











CLOAK & DAGGER

Sometimes you don't want your PCs approached by yet another fixer in yet another dive bar. Sometimes you want to add a little mystery, along with a soupçon of paranoia, to that first approach by the people with the money and the need.

The following weird contact methods make your PCs ask important questions, such as:

- > Why are potential clients reaching out in such obscure ways?
- > Why is Ms Johnson going to such lengths to cover up her contact with us?
- > What's with all this cloak and dagger shit? [fast loads H&K shredder, downloads updates for aware targeting system...]

50 MYSTERIOUS FIRST CONTACTS

Roll 1D100

- **01-02** Hacker drops a .txt file on a PC's device entitled 'READ_M3' containing a v-mail address and a cell phone number; the file is tagged with a clever read-receipt script
- **03-04** PC receives a call from a low grade AI automated dialling system, that only gives a phone number and a time at which to call it repeatedly
- **05-06** Vidfile arrives on PC's device via courier software, an indistinct, grainy request to log on to the dubious *Ebony Ziggurat* VRotica netsite, at a specific time
- **07-08** PC's sensory implant (either optical or audio) receives repetitive message to call a cell phone number (either a scrolling message or a nagging synthetic voice)
- **09-10** Sonny De Silva, an infamous fixer, approaches the group via hacked AR projection to ask for their contact details regarding an employment opportunity they may be interested in
- **11-12** Each PC receives a call at exactly the same time (conference call) informing them they will be contacted again shortly (GM's discretion as to when that happens)
- **13-14** Leather-clad biker screeches to a halt and offers a cell phone to the PCs without getting off her parabolic curve of a bike, saying "Its for you", and she'll definitely want the phone back
- **15-16** Obviously augmented German Shepherd trots over, calmly states the PC should contact a particular v-mail address, which he will spell out s-l-o-w-l-y, before casually walking away
- **17-18** PCs find a brand new, wafer-thin, very expensive laptop set up where they are living, ready for a single video call (it contains no other data)
- **19-20** Client calls PC directly to ascertain availability, background noise suggesting they are somewhere public, will ask PC to call them back in an hour or so to talk business
- **21-22** Young, bubblegum chewing Somali girl, in an oversized, fur-hooded coat, hands over a scrap of paper with GPS coordinates on it, which lead to a specific parking lot bay
- **23-24** Insidious subliminal advertising compells one or more PCs to be at a *Sumo Food*[©] synthiburger joint, next to a busy monorail hub, at 3am tonight
- **25-26** Handed an exquisite hand-made paper envelope, containing a slip of paper which carries a beautifully written instruction to be on a specific roof at midnight
- **27-28** Harassed and armoured bicycle courier, in primary coloured livery and sports wear, hands PC a laminate box containing high denomination bill with a v-mail address written on it

- **29-30** Television picture breaks down into a pixelated mess, a long net link briefly forming from the fragmented chaos, just long enough to note it down or take a photograph of it
- **31-32** Filthy, shuddering android with blistered synthskin, in a tatty coverall, limps out of a nearby alleyway towards one PC, whispering a phone number over and over...
- **33-34** Basic print-out with the words 'CONTACT ME' and a v-mail address in a large serif font slides under the door where the PCs are staying
- **35-36** PCs are visited by a well groomed, pleasant man called *Nathaniel Sheen*, who has been sent to get one of them to jack in to his neural link to meet a potential client securely online
- **37-38** For several nights, a PC has the same lucid dream of a string of specific numbers, which turn out to be a net address for a minimalist, black-mirrored VR environment
- **39-40** *Omniversal Parcel Service* (OPS) commercial courier drone delivers a small packet containing a datachip with a URL for the *Arteology* VR site, with an exact log-in time
- **41-42** Handed a brushed-aluminium business card, etched only with a contact number, by shabbily dressed, emaciated youth who grunts through cracked lips, "They want to talk to you."
- **43-44** PC's cell phone begins autodialling unknown number, until the PC decides to see who it is that their phone is calling, at which point it will stop
- **45-46** Gravely injured member of the *Reject Parade* street gang clutching a blue plastic datachip in his bloodied hand, stumbles up to PC, before expiring messily, the chip containing net coordinates
- **47-48** Message flashes up on a PC's device, simply stating a time and date, along with an exclusive restaurant's address, and a table number
- **49-50** PC's equipment displays start showing only binary code, when translated, it appears to be a cell phone number
- **51-52** Hacker jacks a PC's phone, replacing all their contacts with only one number, but it auto-corrects and re-ups their contacts once the number has been called
- 53-54 Row of public pay phones ring as a PC passes, and will keep happening until a PC answers one of them
- **55-56** Healthy looking human thumb in a glass vial is delivered to a PC, complete with label showing an address for a secure storage module; the module contains nothing but a lone laptop
- **57-58** PC receives a message via v-mail that simply states a time; a sleek, black aero-limo will arrive for them at the time stated
- **59-60** All food packaging jingles they come into contact with repeat the same net address in an irritatingly catchy sing-song manner
- **61-62** Uniformed police officer approaches PC, referring to them by name, and hands over a printed acetate with a phone number on it
- **63-64** One of the PCs finds a plain grey plastic business card with a v-mail address and phone number on it, under their vehicle's windshield wiper
- **65-66** Watching the news, a PC perceives a glitch, the anchor then asks the PC, by name, to phone a number shown on screen, there's another glitch, the broadcast then returning to normal
- **67-68** PC finds an empty *Lunglife*[™] cigarette packet, with a v-mail address scrawled on it in biro, in their jacket pocket
- **69-70** Small, beaten up orange cleaning bot approaches a PC, repeating a phone number in it's tinny little Disney voice, whilst colliding with their foot repeatedly
- **71-72** A string of v-mails through a Cambodian datahaven, enquiring about the availability and skill set of the PCs' team, followed by a v-mail contact address routed through Prague

- 73-74 PC takes delivery of a parcel containing a pen drive that contains a numer of URLs and log on details that need accessing in order, to arrive at the client's offshore net domain 75-76 PC is v-mailed the map reference to an area of ocean off the nearest coast, along with a date and time that they need to be there, should they want to discuss a job (there's a yacht there) 77-78 The expected pizza delivery contains one extra box (yay!) that holds a mid-range tablet device (what?), set up to enable a vid chat via a secure, darknet distributed server web Six heavily armed, but smartly dressed, professionals burst in while the PCs are chillaxing, their leader 79-80 carrying an attache case that holds a satellite phone he insists they use RIGHT NOW! 81-82 A silvered limo window descends slightly to reveal a soft gloved hand holding a business card for the law firm Portillo, Emerson & Associates, marked 'URGENT' 83-84 High end Svetlana-9 sex-synthetics are sent to the PCs, along with liquor and drugs but, before the fun starts, the PCs must call a number provided (and the synthetics are wired to record it all...) 85-86 Bloodied body armour vest dumped outside the PCs' door, a v-mail address sprayed on to it in bright, yellow paint; recognise the armour as belonging to a contact or ally 87-88 PCs are unaware that they have been directed by compromised traffic AI to the Neoshima Atomic Rose motel, where there's a message in reception for PCs to wait in Capsule 17
 - **89-90** Approached by a creepy, twitchy, geisharoid synthetic, remotely operated via the net by the client, to make their initial contact safely and to arrange the meeting proper
 - **91-92** PMed via *Union Transmetropolitan* hotel's message system, stating there's an item in room 2155 they need to collect (it's the client and they need protection, just to leave the room)
 - **93-94** A sobbing, hollow-eyed junkie gives one of the PCs a cell phone number and, trembling, suddenly shoots himself under the chin with a cheap, red polymer automatic
 - **95-96** Frightened and emotional middle-aged cleaner, *Ginetta Coleman*, has been surgically fitted with a cortical bomb, which will explode if the PCs don't call the number she provides
 - **97-98** The client has Grade-A dirt on an already trusted contact of the PCs, and uses them to pass on the clients v-mail address; the contact seems deeply uncomfortable with this and is insistent
 - **99-100** *Harmony Jade*, a 10 year old girl in a red vinyl coat, chainsmoking Chinese cigarettes, delivers a portable hard drive, with downloaded maps to a cell phone in an abandoned warehouse

ZERO HOUR CONTRACTORS

When half the jobs have been automated and the other half have been outsourced, what are the legitimate options for someone who grew up in the inundated city slums, without access to education or networks?

Mobile AR Ad Hub: You are supplied with a wearable body rig (usually a vest, with mounted AR projectors) that continually outputs 'augverts' (augmented reality pop-up ads), as you wander the streets following a predetermined course, prompted by the rig's onboard GPS. Damage to the rig will come out of your wages. Loitering is prohibited. You will be tracked.

Human CCTV: Cyberoptic implants are required, and you must allow remote admin level access via an easy to install back door (which may not be so easy to remove...), as well as sign a non-disclosure agreement. Your agent will give you your area of operation for the day (usually a department store, car park, 7/11, college campus, or similar), along with a schedule for minimal bathroom breaks (just pray they cut the feed for that).

Gig Groomer. You will be representing the gig agency you are contracted by, and given a quota of potential gig workers to sign up for your agent. A trackable data pad is supplied, and bonuses paid for exceeding your quota. Installing personality enhancement chips is recommended for this gig. No sign-ups means no pay. Loss of the data pad results in a hefty fine as well as non-payment.

Hygiene Dispenser. You will be deployed to a building lobby or reception area, and sometimes you'll operate in the street, where you will remain for the duration of the gig. You will be supplied with a paper coverall, nitrile gloves and a 20L back-mounted tank full of hand sanitiser, or other germicidal, dispensed by trigger pump to hygiene conscious citizens. You may leave your patch once you've run out of gel. Pay is docked per 500ml remaining at the end of your shift. The tank must be returned in good condition, but the gloves and coverall are yours to keep.

Substrate Fairy: You will seek out and collect recyclable materials to be reused for 3D printing. Particular substrates may be specified such as polymers, aluminium, resins, ceramics etc. Mechanical grippers, kevlar gloves and a wearable plastic basket are supplied, all of which must be returned at the end of the contract, or forfeit payment.

Organ Surrogate: This gig is more likely to run for a week and is subsequently a much better paid job. Following a quick blood test, you will be initially implanted with a fresh cloned organ, which is hooked to a major artery of your choice. Your blood flow then ensures the cloned organ can mature prior to proper implantation. Painkillers and dressings are supplied. Loss or damage of the organ will be considered a breach of contract, leading to withholding of agreed payment and possible legal action. Infections are considered as loss or damage for contractual purposes.

Meds Manager. Also known as a *Malady Manager*, your job is to deliver the specified medications to the old and/or infirm, and to ensure their ingestion. Failure to deliver said medications will result in loss of payment, as will any failure in administering them. Legal action will be taken if any harm comes to the client, their property or to the supplied pharmaceuticals. Shift quotas are common and transport costs will only be reimbursed if the correct receipts are submitted to the agency.

Brand Spammer. You will be supplied with a data chip (chip socket or interface plug required) containing the necessary information to actively promote a brand, a product or an ideology to strangers, in public. Your area of operation will be determined by the agency, based on client preference. A measured uptake in brand awareness or ideological sympathy will result in a bonus payment.

Pest Microwaver. You will receive one hours training (unpaid) and be issued with an RFID tagged microwaver 'handgun' to roast various vermin at a predetermined location. Payment is based on the number of nuisance bioforms microwaved within the duration of the shift. Loss of the microwaver will result in a loss of payment and a fine to the value of the weapon's RRP. Transport costs are not covered by this contract.

Drone Repoman: Supplied with a bulky tracker, it is your job to trace and recover downed courier drones for a variety of clients, wherever they may end up. Transport costs will be reimbursed on submission of receipts to the agency. Bonuses will be paid if the drone's payload is also recovered. A trace with a failure to recover results in partial payment, at the agency's discretion. The loss of, or damage to, the tracker unit will result in a withheld payment. Injury to the contractor is not covered. Ammunition expenses are similarly not covered by this contract.

Human Troll: A variant of the *Brand Spammer* above, your job will be to verbally broadcast the disinformation provided, or to make political or personal attacks towards a contractually specified target or targets.

Implant Incubator: Similar to the *Organ Surrogate* above, you will be implanted with test-grade cybernetic implants (neural processor or Direct Neural Interface required), but with a view to noting any behavioural or physical changes, much like the Chippy Pig below. The contract is void in the event of a major psychological breakdown on the part of the contractor. The agency takes no responsibility for any loss of empathy experienced by the worker.

Chippy Pig: Your job is to install new memory or reflex skill chips, in your own chip socket or interface plug, and follow a supplied itinerary of activities pertaining to the testing of the booted chip. You are also supplied with a digital recorder (trackable) to verbally record any physiological or psychological variations you may experience. Loss of the supplied chip will result in immediate legal action and payment will be zero.

Dataterm Medic: You will be dispatched to an area with a digital map of the local dataterms and a janitorial kit, including anti-bacterials, sanitisers and screen wipes, with a view to cleaning these public terminals of gum, pen, paint, vomit, urine and other biohazards. You will also make note of malfunctioning or damaged units on the form-fillable PDFs provided. Loss or damage of the kit will result in reduced or withheld payment. Other PPE is to be provided by the contractor themselves. A smartphone or tablet is necessary to display the map and PDFs (not provided).

Synthetic Backend: A handful of companies employ humans pretending to be AIs pretending to be humans. Companies offering do-anything concierges, shopping assistants and e-mail schedulers have sprung up, but not every start-up can afford expensive AI. You will be contracted per hour to sit in a hot, cramped cubicle, in front of a outmoded terminal, and schedule meetings for gullible tech executives who have too much money.