?

Well, maybe. They're going to be trapped in this little tiny space for several hours; maybe even several days. In the meantime, it's up to you to entertain them. We've got a couple nifty ways to do this.

By now, you should have the basics of playing a character down (if you're an old hand at this, accept our apologies). This would be a nice time to throw in a couple Non-Player Characters (NPCs). These could be other juvepunks who have been led here after the CorpSec raid, or maybe a couple kids who have already been stuck in the safehouse for a couple of days. Use the Character Creation rules outlined on the next pages for generate some backgrounds and stats. So what are some good possibilities for NPCs?

Here are a few of our favorites—

• The MegaViolent looking for a fight.
After all, it's been a couple hours. Almost anyone will do. Especially if you've got a StreetFighter or a Guardian in the group. There's only one, so it won't take a lot to stop him in a fight; a simple full-party "dogpile" would be enough—but the constant glowering, threats, challenges and taunts should keep <u>everyone</u> on edge.

• Mister Stud, Version 1
This guy thinks he's Bog's Gift to Juvefems, and needs to prove it. After a few dozen obvious (or even a few less obvious) "hits" on them, any female members of the party will either want to kill this guy or themselves. The flip side to this is a female version who is determined to steal the attention of every guy in the Safehouse. If she can get them fighting over her, so much the better.

• Mr. Stud, Version 2
He really is Bog's Gift to Juvefems. Tall, handsome, rugged, yet sensitive. Play this up enough, and every juvemale in the party will want to ace this guy. And if he's a combat god as well, so much the better. You can always have him win the best-looking juvefem's heart—then dump her when you go to the Mall in the next chapter. The same can be done for the female version—she's beautiful, sensitive, and really needs some studly Juveganger to protect her. More fights, neh?

• Street Kid Alone
He's a BeaverBrat or Corpkid who was separated from his family and is on the Street for the first time. He's also eight. Expect him (or her) to latch onto the nearest "cool" big brother/ sister figure and make a pest of themselves ("Can I do what /go where you're going?"). You can also expect a lot of juvenile practical jokes, temper tantrums, etc. Remember, even Cyberpunks have siblings—it says so right on the Lifepath.

2) Make them ...sick.
After all, they were running from a CorpSec Plague Sweep. It's about time they started feeling a few... symptoms. Randomly pick a victim or two and give them :
- Weird itching.
- Silver Sweat.
- Pounding headaches that end suddenly.
- Mysterious hallucinations.

Then make the symptoms stop, just as suddenly as they began. Pick a new victim.

After a few minutes of this, your players will be ready and anxious to go out and face CorpSec again. Run with it! The Mall's just a few pages away.

CYBER GENERATION

• Your "Tag" [ ]

1 • Yogang Type [ ]

2 • Sex [ ] Age [ ] Wt. [ ] Ht [ ]

3 • Your Description

4 • Yogang Stuff

5 • Your Stats

INT		REF		COOL	
TECH		MOVE		LUCK	
BODY		EMP		ATT	

6 • Your Wounds (Cyberpunk & Cybergeneration)

L	L	L	L	S	S	S	C	C	C	M	M	M	M	M²	M²	M²	M²	M³	M³
damage BTM		⑤ HITS																	

7 • Your Skis

Streetfighting		Thief Stuff	
Jock Stuff		Get A Clue	
Blend		Gen Speak	
Street Smarts		Fearless Leader	
Schooling		GoGo	
Little Angel			

Yogang Skill	

8 • Your Mall Stuff

9 • CyberGen Type [ ]

CyberGen Power [ ] [ ]

CHARACTER CREATION SUMMARY

1) Decide which of the 18 different Yogang types your character belongs to.

2) Decide your sex, age, weight and any other important physical facts about your character.

3) Describe yourself. Using the guidelines for your yogang type, decide what you physically look like. Hair, eyes, clothes, mannerisms?

4) Pick four different items from your Yogang List. Some yogangers only pick three items, plus a fourth from a special sublist.

5) Distribute 50 points between the following statistics: **INT**elligence, **REF**lexes, **COOL**, **TECH**nical Ability, **MOVE**ment, **BODY** Type, **EMP**athy and **ATT**ractiveness. You may not place **less than 2** in any one area. You may not **go above 8** in any "stat"—this represents the fact that you are still growing both mentally and physically, and therefore can't quite match an adult Edgerunner yet.

6) Work out your Wounds. If you're using *Cybergeneration's Saturday Nite Scuffle* [⑤], your wounds are equal to your BODY stat. If you're using *Cyberpunk's Friday Night Firefight* [*cyberpunk*], you'll use the Wound Track and fill in the **B**ody **T**ype **M**odifier space based on your BODY stat: 2pts=-0 • 3-4pts=-1 • 5-7pts=-2 • 8-9pts=-3 • 10pts= -4 • 11+= -5

7) Distribute 40 points between your Yogang Skills: *Streetfighting, JockStuff, Blend, StreetSmarts, Schooling, Little Angel, Thief Stuff, Get a Clue, GenSpeak, Fearless Leader, GoGo* and the **Special Skill** for your Yogang.

8) Go to the Mall with $1000ºº (when the Ref tells you to): Buy the things you think you'll need to adventure in 2027. You may buy anything in the Mall that you can afford, plus anything from *Cyberpunk 2020* that your Referee permits, with the exception of cyberwear (your body is still growing and cannot handle it).

9) Randomly roll for a CyberEvolved type (or have the Referee pick one for you). You may be a *Scanner*, a *Tinman*, a *Wizard*, an *Alchemist* or a *Bolter*.

10) Pick a "tag" (name for your character)

That's it! Get outa here, you juvepunk!

---

1 • Yogang Type — GOGANGER

2 • Sex F **Age** 16 **Wt.** 110 **Ht.** 5-9

3 • Your Description — TALL, BLUE MOWHAWK, LEATHERS, KINDA CUTE, SMARTMOUTH

4 • Yogang Stuff

A. JACKET HELMET	AKIRA BIKE SUBM. PISTOL

5 • Your Stats

INT	8	REF	8	COOL	5
TECH	3	MOVE	6	LUCK	2
BODY	6	EMP	5	ATT	7

6 • Your Wounds (Cyberpunk & Cybergeneration)

L	L	L	L	S	S	S	S	C	C	C	C	M	M	M	M	M²	M²	M²	M³	M³	M²

cyberpunk **BTM** -2 ⑤ **HITS** 6

7 • Your Skis

Streetfighting	5	Thief Stuff	4
JockStuff	2	Get A Clue	2
Blend	5	GenSpeak	3
StreetSmarts	3	Fearless Leader	2
Schooling	2	GoGo	3
Little Angel	3		

Yogang Skill — HOTBIKE 6

8 • Your Mall Stuff

TECHSCAN.	
SLEEPPAD	
GUITAR	
AIRPISTOL	
TOWLINK	

9 • CyberGen Type — ALCHEMIST

CyberGen Power — MANIPULATE 1

CHAPTER FOUR

RECONNAISSANCE

DATAPAD®

MORGAN

▼ Unless something went really lousy, you oughta be at one of the Virtuality Malls and accessing this through the new code I gave you at the safehouse. If you weren't lucky, then CorpSec intercepted some of you. If you're here, you've done pretty well for a buncha juves, so congrats.

▼ Now, let's get to work. Put your hand on the scangrid. No, the other hand.

▼ Good. Each of you now has a temp account with $1,000^{00} in it—one of the several million ones Rache has stashed in the background of some Corporate bank's accounting files, paid for by a tap on the personal account of Saburo Arasaka himself. There isn't much in it; big accounts attract the attention of the ISA watchdogs. So don't go crazy, juve. I want you to memorize the account number—there it is— then go hop the V-Mall on a shopping trip. I know you'll probably have the usual outfit your yogang packs, but this is going to be a longer trip than a goride down to the Arco. Buy things you really think you're gonna need: useful electronic hardware, clothes, protection, weapons if you can get them. A couple of hot tips. The local BodyShoppe does have cyberwear, but they won't sell to juves because you're still growing; you'll have to stick to the fashionware. Push the issue, and they'll flag CorpSec because they'll think you're in a boostergang. You might want to check out the pizza place; they sell heavier weapons under the table (so to speak). If you think you'll need it more than anything else, buy some transportation; where you're going, you won't find an N-CART route. Use some of the euro to buy a few goodies; the CorpSec Dead Guys have been getting suspicious of juves stocking up on stuff, so if you grab some "toys" it'll throw them off.

▼ Now hit the Mall. When you're done, grab your stuff and get back to the Safehouse. I'm taking a chance letting you out at all—if you go through the Change while you're in the open, all frack's gonna break loose. But you may never get another chance to resupply. So let's move it, ok? ▼ ▼ ▼ [END]

SportsNet

INCORPORATED

AMERICA'S SPORTS LEADER!

BODYTEST FULL IMPACT ROADRASHER $ 200.⁰⁰
Heavy duty body suit for thrashing. Armored to SP 16, with Kevlar pads at joints and an armored collar and spine guard.

SPLATMAN™ AIRPISTOL $200.⁰⁰*
EX • 0 • J • C • SPECIAL
Small, highpower continuous air paintball gun. Can fire acid, drugs or poison. Paint loads are 10.⁰⁰ per 1000, others are 3x this cost.

COUGAR LAMILAR HUNTING BOW $150.⁰⁰
EX • +1 • N • C • 5D6
Similar to the classic Tribal longbow. Laminated plex and imitation wood. Comes with 24 arrows.

FULL ENVIRO® WETSUIT $350.⁰⁰
Aquatic version of the roadrasher (SP 16), with toxin scrubber mask, 1 hr. onboard air, extendable webs in feet and gloves.

TOMKATT HUNTING CYBERBOW $150.⁰⁰
EX • 0 • N • C • 4D6
Gyrobalanced, stabilized compound bow.

SANTACRUZ SMARTBOARD $200.⁰⁰ (2 SDP)
Micro computer automatically adjusts memory plastic wheels and frame for road conditions. Adds +3 to Thrash Skills. Can move (by tow) up to 150mph.

ATHELON® NYLON CARRYBAG $5.⁰⁰
The athletic bag/kitbag of the 2000's, with a variety of logos to choose from. Sizes vary.

VECTOR HYDROBOARD $500.00 (10SDP)
Powered, hydrofoiled surfboard. +2 to Thrashing Skill. Can reach top speed of 65mph. for up to 40 minutes. CHOOH$_2$ fuelled (3gals). 20kg wt.

MAGNAGRIPP® MAGNETIC GRAPPLES 2 FOR $100.00
Can latch onto any ferrous material. 200 foot line reels into powered winch; the electromagnet can be turned on/off by switch in the handle.

BATTAROPE™ TOWLINK WITH MAGNAGRIPP® $150.00
EX • 1 • J • C • NA
Similar to the Magnagrip grappler, can be fired (using Streetfighting or Handgun skills), up to 50m. Has a 100m superstring line attached, power winch.

MONOGRAP CYBERNETIC CLAW GRAPPLE $150.00
EX • 1 • J • C • NA
Cybernetic "smart grapple", designed to latch on with an 80% chance to locate and latch onto protruding surfaces. Can dig it's monoblade tipped "fingers" into thin steel, concrete.

SUPERSTRING® SYNTHETIC CABLE [NOT SHOWN] $3.00/PER METER
Synthetic cable made from spun orbital glass. Pencil thin, it can hold up to 3,000 lbs.

SANTACRUZ BOARDTECH SURFBOARD [NOT SHOWN] $200.00 (10SDP)
Lo-tech surfboard. +1 to Thrashing Skill in water.

THUNDERSTRIKE AEROBOARD $1200.00 (10SDP)
Aerodynamic lifting body, with jet spinner engine. Car reach speeds of 200mph for up to 20 minutes. Requires a minimum +2 Thrashing skill to ride. Jet/AV fuel only.

IMAGE & SOUND

REALMETL SYNTHESIZER DRUM-PAD $200⁰⁰

Plastic pad with drums etched into it. Speakers, volume controls, adjustable sound effects included.

REALMETL SYNTHESIZER KEYPAD $100⁰⁰

Flexible plastic musical sythesizer keypad with speakers.

V-PADD™ VIRTUAL DRUMKIT $320⁰⁰

A V-card combined with a Scangrid, projecting a drum pad into V-Space.

RAVEN MICROCYB T-2900 V-GLASSES $75⁰⁰

Some people prefer V-Glasses, in either thin refractive lenses in narrow visors, or in the classic cyberpunk mirrorshade models, over V-Trodes. Has full tactile, sensory suite capacity.

FULL IMPACT™ V-TRODES $100⁰⁰

A direct stimulus electrode about the size of a dime. A powerful nanocellular receiver, it comes with replaceable two-sided stick-ons. You just stick the V-Trode to your right or left temple and it transmits optical, auditory and tactile signals out of Virtuality. It's not as good as a cyberdeck (you can't transmit anything into V-space), but it allows you to see and hear into the alternate electronic reality that is the main information source in 2027.

V-Padd™ Virtuality Keyboard $400⁰⁰

AV-card combined with a Scan-grid, projecting a keyboard into V-Space.

Eurotech® Smartguitar $200⁰⁰

Typical 2027 electronic guitar, with sound effects, built in rhythm, drums, recording capacity, track playback, speakers, plus Virtuality link and transmitter for remote speakers.

Receptor ® Brand Smartcards

Smartcards are a cross between V-Terms and simple AI systems. They contain the same credit-card sized wafer of supercapacitors, nanocircuits and solar cells, but no Virtuality interfacing (they are also thinner because of this). Instead, each one contains a relatively stupid AI program called an Expert system, dedicated to performing one task very well. They are programmed by the individual manufacturers (smartcards cannot be constructed on microfactories). Smartcards are used to open doors, run decryptors, store financial information, or work as Virtuality and Net code dialers. They are activated/deactivated by flicking the top left corner with a finger. **Types:** Personal Door Lock $20⁰⁰ • BankCard $30⁰⁰ • Dialer Unit $10⁰⁰ • 4 Language Translator (you pick the four) $40⁰⁰ • Business Rolodex $20⁰⁰ • Personal DataAssistant $100⁰⁰ • Auto-factory Keycard $100⁰⁰

Virtuality Smartcards

A special smartcard designed to project a single ICON or image into Virtuality space. The projection could be a short video/sound recording (up to 30 minutes), a music video, or a "billboard" or "ad". V-Cards are used in much the same way as business cards, videotapes, or recording tapes are today; they require no player, just access to Virtuality via a V-Trode, cyberoptic or V-Glasses. Many of them have "touch spaces" printed on the top to allow you to select functions or programs. They are everywhere in 2027 (like fleas), and people are always tearing them in half to get rid of them. A typical new "album" would cost about $15⁰⁰; a "video" around $25⁰⁰, and billboard "poster" about $3⁰⁰

FullImpact® Virtual Receiver/Player System $50⁰⁰

The equivalent of the TV/radio/stereo combo. Can pick up broadcast V-term signals, or play V-cards. Portable, with solar-recharging powersupply, or can be plugged in.

Disposable Futures

FLATFOLD FURNITURE
Light, memory plastic furniture, assembled like a puzzle (pieces fit into each other). A slight current expands the plastic and makes it comfortably soft. • Couch : 500⁰⁰ • Chair: 200⁰⁰ • Table: 100⁰⁰

NORTHERN FACED™ SLEEPING BAG $20⁰⁰
Lightweight; can now take temperatures down to -140º F. Compresses to a 12"x6"x4" wad. Can also be used as a comforter.

CLEANING REMOTES $300⁰⁰
Simple remotes operated by a wall-plug Expert System. Sweeps, dusts, picks up things and puts them in a top tray. Not very smart.

CYBERREST SLEEPPAD $20⁰⁰
Memory plastic mattress, with honeycomb structure activated by a small current passing through its seams. Press the tab once, and it unfolds and expands. Press it again, the current cuts off, and the bed flattens out and can be folded to the size of a pack of cigarettes.

MOVIN'CUBE™ REMOTE $200⁰⁰
Folding basket mounted on top of a roller-tracked remote, used to move gear. The shopping cart of the Dark Future. The remote is just smart enough to follow a tracker in your pocket, as long as you stay within 20m.

HITACHI-KENMORE APPLIANCE MOD $500⁰⁰
Self-contained appliance module, about the size of 2 large milk crates stacked on top of each other. Contains fridge, microwaver, storage in one cube. Can run on self-contained solar-batteries for 4 hrs, or can be plugged in.

TYPE
Pants/sl
Dress /S
Jacket o
Top or sh

TYPE	BASE COST	x QUALITY	x DESIGNER	= COST OF ITEM
Pants/skirt	$25⁰⁰	Low (1)	Generic	1
Dress /Suit	$80⁰⁰	Average (2)	Name Brand (Levis)	2
Jacket or coat	$50⁰⁰	Exceptional (3)	Name Designer	3
Top or shirt	$20⁰⁰	Excellent (4)	Exclusive (Eji)	4

THE RAGGED EDGE

ROADTECH
WHEELS & SPINS FOR THE MODERN WORLD

APACHE CYBERBIKE
$1500⁰⁰
[NOT SHOWN]
Favorite bike for Tribals and Nomads, with long range tanks (200mpg), good handling (+1). 110mph. SDP=30

INFINITI SPINNERBIKE $10,000⁰⁰
The cutting edge of two-wheeler tech, this is a cyberbike with fly by wire, mounted on a single spinner jet engine. Capable of 300mph speeds, for 3hrs. SDP=20

CITY CAR $2,000⁰⁰
[NOT SHOWN]
Small 2-man vehicle for city travel. About 50mph top speed. Rechargeable batteries give 4 hours of travel on a 5 minute recharge. SDP=26

CHRYSTAR NOVA $8,000⁰⁰
[NOT SHOWN]
A very typical small 4 seater sedan for 2027. CHOOH$_2$ engine gets 90mph, fifteen gallon tank, 40mpg. SDP=50

HELLFIRE CYBERBIKE $2000⁰⁰
NOT SHOWN]
Popular cyberbike with direct link plugs as well as 'trode links, drive by wire response, on-board status computer. 160mph. SDP=30

NUNCHAKU CYBERBIKE $1200⁰⁰
The bike of choice among Beavers, Goldens and Glitters. Top speed is 110mph. Derisively looked down upon by some as a "Beaverville rice burner". SDP=27

ARENT=93

AVANTE SPORTSPINNER
$200,000⁰⁰
[NOT SHOWN]
Two seater, open top "spinner"
aerodyne, with twin fans and fly by
wire. 320 mph, up to 10,000 feet.
SDP=40

CRYSTAR FALCON ® SPINNERCOUPE
$175,000⁰⁰
Four seater "spinner" type aerodyne, sim-
ilar to the CorpSec combat design
(SDP50). Fly by wire, four fans, with a top
speed of 200mph, up to 22,000 feet.
SDP=45.

IMPORTANT:
In 2027, all cyber-
controlled vehicles
can be controlled by
V-'trodes as well as
by direct cable links.

AKIRA CYBERBIKE $2500⁰⁰
Recumbent cyberbike, with Virtu-
ality head's-up display, drive-by
wire stabiliziers. 130mph. SDP=25

LARK MINI-SCOOTER $800⁰⁰
[NOT SHOWN]
A Goldenkid favorite. Small, fold-
able, can carry two easily. 70mph.
SDP=15

TechShak
TechShak

INCORPORATED AMERICA'S
TECHNICAL SUPERSHOP!®

TECH TOOL KIT $75⁰⁰
A mixed kit of mechanical and electronics repair tools in a 2"x10"x2" cylindrical plastic case. The tools are pulled out of compartments and slots in the container, which has a shoulder strap. Also contains a mini-cutting torch in the base.

APPLE® MAC520 VIRTUCOMP V-TERM $600⁰⁰
The "personal computer" and "digital assistant" of 2027. The actual 'term is a thick credit card-sized sandwich of nanocircuitry, powered by a supercapacitor storage layer charged by a solar cell layer (you get about 6 hours use before needing a 3 hour recharge). The V-Term projects a keypad and a screen into Virtuality, while its on-board sensorgrid translates typing or drawing movements into keyboard commands.

EBM ADVANCE SYSTEM MAINFRAME V-TERM $900⁰⁰
Larger V-Terms carry huge on-board databases, large scangrids, indefinite power supplies and built-in direct links to the Net. This makes them heavier (ten, twenty pounds) and less prone to be lugged around. (The ones on the Street are encased in steel and concrete to make sure they don't talk a walk).

TELECTRONICS TECHSCANNER $150⁰⁰
A small handheld device with various I/O connecters and probes. Techscanners run diagnostic programs, identify and examine malfunctioning components, and display internal schematics on a small screen.

D-TECH® TRACKER $500⁰⁰
Hand held module with V-ICON map screen for detecting/following tracer buttons. Range is 10 miles.

D-TECH® TRACERPIN $50⁰⁰ [NOT SHOWN]
Pinsized tracking device. Uses radioactivity or constant/pulsed radio transmission to pinpoint who or what it's attached to. Can be turned on/off remotely. Usually bought in sets of 6.

PARENTE 1993

MicroFlash $10⁰⁰
[Not Shown]

Toothpick size flashlights, disposable, in packs of ten. Beam range 100'-120', lasts 4 hrs.

Cardlock/Vocolock (Cost Varies)
[See ❶ , below, for image]

Cardlocks use a magnetically-coded card; vocolocks employ voice-recognition technology. Each type of lock has four increasing levels of complexity, and a single security system may incorporate both types of locks.

Type	Cost	Difficulty Level
Low Security	100⁰⁰	Average (15)
Medium Security	150⁰⁰	Difficult (20)
High Security	200⁰⁰	Very Difficult (25)
Maximum Security	250⁰⁰	Nearly Impossible (30)

DataTel Adapta Ringphone $70⁰⁰

Cellphone in ring, activated by voice. Good for 10 hours operation.

Raven Microcyb Data Tap $100⁰⁰

Tiny clamplike device that allows a V-Term to be linked into an operating electronic or fiberoptical communications line. You screw the clamp down over the desired line and it broadcasts to your V-Term. About 70% accuracy of data reception.

Microtech MiniFone Pin $150⁰⁰

Super small pendant or brooch cell phone. Comes with earphone. Numbers are dialed by speaking aloud. Good for 10 hrs. operation before needing 2 hr. wall recharge.

Flash Paint, Flash Tape $5⁰⁰ pt/meter
[Not Shown]

Fluorescent paint that gives off a soft colored or white light. Lasts up to a week. Also comes as *Flashtape*, a stick-on version that lasts for two weeks.

Smart Decryptor $500⁰⁰

A smartcard which is used to open lock electronic lock systems. If there is no card slot, the card is held speaker side to the lock's microphone (it decodes vocolocks by producing digitally generated sounds). The decryptor has a base +15 skill at decrypting a lock.

Datachip $5⁰⁰

The storage medium of the future for holding digital information. Usually plastic-cased, chips come in the shape of buttons, flat squares, triangles and thin slivers. All shapes can be read by all types of Virtuality media.

DATACHIP

BoosterGogg SmartGoggles $220⁰⁰

High-tech vision aids combining 60x power binoculars with a laser rangefinder, IR & low-light lenses, full Virtuality link and a built in 20 shot digital camera.

Snoopboxx Personal Intrusion Sensor $200⁰⁰

This cigarette-pack sized scanner is an all around protection device. Setting 1 searches out electromagnetic fields generated by various bugs and alarm systems of location). Setting 2 checks air or liquids for unknown toxins(s) with 85% accuracy. Setting 3 (75% chance known and contains a movement alarm system that detects movement in a 10 x 10 area with 95% reliability. Setting 4 jams electromagetic transmissions in a 1000 foot area (includes cellular phones and some cyberware).

Silicon Graphics Iris Cyberdeck $600⁰⁰

Typical cyberdeck. Speed +4, CPU2, Memory 40. Datawalls +5 Virtuality Keyboard, celluar capable.

BODYSHOPPE

BodyShoppe Tech-hair $100⁰⁰
Color /light emitting artificial hair. Can change colors using chemical shampoos ($2⁰⁰ each)

Fashion in Action™ ChemSkins $150⁰⁰
Dyes and chemicals impregnated or rubbed into the skin. Some are temperature sensitive, changing color in patterns when warmed. Others are hormonally active, based on moods.

PARENTE 1993

TIMEMAX™ SKINWATCHES $20⁰⁰
A tiny LED implanted under the skin, which shows current time, date. Reset by pressing the display in the proper combination or pattern.

FASHION IN ACTION™ LIGHT TATOOS $25⁰⁰
Light emitting chemical patches inserted under the skin. Store light and emit it in colors or patterns.

BODYSHOPPE HOME SMARTDOC™ $1600⁰⁰
Micro AI controlled autosurgeon, about the size of an old fashioned "boombox" with a Medical Tech Skill of +12 (add die roll to this) . Dispenses drugs, slap patches, antidotes, dressings, drugs. The Smart-Doc sees with both static fields and optics, and speaks in a calm and reassuring voder voice (you can pick the sex). Four probes extend from the top. Probe #1 has an airhypo,. Probes #2 and #3 are AI controlled surgery arms with retractable scalpels, retractors, probes, clamps, and tweezers (arm #2 has three fingers and a thumb). Probe #4 contains a medscanner, with readouts for body temperature, heartrate, blood pressure, respiration, and blood sugar levels.

©Kiroshi products

KIROSHI OPTICAL SHIFT TACTS® $90⁰⁰
Colored contacts, designed to mimic colors, or with logos and patterns.

BODYSHOPPE BRAND IMPLANTED V-LINKS $100⁰⁰
One option for the V-Elite. Links are directly implanted under temples.

BODYTECH DRUG ANALYSER $40⁰⁰
Handheld gadget which can determine the purity of a drug with a known composition, or identify the molecular make-up and possible effects of an unknown substance that is similar to a drug already programmed into its library.

DEADJIM™ AIRHYPO $40⁰⁰
Compressed air hypodermic, with 10 loads. Injection types can be varied by turning a setting knob. Drugs must be purchased separately (see *Cyberpunk 2020*, pg. 122, for details).

HOT 'ZA!

PIZZA & BLACKMARKET WEAPONS

Medium Autopistol $300⁰⁰

P O J   C 2D6 (9mm) 10 2 ST

Very common automatic pistol. Usually something like a Beretta, but science fiction and colored plastic versions are also common. 50 Reloads $30⁰⁰

Heavy Autopistol $500⁰⁰

P -1 J E 3D6 (11mm) 10 2 VR

Reliable autopistol frame. Molds are usually similar to old 9mm's, or occasionally more scifi types. The "Decker gun" from *Bladerunner* is very popular. 50 Reloads $40⁰⁰

Hard Armor (Metal Gear) $600⁰⁰ (SP25)

Laminated epoxide armor, this type of protection is falling out of favor because it gives too good a radar return for Genius Guns (+10% to the gun's chance to hit the target).

Medium Machine Pistol $600⁰⁰

SMG 0 J E 2D6(10mm) 40 20 VR

Based off the ever popular Minami frame. Simple, with folding stock. 50 Reloads $30⁰⁰

Kendachi MonoKatana® $600⁰⁰

MELEE +1 N R 4D6 NA 1 VR

Sword length version of monoblade. Resembles a hightech katana with a milky, nearly transparent blade.

Very Heavy Autopistol $800⁰⁰

P O J E 4D6 (12mm) 8 1 VR

Maximum no-frills firepower. Used by Morgan Blackhand, CorpSec Agents and people who aren't messing around playing Cops & Robbers. 50 Reloads $45⁰⁰

Light Machine Pistol $500⁰⁰

SMG +1 J E 2D6 (9mm) 30 35 ST

The ubiquitous pocket machinegun used by Corpzoners, streetgangs and Beaver housewives who don't want to take gun lessons. Usually "facked" as box with a handle. 100 Reloads for $35⁰⁰

Assault Rifle $1200⁰⁰

RIF -1 N C 7D6 (8mm) 40 20 ST

A standard automatic rifle module with short burst and full auto capacities. Common styles resemble old 20th century weapons, space opera blasters, and neo-Victorian long rifles. 100 Reloads $100⁰⁰

Heavy SMG $800⁰⁰

SMG 0 L C 4D6 (12mm) 30 3/20 ST

Based on the MPK-11 (the most popular Solo's gun in existence) this frame can be modified into four different designs, including a bullpup configuration, standard SMG, an assault carbine, and a grenade launcher mount. 50 Reloads $50⁰⁰

Heat Wave Microwave Pistol $100⁰⁰

P O J P 1D6 10 2 VR

Standard microwave weapon. See *Cyberpunk*, pg. 108 for details.

HotZa Pizza

Yes, you can actually get a good pizza here. One pizza with one topping costs:

Small (serves 2)	$6⁰⁰
Medium (serves 4)	$8⁰⁰
Large (serves 6)	$12⁰⁰
Mondo (serves 10)	$16⁰⁰

+ $1⁰⁰ for each additional topping.

Soft Drinks	$1⁰⁰
Beer (if over 16)	$3⁰⁰
Salad	$4⁰⁰

PARENTE 1993

GENIUS GUN

P Special J R 6D6   8 2 VR

The 2027 equivalent of the Smartgun, only *smarter*. There are three levels of Genius Gun; the **Genius** (2,000⁰⁰), the **Super-genius** (3,000⁰⁰) and the **Einstien** (5,000⁰⁰). Each model has a base chance to hit of 40%, 50% and 60% respectively. For more on using these weapons, see Genius Guns, pg. XX. Reloads are $25⁰⁰ per *round*.

"SCRAMBLERS" $100⁰⁰

The equivalent of chaff & flares in jet combat, Scramblers are penny-sized microtransducers with internal heat sources. Used to confuse Genius Gun rounds (each one used reduces the gun's chance to track by 5%). Ten in a roll, good for one use each.

MILITECH CAP-LASER "PISTOL" $6000⁰⁰

SMG 0 N J 1-5D6   8 2 UR

Smaller, lighter version of the laser cannon. Very hard to come by, and not all that small (it's carbine sized).

STRIPTAPE BINDERS $20⁰⁰

One-use-only plastic locking strips for temporary handcuffs and leg ties (VERY DIFFICULT to break). With ceramic fibers to resist cutting, and guaranteed fireproof. Come in boxes of 12, and so cheap, they've replaced handcuffs.

SPM-1 BATTLEGLOVE $1200⁰⁰

MELEE -2 N P 3D6/2D6 NA 1 VR

This is a large gauntlet covering the hand and forearm. It does 3D6 in crush damage, 2D6 punch damage, and has three spaces which can be used to store any standard cyberarm option.

KENDACHI MONOKNIFE® $200⁰⁰

MELEE +1 P P 2D6 NA 1 VR

Mono-sectional crystal blade. Incredibly sharp. In the Japanese "tanto" style. Also available in a naginata form for 100⁰⁰ extra.

ZAPMAN TASER PISTOL $60⁰⁰

P 0 J P STUN 10 2 VR

Very common taser weapon, with pistol range.

LIGHT AUTOPISTOL $100⁰⁰

P 0 J E 1D6 (7mm) 10 2 UR

Cheap autopistol frame. Often molded in bright colors, science fiction shapes, pirate blunderbusses and other dumb things beloved of the juvegang set.

ARMORED CLOTHING

Personal protection for the fashion conscious, these lightweight armored clothes have nylon or leather coverings that resemble normal Streetwear. Assumed to cover all body areas, with high collars for head protection. Come in 3 weights:

Light (SP 14)	$200⁰⁰
Medium (SP16)	$300⁰⁰
Heavy (SP20)	$400⁰⁰

IN CASE YOU'RE WONDERING...

Player: But I can't *see* any weapons!

HotZa Management: Of *course* not, choobhead! This is the black market. How *dumb* do you think we are?

NEW TECH 2027

The technology of 2027 has advanced considerably in the last seven years. Common items have become smaller, more efficient and more powerful, while entirely new products have replaced everyday standbys of the early 2020's. Here are just a few of the major inventions that have reshaped the Cyberpunk world .

Microfactories

Microfactories are the advanced versions of the 2020 autofactory. They are almost always designed to produce one type of product; raw material is inserted into one end, and a finished product extruded from the other. The actual shape/ size and construction of the product is determined by using a Computer Aided Design Field or a sketchpen.

In general, there are three kinds of microfactories.
1) Plastic extrusion types use a flexible two-sided molding base that is computer-controlled; the shape of the mold is manipulated by a CAD-Field and plastic injected into the mold through pre-determined ports.
2) Lathes and parts-makers shape blocks of metal or plastic to CAD specifications, using monomolecular blade cutting assemblies.
3) Assemblers put together objects out of bins of pre-assembled parts, or cut and heat-seam clothes from bolts of cloth. (All types are about the size of an old fashioned stand-up photocopy machine.)

Microfactories are ubiquitous in 2027 America; they have, to a large extent, replaced inventory stocks in many stores. Nowadays, you select what you want from a Virtuality display of the item, then go to the checkout counter and have it made up on the spot. New designs for products are sold as templates for the microfactory, rather than as material objects, making a new release almost instantaneous.

To operate a microfactory requires at least a +3 *Boost* skill for juveganger, or a +3 *Programming* skill for an Edgerunner . Microfactories are extremely expensive; starting prices for simple Assemblers are around $50,000 to $100,000⁰⁰. Don't expect to find one in a juveganger's conapt. At least not legally.

Sensor Grids

Sensory fields are low-power static, magnetic or IR fields generated around Virtuality technology devices. They are advanced versions of previous sensory devices, such as the now obsolete U-Force video game controllers developed in the 1990's.

A Sensory field is capable of sensing movements of less than a thousandth of a centimeter, and translating movement into analogous actions in Virtual or Real space.

For example, most computers in 2027 are simply small flat wafers of circuitry, projecting both screen and keyboard into V-Space. The screen and board are then seen by using a set of Virtuality glasses, and manipulated by moving the hands over the projected keyboard—the computer's sensory field detects the typing action and translates it into analogous action within the unit.

Nanocircuitry

One of the most impressive breakthroughs in recent years is the creation of nano-circuitry: electronic circuits etched by nanites instead of by more cumbersome lasers. In this process, a simple pattern is programmed into billions of nanites, which are released onto a nearly monomolecular crystalline circuitry wafer. The nanites travel their preset paths, leaving a molecule thick chain of metal behind them to create the wafer's pathways and transistors. Finally, several molecule-thick wafers are sandwiched together to make the final, almost transparent, chip.

The result is a nanochip—thousands of times more complex than the most advanced microchip of the early 20's. Nanochips and nanocircuitry have made many of the most incredible breakthroughs of the last seven years possible by bringing computers down to literally the molecular scale.

Digital Publishers

On the face of it, a Digital Publisher is a type of autofactory: paper goes in one end and a printed book comes out the other. But that's where the resemblance ends. Digital Publishers also extend into Virtuality as well, and can be linked directly to any one of a million database "publishing" boards (including the Library of Congress).

Although chips are also commonly used as a reading method in 2027, there's still one big advantage to the printed page; you don't have to plug it in.

Spinners

The second generation of aerodyne vehicle, spinners use high speed, supercompression turbofans (instead of directed jet engine thrust) for lift. The fan itself is an advanced carbon alloy suspended on a frictionless magnetic bearing; the turning motors are rotary turbines mounted top and bottom, venting to the sides. The direction of thrust is determined by moving the entire turbofan mount within a gimballed housing.

Spinner fans can be mounted in far smaller spaces than traditional AV motors, which required full scale jet engines. They are also more "redundant" than the Pegasus-styled engines of the AV series; each spinner is separately powered and controlled by a fly-by-light optical network. Because the jet exhaust is reduced and not part of the thrust component, spinner fans are also easier to use in crowded areas where jet thrust would be deadly.

Spinners are used to power personal aerodynes, large "fan-bikes," and some rare personal flight packs. The most recent innovation has been to mount fly-by-light balance systems directly on the engine housing itself and use the spinner as a form of personal hover platform. This innovation, however, is so far confined to certain yogangs who call themselves "BoardPunks."

AI Remotes

By the mid 20's, the cellular network had been so vastly expanded that there was virtually no point on earth that could not be reached by a microwave information link. Gradually, this ability to transmit and receive data was expanded to control simple "radio

controlled" robots called **remotes**, thus getting round the biggest problem of any robot: how to get a large, intelligent brain into a small mobile form. (The answer: put the brains in a huge AI mainframe and let it control the empty-headed remote via the cellnet).

In 2027, we use remotes to perform a wide variety of tasks, ranging from the mundane to the very sophisticated. Any task that could be performed by an AI unit can probably be performed by a remote, as long as the task does not require split-second reactions and as long as a broken cell link won't cause a disaster (for this reason, remotes are not used to drive vehicles). Remotes come in all types of designs, from humanoid types similar to the Alpha body replacements of 2020 (very rare), to small specialized "robots" with special limbs or mobility systems.

As a rule, a remote will have a reaction time equal to that of a REF 5 human. It may be as intelligent as the AI controlling it, although most AI's limit remote controlling to a basic INT level of between 4 and 5.

Genius Guns

Since the early days of the 21st Century, smartguns have been the most advanced weapons available to a private individual. Smartguns operate by linking a cyberoptic or targeting scope to a projected infrared reticule; when the reticule sweeps the desired target, the gun fires.

Genius guns take this process one step further: a link through a cyberoptic, Virtuality glasses or a stick-on linear scope sights the gun to whatever you are looking at; once the gun acquires the target, it fires a rocket-propelled shell containing a nano-processor that controls tiny vanes in the rear of the rocket. A tiny heat seeking or microwave radar sender is used for guidance; genius gun rounds can follow targets around corners and even through crowds. Almost all genius gun shells are explosive tipped.

To operate a Genius Gun requires no handgun skills. However, the operator *is* at the mercy of how smart his gun is. A Genius Gun normally operates at a certain skill percentage (between 40% and 60%), dropping in skill for each turn of 20° or more, or for each intervening obstacle avoided.

Genius Guns are also designed with other built-in options; they can recognize the retina patterns of their registered owners and refuse to operate for someone else unless an authorization code is given when the gun is turned on. They can project Virtuality warning lights and signals indicating low ammo, jams or other malfunctions to a designated owner's glasses.

Cap Guns

It used to be that power systems were the most critical part to creating a technological society. But today's advanced capacitor technologies mean that cheap power can be brought to anyplace easily.

Capacitor laser weapons are the most visible result of 2025 breakthroughs in capacitor storage power systems. Most "CapGuns" are designed for close range combat, and are extremely effective against unprotected skin. There are two types of CapGun attacks:

- **Scribble:** This setting delivers painful and incapacitating wounds. The beam is left open in the "sweep" mode, and dragged over the target, causing multiple low energy burns.

- **Blast:** This setting releases a large amount of power in a single blast of energy; enough to instantly boil water in body tissues. The area around the wound instantly goes up in a steam explosion.

"VIRTUALITY"

With the advent of the Net and the expansion of cellular communications, it was only a matter of time before computer generated reality became accessible to everyone (instead of just those with a cyberdeck). The first breakthrough in this technology was the invention of Raven Microcyb's Net Vision™ Algorithm Glasses. These early virtual units were enclosed pieces that projected a Net's-eye-view onto an internal screen; later versions overlaid the components of Net Space over the wearer's Realspace view, editing out non-essential data such as the NetGrid itself.

> The technological future will be decided on a new Frontier, not with blazing six guns but with blazing hexcode.

In 2024, Janice Grubb, intrigued by a set of Net Vision™ glasses sent to her by Raven, began to experiment with a modification of the original I-G protocols. In this re-written protocol, objects in the Net became "reactive" to objects in Realspace, using static fields projected around the originating computers or cyberdecks. This allowed virtual reality objects to be projected side by side with realspace objects, and to react as though they were really there.

In 2024, thanks to major breakthroughs in nanocircuitry, the size of a Net ICON transmitter became so tiny that one could be placed in a book of matches. With the entire Net also now linked to cellular and microwave-based communications, you could project a signal anywhere on Earth and have it placed into its proper Net/Realspace location instantly, projecting a visual ICON and even a radio/sound signal if desired.

In 2024, Raven Microcyb developed an advanced version of their original Net-glasses prototype. This version projected

VIRTUALITY: AN INTERVIEW WITH JANICE GRUBB.

Netrunner Magazine: You've created two of the three primary ways that 21st century human beings interface with machines—first the I-G equations, and now Virtuality. How would you describe the evolution of this new technology, and your part in it?

Janice Grubb: Before the advent of true cyberspace (and the earlier versions in the late 20th century really didn't count), you communicated with a computer on a screen/mouse/keyboard system. It was sort of like passing notes back and forth in a really big classroom. Your notes were in English, the computer's notes were in binary, say, a language that make Serbo-Croatian look simple. You both had a pocket Serbo-English dictionary written by someone who wasn't fluent in either language, but who'd studied real hard. And you took these notes, see, and tried to tell each other things. No wonder computers were hard to use.

When "Nobbie" Ihara and I started playing with the idea of Netspace, we were looking for a simple kind of interface that would be more...hmm, I think intuitive would best describe it. We both had suffered through the DOS and UNIX eras, where you had to speak to a computer in a specialized code. Then it was mice and icon-related graphics. But you still had to use menus, special commands and screens. You couldn't just talk to the computer, or manipulate data the way you would use, say, a hammer or a pencil.

At first, everyone saw the Net as basically a bulletin board that you could dial into. When you logged on, all the stuff you normally had to do with a mouse was portrayed as objects and things you moved around in. If you wanted to write something, you picked up the pencil and wrote on a pad in Netspace. If you wanted to get a file, you walked or flew over to a place that had been designed to look like a place where the file ought to be, and you picked up the file and read it. If you wanted to move something around, you just picked it up and moved it. The Net caught on because it allowed people to relate to the Net as a place, not an abstract series of data lines that went every which way. Most people have never really gotten the idea that their interface programs are simply a way of linking into the BBS that is the

images from a slim nano-circuitry headset against the retina, so that an ICON in Netspace could be superimposed over it's Realspace coordinates. Eventually, even these advanced Netglasses were made obsolete by Kiroshi Optical's new "inductance 'trode units", which directly stimulated the nervous system with data derived from the local Net ICONography programs developed by Janice Grubb.

In 2025, Langley Microsystems developed the *Sensornet* generator. This device generated either a static or infrared "grid" within a designated area. Objects entering the grid are scanned and their motion can be translated into commands for a microprocessor. By linking an ICON transmitter with sensornets, Langley was able to produce a working ICON-based device within the year: a projected ICON of a keypad which responded to typing motions made in Realspace.

With direct visual feed, projected ICONS at will, and a way of interacting with these projections, all the pieces were now in place to create what we now call VIRTUALITY; a state where Net images and Realspace are combined in one. This is the furthest edge of Net technology; a way in which reality and computer generated fantasy fuse into one.

In Virtuality, advertisements, video programs, and ICONS are seamlessly integrated into reality. Anything that used to use a monitor or TV screen now uses a V/R projector to create a Virtuality image in the Net, which is then perceived as part of Realspace. Because the inductance 'trode works directly on the optic nerve, its nanocomputer can "edit" out a "real" image as easily as it can edit in a Virtuality ICON. People can even have their VR trode units imbedded under the skin, allowing them to never have to leave Virtuality. Others also have miniature radio-speakers implanted along the mastoid bones to pick up the projected sounds of Virtuality ICONS.

In 2027, many people wear personal transmitter/projector systems (disguised as jewelry, cyberwear or clothing), to create their own personal Virtuality ICONs. Most electronic hardware, and even a few advanced vehicles, use virtuality based controls or keypads. There are now entire places, people and things that most of you have never seen in Realspace at all. You probably have friends whose real faces are unknown to you because you met them in Virtuality (and you like them that way). You shop in Virtuality-based malls where products are projected into reality and you never actually touch them. There are video games that you can actually live inside,

Net; sort of like the old disks they used to give you to start up on Compuserve or America Online (two ancient bulletin boards). The Interface program contains the protocols that allow a cyberdeck to hook up to the Net grid and to translate data back and forth into physical impressions.

The I-G equations were simply a new way of relating that bulletin board to realspace positioning. We established the Net's grid as a miniature of reality; in this new world, everything was positioned in a microcosm of where it really was. When you dialed into the Net, the equations basically placed your ICON on the Netgrid in a place analogous to where you were located. To travel around, you moved that ICON around the grid and entered the ICONs you wanted to relate to; sorta like an old-fashioned video game board. Meanwhile, the equations established a phone/data link to the realspace location represented by that ICON. The Netgrid is basically maintained as part of the local structure of every major phone/data interchange; Night City, where I live, for example, has a version of the Grid that represents the entire Night City area. Anyone entering that part of the Grid is represented by an ICON, and when you relate to them, you're really relating in an artificially created space.

Those little wires are awfully tough to move around in.

Yeah (Laughs). Lucky I'm pretty small. That's the point, though. You aren't really meeting in a place at all. You're basically all logged onto a huge BBS that's linked to other huge BBS's. It's like a party line.

How would you describe Virtuality?

Virtuality takes the idea of the Net one step further, by allowing you to synthesize the reality of "Netspace" with the reality of "Realspace." This means that computers, data-links and information resources become as real and obvious to everyone as cars, houses and remotes, instead of being something that exists only in a computer universe. You no longer relate to a little box on your desk, or have to enter a "Net" through interface plugs. Instead, data takes form and shape right along with all the other aspects of your world. For example, instead of "running a program," the program is now a three dimensional organism that can talk

to you, interact with you, and give you information without you having to use keyboards or special commands. The computers are just that smart. You don't relate to a computer at all; just to the data. You want a file; you just reach out onto a bookshelf and it's projected there by the computer; you just pick it up. Data is now part of so-called reality. Things that used to just be computer-ICONS now are part of everyday life, and everyone can use them without needing to think about programming.

Why is this better than the Net? I mean, what good is Virtuality?

You have to think about it in terms of reality and its mutability. Let's say you have to explain what a dragon looks like. You talk about it, describe it; draw it. But the best way to describe a dragon would be to produce one, right on the spot, so that it could be touched, smelled, tasted and seen. Reality isn't mutable in that way, however. Only dreams, information that goes directly from the imagination to the senses without benefit of limiting physical laws, can be that mutable. Until now.

Now, in Virtuality everything is mutable. Because like dreams, everything in V-Space exists as ideas, not physical objects limited by time or space. Computers exist not as hardware, but lines of code; programs as information, images as data. You see and feel things because the code translates to reactions in your body, via the interfaces. Change the data, and you change the thing. That means that there are no limits to what can exist in Virtuality; you can see anything you can imagine, do anything you can think of, and experience anything you want to. There's no longer a barrier between ideas and reality, dreams and the mundane.

The danger in this, of course, is that the flip side to every dream is a corresponding nightmare. For example, if you're open to full auditory, tactile and visual stimulus, you're open to whatever form that stimulus takes, just like in the "real world". While this stimulus doesn't take place on the physical level, it can have deadly effects on the mental level; you can literally be "nightmared" to death.

In your most recent books (*Skating the Rim, Fictional Realities*) you seem to be fascinated by this aspect of the technology. So why do we risk using Virtuality if it's dangerous?

The Net

entertainments where you can walk right into the movie and interact with Virtuality characters (through sensornets in the floor); even restaurants and clubs where Virtuality is actually part of the decor.

If you were from the United States of 40 years ago— someone about your parent's age—who was a teenager in 1990, the impact of Virtuality would be inconceivable. It would be like living in an animated cartoon, where almost anything could exist side-by-side in your everyday world. And this is only the start. Within the next five years, experts predict that full, tactile, sonic and auditory stimuli will be transmittable anywhere on Earth.

Netrunners in Virtuality.

Right now, the limits of Virtuality are that it's limited to what you can directly affect around you; you see as far as you can see normally; move as fast as you can move in realspace, touch things within your grasp. This is due to the passive nature of Virtuality; images are projected to you, and you project images and interact with sensornets immediately around you.

But Netrunners inhabit the realm of AI's and other long range telecommunicators. They not only are able to *perceive* immediate Virtuality, but are also able (using cybermodems) to actually

TRAVEL along the phone nets and communications webs from place to place. In short, they are actors, not viewers.

In practical terms, while most inhabitants of Virtuality walk, Netrunners, AI's and Wizards teleport and fly. While most Virtuality travellers have to physically *walk* up the real stairs to get to the Arasaka computer on the 10th floor, Netrunners ride the telecom links right into the mainframe. This is because the cyberdeck interface is two-way, instead of passive. A Netrunner can transmit and receive data through his link to the Virtual world; a little like having his own TV studio and cameras instead of just watching whatever shows up on the tube.

Danger in the Net

Virtuality has made Netrunning a lot more interesting for the rest of the Edgerunners; now, when a Hellhound leaps out of the mainframe at a group, we *all* see it, even if we can't directly be hurt by it. While the trode link goes one way, that link can allow a hostile program to stimulate your nervous system, possibly in a dangerous way. While there are 'trode-based safeguards against black ice, the psychological damage of a virtual illusion can be severe (there's very little difference between actually having your leg ripped off by a Hellhound, and just *feeling* the entire process in excruciating detail via an interface link). The shock alone can drive you insane, or even kill you even without leaving a physical sign. Ask around the Street; there are plenty of stories about parties of dead Edgerunners found in positions of terrible agony—without a mark on them.

But danger is always a part of cyberpunk life, and so far no one's given up flying aerodynes either. Since the actual number of incidents where regular Virtuality patrons encounter black ice are rare; rarer in fact, than your chances of being publicly mugged in broad daylight, most regular Virtuality runners either stay out of trouble or can hire a Netrunner to act as protection against any problems. Just like hiring a Solo.

Welcome to the brave new world of the 'Face.

It's a lot like TV or jet airplanes. They can harm you, but without risking the harm, you can't access the potential. If you don't get on a plane, you'll never be killed in a crash. But you'll never be able to get around the country faster than train speeds. Humans accept risks from their technology all the time.

I'm fascinated by the idea of dangerous cybertech simply because of it's almost mythic qualities. Most people will never encounter a dangerous "black ice" program in their entire lives. The only ones who do will be those who deliberately place themselves into the position of entering interdicted systems. To most of us, Virtuality is safer than driving cars; certainly safer than driving an aerodyne; to consider Virtuality dangerous would be like saying no one should drive cars because race drivers are killed. Yet this myth of the lone hacker against the black iceberg persists; even if it's relatively rare. It's true that you can get killed in the Net, but your odds are far better of meeting a boostergang than a rogue AI or psycho netrunner.

I know it's the question everyone always asks you, but what do you see as the future of Netspace?

No Net at all, actually (waves hands). Oh, quit so looking so shocked! Since the creation of Virtuality, I'd say about 65 to 70% of the American population has access to V-Trodes now. That means that pretty soon, everyone will have access to Virtuality systems— those who can't get into Virtuality will be like the deaf or blind compared to other people, because information will be blazing by them and they won't be able to see it. I mean, right now, about half of the advertising in the US is Virtuality based. That means a lot of people who never know about a product or service until it finally shows up in print. What's going to happen when all the highway signs are virtual? When most of the entertainment is Virtuality based? As I see it, in twenty years, Virtuality will be part of reality; there will be no difference anymore. There'll be Virtuality sensors and transmitters everywhere, and you'll relate to the dataflow around you like you do to the wind, the sidewalk and a piece of paper. You'll just reach out and see a whole new world of dreams around you. The only question we'll have to ask ourselves is what shape those dreams will take. And that's going to be a lot harder to deal with than the creation of this brave new virtual world. ◆

CHAPTER FIVE

TIME OF THE FIRE

MORGAN

▼ I don't know how far along you are. Or even if you're really sick yet. But sooner or later, every juve below twenty gets a dose of the Carbon Plague. The flip side is, if you're over twenty, you usually die of it. So maybe that's the consolation prize.

▼ I wish I could help you through it, but to be honest, I couldn't do anything even if I was really here. There's no cure, and no way to ease it. You're going to think you're dying. You'll charf your guts up or your head will feel like it's gonna split. But you'll either go into a coma and die in a few minutes (assuming you've lied about your age or just counted birthdays wrong)—so fast you won't even know it— or you'll come to about six hours from now a whole new person.

▼ The sensorgrid in this safehouse is set to record movement. If you haven't moved after the second day, the AI is set to torch the safehouse (and your body). During this time, the doors to the safehouse will autolock. The security grid will go to maximum, and the autoweapons should be able to tackle almost anything short of a tank assault. You'll find food dispensers in each room, if you think you'll be able to eat.

▼ If you're up in the next few hours, the grid's set to run a Virtuality sim that will explain what's happened to you. It's got some files Rache snagged out of BuReloc's systems, and Alt's put in a training sim that will help you adjust to your new abilities. Just pass your hand over the grid area and I'll be back.

▼ I wish we could do more. But all we can do is wish you luck, juve. Hang with it. I think you'll survive.

▼ Honest.

▼ ▼ ▼ [END]

ABOUT THE CARBON PLAGUE

The Carbon Plague is a deadly virus that has swept the world in the last two years. It can be transmitted through contact with any exposed object or person; no antiseptic or biological agent seems to affect it. It can also be spread on the winds of the jetstream. It is the most perfect biological killer in the universe.

Except that it's not biological.

The Carbon Plague is really a highly advanced form of nanotechnology; bacterium-sized supermachines that are used to manipulate matter on the molecular scale. Although nanotechnology has been in common use since the early 2000's, the Carbon Plague is so much more highly advanced that it resembles everyday nanotech the way an AV-4 resembles a Model T Ford. For one thing, it appears to be volitional; possessing a sort of machine intelligence similar to a computer AI. Normal nanotech is not volitional; it can only do very simple tasks and cannot change it's limited programming. The Plague appears not only to be able to perform very complex tasks that involve intuitional jumps, but to also be able to change it's structure, programming, and overall functions at will.

This wouldn't be so bad if it wasn't for what the Carbon Plague does. The Plague doesn't just kill people. No, it changes them, in horrible, random ways. Among adults over twenty, about 80% are unaffected ; they get a little sick and after that they're immune. The remaining 10% die in screaming agony; their bones and muscles slowly powdering into sugary white crystals, or melting into formless goo. In adults under twenty, there are usually two results. About 70% are unaffected. The remainder undergo one of four known metabolic changes (although recently new versions have been observed), turning them into augmented fusions of nanotech and biological parts.

These "Changed" individuals, dubbed by the media as *Tinmen, Wizards, Alchemists, Scanners* and *Bolters*, all seem to be adaptations uniquely designed to fit into the cybertech-based society of 2027; in fact, each type appears to be a bio-nanotech reflection of a particular ability of regular cyberwear. **Tinmen** extrude and reshape supercarbon "metal" to create bio-nantic versions of cyberlimbs and weapons. **Wizards** directly enter Virtuality space like bio-nantic cyberdecks, creating programs, manipulating machines by willpower alone, using hardwired, superspeed nervous systems. **Alchemists** use nanotech "factories" to assemble things from raw materials, just as autofactories do throughout the *Cyberpunk* world; they can also disassemble things just as easily. **Scanners** are able to "read" minds using nanotech-based EEG and stress analyzers, interpreting actions to an incredible degree of accuracy (as well as deliver electrically-charged attacks that can destroy nervous tissue). They are also hardwired for incredible reflex speeds. **Bolters** use nano-fibre chains to throw deadly electrical arcs like hyper-enhanced tasers. In short, each type is adapted to fulfill both combat and non-combat roles, and to work naturally together as a team.

This implies a level of intelligence beyond a bunch of itty-bitty "micromachines."

Many theories have been advanced as to the cause of this unstoppable "mutagenic force." So far, the most accepted one is that an unknown megacorp discovered how to create volitional nanotech and adapted it to create teams of "super-powered" cybersoldiers. The nanotech was somehow accidentally released, and, without any laboratory controls, began to randomly alter those victims who could best stand the transformation, inadvertently killing those who couldn't adapt or ignoring others that didn't

match its selection parameters. There are several bits of evidence to support this theory: the Carbon Plague appears to have originated from the crash site of an AV-4 that was carrying an unspecified biohazard cargo; the corporation responsible was engaged in a mysterious research project for the Government, and lastly, all the scientists involved in the research have been missing since the advent of the Plague.

Another, less accepted theory is that the Carbon Plague was designed by an AI (Artificial Intelligence) engaged in a long range plan to alter or evolve the human race. Since Artificial Intelligence is an artifact of a computer's programming (rather than an outgrowth of its hardware), it is feasible that the nanotech could be supporting a sort of "hive mind" AI, and that every infection site is in reality the basis for a very smart computer intelligence made up of millions of tiny parts. The fact that documents proposing just such a concept have been discovered in abandoned computer systems gives a lot of support to this otherwise far-fetched theory.

The most outrageous theories are that this is a prelude to an alien invasion from space; that the Carbon Plague is only the first step in decimating Humanity and replacing it with a robot race in the style of Fred Saberhagen's *Berserker* novels, or that the Plague is actually a natural mutation brought about by Mankind's long association with technology. Both of these theories are held primarily by the lunatic fringes, such as the Clarkers and the Futurists, and there is no evidence to support them at this time.

Whatever the cause, the Carbon Plague is here to stay. Current scientific estimates project a future in which at least four out of ten children born after 2027 will manifest some form of the Change; whether the known variants now with us, or some of the new variations rumored to have evolved in the last year. As the older generations age and die, we will inexorably move towards a time when only a rare individual will *not* be a member of what we now call the CyberEvolved. When seen in this light, it's not hard to understand why the Cybergeneration faces such extreme opposition from the rest of Mankind. In the Dark Future, Humanity will have only one choice: **Evolve or Die.**

> **NOTE: ALL CYBERGEN SKILLS START AT LEVEL 1!**

THE PLAGUE AND YOUR PLAYERS

How do you decide who gets the Carbon Plague? Even harder, how do you decide who gets what powers? The important thing to remember in *Cybergeneration* is that the Carbon Plague is just that—a plague. It's not meant to be a good thing; if it was, this would be another *superhero* game and your players could just check into *Dr. Z's School For Precocious Psychomutants*. Your player should NEVER be allowed to pick their powers. Instead, you should decide, in your capacity as Referee, what powers (if any) they have.

Don't just say, "So, like Bob—you're a Tinman." Make your players *work* for it. Start with a few symptoms; "So Bob, that headache's back again, but *this* time, you notice there's a slick silvery film on your hands..." Good Carbon Plague symptoms are:
• Silvery films and sheens on the skin. • Blinding headaches • Hearing a roaring noise like billions of voices • Throwing up silvery liquid which then reabsorbs itself into your gasping mouth (ugh). • Dizziness followed by epileptic seizures. • Itching all over the body. • Hallucinations. • Sweating silvery perspiration.

Once they're paranoid enough, randomly pick one or two players at a time and have them go through a series of terrible symptoms (anything on the list is good) *all at once*. At the end of this brief and terrifying session, have them make a few random die rolls and mutter to yourself... Then—

Roll Randomly. As described elsewhere, the Carbon Plague usually breaks into neat statistical percentages; a certain number of Alchemists, a certain amount of Tinmen, etc. The pure statistics method is probably the simplest; make a percentage roll. (Tinmen 20% • Bolters 15% • Alchemists 10 %• Scanners 30% • Wizards 25% . You can also choose to have some players show no manifestations, although this may be missing the point.)

or

Build a Balanced Party: Look at the type of scenarios you're planning to run. Will the group need certain types of abilities? Should everyone in the group get the Change? Try to structure your choices so that the party has a good mix of combat and support powers

or

Use Dramatic Licence. This method takes into account the style of party you want, the personalities of the players, and the characters they'll be playing. Try to put a few twists into the mix as you make your choices. Giving a Megaviolent a Tinman change is pretty predictable. But a Megaviolent Scanner who can feel his victim's fear and pain—that's really something. Try to match powers to the personalities of the players— and make it fun!

TINMAN

Congratulations. You're a Tinman. And congratulations are in order. You're one of the rarer forms of the CyberEvolved: only 20% of you will manifest this variation. You're one of the elite of the Cybergeneration: supercyborgs without humanity loss, capable of some pretty amazing stuff.

Right now, you probably feel pretty bad; your skin itches all over, and your arms and legs are covered in a thick, pasty sludge. Get a rag and wipe it off. Notice how from about the middle of your biceps (or thighs) down, your limbs seem to be covered in a sheeny, silvery-black metal? That's your new skin. It's a compound of hexite polymers, several times stronger than titanium, but fully flexible. Your limbs should be hexite all the way down through the bone, sort of like a polymer-plastic cyberlimb. The polymer also runs up under your regular skin (where you can't see it), reinforcing your entire skeleton to support the stresses your new limbs will create. This means you'll probably never break a bone again, unless you're crushed by a tank or something.

That stuff you just wiped off? That's your old skin and muscle, extruded when the hexite bonds were formed. Relax; you won't be needing it anymore; this stuff is much better. It even has full tactile ability, except that beyond a certain threshold, the nanotech bonds refuse to transmit pain sensations. Useful, neh?

The itching under your regular skin means that you're forming what we've nicknamed "bioarmor"; it's a thin coating of hexite that can be extruded through the skin to give your real skin body armor plating equal to a light armor jacket. It's also flexible; you can call it up whenever you want— once you've practiced enough. You'll get to where you can form your bioarmor from bare skin in less than a minute, but give yourself some time, okay? Don't try it now or you'll scare yourself half to death.

Let's take a look at your arms and legs again, shall we? Notice that they look just like they used to, only they gradually change from skin to hexite? That's the way the nanotech change works. But that's just the surface. When your arms and legs are in this configuration, you'll be able to crush metal, bend steel bars, and kick in an aerodyne door; the hexite reinforcement will work better than any cyberlimb available. You'll also be able to leap about five meters in a jump, depending on your original body type.

Bet you're wondering what I mean by "in this configuration", right? Okay, brace yourself for a shock. Concentrate on your right index finger. Imagine it pointing out; further, further... until it stretches out for several feet. Stop shaking; it's all right! Your new body can do things like this. In fact, you can extend your hexite appendages out in tendrils, sheets or shapes. Pull yourself together and draw back the finger. Slowly. When you've had enough practice, you'll be able to make multiple tendrils down to pencil size, sheets as thin as paper, and bend your fingers anyway you want. No handcuff will be able to hold you.

Last thing. Besides forming sheets and tendrils, you can also form useful weapons. We'll start with something simple; say a blade. Concentrate on your hand again. Imagine it lengthening, becoming thinner, sharper, and more pointed. This is going to take some concentration, so take your time. Better. Good. You've made a pretty good knife out of your hand. After a while, you'll be able to make all kinds of things; ripper-style blades, daggers, etc. The best Tinmen can even form a gun around a handful of ammunition. But you better concentrate on knives and clubs for now.

Now you know what you can do. Let me tell you a bit about the drawbacks. First of all, unless you cover your arms and legs, you're going to be obvious to everyone around you. There's some makeup sprays we can get you later that can hide the grosser effects, but any real inspection of your limbs will give you away.

You're also going to have to keep this little nanofactory going—this means you must eat something (at least 1% of your body weight) every eight hours or your body will go dormant. That means you'll fall into a deep sleep; your arms and legs will lock into place and your bioarmor will spread out to cover the rest of you; you'll become a big silver statue until someone feeds you. You'd better make sure this doesn't happen in the open. You'll have some warning first; after about ten hours without food, you'll start to feel stiff; after twelve hours, you'll feel tingling over your whole body. Don't ignore this; it's your new partners giving you a warning—feed us!

That's all I can give you in this short Virtuality sim. You've got a whole new life ahead of you, and a lot of power to go with it. Don't be stupid, and you may live to enjoy it. Good luck.

ALCHEMISTS

Feeling better? The shakes stopped? Body stopped oozing silver slime? My name is Alt. I'm here to help you adapt. Since you haven't shown any of the standard reactions the other CyberE-volved usually show, I'm guessing you're an Alchemist.

What's an Alchemist? Good question, let me show you instead of talking about it. Here's what I want you to do. On the workbench near you, there should be a pile of stuff; test tools we leave at every safehouse. Pick up one of the metal cubes. Got it? Fine. Now let's play a game. I want you to close your eyes. Imagine that the cube in your hand isn't made of metal. It's made of sugar; a big sugar cube in your hand. Now imagine that the sugar cube has been dipped in a big, hot cup of caff. Feel how it's crumbling, breaking up, into smaller and smaller crystals? Feel how it's turning from a cube into a pile of sugar...?

Now open your eyes. You're holding a handful of metal dust, right? That's what an Alchemist is. You're the rarest of the CyberEvolved we know about, only 10% of you make it this far. You carry a complete nanotech factory inside you now, capable of disassembling almost any material in existence (like you just did with that block of steel), and reconstructing it into another form. We still don't know exactly how you do this; Alchemy is one of the most volitional nanovirus forms we've seen. What we do know is that once you have a hand on it, you can change or rearrange the molecules of any inert material around. You can't change the atomic structure of lead to make gold like an alchemist out of a fantasy book. But you could take a lump of coal and change it into a diamond, with enough practice.

You've got two kinds of nanotech inside you. One type we call a sampler; it goes out to the material you want to change, takes molecular samples of it, and brings it back to you. You experience the information the samplers bring back as "tastes," "feels," and "smells." After a while, you'll be able to recognize the composition of something just from these components, just like you can tell the spices in a recipe from the taste.

The other type of nanotech you have is called an assembler. You've only got a few samplers, but you're carrying millions, maybe billions of assemblers. They take the information your samplers give you, and working from your mental instructions, go out and rearrange the molecules of whatever you're touching to whatever you want. That's what you did with the steel; you touched it; the samplers brought back the information, and the assemblers went out and crumbled it into dust as you visualized it. Remember how real the "sugar" seemed to feel when you imagined it? How you could almost taste it? My Alchemist friends tell me that almost all ferrous-based metals taste sweet to them; that's how we came up with this test.

So what will you be able to do? Besides make diamonds, that is? For starters, you can turn any inert, non-living material into dust; the more practice you have, the faster you can do it. You can also reshape any material into another form; say turn a block of wood into a statue. Eventually, with enough experience, you'll be able to extract raw materials out of things, gather them together and create new objects; or to change the state of a material from liquid to gas, or gas to solid. You may even be able to one day create complex devices out of raw materials— the very best Alchemists can make things like weapons, vehicles and clothes. But you've got a ways to go yet.

Here are the limitations. First, you have to be touching the thing you want to change, and you must keep in contact with it through the entire change. Since your assemblers and samplers can only be emitted through your palms, this means you have to hold whatever you're changing. Because changing something takes time, you may find it kind of tough to disassemble a door lock while CorpSec goons are shooting at you. Get one of the Tinmen to cover for you if that happens.

Second, you can only affect a limited amount of material at one time, equivalent to ten times your body weight. That's because the amount of assemblers you can carry is limited by your size. If you have to break contact before you're done changing something, you're going to lose the assemblers you've already committed to the task; once you've lost them, you can't get them back. Since the little guys are too tiny to count, most Alchemists think of them in terms of the amount of mass they can affect; after the change process is over, you can recover enough assemblers to affect a mass equivalent to your body weight in ten seconds. So if you affected something that was five times your body mass, you'd need fifty seconds to get back everything you'd sent

ALCHEMIST

TINMAN

out. Remember that, because it takes a full day to rebuild one BODY "equivalent" of your internal nanofactories.

Third, you can only affect inert, non-living material. For God's sake, don't try to repair wounds or implant cyberwear—even if you *could* get the assemblers to work at all, you'd probably kill the patient! And don't bother trying to work on Tinmen or other CyberEvolved; the nanomachine types seem to "know" each other and will just refuse to operate.

Finally, unlike the Tinmen, you won't pass out if you have to go without food a while. As long as you eat at least 1% of your body weight in food every twelve hours, you'll be okay.

But after twelve hours, some of your assemblers will start to go dormant; you'll lose one BODY level "equivalent" in assemblers for every two hours after the twelve hour cut off point. Wait long enough, and you may not have any active assemblers to do anything when trouble starts. So don't forget to eat (as if I have to tell a juvepunk that!)

That's about all I can tell you right now; we're running out of time. Besides, being an Alchemist is a lot like being a cook; you can't learn from a book, only from cooking. So get on out there and start practicing with your abilities before you really need to count on them!

WIZARDS

Hi there! Done shaking and twitching? My name is Alt Cunningham. I'm broadcasting to you on the 869.040-893.07 MHZ band, somewhere about the frequency of a good cellular deck. Since you can hear this, I'm going to assume you're a Wizard.

Like me, (or like I was), you're really a kind of Netrunner. But unlike me, you won't ever need a cyberdeck. Your entire body has been rewired; your nervous system has been totally replaced with a type of long chain polymer called hexite. Besides being ten times tougher than titanium, it's also a great high temperature superconductor when it's doped with a little silicon-gallium mix. Which the nanites currently living in your body have considerately arranged to do.

What's this mean? Well, for starters, like your close cousins the Scanners, your entire nervous system is now an incredibly sensitive antenna; you can pick up any kind of communications signal; radio, TV, Virtuality, microwave. If you touch a phone or com line, you can even pick up phone transmissions. Unlike a Scanner, your antenna is set to an incredibly tight focus; it's like a microwave beam, able to lock onto any part of the Net's transmission grid (up to a mile) just like a cellular communicator. It can also transmit signals into the same grid up to a mile away, using a special nanotech supercapacitor wired into your nerves for power. In fact, you're sort of a walking, talking pocket phone, except you don't have to have an access code or pay a bill to Internet. With this modification, you're always in Virtuality, linked to the Net, even when you're asleep.

You can also automatically perceive any type of communications around you, overhearing cellular and radio calls like you were dialed right in. You can also project your consciousness through the Net like a cyberdecker would, surfing the datalines to anywhere on Earth at the speed of light. What you do best though, is Wizardry.

See, Netrunners have to use programs in order to perform operations in the Net. And Virtuality ICONS are basically just more sophisticated programs. Each program is made up of words or numbers that have to go through what's called an interpreter, where they're converted into the binary code a computer really uses for thinking. But you won't need to write programs. You're wired to think like a computer whenever you want. You can communicate in binary code like the best AI that ever was. You'll even be able to understand jokes like:

"1001000100001,101010000 1000100001000, 11000!"

What's this mean? Well, while the rest of the Netrunners and V-walkers are writing code and pushing mental buttons, you're going to be able to conjure things up in Virtuality just by thinking about it. You won't need to program ICONs or string bits; you'll imagine it, concentrate, and it'll be there. Instantly. When you need to fight a Netrunner's Demon program, you'll just conjure up a flaming sword. If you need a program to infiltrate a datafortress, you'll concentrate and whatever you need will be created on the spot. That's why we call you Wizards. Because when you're in Virtual mode, you can do magic.

You're going to be the life of the virtual party one day, but not quite yet. Right now, you're going to be limited to creating the simplest binary creations. Simple shapes. Limited Virtuality ICONS. Later, with practice, you'll be able to create complex stuff equal to any programmer. The best Wizards even create Familiars; fully independent AI programs that work and fight for them. Patience. You'll get there.

But your abilities aren't just limited to Virtuality. Since you can think and broadcast in binary code, you automatically have a special affinity with any type of binary controller unit. You can probably activate any simple computer activated device right now. Try thinking the lights on. Now turn them off. Great, isn't it? In time, you'll be able to control more complex things like microfactories, vehicles, and remotes. The best Wizards can even control AI systems and make them do whatever they want.

Because your nerves are now hardwired superconductors, your reflexes will also be incredibly fast. You can move faster than the best boosterware anytime you want. But I wouldn't show off too much. Smart CorpSec agents look for this sort of thing, because most kids can't be hardwired until they stop growing.

Other than your range of a mile, you've got very few limits. You need to eat at least 1% of your BODY "weight" every twelve hours to keep your supercapacitor charged up; otherwise, you'll lose your abilities within an hour after the deadline. Thinking in binary takes about as much effort as talking does, so you're okay there. The biggest thing you have to worry about is meeting a Netrunner or AI with a bigger, badder program than you can come up with, since you can't just jack out of Virtuality like anyone else could (although I guess you could starve yourself out). So stay alert and don't get too cocky. You're going to be a great asset to your goboys—if you don't get melted down by a Hellfire bolt first. Have fun.

SCANNERS

Feel better? By now the pounding headache has stopped. Maybe there's a little buzzing in your ears still. Relax. Take a deep breath; it'll pass. My name is Alt, and I'm here to teach you how to be a Scanner; one of the most common types of CyberEvolved. Since almost 40% of you come out with this Change variant, you've got a lot of company.

As a Scanner, you have the ability to convert very weak electrical impulses into meaningful data. You can do this because your entire nervous system has been rewired with a type of long chain polymer called hexite. Besides being ten times stronger than titanium, a minor amount of added gallium-silicate has made it into a perfect room temperature superconductor. Like your close cousins, the Wizards, your entire nervous system is now an unbelievably sensitive antenna, capable of picking up diffuse electrical impulses from the nervous systems of living organisms. There's also a special nanotech-constructed organ that is now hardwired into your brain designed to interpret these signals, so that you "feel" them as glowing "auras," "hear" them as words, or "see" them as visions.

But you're not going to feel or see anything staring at me; I'm only a Virtuality ICON. You're going to need to look at something living. Go over to the workbench. See the lab rat cage? Hope you're not afraid of rats, because you're gonna need to get real close to this little guy. (Of course, the way you guys are these days, I'm more worried that you'll try to eat him.)

Pick him up and look at him closely for a while. Pretty soon now, you're going to see a faint glow all around him. What you're seeing are the faint electrical signals his nervous system is throwing off, interpreted by your eyes as a colored glow. Unless he's scared, the glow will probably be a deep blue. If he's upset or agitated, it'll look more orange. If he's mad, the color will be red; if he's hungry, probably green. If you see green, you might want to check the autofeeder on his cage; it might be empty. Rat food and water are in the lower drawer of the cabinet.

What you've just done is basic emotional scanning. With enough practice, you're going to be able to use this ability to "read" the emotional state of almost any living thing that has a spinal cord. After a while, you'll get so used to reading the colors as emotion guides that you won't even think about them.

We call your type of CyberEvolved Scanners because that's pretty much how you work; like an EEG scanner, you pick up faint "brainwaves" for information. When you get more skill, and if you have enough familiarity with the subject, you'll be able to fine tune your ability to interpret those waves; what's just a glow to you now will later be interpreted as actual thoughts, even images, routed by your internal interpreter to the most useful of your senses. But it's going to take a bit of practice before you can master that. Right now, let's stick to rats.

Okay, a few basics. Unlike a Wizard, your antenna's pretty diffuse. You can generally scan anywhere within a ten meter area, and be able to pick up impulses from any single target in that area, even if you can't see him directly. The more people you try to scan, or the farther you try to sense, the harder it will be to pick up any meaningful signals. You also will need to be able to concentrate; while you're scanning, you won't be able to do anything more complex than you would if you were watching a Virtuality show with your full attention. You know; eat, talk a little; that sort of thing. Don't try to scan during a firefight unless you're positive you're under cover first.

There are some limits to your scanning abilities. You'll find it tough—maybe impossible— to scan whenever you're in an area of high electrical static; lots of radios, Virtuals, unshielded electronics, etc. The CorpSec scientists have recently started to take advantage of that by making personal static generators for their higher level agents; watch out for them. You can generate your own static fields as well (using a little of the electrical power source I'll talk about later) to keep other Scanners from reading your signals unless you want them to.

Besides scanning, you have two other abilities. First, since your nerves are now hardwired hexite superconductors, your reflexes are incredibly fast; you can move at Sande-vistan boosterware speeds anytime you want. Don't use this too often; it's a dead giveaway to sharp-eyed CorpSec Agents.

The other ability you have is far deadlier, and should only be used as a last resort. Like your relatives the Bolters, you

WIZARD

BOLTER

also have a nanotech supercapacitor wired into your nerves capable of delivering a phenomenal electrical jolt. Your hardwiring can be used to deliver this megavolt power surge through your hands directly into the nervous system of anyone you get a skin-to-skin touch on. But be very careful. This attack can easily kill; at the most extreme, victims have literally had the tops of their heads blown off. But the cost to your own nervous system is also extreme; you'll take physical damage each time you use this expedient. I know telling you that killing shouldn't be taken

lightly is pretty useless to a child of the cyberpunk age. But killing yourself is still something to be taken seriously, okay. Besides, you'll only be able to do this a few times a day. It takes time for your "batteries" to recharge

That's about it for now. Remember; as a Scanner, you have the ability to stay low and blend in. You'll know when trouble's coming, and maybe even what your enemy's planning to do; use this to help your goboys. Don't push it, and you'll do fine.

BOLTERS

Done throwing up your lunch yet? Fever down? Good. Let's get started. From the Virtuality scangrid I just ran over you, I can see you're wired to be a Bolter. Next to the Tinmen, your type of Cyber-Evolved has some of the most amazing nanotech changes.

As a Bolter, you have the ability to fire long metal "wires" of supercarbon up to 100 meters, and charge those wires with megavolt shocks. You're sort of a nanotech "taser", with the ability to shoot long range targets. This can make you a very effective protective force in any situation where a group of your fellow CyberEvolved might be threatened by long range weapons. Rache Bartmoss claims that shows just how smart the designers of the Evolution Virus (as we call the Carbon Plague) were.

Your "bolts" are more than just mere wires; the hexite chains are polarized in two different directions. One way, the wire become stiff and rigid; almost ten times stronger than titanium. Rotated the other way, it becomes soft and pliable, like spaghetti. By alternating the direction of the hexite bonds along your "bolt", you can actually make it turn corners, bend around things, and even turn back on itself. They even regenerate; if they're broken (SDP of 20), they grow back in a matter of three or four hours. And *no*, you can't try to use them as climbing ropes. You're *not* the Batguy, no matter how cool your new abilities are.

The bolt itself is launched from two tiny holes at the base of your wrists, and the leading point is actually a narrow, aerodynamic dart. The hexite wire itself is stored in a supercarbon spool around your forearms; by raising your arms and cocking back your hands, you charge the wire to take a stiff orientation, which pushes it out of your wrists. Bolter shots have been timed at rifle speeds, so make sure you're not pointing at anything fragile when you cut loose!

Once you hit your target, you'll use the two "storage" capacitors inside your body to charge the wire. With a little practice, you'll be able to control just how much power you want to use, from a metal-melting blast to a light stun effect

Of course, you won't want to use all your charge up at once, because you have limited "batteries" and it takes time to recharge. The nice part is that recharging doesn't take a lot of effort— you can pick up a charge from carpet static or from your body temperature interacting with your storage cells. And before you get any bright ideas, I wouldn't try to charge up using electrical current; it's AC, you're DC, and the amperage will burn you out or kill you!

You've also got a couple other neat tricks up your nanowire-spooled sleeves. If you touch something conductive (steel, iron, copper) with your hands, you can send a deadly shock through it, blasting anyone or anything in contact. You can also power any DC powered device: video players, flashlights, etc. for an indeterminate time (use about 1D6 charge for every 2 hours of powering a large device like a TV).

But talking isn't going to tell you as much as doing will. Go over to the trash and pull out a few empty food packs. Set them up in a general obstacle course, and pick a few targets. Go slowly now; you don't want to bolt one of your friends. Just concentrate throwing the bolts from your hands straight to the targets (at this range, an 8 would be a sufficient Difficulty to beat). Later, you may want to start working around the obstacles until you get a feeling for avoiding things in the way between you and your target. The last step will be to throw a little current down the wires.; carefully, since a close range jolt can melt metal, plastic, or burn wood!

After a bit of practice, you'll start to get the hang of it. You'll need to be careful; Bolter skills are the most dangerous of the known CyberEvolved types, because they are designed to be used offensively. But keep working at it! The really good Bolters can whip two bolts around three or four obstacles apiece, and knock a cat off a fence with a light stun. You're not going to start out that good, but with some practice, you'll eventually be able to do tricks like that yourself.

Of course, you still won't be able to swing from the rooftops like a superhero, but you can't have all the breaks!

DATAPAD®

Incoming PRIORITY-AZURE
Transmission.
Scramble Code: Zebra-Charlie-
9-Bravo-Bravo-0
Source: Dr. David Chaing,
Ctr. For Disease Control
[NSec A@FtGGMeade..
R&D_DBioP..TC1

Destination: Lt. Gen. John Hunter
DoD@Pent..NSec_Tac..JH1 < EYES
ONLY — READ and DESTROY >
Message reads:

John:

Just got finished assembling and collating the data. You weren't kidding about this one, old friend. Something strange is definitely afoot, and if I knew who the bastards were who put it all into motion, I'd certainly be the first in line to strangle them. It's taken us well over a year to piece together what we have — and what we have isn't much.   If only... John, their research was light-years ahead of ours; we had to invent two new processes just to analyze some of the properties — just to analyze... Sorry. I'm getting ahead of myself. Let me start from the top.

Since last year, the Carbon Death has spread like wild fire through the country, exploding outwards, despite our best efforts at containment.

After a while it became evident that this bug was not going to be corralled or penned-in by any means at our disposal. Within the short span of six months every population center on the Earth had reported cases of the plague; by month seven, even the Orbitals and Luna had fallen prey to the plague's wrath. Once it hit the cities, it spread along the well-trod corridors of travel; it behaved in every way like a virus or bacteria — a textbook epidemic. *Millions* were dead or dying, John; no one was surprised when Martial Law was declared in the middle of '26; I think everyone was too shocked or too sick to care, really.

The government took over. The bulk of the research on the plague was handed over to my team and I. National security. Bulls--t. The problem was bigger than us; some people were just too scared and stupid to see, or possibly admit, that in retrospect, it's obvious that we still weren't thinking at this point. If we had been, it would have been painfully obvious that no mere spill or virus could have caused exactly this type of destruction.

We had concentrated on the dead to study the Plague, but it was the dying that finally gave us the insight we needed. Many of those who were struck by the sickness hadn't died immediately. Instead, they began to recover. Isolated incidents at first, increasing in number until we could no longer treat it as an anomaly. The dying — the ones we had so callously written off — were getting better. More than better. It was incredible. The awakening survivors were changed. By some unknown fashion, they emerged from their chrysalis with radically altered physiologies; with abilities and talents we'd never seen before nor imagined prior to this. We subjected the individuals in our custody to an intensive battery of tests and got readings too bizarre to make sense of.

One thing that we could tell for sure, however, was that their genetic prints had not changed in the interim — their DNA was the same in their present state as it was before their illness — even though their bodies had been changed drastically. That was the clue that broke the puzzle: what we had was something that entered a subject's body and rebuilt it from the inside-out, building on a phenotypic level as opposed to genotypic; something that was

so small it escaped detection by standard means; something that was *intelligent*, that only made changes where it needed to.

The light was finally beginning to dawn. Some idiot had done the impossible. Someone had designed the world's first true volitional nanomachine, and no one had any clue what to look for, let alone what the end result was supposed to be. Christ, John, we didn't (and still don't) even know if whoever created this thing is still alive. Finally armed with the knowledge of what we were facing, we temporarily relocated our base of operations to the White Sands Center for Virulent Disease Control while we conducted the bulk of our testing and research. It took hundreds of our scientists six months of solid round-the-clock work to collect the information we now have; the billions allocated to me flowed away quickly, spent, like water, like the blood of the "volunteers" who died on our tables. All in the name of science and security. I don't know what scared me more, the thought that we wouldn't be able to stop the nanomachine, or the knowledge of what we were doing in the name of a noble cause.

Well, we can't stop it. We can watch it, study it, even appreciate its genius — but there's not a damn thing we can do to even slow it down a little. The Catalytic Nanomachine (CNM), as we had labeled it, was, and is, well beyond our ability to affect. Every attempt we've made to date to alter or wipe out the CNM's internal programming has resulted in the deaths of our test subjects. At the stage we're at now in the field of nanotechnology, what we're doing is no better than randomly punching keys on a keyboard and hoping for a coherent program to magically appear at the end. It'll take us years just to make heads or tails of the mechanics of the nanomachine itself, let alone understand how to program or reprogram it. What it's doing is completely comprehensible, it's how it's doing it that's got us mystified.

What we know about the CNM is this: it's been programmed to change us. Not all of us, either — just some of us — those with the presence of the proper MetTry protein-fragment key. The MetTry fragment is just the trigger, however. Unregulated, the catalytic action is ultimately fatal. We believe that the regulating substance is somehow connected to something in growth hormone. We're not exactly sure *what* specifically (i.e.. the hormone itself, something in the hormone, the levels of hormone, or an action caused by the presence of the hormone, etc.), only time and further research will tell.

Forget quarantine. It's not going to work. In any case, the sickness isn't contagious in and of itself. What we observe and call "the sickness" is no more than CNM's program running its course. The CNM reproduces itself whenever suitable material can be found, and then lies dormant until it comes into contact with a potential host subject. It can also survive in just about any environment. Activated by body heat, unless the CNM detects the presence of the MetTry fragment, the CNM will not do anything more than reproduce itself in its host; in a sense, the "rejected" host becomes a farm and living vector for the CNM — it's the "unaffected" ones, like you and me, that are the most dangerous in terms of controlling the spread of disease — ironic, isn't it, John? At this point, trying to deal with the spread of the CNM is an exercise in futility. We're way too late. At the rate this sucker reproduces it's very likely in everything on this planet by now.

If the MetTry fragment is present in the host, the CNM becomes fully activated and begins the process we now call The Change. Once the Change begins the outcome is simple, either you die, or you're "force-evolved" (as one of the boys here puts it). Uncomplicated. The Change can take anywhere from a few hours to a few days depending on the subject's original health and physiology, and can be very traumatic, both mentally and physically. The survivors, the "Evolved", are very different from the rest of us in many respects; in several ways they are vastly superior— whatever the goal, whoever designed this puppy certainly knew what they were doing. I hope whoever did this is dead...for all our sakes.

The CNM itself is a remarkable piece of engineering. Once inside a suitable host, the CNM starts fabricating several different secondary nanomachines. In this way, the CNM is much like our own DNA, which contains all the information necessary to create every individual organ and type of cell in our bodies; similarly, within the CNM are all the blueprints necessary for it to manufacture

the tools it needs to transform the host and regulate/maintain the changed form once the metamorphosis is complete.

The Evolved take on several forms, the bulk of which can be categorized into five distinct classes: Scanners, Tinmen, Wizards, Alchemists and Bolters. Roughly 5-10% of our survivors continue to defy large-scale classification and fall under the category of Sports. Each group of the Evolved has unique abilities that put them beyond the ken of "normal" humans. However, the Evolved as a whole, share several characteristics in common. One distinct trait that all the Evolved seem to have, is a preponderance of molecular polycarbon, which I have taken to calling Supercarbon. This material is used throughout the implementations brought on by the Change, and is a fascinating substance by itself.

The smallest of the stable Fullerene-carbon structures, Supercarbon shows a crystalline structure under electron microscopy unlike diamond or graphite. Consisting of two hub atoms along an axle, three plates containing an additional three carbon atoms each emanate from the hub, forming a paddlewheel-like architecture. Six or more Supercarbon molecules stack together in an interlocking honeycomb pattern. This interlocking structure prevents planes from slipping past each other. The resulting material, Hexite, has over 10 times the tensile strength of titanium while possessing only a third of titanium's density. Beyond its simple utility as a structural component, Hexite also possesses unique electronic properties which are further exploited by the Evolved's micro-physiology.

The nanomachines in an Evolved's body function off of molecular vibrational and transitional energy which they "steal" from the Hexite structures found within the transformed body. Small pockets of Hexite (small relative to total body mass), are enough to power a whole body full of nanomachines —in many instances, deposits of Hexite far outweigh the demand for power (meaning: as a general rule of thumb, most of the Hexite encountered in the body of an Evolved is not superconducting). Once we got down to examining the bodies at this level, any doubts we had about the CNM were gone. It is patently impossible for the CNM to have been the result of random mutation; too much thought went into how to implement these abilities to accredit it as a freak of Nature.

There's a lot of genius at work here. The Evolved have a significantly altered metabolism that puts Mother Nature to shame. Within the circulating fluids of a Evolved individual's body (i.e.. blood and lymph) are several maintenance nanomachines which cruise through the body, destroying any bodies which are foreign to the host. Anything which does not match the protein profile of the host is broken down into components (i.e.. foreign proteins are broken down into their amino acid components) and then dealt with by the body's standard systems (i.e. the liver and kidneys). The Evolved are fairly resistant to most terrestrial diseases; unless the effect is faster than the nanites can act, the host will suffer nothing more than the start of the disease or illness. This action does not seem to hinder anything that does not have a protein signature — chemicals for instance; drugs seem to affect the Evolved with the same efficiency as they do all humans.

More impressive is a background repair system. Certain nanites carry around sections of a host's DNA and flow throughout the host's body performing repairs on damaged cells and organs. Given enough time, it is theoretically possible for these nanomachines to even "regrow" lost limbs or organs; healing rate for the Evolved ranges between two to three times as fast as that of humans who have not undergone the Change.

Our work quantifying and studying the Evolved is far from finished. Quite the opposite, in fact — we're just starting to understand some of the underlying theory of this remarkable (and frightening) technology. Security and Defense-wise? You already know where I stand on that one, John. My advice: let them be. They've already been through hell. We don't need to give them any more grief. Keep an eye on them, sure; I'm not that much of an idiot. They can be potentially dangerous, but then again, they might just be a godsend; just what we need — a good swift kick in the pants.

I'm going to continue my research, John. I know that a lot of "my" people have already been reassigned, but I'm close. Damn close. Give me a ring in a few weeks—I think I'm onto a major revelation about this nanotechnology mystery.

—Dave

TINMAN

NANOTECH ENGINEERED SUPERWARRIORS

Hexite
Armoring
Reservoir

Hexite
Limb
Material
Nodes

Personal Log Entry 132.8
Dr. David Chaing
Center For Disease Control
May 9, 2027

Possibly the most interesting of the Evolved, in terms of the military/security perspective, are the "Tinmen." Making up the second largest of the classifications, Tinmen possess the ability to produce and extrude Hexite formations at a phenomenal rate. Of all the Changed, Tinmen were the first to be categorized, simply because they were the easiest to identify as a group — their abilities being the most obvious.

Throughout the dermis of Tinmen are special enclaves of nanomachines which spin chains of Hexite. In addition to manufacturing Hexite, these enclaves also produce "utility" nanites which take the Hexite and apply it. As a whole, the Change leaves Tinmen with a body-wide layer of high-density fatty-tissue underneath the dermis. While not substantial enough to cause the subject to look overweight, the typical Tinman generally appears of mesomorphic or endomorphic build. Beyond cosmetic considerations, this high-density fat is the source of the carbon necessary for the Tinman's factories to manufacture Hexite; it seems that Tinmen must frequently eat carbohydrate-rich foods in order to maintain and replenish this carbon reservoir.

Utilized internally, Hexite can be woven by the utility nanites into the Tinman's existing musculature and skeletal system. Reinforcement in this fashion can dramatically increase the performance of the existing human system, increasing strength and resistance. Hexite seems to be completely compatible with the human immune system.

The most interesting aspect of the Tinmen occurs when their Hexite reserves are used externally. Extruded from the surface of the skin via the

sebaceous ducts, the Hexite combines with the utility nanites to form a polymorphic mimetic polycarbon "soup". This amorphous state (which has physical qualities resembling that of mercury at room temperature) possesses properties of both solid and liquid matter — while keeping the tensile and material strength of the solid, it flows, and can be molded, like a viscous fluid.

John, if you're asking me how that's possible, forget it. So much of this is beyond me — hell, beyond all of us — it's not funny. Basically, I figure the utility nanites are constantly changing the arrangement of Hexite clusters, giving it the dynamics of a fluid; allowing the material to shift form very quickly. However, the repositioning is happening so quickly, that from our perspective, the Hexite remains rigid. Think of an airplane propeller. Of the circle it describes when it rotates on its axis, it actually fills very little of the surface area (as it is only made of two blades and not a full circle). When it isn't moving it's very clear that the circle is mostly open space; if you were to throw a ball at that area, chances are the ball will pass through the "surface". Now start spinning the propeller. The faster it rotates, the more the "surface" behaves like a solid (since it's more and more likely that the propeller is actually under a given point at any particular time the faster the blades are spinning). If it's rotating fast enough, the ball will bounce off the "solid surface" every time you throw it. Similarly, what happens with the polymorphic soup is that, while the shape of the carbon-mass can change, at any given moment, it's actually quite solid. What gets me is that we don't have any idea how the secondary nanites are getting their commands to change the current configuration or how the tactile and feedback responses are getting to the Tinman's nervous system. As far as we can tell, it's magic — the Tinman visualizes the form he wants the amorphous polycarbon to take, and presto, it happens. To them, it's almost as subconscious as manipulating our hands and fingers.

Once a Tinman is finished with an external extrusion, he can absorb any Hexite still attached to him back into his body as rapidly as he can extrude it. Working in reverse, the sub-dermal enclaves reassemble and rehydrogenate the carbon, turning it back into high-density fat for storage. If any material is separated from the Tinman at any time, the lost material becomes inert — cut off from its power and control mechanisms. The Tinman is not able to reabsorb material of this nature.

There also seems to be a limit as to how creative a Tinman can get with his external formations. All extrusions observed to date have been simple constructs with no complex moving parts; attempts at more sophisticated constructions have resulted in items of the proper external appearance, but with no other utility. In other words, while a Tinman can easily create a Hexite axe, and form a simple pistol with difficulty, a working engine block is simply out of the question. That being their only shortcoming, a combat-trained Tinman is a frightening prospect.

TINMAN SKILL : HEXITE SHAPING [REF]

This is the skill of shaping hexite body parts into other forms. You may not shape your torso or head; only arms and legs, and even these parts are restricted to generally simple shapes. **Your skill starts at +1,** and allows you to:

• **Shape Tendrils & Sheets (Tables 1, 2):** Allows the Tinman to make tentacles in four general sizes, from pencil size to about 2 inches wide. These can be used to grab things, to anchor the body, or to hang on. He may also flatten his limbs into sheets of hexite.

• **Extend Limbs (Table #3):** Allows Tinman to stretch arms and legs (or even fingers), like rubber, as defined in Table #3.

• **Hexite Armoring (see Statistics):** Allows the Tinman to extrude a hexite armor layer through the skin, cover in the torso and head to an SP equal to his fully hexite arms & legs. The time to do this is equal to 12 turns minus the Tinman's Skill.

• **Shape Objects (See Shaping Type).** This is the ability to form the arms and legs into specific shapes: weapons, etc. The object must be all in one piece. You must also have a working knowledge of the type of object formed; for example, to shape a gun would require a minimum *Weaponsmith* skill of 4, or a good model to work from.

TINMAN POWERS

TABLE #1: NUMBER OF TENDRILS PER ARM [BY BODY STAT]

Tendril size (2m range)	1-2	3-4	5-7	8-9	10
1cm (@1/4")	5	6	7	8	9
1.5cm (@1/2")	4	5	6	7	8
2.5cm (@1")	3	4	5	6	7
5cm (@2")	2	3	4	5	6

Individual Tendril Strength is equal to BODY Stat divided by number of Tendrils (round down). When used together, total Strength is equal to character's BODY Stat. Tendrils can extend up to 2 meters (about 6.5 feet).

TABLE #2: MAX SHEET AREA PER ARM [BY BODY STAT]

Thickness of Sheet	1-2	3-4	5-7	8-9	10
Paper Thin	30 sq. cm	.5 sq. meter	1 sq. meter	2 sq. meter	2.5 sq. meter
1cm (@1/4")	15 sq. cm	30 sq. cm	.5 sq. meter	1 sq. meter	2 sq. meter
1.5cm (@1/2")	6 sq. cm	15 sq. cm	30 sq. cm	.5 sq. meter	1 sq. meter
2.5cm (@1")	NA	6 sq. cm	15 sq. cm	30 sq. cm	.5 sq. meter

Very approximate conversions: 6cm=2.5" 15cm=6" 30cm=12" 1m=3 ft 2m=6ft 2.5m=8ft 3m=10ft

TABLE #3: LIMB EXTENSION LENGTH [BY BODY STAT]

BODY Stat	1-2	3-4	5-7	8-9	10
Max Limb extension	30cm	1meter	2 meters	2.5 meters	3 meters

SHAPING TYPE	DIFFICULTY
Bioarmor Shaping	Easy (10)
Tendril	Easy (10)
Sheet Shaping	Easy (10)
Limb Extension	Average (15)
Club (1D6 damage)	Easy (10)
Dagger Blade (1D6 damage)	Easy (10)
Monoblade (4D6 damage)	V.Difficult (25)
Rippers (2D6 damage)	Average (20)
Wolvers (3D6 damage)	Difficult (20)
Gun Hand (by Ammo)	V.Difficult (25)
Foot/hand Spike (1D6)	Easy (10)
Hidden Pocket in Bioarmor	Average (15)

Referees may use the above as guides. In general, complexity is the key to difficulty:

Simple shape .... Easy (10)
Sharpened shape .... Average (15)
Refined shape .... Difficult (20)
Moving parts .... Very Difficult (25)

Tinmen may not form powered or two-part shapes (all shapes formed must be part of one whole).

TINMAN STATISTICS

Special Skill	Hexite Shaping (Starts at +1)
Bioarmor SP (all over)	SP 20
Time to extrude armor	12-(Skill) in turns
Time to shape limb	13-(Skill) in turns
Biolimb SDP	30SDP
Biolimb SP	SP20
Biolimb Crush	3D6
Biolimb punch	2D6
Biolimb kick	3D6
Biolimb Leap	.5m for each level of BODY Stat
Biolimb Jump	1m for each level of BODY Stat

NOTES

• Tinman do not feel pain past the irritation point.
• Can bend joints in any direction.
• Must eat 1% of BODY Stat (in kg.) every 8 hours or will go into hibernation state.
• Limbs are shiny silver-black supercarbon & should be covered.
• Changing back to normal is automatic, but takes normal change times as above.
• May only shape one area/limb/armor at a time.

DATAPAD®

ALCHEMIST
ASSEMBLERS & CREATORS OF THE NANOTECH AGE

Personal Log Entry 132.9
Dr. David Chaing
Center For Disease Control
May 10, 2027

Though not quite the Philosopher's Stone of legend, "Alchemists" are, none-the-less, the closest modern equivalent. Within their grasp, matter becomes malleable to a point which is almost undefinable — almost magic.

Alchemists have an extraordinary ability to "taste" objects for material content. Sampling an object by brushing his hands across the surface, an Alchemist is able to release surveying nanomachines into the item which then returns information regarding the elemental composition of the material in question. How this feedback loop is established and maintained still remain unanswered — similar control/feedback questions arise with other Evolved types as well (especially in the case of the Tinmen). Regardless of how this feat is accomplished, the survey nanites can provide remarkably detailed profiles on an object's physical structure, elemental composition, and provide quantum-level information to their "master" Alchemists.

While useful in and of itself, the information relayed by the surveying nanites is much more important to the Alchemist as a tool to establish the proper parameters for the application of their primary ability — that of atomic-level alteration. Once the target's composition is correctly obtained, an Alchemist can manipulate the matter through a number of startling transformations. Unless the Alchemist makes a conscious effort, the surveying activity is completely transparent — sampling is more for the Alchemist's nanofactories' benefit. Specially programmed nanomachines are released from an Alchemist's imbedded nanofactories

Alchemist processor unit

Nerve Feedback Node

Assembler /Sampler release points

Assembler storage

through direct skin contact; these alteration nanites can be directed to assemble, disassemble, or even alter/restructure the physical characteristics of matter.

I spent a lot of time studying Alchemists as, quite frankly, to me, they are the most enigmatic and fascinating of the Evolved. While unable to directly quantify how their nanomachines accomplish everything they do, I have a pretty good grasp on what they can achieve. Alchemists can assemble and disassemble matter down to the atomic-level; meaning, they possess the ability to strip component elements from complex molecules and the ability to form sophisticated constructions from simple base elements. For example, an Alchemist could easily separate hydrogen gas and oxygen gas from tap water, or just as effortlessly combine raw nitrogen and hydrogen from the air to create ammonia. By switching from assembly to disassembly between a number of materials through several steps, an Alchemist can build very complex molecules out of materials which (on the surface) appear completely unrelated. Just to give you an idea of what we're dealing with: we caught one of the test subjects back at White Sands manufacturing lysergic acid diethylamide (LSD) with elements taken from aspirin, toothpaste, and the wood in his bed-frame.

Despite their facility at the atomic level, Alchemists are wholly incapable of manipulating sub-atomic particles — you won't be seeing Alchemists adding protons, neutrons, and electrons to lead to produce gold anytime in the near future. You might, on the other hand, find an Alchemist snitching the charcoal briquettes from your barbecue to make diamonds.

In addition to the assembly and disassembly nanomachines, Alchemists can manufacture and release nanites capable of shifting existing matter without affecting its atomic structure, just its molecular positioning — again, much in the same fashion that allows a Tinman's extrusions of Hexite to remain "fluid." These restructuring nanites deal with physical structure, enabling Alchemists to perform stunts like turning water into ice, making ice cubes out of the resulting frozen water, etc. As with the transformation maneuvers, an Alchemist can direct his nanites to do whatever he desires as long as he remains in surface contact with the object or material being affected.

Although we are still unclear as to how an Alchemist maintains contact with his "satellite" nanomachines, we know that visualization holds part of the key as to how the nanites are programmed. All of the Alchemist's nanomachines are capable of reproducing only what an Alchemist himself can sufficiently comprehend. Unless the Alchemist actually knows the chemical formula for gunpowder, for instance, his nanomachine assemblers will be unable to mix up a usable batch. Similarly, unless an Alchemist can fully visualize the physical construction and dynamics of an item, his nanites will only be able to reproduce the external appearance (i.e.. unless he knows how to build a gun, or how a gun works, an Alchemist will be restricted to producing objects which look like guns — or, more to the point, what he thinks a gun should look like — rather than the real McCoy). You should, at this point, John, consider how easy it is to get a hold of technical documentation — a library card is a pretty dangerous weapon in the hands of an Alchemist.

While they do not appear to be much of a problem in terms of National Defense or Security at the onset (at least not when compared to Net Wizards or Tinmen), an Alchemist with a solid foundation in technical education and a good smattering of imagination can be quite devastating. Alchemists, more than any other of the Evolved, readily demonstrate how a little bit of knowledge can be a very deadly thing.

ALCHEMIST SKILL: MANIPULATION [TECH]

This is the Alchemist's ability to disassemble, reshape, and shape materials at the molecular level. The skill is based on the level and type of change desired (Table #1). **Your skill starts at +1.** Time of change is based on Alchemist's Body Type and the change type (Table #2). The Alchemist must have a working knowledge of what he wants to create (at least a Level 4 skill in the most applicable area, such as *Weaponsmith* to make a gun; *Chemistry* to make gunpowder), or a sample to work from. Alchemists must also keep both hands on what is being altered both during the change and after to recover their assembler nanites, recovering these at a rate based on the amount of affectable mass (see Stats section).

ALCHEMIST POWERS

TABLE #1: LEVEL OF CHANGE/DIFFICULTY TABLE

Type of Change	Superficial	Simple	Complex	Intricate
Disassembly	6	7	8	9
Reshaping	18	21	24	27
Assembly	12	14	16	18

TABLE #2: BODY STAT EFFECTS ON CHANGE RATES & RECOVERY

	1-2	3-4	5-7	8-9	10
Affectable Mass	200kg	300kg	500kg	800kg	1000kg
Disassembly rate	20 kg./turn	30 kg./turn	50 kg./turn	80 kg./turn	100 kg./turn
Reshape rate	10 kg./turn	15 kg./turn	25 kg./turn	40 kg./turn	50 kg./turn
Assembly rate	15 kg./turn	20 kg./turn	30 kg./turn	60 kg./turn	70 kg./turn

TRANSFORMATION DESCRIPTIONS

SUPERFICIAL

• **Disassembly** (D) = a single shift in molecular structure from a dense form into a more diffuse form (i.e. solid to liquid, liquid to gas, turning diamond to coal, etc.).

• **Reshaping** (R) = gross changes in form to a single object (i.e. from an ingot to a bar, a lump into a sphere, etc.).

• **Assembly** (A) = a single shift in molecular structure from diffuse into a more dense form (i.e. gas to liquid, liquid to solid, turning coal to diamond, etc.).

SIMPLE

• **D** = a multiple shift in molecular structure from dense to diffuse (i.e. solid to gas), or a material change involving one element (i.e. removing carbon from sugar, removing iron from steel, etc.).

• **R** = retooling into simple distinct forms (i.e. turning a steel ingot into a nut and bolt, turning a lump of lead into multiple bullet heads, etc.).

• **A** = a multiple shift in molecular structure from diffuse to dense (i.e. gas to solid), or a material change involving one element (i.e. adding hydrogen to oxygen to produce water, combining chlorine and hydrogen to produce hydrochloric acid, etc.).

COMPLEX

• **D** = a material change affecting two or three elements (i.e. stripping water from wood, separating rust from a car door, etc.).

• **R** = retooling into a simple but interlocking or interconnecting device (i.e. turning a steel ingot into a revolver, etc.).

• **A** = a material change affecting two or three elements (i.e. combining hydrogen, oxygen, and carbon to form sugar, etc.).

INTRICATE

• **D** = a material change affecting more than three elements.

• **R** = retooling into a complex mechanical device (i.e. turning a steel bar into an automatic pistol, turning a brass ingot into a pocket watch, etc.).

• **A** = a material change affecting more than three elements.

ALCHEMIST STATISTICS

Special Skill	Manipulation
Base Range	While touching
Assembler recovery rate	BODY Stat x 10kg per turn

NOTES

• Transformation/construction of elaborate devices from base raw materials must be completed as a series of individual steps (i.e. to make a loaded gun from raw materials, an assembly task is needed to combine the chemicals for gunpowder, a reshaping task is needed to turn the lead into bullet heads, another reshaping task is needed form the brass casings, and one last reshaping task is necessary to form the actual gun itself).

• Must eat at least 1% of BODY Stat (in kg) every 12 hrs, or lose 1 BODY Stat of assemblers every 2 hrs thereafter. Below 1, you have no active assemblers.

• Cannot work on Living Tissue or other Nanotech.

• Must stay in contact to make changes.

• May only shape one thing at a time.

• Alchemists can "memorize" up to their INTx2 types of materials at any one time (which can be reproduced at will). They must have samples for any new material "tastes".

SCANNERS

MIND SCANNERS & PSIONICS

Hardwired Nervous System

EEG processor unit w/ interpretation subprocessor

Power Storage Organs

Static Wave Release Points

Personal Log Entry 132.10
Dr. David Chaing
Center For Disease Control
May 11, 2027

Close to half of the surviving Evolved possess talents which put them into our classification of "Scanners". This group of individuals has developed the ability to read the thoughts of others. This ability wasn't obviously manifest at the onset; close to two months passed before we began to notice that many of the test subjects had been second-guessing us throughout the testing series with a high degree of accuracy. Concentrated study and research with selected individuals positively demonstrated that Scanners were, indeed, capable of somehow eavesdropping on the thought processes of most humans (including — with one exception — other Evolved). Additional scrutiny brought to light the important distinction that the Scanners are not exactly reading thoughts per se, but rather, the emanations and patterns established by thoughts within the micro-electrical field created by the nervous system.

Although the voltages and currents contained within a body are minute, every living being possesses an electromagnetic field as a result of the electro-chemical reactions which take place in its body. With each firing of a neuron or nerve cell, that field's profile is changed, increasing or decreasing in density and charge in direct proportion to the speed and amount of neural activity. Scanners are able to sense and quantify this field through the use of a technique similar to Magneto encephalography.

In modern medical-engineering, superconducting semiconductors, in the form of Josephson Junctions, are used in the construction of magnetoencephalographs. Within Scanners, the CNM engi-

neers structures under the Evolved's dermis which perform a similar function. A sheet of assembled polyacetylene is sandwiched between two thin films of Hexite to form the basis of a MED semiconductor. In activating the Hexite's superconducting electronic properties by lowering the Supercarbon below its threshold (through means of specifically elevated nanite activity), the organic semiconductor is transformed (for the duration of nanite activity) into an organic Josephson Junction, and consequently, the Scanner becomes a living magnetoencephalograph. Configured in this manner, each Junction cycles through its operation in less than two nanoseconds, allowing Scanners to update their field-strength readings 500,000 times per second — which makes for extremely accurate and up-to-date measurements when you consider that the typical reaction time for an adult human is roughly one tenth of a second.

As with any Superconducting Quantum Interference Device (SQUID), these organic Junctions are extremely sensitive to electromagnetic fields. Specifically, these CNM assembled Junctions are sensitive to the tune of 10-10 gauss. Essentially, John, Scanners are super-sensitive voltmeters, able to detect voltage fluctuations as low as one billionth of a billionth of a volt.

Thus, when shifts in neural activity result in alterations in the neuro-electrical field, Scanners are able to track and quantify these changes with incredible accuracy. With significant exposure to enough different thought processes, and with experience relating the resulting field fluctuations to the processes that cause them, a Scanner can, effectively, "read" someone's mind. For instance, with experience, a Scanner might begin to associate anger with a certain pattern close to the frontal lobe in humans; in time, the same Scanner might learn to further distinguish exactly how angry that person is by gauging the strength and size of the field-disturbance in question. Study of the field shifts and correctly associating the root cause will eventually lead the Scanner to interpreting progressively higher-level thought processes (i.e.. from "fear", to "run", to "I'll dodge into that alley", to eventually being able to visualize the entire process internally — a movie, if you will). In a sense, they must learn a new language. Generalities can usu-

ally be made for all members of the same species since gross neural functions remain constant (i.e.. visual signals are always interpreted in the occipital lobe, speech is controlled by Broca's Area, etc.) — if we continue to use the language analogy as an example, it would be much like the fact that most Americans spoke English. Obviously, however, readings on specific individuals depend on how much time a Scanner has spent "studying" that person — as neural architecture varies slightly from person to person — think of it as dialects of the same language.

Understandably, excessive background electromagnetic "noise" can hinder a Scanner's ability to correctly read his target. Another strange note we turned up in our research: while they seem to be able to easily detect the field which emanates from any electrical or electronic device, Scanners have shown no facility to translate any of those fields. My current best-guess theory on this facet of their nature is that, with most electronic components functioning in the Megahertz range (i.e.. cycling through their functions several million times per second), a Scanner's mind is simply not fast enough to catalog all the fluctuations which take place, making any meaningful translation impossible.

Regardless of their inability to deal with electronics, the subtleties and nuances of the abilities possessed by Scanners is fascinating. John, the ramifications of a society in which lies are meaningless is staggering...

SCANNER SKILL: INTERPRETATION [COOL]

This skill represents the Scanner's ability to sense and interpret the brainwave patterns of a given target. The result is determined by the Detail of the reading and the surrounding Environment (Table #1), modified by the Familiarity of the target (Table #2). The Scanner may also "push" his basic range (10m), by deducting points from his COOL stat. **Your skill starts at +1.**

In addition, the Scanner may use an electrical/nervous blast called a STATIC WAVE ATTACK to fry anyone touching him, at a physical cost to himself.

SCANNER POWERS

TABLE #1: DETAIL/DIFFICULTY TABLE

Environment	Raw Emotion*	Surface Intent	Subvocalization	Images	Other Scanner
Low Static	5	10	15	20	5
Average Static	10	15	20	25	10
High Static	15	20	25	30	15
Very High Static	20	25	30	35	20

* Can also be applied to "sensing life" or detecting a level of sentient activity.

TABLE #2: FAMILIARITY BONUS

Familiarity Level	Never	Unknown	Acquaintance	Familiar	Intimate
Bonus/Penalty to Skill	-5	-2	+0	+2	+5

TABLE#3: STATIC ATTACK TABLE

Attack Damage (choose amount)	1D6	2D6	3D6	4D6	5D6
Damage You Take	—	—	1D6	2D6	3D6

ENVIRONMENT DEFINITIONS

• **Low:** Little or no EM interference. Open areas and shielded environments, few radios, florescent lights, or power tools, etc.
• **Average:** Typical urban household or small office.
• **High:** Strong EM emissions, many unshielded devices, transmitters, etc. Outer space is considered High.
• **Very High:** Artificially generated "static", mind screens, unshielded high tension wires, EMP guns, etc.

DETAIL DEFINITIONS & TIME TO ESTABLISH LINK

• **Raw Emotion (Instantly):** Basic primal feelings without a conscious or verbalized component, best described as a noun (i.e. hunger, thirst, fear, lust, etc.). This is the maximum level lower animals can be read at (i.e. fish, reptiles, etc.).
• **Surface Intent (1 turn):** General intentions, best described as verbs (i.e. attack, flee, hide, etc.). This is the maximum level higher animals can be read at (i.e. birds, mammals, etc.).
• **Subvocalization (2 turns):** Simple sentences showing concrete thoughts, a combination of emotion and intent (i.e. I'll try to fool him, I'll hide then jump him, etc.).
• **Images (3 turns):** Mental pictures of events, ideas, concepts, memories, etc. —includes subvocalization (giving a "soundtrack" to the image).
• **Scanner (1 turn):** Full communication between friendly Scanners. Includes all emotional levels.

FAMILIARITY DEFINITIONS

• **Never:** Applies to genus/cultural type only (i.e. never read a dog before, never read a bird before, never read an Arab before, etc.).
• **Unknown:** You have never met the particular individual or animal before. A Scanner must have at least a single previous success at the "Never" level before upgrading to this level.

• **Acquaintance:** You have spent some time getting to know the subject (not necessarily in his company — i.e. studying a detailed dossier, trailing the individual and studying his habits, etc.). A Scanner must have at least 2 previous successes at the "Unknown" level before upgrading to this level.
• **Close:** You know this person very well and have spent many hours in proximity. A Scanner must have at least 4 previous successes at the "Acquaintance" level before upgrading to this level.
• **Intimate:** Reserved for individuals you have vested much interest in (i.e. a lover, arch nemesis, etc.). Because of the amount of energy and effort that is invested at this level, very few individuals qualify for the badge of "Intimate" relations — the Scanner is restricted to a maximum of one half his COOL (rounded down) "Intimates" — as time progresses, individuals can enter and leave this category depending on circumstances which happen within the game (i.e. splitting up with your significant other, developing a passionate hate for somebody, etc.). Two cooperating Scanners automatically function at this level (a non-cooperating Scanner is read with normal familiarity levels).

SCANNER STATISTICS

Special Skill	Interpretation
Base Range	10 meters (+1 for a -1 COOL cost)
Reflexes (REF)	+3 any time desired
Special Attack	Static Wave (touch only)
Requirements	Must touch bare skin

NOTES

• Can turn power on/off as desired.
• Can generate their own Static fields to stop reading (treat as Very High Environment).
• Can extend range at cost of -1 to Cool for every additional meter. Every meter below Base Range *adds* +1 to skill..
• You may make as many dice of Static Wave Attacks per day as your BODY stat (i.e.: a BODY of 7=7D6 total).
• Can only scan one subject at a time.

BOLTERS

LIGHTNING THROWERS & ELECTRO-BLASTERS

Personal Log Entry 132.11
Dr. David Chaing
Center For Disease Control
May 12, 2027

Compared to the abilities of the Scanners, Alchemists and Tinmen, the CyberEvolved class we dubbed the Bolters seem almost mundane. There's no incredible scanning fields here, John. It's more like someone sat down and said, "Hmmm. We need to add a long ranged weapon class to this team." That the Bolter fits so well into the idea of an integrated tactical structure only re-enforces my personal theory that the Carbon Plague is no accident, but a conscious design implemented for a specific purpose. Since the best purpose of a CyberEvolved team would be assault and combat, I'm afraid that points right back to some ambitious Megacorp somewhere.

Like the Wizard, each Bolter has his/her own charge-producing enclave of specialized cells. However, the charge producing cells are located inside the torso, and are much larger. The voltages generated are also far larger; in fact, this cellular structure appears to be one of the most perfect supercapacitors anyone in the Lab has ever seen. It picks up charge from everywhere; from environmental static, charge generated from biochemical processes, maybe even from background signals in the EM band. I don't know for sure, John; but let's be honest; we still don't know where electric eels get their current either.

The entire nervous system is also hardwired to stand a tremendous amount of voltage as well. But here's the kicker. Spooled like thread around the forearm bones of each Bolter are several dozen meters of incredibly fine hexite "wire". It's made up of some type of static "memory metal" compound; the more current you run through it, the stiffer and more rigid it becomes. At the end of the wire is a very tiny guide "dart" that is recessed into the wrists of the Bolter.

The Bolter launches his wire out of the base of his palms (remember that old comic book character, *Spiderman*, John?). The dart shoots out at tremendous speeds; forced by the pressure of the suddenly stiffening wire. The Bolter can actually bend the wire in mid-course, like flying a remote; until his dart strikes the target. He then pours a staggering jolt of current directly from his charge storage cells down the wire and into the target. The result is like being on the end of a megavolt electrical arc. I've seen metal melted, wood set afire, and lab animals incinerated by powerful Bolters. It isn't pretty.

The other ability Bolters appear to manifest is to be able to pass a charge down any conductive material that they can get a grip on. This contact charge can also be transmitted through the skin in a diffuse arc; this means that anyone touching the Bolter will take a serious (or even lethal) jolt of current.

I really wish we had more data on this subclass; the only one we were able to observe killed two technicians with the aforementioned contact charge before the guards were able to stop him. In the melee, unfortunately, the Bolter was killed.

More than any other class of the CyberEvolved, the Bolter worries me the most. First, because they have the potential to be very dangerous; imagine a Bolter taking up a life of crime. Second, because their very existence implies a level of thought and planning that goes beyond a mere biotech accident. And that means whoever created this Plague intended to use it as a weapon. What else did they intend to unleash on us?

BOLTER POWERS

TABLE #1: BOLT THROWING DIFFICULTY

Range to Target	Straight	2 Bends	3 Bends	4 Bends	5 Bends
1-12m	8	12	16	20	24
13-25m	12	16	20	24	28
26-50m	16	20	24	28	32
51-100m	20	24	28	32	36

TABLE #2: MAXIMUM CHARGE BY BODY STAT

BODY STAT	1-2	3-4	5-7	8-9	10
Maximum Charge Stored	10D6	15D6	20D6	25D6	30D6

Charge is restored at a rate of 1D6 every 2 hours.

TABLE #3: MAXIMUM BOLT FORCE BY RANGE

Range	Touch	1-12m	13-25m	26-50m	51-100
Maximum Damage Deliverable	7D6	6D6	5D6	4D6	3D6

Note: You may deliver any or all of the maximum charge in an attack.

TABLE #4: MAXIMUM "CONTACT" CHARGE BY RANGE

Distance of Contact Charge	Less than 1m	1-12m	13-25m	26-50m	51-100
Maximum Damage Deliverable	7D6	5D6	3D6	1D6	NA

Note: You may deliver any or all of the maximum charge in an attack.

BOLTER STATISTICS

Special Skill	Bolt Throwing
Other Abilities	• "Contact Charge" Attack
	• Battery
	• Stun Attack
Reflexes (REF)	+2 any time desired

NOTES
- Can transfer shocks down any conductive material (steel, iron, copper, some plastics (Contact Charge).
- Can launch *one* hexite "chainwire" up to 100m long in each round, bending the wire as desired around obstacles.
- Can work as a battery to power DC current devices (radios, videos, vehicles).
- Can choose to Stun targets instead of killing (any use of power under 2D6 can be declared a "stun"; requiring the target make a Stun Check.
- Bolter shocks are affected by armor. However, the charge does work over all types of coverings *except* rubber.
- You may not drag, drape, whip, hang or garotte with your chainwires (too fine and light).

BOLTER SKILL: BOLT THROWING [REF]
This skill represents the Bolter's ability to throw a controlled hexite chainwire around obstacles to hit a target. It is similar to the *Streetfighting* or *Handgun* skills found in *Cyberpunk 2020*. The chance of success is based on the Bolt Throwing Table (#1) at the top of the page, modified by range and number of direction changes. Damage varies based on range to target (Table 3) and the amount of charge spent from the Bolter's storage capacitors (Table 2). Damage may also be rated as a "stun" instead of damage. **Your skill starts at +1.**

In addition, Bolters may send a "contact" charge down any conductive material (Table #4) and can also power any small DC device by touching it (for a nearly indefinite time).

DATAPAD®

WIZARDS
MASTERS OF THE CYBER-NET & VIRTUALITY

Personal Log Entry 132.12
Dr. David Chaing
Center For Disease Control
May 12, 2027

In basic design strategy, "Net Wizards" are the spiritual cousins of the Scanner class. Making up the third-largest group of the Evolved, Wizards have an amazing aptitude with devices of an electronic nature.

Using the same assembled Josephson Junction architecture found in Scanners, the CNM action configures concentrated formations of these Junctions along the spinal column and within the cranial cavity of Wizards. Unlike Scanners, the Junctions within Wizards are constantly experiencing the state of superconductivity, essentially meaning that these Junctions always detect and translate any electromagnetic fields which pass within the range of sensitivity.

Being positioned deep within the body, however, fields must be of relatively high intensity in order to penetrate the effective insulation of the surrounding body-tissue. The field sensitivity of Wizards is approximately four orders of magnitude less than that of Scanners (somewhere in the order of only 10-6 gauss).

This apparent lack of sensitivity prevents Wizards from being overwhelmed by a constant bombardment of sensory data coming from low-energy electromagnetic emissions (i.e., humans); stronger fields, such as those from broadcast transmissions and electronic devices, are easily distinguished.

Along with being able to, in essence, "receive" external electromagnetic information, a charge-producing enclave of specialized cells (positioned at the point where the skull meets the upper vertebrae of the spinal column) allows Wizards to "trans-

Binary Coding processor

Hexite Sheathed Nervous System

Josephson Junction Sub-Nodes

Power Capacitor

mit" signals by reversing the detection process and exploiting the amplification aspect of transistors (which, of course, a Josephson Junction is) — much in the same way that any antenna may be turned into a transmitting array by sending an electrical current through it rather than just letting it passively receive. Through this process, Wizards can sense and translate electromagnetic fields, transmit their own electromagnetic pulses, and, with enough power, cause a signal of their making to be imposed over another existing field. In lay terms, they can communicate and interact on a binary level with just about any electronic device — if the object has a processing unit of reasonable power, a Wizard can exert his will over it.

We've dubbed this ability COUNTERPARTING, from the old *Star Wars* ability that allowed advanced robots to talk to other less advanced types. With this ability, a Wizard can effectively give a computerized device direct instructions, rather than resorting to cumbersome *Controller* or *Intrusion* programs. Netrunners have nothing on these guys inside the Net—it's like Net-Space is their own little playground. All they have to do is tell a computer to do something, and if they're good enough, it just will.

Interacting with the fields created by electronic devices would be impossible if not for the neural restructuring accomplished by the CNM. Without it, Wizards would be as incapable of keeping up with the rapid rate of field fluctuations as Scanners are. However, the CNM causes extensive application of nanite transformation within a Wizard's neural folds. Both spinal material and cranial matter is laced with Hexite filaments to facilitate transmission speed of neural impulses. Memory functions are completely revised from standard RNA electrochemical reactions to blindingly fast bacteriorhodopsin clusters; so configured, the memory architecture is eidetic and virtually instantaneous, and stored in a binary/hexidecimal coding structure. Wizards never forget anything they somehow interact with, and they are capable of easily thinking in hexidecimal coding as a by-product.. MED transistors are expressed directly into the cognitive and reflexive centers of brain and spinal activity — the resulting increase in response time is incredible. While not nearly on par with the nanosecond range

of traditional inorganic components, cycle time for thought processes are lowered into the low microsecond range — apparently, fast enough to effectively interact with most electronic components (something to do with imbedded wait states, I think).

This incredible processing speed allows Wizards one other ability which I find disturbing to an extreme. Wizards appear to be able to *multi-task* mentally; to think about several thoughts at one time (although, mercifully, this doesn't seem to extend to gross motor functions). This means they can effectively "run" programs of their own devising in the *backgrounds* of their minds; sort of a computerized schizophrenia. The Wizards we observed can give these programs (which they call FAMILIARS) very sophisticated abilities, even to the level of their own independent thought s. Think about it, John—what if your child could create imaginary "playmates" who were really powerful programs, capable of going off on their own and raising havoc in Netspace; playmates who could literally do anything they wanted to other programs, systems and Netrunners? Put this ability in the hands of a four year old and the results could be catastrophic.

A final interesting note: Scanners find trying to read Wizards very alien. Apparently, the extensive micro-electrical activity that goes on within a Wizard's physiology distorts their personal fields beyond readability. As one of the Scanners put it, "it's like messy handwriting; you can make out some sections of text, but the majority is illegible."

John, I'm not kidding when I say that I know several men at EBM and Cray who would kill to get their hands on a Wizard.

WIZARD SKILL: ARCANE [INT]

This is the Wizard's ability to manipulate and interact with Net/Virtuality-based reality. **Your skill begins at +1** and covers two areas: COUNTERPARTING, or the ability to communicate with and control computer-based hardware (equivalent to the Netrunner's *Controllers*), and FAMILIAR, the ability to create complex "programs" by thinking about them (see pg. 132), and running them subconsciously. A Wizard may run as many programs as half of his INT score, rounded down.

WIZARD POWERS

Counterpart Instruction	MACHINE LEVEL				
	Stupid	Simple	Smart	Expert System	Sentient
Talk to Me	20	18	15	10	5
Do Your Thing	10	15	20	25	30
Do Me a Favor	10	15	20	25	30
Break Programming for me	20	25	30	35	30
Forget Me	5	10	15	20	30

COUNTERPARTING DEFINITIONS

• **Talk To Me:** The Wizard asks the device to communicate to him. Depending on the Intelligence level of the machine, this could be a simple as "*I am a cash register*" all the way to "*I am an AI controlling all of the banking on the West Coast; what do you want?*" Conversational mode between binary buddies.

• **Do Your Thing:** The machine is asked to perform its usual function; *turn on the light, open the door, list everyone whose used this V-Term in the last two days.*

• **Do Me a Favor :** The machine is asked to perform an unusual function that is still within its capacities and does not violate existing programming against performing that function; *instead of opening all the doors, just open this one.*

• **Break Programming,:** The machine is asked to ignore previous instructions; for example, *open the door without the proper code,* or to not perform a pre-programmed function; *do not ask me for a security check.*

• **Forget Me:** The Machine is instructed to erase any memory or record of interacting with the Wizard.

MACHINE LEVEL DEFINITIONS

• **STUPID:** A "stupid" device only knows its own function and things directly related to that function. For example, a cash register would know how to add and subtract, and know the total registered in its memory. Calculators, cash registers, phones, simple electronic devices are all stupid. These devices will always do as asked, they aren't smart enough to know the difference.

• **SIMPLE:** A simple device uses flexible programs to respond to environmental conditions. These programs always have a simple IF...THEN structure to them (if the room is dark, THEN turn on the lights... IF the room is cold, THEN turn on the heat. Alarm systems, environmental lighting, etc. are all examples of simple devices. These devices may require an access code or key (about 50% of the time) to get them to do what you want (ARCANE may be used to create a program to find the code required).

• **SMART:** These devices have complex instructions equivalent to a not-too smart robot. They can monitor a variety of IF...THEN statements and use them together to handle a range of conditions. Autopilots, non-sentient computers, autofactories, robocabs, V and Dataterms are all example of smart devices. These devices always have some kind of protocol restricting their cooperation (however, ARCANE may be used to create a program to winnow out the code required).

• **EXPERT SYSTEM:** These are machines not much dumber than a real Artificial Intelligence system. Most Sysop monitored systems , computers and Genius Guns are at this level, capable of handling very complex tasks, but not terribly great conversationalists. These are the standard 1-3 CPU systems of *Cyberpunk* 2020 Netrunning. Like Smart systems, these devices always have some kind of protocol restricting their cooperation (however, ARCANE may be used to create a program to winnow out the code required).

• **SENTIENT :** This is dealing with AI's and other self aware entities. Communication can easily be held, but the entities are not necessarily cooperative.

WIZARD STATISTICS

Special Skill	ARCANE
Base Range	1000 meters
Reflexes (REF)	+4 any time desired

NOTES

• Can talk to any computer-controlled machine.
• Can create independent FAMILIAR programs.
• Can hear/see Radio, TV & Virtuality signals
• Can project mental view through the Net.
• Must eat 1% BODY stat (in kg.) every 12 hrs. or lose abilities in 1 hr.
• Can move through the Net at a speed equal to normal MV.

FAMILIAR

FAMILIAR is the Wizard's ability to create programs of extreme sophistication and capability. The ability is very much like creating a 'Wizard's Familiar' out of a fantasy adventure; each FAMILIAR is created just like you would create a roleplaying character; using ARCANE points and applying them to certain "stats" and "abilities."

To determine how many ARCANE points your Wizard can use in each creation, add your current ARCANE skill to your INT. For example, with a 6 ARCANE skill and a 10 INT, you'd have 16 points to write a program. You could re-write the program into a better version of itself any time you gained greater ARCANE skills.

You may "run" as many FAMILIARS as your INT stat halved (round down). You must rezz them up one at a time, but they may remain functional for as long as their IN function times 10 turns. Once you write the program, you never forget its coding, and can call it up whenever it de-rezzes. However, there is a catch: since the computer/hard-drive the Familiar is stored on is the Wizard's own brain, any attack that de-rezzes the Familiar will damage the Wizard's neural cells as well.

AF **ATTACK FUNCTION:** This is the Program's Attack Value. It is usually added to a 1D10 roll against the defending Program's Defense Factor. Netrunner Programs always have the same value for both AF and DF, called Strength (STR). Wizard's FAMILIARS may be designed with different AF and DFs, making them more versatile than regular programs.

Your FAMILIAR'S AF can be subdivided into AF Subroutines: mini programs within the program, each with part or all of the Attack Function's Value. Subroutines include:

- **Breaks down Data Walls:** The AF strength is equivalent to the STR of a *Cyberpunk* Intrusion program.
- **Decrypts Codelocks:** The AF strength is equivalent to the STR of a *Cyberpunk* Decryption program.
- **De-Rezzes Other Programs:** The AF strength is equivalent to the STR of a *Cyberpunk* Anti-IC program.
- **Controls Realspace Hardware:** The AF strength is equivalent to the STR of a *Cyberpunk* Controller program. This subroutine will control any type of Remote.
- **Crashes Systems:** The AF strength is equivalent to the STR of a *Cyberpunk* Anti-System program.

- **Anti-Personnel:** The AF attacks Wizards & Netrunners. The AF's level is equal to both the STR and the number of D6's of damage done to the victim.
- **Covers its Tracks:** The AF is equivalent to a Trace Value from *Cyberpunk*, pg. 145.
- **Stealthy:** It's hard to spot, and no one can see it. It's AF Strength is equivalent to a *Cyberpunk* Stealth program.
- **Virtuality Illusion:** Creates a Virtuality area or image. The Target must roll an INT+1D6 roll higher than the AF+1D6 to see through the illusion.
- **Spot Hidden/Altered ICON:** See invisible & hidden ICONS.

DF **DEFENSIVE FUNCTION:** The Program's Defense Value against de-rezzing. Basically program integrity. Whenever a program loses against another program, this value drops by 1. When it drops to 0, the program de-rezzes and you take 1D6 points of damage. In addition, roll 1D10. On a 10, you will lose 1 point of INT permanently.

MF **Movement Function:** How far the program travels per turn. Each jump through an LDL counts as one move. In *Cyberpunk*, program speeds are limited to 5 spaces per turn. However, FAMILIARS can be faster or slower than regular Netrunner programs.

IN **Independent Action:** How many turns the program can run without you needing to rerezz it again? This duration is equal to the INx10 turns, after which the program must be re-rezzed by you.

AI **Artificial Intelligence:** How smart is the program? Each point invested represents an Expert system as intelligent as a human with an equal INT. It will come up with ideas on it's own; i.e.: *maybe I should check out this file for the Boss?*

The final step is to decide a Name and an ICON for the FAMILIAR you've created. With FAMILIAR, any Wizard can have a crowd of useful servants, friends and allies.

Name	Velociraptor				ICON	Big Silver Dinosaur			
ARCANE	AF	SF1	SF2	SF3	SF4	DF	IN	MF	AI
20	8	3	1	1	3	3	4	3	2
SF1 De-rezz programs					SF2 Stealthy				
SF3 Crashes Systems					SF4 Anti-Personnel (3D6)				

A Typical FAMILIAR Program ▲

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FAMILIAR DATARECORD

Name			ICON						
ARCANE	AF	SF1	SF2	SF3	SF4	DF	IN	MF	AI

SF1		SF2	
SF3		SF4	

NOTES

- -

Name			ICON						
ARCANE	AF	SF1	SF2	SF3	SF4	DF	IN	MF	AI

SF1		SF2	
SF3		SF4	

NOTES

- -

Name			ICON						
ARCANE	AF	SF1	SF2	SF3	SF4	DF	IN	MF	AI

SF1		SF2	
SF3		SF4	

NOTES

- -

Name			ICON						
ARCANE	AF	SF1	SF2	SF3	SF4	DF	IN	MF	AI

SF1		SF2	
SF3		SF4	

NOTES

- -

Name			ICON						
ARCANE	AF	SF1	SF2	SF3	SF4	DF	IN	MF	AI

SF1		SF2	
SF3		SF4	

NOTES

PAGE

CHAPTER SIX

HEAVY METAL WARRIORS

LAST MORGAN

WAKE UP! NOW!

▼ Okay, we don't have much time. CorpSec's blown the safehouse; I just picked it up on the com channels. You've got about five minutes till they get their units in position and hit the place. Grab your stuff right now and listen carefully.

▼ In the floor where this V-Term sits, you're gonna find a loose board—maybe you've already found it by snooping earlier. There's a box under the board, and inside is a datapad; one of those dedicated virtual computer decks. It's not too big; about the size of a credit card; and if you don't already have a Virtuality 'trode to access it, there are three in the box with it. Divide them up between you.

▼ Got it? This datapad has a download of the com-

PAGE
1

bined information the CyberRevolution currently has on the ISA, CorpSec, and all the other bad guys you're going to be dealing with in the next few months [see pgs. 172 thru 183 of this book]. It also has a list of V-Term codes you can use to keep in touch with us.

▼ Here's your choices, as I see it. As soon as you get out of here, you can try to just run. Try to get back to your old squares and hang out. You might get lucky; CorpSec may have eased off on the patrols. Or find a new place to run to. But I'd still recommend you stick together; there's strength in numbers.

▼ You can wait here and surrender to CorpSec. Again, you might get lucky; they might not just shoot you. Sometimes they recruit the CyberEvolved to hunt other juves. But it's risky. They'll probably exterminate you as soon as they don't need your help. And you're gonna have to live with the fact that you're going to probably doom a lot of fellow yogangers to long and awful deaths. Up to you.

▼ Or you can join the CyberRevolution. We could use some people like you. You've proven you're smart, got skill and nerve, and aren't afraid to stay on the Edge. If you hang with us, you'll be taking a stand against the ISA and its goons. If you want in on the action, your first step is to get to one of our bases. The nearest one to you is in the Combat Zone south of the Freeway. Hit the area and start asking cautious questions. Use my name. We'll bring you in from there.

▼ Frack! There goes the last of the intrusion defenses. They're gonna be in the doors in a minute or less. Get hoppin'; I'll wait till you get clear before I blow the place.

▼ Good luck.

▼ ▼ ▼ [END]

SATURDAY NITE SKUFFLE:

AN ALTERNATIVE COMBAT SYSTEM FOR *CYBERGENERATION*

Although *Cyberpunk*'s **Friday Night Firefight** is designed to be a very realistic combat system, *Cybergeneration* is designed to be far more cinematic and fast-paced. For that reason, we decided to develop a high speed combat system to match the frenetic speed of your juvegang adventures. **Saturday Night Skuffle** is not designed to replace *Cyberpunk's* Friday Night Firefight. But it makes a nifty "fast combat" system that is easier to use when absolute realism is not important (and either system can be used in a *Cybergeneration* game.)

Initiative

In *Saturday Night Skuffle*, all combat is divided up into a series of **3 second rounds**. At the start of each round, one player (acting by mutual consent as party leader) rolls 1D10. The Referee rolls for all NPC characters. On a tie or higher roll the Players' side goes first, with the players deciding among themselves as to the order, or going by highest REF total first.

Actions

When your turn comes up, you may wait until another player or NPC has taken their action before taking your own (by announcing your intention to do so when your action comes up), but you may not do this more than once in a round. During your part of the round, you may **do one thing**, such as load, fire, change a weapon or any other task that could reasonably be performed in three seconds.

Two actions/Second actions

[Optional]: A **second action** (or up to two actions at once) may be performed in a round at a -3 die penalty to *both* actions

Movement:

In *Cybergeneration*, you may run as many meters each round as your MOVE stat and do one other thing. If you decide to do *nothing* but run that round, you may move up to **three times** this amount.

Facing

Facing is defined as being in a position where you could point your finger at the target and still see it. If there is nothing blocking your line of sight, and you are facing a target, you may fire. There are no penalties or movement costs for changing facing during your part of the round.

Ranged Attacks

In the *Cybergeneration* system, making ranged attacks is very easy. First, find out how **far** you are from your target **in meters** (as determined by the Referee). Next, add your *Streetfighting Skill* to your REF Stat, roll 1D10 and try to get a result greater than the **Difficulty Number** listed in the **Shooting Difficulty Table** at the bottom of the page.

If you're an **Edgerunner**, you'll use your *Handgun, Rifle* or *SMG* skills instead of the overall *Streetfighting* skill of the *Cybergeneration* yogangers.

SHOOTING DIFFICULTY TABLE
Range to Target in Meters

Weapon	*0-12m	13-25m	26-50m	51-100m	101-150m	151-400m	401m+
Handgun†	10	15	20	25	30	NA	NA
SMG's**, Bows	5	10	15	20	25	30	NA
Shotgun	10	15	25	30	NA	NA	NA
Rifles	10	10	10	15	20	25	30

*Includes point blank   † Also includes tasers, microwavers, paintball guns, codeguns   ** Include cap laser guns in this class

WOUND DAMAGE TABLE

DICE	DAMAGE TYPE	1	2-3	4-5	6-7	8-9	10
(1D6/3)	Switchblade*, Shirikin	0	0	1	1	1	2
(1D6/2)	Strike*, Punch*	1	1	1	2	2	3
(1D6)	Light Pistols/SMGs, Club*, Knife*, Scratchers Fangs, Rippers, Big Knucks, Cybersnakes, Kicks* Throws*	1	1	2	3	4	5
(2D6)	Med. Pistols/SMGs, Monoknife, Sword*, Axe* Slice n' Dice, Buzzhand, Talon Foot, Cybercrush, Cyberkicks	2	3	4	5	6	7
(3D6)	Hvy. Pistols/SMGs, X-bows Wolvers, Choke Hold*, 20 Gauge Slugs	3	4	5	6	7	8
(4D6)	V.Heavy Pistols, Shotguns, Chainsaws Micromissiles, 12 Gauge Slugs, Monokatana	4	5	6	7	8	9
(5D6)	Light Rifle 10 Gauge Slugs	5	6	7	8	9	10
(6D6)	Heavy Rifles, types of Genius Guns	6	7	8	9	10	11
(7D6)	Missiles	7	9	9	10	11	12

* Plus Damage Bonus to **Die Roll** (V.Weak=-2 • Weak=-1 • Average=0 • Strong=+1 • V.Strong=+2 • Body 11-12=+4 • Body 13-14=+5 • Body 15+=+8)

Automatic Weapons

In *Cybergeneration*, all automatic weapon attacks are considered to be either **single shot** or **full auto**. When making a full auto attack, roll an *additional* D10 and add this to your attack roll. For every point *over* the required Difficulty, one bullet has hit your target. Each fully automatic attack uses 25 rounds from your weapon, no matter what type.

Genius Guns

Genius Guns are self-targeting smartguns, firing rocket-powered explosive rounds. As Morgan Blackhand puts it, "Genies are the closest thing to having a pocket-sized Sidewinder missile launcher. "They require no Handgunning skills and are only deterred by electronic countermeasures (you don't dodge them; you just hope they miss). One of the nastier attributes of Genius guns is that, like Sidewinders, they can *follow* a moving target through several direction changes, using nanocircuitry chips, steering vanes and a microradar head. Needless to say, they are also ruinously expensive, and are usually only found in the hands of elite CorpSec squads. To make an attack with a Genius Gun, you must roll the **gun's chance to hit** rather than your own.

1) Lock on target. You may fire a Genius gun at any target within 50 meters (the maximum range of the gun's microradar sender), that is in a straight line from your position. Basic **Genius Guns** have a 40% chance to hit a target within range. **Supergenius Guns** have a 50% chance to hit. **Einstein Guns** (the smartest type), have a 60% chance to hit

2) Subtract for any "scramblers" in the area between the gun and it's target. Each scrambler (a dime-sized electronic countermeasure device) deployed reduces the gun's chance to hit by 5%. **A scrambler is good for one use and lasts for one combat round.**

3) Add in any advantages the gun may have:
Hard Armor (MetalGear) .... +10%
Within 10 or less meters from target .... +10%

4) Roll to hit. If the round hits, roll 6D6 and subtract damage as with any normal weapon.

5) If the round misses, roll again immediately to attempt to hit, this time reducing the gun's chance by an additional 20% (as it turns back and tries to reacquire its target). If the roll is unsuccessful, make a *third* roll at -30%. If the round does not hit on the third

attempt, it automatically runs out of fuel and drops to the ground inactive and unexploded. Each attempt takes 1 round; characters may react on the subsequent two attempts.

Beam Weapons

• **Microwavers:** are simpler to use in *Cybergeneration*. On a hit, roll 1D6. On a 5 or 6, the microwave blast incapacitates all cyberwear on the target's body for 1D6/2 turns—cyberlimbs do not work, cyberoptics go blind, cyber audio goes deaf.

• **Cap Lasers:** These weapons have a capacitor bank holding a total of 8 six sided dice. There are two types of laser attacks: **blast** and **scribble**; both are made as ranged attacks. With a *blast*, you may fire as little as 1D6 or as much as 5D6 in a single shot, until you have used all your dice pool, with the damage going to one target location. When set on *scribble*, a rotating prism fractionally breaks up the beam, turning it into an *area effect weapon* (below).

Throwing

You may throw any small object (grenade, pistol, softball) up to 10 meters x your BODY score. You may throw a heavier object (like a computer) up to 4m x your BODY stat.

Shotguns, Flamers & Area Effect Weapons

In *Cybergeneration*, **shotguns** and **cap laser guns** (set to scribble) are treated as covering a blanket area extending in a **line 1m wide by the range** of the weapon. Note: If something is between the path of the shotgun and it's target, the intervening spaces behind that object is considered to be exempt from the effects of the fire.

• **Mines, explosives, molotovs** and **missiles** deliver a blast that extends in a 5m circle around the point of impact.

Melee & Hand to Hand Attacks

These are attacks either made with weapons you swing, or with hands and feet. The **Difficulty Number** you have to beat in these Checks is determined by combining your target's *Streetfighting* skill, his REF stat, and a D10 roll. If your total Streetfighting Skill, REF stat, and D10 roll are higher than his, you've hit. If you're an Edgerunner, you'll use either *Martial Arts* Skill, or your *Melee* skill to attack, and your *Dodge* skill to avoid an attack.

Yogangers Fighting Edgerunners

As mentioned earlier, yogangers have a distinct disadvantage when fighting adult Edgerunners. This is because Edgerunners are trained professionals while yogangers pick up their knowledge from the Street. When making a melee attack against Edgerunners, yogangers must halve (round down) their current *Streetfighting* skills.

Martial Arts

Martial arts attacks in *Cybergeneration* do not factor in all the key attacks of *Friday Night Firefight*. Instead, each Martial Artist is allowed to select *one* key attack, (as in the StreetFighter's *Kata* skill), gaining +2 to this move. This attack may be a *kick*, *throw*, *strike*, or *hold*.

Grapples, Holds & Chokes

A **grapple** is any move that gets your hands on your opponent; it is a prerequisite to any choke, throw or hold to follow in the next round. **Scanners**, in particular, must make a successful grapple in order to make *Static Wave Attacks*. A **hold** is any attack that incapacitates your opponent, making it impossible to move and applying some amount of pain. A successful grapple must be made first. Each round a hold is applied, the victim must make a 1D10 roll lower than the total of his COOL *minus* the Strength bonus of his captor to escape (see the bottom of the Damage Table, pg. 143). A **choke** is a hold that suffocates the opponent. Choking attacks are possible using garottes, whips or even Tinman tendrils, and do damage over several rounds.

Damage

Cybergeneration also uses a new "fast damage" system that is far simpler than the original *Cyberpunk* damage matrix. Its main advantage is that it only uses one kind of die (10 sided). The *Cybergeneration* version is, however, derived from the original *Cyberpunk* system, so that you *can* use weapons from either one interchangeably. The **Damage Matrix** of *Cyberpunk 2020* (pg. 102) is not used in this system. Instead, damage is taken from a total number of **Wounds**, equal to your character's BODY score.

In *Cybergeneration*, all **weapons** fall into **9 levels of dice damage** (die bonuses from *Cyberpunk 2020* weapons are ignored in favor of the lowest whole die

amount). When hit, roll 1D10, compare the roll to the type of weapon (or number of dice damage) as listed on the Damage Table, pg. 143, and *subtract* the indicated damage from your character's Wounds.

Which brings us to:

• **DEATH:** At 0 Wounds, a character passes out. At -4 Wounds, he is dead.

Special Damage Cases

In addition to the basic damage from weapons, there are specific types of damage based on certain attack types:

• A **choke hold** causes damage each turn (3 rounds) as listed in the Damage Table on pg. 143, until the victim is unconscious or dead.

• **Scanner and Bolter** damage is based on the amount of "power" dedicated to the attack. **Tinman** damage is based on the type of hexite weapon formed (damages are described under the Shaping Difficulty Table on page 125, unless a tendril choke is made (see above). **Alchemists** may not use nanotech to attack living tissue.

• Damage to **objects** is taken from the SDP of the object, halved and rounded down (for example, an AV-4 would have 50 SDP in this system, a standard car about 25, and an aerogyro about 20.

• **Stunning weapons** (tasers, drugs) require a Stun/ Shock Roll (1D10). If the roll is equal or lower than the character's current Body Type (after wounds have been subtracted, or with an automatic -2 to BODY for each successive time target is hit), he/she is still conscious. If it's higher, they are stunned and have passed out. EMP gun type weapons (such as the M-40 pulse rifle from *Chromebook 2)* are treated as stunning weapons , with a -4 penalty to BODY for attacks against Scanners or Wizards.

• **Capacitor Lasers** on *scribble* hit multiple targets within their 1m wide fire corridor. Any target within the beam area takes damage (Roll 2D6 and divide it between all targets equally, rounding extra values down. If the result is less than 1, no appreciable damage is taken).

• **Poisons:** in *Cybergeneration*, there are two kinds of poisons; **fatal** and **deadly**. A fatal poison kills you. That's it, unless you take the antidote within 1 turn (3 rounds). Luckily for the CyberEvolved, all fatal poisons are automatically treated as deadly poisons (thanks to your internal nanotech). Deadly poisons merely require a saving throw to be made, equal or lower than your BODY stat. On a successful roll, you are sick for 1D6 hours, unable to do much more than charf and groan. On a failed roll, you die. (Luckily, poisons aren't all that commonly used in 2027.)

Armor

In *Cybergeneration*, **armor** is assumed to cover the *entire* body, rather than single areas. Subtract the **Armor Rating (AR)** from the amount of damage done by the weapon. Then, subtract the remaining damage from your character's Body Type value. Armor piercing effects are not used in *Skuffle*.

Type of Armor	AR Value
Leather Armor (4-13 SP)	1 points
Light Armor (14-17SP)	3 points
Medium Armor (18-19SP)	5 points
Heavy Armor (20-24SP)	6 points
Hard Armors, Metal Gear®, Helmets (25 SP)	7 points
Light Vehicle Armor (40 SP)	10 points

* Use this to determine values of AR's other than those listed.

We have also shown the SP (Stopping Power) range values for common armors in *Cyberpunk* . This allows players to make conversions from other armors shown in the *Chromebook* and *Interface* series of products.

• **Damage Effects [Optional Rule]:** You may want to reflect the effects of wounds on a character's ability to function. In this case, reduce the character's REF, INT, and MA stats by one for every Wound taken to his/her Body Type. This would mean that a character who had taken 2 or 3 wounds would not only be less strong and capable of standing stun or shock, but would also be reduced in combat, movement and reasoning abilities as well.

A Superfast Combat Resolution Trick

[Optional]: A fast way to resolve combat is to roll three

different colored dice at once. The first color is added to your "To Hit roll." The second color is used to determine your damage. The third is used to determine your target's stun shock checks.

Let's take a look at a combat example: *Ian (with a Street-fighting skill of 6 and a REF of 7) fires a Heavy Pistol at Bob, who is 25 meters away. Bob has a Body Type of 9 (Strong), and wearing Light Armor. He decides to roll his dice in the order of Red, Yellow, and Green.*

Ian rolls a 9 on his red die; he has a total combat check of 22. His yellow die roll was a 6; with a Heavy Pistol, he will do 6 points to his target. Bob is wearing a Light Armor, which only stops 3 of Ian's 6 points of damage; he takes 3 Wounds, reducing his Body Type from a 9 to a 6 (Average). Ian's green roll was a 8; higher than Bob's remaining 6 Body Type. Bob passes out. Ouch.

CODESLINGERS & CODEGUNS

Virtual Reality—the brave new frontier of combat. Whether it's slugouts with Black Programs that used to only threaten a Netrunner, or deadly illusions that endanger the rest of a *Cybergeneration* party, so much of the world of 2027 revolves around the concept of layering computer imagery over reality—that the topic really requires its own "combat section."

Welcome to the world of *Codeslingers & Codeguns*, cho.

V-trodes vs Netrunning

There are three ways in which Virtuality intersects reality for a Cybergeneration team—Netrunning, Wizardry, and using Virtuality 'trodes. While the former two fit into the normal rules of Net Combat in *Cyberpunk 2020* (pgs. 151-153), trodes are a special case inasmuch as they can be used by all types of characters. A fusion of the low-powered, removable trode sets of 2020 and the advanced cellular technologies of 2027, the trodes of *Cybergeneration* are much improved over the earlier models described in *Cyberpunk*. Yet, they are still nowhere as efficient as the interface jack/cable link ups used by true Netrunners, because they are limited to inductance contact rather than a direct neural link. Mass produced in bulk, V-trodes are designed solely as *receivers*, picking up data from any Virtuality transmitter within 1000 feet of their position and stimulating the wearer's nervous system as directed by this data.

Since V-Trodes are used by the general public, several safeguards are automatically built into them. An automatic cutoff (similar to that of *Chromebook 1*, pg. 8) is used to filter any non-data type transmissions, totally cutting out any physical black ice attacks (you can see the *Hellhound*, but it can't touch you). V-trodes are hardwired at the chip level so that they cannot penetrate the insides of a secured Data Fortress (you may not see through Data Walls, Code Gates or LDLs). It is also impossible to alter the structure of the V-trode chips to permit Netrunning without destroying the chip itself.

Initiative

Initiative in Virtuality combat is in order of highest to lowest total score. If two players have the same total, they may take turns or go in order of mutual consent. The formula for determining your Initiative is based on the type of running you're doing:

AI's & Systems ..... INT (number of CPUsx3) + 1D10 roll
Netrunners .... REF+Deck Speed (+1 to +5)+ 1D10 roll
Wizards .... REF+ Arcane Skill (+1 to +10) + 1D10 roll
'Trodes .... REF+1D10 roll

Attacks & Defenses

As a Netrunner, AI or System, you may use any or all types of programs as described in *Cyberpunk 2020* (a short crib list of the most important ones is provided below). However, as a Wizard, you will create Familiars instead of Programs. The advantage to this, of course, is that a Familiar can be selectively "tailored" to have various attacks at different Strengths (see pg. 134), unlike a normal Program (which has a set STR).

PROGRAM LIST

Attack	Effect	STR
Hellhound	2D10 damage/turn	6
Hellbolt	1D10 damage/turn	4

Stun	Freezes you for 1D6 turns	3
Sword	1D6 damage/turn	3
Brainwipe	Reduce Int by 1D6/turn (kills)	3
Zombie	Reduce Int by 1D6/turn (mindless)	3
LIche	Erases memory	4
Firestarter	Sets fire to Cyberdeck	4
Spazz	Halves REF for 1D6 turns	4
Glue	Locks you in place 1D10 turns	5
Knockout	Coma for 1D6 hours	4
Jack Attack	Prevents logoff	3

Defense	Effect	STR
Shield	Stops physical attacks	3
Force Shield	Stronger Shield	4
Reflector	Stops Stun, Hellbolt, Knockout	5
Armor	Reduce Attack damage by -3	4
Flack	Static wall blinds attack	4*

*Str 2 vs Dog series

Virtuality 'trode users cannot create or run *any* Programs or Familiars. However, the automatic cutout built into their 'trodes makes them *invulnerable* to all physically-based black ice, including *Hellhound, Hellbolt, Stun, Sword, Brainwipe, Zombie, LIche, Firestarter, Spazz, Glue , Knockout* and *Jack Attack.*

The Power of Illusion

While it's true that physical attacks have no effect on V-trode users, there is one type of attack that is almost as deadly. These are **virtual illusions**—transmitted hallucinations that are so real that they can cause insanity, death, or prompt fatal errors in judgement. There are two main types of Virtual Illusions: *Masked Traps & Tricks,* and *Virtual Attacks.*

Traps and Tricks

These are virtual illusions used to *cover* a Realspace hazard; virtual floors covering Realspace tiger pits, Realspace lasers masked by Virtuality walls or images. These are only as dangerous as the trap or trick itself; one reason why you may want to have one member of the party enter a potentially hostile area without using V-trodes or glasses.

Virtual Attacks

Make no mistake: illusions in Virtuality are as real as the real thing; at least as far as ouch, taste, sight and sound go. Knowing that it's not real doesn't make the sensation of having your leg chewed off by a four headed demon any less painful. A well constructed Virtuality Illusion can literally drive you insane; or cause a heart failure from the shock, pain and horror. As many an ISA interrogator has found out, virtual torture is just as bad as the real thing, and leaves no marks.

Illusions in Combat

No matter what the type of attack, the most important thing about a Virtual Illusion is whether or not the victim is *aware* of its illusory nature. This requires making an INT check (your INT+1D10) against the AF of the Familiar (or the STR of the Program), plus a 1D10 roll. On an equal or higher roll, you are able to see through the nature of the illusion, using your will to edit out the "real" from the real.

Of course, certain factors will make this task easier; it's hard to get around reality when the illusion is patently silly (like a giant doughnut attacking you), or the illusion appears magically from nowhere. These types of illusions are less effective than normal, no matter how well they are programmed (an unbelievable Illusion's STR or AF is automatically reduced by half). However, a pit suddenly opening up beneath you, or a door opening to reveal an attacker would be considered a reasonable type of illusion. In all cases, common sense (and the Referee's decision) should prevail.

Oops. You fail the Roll.

On a failed INT check, you must proceed as though the Illusion is real. This means walking out over the hidden pit, batting away the illusionary flames, or trying to take a shot at the virtual Solo that has attacked you. If hit by virtual bullets, you must make stun shock rolls as if really hit; if covered by virtual fire, you must act as though you are actually being damaged by the flames.

Obviously , this is a bit hard to roleplay; we suggest that unless the player actually makes a successful INT check against the illusion, that the Referee treat all damages and effects as though they are real and make every effort not to clue the player in. One way to do this is to have the players all make INT checks at the start of the game session, write them all down, and refer to these in secret as a virtual illusion is encountered.

The Really Bad News

Assuming you have failed your INT check, you may still need to make one more check against the EFFECTS of the illusion. After all, an illusion of Virtual Vicky will just leave you standing there with a stupid smile on your face. But an illusion (with full tactile and sensory impressions) of having your head ripped off your neck by a huge metal cybernaught has a tremendous psychological impact on all but the most empathy-deadened.

Whenever an illusion involves pain, death, horror, or other negative effects, the victim must make a COOL check (COOL +1D6 vs the Illusion's STR (or AF)+1D10) immediately to avoid serious psychic damage. On a *failed* roll, he will lose 1D6/2 from his COOL. When his COOL is reduced to 0, he suffers extreme mental or physical damage. (roll 1D10 and check the table below for the result):

Roll	Result
1-2	**Personality Fragmentation** (hear voices, illusions)
3-4	**Screaming hysterics** (babbling, shaking, terror)
5-6	**Phobic** (avoid anything that reminds you of the event)
7-8	**Traumatic Shock** (you keep reliving the event)
9	**Autism** (you totally withdraw from reality)
10	**Terror-caused heart attack** (roll 2D10 for damage)

To recover from *physical* damage, you'll need to heal normally. To recover from *mental* damage, you must undergo therapy, recovering COOL (and thus sanity) at the rate of 1D6/2 per weekly session. When you have totally recovered your COOL, you are considered to have been cured.

Defense Strategies

Obviously, the best way to defend against Virtuality attacks is simple—get rid of your 'Trodes. It takes one turn to rip off V-Glasses or stick-ons (giving the ice one turn to make an attack). CyberEvolved with implanted trodes or trodes in cyberwear are out of luck. The drawback to this is that your opposition may use Virtual space to hide things in; for example, the safe way through a trapped passage may require stepping on the glowing red spaces on the floor— which can only be seen in V-Space. A mixed 'trode and Realspace party may be the best solution to this.

Another strategy is to always have a Wizard or Netrunner in the party. This may require that the rest of the group spend a fair amount of time protecting this valuable resource from physical attacks. And there's no guarantee that a single Wizard or deckjock can protect everyone when the going gets nasty.

And then, there's Codeguns

Codeguns

Codeguns are small devices designed to fire a very tightly modulated code pulse at an attacking Virtuality image or Black Program. In many ways, they're like having a "Killer" program in a box; you shoot the codegun at the image attacking you, and its counter program pulse attempts to tear apart the attacking program. Since most Netrunners and Wizards have a reputation as the "codeslingers" of the *Cyberpunk* Frontier, many codeguns are, appropriately, designed to look something like guns, with butts, stocks and triggers. But codeguns don't *have* to look like guns; they can also be designed to fit under the barrel of a standard handgun, rifle or SMG, or as flashlight-style projectors that can be aimed at an attacking image.

When attacking with a codegun, you must aim the weapon in the direction of the attacking ICON or illusion, treating it as any other Ranged Weapon Attack. The codegun's program latches onto the origination signal of the attacker and attempts to "ride" it back to the source. Once there, a successful hit reduces the attacking program's STR or AF by 1D6/3 (Use the Damage Table on pg. 143, as if attacking with a shiriken or switchblade.) When the attacking program's STR/AF has been reduced to 0, the program de-rezzes.

Codeguns have definite limits; since they are designed to attack *any* type of net-based attack, they are not particularly powerful; a general antibiotic rather than a specific "magic bullet". Also, because the coding package is designed to dismantle the target in *pieces*, it usually takes several shots to totally de-rezz an attacking program (luckily, codeguns are electronic, and can fire once per round hundreds of times (actually 200) before needing a 2 hour recharge from the nearest powerjack). Many parties carry several codeguns and fire en masse whenever black ice or Familiars are encountered.

HEALING & GETTING BETTER

Unlike *Cyberpunk's* **Trauma Team** section, *Cybergeneration* doesn't use death states (*CP*, pg. 116), complex healing formulas or Wound States. If your BODY stat goes below 0, you're unconscious. If you go below -4, you're dead. Simple. Deadly.

Healing is just as simple. There are four states of healing in *Cybergeneration*, based on the type of patient (Evolved or not), and the level of medical attention. Each state allows the patient to recover a set number of points each day:

Healing State	Per day
Normal healing without Medical Attention	1
Normal healing with Medical Attention	2
CyberEvolved healing without Medical Attention	2
CyberEvolved healing with Medical Attention	3

What is "Medical Attention"?

Medical Attention means the patient has had at least one successful *First Aid* or *Medical Tech* skill (either one is sufficient) check made at some point in the healing process. At this point, recovery shifts from the untreated state to the treated state. To make a Medical Skill check, you must roll a value **higher than the *total number of wounds taken plus 10*,** using your *Med Tech* or *First Aid* skill +TECH +1D10. For example, if the patient had taken 13 wounds, you would need to roll better than a 23 to help him heal. (Obviously, if the patient is already at -4 or below, he's dead and that's it.)

For a more detailed version of damage (that's a bit more forgiving than the simplified system shown here), you may want to check out the *Trauma Team* section of *Cyberpunk*, pages 115-121). This section also covers drugs, bodysculpting, Trauma Team insurance and elective surgery as well.

DOING OTHER THINGS

(THAT **AREN'T** COMBAT)

Although this doesn't really fall under the area of combat, we've placed this section here because often you will need to do something in the middle of a conflict that isn't shooting a weapon. These tasks involve using skills and abilities such as driving vehicles, fixing jammed weapons, or jury rigging that door so you can get away from the 200 CorpSec goons that are hot on your trail. Or, as Morgan Blackhand has occasionally said, "If it gets down to firepower, you've probably *already* lost the upper hand."

Skill Checks

Whenever your character attempts to do something that isn't an everyday action, (and it isn't an attack), he or she will make what we call a **Skill Check**. To make a Skill Check, first determine which of your **Stats** is the most appropriate to use to perform the action. For example, if you were trying to stand on your head, REF would be best. If you were deciphering a code, INT would be the most appropriate.

Next, if you have a Skill that seems to fit what you're trying to do, add the **level** of that **Skill** to the Stat you selected. Remember that you can only combine one Skill with one Stat at a time.

Meanwhile, the Referee should decide how hard the task to be performed will be. Each Skill Check is rated from **Easy** to **Nearly Impossible**, and each rating has a corresponding value, called a **Difficulty Number**.

GENERAL TASK	DIFFICULTY #
Easy	10+
Average	15+
Difficult	20+
Very Difficult	25+
Nearly Impossible	30+

SOME TYPICAL DIFFICULTIES	VALUE
Open a simple lock	10
Open a complex lock	20
Repair jammed weapon	10
Jury rig a simple hookup	15
Sneak past a typical Guard	10
Simple cyberbike/board trick	10
Get control of vehicle in skid/spin	20
Jump cyberbike/board over gap	15
180º skid turn on bike/board	15
Pop a "wheelie"/"hang ten"	15
Difficult cyberbike/board trick	25
Ride heavy surf	20
Battarope onto moving car	15
Aeroboard up the side of a building	15
Aeroboard between two tight places	20
Balance on a narrow beam	15
Carry off Facedance of well-known person	15
Know a basic fact	10
Know somewhat specialized fact	15
Play an instrument/perform passably	10
Hayduke a simple construction machine	10
Hayduke a complex system	15
Creatively Hayduke a system	20-25
Dump truck dive	10
Face down irate citizens	10-15
Boost small objects	15
Jigger counter-programs on microfactory	15
Rig a secret camera or microphone	10

You may apply only **one** Skill to a task at any time. Add your Stat and your Skill together, then roll 1D10 and add the result to your first total. If your total is **equal or higher** than the Difficulty Number of the task, you've succeeded; on a **lower** roll, you've failed. It's that simple. Sometimes a skill may be applied to another Stat; this is up to the Referee's decision. (For a more complex version of Skill Checks, see *Cyberpunk*, pages 41-45.)

Gaining Experience

Obviously, you want to get better at what you do. That's going to take experience, or Improvement Points

(IP). IP are spent like "trading stamps" to purchase new levels of skill. The first level of a skill always costs 10 IP. To determine how many points are required to raise a skill higher than this, multiply the current level of skill by 10. This is how many IP you'll need to raise a simple skill to the next level.

Some skills are harder to learn than others; for example, many Edgerunner Skills in *Cyberpunk* are tougher to learn than Juvegang skills. These skills have what is called an IP multiplier. This number, listed in the skill's description, multiplies the base number of points required (as described above).

Where do you get more IP? You gain IP by studying, being taught or through experience. In *Cybergeneration*, the Referee will award you IP for improving a particular Skill based on how much you invested in time, lessons or experience. As a rule, the following guidelines apply:

EXAMPLE	IP GAINED
Used or practiced Skill a lot	1-2
Used Skill often and well	2-3
Used Skill extraordinarily well	5-6
Critical use of Skill	7-8
Incredible use of Skill	8-10

Learning Edgerunner Skills from Cyberpunk

Although your Juvegang skills may be enough for running on the Street, you'll probably want to find a teacher and learn Edgerunner skills as soon as possible. Edgerunner skills don't have the "Level 8 max limit" or the "half-as-good" limits that Juvegang skills have. You can elect to learn any Edgerunner Skill through getting an adult teacher or through taking paid lessons, buying and improving these skills with IP as usual.

Besides, sooner or later, no matter how many Cyber-Evolved powers you may have, you're going to have to grow up and get a job!

CHAPTER SEVEN

RUNNING

CYBERGENERATION

RUNNING CYBER GENERATION

In about six seconds, a whole lot of heavily armed CorpSec thugs are going to crash in the doors and come right down on your players. But you're going to be ready for it. Especially if you're a long-time *Cyberpunk* player or Referee.

What you're *not* going to be ready for is what comes *after* the fight. That's because *Cybergeneration* is a real departure from the normal *Cyberpunk* game; so big a jump that we almost considered making this a totally stand-alone game (we compromised somewhat in giving you the basics to run everything, but not all the cyberwear, weapons and gear of the original game). In *Cybergeneration*, the emphasis is on *people*, not hardware. Your players don't have a lot of weapons (they'll be lucky to have a heavy autoweapon among them). If they manage to overpower a CorpSec goon, they may be able to score a "Genius Gun" or two. They won't have lots of money (by now, Mom and Dad or the Agent should have cut off your Golden and Glitterkids from their private banking access codes). They won't have contacts, AV-4's, Big Cyberwear or Big Attitudes. What they'll have will be themselves.

Forget about their CyberEvolved powers. The toughest among them will be equal to the tougher of the Edgerunners (an Edger in Power Armor will still clean their clocks). If they use their new abilities well, they can raise holy havoc, but we predict that most Cybergen players will have to learn the hard way. They'll get shot, heal, get captured and escape, and do it all over again. They'll gain and lose lovers, friends and allies. They'll tackle nemeses ranging from the ubiquitous CorpSec goon squads to other bands of renegade CyberEvolved who work for the ISA (or even for themselves).

What we have to do in the next few pages is give you an idea of how a *Cybergeneration* game really runs. The preceding pages were an attempt at that; to put your players into a situation where they were teenage kids shopping in a high tech mall rather than just roleplayers reading things off a list. Where they were powerless proles against a national police force with the powers of the SS and the weapons to back it, instead of hardbitten cynics with Rambo-scaled firepower. Each stage of the game so far has been arranged to heighten the paranoia and increase the interaction. Now we've got to depart from the script and tell you how to set up the rest of the play. We've got to get you *Cybergenerated*.

Let's start with the **style**.

This is not your Father's Cyberpunk®

Cybergeneration style is a lighter, less hopeless style than the usual *Cyberpunk* scenario. While it's true that the Incorporated States are a ruthless dictatorship covered with a thin veneer of stylish civilization, by and large, life for the prole in the Street has improved. Crime is no longer rampant (the ISA has interned or killed anyone they even suspected might be a trouble-maker). There is enough for everyone to eat (if you don't mind processed yeast by-products and re-structured proteins that taste like cardboard). You have a choice of Corporate-sponsored political parties to vote for, and there are plenty of cheaply made, overpriced consumer goods at the local Mallplex.

Getting the picture? *Cybergeneration's* world is less grungy, more media-driven, more superficial and more mind-controlled than *Cyberpunk's*. It's more compla-cent; the Edgerunners of 2020 have mostly sold out for a limited form of security. Only the *Cybergeneration*, the teenage outcasts of the Carbon Plague, are willing to carry on the fight against Corporate domination—mostly because they haven't *got* a choice.

Teenagers are a Young and Confused lot.

When we came up with this project, the first question the playtesters asked us was, *Why teenagers and kids?* Simple. When you're younger, you're still convinced of your own immortality. That means you're willing to *risk* a lot more. You're also a lot more ready to fight for an idealistic belief, as long as you think you have any chance of winning. Unlike the cool, cautious Edgerunners, you'll roleplay a lot more intensely, because when you're sixteen, the entire world seems stacked against you, and the only way to throw off that powerless feeling is to *bust on through*.

As a yoganger, you're a lot more concerned with people than racking up the euro. You want to be popular; you want friends, lovers, proof that you're competent and adult. You also want your life to mean something more than just a paycheck. Your emotions are closer to the surface; you're more explosive and daring. Things matter intensely to you; as a Cyber-Evolved, you live fast, hard and desperate, like a 21st century James Dean. In short, you live even closer to the Edge than your Edgerunner parents ever did.

When playing a *Cybergeneration* character, remember that to you, *everything* is magnified. You don't just get "involved" with another character in the abstract, supercool way that Edgerunners do; you fall in love, hard and totally; with jealous fights, breaking up and getting back together; the gamut of romantic entanglement. Edgerunners don't get pregnant and have to work out the details; they're cool enough to get their implants and keep 'em updated. Yogangers usually don't have the cash, or in the heat of running from CorpSec, forget to get the renewal implant on time.

Crisis is the order of the day, and soap opera subplots should run throughout *Cybergeneration* adventures just as often as firefights. When you make enemies, you really hate them, and carry grudges to the extreme; you constantly call each other out, compete to score off each other, and never, ever forgive and forget. When you commit to a cause, you'll do anything to make that cause succeed, and woe to the person who betrays your group for anything but the most worthy motives.

In *Cyberpunk*, you're a streetsmart, ice-cold professional who shoots things. In *Cybergeneration*, you're an angry, emotional, hair-triggered young streetpunk who isn't sure who to shoot. You have problems, questions, loyalties and emotions instead of guns, cybertech and a lot of cash.

You also have a lot more chances to roleplay. Which is why we do all this in the first place.

It's The People, Stupid: Rules for Running Cybergeneration

If you're an experienced *Cyberpunk* Referee, you've probably got the *Cyberpunk* drill down solid. Your players get hired or discover some valuable chunk of newtech. Your players are hired to extract/assassinate some powerful rival. Your players anger some powerful force like Arasaka and have to fight for their miserable lives. By the end of the adventure, the guns have come out, there's a firefight that would intimidate Sam Peckinpah, and the heroes either escape into the smog or rake in the cash. And that's fine; because the essence of *Cyberpunk* is just that; a fine mix of betrayal, professionalism and high-tech weaponry.

But *Cybergeneration* is about people, not hardware. Because of this, your stories will need to revolve more around human situations rather than technical breakthroughs or big weapons. A few basic rules should apply to all your *Cybergeneration* adventures:

Where technology is important, it is because of it's application not it's value.

For example, suppose Biotechnica develops a new cloning process that can replicate things from DNA samples. Edgerunners will steal the process to sell it to the highest bidder. The *CyberEvolved* will steal it to reconstruct extinct or endangered species. Always give your players a way to connect a technological breakthrough with some larger, beneficial outcome.

People do things for personal reasons, not money.

As an Edgerunner, you might betray someone to a Corp because there was a 10,000⁰⁰ eb reward. As a yoganger, you might betray someone because they betrayed the Revolution, or because you wanted them

out of the way because you hated them. But you would never do it just for the euro. As a Referee, it's your job to give your players personal reasons and motivations; childhood enemies, jealous lovers, rivals for leadership, personal insults or family feuds that have been handed down through generations.

Firepower Never Solves the Problem.

Edgerunners depend on big guns because a bullet can end the life of an immediate threat. Yogangers know that even if you defeat the Agent team that's after you, you still haven't stopped the Corporation behind it. That means you need subtle solutions: wrecking the Corp's stock on the Exchange, wiping out its computer records, getting a friendly ally controlling the Board of Directors. The *Cybergeneration* therefore looks for ways to stop their enemies before they resort to guns, because in the long run, converting Arasaka into a baby-sitting service via a hostile takeover is a lot more permanent than just shooting Saburo. As a Referee, you should always offer your players other answers than a shootout; access to information, allies on the other side, or an opposing force so overwhelming that only superior brainpower can save the day.

Look at the greater picture, not the short term solution

Edgerunners are concerned with the immediate problem; escaping the black ops team that's after them, getting enough euro to rent a cube. Ideals or principles? Yeah, sure...

In the *Cybergeneration*, goals are more idealistic and broadly based. That means that you're not content to destroy one member of a Corporation; you want to put the entire Corp out of business. You may go on several missions in a row just to line up the parts you'll need to accomplish a long term goal (for instance, you sneak into a polluting facility to identify the sludge it's spewing, kidnap the head of a biotech firm and force him to gene-engineer a sludge eater, take over a rival biotech lab to *make* the sludge eater, then infiltrate the site again to pour your sludge eater into the toxic waste). An Edgerunner would just shoot the head of the polluting Corp, who would then be replaced by an even worse scum.

In *Cybergeneration* adventures, there should always be a lot of short term successes that will allow an even greater success to happen, and that long term goal should always be visible from the start.

It's Not All Guns, Guns, Guns

Heavy-duty weapons are not as much a part of the world of *Cybergeneration*. There are a couple reasons for this. First, the Gun Bounty of 2023 (in which citizens were paid to turn in their weapons) has reduced much of the available firepower on the Street. Second, stricter gun control rules have made it harder for citizens (especially kids) to buy weapons; most guns are now purchased through under the table and black market methods.

The good news is, the ISA isn't packing as much hardware either. Although they are empowered to shoot to kill, ISA Agents and CorpSec troops generally want to bring the Evolved in alive; so they can turn them over to Corporate-controlled research labs and black ops teams. This means that many times, your players will be up against taser guns instead of high-powered weapons. This means ISA attacks will also involve using nets, tangle guns, dart guns, and tasers rather than autofire weapons.

When running *Cybergeneration*, Referees should make a point of de-emphasizing heavy firepower. Guns in 2027 are harder to get, cost a lot of money, and aren't an everyday thing. Unlike 2020, when every kid had a Polymer One shot, the 2027 scene is much more like America of ten years ago; guns can be bought, but are not commonly carried by everyone. Military weapons are very rare and considered illegal by most law enforcement agencies.

Think Streets of Fire, not Blade Runner.

Remember that your players are teens and subteens in a world where flash is king and media hype the rule. Even more than a typical *Cyberpunk* Edgerunner, Cybergen characters depend on style over substance (mostly because that's all they really have).

In *Cybergeneration*, characters have rumbles, not firefights. Advanced weapons are rare and the ultimate levelers. A facedown can make or break a rep a lot faster than a fast gun. The coolest character gets the best bike, best-looking girl, and the most respect. In

short, scale your adventures to fit the level that would challenge a 16 year old streetpunk (beating the local CorpSec commandant, getting the jump on a rival yogang, or thwarting a corporate plot that happens on your turf), as opposed to a mature Edgerunner (who doesn't consider it a challenge unless he and his full- borged buddies can wipe out a major Militech stronghold full of cloned combat-replicants in a battle of epic proportions).

Never Trust Anyone Over Thirty

One of the best models of a *Cybergeneration* campaign is the nineteen-sixties. A time of revolution and street action, the sixties revolved around a clash of two cultures; a stratified, somewhat hypocritical consumer culture of older, established adults, versus an idealistic and angry counterculture of young men and women.

In 2027, the old Edgerunner generation is cynical, hardened to an environment of constant violence and betrayal. They have little if any morals left, and those they do have are based on sheer survival. To the Edgerunners of 2027, the question isn't whether you'll work for the Corporations, but which Corporation offers the lesser of the evils that are part of the price you pay to live in the Dark Future. To the Old Cyberpunks, there is no longer any hope of change; only a bare chance of making it to the next polluted sunrise.

By contrast, the *Cybergeneration* has hope. Sure, they've been through all the violence and nastiness their parents have. But they've grown up with it; it's hard to depress them any further when they've seen it all before. Their worldview is based on changing what exists now, instead of trying to just slow the long slide into oblivion. To the *Generation*, giving up before the might of the Corporations is a sellout. Instead, they choose to confront the enemy and win, just as the student radicals of the 60's chose to confront the unstoppable power of the "military industrial complex" over the Vietnam War.

To the CyberEvolved, there is no Dark Future. There's only a Dark Now— and the chance to overthrow the people who created that Now and replace them with something better. Where the Edgerunners of 2020 scrambled for a few eurobucks and a temporary advantage against Arasaka, the *Cybergeneration*

attacks Arasaka facilities, sabotages Arasaka hardware, and spreads truth campaigns against Arasaka propaganda. A CyberEvolved character would rather die than compromise with the Corps that he or she views as Evil incarnate. While Edgerunners work for money, the *Cybergeneration* works to accomplish ideals— an end to pollution, exposing corporate propaganda, quelling street violence or restoring personal freedoms.

When setting up your *Cybergeneration* adventures, don't hesitate to mine the rich roleplaying strata of the last few decades. Movies about the antiwar movement, books about the student confrontations in the 60's and 70's and other records of the turbulent past as close as your nearest library. They say that history repeats itself; what better time to replay the Age of Aquarius than in the Age of the Cyberpunk?

Subplots and Subterfuge

Somewhere along the character generation process for *Cybergeneration*, experienced *Cyberpunk* players will end up asking " Hey—where's the Lifepath section? You know; the part where I get to roll up all the horrible and good things that happened to my character back in the good old days before I actually started playing?"

Bad news, juvegangers. To quote the old song, "these are the Good Old Days".

Cybergeneration characters just haven't lived long enough to have a huge backlog of experiences. Instead, this is the period when things are happening to you; when the events that make up an adult Edgerunner's background occur. It's in this time that the real formative things happen: your family status changes, you interact with your siblings as they're being born, you make your first friends and enemies. Maybe you even fall in love for the first time.

Relegating all these critical life events to a few columns on a character sheet is a waste. A smart Referee can use these events to drive a plot, add flavor to an adventure, and give his players those little "bits" that make playing a character worthwhile. But to do this, you're going to need a slightly different tool than the good old Lifepath. Something we call **Plotpath**.

Plotpath

Plotpath is a flowchart that links events into a loose causal web, then ties each event to a particular player. You'll need to make a photocopy of the Plotpath for each player in your group; make sure that you keep the results hidden from your players as you'll be using Plotpath to generate subplots and twists along the way.

Themes

Themes are Plotpath *threads* woven through a storyline, usually around a particular character. A theme links all of the activities in a subplot together and gives the entire structure something more than randomness. For example, if the theme of a particular character's life is a Nemesis, you'll want to tie any Lovers, Incidents, Friends or Family Troubles into the existence of the Nemesis: the new girlfriend used to be your nemesis' lover (Love Strikes); your nemesis is the one that put CorpSec on your trail (Incident); your nemesis is threatening your family (Family Troubles), etc.

By using central Themes, a *Cybergeneration* Referee is able to construct the events in a player's life into an ongoing story, instead of a series of random adventures. The player gains a history of these events, and his or her reactions fuel the next logical step. Themes also give the player a sense of how his actions will affect the larger world—a sense of karma, if you will. If, for example, *Romance* is the player's Theme, he can expect that every relationship he encounters will end badly; that each relationship will reflect on the last, and that mistakes made with one lover will always come back to haunt him with the next.

Pick your Themes carefully; make sure they match to the player characters in question. A Romance Theme is pretty useless when applied to a Megaviolent who only wants to fight things; better to give him a Nemesis who just barely defeats him time and time again, with each encounter becoming more closely matched. If a player seems to be most concerned with politics and intrigue, the Treachery Theme will work better than the Evil Twin. If he's got a lot of problems, the Evil Twin Theme (which can be expressed as either a literal twin or as an NPC with very similar traits and habits to the player), can enter the player's life to tempt them to stray to the darker side of his personality. Themes, in conjunction with Plotpath, allow a Referee to construct more complex adventures with a realistic edge that allows better roleplaying.

Common Themes

Romance: The player 's life revolves around his or her relationships. New and old lovers enter and reenter their life, bringing problems, enemies, and strange mental games. The player can expect a string of embittered lovers plotting revenge, secret children born out of wedlock, jealous rivals, kidnappings, past secrets that come back to wreck lives, etc.

Nemesis: The player has an enemy; a group or a single foe, dedicated to his/her destruction. The Nemesis will use any means possible to achieve this goal, including harming friends, family, lovers; sabotaging plans and goals. The Nemesis isn't picky; if you happen to be near to the object of his hatred, you may also be caught in the crossfire. The Nemesis should be very hard to get rid of; just a little bit better than the player, and with an uncanny way of escaping what the player is sure will be certain death.

Family & Friends: Like Napoleon and Jimmy Carter, the player's family and friends are their biggest problems. Siblings get involved in dangerous schemes, parents are threatened, friends wander off, get the Plague, or are kidnapped. Friends involve the player in stupid plans or their enemies include him on the hit list. The player spends a lot of time bailing people out of trouble, lending money, and trying to make sure it doesn't happen again (without success).

Treachery & Betrayal: The player lives in a world where nothing can be trusted; friends change sides, enemies become friends. Like a character in a LeCarré spy novel, the player can never trust anyone; intrigues are constant and deadly. He can keep no loyalties, no morality. He has only himself.

Evil Twin: The player has a physical or psychic twin; someone who is similar in attitude and habits—the sort of person who instantly causes him to say, "That

START HERE

Start by Making a Connection:
- Make a Friend!
- Make an Enemy!
- Love Strikes!
- Family Trouble!
- Random Incident!

Your Friend/Enemy/Lover is:
- New Contact
- Old Lover
- Old Friend
- Relative
- Fellow YoGanger
- YoGang Rival
- Edgerunner

Note: In Plotpath, you do not roll dice. You pick whatever plot complication seems interesting to inflict upon a particular player. When things slow down, pick another one, crossing out previously used complications one by one.

RANDOM INCIDENT!
- You've attracted the attention of CorpSec.
- You've been noticed by LEDiv.
- Random sweep by BuReloc grabs you or friend.
- Falsely accused of a crime or betrayal
- You've got the Military on your trail.
- The Clarkers are after you.
- You've angered a local Boostergang
- You've honked off the Local Triad/Yak/Crime lord
- The Finals are after you.
- Cops think you committed a crime.

Level of Incident:
- **Minor:** It blows over in a day or so, and you're not badly harmed.
- **Moderate:** You take some heat, have to run for a week, but are only slightly harmed.
- **Major:** A real pursuit, lasting for weeks, with great harm and danger.
- **Intense:** An all out manhunt or city wide effect, lasting for months, with life or death consequences.

LOVE STRIKES!
- A mysterious secret comes between you.
- *Romeo & Juliet*—Conflicting backgrounds, alliances tear you apart.
- You won them from a rival who won't go away.
- You broke up before
- They are captured or killed.
- You are separated.
- You fight constantly.
- An age problem: you're "too young or too old".
- Lover has "baggage"—See Friend Table.
- Lover involves you in Incident (see Table).
- You (or Lover) are pregnant.

Relationship Level:
- First Love.
- Tragic Love.
- Puppy Love/Crush.
- Casual thing.
- Mutual Passion.
- One way Obsession.
- Self Destructive.

Relationship Outcome:
- Ugly breakup.
- "It's better this way"
- Still Friends.
- Bitter enemies.
- Never bother me again!
- Breakup, w/chance to try again later.
- Your love is unstoppable.
- Left for another.
- Everyone reminds you of her/him.
- What did I see in...?

MAKE AN ENEMY!
- Caused other to lose face.
- Caused the loss of friend, loved one.
- Humiliated the other.
- Accused the other of a personal flaw.
- Betrayal!
- Spurned lover.
- Mutual dislike.
- Rival Yoganger.
- Rival for position/power.
- Rival for love.

Level of Antipathy:
- Dislike.
- Mutual hatred.
- Personal Nemesis
- Backstabber.
- Passive /Aggressive.
- Screaming fits.
- Bad-mouthing.
- Guilt tripping.
- Sabotage.
- Mutual Ignoring.

MAKE A FRIEND!
- Friend teaches you a new Edgerunner skill (Ref's Choice) to +2.
- Friend has contacts in high places (ISA, CorpSec, City Hall).
- Friend is in trouble with ISA.
- Friend is secretly in love with you.
- Friend hunted by Law or CorpSec.
- Friend has problem (addiction, mental, obsession).
- Friend involves you in Family Problem (see Family Table).
- Friend involves you in Incident (see Incident Table).
- Friend's enemy adds you to hit list (See Enemy Table).
- *Cyrano*— your friend wants your help to get the lover he/she wants.
- Friend loans you money (up to 1D10 x$10⁰⁰).
- Friend involves you in love life (see Lover Table).

FAMILY TROUBLE!
- Sibling gets the Plague &comes looking for help.
- ISA rounds up your family for collusion with the Revolution.
- Old family feud surfaces; you have new enemies.
- You discover family is part of a conspiracy/crime group, etc.
- Family vanishes mysteriously
- Parents denounce you.
- Sibling w/Plague is interned by BuReloc.
- Sibling w/Plague held in CorpSec laboratory.
- Family wiped out in ISA raid.
- Family imprisoned by BuReloc.
- Sibling goes over to the ISA as an agent.
- Family rejects you as a "monster."
- Parents join the Finals
- Parent joins CorpSec or ISA gov't..

reminds me of *me...*" The Evil Twin, however, walks the dark side, engaging in more risky, dangerous or even evil pursuits. When encountered by the player, the ET tries to sway the player to see things their way (*"You know you're just like me...It would only take a small slip for you to do the same thing... How do you know you're the right one...?"*)

These are only a few very obvious types of Themes; you will soon find it's easy to recognize others from movies, books and TV shows. When you link Themes into a solid Plotpath, you'll discover that your players will spend a lot more time actually playing their characters rather than using them as mobile combat platforms in an ongoing firefight.

Where do we go from here?

Back on page 152, we told you we'd tell you what came after the big firefight. Now that you're familiar with the ideas of *Cybergeneration* style; its Ground Rules, Subplots, Plotpaths and Themes, let's put together what we've learned and chart the next step of your *Cybergeneration* adventure. Once you've done this a few times, you won't even need to ask us—you'll have it wired from the start.

Six Seconds after it's over

Your players have just either defeated the CorpSec team or have escaped them (if the players have been captured, we'll deal with that later). They're either on the Street or in the burned out safehouse. Let's apply **Rule #3: Firepower never solves the Problem** to this. First of all, CorpSec isn't stupid. If the incursion team doesn't check in real soon, they'll send a backup . A BIG backup. So your players would be stupid to try and hang around; they would be smart to either get out of the area or arrange a subterfuge to hold CorpSec off. Hint this to them by having distant sirens and flashing red lights rapidly approach.

On the Street

Your players should hit the Street running. Your immediate problem is what to do with them. Here's where **People Do Things For Personal Reasons Not Money** comes in. You need to personalize the conflict to come right away. Set a personal Nemesis on the players, such as a CorpSec commander who just lost his best friend or lover in the raid. Or connect them with another C-Gen group that's fleeing their own safehouse and are en route to join the CyberRevolution. If the party has lost a member to the Corpsec Raid, make *sure* they see him/her being carried away by the goons to a ISA torture lab somewhere. In short, engage their emotions, because you won't have bucks to offer instead.

Next Step : Revolution or Running?

Assuming your players have escaped to the Street, you have two options. You can let them run from place to place looking for a safe place to hide (with CorpSec in hot pursuit). Or you can introduce them to other members of the CyberEvolved, slowly building up the connections until they've got enough firepower and allies to really tackle their ISA tormentors. Either of these scenarios can work into a long-term campaign, using the ISA and its CorpSec dogs, or any of the other heinous groups we've described in the *Adversaries* section on pgs. 172 through 183.

One thing you don't want to do is let your players wander off separately. Besides seriously messing up your campaign, separated groups are far too easy for CorpSec or other Adversaries to pick off one by one. If your players start to stray from each other, feel free to hammer them with any Adversary group that looks interesting. *It's a dangerous world out there, children, so make sure we all hold hands and remember where the bus is...*

Or They can Run Away To Join the Revolution

The last and best option. The **CyberRevolution** is a coalition of the last Edgerunners, the best of the Cybergeneration, and the greatest Cyberpunk Heroes of the 2020's. If your players really want to make a change, this will be the best place to start. When they join this team, the going won't be easy, but they'll fight side by side with the Best, with a good chance of beating the Worst. Are they Evolved enough to handle the challenge? That's up to *them*, yoboy.

GETTING CYBER GENERATED

The World of Cybergeneration is <u>still</u> a violent, dangerous place. There are still people willing to rip off your arm and eat it. But the Cybergeneration were born into this world, and are perfectly adapted to it. They do more than mere- ly survive; they live their lives to the maximum, laugh at the danger, and ride the Edge farther, faster and better than any Edgerunner alive. They have hope, goals and plans to do a lot of good along the way.

And you'd better count on it.

So you're playing a *Cybergeneration* character? Here's the first thing to remember, cho: this isn't *Cyberpunk*. In *Cyberpunk*, you are a player—a heavily armed profes- sional who is out to beat the megacorps at their own slimy game. In *Cybergeneration*, you are a punk. You don't have power; you don't have weapons. All you have is yourself; smarts, sneakiness, and sheer determination.

As a yoganger, you know that going head on against a CorpSec Team is tantamount to suicide. They've got genius guns; you've got slingshots. They have AV-4s; you're probably not even tall enough to reach the control yoke of a spinner. But as the seven year-od Cybergen character who, when confronted by a CorpSec squad in an abandoned No-Go Zone, said "Hush! We're playing hide and seek!" discovered, most adults (even in 2027) can't really believe that a seven year old could be leading a strike team into a

corporate facility. At least not until he rolls a grenade into the middle of them.

If you've been depending on Big Weapons and Big Cyberware to get you by, get ready for a shock. As a *Cybergeneration* yoganger, you're going to need to use your smarts more. You'll use *Genspeak* to discuss plans right in from of your opposition. You'll use *Blend* to make sure you're overlooked by the guards at the right time, and *Lil'Angel* to fake them out if you're caught in the act. You may even discover that there are real advantages to playing an eight year-old yoganger; especially if no one realizes she can blow up heads until it's too late.

Your weapons are numbers and subtlety. The best place to hide will be in a school or a shopping mall, where ISA agents would have to interrogate two hundred kids instead of fingering just one. Sometimes, a hexite tendril in the right part of the lock is better than ripping apart the door and setting off an alarm. Sometimes rearranging the molecules of a critical vehicle part will get rid of your pursuers a lot easier than a missile launcher. And there's less mess to sweep up afterwards.

For those of you who've wanted to play a "dark future" style game without the oppressive atmosphere and constant violence, *Cybergeneration* may be something of a relief. As a yoganger, you can have fun with your enemies instead of just shooting them. When you're twelve, it's a lot more interesting to creatively humiliate the president of Biotechnica than it is to blow him away. Do it enough, and his boss will probably do you a favor by eliminating him first, before the embarrassment spreads.

Hard-line Cyberpunkers may also find *Cybergeneration* a refreshing change of pace. Combat is usually more forgiving (most Adversaries are out to capture, not kill you), and you'll have more opportunities to mess with your enemies' minds. After a while, you may even come to look forward to running down an Arasaka "recovery team" with an aeroboard while your Tribal buddies count coup.

Above all, as one of the Cybergeneration, you play hard and you play fun. Sure, your goal may be to overthrow

an entire government, but there's no reason why that has to be a grim, oppressive process. BeaverBrats setting off all the fire retardant sprayers in the EBM tower will bring operations to a grinding halt just as fast as any black ops team. And you can use the building afterwards.

Play fast, hard and fun. Evolve or Die.

STAYING ON THE EDGE

Maybe the other Edgerunners have given up. But not you, choomba. You're still willing to carry the hardware and do the Iwo Jima flag thing side by side with these young squeebs with the supercyber stuff. Somebody's gotta tell them what life's really like on the Street. And that's why you're a Guerrilla.

So you don't *want* to play a kid. Why not play an older version of your favorite Edgerunner character, drafted into the CyberRevolution and forced to ride herd on a bunch of adolescent yahoos instead? You don't *have* to be a juveganger to still rock and revolt. Not every Edgerunner caved in when the Government rolled over and became Corporate. A lot buried their heavy hardware out in the backyard, or covered the panzer with a cammo net and hid out on the badlands. You waited your time, until a new bunch of tough kids rose up from the Street, looking for seasoned vets to show them the ropes.

As a Guerrilla, you're running a *Cyberpunk* character with a new Edge: that of a mentor figure running herd on a bunch of juvepunks. You've got the advantages you can only gain from age: experience, skills and a lot of street smarts. Whether you're a Solo coaching juve Tinmen on black ops tactics for the EcoFront, or a

Netcowboy showing those cocky Wizards how to *really* program a virtual, Guerrillas have a purpose regular Edgerunners lack. You're not working for mere money or power. You just want your country back, and you're willing to go to the wall to accomplish it.

IMPORTANT! **Any standard *Cyberpunk* character can be shifted into a *Cybergeneration* Guerrilla character; generate the character as in the 2020 rules and give him/her an extra 10 points for Pickup Skills for use in *Cybergeneration* games only.** Or take any existing character and do the same; this is a great way to breathe new life into an old *Cyberpunk* character that you've played into the ground in previous games; seven more years of Lifepath Events, a few kids (substitute *Have a Child* for *Financial Loss* on the **Disaster Strikes!** Table and watch what happens!) and a few more good/bad breaks can *really* change a persona, giving it depth and background far beyond the everyday cyberjock.

Remember: as a Guerrilla, you've probably had to lay everything on the line already; you've ditched your cushy corporate job, liquidated your euro in the 'face bank, and have taken your act on the road. Maybe the kids you're running with are your own, but unlike the Edge (pg. 176), you've decided to move beyond just saving them from CorpSec; you want to make real Edgerunners out of them. You might be working for the Revolution directly, leading CyberEvolved teams on missions for Rache, Johnny or Alt. Or maybe you're like Morgan Blackhand; trying to forge a revolutionary army out of a bunch of wetnosed punks who wouldn't know a Minami 10 from a Polymer One Shot. Either way, your edge in experience has gained you the respect of the little thugs; once you whipped one or two with your rusty (but still combat trained) skills, you had 'em eating out of your hand. Or at least that's what they want you to think.

The good news is, no matter how tough it gets, no matter how dumb those fraggin' kids act, you'll still be in the game, kickin' cybernetic butt and taking names. And that's what makes you *Cyberpunk*.

CHAPTER EIGHT

REVOLUTION

CYBER REVOLUTION

Never Surrender

2027. The ISA stands with its velvet shod jackboots on the throat of Incorporated America. The Cyberpunk Revolution is over, and the Edgerunners are the losers. But not all of the Cyberpunks have given up. Some have taken the battle back to the Street, to act as the mentors and teachers of a new generation of Cyberwarriors.

Morgan Blackhand, the greatest of all Solos; the master of combat and black ops—is now a fugitive fighting a one man war against the ISA's endless legions of Agents, and training Tinmen and Bolters into an unstoppable Solo cadre. **Alt Cunningham**: once the greatest programmer of the Cybertech Age, is now encoded in the matrix of her own Soulkiller black ice; the teacher of Wizards and guardian goddess of Virtuality. **Rache Bartmoss**, half-dead, half alive, lies locked in deep cyber-freeze, his superchilled brain running the rails of the Net at lightspeed, revealing the secrets of the ISA for CyberEvolved assault teams to ferret out. And **Johnny Silverhand**, rock and roll megagod, murdered twice, twice risen, now leads Scanners through the ways of the Rockerboy, where emotion can become a force for revolution.

Four of the greatest Cyberpunks ever to put on the 'shades. They have never given up. They will never surrender. They are the core of the **CyberRevolution**.

Cyber Revolution

The CyberRevolution is a band of Edgerunners, *Cyberpunk* heroes and radical yogangers, committed to the destruction of the ISA and its henchmen. Using a combination of streetsmarts, advanced technology and CyberEvolved powers, the Revolution battles the ISA in a number of critical areas, known as **Fronts**, with the goal of breaking Corporate power over these aspects of *Cybergeneration* America. The goals of the Revolution are ambitious, sure. But it beats the hell out of giving into the insidious mindcontrol the ISA wants to subject us all to. Joining the Revolution requires commitment, nerve, and a willingness to live on the Edge for a cause. It often starts with a single V-code given to a possible recruit. But it always leads to fighting a cyberpunk war on many, many Fronts.

EcoFront

America hasn't all been reduced to a blackened wasteland; there's still big chunks of wilderness out there—Corporate controlled parks for only the elite, rainforest "resource zones" strictly controlled by biological companies and wildlands that are privately owned or just too remote to be worth exploiting—yet. Ecofront leads the fight to keep Corporate interests out of the remaining wildlands; to restore destroyed habitats and clone lost species. Whether it's sabotage, research or just plain blockade actions, EcoFront is one of the most visible and committed groups of the Revolution.

FreeFront

This is the battlefield of the politically active. The members of this Front want to overthow the Corporate-dominated political structure; to remove Corporate candidates and restore free elections. FreeFront members work to expose ISA plots, destroy BuReloc camps, and thwart CorpSec roundups.

MediaFront

The Media is the Massage, and no one believes it more than the members of Media Front. Whether it's taking control of the airwaves to broadcast alternative entertainment programs, news programs without propaganda, or creating media events that expose and educate people about what's really going on in America, MediaFront is there.

V-Front

Space isn't the Final Frontier—Reality is! True to it's motto, V-Front fights to keep control of the technologies of Virtuality, to keep it from being turned into an ISA brainwashing tool, and to make sure that the Net and V-Space remain a free forum for information and ideas. They are the descendants of the rebel "hackers" of the 20th century; battling realtime for the frontiers of Cyberspace with rogue bulletin boards, information exchanges and high tech data wars against the ISA's Netwatch goons.

Alt Cunningham [Codename: Gaia]

"I am here for you. No matter where you are, no matter what it will take to reach you, know that I'm here."

Fifteen years have passed since that fateful day when programmer Altiera Cunningham's soul was ripped out of her body and doomed to an intangible existence within the Net. Fifteen years since Saburo Arasaka's agents kidnapped her to gain access to the deadly black ice program called *Soulkiller*, an infernal creation that was used to condemn Alt to life as two hundred million lines of code travelling from system to system.

But Alt has not been sleeping. With the twenty million dollars she took from the Arasaka mainframe deposited in a blind account, the resourceful programmer began to plan her escape. She had money. She had all the time in the Net. She began to make plans.

With her original body (now a mindless husk) safely deposited into cold sleep by her unsuspecting lover, Johnny Silverhand, Alt set up a small, highly secret research corporation through her now huge web of dummy investment accounts. Over the next nine years, she directed her employees to study the most advanced techniques in cloning technologies (including stolen data on Biotechnica's failed cloning attempts in 2019), with an eye towards replicating her frozen body. Getting access to her cell tissues was child's play to someone who could run freely through almost any system

with the abilities of an AI—with typical Alt efficiency, she hired Morgan Blackhand through a cut-out account and sent him to do the job.

By 2019, Alt knew how to reverse the *Soulkiller* process, with a new program that allowed her to download an engrammatic personality into a blank and waiting clone . She called it *Phoenix*, an appropriate tag for the programming wizardry that would allow her to rise from her computerized "death.." She instructed her employees to bring a cloned body to the lab, and prepared the downloading process.

But something went wrong.

Alt discovered to her dismay that *Phoenix* couldn't transfer her basic personality into a clone. It could only write a *copy* of her neural net into the waiting brain— leaving the original Alt still trapped in the Net. It was a bitter pill; she could move a copy of herself into a real body, but would it really be her? Alt1 released her clone (Alt²), and dejected by the failure, abandoned her quest and went off into the Net to de-rezz. For two long years, she wandered from system to system, finally coming to rest in a huge abandoned mainframe. Once part of a Pre-Collapse billionaire's arcology stronghold, its Realspace coordinates were now buried at the bottom of a collapsed mine shaft. It became her home, and later the home of hundreds of *Soulkiller* victims and other disembodied personalities transferred into the Net. They called it *Shangri-la*, the Ghost Town.

Then the Kids started showing up in the Ghost Town. At first, it was just a few, wandering through Netspace as though they were travelling through a child's fantasy land. Some were terrified by the experience. Others were fascinated; daring and unstoppable Peter Pans of cyberspace, they were already beginning to tackle their first Datafortresses and Netwatch citadels.

Alt¹ took care of them as well as she could. Eventually, as the trickle began to turn to a flood, she emerged from her hidey-hole to start processing the news nets. She learned about the Carbon Plague— how the Wizard variation turned even small children into inadvertent Netrunners, tripping unawares through the deadly reaches of Netspace.

She also learned how the ISA was hunting the CyberEvolved down and killing them.

Altiera Cunningham had never had a reason to live before, other than money and a good time. Before the Change, she faced a nearly endless existence as a disembodied soul. Now she *had* something to live for—a ragtag family of Wizard-weefs that needed her.

The battle was joined. Through her contacts in the Net, Alt¹ began to pull together the loose federation that would soon become the CyberRevolution. She enlisted Rache Bartmoss, now frozen in cryosleep but still Net-linked, to run the Intelligence ops side. She eventually found Morgan Blackhand in his Trinidad hiding place and enlisted his aid as a tactical leader. And eventually, she reached spectral fingers out of the Net to save a dying Johnny Silverhand and give him a second chance at life.

Her adopted children call her **Gaia**, which means *Earth*. She trains and protects them; they love and guard her in return. She teaches them about the ***Eden Dream***: a parable of a world where animals and plants will once again cover the Earth; where Mankind will finally be at peace with itself.

She is the mother of the CyberRevolution.

TEMPLATE		Alt² Cunningham			
INT	10	REF	7	COOL	9
TECH	8	MOVE	4	LUCK	6
BODY	6	EMP	9	ATT	10

S.ABILITY		Interface	10

AWARENESS	9	ATHLETICS	5	DODGE	6
DRIVING	4	SEDUCTION	9	EDUCAT.	9
HANDGUN	6	NET INFO.	12	SMG	3
MARTIAL ARTS	3	PROGRAMMING	11	STEALTH	4

L L L L L S S S S C C C M M M M M¹ M² M² M² M³ M³ M¹

BTM	-2	⏱ HITS	6	GEAR: Chromecyberarm w/Med SMG, Monoknife, Cyberdeck w/any *Cyberpunk* program, Med. Armor

TEMPLATE		Alt¹ (in the Net)			
INT	24	ARCANE	10	DEFENSE	18

GEAR: Alt in the Net can use any *Cyberpunk* program as an INT 24 AI, as well as create Familiars as desired.

MISTER JOHN SILVERHAND [CODENAME: THE MYSTIC]

"There is no greater Power than the Power within yourself."

From his first stage persona as the enigmatic leader of the hit band *Samurai*, to his current incarnation as a leader of the CyberRevolution, Johnny Silverhand has always been a mystery. What is known about him only adds to the confusion: possibly born Robert John Linder sometime in the 1980's, alternately the son of an Apple Computer programmer or a studio guitarist working the San Francisco club scene, Linder's family is rumored to have been killed during the Collapse. Scattered records show he joined the United States Marine Corps (some records say U.S. Army) in 2004, training as a "cybergrunt" soldier in the Special Operations Branch. It is now assumed, thanks to Silverhand's participation in the Amnesty of 2009, that "Linder" either went AWOL from Nicaragua, or was assumed missing in action early on in the War. But it is equally possible that the man known as Johnny Silverhand only *assumed* the identity (and dogtags) of Robert Linder and may have been someone else all along.

Taking the handle "Johnny Silverhand," after the trademark chrome cyberarm he adopted in 2005, Linder embarked on a long and colorful career as a rockerboy. With his first band, *Samurai*, he penned many of the anthems of the early 2000's, including the "cyberpunk anthem" *Metal Soul*. In 2007, *Samurai* broke up, with Silverhand and rhythm guitarist Kerry Eurodyne pursuing separate courses, culminating in the legendary tracks *Chippin' In* and *Never Fade Away*.

For a while, Silverhand was content to remain a superficial party rocker, rarely penning anything of social consequence. Then, in 2019, lightning struck in the form of a botched Biotechnica-sponsored assassination. What is commonly believed is that Silverhand emerged from "hiding" nearly a year later to release *Clone Wars*, a highly political concept album detailing the abuses and dangers of human genetic tampering.

The truth (known only to a few in the CyberRevolution) is far more startling. The assassination was only *partially* botched; his body nearly torn in half by the bomb that ripped his AV-7 apart, Johnny Silverhand lay near death in a cryotank for nearly a month before his heavily-guarded hiding place was located by Alt[1] Cunningham. The matrix-bound Alt[1] sent her recently decanted clone, Alt[2] Cunningham, to meet with Silverhand's startled bodyguards. Her offer—to upload Silverhand's engrams to the Net via the Soulkiller program, then download them into a suitable force-cloned body. With the evidence of her own cloned body to compare to the frozen one Johnny still maintained in storage after all these years, the Silverhand retinue was convinced, and allowed Alt[2] to transport the cryofrozen Silverhand to Alt[1]'s secret cloning facility. With this final gift to the lover who had preserved her memory (and body), Alt[1] left to wander Wilderspace, eventually coming to rest in the abandoned arcology mainframe called the *Ghost Town*.

Eight months later, Johnny Silverhand appeared at a press conference to release the long delayed *Clone Wars* album.

He knew he'd been put in a cloned body, and the fact added a special poignancy to his work—some call it Silverhand's best to date. But unaware that Alt had actually uploaded his engram, downloaded a *copy* to the clone, and datastored the original, Johnny[2] Silverhand was a subtly changed man. Having looked death in the face and returned to tell about it, he became a more political, committed Rocker. His next four albums (*Ring of Fire* in 2021, *Surrendered Gold* in 2022, *MediaGods* in 2023 and *Street Armageddon* in 2024) covered the gamut of the political spectrum, focussing eventually on the rise of the Incorporated States of America and its draconian policies.

In 2026, enraged by the ISA's campaign to "control" the CyberEvolved, Johnny Silverhand began a monumental new work called *Tomorrow's Child*, exposing the horror of the Incorporated Government's inhumane program. The album was nearly completed when Silverhand's luck ran out, and an ISA team murdered the rocker using an advanced AI-remote assassination device.

Once again, Alt[1] Cunningham stepped in. Once again, a Silverhand clone was forcegrown from the frozen tissues of his original body. Lacking a fresh engram to work from, Alt1 was forced to uncompress the original and download it into the clone with a seven year memory gap. This time, she had to tell Johnny[3] the truth; that the Silverhand he'd become was actually a third generation copy. And that if he was willing to accept the idea, he could be practically immortal.

She also asked for his help as a leader in the fledgling CyberRevolution. She got it.

He calls himself **Mister John Silverhand**, maybe to distinguish that he's a changed man: older, wiser, more cunning. He is the teacher of Scanners, young Rockers and Rads who want to know how to reach the hearts and minds of America. He shows them how to craft a song, set up a rally, organize around a cause, spin the media circus. He is the consummate Rocker. And he'll keep coming back as long as the ISA keeps killing him.

TEMPLATE		John[3] Silverhand			
INT	7	REF	9	COOL	10
TECH	5	MOVE	7	LUCK	9
BODY	7	EMP	7	ATT	9
S.ABILITY		Charismatic Leader			12
AWARENESS	9	ATHLETICS	9	DODGE	9
DRIVING	8	COMPOSE	12	PILOTING	7
HANDGUN	9	RIFLE	6	SMG	7
MARTIAL ARTS	6	PERFORM	13	STEALTH	5

L	L	L	L	S	S	S	S	C	C	C	M	M	M	M	M¹	M¹	M²	M²	M³	M³	M³

BTM	-2	⊕HITS	7	GEAR: Chromecyberarm w/Med Handgun, 2 Cyberoptics w/IR, Sand.Boost, Med. SMG, Guitar, Med. Armor

MORGAN BLACKHAND [CODENAME:THE HAMMER]

"I can't remember how many people I've killed. Sometimes I think I'll just change my name to Clint Eastwood."

A war-worn veteran of the Second Central American Conflict, Morgan Blackhand first became a Solo by accident, not design. Returning home in 2009 to the ruins of his native Brooklyn, the hulking cybergrunt found himself protecting his next door neighbor from an abusive and violent ex-husband. The incident ended with Morgan killing the homicidal maniac and earning a local rep as a protector of the weak.

Morgan's good guy image lasted until a dustdown with a marauding BoosterLord gained him the attention of a Militech recruiter. To Morgan's pragmatic mind, working as a corporate "solo" wasn't much different than being in the service: the guys Upstairs told you where to go and who to protect (or shoot). By 2013, Blackhand was known throughout the brotherhood of solos as a professional equal to the best Europe could offer; it was during this time that he adopted the black turtleneck, suit, trench-coat, and close-cropped hair that became his trademarks.

In time, Blackhand graduated from bodyguard and extraction work, to tactical operations and strategic threat management. Although his abilities in these areas were exceptional, his reputation as a hard-nosed, no-nonsense boss willing to pick up a Minami and join his ops in the field earned him an even wider reputation ("I

should have been an officer in the Army," Blackhand often jokes).

In 2020, Morgan Blackhand decided he could use a vacation. Resigning from Militech, he began free-lancing, taking only the jobs that interested him. His choices ranged from the profitable (his extraction of multimillion dollar rocker Allana Devon from DMS to Fugitsu World Entertainment is one stellar example), to the quixotic. Many an out-of-luck victim threatened by a corporate ops-team or boosterlord suddenly found themselves with a very large, very dangerous benefactor who saved their kibble and then slipped silently into the night like a cybered-up Lone Ranger. To Morgan's worldview, it was only payback for the various black ops and assassinations he'd run over a long and checkered career.

Then came the Carbon Plague and the advent of the Incorporated States. At first, Morgan was suspicious of the ISA's grandiose plans for revitalizing America; he'd free-lanced for David Whindam and knew firsthand what a snake he was. As BuReloc and CorpSec began entrenched as a part of everyday life, Blackhand carefully began to plan a back door for himself, moving his considerable fortune in investments offshore to free Trinidad and other unaligned nations.

On May 15th, 2027, CorpSec Director Vincent Matthau approached Morgan to run the ISA's new Agent corps: an elite cadre of CorpSec solos acting as the new government's Internal Security arm. Morgan's response, "I don't take money to hunt down a bunch of kids." was typical, as was the ISA's retort—a predawn assault on the solo's Night City penthouse suite. The raid cost the ISA an entire five man ops team; Morgan fell back to his safehouse in Pacifica and waited. Two nights later, he eliminated a ten man ops team, two assault spinners, and disappeared into the smog-choked, wreckage-strewn night.

Ten days later, Morgan Blackhand walked into the Washington Bureau offices of CorpSec, disabling the security system with a passchip taken from a CorpSec Agent in Bethesda, MA. Entering the offices of the Director, he calmly shot Matthau, his seconds in command, and most of an eight man security detail

hastily dispatched to stop him. His point made, Blackhand turned on his heel, left the building (shooting anyone in his path), and escaped Washington before CorpSec could begin to mount any effective pursuit.

By the time Alt[1] Cunningham located Morgan, he was safely established in his offshore Trinidad fortress, deep within a web of security remotes and fanatically loyal ex-Militech solos who had followed their leader into retirement. Sending her clone Alt[2] in her place, she proposed that Morgan act as a paid advisor to the newly organized CyberRevolution. With an evil chuckle Morgan replied, "Hell, Ms. Cunningham, for a chance to yank CorpSec's jake, I'd pay you!"

As the Tactical director of the Revolution, it was Morgan who organized the extensive network of safehouses, drop zones and blind-alley V-Term links that make up the CyberRevolution's "Underground Railway", drawing in endangered juvegangers and finding them safe havens. The best are routed to one of Morgan's secret training camps to be educated by either Morgan or members of his ex-Militech elite.

"Every Revolution needs a George Washington," says Morgan Blackhand. "But this time, you'll just have to make do with me."

TEMPLATE		Morgan Blackhand			
INT	9	REF	14	COOL	11
TECH	3	MOVE	9	LUCK	9
BODY	12	EMP	5	ATT	5

S.ABILITY		Combat Sense	12

AWARENESS	12	ATHLETICS	10	DODGE	11
DRIVING	9	H.WEAPONS	9	PILOTING	9
HANDGUN	10	RIFLE	10	SMG	10
MARTIAL ARTS	10	MELEE	10	STEALTH	9

L	L	L	L	S	S	S	S	C	C	C	M	M	M	M	M²	M²	M²	M³	M³	M³

| BTM | -5 | HITS | 12 | GEAR: 2 Cyberoptics w/IR, LL, Smartgun, 1 Cyberarm w/ H.SMG, Rippers, Sand. Boost, Hvy. Armor, Lots o' guns. |

RACHE BARTMOSS [CODENAME: GHOSTLORD]

"Running diaper-toting little fukes through Netspace on a data raid! It's amazing what boredom can drive you to."

Since the first moment he could talk, Rache Bartmoss has been getting into *someone's* face. Parents. Teachers. Employers. Other Runners. Governments. Entire nations. If there was a target out there trying to tell him what to do, Rache Bartmoss unerringly aimed for it like a homing missile.

Rache Bartmoss is a genuine legend; he's busted into the toughest systems on earth and lived to brag about it. His programming rivals even Alt Cunningham's, and she's recognized to be the best ever. Most of the major dodges in Netrunning are his innovations, as are most of the hairiest stories; he's fought Netwatch head to head and ten to one; explored the farthest regions of cyberspace, and has even (he claims) talked to the aliens who kidnapped Elvis, created the Carbon Plague, and taught the secrets of pyramid power to the Atlanteans.

Of course, over thirty years of determined Netbanging has also made Rache not a little schizoid. Even his best friend, Spider Murphy, has serious doubts about the sanity of anyone who stayed jacked in through the entire I-G Transformation of the Net in 2017, and then slammed his head against the wall for an hour afterwards because it was *so frackin beautiful!*

Rache's last facedown was only two semantic degrees short of fatal; nailed by a particularly nasty type of

black ice that placed his heart into continual fibrillation, he barely managed to activate his cryogenic backup system in time. The result froze his body but left his hyperactive mind still aware and jacked into the 'face.

For the last seven years since his "death," Rache has been an interested bystander watching the progression of the ISA, the Carbon Plague, and the rise of the Cybergeneration. Except for publishing his "posthumous " memoirs (*Rache Bartmoss' Guide To The Net*), Rache has had nothing but time on his hands. The high point in his life was when Alt[1] Cunningham contacted him from the Ghost Town and asked him to handle the CyberRevolutions Intelligence operation. He accepted, not out of any desire to help the juvegangers (Rache dislikes children intensely), but to yank the ISA's chain.

Alt[1] has offered to clone Rache a new body, but he won't hear of it. "Why would I want a body again? I barely used my old one when it was still warm. Right now, the whole damn Net's _my_ nervous system." is his usual reply. Instead, Alt has arranged to have an advanced low-temperature, superconductor cybermodem installed on Rache's cryo-capsule. This allows the Ghost Lord (as other Netrunners and Wizards refer to him), to run the Net as fast as any AI.

As the grey shadow of the CyberRevolution, Rache Bartmoss gets to do what he likes most—break into secure systems and "liberate" the information. Sometimes he gives it to the Revolution to use in it's campaigns against the ISA. Other times, he goes rogue and uses whatever he uncovers for his own heinous purposes; broadcasting the Vice President having sex with his mistress on Net-54's international feed, piping old cartoons into all the data screens of CorpSec; wiping the main data bases of BuReLoc so that a hundred thousand "undesirables" are suddenly wiped off a purge list. Or putting the head of CorpSec on an assassination call sheet for ISA's Agent teams ("These drips never bother to look at anything," he groused when the hit team actually got three quarters into the op before realizing they were eliminating their boss).

Rache is also the most philosophical of the CyberRevolutionaries; probably because he has all the time in the world. He muses that there are probably a lot of deeper meanings to the structure of the CyberRevolution; things that "only a bunch of dweeb professors with brains jacked like senile tubeworms into the Corporate-run sludgepit of Modern Academia will ever concern themselves with, and even then only at braindead cocktail parties filled with other living corpses of a decayed educational factory system." In his fevered cosmology, he sees Alt as a great earthmother icon overseeing the birth of a new species, John Silverhand as a risen redeemer come to lead the way, and Morgan as the force of dark reality and yin to John's yang. Rache, of course, says he's the old madman who squats at the end of the table yelling things no one else wants to hear. Or maybe some type of technoelectronic Holy Spirit descending on the unwary and plaguing them with visions.

It could be true. It's also true that at this rate, Rache Bartmoss may be the one who eventually writes the history of the CyberRevolution simply because nobody else had the time.

In the meantime, Rache raids the Interface and plays homicidal Robin Hood games. He occasionally deigns to train young Wizards in the "higher" forms of Netrunning; more often, he leads them on wild and extremely dangerous incursions into towering black ice fortresses. He is the spiritual leader of the Revolution, because he thinks he can see the Big Picture.

If he's right, Lord help us all.

TEMPLATE		Rache Bartmoss			
INT	10	**REF**	12	**COOL**	9
TECH	8	**MOVE**	7	**LUCK**	8
BODY	6	**EMP**	2	**ATT**	7

S.ABILITY		Interface	12

AWARENESS	9	**ATHLETICS**	6	**DODGE**	6
DRIVING	4	**PROGRAMMING**	11	**EDUCATION**	6
HANDGUN	5	**PERSUASION**	9	**SMG**	3
MARTIAL ARTS	2	**SYST.KNOW**	13	**STEALTH**	8

L	L	L	L	S	S	S	S	C	C	C	C	M	M	M	M	M²	M²	M²	M²	M³	M³

BTM -2 ☮HITS 6 GEAR: Any Program from *Cyberpunk 2020*, Interface, *Chromebooks* or *Netbook*. 1 Cryochamber. 1 Dead Cat.

CHAPTER NINE

ADVERSARIES

"You are the CyberEvolved; The Changed And Change comes Only with Pain. It took an asteroid to smash the Reign of the Dinosaur. What will it take to smash the Reign of the Corporate State?"

THE ISA

The ISA, as it says in all the screamsheets, recognizes the partnership between business and government, while still encouraging community participation and control, thus combining the best of capitalism and democracy. It represents a change from the old administrations which have driven the U.S. into Third World Nation status. The ISA will be a beginning for New America, with American corporations leading the way.

Which is all a load of drek: the resource distribution is far from even, and the democratic elements have been reduced to media-blitz campaigns to brainwashed masses, followed by imaginary counts of wired-in votes. Even the name, the *Incorporated States of America*, isn't really accurate: The federal government isn't a corporate structure, per se. In fact, the system's arrangement is basically what it was in 2020, which itself was simply a streamlined version of the government of the twentieth century. The main difference is a shift in the concentration of control into the Executive branch. The Senate is all that remains of the Legislative branch, with two out of every three State Representatives corporate-sponsored, and the Supreme Court has been stacked by previous pro-corporate administrations. Entire state senates are quite literally owned by business groups since the bankrupt state governments have been bought out. Not a pretty picture.

While the ISA still gives lip-service to democratic procedures and structures, the American corporations have formed an alliance that is codified and empowered in the Council for Economic Prosperity (the CEP). Once an "advisory board," the CEP has expanded its influence rapidly over the last six years. It now acts as both a forum and a political power bloc, granting influence and prestige to the corporations at a level that was never attainable before. The 26 primary members are elected from the major corporations in the ISA, including Militech, Petrochem, EBM America, and Arasaka, but it has literally dozens of subcommittees involved in various programs as well. While officially only an executive council, this body has become THE single most powerful element in the ISA next to the president himself. And since President Whindam and the CEP have yet to conflict on anything, the issue is probably moot. The CEP acts with the president's will and has effectively vetoed bills from Congress, issued "executive mandates" which equate to laws, and installed its own organizations within the governmental structure (CorpSec and BuReloc being notable examples). Another source of power is the Neo-Progressive corporate Poli-parties which most people have to join before they can get work; thereafter voting the corporate party line. All this, combined with control of the pervasive media and a President that is from their ranks, has allowed these new American companies to implement a reign of corporate feudalism such as the world has never before seen.

The presidency has regained tremendous power under recent administrations. In particular, domestic control

has grown radically with the increase in the executive bureaucracy and the CEP. The president's role as chief of the Armed Forces has been instrumental during the formation of the ISA as well, as the Army has been the tool of many an executive decision. And the Emergency Powers Act of 2026 (in response to the Carbon Plague) allows the president to send the military wherever he needs, without any Congressional approval. The Constitution hasn't just been trodden on; it's been bulldozed under.

The current President, David Whindam, was Chairman of the CEP for two years before assuming this office. Before that, he was a junior V.P. at NoAhme Caldewell, after having left Biotechnica (see *CP 2020*, pg. 222 for an early description of Whindam). Needless to say, his interests and goals parallel those of the CEP almost exactly. He is intelligent, shrewd, ruthless, and an expert propagandist. His staff shares and maintains his vision of placing America in the hands of the people who truly understand power: the corporates. He has no intention of allowing the election coming in '28 to jeopardize his position, and will utilize the State of Emergency engendered by the Carbon Plague to postpone any such event until his power is totally secure.

So what does all this mean to America? It means that the real power now resides with the Presidency and the CEP which, in turn, work for the Neo-American corporations. The government is no longer the monitor of the corps; it's now their partner. If they need something done, it gets done. Atrocities can either be explained away, covered up, or, if necessary, made legal. Government-supported business projects scour the land for resources with no concern for the environment. Gun controls and draconian laws are striping the people of the ability to fight back, and invasive corporate management of their lives is draining their will to do so. The CEP has got a good chunk of the public eating out of their hands either from cultural indoctrination or the need for a paycheck. BuReloc can move through a district and cull out any people it feels are disruptive, falsifying data as needed. CorpSec slithers like a snake through the corporate city sectors, quietly demanding obedience, or it stands perched like a falcon on the CEP's shoulder, ready to pounce on any target.

ISA DOMESTIC SECURITY AGENCY

"Don't tell me that the Changed are just children. I have fought them, and I say that they are abominations,… but *useful* abominations."

—Anastasia Lucessi, Agent Chief, ISA Domestic Security Agency

The ISA Domestic Security Agency started simply as part of the Corporate Security Agency (CorpSec, see pg 178), but the success of its Undercover Operations Division soon made it a major tool of the CEP. While still used as a part of the corporate police force with jurisdiction covering all corporate property (which is far larger than it was six years ago), they now have other divisions to handle specialized investigations and other tasks. Their cases cover all matters directly involving corporate interests and procedures. They can, and often do, remove police from an investigation and take it over for themselves.

ISA Agents are known for their cold, disdainful manner and are commonly known on the Street by a variety of derogatory nicknames such as "Corpsicles." But ISA Agents always have the best equipment and tech available; their equivalent of SWAT can bring out milspec Powered Armor suits, attack AVs, or even tanks. Worse, their intelligence operatives are among the best in a very competitive business. They also have another ace up their sleeves: **The Raptors**—Cyber-Evolved children who have been coerced or convinced to use their talents to help the Agency hunt down their brethren.

The ISA Domestic Security Agency is definitely the single greatest threat to the Changed, since they have the resources and the sublty to go where BuReloc or the military can't. Very scary people.

ARASAKA

The Black Dragon of the East rears its ugly head everywhere. And, as usual, the great minds at Arasaka are slightly more visionary than those of most of the other corporations.

Saburo Arasaka, still miraculously holding on at 108 (much to the annoyance of his son Kei), realizes that with the change that is being wrought among the children, the corporate agenda should not be to try to stop or control the disease, but to gain control of the children themselves. He views the Carbon Plague as a giant tsunami, and if he and his corporation play their cards right, the wave will carry them forward to a golden future, instead of washing over them and crushing them beneath its inexorable might.

Saburo has heard that the affected children have unusual abilities, powers beyond even those obtained by the most advanced hardware available. This means that if they are properly indoctrinated, they will be the finest and least expensive Arasaka operatives ever obtained. Ten years from now, were Arasaka to field an army of adults with these powers, the corporation would be unstoppable.

To this end, Arasaka is attempting to abduct as many affected children as possible, preferably kids who have had a hard time and would therefore be more susceptible to the lures of a corporate-controlled 'harmonious family' situation. The Arasaka corporation has already built (in an incredibly short time) a new facility at their secure R&D site in northern Honshu to house these children, complete with corporate parent-figures carefully screened and trained for maximum appeal. With this facility, Arasaka hopes to make itself the generous corporate parents and family of a new wave of CyberEvolved children, and then give them the training and indoctrination they need to become the vanguard of Arasaka's future domination.

To this end, the Arasaka field operatives monitor all developments across the world. Through CorpSec, they know when a raid is going down, where the trouble spots are, and what the latest developments in the plague may be. Through the ISA they have access to a lot of information on American children, which allows them to target the lower-income and underprivileged children. (Arasaka will almost never abduct a Glitterkid or Goldenkid unless the psyanal lab can find an excellent reason.)

In an abduction, Arasaka generally waits until another faction is pursuing or has captured the child, allowing them to drop in like saviors and spirit the child away from pursuit. This is just the first step in their planned campaign to make themselves out to be the children's friend. To further their ability to relate to the children, all Arasaka operatives are trained in the latest streetslang and subculture.

This claim-jumping tactic, of course, is of extreme annoyance to everyone, but as Arasaka takes pains to cover its tracks and camouflages their abduction vans as any of a number of things from derelict vehicles to television mobile units, no one has yet clued in to the depth of Arasaka's involvement.

Of all the forces pursuing the Evolved, Arasaka is perhaps the most dangerous, because they know the kids, they know what the kids really want, and they play on this knowledge to coax the kids to cooperate willingly.

THE EDGE

Although the corporations have by and large won the Cyberpunk Revolution, the cyberpunks themselves have not rolled over and died. Even those who, feeling the onset of age and the timeless pull of procreation, hid their guns in the closet and begin punching clocks instead of corporate guards, have not truly sold out.

While the general public rejoices in the new-found corporate prosperity, the cyberpunks, the true edgerunners, see the dark future for what it really is. And though they are a little older, a little slower, and have kids, most of the cyberpunks still hate the corporations they work for.

When the Carbon Plague swept the nation's youth, the children of the cyberpunks were affected as well. And, as they have with all children, the corporations and government put their heavy hand in. And this, my friends, is what set off the latent cyberpunk psyche which has lain dormant these seven years. Parental instinct and street-honed reflexes came together as never before. The old hands oiled their guns, dusted off the armorjacks, and ran through the martial arts forms a few times to work out the stiffness. Then they left the corporate flat, stepping over the slowly-cooling corpses of the corporate guards, with the infected child dragging behind, gripped firmly in a cyberhand.

These returning cyberpunks have formed what hey call the Edge, which is an attempt to return to the street culture of the early part of the decade. The Edge is made up of cyberpunks who have abandoned their corporate prosperity for the sake of their children. They take these kids and teach them everything they know about survival on the street, to help them stay out of the corporate clutches.

In the face of corporate aggression against the children, the Edge has been able to reform the webwork of support that used to define the street. They move quickly in response to any grapevine word of an afflicted child or corporate movement. They will help extricate former comrades and their kids from any situation, risking their life constantly for the sake of the children. This means, of course, that the Edge almost never comes after BeaverBrats, Goldenkids, or others towards the upper end of the social spectrum_ edgerunners never advanced far in the corporate world, so they don't have many connections among the managerial set. They do, however, go after Glitterkids, because often these are the offspring of or have connections to the edgerunners.

The Edge treats the kids very well, if a bit roughly. After all, most of the people in the Edge had poor parents, if any, and surrendered the kids to corporate nannies rather than learn the difficult task of parenting themselves. They tend to consider kids to be half-pint adults rather than children. Nevertheless, although rough and abrasive, they have an honesty which their children can sense on an instinctive level, and although their metal hands are cold, they also carry the weight of power and authority. In a lot of ways, the kids understand the members of the Edge; they too, are misfits and restless rebels.

The agenda of the Edge does not go much further than pulling the kids out. This is a symptom of why the cyberpunk revolution lost against the corporations; the goals of the cyberpunks were generally short-sighted. The individual cyberpunk concerned himself with survival, and, beyond that, with bringing a corporation down. They knew they wanted change, but they weren't sure exactly what they wanted in its place. This sort of vague idealism has led to the Edge, and to a recreation of the street culture, but the Edge has no goals beyond pulling the kids out of the corporate clutches. They know they want the kids to be free, but they don't know what they want the kids to do with their freedom.

Usually, they end up trying to get the kids involved in the same sort of things they did; gun-running, drug smuggling, data piracy, sabotage. It's what they know. And now that many of them have actually spent time with their kids for the first time, they are loathe to let them go.

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BuReloc

The dark arm of the government, BuReloc is the most visible, most pervasive, and most common of the pursuit forces arrayed against the children of tomorrow.

The first of the CEP's creations, the Bureau of Relocation was established as part of the Department of Health and Human Resources. Of course, the "resources" that they were designed to relocate were squatters and indigents who had set up life where the corporations wanted to build. This federal bureau would sweep in and round up any and all, shipping them off to internment camps for "Vocational Training," i.e. unpaid work gangs. With the coming of the Carbon Plague, BuReloc has been given a new set of targets: the Evolved.

They are not the most powerful (that honor perhaps belongs with Arasaka), nor are they the most motivated (that goes to the Guerrillas), but they are everywhere, and their resources are effectively limitless. They also have the advantage of being THE law, which few of the other forces can truly stake claim to. BuReloc's attitude is that the children are dangerous and, for the public safety, must be eliminated as menaces. Publicly, this means removing them from public life and quarantining them. It just happens that in real life the infected children are quarantined in a crematorium.

BuReloc's approach is founded on the landmark case of Stoe v. Nevada, wherein those with infectious diseases were found to be in violation of the civil rights of future victims. In other words, whereas before a person with an infectious disease could be charged with attempted murder for deliberately infecting someone, they could now be charged with negligent homicide just for walking the street where others could pick up their disease. (This, in turn, led to the so-called Three Strikes Law where proven incorrigibles could be summarily executed to prevent potential assaults on future victims, but most kids don't evade the grasp of BuReloc enough for this to be a consideration.)

BuReloc's goal is to capture as many infected children as possible as quickly as possible, and export them to quarantine centers. Their tools are speed, surprise, fear, and the backing of the Incorporated States government. They are ruthless, efficient and remorseless.

BuReloc prefers to capture kids alive, because it makes them look less bad, but if a kid puts up enough fight, they are legally empowered to kill the kid under the above-cited laws and associated statutes. Similarly, BuReloc can pacify ('gun down' has such ugly connotations) anyone who interferes with the execution of their duties— all for the public good, of course. BuReloc's goals are simply the elimination of the threat. They take the kids, consolidate them in one place, and kill them all. They have no pity, no remorse, and no reason to think other than what they are doing will be the salvation of the uninfected children of the planet. The BuReloc personnel are thoroughly indoctrinated and brainwashed, and have regular psychological exams to ensure that their personal feelings remain in line with official doctrine. Part of this psychology is to make them feel that they have a special understanding of the situation, that the general public simply can't see that what they are doing is right. This gives the BuReloc personnel the camaraderie of the maligned savior, which keeps their ranks close and their people loyal to the cause.

This doesn't mean that they don't feel for the kids, it's just that they consider the state of actual infection to be too late for the children themselves. They consider the kids to be unfortunate victims, the walking dead, who, if allowed to live, would only infect others and bring them to their terrible state. BuReloc doesn't tell its front-line troopers that kids can survive the Carbon Plague; that would be bad for morale.

BuReloc
Making a Place For America's Homeless

CENTER FOR DISEASE CONTROL

The CDC is made up of some of the few idealists left in the government. Their goal is to isolate the disease and find a cure as soon as possible. They are hampered in this effort by the interference of other factions, corporate, private, and government, most notably the BuReloc, who has access to all the information the CDC has.

Of the governmental agencies, the CDC is the least heartless. They view the children as unfortunate victims of a terrible disease, and they work around the clock to try to isolate the virus and help the children. So far, nothing they have done has worked, although they have discovered that children can survive the plague, and thereafter appear to develop an immunity. The government and corporations have squelched this information, waiting until the disease itself has been isolated. The CDC itself is not concerned about leaking such information, so the word has started to hit the street.

The CDC endeavors to get not only the infected, but also some children suspected of having been infected, who are then put under observation. The CDC has a lot of data about the later stages of the disease, and is working on finding out more about the early stages. Since the disease can be survived, and in fact has been demonstrated to be typically non-fatal to children, the CDC has also managed to acquire some 'undesirables' from BuReloc (it's "sister" bureau within the Dept. of Health) for vector testing.

While many might bridle at this as inhumane, the CDC is pulling these kids out of a relocation camp and providing them with decent food and shelter and a small stipend until they are sixteen. In exchange for a more stable future with some vague sort of hope, the kids get infected and the CDC studies the early stages and experiments on infection vectors. It's painful, but at least the CDC workers are compassionate.

Since BuReloc is everywhere, the CDC has a hard time getting kids to study. BuReloc would rather just kill them all. Normally the CDC gets involved as a shadowy background figure behind the efforts of the Axis, the Plague Survivor's Alliance, the Police, or some other group of similar public-service bent. The CDC provides the equipment and finances, and the group provides the extraction. What this means is that the extraction will look like the work of some fringe group, but the CDC is actually pulling the strings. You never know who might really be behind any kidnapping. Could be the CDC. Of course, it could be Arasaka, as well.

At times, the CDC will even use their access to government records and information to set up an extraction from another arm of the government or a corporation. They've never been caught doing this_ yet. Even so, their unconventional approach is known to the rest of those in power. As a result of their maverick approach, the CDC has been taking a lot of heat from the government, and they may soon find themselves shut down or purged.

CDC✚
CENTER FOR DISEASE CONTROL

CLARKERS

One should never underestimate the gullibility of the human species especially when it is aligned with hopeless idealism. This is particularly true with respect to the Clarkers.

Clarker is a blanket term applied to a wide variety of strange pseudo-religious groups which have abruptly sprung up everywhere. The term is taken from the name of Arthur C. Clarke, author of *Childhood's End*, a story from the previous century wherein children around the world simultaneously evolve into an advanced life form. The term is derogatory, implying that the Clarker takes a fantasy and believes it to be real. It's also derogatory in that it lumps all Clarkers into one bucket, a generalization which all Clarkers find offensive; after all they're right, the others are just loonies.

Clarkers come in all varieties, ranging from slightly offbeat visionaries to downright spiritual hacks, but they all share one central premise. The Carbon Plague, whether it be an actual plague or an act of God or an evolutionary imperative, is a Good Thing. An obvious corollary to this is that the Clarkers themselves will help further the Carbon Plague in any way possible. Human Dawn, for example, has a name patterned after the popular vidshow. They are convinced that the children are evolving per the natural laws. They claim that the theory of evolution has never explained sudden radical shifts in gene coding, and that we are privileged to witness the sudden birth of a new species, Homo sapiens cambiarus. In their opinion, evolution must not, and in fact can not, be stopped.

Thus the Clarkers work to foil anything and everything that seeks to prevent the children from growing as they want. Human Dawn is, in effect, a group of terrorist extremists. They actively hunt down and kill BuReloc personnel. They look for and destroy BuReloc camps. They ruthlessly kill anyone who stands in their way. And, most importantly, they find the children, spirit them away to safety, and fill them with their doctrine.

The adult members of Human Dawn are even more devoted to their work. They firmly believe that the human race as we have known it these past few thousand years is obsolete. They know their time is through, so they don't care if they die as long as their death furthers evolution in some way. In fact, were Human Dawn able to do so, they would wipe out the entire species of unchanged humans in a flash. Fortunately for us, however, they do not have tactical nuclear devices. They do, however, have kids whom they've educated to believe they are the wave of the future and therefore entitled under the Survival of the Fittest to wreak havoc on the obsolete humans.

The Living Advent Church is another example of a Clarker group. Through a very creative interpretation (i.e., rewriting) of the Bible and other holy works, they have proven (that is, found or generated enough rickety evidence to support their wild claim) that the children are the Coming of God incarnate, which is the only way their damaged brains can make sense of the apparent miracles the kids can pull off. To this end, members will deliberately expose their kids to the Change (or as they see it, to the glory of God). Naturally, 'God' invariably obliges these faithful, and their children get massively ill as 'God purges them of sin'.

Obviously, desperate religious fanatics like these have nothing to do with real religion, and are dangerous to an extreme. They kill unbelievers in the blink of an eye, and spirit away as many children as they can to worship them and tell them that they are God incarnate. This does very little good to the developing young minds, but the believers write off any tantrums or punishments the spoiled children inflict on them as the will of God. The net result is a church run by spoiled children and staffed by fanatics — a bad combination indeed.

Whatever the actual doctrine, you can readily see that Clarkers are a problem for all. Fortunately, they are strange enough that they only attract those whose sanity is already in question; were they able to attract stable and intelligent people, society would be turned on its ear.

COPS

While the government has sold out to the corporations, the average beat cop still tries to serve and protect the public. Is there still room for such idealists in 2027? They like to think so.

Unfortunately, this puts some good-intentioned people in a place where they have to serve the dictates of the less-conscientious people in power. The problem facing the cops these days is that the kids are disrupting the peace, although through no fault of their own, and the job of the police force is to keep the peace. There's nothing like seeing a kid double over in the middle of the street and vomit up a stream of silvery lunch to disrupt the cheerful veneer that covers life in 2027. Watching the stuff congeal into a shiny pseudo-pod and reach back into the kid's panting mouth is even worse. Whether a public menace, a threat to public health, children in need of medical assistance, or just an unwanted disruption, the result is the same —send the police to round them up.

So what do the police do with the kids? They do what their boss tells them to do. If the city council says all infected kids must be transferred to BuReloc, over they go. If they must be delivered to the NoAhme Caldewell labs for, uh, disease control studies, over they go. Fortunately, the corporations can't flagrantly violate the law in front of the noses of the police. And even when all the paperwork is in order, the police generally pursue the apprehension and delivery of children with somewhat less enthusiasm than do corporate or private pursuers. The exception, of course, are those municipalities that have had problems with violent nanotech-enhanced juvegangs. In these cities the police are noticeably less tolerant and compassionate.

Over all, though, the police are not a bad group to get chased by, for the simple reason that they don't like turning kids over to people they don't trust. In other words, if they don't give you a chance to escape, it ought to be pretty easy for you to make one.

CORPSEC

There are a lot of corporations out trying to grab the CyberEvolved, and CorpSec is their favorite tool, primarily because if one corporation doesn't abuse CorpSec for its own ends, all the others will.

While the Corporate Security Agency is not as omnipresent as BuReloc, it still permeates the country, with jurisdiction over all corporate land in the US, which is quite a lot, considering the mallplexes, arcologies and company towns where most people live. CorpSec's prestige did take a blow when the Domestic Security Agency, its top investigative branch, was given its own place in the Justice Dept. alongside CorpSec itself. Now CorpSec supplies the best of the "troopers" on the Street: elite and effective personnel, authorized and equipped to operate in lieu of military or police support.

Each corporation has its own pet CorpSec units— official teams of the unified force carefully filled with loyalists and agents on the payroll to augment its own security forces. And, thanks to the ISA, CorpSec teams have the right to go wherever they want, even into your bedroom closet, to find whatever they want—like children.

CorpSec teams are ruthless, and shoot those who interfere with their investigations. Once CorpSec agents have the kids in custody, they turn them over to the parent organization. What is done with them there varies from corporation to corporation, but it is never pleasant.

CorpSec shares access to the 'Raptors' with the ISA Agents. Some of these Evolved kids help CorpSec because they truly believe in the corporate dream, or because they think they are helping their friends— CorpSec has a cure, right?—and some for the sheer joy of chasing other children. No one likes a Raptor. CorpSec agents don't like them. Other kids don't like them. Even the execs don't like them, because they don't truly understand them, and what the corporations don't understand, they fear. Nevertheless, the corporations have always been good at winning loyalty, and it's not that tough to win the heart of a vulnerable, idealistic kid.

FINAL QUARANTINE

This is a parents' group, and the nearest thing to a secret society in the post-modern world. Final Quarantine is not particularly organized, but it is frighteningly wide-spread.

The adherents of Final Quarantine believe that, with the plague spreading out of control, the only way to save the future generations of mankind is to quickly and decisively eliminate all contaminated children, thereby hopefully stopping the spread of the plague before it gets everyone. It's a harsh, cruel choice, but one which the parents feel they have no other choice but to make.

As mentioned, Final Quarantine is not really organized, and in fact the name itself is only rarely used. It was coined by a corporate executive who, writing a report, needed a label to apply to this mentality. Basically, the group is made up of member parents who talk to other parents. They voice their concerns, share insight and facts, and gauge the other parents' feeling about the plague. Hopefully, they find other parents as concerned about the health of their children as they themselves are. This being done, the member slowly debates alternative plans of action until the parent is convinced that the corporations and the government aren't doing enough, especially with the activities of strange groups like the Clarkers. The only solution is the immediate and final quarantine of afflicted youth; it's the only way to save your children.

It's a damn hard decision for any parent to make, but ultimately it hinges on two unspoken concepts: 'better them than me' and 'it's too late once they're affected; it's really a mercy killing'. A strange by-product of this mentality is that once an adherent to the Final Quarantine has actually killed someone else's plague-ridden kid, they'll never change their mind again; to do so would be tantamount to admitting that you murdered children, and that's something that no parent can come to grips with. It is these members who are the most compelling advocates of Final Quarantine, and the ones who garner the greatest number of new recruits (thereby distributing their suppressed guilt among as many new members as possible). Such members have even been known to kill one of their own children to save the rest.

The biggest problem that Final Quarantine presents to the Evolved is that you never know who they'll be. Anyone could be a member. Anyone from the BuReloc man to the liquor store owner who slips you a few brews, to the vet, to your next door neighbor who coaches your little league, to your baby-sitter — even your parents themselves, which is the worst nightmare for any kid.

Even if a parent cannot be convinced that the Final Quarantine is the only choice for the safety of the future, members will still keep in close contact. In fact, those who do not believe as they do are considered to be weak links, and the members will do everything they can to stay close to these people and project the image of concerned, friendly neighbors—so that when one of their kids does get sick, these parents will let their compassionate neighbors know, giving the Final Quarantine a chance to act before it's too late.

FINAL QUARANTINE

LEDiv

The national Law Enforcement Division is rarely seen in pursuit of a child with the plague, but when it happens, it's very very bad.

LEDiv officers are easily the peer of the best in the corporate world, and they have access to everything the government knows, which, ultimately, is quite a lot. It's just that outside of the LEDiv, the government workers have problems putting it all together. LEDiv usually gets called in when there are other sinister interests involved. Should, say, Arasaka have pulled a few too many snatches in one city, you can bet LEDiv will be hot on the trail, perhaps even setting up deliberate infections for the trapping of the Arasaka team.

Sometimes LEDiv gets involved with pursuing a KidKiller gang. Or sometimes they get called in for reasons beyond the understanding of anyone who lacks a Top Secret clearance from the government. Whatever the cause, they have their reasons, they have the tools, and, with the backing of the government, they can do whatever they want and there's nothing you can do about it. They move with a cold grace and an economy of motion, and they have no interests other than their own.

Just hope you're not on their list for some arcane reason.

INCORPORATED
STATES OF
AMERICA
LAW
ENFORCE-
MENT
DIVISION

THE MILITARY

The ISA has made sure that the military has been kept insulated from the corporate in-fighting that pervades the government, and the military, in turn, has helped the government to keep them in ignorance. After all, it's a lot easier being a soldier when you're not aware of the sort of vermin running the whole show.

This insulation goes both ways, however, for the military has found that the corporate-dominated government leaks like a sieve as far as intelligence is concerned. The military itself is very tight, in part because it's filled with people who want nothing to do with the corporate world.

And although most of those in the armed forces are well-adjusted people, there are those warmongers within the military who have their own agenda with the CyberEvolved. They are conducting their own tests with the kids; some in an effort to isolate the virus and reproduce a more lethal form of it as a bioweapon, while others are testing the viability of forcing an infection in an adult to make him a supersoldier. These military operations are always very covert, and rival Arasaka for speed, ability, and technical know-how. They are usually manned by some elite forces sworn to secrecy and trained to a monoblade's edge.

Because these people see the world in the black and white of weapons and defenses, they tend to look on the Changed as either tools to be exploited or else collateral damage to be ignored. They are not fun people to be chased by. Fortunately, they exhibit the greatest interest in children with new, previously-unheard-of mutations, so most Evolved kids are beneath their interest most of the time.

The Plague Survivors Alliance

The PSA is a political grassroots movement the like of which has not been seen for a long time. In fact, there haven't been <u>any</u> grassroots movements around at all for the last six years or so.

The PSA is founded on the tenet that those afflicted with the plague still have civil rights, and should be treated as victims, not monsters. This, of course, is the sort of thinking that allowed AIDS, AIDS II and the Wasting Plague to spread as widely as they did, but the advocates seem to ignore this fact.

Of course, the PSA has found that the child survivors of the Carbon Plague have some, shall we say, unsettling tendencies. Nevertheless, they claim, these should be overlooked. They are not worthy of bias or prejudice, and with proper training, the Evolved can be easily integrated into society.

Naturally, the PSA hates the members Final Quarantine to the ends of the Earth. That wouldn't be so bad, but the PSA is thoroughly infiltrated by advocates of the Final Quarantine. On the other hand, the PSA is better organized than the Finals, and they have actually set up a sort of underground railroad. They grab kids, spirit them away, teach them to ignore their CyberEvolved abilities, and try to re-integrate them into society in a different city as adopted children or distant relatives.

The PSA prefers to work with whole families, who they will help move entirely once the afflicted child has recovered. Sometimes it's not necessary for a family to move, however; if no one outside the PSA knew the kid got sick, then the PSA just whisks the child off to safety for a short while on the pretense of a ski trip or something and everything's fine.

Although the PSA primarily works with member families or friends of same, they will also try to kidnap ('take into protective custody') complete strangers whom they know to have the Plague. These kids are usually snatched from police stations or government or corporate transfer stations.

The PSA is made up of good-hearted people, but because they are decent and caring, they often lack the experience or ruthlessness to be able to pull off a clean abduction of an unwitting victim, but they are determined at least to try.

Of all the groups, the PSA are perhaps the least violent, simply because they are made up of people who have never really run the streets and who have learned everything they know about fighting from watching combat sports and reading detective fiction. This is also certainly where they got their false bravado.

But the strangest fact about the PSA is that none of their members has been affected by the Carbon Plague. Some Changed children are involved, sure, but the adults run the show, and the Plague is always fatal to adults. This is the ultimate fallacy of the PSA which has prevented the corporations or the government from taking them seriously as a political movement.

Plague Survivor's ALLIANCE

SKILLS & CYBERWARE FOR THE BAD GUYS

Adversaries: The Bad Guys in Cybergeneration

The **Adversaries** are the people your *Cybergeneration* players are going to be going up against; encountering and thwarting (or being thwarted by) on a daily basis. But who are these guys? In *Cybergeneration*, there are four kinds of Adversaries (or Bad Guys) you'll be facing: Agents, CorpSec, Corpzoners and Edgerunners.

Agents are the covert operatives of the Corporations and the ISA. They are most like the ubiquitous "Men in Black" that make up the CIA, KBG and other secret organizations worldwide. In training, they are like the Solos of *Cyberpunk 2020*, dedicated killers, spies and black ops masters. Arasaka, the Domestic Security Agency, CDC and LEDiv are all examples of Agents in action.

CorpSec are the stormtroopers of the *Cybergeneration* world. Usually heavily armed and armored, they aren't subtle, just nasty. Unlike the Agents, who rely on their skills and training, CorpSec relies on manpower and high-tech weapons like "genius guns" and panzers. They are very, very bad news. CorpSec and the Army are the elite in this category; BuReloc and Cops can also be considered a low level versions, but with fewer powers and hardware.

Corpzoners are the powerful and shadowy figures who run things behind the scenes: Corporates with more power than the Illuminati, who tell the Agents and CorpSec what to do. Corpzoners aren't combat monsters, but don't underestimate them. Even an old wolf like Saburo Arasaka still has lots of long, sharp teeth.

Edgerunners are the Old Cyberpunks (never thought you'd hear your 2020 character described that way, did you?) They're a bit older, a lot wiser, and a lot more cautious. They play both sides of the fence; some are allied with CorpSec and the Agents; others are part of the various renegade groups like the Clarkers and the PSA. This is where the adult leaders of the CyberRevolution also come in.

The Edgerunners we portray here aren't broken into the distinct professional classes of *Cyberpunk*, they're just Edgerunners (a sort of mix between Solos and Fixers). If you want to create a really distinctive Edgerunner, we encourage you to use the rules for character generation in *Cyberpunk 2020* and its full spectrum of weapons, cybertech and skills for maximum flexibility.

They're also not necessarily all Adversaries in the traditional sense. But when you're sixteen and CyberEvolved, *everyone* over twenty is the enemy.

Adversary Templates

Although you may use the rules from *Cyberpunk 2020* to create specialized Adversaries, *Cybergeneration* also offers the option of using a series of Templates. These templates can be rapidly filled out and customized in minor ways to speed up preparation time. We rate each template as Average, Good, and Exceptional; with four kinds of Adversary, this will give you 12 different templates to work from.

Skills

Like *Cyberpunk*, *Cybergeneration* Adversary skills are divided into two types: **Special Abilities** and **General Skills.**

Special Ability Skills

Special Ability Skills are the Adversaries' equivalent of *Cybergeneration's* Yogang Skills; much like *Cyberpunk's* **Special Abilities**, they are skills specific to a single type of Adversary.

Authority (CorpSec): The ability to intimidate or control others through a position as a lawman; the ability to question suspects, arrest wrongdoers, detain prisoners, confiscate and/or enter private property. Authority is applied to the COOL stat.

Combat Sense (Agents): This ability allows the Agent to perceive danger, notice traps, and have an almost unearthly ability to avoid harm. Combat Sense gives the Agent a bonus on both Awareness and Initiative equal to his level in the Combat Sense skill.

Resources (Corpzoner): This INT based skill represents the Corporate's ability to command corporation resources. It is used as a persuasion skill, based on the scale of resources requested. This could include bodyguards, weapons, vehicles, buildings, money, etc. Obviously, the more powerful the Corporate, the more he can call upon at any one time.

Experience (Edgerunner): This INT based skill represents the Edgerunner's big advantage over the Cybergeneration—experience. Edgerunners have met a lot of people, friends and enemies, over their long careers. They know a lot of secrets and have lots of connections. With *Experience*, the Edgerunner may just know something about another character (maybe they worked together once), might be owed a favor, or could borrow something important. The older and more skilled the Edgerunner, the more people he knows and the more markers he can call in.

General Skills

These reflect the fact that the "Dead Guys" usually have more formalized and better training than the Cybergeneration. Skills with a "•" are optional, all others are skills assumed to be part of the basic Agent, CorpSec, Edgerunner or Corp profile. Numbers in ( ) represent Skill Learning Difficulty values. The list below is in no way comprehensive; you may also wish to add some of skills listed in *Cyberpunk 2020*, pgs. 45-53.

Awareness/Notice: This is the equivalent of a "trained observer" skill, allowing characters to notice or be aware of clues, shadowers and other events. An INT skill.

Athletics: This REF-based skill is required for accurate throwing, climbing, and balancing. It combines the basic elements of any high-school level sports program.

Dodge & Escape: This REF-based skill is required to dodge attacks and escape grapples and holds. If an attack is made without the target's knowledge, this skill cannot be combined with a Defense roll.

Driving: This REF-based skill allows the character to pilot all ground vehicles like cars, trucks, tanks and hovercraft.

• Piloting: In *Cybergeneration*, this is the general skill of controlling two types of common Corporate aircraft: Gyro- and Rotorcraft, and Vectored Thrust Aerodynes (AV-s). REF-based.

Handgun: The skill of effectively using non-genius handguns of any type, including cyberwear types. REF-based.

• Rifle: Required skill to use rifles/shotguns effectively (see Handguns for limitations and modifiers). REF-based.

• Submachinegun: Required skill to use any type of submachine gun effectively (see Handguns for limitations and modifiers). REF-based.

• Heavy Weapons: The required skill for using grenade launchers, autocannon, mortars, heavy machine guns, missiles and rocket launchers. REF-based.

Martial Arts: This REF-based skill covers any type of trained fighting style using hands, feet, or specialized "martial arts" weapons. The advantage of martial arts is a damage bonus on attacks equal to the level of skill; for example, a master with a +10 Martial Arts would add 10 points to his damage. In *Cybergeneration*, there is only one type of Martial Art form, used by all Corporate agents and Edgerunners.

Melee: The ability to use knives, axes, clubs and other hand to hand weapons in combat. Note: when using non-ranged cyberweapons such as rippers, scratchers, slice n' dices, cyberbeasts, and battlegloves, characters must use this skill. A REF-based skill.

Stealth (2): The REF-based skill of hiding in shadows, moving silently, evading guards, etc.

Bad Guy Cyberwear

While the *Cybergeneration* can't wear cyberware (their growing bodies reject it in ugly ways, and only an idiot risks permanent deformity), the Dead Guys are under

no such restrictions. The list below describes the most common types used by Agents, Corpzoners, Edgerunners and CorpSec troops. It's by no means a comprehensive list; the full spectrum of cybertech can be found in the original *Cyberpunk 2020* rulebook and it's *Chromebook* supplements. Prices and Humanity Losses are also not listed; it is assumed that these characters have either had their cyberwear paid for by their organizations, or have managed to purchase the cyberwear at a time previous to the start of your game, and that any therapy needed has already been taken care of.

Interface Plugs & Nodes: Direct link-up plugs with cables. In 2027, these cables have been replaced with transmitter "nodes," tiny radio senders that jack into the plug, while a corresponding node jacks into the device. Everyone's nodes have their own specific frequencies, and ranges are not longer than 1.5 meters.

Cyberlimbs (arms & legs): Cybernetic limbs, which can look real or artificial. Cyberarms never get tired, can do 2D6 crushing damage, and 1D6 punching damage. Any cyberweapon listed below can be installed inside a cyberarm. Cyberlegs do 2D6 kicking damage, and can make 6 meter jumps and 8 meter leaps. Both types can take 20 structural points before being incapacitated, 30 SDP before being destroyed.

Cyberoptics : Microcameras hardwired into the optic nerve. Can look like normal eyes, cameras, or any other variation (visors). In 2027, almost all cyberoptics come standard with the following options: infrared/lowlite vision for dim or near darkness, anti-dazzle protection against harsh sunlight, flares, or strobes, a full Virtuality link, and a 20 image digital camera with a removable chip. Most Agent and CorpSec optics also have an internal targeting scope that reads range to target, provides a reticule for aligning weapons, and flashes a "ready signal" when a target is acquired (+1 to all smartgun, genius gun attacks).

Rippers: Long, sharp metal claws mounted in the upper fingers (1D6+3 per hand damage) of either meat or cyber hands. Can be extended by clawing the hand in a catlike fashion. Rippers are considered Edged weapons for AP purposes.

Wolvers: Longer, stronger versions of rippers, installed in the lower arm above the wrist. 3D6 damage per hand.

Cyberarm Popup Gun: Gun action mounted in a compartment in a cyberarm. New clips are inserted into the top of the compartment. Standard Agent/Corpsec popups are rated as Heavy Pistols or SMGs for men, Medium Pistols for women.

Cyberarm Genius Gun: 2027 version of the popup, firing "genies:" super smart homing bullets. Due to size of the rounds, each clip carries only three rounds. For more about Genius Guns, see page XX.

Slice N' Dice: Monomolecular wire mounted in one finger, with weighted fingertip. Will cut through almost any organic material and most plastics. Can be used as a garrote, cutter or whip. Damage is 2D6; armor counts only at 1/3 value.

Advanced Muscle & Bone Lace: Nano-cybernetic enhanced bones & muscles. The result is an increase of +3 to the character's Body Type stat, both in strength and the ability to absorb physical damage.

Skin Weave: Subdermal mesh woven through the skin (gives all-over SP of 12, equivalent to light body armor).

Smartgun Node-Link: The predecessor to genius guns, smartguns use sonic or laser projectors to lock on target, responding to mental signals, or cyberoptic scopes. This unit consists of an interface node for the gun and another for the user's interface plug. Smartguns are very accurate (+2 to any firearms attack).

Reflex Boosters: Increase neural response times, allowing superhuman speeds. *Kerenzikov* boosterware is always activated and gives a +2 to Initiative Rolls. *Sandevistan* speedware gives a temporary 5 turn boost (+3 to Initiative) Characters must wait one turn before boost kicks in.

Cyberaudio: Augmented hearing system. In 2027, almost all cyberaudio units come with a cellular phone link, amplified hearing (+1 to sound-related Awareness checks), and level damper (compensates automatically for loud noises).

TEMPLATE — Average Agent

INT	5	REF	7	COOL	5
TECH	4	MOVE	7	LUCK	4
BODY	7	EMP	5	ATT	5

S.ABILITY Combat Sense 6

AWARENESS	6	ATHLETICS	6	DODGE	6
DRIVING	5	H.WEAPONS	4	PILOTING	5
HANDGUN	6	RIFLE	4	SMG	4
MARTIAL ARTS	5	MELEE	6	STEALTH	4

L L L L L S S S S C C C C M M M M M M² M² M² M² M² M³

BTM -2 HITS 7

CYBERNETICS, WEAPONS, GEAR & OTHER SKILLS
Medium Armor, Medium Pistol , Cyberoptics,
Reflex Booster (+3), Cyberaudio.

TEMPLATE — Good Agent

INT	7	REF	8	COOL	7
TECH	4	MOVE	8	LUCK	5
BODY	7	EMP	5	ATT	5

S.ABILITY Combat Sense 5

AWARENESS	8	ATHLETICS	8	DODGE	8
DRIVING	5	H.WEAPONS	6	PILOTING	5
HANDGUN	8	RIFLE	6	SMG	6
MARTIAL ARTS	7	MELEE	8	STEALTH	6

L L L L L S S S S C C C C M M M M M M² M² M² M² M² M³

BTM -2 HITS 7

CYBERNETICS, WEAPONS, GEAR & OTHER SKILLS
Medium Armor, Heavy Pistol , Cyberoptics,
Reflex Booster (+3), Cyberaudio
Optional: (Pick 2) Genius Gun, Rippers, Cyberarm
Gun, Skinweave, Muscle & Bone Lace.

TEMPLATE — Exceptional Agent

INT	8	REF	10	COOL	9
TECH	4	MOVE	9	LUCK	6
BODY	8	EMP	5	ATT	5

S.ABILITY Combat Sense 10

AWARENESS	10	ATHLETICS	10	DODGE	10
DRIVING	6	H.WEAPONS	8	PILOTING	5
HANDGUN	10	RIFLE	8	SMG	8
MARTIAL ARTS	9	MELEE	10	STEALTH	8

L L L L L S S S S C C C C M M M M M M² M² M² M² M² M³

BTM -3 HITS 8

CYBERNETICS, WEAPONS, GEAR & OTHER SKILLS
Medium Armor, Very Heavy Pistol , Cyberoptics,
Reflex Booster (+3), Cyberaudio
Optional: (Pick 3) Einstein Gun, Rippers, Cyberarm
Gun, Skinweave, Muscle & Bone Lace.

TEMPLATE — Average Corpsec

INT	6	REF	6	COOL	5
TECH	4	MOVE	5	LUCK	2
BODY	7	EMP	4	ATT	5

S.ABILITY Authority 6

AWARENESS	5	ATHLETICS	6	DODGE	4
DRIVING	4	H.WEAPONS	6	PILOTING	2
HANDGUN	5	RIFLE	6	SMG	3
MARTIAL ARTS	2	MELEE	6	STEALTH	2

L L L L L S S S S C C C C M M M M M M² M² M² M² M² M³

BTM -2 HITS 7

CYBERNETICS, WEAPONS, GEAR & OTHER SKILLS
Metal Gear Armor, Light Rifle, Knife, Cyberaudio,
Cyberoptics.

TEMPLATE — Good CorpSec

INT	7	REF	9	COOL	6
TECH	4	MOVE	6	LUCK	4
BODY	8	EMP	4	ATT	5

S.ABILITY Authority 8

AWARENESS	7	ATHLETICS	8	DODGE	6
DRIVING	6	H.WEAPONS	7	PILOTING	4
HANDGUN	7	RIFLE	8	SMG	5
MARTIAL ARTS	4	MELEE	7	STEALTH	4

BTM -3 HITS 8

CYBERNETICS, WEAPONS, GEAR & OTHER SKILLS
Metal Gear Armor, Light Rifle, Knife, Cyberaudio, Cyberoptics.

TEMPLATE — Exceptional CorpSec

INT	8	REF	9	COOL	7
TECH	5	MOVE	7	LUCK	5
BODY	10	EMP	4	ATT	5

S.ABILITY Authority 10

AWARENESS	7	ATHLETICS	8	DODGE	8
DRIVING	6	H.WEAPONS	8	PILOTING	5
HANDGUN	8	RIFLE	10	SMG	6
MARTIAL ARTS	5	MELEE	8	STEALTH	5

BTM -4 HITS 10

CYBERNETICS, WEAPONS, GEAR & OTHER SKILLS
Metal Gear Armor, Light Rifle, Knife, Cyberaudio, Cyberoptics, BattleGlove.

TEMPLATE — Average CorpZoner

INT	8	REF	5	COOL	7
TECH	6	MOVE	5	LUCK	5
BODY	4	EMP	6	ATT	7

S.ABILITY Resources 6

AWARENESS	6	ATHLETICS	5	DODGE	4
DRIVING	5	GEN.KNOW.	7	PILOTING	5
HANDGUN	4	FAST TALK	6	LIBRARY	6
PROGRAMMING	6	MELEE	4	STEALTH	4

BTM -1 HITS 4

CYBERNETICS, WEAPONS, GEAR & OTHER SKILLS
Light Armor, V-Trodes, Virtucomp, Snoopboxx, Miniphone Pin, Light Handgun.

TEMPLATE — Good CorpZoner

INT	9	REF	6	COOL	7
TECH	7	MOVE	4	LUCK	6
BODY	5	EMP	7	ATT	7

S.ABILITY Resources 8

AWARENESS	7	ATHLETICS	5	DODGE	5
DRIVING	6	GEN.KNOW.	8	PILOTING	6
HANDGUN	5	FAST TALK	7	LIBRARY	8
PROGRAMMING	7	MELEE	5	STEALTH	5

BTM -2 HITS 5

CYBERNETICS, WEAPONS, GEAR & OTHER SKILLS
Light Armor, V-Trodes, Virtucomp, Snoopboxx, MiniFone Pin, Light Handgun, Cyberoptics, Reflex Booster (+2). Optional Cyberarm w/gun.

TEMPLATE — Exceptional CorpZoner

INT	10	REF	7	COOL	10
TECH	8	MOVE	6	LUCK	8
BODY	6	EMP	8	ATT	9

S.ABILITY Resources — 10

AWARENESS	8	ATHLETICS	5	DODGE	5
DRIVING	7	GEN.KNOW.	9	PILOTING	6
HANDGUN	6	FAST TALK	8	LIBRARY	9
PROGRAMMING	8	MELEE	5	STEALTH	5

L L L L L S S S S C C C C M M M M M² M² M² M² M² M³ M³

BTM -2 HITS 6

CYBERNETICS, WEAPONS, GEAR & OTHER SKILLS
Light Armor, V-Trodes, Virtucomp, Snoopboxx, MiniFone Pin, Light Handgun, Cyberoptics, Cyberaudio,Reflex Booster (+3). Optional Cyberarm w/gun., Personal Spinner aerodyne, Skinweave

TEMPLATE — Average Edgerunner

INT	5	REF	7	COOL	5
TECH	4	MOVE	7	LUCK	4
BODY	7	EMP	5	ATT	5

S.ABILITY Experience — 6

AWARENESS	6	ATHLETICS	6	DODGE	6
DRIVING	5	H.WEAPONS	4	PILOTING	5
HANDGUN	6	RIFLE	4	SMG	4
MARTIAL ARTS	5	MELEE	6	STEALTH	4

L L L L S S S C C C C M M M M M M² M² M² M² M³ M³

BTM -2 HITS 7

CYBERNETICS, WEAPONS, GEAR & OTHER SKILLS
Heavy Armor, V.Heavy Pistol , Med. SMG, Cyberoptics, Reflex Booster (+3), Cyberaudio, Cyberlimb with Rippers or Gun.

TEMPLATE — Good Edgerunner

INT	7	REF	8	COOL	7
TECH	4	MOVE	8	LUCK	5
BODY	7	EMP	5	ATT	5

S.ABILITY Experience — 5

AWARENESS	8	ATHLETICS	8	DODGE	8
DRIVING	5	H.WEAPONS	6	PILOTING	5
HANDGUN	8	RIFLE	6	SMG	6
MARTIAL ARTS	7	MELEE	8	STEALTH	6

L L L L S S S C C C C M M M M M M² M² M² M² M³ M³

BTM -2 HITS 7

CYBERNETICS, WEAPONS, GEAR & OTHER SKILLS
Heavy Armor, Heavy Pistol , Med. SMG, Rifle, Cyberoptics, Reflex Booster (+2), Cyberaudio
Optional: (Pick 2) Genius Gun, Rippers, Cyberarm Gun, Skinweave, Muscle & Bone Lace, Cyberdeck, V-Trodes

TEMPLATE — Exceptional Edgerunner

INT	8	REF	10	COOL	9
TECH	4	MOVE	9	LUCK	6
BODY	8	EMP	5	ATT	5

S.ABILITY Experience — 10

AWARENESS	10	ATHLETICS	10	DODGE	10
DRIVING	6	H.WEAPONS	8	PILOTING	5
HANDGUN	10	RIFLE	8	SMG	8
MARTIAL ARTS	9	MELEE	10	STEALTH	8

L L L L S S S C C C C M M M M M M² M² M² M² M³ M³

BTM -3 HITS 8

CYBERNETICS, WEAPONS, GEAR & OTHER SKILLS
Heavy Armor, V.Heavy Pistol , Med. SMG, Rifle, Cyberoptics, Reflex Booster (+3), Cyberaudio
Optional: (Pick 3) Einstein Gun, Rippers, Cyberarm Gun, Skinweave, Muscle & Bone Lace.

Blank Adversaries/Allies Sheets

Sheet 1 (Top Left)

TEMPLATE		

INT		REF		COOL	
TECH		MOVE		LUCK	
BODY		EMP		ATT	

S.ABILITY	

AWARENESS		ATHLETICS		DODGE	
DRIVING		H.WEAPONS		PILOTING	
HANDGUN		RIFLE		SMG	
MARTIAL ARTS		MELEE		STEALTH	

L L L L L S S S S C C C C M M M M M M² M² M² M³ M³ M³

BTM | ⑤HITS |

CYBERNETICS, WEAPONS, GEAR & OTHER SKILLS

Sheet 2 (Top Right)

TEMPLATE		

INT		REF		COOL	
TECH		MOVE		LUCK	
BODY		EMP		ATT	

S.ABILITY	

AWARENESS		ATHLETICS		DODGE	
DRIVING		GEN.KNOW.		PILOTING	
HANDGUN		FAST TALK		LIBRARY	
PROGRAMMING		MELEE		STEALTH	

L L L L L S S S S C C C C M M M M M M² M² M² M³ M³ M³

BTM | ⑤HITS |

CYBERNETICS, WEAPONS, GEAR & OTHER SKILLS

Sheet 3 (Bottom Left)

TEMPLATE		

INT		REF		COOL	
TECH		MOVE		LUCK	
BODY		EMP		ATT	

S.ABILITY	

L L L L L S S S S C C C C M M M M M M² M² M² M³ M³ M³

BTM | ⑤HITS |

CYBERNETICS, WEAPONS, GEAR & OTHER SKILLS

Sheet 4 (Bottom Right)

TEMPLATE		

INT		REF		COOL	
TECH		MOVE		LUCK	
BODY		EMP		ATT	

S.ABILITY	

L L L L L S S S S C C C C M M M M M M² M² M² M³ M³ M³

BTM | ⑤HITS |

CYBERNETICS, WEAPONS, GEAR & OTHER SKILLS

Blank Adversaries/Allies Sheets

Sheet 1 (top-left)

TEMPLATE		

INT		REF		COOL	
TECH		MOVE		LUCK	
BODY		EMP		ATT	

S.ABILITY		

AWARENESS		ATHLETICS		DODGE	
DRIVING		H.WEAPONS		PILOTING	
HANDGUN		RIFLE		SMG	
MARTIAL ARTS		MELEE		STEALTH	

L	L	L	L	L	S	S	S	S	C	C	C	C	M	M	M	M	M	M²	M²	M²	M³	M³	M³

BTM ⑤HITS

CYBERNETICS, WEAPONS, GEAR & OTHER SKILLS

Sheet 2 (top-right)

TEMPLATE		

INT		REF		COOL	
TECH		MOVE		LUCK	
BODY		EMP		ATT	

S.ABILITY		

AWARENESS		ATHLETICS		DODGE	
DRIVING		GEN.KNOW.		PILOTING	
HANDGUN		FAST TALK		LIBRARY	
PROGRAMMING		MELEE		STEALTH	

L	L	L	L	L	S	S	S	S	C	C	C	C	M	M	M	M	M	M²	M²	M²	M³	M³	M³

BTM ⑤HITS

CYBERNETICS, WEAPONS, GEAR & OTHER SKILLS

Sheet 3 (bottom-left)

TEMPLATE		

INT		REF		COOL	
TECH		MOVE		LUCK	
BODY		EMP		ATT	

S.ABILITY		

L	L	L	L	L	S	S	S	S	C	C	C	C	M	M	M	M	M	M²	M²	M²	M³	M³	M³

BTM ⑤HITS

CYBERNETICS, WEAPONS, GEAR & OTHER SKILLS

Sheet 4 (bottom-right)

TEMPLATE		

INT		REF		COOL	
TECH		MOVE		LUCK	
BODY		EMP		ATT	

S.ABILITY		

L	L	L	L	L	S	S	S	S	C	C	C	C	M	M	M	M	M	M²	M²	M²	M³	M³	M³

BTM ⑤HITS

CYBERNETICS, WEAPONS, GEAR & OTHER SKILLS

EDEN DREAM

Now you know how it began. Now let me tell you about how it ends.
Alt gathers them together at the end of the day. They sit or sprawl in a loose circle around her flowing, multi-shifting skirts. There are small, nervous Wizards with their bizarre retinues of Familiars; tall, serious Tinmen with liquid metal bodies like silver statues; clever Bolters tossing lightning balls between cupped palms. Thoughtful Alchemists shape the ground around them into curious forms; statues, animals, favorite toys, and the Scanners spread minds and thoughts all around in a soft, silent peace.

Then Alt begins to talk. Quietly. Patiently, reciting the lesson they must all remember and must never forget.

I almost remember a time; a long time ago. It was a good time, when the water was crystal all the way to the gold sandy bottom, and multicolored fish flitted and darted between emerald reeds. Bright birds flickered through the tall, leafy trees, and animals; furry, scaly and skinned, ran through tall grass in the bright summer light. There was enough for everyone to eat. And the sky was very, very blue.

We didn't have any weapons then, because we didn't need them. We gave up the threats and the anger, because we finally all understood each other. We were willing to share everything, because we could have anything we wanted.

Our parents have forgotten. They can't remember this place; this time. But we can. This is the way it used to be. That is the way it will be. That is the way we can make it become.

It is up to us, to take Mankind back. Because we can remember. Because we can hope. Because we can.

Because we understand the Eden Dream.

Do they? Do they really? I wonder. I wait. I watch.

AKIRA
2027

MY PARENTS BECAME CYBERPUNKS AND ALL THEY LEFT ME WAS THIS DARK FUTURE...
2027.

The Incorporated States of America rules the land of the fast-gun techno-hero with a cybered fist. And a terrifying new plague sweeps the wasteland that streetkid America has inherited from the Edgerunners of 2020. Now, with amazing powers beyond mere cybertech—abilities that defy known science, a handful of angry juvegangers have Evolved to become the *Cybergeneration*; a generation *born* to the Street—raised on danger and deception, leading the battle to win back their world. The ISA is closing in, hunting them down to eliminate or control them. But these kids know the war's just beginning...

A NEW CYBERPUNK® GAMEWORLD WITH:

- 17 New "Yogang" Character Roles, including Gogangers, Megaviolents, Streetfighters & EcoRaiders!
- New Nanotech Abilities & Powers!
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- New Adversaries & Allies for Corporate-Controlled America!
- More Roleplaying Action!

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