

WAR BEARDE G O R I L L A WAR BEARDE



The Jammers Sourcebook
by John Seavey



Credits

"GORILLA WARFARE"

AN **ATLAS GAMES** PRODUCTION

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Gorilla Warfare

MONKEYWRENCH

NEW YORK CITY, 2056

I always hated meeting up with the Skimmer. Don't get me wrong; I know he's a great guy, and I got nothing but respect for him. Even being able to stay alive as long as he has in '56 without becoming Bobo fodder is impressive, let alone getting the kind of intel he does.

He's a nice guy, too. I wouldn't have minded going for a beer with him any day—if they still had beer in the future. But when you have to go into the sewers every time you want to pick up info, well, you get to understand why I hated meeting with him, right?

He was waiting for me in the usual spot. He knew I wasn't being followed. Even if they'd gotten past the sewer gators, the roaches would have alerted the Skimmer of any problem. Then there were the walls. The walls don't just have ears to the Skimmer, they have eyes, noses, and mouths, too. Skims is a nice guy, like I say, but the whole weird thing he has with the sewer is another reason why it creeps me out to meet with him.

"Hey, Skims," I said, trying to breath through my mouth. "What's shaking with the Bobos that couldn't wait for our monthly drop?"

The Skimmer looked around. I could tell by the set of his eyes that this was a big one. He didn't get this twitchy over just anything. "Kids," he said.

"Kids." I shrugged. "That's a big area. We talking Killkids, Uberkids, Mark IIs, what? Help me out, here." Skims shook his head. "I don't know, Wrench. They moved 'em through in transit, but they're gone. I can't trace any of them."

Now that means a lot, when the Skimmer says he can't trace 'em. That probably meant that they were gone into the Netherworld, and if the Bobos were moving kids into the Netherworld, then that meant pretty much one destination. "You think they brought 'em into the BRC?" I asked him.

"Not sure," he replied. "I didn't catch wind of the operation for a while. They're keeping this one under some serious wraps. But I know they moved 'em out through an installation in Florida. Bobos got any Netherworld portals in Florida?"

I shrugged. "I don't think so," I grimaced. "If it ain't the Inner Kingdom, it's the Outer Limits." I wasn't keen on that at all. The Bobos kept their space stations under really tight security. The shuttles are under wraps that make BRC security look like a child-proof aspirin

bottle. I'd have to break out some serious help if we were to get up to the Limits, and to do that, I'd need to have confirmed proof that these kids were up there and important to the Buro.

"You got anything on these kids, Skim? Anything at all?" He just stood there for a long moment, staring down at the chunks floating by us in the sewers, and suddenly...

His nostrils flared. He pointed at what looked to me like someone's most recent meal. He looked back up at me. "See that?" he said. "That's someone who's been in contact with those kids." He looked back down as it floated away. "Contact, hell... he's done some work with 'em. Looks like he's been in the Netherworld, too. You see?"

"Um... yeah. So, you have a name for me? Something I can work with?"

He frowned. He swished his hand in the filthy water for a long moment. "Edwards. Doctor Franklin Edwards. CDCA Medical Division, Disease Control Center." *Disease Control* meant two different things in the hierarchy of the CDCA. One use meant stopping diseases that the Bobos didn't want loose. The other meant directing diseases that the Bobos didn't want affecting their own people. Knowing the way the Bobos operated, this was probably that second one.

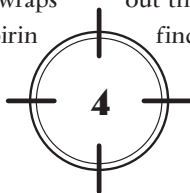
"Edwards still around where we can talk with him?"

Skims looked at a roach as it scuttled away. "Yes, but..." he paused, sniffing at the air again. "He's under surveillance. Heavy. Might be more trouble than it's worth to go after him directly. You got any sculptors you can talk to?"

Damn. I'd been hoping I could use that favor Eyeball owed me to get into the Jets game in '96. "Yeah," I sighed. "Eyeball owes me. I can probably get him to whip me up a set of peepers to crack a database. You say this guy's been in the Netherworld recently, though?" Skims nodded. "It's unmistakable. The rest of you might not notice, but," he leaned in close. "You can't get rid of the smell."

If Edwards had been in the Netherworld, though, that meant he'd probably been working with the kids there. And that meant pretty much one thing.

I said my goodbyes to the Skimmer and gave Eyeball a call. Even while I was doing it, though, I was working out the next stage of the plan. I was going to have to find a way into the Biomass Reprocessing Center.



Welcome to the Jungle

THE HISTORY OF THE JAMMERS

Stirrings

For every action, according to physicists, there is an equal and opposite reaction. Push, and whatever you're pushing pushes right back at you. Curtis Boatman and Johann Bonengel learned this the hard way when they began their conquest of the world in 2020. At first, it all seemed so easy. Once bases were established at the right spots, the proper chi was flowing, and the power of feng shui was on their side, the world would become their oyster. Five years later, they got their first taste of the truth. The power of feng shui didn't take sides; other people could use it, too.

Bonengel watched the videotaped image, marveling at how far the technology had come since he was a child. Some people didn't notice little details like that, but Bonengel considered himself a specialist on the big picture. "The devil", as he so often said, "is in the details." Today, though, he hadn't said anything. He just watched the videotape, over and over.

"We the people," the man on the tape said, "in order to escape a union which has become poisonous to our freedoms and to

the common decency of humanity, do hereby establish an independent republic, dedicated to the concepts of liberty, equality, and justice that our forefathers fought and died to establish – concepts that were once embodied within the United States of America, but that we now must take a separate stand to embody again."

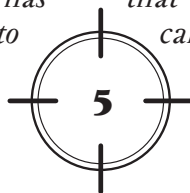
In the background, a flag unfurled. "We, the Independent Republic of Texas, hereby exercise the rights of our state constitution. We secede from the United States of America, effective immediately."

Bonengel switched the tape off. "The man?"

The functionary coughed slightly. "Calvin Lydecker, sir. Texas senator, ex-BTM soldier. Resigned three years ago in protest over what he claimed were 'imperialistic policies.'"

"I see. And our geomancers, what do they have to say about this? Where can we get a foothold in the republic?"

The functionary coughed again, a little more nervously this time. "That's the problem, sir. Apparently, there's something inherent in the region – it's very difficult to control. Historically, Texas has always been somewhat independent, and it seems that there's a geomantic basis to that historical..."



"I see. Well, then. It seems there's only one thing to be done." He stood up and crossed to his desk. "It's war."

War would be the common solution to any threats against the Buro – in Sri Lanka, in India, in Argentina, in Norway, in all of the world's trouble spots, they poured men and resources against the opposition. They wanted nothing less than total control, and were willing to kill a million people if it meant achieving that goal. At the same time, they were also aware that no soldier wanted to die, and no mother wanted her son returned in a body bag. Alternatives to conventional military force were needed, and the side effects of arcanotechnology were even more devastating than death to human soldiers. Then Doctor Laura Villaverde came to them with the idea of Project: Cornelius.

The Seeds of Rebellion

Some people claim that evil contains the seeds of its own destruction. Call it karma, call it fate, call it what you will, but it seems like the very same evils perpetuated by cruel souls are rebounded back upon them – Stalin's paranoia led him to send away the doctors who could have cured him, Hitler's insistence on racial purity resulted in a blood shortage that crippled the Fuehrer's armies, and so on. These people claim that the Jammers were destined to arise in opposition to fascist armies of the Buro, simply because the Buro's repressive regime bred them.

Those with a more pragmatic point of view look to the CDCA's habit of experimenting on everything that moves in an effort to make the perfect killing machine.

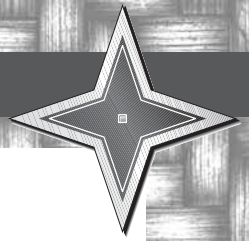
"Doctor Villaverde?" The lab assistant tapped her on the shoulder, bringing her out of her reverie. "We're about to bring the first Battlechimp online, and we thought you'd want to be there."

Absently, Laura Villaverde nodded, but she wasn't really thinking about what her aide had said. Project: Cornelius was her magnum opus for the CDCA, and it seemed to be a spectacular success. The cyborg apes that they'd already converted were amazingly effective in combat, ringing up field exercise scores that simply astonished the BuroMil generals. They were cost-effective, easy to manufacture, and relatively easy to control. Just give them things to blow up, and they seemed perfectly happy. The Battlechimps would be the final step in the project, leading operations in the field and removing the need for human combatants entirely. Soldiers were about to become obsolete – the potential savings in human lives was enormous. Still, she couldn't shake a feeling of unease. It was elusive, almost indefinable, but it was present nonetheless.

It clung to her as she went over to the tank where the organic components of the first Battlechimp floated, head already wired into life-support systems. He hadn't been put into the body yet; they needed him aware and conscious when he was installed so neural feedback measurements could be taken. But the consciousness upgrades were about to be brought online, and she wanted to be there.

The switch was thrown. Electrolytes flowed into the simian brain, the eyes flickered once, twice, and finally opened fully, and the first Battlechimp spoke its first words. With those words, the unease that Laura Villaverde had been feeling finally crystallized.

"Kill me."



Battlechimp Potemkin's psychological awakening was Laura Villaverde's political awakening. Potemkin used his upgraded consciousness to debate with her about the morality of creating an entire sentient race for the sole purpose of destroying them in senseless combat. Villaverde found that she had no answers for the questions he posed. Over the next week, she and the other scientists wound up agreeing with their creation, but his goals had already changed. Instead of just wanting to end his own life, he wanted to end the government that had created him; only then, he felt, could he be sure that no further monstrosities would awaken as he did.

Potemkin and his newfound cell of subversives examined the political and military systems of the Buro, hoping to find weaknesses they could exploit, and discovered chinks throughout the Buro armor. In fact, Potemkin pointed out, their weaknesses were great enough that by all rights the government should have collapsed five years ago. Some other factor must be at work to keep the Buro in power, but what?

It took him two weeks to find the answer — feng shui. A few of the techs had been into the newly-discovered Netherworld, and their information was crucial to helping Potemkin develop his understanding of the power of chi. It affected him profoundly, but it affected Villaverde more — learning that her mind and soul had been subtly manipulated all her life to bring her in line with the Buro's agendas nearly unhinged her. She became as much a fanatic about the destruction of chi forces as Potemkin himself. She rechristened herself Green Rain and swore destruction on Boatman and Bonengel.

Potemkin agreed; the time for planning had come and gone. It was time for action.

First Strikes

For a moment, Private Chang thought it was going to be all right.

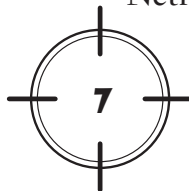
There hadn't been any warning at all of what was coming. All they knew was that one moment, the apes were all fixed to the TV sets in their pens, watching 'Konsumer Kid's Corner', and the next, they were blasting away at their doors with weapons that were supposed to have been deactivated. He was one of the lucky ones who was on the other side of the emergency doors when they'd closed. Even six feet of steel couldn't drown out those noises, though. He shuddered.

But the doors were holding and he could see the whirling rotors of the transport helicopter overhead. The reinforcements were on their way. Whatever had gone wrong, it was over now.

Then he saw a streak of flame jet towards the transport helicopter. An ape stood on the roof of the research center — not one of the group he'd been assigned to guard, he knew that. Whatever it was, it had more weapons than he'd seen on any of the previous apes, and as the transport helicopter exploded, he realized that it knew how to use them. It dropped off the roof like it was five feet high instead of five stories, and marched towards Chang.

Even as Private Chang opened fire, he knew it wasn't going to do any good.

After destroying the Cornelius facility, Potemkin and his group of apes went on the run. Potemkin knew they weren't going to be able to hide — a group of giant cyborg monkeys and a crew of gun-wielding scientists couldn't escape detection for any length of time in the security-obsessed world of the Buro. He also knew that there was another potential bolt-hole if they could only find it — the Netherworld. Once inside, the Buro



would have none of its normal advantages in tracking them down.

It took two weeks to find a portal to the Netherworld, and during that time Potemkin lost almost half his force to battles with the Buro. Potemkin spent much of this time getting to know the strengths and weaknesses of his group, finding out who he could rely on, and who he'd be better off without. It was during this time that Furious George became his right-hand ape, and also that Green Rain established herself as *de facto* head of the defecting CDCA scientists.

When they finally did enter the Netherworld, they wasted no time in recruiting others to their cause. The Buro's early actions in the Netherworld had done little to endear them to time's outcasts, and joining a group that would tweak their noses appealed to a lot of the faceless rabble that lived there. The question did remain, though; how best to attack a whole world under such tight control? They needed an edge; some element of surprise above and beyond the Netherworld. Then they met the Prof.

"You don't know me and I don't know you," said the woman in the shadows, "but we have a common enemy."

Green Rain took a step closer. "Your voice sounds familiar. Are you sure I don't know you?"

The voice came from further away now. "If you want my help, then be sure. I'm interested in remaining anonymous."

Green Rain took a step back. "All right," she said. "I don't know you. So what help are you offering, total stranger?"

A package slid out of the shadows. "That. It doesn't work anymore – I fried it out when I got here – but I've heard things about that monkey of yours. He's a bright boy. He should be able to figure out what parts he needs to make it work again, and steal them right out from under Curtis' nose."

Curtis, Green Rain thought, not Boatman. Interesting. She said, "he's not my monkey. If anything, I'm his human. How do I know this isn't a bomb or something?"

"You can open it right now."

Inside the box was something that looked like a cross between a telescope and a giant slug. Green Rain pulled it out and examined it with escalating awe. "A GateMaker!" she said at last. "I had heard rumors that such a thing was being worked on, but I never expected to see one."

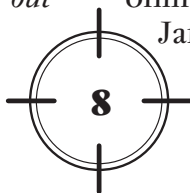
"Neither did the Buro," the voice said. "That's the final prototype, and the notes were all destroyed. I hear they've been trying to reverse-engineer one from the parts requisitions, but it might take them years. If you can steal what you need to get that working again, you'll be way ahead of them."

Green Rain placed the GateMaker reverently back in the box. "Thank you," she said to the shadows, but there was no reply, "very much, Dr. Dao."

Battlechimp Potemkin didn't waste the opportunity he'd been given. He led his remaining cyborg apes in raid after raid against CDCA facilities all over the world, each time making precision strikes, each time covering the theft of the parts they needed with pointless acts of mass destruction. The Buro knew who was behind it all – giant cybernetic apes make themselves pretty well-known – but they didn't piece together the true aim of the attacks until the first test of the GateMaker. At that point, Curtis Boatman realized what they were after, and who must have helped them. But by then, it was too late.

Meeting the Neighbors

Once they'd brought their GateMaker online, and made a few duplicates, the Jammers were ready to begin operating





in earnest. Potemkin began by making small strikes, mostly to show that they were capable of hurting the Buro and getting away with it. These successes were talked up everywhere in an effort to gain the confidence of the other resistance groups in 2056. The Dallas Rockets agreed to lend assistance, as did the Free Sex Militants, the Edge Warriors, and most of the other subversives operate in the 2056 underground. Potemkin had done what no previous opposition had achieved: He'd united the forces of resistance against Boatman and Bonengel.

After that, events took on a momentum of their own. Although Green Rain was filled with regrets for her part in Project: Cornelius, Potemkin decided that the cyborg monkeys were too effective as symbols of their cause to keep just the dozen or so remaining from the original group. He found a rare portal leading to Africa in 69 AD and established an assembly line there, called the Ape Factory, building more monkeys like him. In the meantime, he aggressively expanded the scope of his operations, attacking not just the Buro in the future, but other factions in the present and past. The war they fought, Green Rain said, was no longer against just the tyranny of the Buro, but against the tyranny of chi on all human history.

Needless to say, the other factions did not take this well.

Gao Zhang peered over his steepled fingertips at the messenger before him. The messenger trembled and quaked before the mighty sorcerer, knowing that this was to be his last night on earth.

"Tell me," Gao Zhang said, "who was responsible for the devastation of our temple in Canton Province? I long to know whose name to inscribe in the Seven Scrolls of Blinding Torment."

"My lord, it was... m-m-m-monk—"

"The Guiding Hand? Again, Quan Lo and his infernal minions plague me! They shall all burn in the undying fires of the Nine Hells! This I swear: I, Gao Zhang — mightiest sorcerer this world has ever seen — will find those impotent monks and—"

"N-n-not monks, my lord."

Gao Zhang looked down at the messenger. "Not monks?" he said, chill in each word.

"M-m-monkeys, my lord. Monkeys."

"Monkeys? Are you a fool? Did they send you before me as a lark, that your tortures might amuse me before I hear the truth?" He glared at the messenger. "Speak!"

"It was monkeys, my lord. They were clothed in metal armor and they wielded the weapons of the future. Some flew, many spoke. They used strange words, but their message was clear. They wish to destroy all those places that bring us good chi. They want to banish all demons from the world, and render magic useless. They want," he looked up at Gao Zhang's stormy expression, and realized he would never finish another sentence after this one. "They want to destroy us."

Although the reactions of the other faction leaders were somewhat more tame, the sentiment was the same. The Jammers were the only faction that had set their sights solely on the destruction of the power bases of the Secret War, never to gain it for themselves. Unlike the Dragons, they had no nebulous concept of "right" that they fought for; they were fanatics, plain and simple. Even the Guiding Hand, who sought allies in their war against the Lodge, realized they could never befriend these reckless warmongers. From that point on, all hands were turned against them.

This suits the Jammers just fine.



EYEBALL

LOS ANGELES, 2056

People don't seem to understand that identity sculpting isn't a business, it's an art. We don't simply crank out wetware, we have a craft — a calling, if you will — and it's sometimes demanding, but always rewarding. I don't just mean financially rewarding, either, although I do make good money off of my services. I take pride in my work, and I'm also glad that I can help to give something back to the community.

My thing is eyeballs — it's how I got my handle. Others do a full service package; they include dental records, blood samples, the whole ball of nutrient paste. Me, I feel that the sculptors who do everything manage to do nothing well — if you want good fingerprints, you have to go to a fingerprint guy. You go to someone who's also trying to make you a new set of eyeballs, you're probably going to get fingerprints that are only correct to the nearest millimeter. Sure, they'll fool some of the lower security systems. But when you're cracking the Buro, you can't settle for anything less than the best.

Making a new set of eyeballs is actually relatively easy. All you need is a little water, some biogel (I recommend Pulpysculpt — sure, it was designed for kids to use to build their own household pets, but you'd be amazed at how well that stuff blends), a hand-held digicam, a grav-car (the faster the better), a block of plastique, a handgun, a small proximity mine, and an anti-gravity field generator. Oh, and it helps to have a lot of knowledge of the city. If you can't pre-scout your routes, get a holomap.

The first step is to get a print of your target. This isn't the tricky bit, really. All you have to do is go to any secured Buro facility — I chose the Dimensional Research Center in L.A., but any large secure Buro facility will do — and go to the security booth, making sure to first plant your block of plastic explosive on an outside window, and store your grav-car somewhere nearby. Then, using any standard voice disguise technology, simply state the name of your projected target — in this case, "Edwards, Doctor Franklin. CDCA."

The system will respond with, "Voice-print not recognized. Please place your eye to the retinal scanner for identity confirmation." Now, I should mention here that the system would require a retinal scan even if my voice did match — the voice disguiser is simply there so

that my voice doesn't wind up on file. A good identity sculptor is careful not to leave any traces. At this point, you simply take your digicam and place it against the retinal scanner, setting it to "Record."

The retinal scanner is a marvel of technology, but it does have a few specific problems that a skilled identity sculptor can exploit. For example, the scanner that it uses attempts to map to the retinal print it expects. In this case, it's looking for Doctor Edwards' retinal print, and in its scan, it leaves a trace imprint you'll be able to use later on. Of course, you want to make sure to get as accurate a print as possible, so leave the digicam there, even as the system says, "Retinal print does not match. Please rescan," and "Retinal print does not match. Security has been alerted. Please remain where you are."

At that point, simply remove the handgun from its concealed location. Shoot the arriving guards in a manner that will suitably impede their progress. Then set off the plastique and step out through the smoking hole.

At this point, you'll want to activate the engine of the grav-car by remote control. If you don't have a remote control ignition system on your grav-car, you can use a getaway driver. Step into your grav-car, and drive away.

Usually, you'll encounter pursuit at some point. This is common, so try not to panic. Once you've drawn most of the pursuers you expect to, kick the proximity mine out of the grav-car with the a-grav field generator attached to it. This is when a good knowledge of the city is important. TacOps troops will attempt to herd you into a skyblock, so knowing a good escape route is crucial.

Now we come to step two of the operation, which is the far more difficult step. Mix your biogel with water until you have a highly fluid mix — almost a jelly in consistency — and carefully sculpt a set of eyeballs whose retinal patterns, coloration, and DNA patterns precisely match your target. You should use micro-manipulator tools for this — a standard kit will set you back several thousand Hours. (Shop around—you'll be amazed at the bargains you get!)

The whole process, from initial break-in to final setting, polishing, and finishing, should take somewhere around seventy-two hours. Don't feel that you need to rush, though. "Trifles make perfection and perfection is no trifle." By the time you call your client to say, "Monkeywrench, this is Eyeball. I have the peepers, and we're even now," you'll be able to bask in the satisfaction of a job well done.

CHAPTER 2

Monkey See, Monkey Do

LIFE IN THE JAMMERS: A TUTORIAL

You know you look a little lost when the techie walks up to you holding out something in his hand. At first, you don't even notice what he's holding, though. You're too busy staring at him. His hand is dull gunmetal gray, without even a plastic overlay to preserve modesty. He's not the first cyborg you've even seen, but he's the first you've seen wear his cybernetics so openly. You can actually see the actuators turning, and you smell a faint aroma of friction-burnt grease as he extends his hand. He stares at you expectantly, and you try to meet his gaze for a time. Then the iris of his left eye starts rhythmically contracting and expanding, and he blinks just as you're about to freak out. "Hold on," he says, pulling out a small screwdriver. You're about to ask him his name when he jams the screwdriver into his eye socket, just underneath the eyeball, and begins to lever it up and down. "Old model, right? Light meters all crukked up."

Eventually, when you can stand to look at him again, he smiles at you, revealing about seven teeth, and says, "You a newbie, right?"

You nod. "I joined through the resistance cell in—"

He shakes off your response. "Doesn't matter. You a Jammer now. Like the Foreign Legion, right? You forget. I forgot already." He cackles, high and screeching. You don't want to know what he forgot. "Here." He hands you the thing he was holding — a little hand-held screen that looks like one of the antique Palm Pilots from the late 1990s.

"What is it?" you ask, taking it gingerly. The screen is cracked, the stylus is broken in half and repaired with duct tape, and the whole thing is smeared with machine oil. It can't be more than fifty years old, but it looks older.

"Tutorial. My own invention, right?" He jabs a stubby finger into your ribs. "Added in voice software. You ask question, it answers. Pattern recognition software. It knows what you ask. Very clever, right? You try." With that, he turns and heads back to the collection of junk he was sifting through when you first saw him.

You shrug, and clear your throat. It couldn't hurt, right?

> WHAT ARE THE JAMMERS?

I'M GLAD YOU ASKED! THE JAMMERS ARE A COUNTER-REVOLUTIONARY FORCE, DEDICATED TO WIPING OUT THE TYRANNICAL EFFECTS OF CHI ON HUMAN HISTORY.

> WHAT EFFECT DOES CHI HAVE ON HUMAN HISTORY?

GOOD QUESTION! THOSE WHO KNOW ABOUT THE POWER GOOD CHI CAN HAVE (SLANG INFO-DUMP: THESE PEOPLE ARE KNOWN AS "CHI-TERS!") USE THEIR KNOWLEDGE TO ENSLAVE OTHERS, WHO BY RIGHTS SHOULD BE ALLOWED TO DECIDE THEIR OWN DESTINY. THIS PATTERN HAS CONTINUED THROUGHOUT HISTORY, AND WE'RE DEDICATED TO STOPPING IT.

> WHAT ABOUT THE BURO? I WANTED TO STOP THE BURO.

EXCELLENT QUESTION! THE BURO IS THE TYRANNICAL AND REPRESSIVE GOVERNMENT OF THE YEAR 2056, AND THE FINAL CULMINATION OF CHI USAGE AND ITS CORRUPTION OF HUMAN HISTORY! THEY USE EVIL MAGIC AND TWISTED TECHNOLOGY TO REPRESS THE HUMAN SPIRIT. THEY ARE BAD. (SLANG INFO-DUMP: BURO OPERATIVES ARE KNOWN AS "BOBOS," AND THEIR ABOMINATIONS ARE KNOWN AS "ABOMOS.")

> I MEAN, WHY ARE WE FIGHTING EVERYONE WHO USES CHI? WHY AREN'T WE JUST FIGHTING THE BURO?

I'M GLAD YOU ASKED! THE BURO IS THE TYRANNICAL AND REPRESSIVE GOVERNMENT OF THE YEAR 2056, AND THE FINAL CULMINATION OF CHI USAGE AND ITS CORRUPTION OF HUMAN HISTORY! THEY USE EVIL MAGIC AND TWISTED TECHNOLOGY TO REPRESS THE HUMAN SPIRIT. THEY ARE BAD. (SLANG INFO-DUMP: BURO OPERATIVES ARE KNOWN AS "BOBOS," AND THEIR ABOMINATIONS ARE KNOWN AS "ABOMOS.")

> WHO ELSE ARE WE FIGHTING?

GOOD QUESTION! THE JAMMERS ARE DEDICATED TO FIGHTING ANYONE WHO USES CHI TO REPRESS THE NATURAL HUMAN SPIRIT! THIS INCLUDES THE LODGE, AN EVIL CONSPIRACY FROM THE JUNCTURES 1850 AND 1996 A.D., THE FOUR MONARCHS, A FAMILY OF IMMORTAL SORCERERS, AND THE EATERS OF THE LOTUS, AN EVIL ORDER OF EUNUCH SORCERERS FROM THE ANCIENT PAST! THEY ARE ALL BAD TOO. OTHER PEOPLE DO NOT ATTEMPT TO USE CHI, BUT DO NOT AGREE WITH THE METHODS OF THE JAMMERS. THEY INCLUDE THE GUIDING HAND, AN ORGANIZATION OF SHAOLIN MONKS, AND THE DRAGONS, A GROUP OF MISGUIDED "HEROES." THEY ARE NOT BAD, BUT YOU MAY END UP FIGHTING THEM ANYWAY.

> EUNUCH SORCERERS?

I'M SORRY, BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND THE QUESTION.

> WHY ARE WE FIGHTING EUNUCH SORCERERS FROM THE DISTANT PAST? WHY AREN'T WE FIGHTING THE BURO?

EXCELLENT QUESTION! THE EATERS OF THE LOTUS ARE AN ORDER OF MAGIC USERS FROM THE YEAR 69 A.D., WHO USE NOT ONLY CHI, BUT ALSO EVIL MAGIC TO REPRESS THE HUMAN SPIRIT! (SLANG INFO-DUMP: THE EATERS OF THE LOTUS ARE KNOWN AS "SKIRTS," DUE TO THEIR PENCHANT FOR WEARING ROBES AND THEIR HIGH-PITCHED VOICES.) THE BURO IS THE TYRANNICAL AND REPRESSIVE GOVERNMENT OF THE YEAR 2056, AND THE FINAL CULMINATION OF CHI USAGE AND ITS CORRUPTION OF HUMAN HISTORY! THEY USE EVIL MAGIC AND TWISTED TECHNOLOGY TO REPRESS THE HUMAN SPIRIT. THEY ARE BAD. (SLANG INFO-DUMP: BURO OPERATIVES ARE KNOWN AS "BOBOS," AND THEIR ABOMINATIONS ARE KNOWN AS "ABOMOS.")

> NEVER MIND. TELL ME ABOUT THE FOUR MONARCHS.

I'M GLAD YOU ASKED! THE FOUR MONARCHS ARE A DANGEROUS GROUP OF INDIVIDUALS THAT SHARE THE NETHERWORLD WITH US, AND USE IT AS THEIR BASE OF OPERATIONS. THEY STILL HAVE RESIDUAL POWER FROM THE ALTERNATE TIMELINE IN WHICH THEY RULED THE WORLD, BUT ARE TOO DIVIDED TO BE A SERIOUS THREAT. (SLANG INFO-DUMP: WHEN REFERRING TO THE FOUR MONARCHS, YOU CAN USE THEIR ELEMENT—THUNDER, FIRE, DARKNESS, OR ICE—AND THE TERM "BROTHER" OR "SISTER." HENCE, THE KING OF THE THUNDER PAGODA IS CALLED, "THUNDER BROTHER.")

> THAT'S SOMETHING ELSE I DON'T UNDERSTAND. WHAT'S THE NETHERWORLD?

ERROR IN GREETING SUB-ROUTINE 14! THE NETHERWORLD IS A SELF-CONTAINED NETWORK OF TUNNELS THAT CONNECTS DIFFERENT TEMPORAL JUNCTURES. WE USE THESE TUNNELS AS OUR BASE OF OPERATIONS, STRIKING OUT FROM THEM AT SEVERAL DIFFERENT TIME PERIODS SIMULTANEOUSLY! THEY ALLOW US QUICK AND EASY TRANSIT FROM ONE POINT TO ANOTHER, WITH THE AID OF OUR GATEMAKERS.

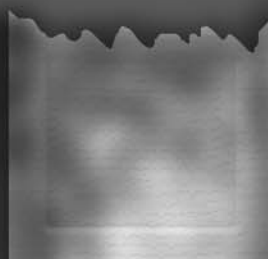
> GATEMAKERS?

I'M SORRY, BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND THE QUESTION.

> WHAT'S A GATEMAKER?

GOOD QUESTION! A GATEMAKER IS A DEVICE THAT LETS US "PUNCH A HOLE" FROM THE REAL WORLD INTO THE NETHERWORLD, ALLOWING US QUICK ESCAPES WHEN THE BURO ATTACKS! THANKFULLY, ALTHOUGH THE THEORY BEHIND THE GATEMAKER IS DIFFICULT, THE ACTUAL MANUFACTURE REQUIRES VERY LITTLE TECHNOLOGY, MEANING WE CAN REPLACE THEM AFTER FLEEING.

> HOW DO WE MAKE A GATEMAKER?



EXCELLENT QUESTION! PLACE-HOLDER ENTRY—REMEMBER TO INSERT AN ANSWER TO THIS QUESTION BEFORE ENTERING BETA TESTING OF THIS SOFTWARE!

> *SIGH* WHO ARE THE GUIDING HAND?

I'M GLAD YOU ASKED! THE GUIDING HAND ARE A GROUP OF SHAOLIN MONKS FROM THE 1850 JUNCTURE! THEY FIGHT AGAINST MANY OF THE SAME ENEMIES WE DO, BUT DO NOT UNDERSTAND HOW UNJUST THE CONTROL OF CHI IS ON HUMAN HISTORY. (SLANG INFO-DUMP: MONKS FROM THE GUIDING HAND ARE USUALLY REFERRED TO EITHER AS "STUBBLIES," DUE TO THEIR SHAVED HEADS, OR INDIVIDUALLY AS "KWAI," A REFERENCE TO A TELEVISION SERIES FROM THE 1996 JUNCTURE.)

> SO WHO ARE THE DRAGONS?

GOOD QUESTION! THE DRAGONS ARE OUR CLOSEST ALLIES. THEY FIGHT FOR THE CAUSE OF JUSTICE, AND HAVE AIDED US ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS. ALTHOUGH THEY DO NOT BELIEVE CHI TO BE SUCH A BAD THING, THEY HAVE GOOD HEARTS AND NOBLE SPIRITS. YOU CAN TRUST THEM IMPLICITLY.

> IF THE DRAGONS ARE OUR CLOSEST ALLIES, WHY DID YOU SAY WE MAY END UP FIGHTING THEM ANYWAY?

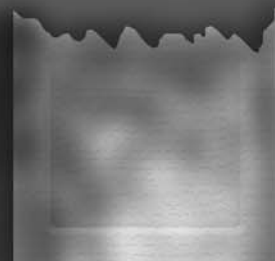
EXCELLENT QUESTION! THIS IS A VERY BAD QUESTION. THE JAMMERS ARE FIGHTING TO END THE TYRANNY OF CHI, AND TO REACH THAT GOAL, WE WILL DO WHATEVER IT TAKES. OTHER FACTIONS, EVEN ONES THAT ALLY WITH US, DO NOT SHARE OUR GOALS, AND WE CANNOT SHIRK FROM CONFRONTATIONS WITH THEM. YOU MUST BE PREPARED TO DEVOTE YOURSELF TO THE JAMMER IDEOLOGY. (SLANG INFO-DUMP: JAMMERS WHO DEFECT TO OTHER FACTIONS ARE REFERRED TO AS "DEAD.")

> WHY DO THE JAMMERS USE SO MUCH SLANG, ANYWAY?

I'M GLAD YOU ASKED! OUR LEADER, BATTLECHIMP POTEMKIN, BELIEVES THAT THE USE OF A COMMON VOCABULARY HELPS TO UNITE THE DISPARATE ELEMENTS THAT MAKE UP THE JAMMERS. YOU MIGHT NOT KNOW EVERYONE IN THE JAMMERS, AND WE'RE ALL VERY DIFFERENT, BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN WE CAN'T ALL COMMUNICATE TOGETHER!

> BATTLECHIMP POTEMKIN?

I'M SORRY, BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND THE QUESTION.



> WHY IS OUR LEADER NAMED BATTLECHIMP POTEMKIN?

GOOD QUESTION! ALL OF OUR TROOPS ARE ENCOURAGED TO TAKE ON NEW NAMES WHEN THEY JOIN THE JAMMERS, AS PART OF OUR LEADER BATTLECHIMP POTEMKIN'S THEORIES OF PSYCHO-STRATEGY. BY LETTING YOUR COMRADES-IN-ARMS HELP CHOOSE YOUR NEW NAME, YOU BOND WITH THEM QUICKER, WHICH CAN ONLY HELP UNITE YOU IN THE STRUGGLE TO COME! IN ADDITION, BY TAKING ON A HUMOROUS OR NON-THREATENING NAME, YOU PSYCHOLOGICALLY DISARM YOUR OPPONENT, AND PREVENT HIM OR HER FROM BELIEVING YOU TO BE A SERIOUS THREAT!

> IS THAT WHY ALL THE MONKEYS HAVE SLANG NAMES?

I'M GLAD YOU ASKED! THE PRIMATE CYBORG WARRIORS WERE ORIGINALLY NAMED AS PART OF "PROJECT: CORNELIUS," A BURO RESEARCH PROJECT, AND WERE GIVEN HUMOROUS CODE NAMES BY RESEARCHERS AS PART OF A PSYCHOLOGICAL DEFENSE MECHANISM TO AVOID THINKING ABOUT HOW BADLY THEY WERE ABUSING A NEWLY SENTIENT LIFE-FORM. CURRENT PRIMATE CYBORG TROOPS CONTINUE THE TRADITION IN ORDER TO HONOR THEIR DECEASED BRETHERN.

> WHERE DO THE MONKEYS COME FROM?

EXCELLENT QUESTION! GREAT APES, SUCH AS THE LOWLANDS GORILLA, ARE COMMONLY FOUND IN AFRICA, WHERE THEY LIVE IN SMALL FAMILY GROUPS KNOWN AS PODS. THE FEMALE APE DOES NOT GO INTO HEAT, LIKE SOME ORDERS OF PRIMATE; INSTEAD, SHE HAS A MONTHLY FERTILITY CYCLE. MALE APES MATE WITH THE FEMALE, AND AFTER A GESTATION PERIOD OF EIGHT MONTHS, A NEW GORILLA IS BORN.

> NO, I MEAN...NEVER MIND.

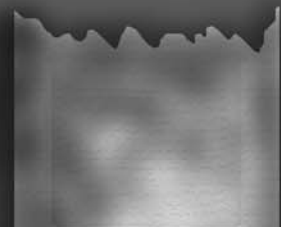
I'M SORRY, BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND THE QUESTION.

> WHEN DO I MEET BATTLECHIMP POTEMKIN?

EXCELLENT QUESTION! MANY JAMMERS NEVER MEET OUR LEADER. WE ATTEMPT TO OPERATE INDEPENDENTLY AS WELL AS INTERDEPENDENTLY, EACH PERSON HELPING TO FURTHER THE GLORIOUS STRUGGLE FOR FREEDOM FROM THE POWER OF CHI!

> I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND THIS "CHI" THING. HOW DOES GOOD CHI HELP ENSLAVE PEOPLE?

I'M GLAD YOU ASKED! PEOPLE WHO POSSESS GOOD CHI ARE LUCKIER THAN OTHERS. PEOPLE WHO WOULD OTHERWISE BE INDEPENDENT AND FREE INSTEAD TURN TO THEM FOR GUIDANCE



*AND LEADERSHIP, EVEN IF THE "CHI-TER" IS NO BETTER THAN THEY ARE, OR EVEN WORSE!
THIS PATTERN HAS BEEN OBSERVED THROUGHOUT HUMAN HISTORY. BY DESTROYING THE FLOW
OF CHI, WE CAN RESTORE HUMANITY TO ITS NATURAL DESTINY OF FREEDOM!*

> WHAT WILL HAPPEN WHEN WE DESTROY ALL THE FLOW OF CHI?

*GOOD QUESTION! HISTORY WILL BE RESTORED TO ITS NATURAL FLOW, AND HUMANS WILL BE
FREE TO DECIDE THEIR OWN DESTINY! A NEW GOLDEN AGE OF PEACE AND PROSPERITY WILL
BEGIN, AND WE'LL BE THERE TO SEE IT!*

> HOW DO WE KNOW THAT?

I'M SORRY, BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND THE QUESTION.

> HOW DO WE KNOW THAT DESTROYING CHI IS A GOOD THING? WHAT IF WE'RE WRONG, AND WE
BREAK HISTORY, OR TRASH REALITY, OR SOMETHING? WHAT IF WE'RE DOING A BAD THING?

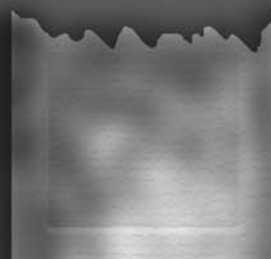
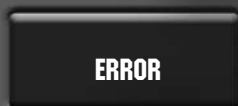
 **SEARCHING . . .**

**ERROR IN SEARCH SUB-ROUTINE 107-A.
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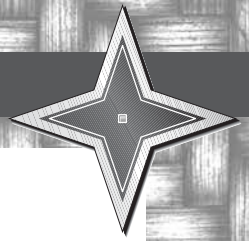


FATAL SYSTEM ERROR.

(A)BORT, (R)ETRY, (F)AIL?



The Jammers Sourcebook



You walk back over to the tech and throw the device down at his feet. He looks up at you, and asks, "Well? Good tutorial, right?"

You snap back, "No, it's not a good tutorial! The whole thing reads like some kind of Buro briefing manual, the pattern recognition software is totally screwed, the device is buggy, and I didn't get any real answers to my questions!"

"It confused you?"

"Yes!"

"Made you angry?"

"Yes!"

"Now you want to hit something?"

"Yes!"

"Perfect. Excellent Jammer tutorial, then. Go find some explosives, kiddo. We hit the portals in five minutes."



MISS BEHAVING

BIOMASS REPROCESSING CENTER, NETHERWORLD

I love the smell of napalm in the morning. It smells like, well, it smells like napalm, but I happen to think that the scent is absolutely divine. I'm sure that the TacOps troopers would agree, if they weren't as close to it as they were. Some things are best appreciated from a distance.

Now I'm certain, Gentle Reader, that you're wondering why I decided to utilize napalm in what that darling boy Monkeywrench has called a "covert intrusion operation." But I've always felt that you can't spell "covert" without "overt," and the chance to tweak the delectable little noses of the Buro forces was just too wonderful to pass up. So I splashed a little napalm into the guard station (napalm is like Chanel — a little does go a long way) and while they ran around screaming, I shaped myself a little tunnel under the outer wall of the BRC.

Monkeywrench had provided me with a set of "peepers," and although I certainly didn't want to handle a set of slimy eyeballs, especially when their irises didn't match my outfit, one does have to make sacrifices for the Cause. I placed the peepers to the retinal scanning unit next to the interior facility doors and waited for the dear machine to work its magic.

Unfortunately, if it was magic, it was what Old Blue Eyes called "that wicked witchcraft," since there was a TacOps squad on the other end of the door — almost certainly there in response to their burning comrades rather than my feminine mystique. They aren't known for their quick reaction times, though. I was already back around the bulkhead before the first one even realized I'd tossed a grenade at them. I love my men big, husky, and none too bright, especially when I'm turning them into smoking craters.

One or two survived and started to return fire — more of an inconvenience than a threat, really, like a chauffeur who's used to driving an automatic. I plugged them with my Beretta Jet Fire (and isn't that just the most darling little snub-nosed automatic? I just love mine to death!) and continued on my way.

My next obstacle came in the form of those awful arcanorats. Personally, I'm not fond of rats in any form (nothing screams "tacky" like rats in your home) and, frankly, arcanotech clashes with everything — even bullets. When I shot a few of them in the head, it was com-

pletely disgusting. Some of the others tried to avenge their fallen comrades, looking menacing in a Disneyesque way, but a few well-placed grenades demonstrated to them why opposable thumbs beat teeth and claws any day of the week. (I realize that this may not be how other spies conduct their missions, but I've always tried to lead the field rather than be a slave to fashion.)

By this time, I'd attracted some serious attention. I spotted it out of the corner of my eye before it charged me and managed to leap clear. Once it got into the light, it was quite a specimen: a massive beast, with muscles on its muscles, a bellowing, drooling maw, and a vacant, bloodthirsty stare. I swear, if it could play tennis, it would've been the spitting image of my last boyfriend!

I recognized it from some of those interminable briefing tapes we're forced to view — Prototype X, a particularly vicious and stupid abomination that had clashed with my fellow resistance fighters on several occasions. I simply couldn't beat it in a fight — it could shrug off the grenades I'd brought like I'd shrug off a man who won't open doors for me — but I've always felt that brains were more important than brawn anyway.

In this case, it was Derek's brains. Derek is that darling Dump Warrior I've been dating — I know I said in the past I never would, but I never thought I'd meet a man with such massive, powerful explosives! He said that he'd whipped up a little something in case I ran into any really big abominations, so I pulled out the little assembly — it looked something like a bunch of keychain flashlights duct-taped together — and set it on the floor before X could mess up my delectable features. He stopped, a trifle confused, and looked down at it. Then it went off.

The light made me a little nauseous, but I'm proud to say I kept my composure. The same can't be said for X-ie. When the lights hit his big beefcake, he keeled over like a debutante at a frat party. I'm not sure of the exact science, but Derek told me that the light resonated on arcanowave frequencies abominations used to control their little gadgets.

So, I headed on to the Records department prepared to secure the information Monkeywrench had asked for so nicely. I was more than a bit startled to open that door and find a giant red-skinned demon staring at me.

I've got *savoir-faire*, Gentle Reader, but it only goes so far.

Monkey Business

THE ORGANIZATION OF THE JAMMERS

Normally, the words “organization” and “Jammers” don’t belong in a sentence together, excepting perhaps a sentence like, “The Jammers are totally lacking in organization.” However, even anarchists like Battlechimp Potemkin realize that there is a clear advantage to having a chain of command, so he’s made sure to impose at least a basic semblance of order onto the coalition of resistance groups, scientists, ex-soldiers, cyborg monkeys, and out-and-out lunatics that have come to be known as the Jammers.

The Shape of the Beast

Roughly speaking, the organizational structure of the Jammers looks something like an amoeba with a head. (Take a moment to enjoy that mental image.) The central authority of the Jammers is located in the Netherworld, and consists

of Battlechimp Potemkin, his cyborg monkeys, scientists, and assorted hangers-on. Beyond that, a number of small cells operate in the Netherworld and the four junctures, with which Potemkin has minimal personal contact. These cells communicate through mail drops and random meetings, and do their best to keep from knowing too much about each other. Given the ability of the Buro to extract information from prisoners (and their ability to transform uncooperative prisoners into happy, joyous consumers), they consider this the safest policy. Nobody but Potemkin knows how many cells there are, and nobody within the Jammers tries to find out. This also helps Potemkin in recruiting, since he can imply a larger membership than exists. Some people just love to join the crowd.

Potemkin also has a loose network of independents he can draw on. These independents follow other causes, but will join up with him for specific missions with objectives they can agree with. Technically, the Dragons fall under this

category, but it's more often applied to the violence junkies who hang out in the Netherworld itching for a fight with somebody.

The Chain of Command

The leadership of the Jammers pretty much starts and ends with Battlechimp Potemkin. He has the final say on every operation that's planned, from beginning to end. Potemkin is aware this makes him a massive target, which is why he's made contingency plans. In the event of his disappearance, Green Rain and Furious George take over the scientific and military arms of the Jammers, respectively, in a joint leadership position. This poses no problem for either Green Rain or Furious George, both of whom have been fighting side by side since the first days of their struggle. If Battlechimp is taken out of the picture, the Jammers will still have cohesive leadership. Whether they can strategize on the same level as Potemkin has yet to be seen. For more on these contingency plans, see Chapter Four.

Potemkin delegates some authority to several other commanders; since he's usually in the Netherworld or on missions, he relies on four "generals," one in each juncture, to co-ordinate field operations. These generals, who are usually referred to by name rather than rank, have total authority over operations in their juncture. Unless, of course, Potemkin doesn't want them to. (See Chapter Three for more on the generals of each juncture.)

Beyond that, Potemkin usually has very little need to delegate authority. People listen to those who know what they're talking about, and ignore those who don't. Once you've earned some

respect in the Jammers, having your orders followed isn't a problem anymore. This can have a downside, though; if you screw up on a high-profile operation, it can get awfully hard to regain the trust of these deviant fanatics. The "alpha-male" leadership style is pretty Darwinian, and Potemkin is the top of the food chain.

The Members

It seems as though the Jammers have the most diverse membership of any of the factions — even the Dragons, known for their odd mix of members, traditionally recruit from the ranks of disaffected cops, heroic martial artists, and killers who want to redeem themselves. The Jammers, though, take anyone and everyone. What follows is a rough breakdown of their membership. Keep in mind that there's always going to be someone who doesn't fit in. If they fit in, they wouldn't be Jammers.

Cyborg Monkeys

Once the Jammers brought the Ape Factory online in 69 AD, this became the fastest-growing segment of the Jammers' population. Potemkin knew he needed an army to take on the Buro, so he made one the fastest way he knew how. Many of his creations are mission-specific, designed to fulfill a single role, but he does keep a ready supply of "standard" monkeys for use on general missions. He considers these monkeys expendable. Technically, he considers everyone expendable, but these aren't a big investment of time and resources, and he won't hesitate to order them into suicide actions. They, in turn, won't hesitate to



Typical Unnamed Ape of Wrath

Sample Dialogue: "Nuke 'em 'til they glow, then shoot 'em in the dark!"

Attributes: Bod 7 (Str 11), Chi 0, Mnd 4 (Per 3), Ref 6 (Dex 11)

Skills: Guns 11, Intimidation 10, Martial Arts 9

Hardware Schticks: Robot Limbs, Targeting Computer, Missile Launcher

Weapons: punch (12), kick (13), missile launcher (23**/—/5)

go, having gotten a hefty dose of the Jammers' "live fast, die messy" mentality from the time they were brought online.

Battlechimp doesn't believe in brain-washing, like the Buro, but he does believe that his soldiers should be indoctrinated in the Jammer philosophies; the line between those two gets blurry pretty quickly.



Apes of Wrath

The Apes of Wrath serve as the Jammers' artillery division. They usually stay out of close combat, preferring to position themselves on high ground and pound the snot out of their opponents with a barrage of long-range

weaponry. They have a tendency, like a lot of Jammers, to let their appetite for destruction get away from them — many a Jammer has been grappling with an enemy only to find the entire area peppered with missiles by apes who would rather see an ally get wounded than an enemy escape. Battlechimp tries to rein them in as best he can, but he's well aware of their design limitations and shares their outlook, anyway.

The Apes are rarely given specific orders in combat; whoever's in charge of the battle just posts them at a specific site and tells them to stay there and shoot. This can result in the death of the entire squad if the position is overrun, as determined Apes fire missiles at enemies less than five feet away.

The Apes are also a rarity in that they're one of the few cyborg monkey squads that aren't just composed of cyborg monkeys. Lots of Jammers love high explosives, and it's not uncommon to see apes without missile launchers, or even just people with big guns, firing right alongside the heavy artillery.

Typical Unnamed Chimpanzer

Sample Dialogue: "Shoot 'em 'til they fall, then run 'em over!"

Attributes: Bod 7 (Mov 13, Con 12, Str 6), Chi 0, Mnd 4 (Int 11), Ref 6 (Spd 11, Agl 4)

Skills: Driving 12, Guns 10, Fix-It 11, Martial Arts 9

Gun Schticks: Carnival of Carnage

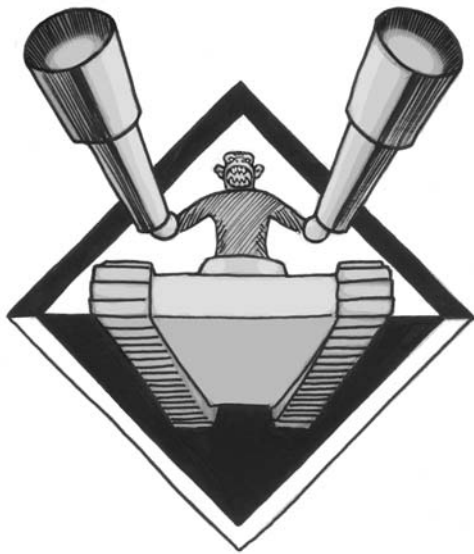
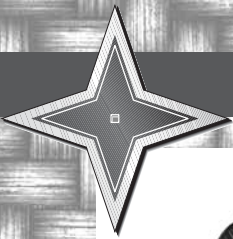
Hardware Schticks: Adrenal Enhancement, Fusion Reactor, Tank Treads, Onboard Computer

Weapons: punch (7), Buro Blue Spear (13**/6/30)

Chimpanzers

The Chimpanzers are the Jammers' equivalent of an infantry division, although perhaps "cavalry" would be a better term.

These are chimps whose lower body has



been replaced by a set of tank treads, enabling them to outflank large numbers of slower opponents. They're not very heavily armed, though. Those who survive several missions go on to outfit themselves with heavy weapons and upgraded treads, but first they must actually survive a mission. While all of the cyborg monkey divisions have high casualty rates, Battlechimp regards the Chimpanzers as the most expendable.

The Chimpanzers are usually commanded in battle by Orango Tank, who leads by example if not by word. When more precision is called for, Furious George or Battlechimp Potemkin issues the orders.

Flying Monkey Squad

The Flying Monkey Squad is the Jammer air force; they're known mostly for their casual disregard for the safety of themselves and anything else in the air. They fly with the aid of detachable flight harnesses resembling something like World War II Spitfires. These harnesses

Typical Unnamed Flying Monkey

Sample Dialogue: "You ain't in Kansas anymore, Bobo!"

Attributes: Bod 7, Chi 0, Mnd 4, Ref 6

Skills: Driving 12, Guns 10, Martial Arts 8

Hardware Schticks: Flight x2, Minigun

Weapons: punch (8), kick (9), minigun (15**/—/1000)

plug into their nervous systems to give them the kind of precision control needed to pull off their favorite death-defying (or death-embracing) maneuvers.

The Flying Monkey Squad is led by Aphotos, one of the few survivors of the original Project: Cornelius (see page 56 for further information on the leader of the Flying Monkey Squad). However, they're just as often accompanied into the air by Furious George, or indeed by nobody at all. As is usual with the Jammers, their lack of discipline is ignored when they get results. Pilots have tended, historically, to be lax on rules and regulations. Mix that with the Jammers' anti-authoritarian stance and you get a group that tends to treat anything but a blow to the head with a blunt object as a "suggestion."



Typical Unnamed Monkey Boy

Sample Dialogue: "Laugh while you can!"

Attributes: Bod 7 (Str 6), Chi 0, Mnd 4 (Per 11, Int 11, Wil 3), Ref 6

Skills: Intrusion 12, Guns 10, Driving 11, Martial Arts 10

Gun Schticks: Both Guns Blazing

Hardware Schticks: Sensory Upgrade, Onboard Computer, Flight

Weapons: punch (7), kick (8), twin Buro Blades of Truth (10/3/30)



Monkey Boys

"Monkey Boy" is a loose designation applied to any of the Jammers' scouts — they're the most varied of the troops, though, containing not just cybernetically modified chimps, but also humans of all shapes and sizes. In general, the only requirement to be a Monkey Boy is that you have to be good at being sneaky. Technically, that isn't even a requirement — this is, after all, the Jammers we're talking about here. But given that Monkey Boys are usually sent in to scout heavily occupied enemy positions with no back-up, the ones that survive more than two

missions are the ones who can get in and out without winding up in a massive firefight.

For the most part, the Monkey Boys don't have a leader. In fact, they don't really have much of an organization at all. There's usually a Monkey Boy or two in every squad of every other type. It's more of a designation of rank than a specialized division. Even so, something of a fraternity of scouts has sprung up; Monkey Boys tend to hang out together when off-duty, for example.

Typical Unnamed Robo-Bonobo

Sample Dialogue: "Drop the knife, punk. Or better yet, use it to open this beer bottle for me."

Attributes: Bod 7 (Tgh 13, Mov 4, Str 11), Chi 0, Mnd 4 (Int 11, Per 3), Ref 6 (Dex 11)

Skills: Police 8, Guns 11, Driving 9, Martial Arts 10

Gun Schticks: Fast Draw x2

Hardware Schticks: Body Armor, Robot Limbs, Onboard Computer, Targeting Computer

Weapons: punch (12), kick (13), Buro Godhammer (12/4/5)

Robo-Bonobos

The Jammers aren't always one big happy family — it's a natural consequence of getting that many gun nuts, blade freaks, pyromaniacs, and explosives experts together in such a tight place. Sooner or later, there's going to be tension. After dealing with the problems personally for a while, Battlechimp Potemkin reluctantly decided that some sort of police force was required to deal with the situation. Hence the creation of the Robo-Bonobos, also sometimes referred to as "Rent-A-Chimps" and "Pig Monkeys."

Mandrill Sergeant

Sample Dialogue: "Disturbance at the Genocide Lounge, Trooper. Go handle it—and pick me up a bottle of whisky while you're there."

Attributes: Bod 7 (Tgh 13, Mov 4, Str 11), Chi 0, Mnd 4 (Int 11, Per 11, Wil 3), Ref 6 (Dex 11)

Skills: Gambling 9, Guns 15, Martial Arts 11, Driving 14, Police 12

Gun Schticks: Lightning Reload x3, Fast Draw

Hardware Schticks: Body Armor, Robot Limbs, Onboard Computer, Targeting Computer, Sensory Upgrade

Weapons: punch (12), kick (13), Buro Godhammer (12/4/5)

However, despite the fact that the Robo-Bonobos are the Jammers equivalent of military police, they're also Jammers, and have absorbed the Jammers' anti-authoritarian attitudes through osmosis. This means that they are the first anti-authoritarian authorities, a slight contradiction in terms that manifests itself in a very relaxed attitude towards their duties. As long as nobody winds up dead, and the property damage can be repaired, then they feel like they've done their job. If they actually manage to stop violence before it starts, then that's just a bonus. This does not mean that they let themselves be walked over, though. Any Jammer who confuses their laissez-faire stance with an inability to use force is in for a rude surprise.

Mandrill Sergeant is nominally in charge of the Robo-Bonobos, although

Typical Unnamed Sea Monkey

Sample Dialogue: "..."

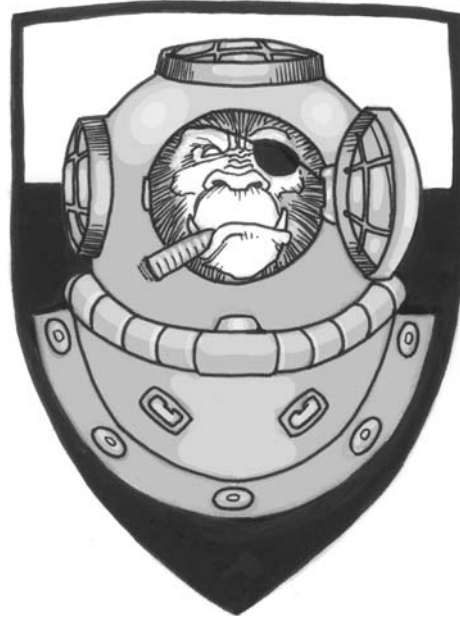
Attributes: Bod 7 (Str 11), Chi 0, Mnd 4 (Per 11, Wil 3), Ref 6 (Dex 4)

Skills: Sabotage 9, Guns 11, Driving 12, Martial Arts 9

Hardware Schticks: Sensory Upgrade, Robot Limbs, Submarine Capability, Missile Launcher (this fires torpedoes, but the principle is the same)

Weapons: punch (12), kick (13), torpedo launcher (23**/—/5)

he tends to leave the actual enforcement of their duties up to them, interfering only if an officer is in genuine danger — something that happens very rarely.



Sea Monkeys

The Sea Monkeys serve as the Jammers' navy, although they operate more like a fleet of submarines than a fleet of ships. They've all been modified to operate for extended periods underwater, and they're frequently out of contact with the rest of the Jammers for months at a time. It'd be easy to forget they ever existed, if not for reports of Buro boats operating in the Netherworld that mysteriously go down, all hands on board.

Still, the Sea Monkeys do come up occasionally, either to clean off the barnacles or because trying to drink a beer underwater is harder than it looks. When they do, they don't socialize much with the other Jammers, preferring instead to communicate with other Sea Monkeys through the language of hand gestures they've developed to take



Swimpanzee

Sample Dialogue: "Yes, I know we want to blow things up. But not that thing, got it?"

Attributes: Bod 7 (Str 11), Chi 0, Mnd 4 (Per 11, Int 11, Wil 3) Ref 6 (Dex 11)

Skills: Intrusion 11, Martial Arts 12, Leadership 16, Driving 15, Guns 16, Sabotage 13

Gun Shticks: Signature Weapon (torpedo launcher)

Hardware Shticks: Onboard Computer, Sensory Upgrade, Targeting Computer, Submarine Capability x3, Robot Limbs, Missile Launcher (again, this fires torpedoes, not missiles)

Weapons: punch (12), kick (13), torpedo launcher (26**/—/5)

the place of sound. (They can speak. It's just easier to gesture when underwater.) They're mostly in it for the destruction, and could care less about Battlechimp's grand plans.

Their leader, Swimpanzee, is an exception to the rule, and the only one of the group who keeps regular contact with Potemkin. He's the one who selects their targets most of the time... the rest of the time, he simply looks at the devastation and agrees that it probably needed to be blown up anyway. He knows he has a difficult task, keeping a group of antisocial primates on their mission, but he handles it admirably. If he were killed in action, Battlechimp might never see the Sea Monkeys again. Luckily, the Sea Monkeys are devoted to their commander, and will gladly sacrifice themselves for him.

Ex-Bobos

The Architects of the Flesh have a bad habit of breeding dissent within their own ranks; there's just something about using technology that hideously mutates the wearer, experimenting on babies, and being sent out on missions that involve shooting women and children that tends to bring out the rebel in even the most

loyal consumer after a while. The former Bobos take a lot of different paths, but they often wind up defecting to the Jammers; Bonengel's obsession with demonizing them has acted as a form of unintentional advertising, letting would-be dissenters know that there's a group that shares their views if only they can contact them.

Some of the ex-Bobos undoubtedly start as spies from other factions. But chi has its own influences, even the surges of chi the Jammes get from burning sites, and double-agents often wind up betraying their indigenous faction for real. This is a common theme in any defection from one faction to another, not just a dramatic convention. It's another example of the weight of chi on human history.

As with any of the Jammers' sub-groupings, where lots of people who don't fit in anywhere get together, there's a general tendency for ex-Bobos to form social groups along the lines of their former occupations within the CDCA and Buro. Over the next few pages, we'll outline some of those social groupings.

Typical Unnamed 401K Soldier

Sample Dialogue: "Check it out! I grew an extra mouth last night!"

Attributes: Bod 9, Chi 0 (Mag 9), Mnd 4, Ref 7

Skills: Guns 9, Martial Arts 10, Arcanowave Devices 11, Sabotage 8

Arcanowave Devices: Helix Ripper, Pulser, Juicer

Note: All 401K soldiers have 6+1d6 Mutation Points already; some of them qualify as abominations for purposes of effects that target abominations.

Weapons: punch (10), kick (11), helix ripper (15/7/—)

The 401K Squadron

The nickname for the 401Ks started out as a bad joke: Q: What's the only retirement policy the Buro offers? A: The Jammers. Now, it signifies an elite



Gorilla Warfare

fighting unit of the Jammers, led by the famously monstrous Captain Contagious (see page 65).

The 401Ks are composed exclusively of former Buro soldiers who have been mutated by arcanotechnology. They started to bond with each other because of this shared dysfunction, but over time their common background in the Buro military led to an even greater sense of comradeship. They're all devoted to the cause of the Jammers — after all, nobody knows better than they do what magic and arcanotech can do to people, and as far as they're concerned, nobody else should have to go through it. They consider themselves beyond hope, and push the safety margins of arcanotech usage well beyond what any sane person would. This results in further mutations, which are looked upon in the group as a badge of honor.

Typical Unnamed Abomination

Sample Dialogue: "Fight...for friends...is good. Fight those who hurt me...is better."

Attributes: Bod 10, Chi 0 (Mag 8), Mnd 3 (Cha 1), Ref 6

Skills: Arcanowave Device 11, Creature Powers 10, Guns 7, Martial Arts 8

Arcanowave Devices: Helix Ripper, Reinforcer

Creature Powers: Flight

Weapons: punch (11), kick (12), helix ripper (15/7/—)

Ex-Abominations

Not all of the monsters in the Jammers are the result of excessive arcanotech usage. Some of them were simply born that way.

The Jammers try to free as many abominations as they can, since abominations are A) such good fighters, and B) rarely filled with goodwill towards their former masters. Once their neural

Typical Unnamed Vivisector

Sample Dialogue: "Fascinating, isn't it?"

Attributes: Bod 5, Chi 0 (Mag 8), Mnd 8 (Cha 6), Ref 6

Skills: Arcanowave Device 11, Fix-It 10, Deceit 9, Medicine 10, Creature Powers 9, Martial Arts 8, Guns 7

Arcanowave Devices: Slap Patch, Wave Scanner

Creature Powers: Blood Drain

Weapons: punch (6), kick (7), Buro Backup Arm (8/1/5+1)

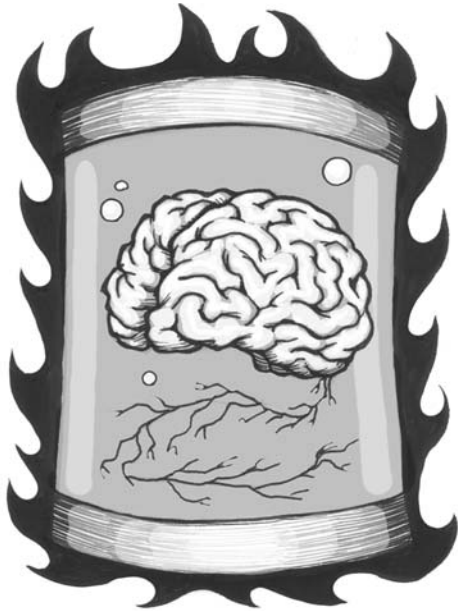
greppers are removed (see page 45), they usually take out their rage as soon as possible on Buro targets (a few, such as the Chromosome Screammers, actually find it impossible to keep from attacking things they recognize as being "of the Buro").

Usually, Battlechimp uses the abominations as shock troops, much like the Buro does. However, he treats them with respect and dignity between missions, and most abominations have come to realize that this is probably the best they can ever expect, given their very nature as instruments of war.

A few abominations, however, have more specialized purposes. Some of the vivisectors — abomination scientists — have defected to the Jammers, and it is from them that Potemkin learned of the Seed of the New Flesh (see page 46 for more information on the Seed of the New Flesh.) The former vivisectors tend to work with the scientists rather than the soldiers, but they still feel a kinship to their abomination brothers, and one of them, Akaza Dizai, has become the erstwhile leader of the abomination contingent of the Jammers. They share a common cause with the rest of the Jammers up to a point — they don't want to see the total annihilation of magic, being supernatural creatures themselves, but as far as they're concerned, it'd be better if humans didn't know anything about the mystic arts. The only use humanity has ever put magic to is enslaving



demonkind, whether through Lotus sorcery or Buro arcanotech, and they'd give up preying on humanity to see humanity stop preying on them.



Mad Scientists

The CDCA discourages the use of derogatory terms such as, "mad scientist," "forbidden knowledge," and "things man was not meant to know." They encourage the healthy expression of emotions, but try to keep their personnel from laughing in a manner that would be deemed "maniacal." They offer corrective plastic surgery for all lab assistants. In short, they try to conduct even the strangest experiments with quiet dignity and grace.

The Jammers don't. For them, the term "mad scientist" is the equivalent of "PhD" in a modern university, and if they haven't had to do at least one of their experiments in the middle of a raging thunderstorm, then they're not considered to be "real" scientists by their colleagues. They specialize in designing things that couldn't possibly have any conceivable use, then giving them to Battlechimp Potemkin and watching

Green Rain

Sample Dialogue: "You killed it because it ate your lab assistant? We could have used that!"

Attributes: Bod 6, Chi 0 (Mag 8), Mnd 9, Ref 6

Skills: Martial Arts 11, Guns 13, Arcanowave Device 14, Fix-It 16, Medicine 14, Info/CDCA 17, Info/Cybernetics 18

Gun Schticks: Carnival of Carnage, 10,000 Bullets

Weapons: punch (7), kick (8), Buro Blue Flag (13*/4/30)

Typical Unnamed Mad Scientist

Sample Dialogue: "Let's see what happens when we mix this in!"

Attributes: Bod 4, Chi 0 (Mag 8), Mnd 8, Ref 5

Skills: Martial Arts 7, Guns 8, Arcanowave Device 11, Fix-It 12, Medicine 9, Info/CDCA 12, Info/(their scientific discipline) 13

Weapons: punch (5), kick (6), Buro Backup Arm (8/1/5+1)

Akaza Dizai

Sample Dialogue: "The Buro enslaved us, but as sentient creatures, we learned more of our rights than they ever intended us to."

Attributes: Bod 5, Chi 0 (Mag 8), Mnd 9, Ref 7

Skills: Arcanowave Device 13, Fix-It 15, Deceit 13, Medicine 15, Creature Powers 10, Martial Arts 11, Guns 14

Arcanowave Devices: Slap Patch, Wave Scanner, Feedback Enhancer, Pulser, Threat Evaluator

Creature Powers: Blood Drain, Brain Shredder x2

Unique Schtick:

Expert With Arcanowaves: When making a knowledge check, add +5 to the AV of Akaza's Arcanowave Device skill.

Weapons: punch (6), kick (7), Buro Backup Arm (8/1/5+1)

him find a use for them. In short, most of these guys were kicked out of the CDCA for giving the term "science" a bad name.

Green Rain herds the Jammers' science division into a rough semblance of order, though. She's not interested in methods, but she does keep careful track of results; she's come a long way in terms of ethical flexibility from the woman who left the Buro on principles of con-

science, but she's determined not to see the Jammers' next big enemy escape from their own lab. If it weren't for her, it undoubtedly would have.



Portal Jockeys

Just as the Timewalker division of the Buro considers itself to be entirely separate from the military branch, so too do the Portal Jockeys consider themselves to be nowhere near as psychotic as the 401Ks. They think of themselves as a sort of elite commando squad, putting the skills that they had used to capture monsters to use in planning raids on their former masters—a sort of SAS/Green Beret type team. They also like to picture themselves as being played by Tom Cruise in the film version.

Actually, they do function as a kind of commando squad; their missions to 69 AD and the Netherworld in pursuit of supernatural creatures have given them unparalleled knowledge of those territories, and they use it to find ways of striking at the Buro where they're vulnera-

Typical Unnamed Portal Jockey

Sample Dialogue: "Through here... I know a back way in."

Attributes: Bod 6, Chi 5, Mnd 6, Ref 6

Skills: Martial Arts 7, Guns 11, Arcanowave Device 9, Info/Netherworld 11, Info/69 AD 10

Gun Schticks: Hair-Trigger Neck Hairs x2

Arcanowave Devices: Wave Suppressor

Unique Schtick:

Surprise Entrance: (See page 101)

Weapons: punch (7), kick (8), Buro 16 (13*/5/32)

ble. They do have a few other duties that are less glamorous, though; they're in charge of capturing monkeys for conversion at the Ape Factory. Most don't mind this, as capturing a mountain gorilla seems like a piece of cake compared to capturing a Gnarled Marauder.

Resistance Groups

The Jammers maintain good relations with a lot of the resistance groups from 2056. Even though these groups don't consider themselves to be Jammers, they nonetheless realize that the Jammers have superior firepower and access to supplies and equipment they don't. They also realize that the Jammers draw a lot of attention away from their activities. Without Battlechimp there, the Free Sex Militia would last somewhere in the neighborhood of a week. As such, almost all of the resistance groups of 2056, and more than a few in the other junctures, are willing to help out in small ways wherever they can.

Dallas Rockets

The Dallas Rockets have undergone a major process of evolution over their short history, starting in 2025 as a citizen's militia in the newly formed Independent Republic of Texas, and evolving over



Typical Unnamed Dallas Rocket

Sample Dialogue: "Team 13, go in on my mark...mark."

Attributes: Bod 6, Chi 0 (For 3), Mnd 7, Ref 6

Skills: Intrusion 10, Martial Arts 9, Guns 11, Sabotage 12, Driving 7, Deceit 10

Gun Schticks: Hair-Trigger Neck Hairs, Fast Draw, Carnival of Carnage

Unique Schtick:

Death-O-Rama: (See page 98)

Weapons: punch (7), kick (8), Buro Blade of Truth (10/3/30)

Typical Unnamed Edge Warrior

Sample Dialogue: "I think I can find that for you."

Attributes: Bod 6, Chi 3, Mnd 6, Ref 6

Skills: Guns 9, Martial Arts 7, Intrusion 10, Deceit 11, Info/Buro 12

Weapons: punch (7), kick (8), Buro 9A (10/1/17+1)

the course of the Buro's pacification process into an underground network of highly disciplined freedom fighters operating out of the Texas Demilitarized Zone. By the year 2044, they had gone so completely underground that for a time, the Buro thought they'd wiped them out. That lasted for about two years, before they made a series of high-profile strikes organized by their leader, the brilliant mastermind known to the Buro only as the Yellow Rose. (For more on the Yellow Rose, see page 64, and for more on the Texas Demilitarized Zone, see page 77.)

The Dallas Rockets currently operate as a diversionary force. They plan precision strikes on high-profile targets such as television stations, nutrient vats, and so on that create major disruptions in Buro society. The key word here is "precision." Rocket teams have been known to blow up a police station and leave the hospital next door untouched. They plan surgical strikes with meticulous care, which is why Battlechimp turns to them whenever he doesn't want the usual Jammers "Blow things up!" approach.

Edge Warriors

"Edge Warriors" is a nickname, referring to the loose network of resistance groups, informers, Jammer sympathizers, and malcontents that form the 2056

underground. The Free Sex Militia, for example, work to reverse the Buro's oppressive marriage policies, and the Luddites carry on a subtle protest against the use of technology to invade the lives of private citizens. (Oddly enough, 37% of the surveillance analysts employed by the Buro secretly belong to the Luddites. Battlechimp isn't sure if they're protesting the invasions they see every day, or if they're just trying to get out of work.)

Edge Warriors very rarely give assistance in the form of direct combat troops; usually, they leak out information that the Jammers use to plan their strikes. Sometimes members in menial jobs leave doors conveniently unlocked, or disappear from their posts at the right times. Minor support roles like these "grease the wheels" of Jammers operations, making sure that operations run without a hitch. They also assist in procuring vital supplies through the black market. This helps the Jammers—they have most of their presence in the Netherworld, not 2056, and using the Edge Warriors to get supplies from 2056 helps to keep it that way.

One of the most important uses of the Edge Warriors comes into play when a mission ends. The Jammers try to get back into the Netherworld as quickly as possible, but there are times when GateMakers aren't available and natural portals aren't nearby. When that happens, Edge Warriors help to hide the team, moving them back to the Netherworld through the world of 2056. This involves all sorts of underground channels, from new eyeballs to faked prisoner transfers;



the 2056 underground can be quite creative. One group of cyborg monkeys was shipped out on a Buro train in crates that were marked with 'Spare Parts' on the side.

Typical Unnamed Viking Warrior

Sample Dialogue: "I shall drink the marrow from your bones, son of Loki!"

Attributes: Bod 8, Chi 0, Mnd 4, Ref 7

Skills: Martial Arts 12, Intimidation 10, Gambling 8, Info/Viking Lore 13, Info/Norse Mythology 13

Unique Schtick:

Berserker Rage: (See page 102)

Note: The Vikings use shields in one hand; shields function differently from armor, instead acting as cover. (See *Feng Shui*, page 138, for rules on cover.)

Weapons: punch (9), kick (10), mace (11), shield (+1 to passive Dodge, 11 Damage when used as an attack)

The Vikings

Given all of the other groups who've wound up allied with the Jammers at one point or another, most people don't seem all that startled to find out a few Viking warriors help the Jammers. At least they only have the two arms and the two legs, and unlike most Jammers, they're the same ones they were born with. The portals through the Netherworld do occasionally turn up outside of China, and everyone assumes that any Vikings they see must have wandered in through there.

In fact, the small clan of Vikings that works with the Jammers did originally come from 69 AD, wandering in through one of the rare portals outside of China; they only remained in the Netherworld for a short while, though, coming out in their native Norway in the year 2040. Something happened when they came through the portals, though. The chi flow of Norway, which had previously been

Edgrim Thorodsson

Sample Dialogue: "They may heap their dead before us in piles ten thousand high, yet still our limbs cry out for battle!"

Attributes: Bod 9, Chi 0, Mnd 6, Ref 8

Skills: Martial Arts 16, Intimidation 13, Gambling 10, Info/Viking Lore 15, Info/Norse Mythology 13

Fu Powers: Signature Weapon

Unique Schticks:

Scary Dude: Unnamed characters must succeed at a Willpower check, with the Difficulty being Eldgrim's Intimidation AV, before they enter combat with him. They may make this check every three shots, and once they've succeeded, they don't have to make it again. (They also don't have to make it if he attacks them first.)

Berserker Rage: (See page 102)

Weapons: punch (10), kick (11), Heart's-Blood-Drinker, axe (16)

dormant, changed in unexpected fashion, as though the country were a lock awaiting its native sons to act as a key. The Buro won't publicly admit that anything happened at all, but they've given up on pacifying the country, and privately refer to it as one of their few remaining trouble spots in 2056.

Eldgrim Thorodsson, leader of the clan (also known as Eldgrim the Gaunt, or Eldgrim Giant-Breaker), does not understand much about the strange world he has entered. As far as he's concerned, his descendants have turned out to be a bunch of mewling cowards, foreigners keep trying to invade his lands, and he can't find a good cup of mead for love nor money. When the Jammers came to him offering good, sturdy axes in exchange for safe haven from Buro forces, he accepted grudgingly. Since then, he's fought alongside them a few times, and now regards them with a bit more warmth. Jammer forces can usually use Norway as a place to go to ground in 2056 if they have to, even if they don't like it there. See Chapter Five for more on Norway.



...And the Rest

The remaining members of the Jammers vary too widely to be completely described, even with a dozen chapters, but with that in mind, here's a basic breakdown. Keep in mind, though, that the Jammers keep a bewildering variety of waifs and strays with a multiplicity of goals, mostly united only by a love of destruction.

Jammer Intelligence

Most people, when they think of the Jammers, do not think of an intelligence network; a big part of this is deliberate. Battlechimp is no fool, and knows that good intelligence is the lifeblood of any successful guerilla warfare operation. He also knows that it's always better to hide one's light under a bushel, and so he uses the more insanely violent members of the Jammers as a public front to conceal the smart information gatherers that work behind the scenes.

Computer experts do a lot of the work in the 1996 and 2056 junctures. The Lodge and the Buro have both gone digital for the tremendous advantages in organization it provides, but there's never been a computer system so secure that it couldn't be hacked. Even in the world of 2056, after a half-century of computer progress, the systems still aren't safe; most of them were designed by the same people who later defected to the Jammers, and they left themselves a few back ways in here and there.

Other people also play parts in the information-gathering network. "Sculptors" make body parts using futuristic technologies; these counterfeit fingers and eyes can confound even the most advanced recognition software. "Brainpickers" make precision scans of the human brain and decode the elec-

tromagnetic resonances therein; this gives a wealth of information, but decoding it and figuring out what's important can take months, and is considered an art.

One man analyzes all this information. He sits in a small padded room, wrapped in a straitjacket, and as the Jammers come to him with information, he synthesizes it all into a big picture of the Secret War. He goes by the name of Subject Eleven (see page 60 for more on the Jammers intelligence expert.)

The Supply Chain

The Jammers scrounge most of their equipment. Everything makes its way to the Netherworld sooner or later, and portal rats and junkyard crawlers with nicknames like "Fingers" and "Slick Louie" tend to come up with great equipment of uncertain ancestry that you probably don't want to ask too closely about. This explains the Jammers' tendency to use things like tanks with turrets stuck on with duct tape and grenades made from old soup cans. But they also use modern ordinance when they can get it; they've got a network of gunrunners stretching throughout the 1996 and 2056 junctures that provide them with highly illegal hardware in exchange for black market goods that they obtain from other junctures. They also keep a wide variety of demolitions experts on hand to give them the explosives that every Jammer truly loves. Even so, you're not considered to be a true Jammer until you've made a zipgun from a snapped-off car radio antenna, a block of wood, a rubber band, and an old nail.

Saboteurs

The dump warriors and gearheads consider themselves to be the heart of

the Jammers, and in a sense, they're right. The Jammers' efforts to bring the Buro to its knees are a form of guerilla warfare, as previously mentioned, and without effective sabotage of the technological superiority that runs the Buro, it simply wouldn't be possible to stop them, or even slow them down. If you're technically inclined in the Jammers, sooner or later you'll see someone lay down his life to make sure you get to safety — most of the rabble of the Jammers know they're cannon fodder to keep the experts alive, and they accept that with pride. All they ask in return is that the gearheads keep on going, making sure that the tanks don't run, the belts don't move, and the gas tanks all have sugar in them.

Joining the Jammers

All of the above begs the question, "How does one become a Jammer?" Cyborg monkeys are really (to use the cliché) made, not born. No one outside of the Jammers manufactures cyborg monkeys and very few of those created choose to leave the organization. After all, who else would understand what it's like to be the way they are?

Former members of the Buro and CDCA usually start by getting a posting in the Netherworld. For one thing, the Netherworld is free of the smothering chi influence of 2056, and most of the ex-Bobos really don't get a chance to think clearly until they get out from under Boatman and Bonengel's thumb. For another, those who do manage to resist the effects of the Buro's chi have a hard time finding Jammers in 2056 — if the Jammers were that easy to find, they'd be dead by now. In the Netherworld, the Buro has much less influence, and the Jammers run around with comparative freedom. They can find places like the Genocide Lounge (see Elevator to the Netherworld, page 107) where Jammers hang out in large numbers. Sure, they risk starting a brawl just by walking into the building, but sometimes you just have to take a risk.

The same holds true for most of the other hangers-on in the Jammers; they start out by knowing a few Jammers, then helping them out here or there, and the next thing you know, they're blowing things up with the best of them. As a result, the Jammers are pretty short on formal initiation ceremonies. They give you jobs to do, and if you do them, then you're a Jammer, as far as they're concerned. It's not very complicated. Just blow things up!



OFFENSE TEMP

BIOMASS REPROCESSING CENTER, NETHERWORLD

Sometimes, there are things you just need to do alone.

Monkeywrench had mentioned about three days ago that he'd found out something from the Skimmer. He wasn't too clear on the details, but it had something to do with kids who might be imprisoned by the Buro in their Netherworld facility. This happened to dovetail with my current project, so I told him not to worry any further; I'd break in, get the records he was looking for, and get out again. He told me that was cool, but apparently he'd also decided to put some of his own people on the job. Personally, I have very little patience for amateurs. If you want to do a job right, you have to turn to the professionals.

I'd been doing pattern analysis of the Timewalker sweeps of the Netherworld and 69 AD. Each team does their sweeps on a weekly basis, sending out a six-man squad to the same locale each time. If they've "fished out" an area, they'll explore, but for the most part, they keep to the same spots. When Potemkin was all for cutting off their Abomo supply, but I pointed out some other, better uses for the information. Ever seen a chimp smile?

I knew there was a team that did a sweep on Level Four, near the Blood Fields. Mostly they picked up some elemental demons. Nothing special, in the Buro's estimation. I knew that a big, heavily armored combat monster would light up the little dollar signs in their eyes pretty easily, so I found a convenient spot and changed.

I don't like transforming myself into a demon. It does have a few advantages—the mouth is big enough to hide lots of thieves' tools. But if I'd known that damned statue would do this to me, I'd never have agreed to steal it.

In any event, it wasn't long at all before the squad of monster hunters found me. I fought them for a little while before letting them drag me into a capture cage and bring me back to the Biomass Reprocessing Center for further study.

Of course, they see a lot of traffic in there at any given time, and standard operating procedure is to put new acquisitions in a holding cell until they can be properly sorted. This can take anywhere up to two days, so I knew I had a pretty large window of time. I didn't need much of it. I spat out the tools, transformed back, and let myself out of my cell. A guard noticed, but my demonic form made short work of him.

I wasn't totally sure of what kind of security measures they had in the Center, so I didn't want to take too long getting to my destination; somebody might have picked up my little altercation with the guard on security cameras, after all. Even so, I was a little surprised by the sheer number of alarms that were going off. It wasn't until later that I found out Monkeywrench's other friend was going about her entry in the least-subtle fashion possible. At the time, I just hurried to the records department and started searching for any information on recent human biomass acquisition. Or, as the rest of us would put it, captured children.

I found some pretty scary stuff in there — you'd be amazed at how many of the Abomos get children as rewards for a job well done — but I was getting nowhere with the search that way. No current projects at the Center involved experimenting on kids. I decided to change my search tactics.

Just then, I heard someone coming so I transformed and got ready to slug it out. But the person who came through the door wasn't a Bobo. She was one of Monkeywrench's little friends—Miss Begotten. "Get inside fast," I said, "before you draw even more attention to us."

She blinked—she'd seemed a little shaken when she first saw me, but I get that a lot—and looked over at me. "Dishy," she said at last. "You're another one of Monkeywrench's friends. Why has he not introduced me to you?"

"Probably because he wants to stay friends. Now do me a favor and start looking through these transit records. These kids we're looking for aren't staying here, but they might have passed through at some point."

It took the two of us about five minutes to find the records: according to them, the shipment of infants from the 1996 juncture had been brought to the Biomass Reprocessing Center for "preliminary processing," and re-routed to Secure Space Facility #14 for further experimental work as part of Project: Malacostraca. I eyed Miss Directed. "What's a Malacostraca?"

"I'm sure I don't know, darling, but I do think we should discuss it elsewhere. That Abomo I left outside won't lie there forever."

I took the records, and we ditched. On the way out, I saw the Abomo she'd taken down—Prototype X himself. I wondered how she'd done it. Perhaps she'd used the force of her personality to stun him.

No Time to Monkey Around

JAMMER OPERATIONS

General Goals

The Jammers have very simple goals. They want to completely free humankind from the manipulative forces of chi. From the eunuch sorcerers of 69 AD to the repressive regime of the Buro, people everywhere and everywhen use chi to benefit the few at the expense of the many. To the Jammers, this is utterly intolerable. They believe that if the “chi-ters” — those who use chi to provide themselves with an unfair advantage — are cast down, humanity as a whole will benefit, as the best and brightest come to the fore. They have a simple solution, too — they want to blow up any site that provides its owner with a positive chi benefit, leaving history free and clear to find its own path.

This does not mean that the Jammers will immediately blow up every feng shui site they find. Battlechimp Potemkin’s watchword is “ethical flexibility,” which means that he will go against the group’s manifesto in small areas in order to advance their cause in the larger arena. If they find a feng shui site that will give them benefits that they can keep and hold (like the Skimmer’s network of

Green Rain, on the Four Monarchs

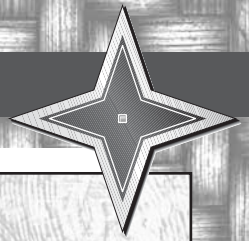
“They’re obsolete. Frankly, the only one of them that’s even tried to join the twentieth century is the Ice Queen, and even she’s going about it in a pretty half-assed way. If I were them, I’d be looking into upgrading my forces in a serious way. Not that I’m saying arcanotech, here, that stuff’s poison. But even picking up some gravcars, or some SPUD-Us would help. Fire sleds? Gee, how well do they work outside of the Netherworld? To be honest, they’re too old to ever get anywhere. Just a bunch of relics, rotting away in their antique palaces.

“Even so, I’m glad they don’t pay any attention to us.”

sewers), or one that gives them indirect benefits (like Shining Dragon Studios), they’ll keep it around. Sure, they’ll blow it up eventually, but not until they’ve milked it for all they’re worth.

The same ethical flexibility applies to their relations with the other factions, too. If the Lodge is willing to propose a temporary alliance, then the Jammers will accept quite happily until such time as it becomes more of a hindrance than a help, or they find out that they’re being fed a line, at which point they’ll return to their usual “Blow things up!” modus operandi.

The Buro is an exception to the rule. The Jammers will never ally with the



Buro in any way, shape, or form — most of the Jammers come from the year 2056, and they've had first-hand experience of Boatman and Bonengel and their tyranny. Battlechimp knows this, and while he's not as inflexible as the rest of the group, he knows the motivational value of a common enemy, and working with that common enemy dilutes that motivation. In some ways, the war of the Jammers isn't so much a war against chi as it is a war against the Buro with a very different plan of attack. If the repressive and unfair forces of chi are destroyed, then the future will shift and the repressive and unfair forces of the Buro will also cease to be. The Jammers point to this as part of their theory of "progressive chi-ting." 2056, they claim, shows how the future just keeps getting worse as long as chi-users are in charge of it.

Juncture-Specific Goals

Battlechimp has worked hard to recruit local talent into the Jammers' forces in each of the four junctures. Guns, explosives, and cyborg monkeys are nice, but there's no substitute for local knowledge. As such, he's found people he can trust and placed a lot of his authority into them. In essence, they're field generals, able to make sweeping policy decisions that only he can override. He consults with them on a regular basis, though; in this way, he keeps track of the progress of their larger goals.

In each juncture, the Jammers attempt to keep up pressure on the ruling faction. However, they also have a number of sneaky projects going on that they'd just as soon people not know about. That's

Battlechimp Potemkin, on the Eaters of the Lotus

"Gao Zhang commands an army the likes of which the world had never seen before, nor will again; however, the very nature of his army is that of pointless treachery. The demons will turn on their masters, because it is their nature to do so. All we need to do is seed chaos and dissent, and we will accelerate his demise at the hands of his own instruments."

the great thing about being a bunch of psychotic explosive-addicted maniacs. Nobody ever suspects you of being subtle. Most of these plans involve disrupting history to topple the ruling faction, or just to create a shake-up in the existing order in some fashion.

69 AD

The Jammers keep up a wide variety of activities in the China of 69 AD. Most of these take the form of general harassment of the Eaters of the Lotus, the secret rulers of China. The Jammers seem to take a particular delight in tweaking the nose of Gao Zhang, and their actions against the Lotus have a double benefit, due to Gao's legendary impatience and murderous temper; scoring even a single success against an opponent can take him right out of the picture sometimes, depending on Gao Zhang's reaction to the news.

All Roads Lead To Rome

The Jammers' actions in China, however, are mainly a smokescreen for their real plans in 69 AD. Portals to places outside of China are few and far between, as all the factions know; the difference between the Jammers and the other factions, though, is that they haven't let that stop them. Potemkin has hand-picked a few small, dedicated teams of agents



provocateurs and equipped them with enough supplies to last them several months, then pointed them in the direction of Rome and told them to find something to break.

In history as it currently stands, Rome endured for centuries, finally undergoing a slow, decadent collapse in the third and fourth century AD. The Jammers have decided that a slow, decadent collapse doesn't suit their tastes. They hope that their teams will cause a collapse of the Roman empire within two decades. Already, the team has made contact with one of the many barbarian tribes on the outskirts of the empire. This offshoot of the Vandals never made it into the history books, not having the numbers or the strategic skills to do anything significant. The local Jammers changed all that. They couldn't bring them any technological benefits, but they can help them use modern military strategies and tactics to win some important victories against the Roman legions. Eventually, they hope to force Rome to contract its borders earlier than expected. Other teams work to create political dissent within the Empire itself. These two plans feed into each other; as the military grows frustrated by losses to the barbarian tribes, they become angrier with the politicians in Rome. The emperor Galba has already been murdered by a mutinous Roman army, and his successor, Otho, looks no more secure. According to history, 69 AD was known as "The Year of the Four Emperors." Vitellius, successor to Otho, dies as well — after he dies, the Emperor Vespasian will rule for ten years. That is, if the Jammers don't manage to change things further.

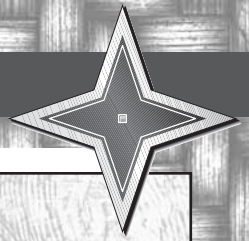
Going Ape

The Jammers might not have found any portals to Rome, but they have found one of the extremely rare portals that leads outside of China, and best of all, it's one that nobody else knows about. It doesn't lead anywhere very strategic — just to the jungles of West Africa. There are no feng shui sites, no settlements, really nothing but miles and miles of trees and wildlife. Fortunately, this is exactly what the Jammers are looking for. They've built a cybernetic conversion facility in this area called the "Ape Factory," and they capture the local simians to convert them into Jammer cyborg monkeys. If this facility were compromised, the Jammers would be in serious trouble. Fortunately, it doesn't get any more remote than the middle of Africa in the year 69 AD.

Despite its proximity to Europe, the Jammers have no plans to use this portal to supply men or equipment to any of their teams in the area. Battlechimp picked those teams to act independently to begin with, and the Ape Factory has far too much importance to the Jammer cause to let anyone get traced back to it. (For more on the Ape Factory, see page 84.)

Moon Worship vs. Boom Worship

Battlechimp always keeps an eye out for ways to score victories where other factions don't even have a presence. To this end, he continually looks for feng shui sites that aren't sufficiently defended, or whose defenders don't know what they've got. Recently, during an operation in London 1996, he noticed that the Lodge had attuned its members to many of the ancient Druidic sites that are scattered



throughout England. He realized right away that the sites had powerful feng shui, but also that the Lodge had devoted too many men and resources to defending them to make them worth his while. However, remembering his Roman teams, he's dispatched a small group of experts through the 69 AD portals to see if they can assault the sites before the Lodge even arrives in Britain.

They've got a few surprises waiting for them when they get there. The Lodge doesn't occupy Britain in 69 AD; at this point, none of the major factions in the Secret War do. But the Druids who built the monuments still use them for their religious ceremonies and although they don't know about geomancy as the Chinese practice it, they do understand the importance of their sacred grounds to their own mystic ceremonies. Battlechimp's hand-picked team won't get out of this one without a fight or two against a whole different set of robe-wearing magic users.

The 69 AD General

Potemkin expects his units in 69 AD to operate independently of his instructions, since the great distance between Rome and China makes communications difficult and infrequent. However, he did make one thing clear in the few messages sent back and forth by carrier pigeon: he expects the teams to work with local authorities. The Jammer teams might know about modern technology and strategy, but the local tribes have been fighting the Romans for centuries, and Potemkin feels that there's really no substitute for in-depth local knowledge.

Hence, the Jammer teams in Europe have opened a dialogue with a local tribe of Vandals. The chieftain of the tribe, Kornell, believes the Jammers to be some sort of foreign warriors from the Far

Kornell the Vandal

Sample Dialogue: "Send them home on their shields, that we might hear the laments of Roman women even here!"

Attributes: Bod 8, Chi 0, Mnd 6, Ref 7

Skills: Leadership 15, Martial Arts 15, Intimidation 13, Guns 11

Gun Schticks: Versatile Ammo, Eagle Eye

Unique Schtick:

No Mercy: Any opponent facing Kornell who is aware of his reputation in battle gets a -1 to their attack AV's.

Weapons: punch (9), kick (10), axe (12), bow (7/5/1)

East, sent to help him and his men in the struggle against Rome. At first, he expected them to follow his lead absolutely, but after a bit of "give and take," he's come to an arrangement with them. He leads, but he also listens.

1850

In 1850, the Lodge controls China, Europe, and is well on its way to control of the American continents. The Guiding Hand wants to reclaim China and its rich and storied legacy of priceless historical sites and artifacts; for some reason, though, they don't think the Jammers are any help at all in this goal. The Jammers don't understand why the Hand isn't more grateful to them for helping. After all, by blowing up all those temples, monasteries, and monuments, surely they're crippling the control of the Ascended, right?

They're also finding other ways to cripple the Lodge, though; the South Seas were a haven for pirates long after the European pirate era had passed, and the Jammers have made numerous alliances with the pirates that operate off of the waters outside of Hong Kong and Shanghai. The pirates are delighted to get weapons and allies who don't try to lecture them on Neo-Confucianism, and



the Jammers get to live out their 'Captain Blood' power fantasies on the high seas. This is turning into a major headache for the Lodge, and they intend to start mobilizing some serious firepower against the pirate fleets as soon as possible.

The Slave Rebellions

However, as with 69 AD, the Jammers are using China as a smokescreen for their real activities. They believe that the real action is in North America, which will become a stronghold for the Lodge over the next century as their stranglehold over Europe and Asia diminishes due to two World Wars. Battlechimp has placed the highest emphasis on disrupting American history, and that means disrupting American feng shui.

In the south, disrupting feng shui means destroying the extravagant plantation houses that are built on the backs of slave labor. The problem is, this requires more troops than the Jammers could possibly muster up. Luckily, an army is already in position in the South with a strong motivation to destroy the Southern cotton plantations — the slaves who work them.

Setting up a slave rebellion isn't easy, though. They're working with the legendary Underground Railroad to move escaped slaves north, using Netherworld portals to give them a path that even the most dedicated slave trackers can't follow. In addition, they're moving guns and equipment south into the slave territories in preparation for a slave uprising. The Jammers might not be able to acquire that many weapons, but given the differences between an 1850 revolver and a 1996 Uzi, even a single gun could turn the tide of an entire war. Most importantly, though, the Jammers have increased the number of ways that

Major Hottie, on the Guiding Hand

"How can I put this politely? They're good people, and I admire their cause, but, well... the bug up their ass has a stick up its ass. It's not a small stick, either. They're obsessed with this whole, 'be polite, defer to your elders, don't use corrupting technology' philosophy. God, it's like listening to a bunch of Amish, only the Amish can't drop-kick people through brick walls.

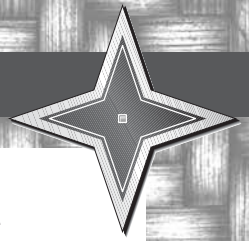
"That's their real problem. That's why they're never going to get anywhere. Nobody wants what they're selling. They've got inner peace and mental discipline, and the Lodge has pizza with the works and Internet porn. It's really no contest."

slaves can communicate with each other. Through strategic use of Netherworld portals, the Jammers are making sure that each plantation knows that when they do rise, they won't be alone.

Custer Revisited

The slaves aren't the only oppressed group that the Jammers are aiding in the 1850 juncture, though. The frontier era was marked by a state of near-constant warfare with the indigenous Americans; over a hundred conflicts occurred in the period between 1800 and 1900. The American cavalry won most of these conflicts, and their capture of vital feng shui sites paved the way for Manifest Destiny and the conquest of the American continent.

The Jammers want to change all that. They don't have much that they can lend the Native Americans in the way of weaponry, but they've assisted them in another overlooked area of the conflict: they've helped them out with modern medicine. Whether or not you believe that the Americans intentionally used germ warfare against the natives, nobody can deny the dent that disease made in their population. The Jammers have been inoculating Native American populations against smallpox, polio, and a dozen or



so other diseases, and they hope that by 1860 they'll have created enough of a shift to shake the Lodge's control of the 1996 juncture.

Mall Bombs

However, just in case the Jammers can't take any of the Lodge's feng shui sites, they've still got another fallback plan, this one the result of the Jammers' mad science division. The scientists have been studying the phenomena of chi, and have come up with one of the more interesting weapons of the Secret War.

If you've ever been to a mall, you've noticed that they tend towards a certain similarity. Malls in New York contain the same stores as malls in Milwaukee, which contain the same stores as malls in Atlanta, which contain the same stores as malls in Dallas. Originally, this was just dismissed as "one of those things," but the Jammer scientists have determined that there's actually a chi resonance given off in certain locations that propagates the same structure, no matter where it's built. In other words, if you could replicate this resonance in Manhattan, people would suddenly decide that it'd be a great idea to tear down the Statue of Liberty to build Lighted Torch Mall. (Yes, it would have a Gap. They always have a Gap.)

The Jammer scientists have found out how to replicate that chi resonance in a small device about the size of a football. Barring power failures, it should continue to broadcast "mall waves" for 200 years — ample time to contaminate the chi of the surrounding area. By placing these mall bombs in areas where important monuments and powerful sites will be built, the Jammers hope to replace the Lodge's best sites with the weak chi of megamalls.

Breaking the Back of American Commerce

The Jammers also want to disrupt one of the most important chi engines for the Lodge — the railroads that will criss-cross the country over the next twenty years or so, forming a set of metaphorical chains that will bind the USA under Lodge control. The Jammers take every opportunity to sabotage railroads, but unfortunately for them, the Transcontinental Railroad — the most important link in the chain of feng shui — won't be built for several more years.

As far as the Jammers are concerned, this just means they have to get creative. Jammer mad scientists are working on explosive devices with very long timers, and Jammer demolitions experts are locating places to set them that won't be disturbed during the long construction process; even so, this is one of the more "long-term" projects that the Jammers have come up with. Some of the Jammers have complained that it's a waste of good explosives, though. Why blow things up if you won't be around to see the bang?

High Finance

Where are the Jammers getting all the money for this, you might ask? Well, they're getting it through a process known as "cheating." (As opposed to "chitting.") The California gold rush started one year ago, and there's still plenty of gold in them thar hills; not to mention, gold won't be discovered in Australia for another two years, and not in the Klondike for a while after that... and they've still got a good forty years before the Minnesotan gold rush (see "Jammer Lake," in Chapter Five.)

The Jammers have sent teams out to mine all of these locations and more; they have a tremendous advantage over



Gorilla Warfare

the other miners, since they can consult historical records to find where the gold was discovered. They can also bring in modern mining equipment — sure, it causes some ecological destruction, but pristine old-growth forests have an overabundance of good chi anyway.

Once they mine the gold in 1850, they bring it through the Netherworld to the 1996 juncture. There, they use it to purchase weaponry — don't forget, the Buro's "futuristic" weapons jam more often than a good old-fashioned .44 Magnum — and items that have been outlawed in 2056, such as cigarettes, hamburgers, liquor, and Warner Brothers cartoons. They then trade this contraband in 2056 to get ahold of advanced technology. For an outfit that scrounges as much as the Jammers, having a source of actual income means a lot to their struggle.

They have opposition to this plan, though, in the form of the Lodge, which can do the exact same thing, and in fact is. Most of the recipients of the gold rush have always been Pledged operatives; the Lodge simply takes a bit more care in removing the gold, keeping a steady flow so as not to disrupt the world currencies. At this point, everyone's on the gold standard, and will be for another seventy-five years or so. This means war, and Pledged agents fight secret battles with Jammers on the coast of California.

Turning Japanese

Across the seas from California, the Jammers are also operating in another area that most of the rest of the Secret War has ignored: Japan. Potemkin knows that he has three years before the western world makes contact with Japan again. The last contact, back in the 1600's, ended with the westerners involved being expelled from the island for preaching Christianity a bit too loudly.

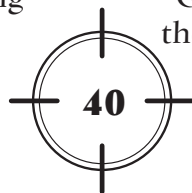
Battlechimp wants to install a strong government in Japan, with modern weapons and the ability to fight off the depredations of imperialism. This isn't as easy as it sounds, though, as the Japanese are in the middle of a huge national crisis, with the Tokugawa regime ending and the Meiji not up and running yet. Most of the Japanese are distrustful of foreigners, which makes the whole thing that much more difficult — but Potemkin isn't giving up. He's well aware of how important Japan will become to the Lodge in a century or so, and would love nothing more than to deprive them of it.

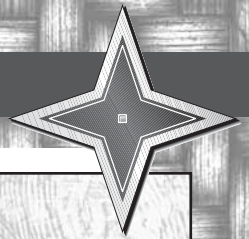
Workers of the World, Unite!

In about seventy years, the Lodge will run head-on into the largest problem they've ever faced; not the Buro, but the dreaded specter of Communism. Okay, it sounds silly from where you're sitting in the modern world, but for the Lodge, the Communists were a real problem. They were tied in with the ruling order of most of the countries in the world, and every "people's revolution" deprived them of a little more of their precious chi. Battlechimp wants to see if he can't speed up those "people's revolutions," so he's devoted a small force to spreading the doctrines of Communism throughout the civilized world. It's probably a futile gesture, since the seeds of Communism weren't really able to take root until the general devastation of World War I wrecked the Lodge's chi engine, but he hopes that taken in conjunction with their other plans of sabotage, they might inspire a Communist take-over in a few places that never had one before.

The 1850 AD General

Given that the Jammers have placed the highest importance in 1850 on free-





ing the slaves, it should come as no surprise that Battlechimp Potemkin has placed a freed slave in charge of operations in that juncture. Michael Freedman escaped with the help of the Underground Railroad five years ago, just after the Jammers first started helping them by moving freed slaves through the Netherworld. On seeing the Netherworld, though, Michael realized that there was a lot more going on there than anything he had to do with the struggles between the North and South. He left the people who were helping him to escape and wandered for a year in the Netherworld, learning as much as he could about his benefactors and the war they were fighting. When he felt he knew what was going on, he returned to Battlechimp, offering his services in the 1850 juncture, even though it meant operating in the South and risking recapture on a frequent basis. Potemkin agreed, and has trusted him with more authority as time passes.

Michael's skills lie not in the planning of military actions, but rather in the area of interpersonal negotiations... he's a charismatic speaker, with a knack for knowing how to get people to do what he asks. Battlechimp chose him for exactly that reason — when the war starts, he can find people to plan strategy, but the first step is getting the army on his side, and that's where Michael comes in.

1996

The world of 1996 has an abundance of targets for the Jammers to attack in creating their own particular breed of anarchy. The Soviet Union has just collapsed into a loose federation of independent republics, and the Jammers are hard at work exploiting the tensions there.

Michael Freedman

Sample Dialogue: "The slaves outnumber the masters ten to one, here. All we need is courage."

Attributes: Bod 6, Chi 0 (For 6), Mnd 7 (Cha 9), Ref 7

Skills: Martial Arts 10, Deceit 14, Leadership 15, Info/Slave Culture 19, Guns 12

Unique Schtick:

Stirring Speech: Michael is an expert orator; when speaking to a crowd on the rightness of his cause, he can spend a Fortune die to convince any GMC listeners with a Charisma rating lower than his own to follow him.

Weapons: punch (7), kick (8), black powder pistol (7/3/1)

Note: Michael has bodyguards with him at almost all times; these are usually unnamed Jammers, unless there's reason to believe that he's in greater-than-usual danger.

Europe is on the verge of merging together into a federation of independent republics, and the Jammers are stalling the process. America is about to become a major power, China is poised to take over Hong Kong, and Germany's been reunited for only a short while; all over the world, things are in flux — a state the Jammers are trying to prolong. They know that this is the last juncture before the Architects take over, and they're doing everything they can to stop the formation of a one-world government, even if it does mean encouraging some people that they'd rather not be working with.

A World Lit By Candle Light

One of the Jammers' primary plans involves the world's oil reserves. The military machine that the Buro runs in 2056 now operates on solar power, wind, tidal energy, and a host of alternative sources, but during the beginning of their takeover of the planet, they used a lot of conventional power sources, specifically oil. The Jammers hope to derail the ini-



tial phases of that conquest by reducing the world's oil reserves to dangerously low levels.

Of course, they know that no shift in history can be achieved without a corresponding shift in chi. Simply get rid of the oil, and a superficial shift will occur in which the Buro discovered their alternative energy sources that much earlier. So the Jammers plan to destroy the oil supplies in a fashion that also alters the chi flow of the planet; they attack tankers off of coastlines that have powerful feng shui, they destroy drilling rigs that happen to have good chi, and in general, they try to do as much ecological damage as they can while they deplete the power supply of the world. When asked how they can justify this, they point out that the spilled oil would simply have been burned, with much wider and more destructive long-term consequences. This may or may not be true, but nobody debates too long with a giant robot monkey with a flamethrower.

The Earth Is Flat and Other Stories

The Jammers also know that the discovery of arcanowaves is only a couple of decades away, and they're not happy about it. They haven't been able to locate Doctor Anita Dao, and even if they could find her, they're aware that killing her would have no effect on the future. (Don't fool yourself into thinking that they wouldn't kill her because she's helped them. Battlechimp would kill himself if he thought it would stop the Buro.)

But Anita Dao wasn't the only scientist involved in the development of arcanotech. Many others helped to refine her initial discovery of arcanowaves into the Helix Rippers we all know and love today, which is why the Jammers keep hitting so many laboratories and universities. They



hope that by destroying centers of scientific learning and research, they might just have enough of an effect on the world's chi — and eliminate or discourage enough scientists — to delay or negate the development of arcanotech completely. So far, they've managed to delay the crucial discovery six hours; not much of an achievement for two years of sabotage and destruction, but an encouraging sign.

Oddly enough, this is one of the few projects that the Lodge is helping the Jammers on, albeit inadvertently and with a completely different approach. The Lodge is well aware that this is the last juncture they rule, and so they're using their political muscles to try to disrupt the march of science as well. Pledged fundamentalist Christians are making a grass-roots effort to teach poor science in schools, Pledged journalists write articles on the possible dangers of new technologies, and MTV single-handedly destroys the brain cells of every child in America.

The Truth Is Out There. Way Out There.

The Jammers always try to recruit new operatives in every juncture, and the 1996 one is, to them, the ultimate prize. Since the Buro will begin its takeover within thirty years, anyone they recruit now stands a good chance of being around even after the portals close, and if they're properly educated, they might be able to stop the Buro before it even starts. Even if they can't, they'll still be around in 2056, so that the Jammers can make double use of them, much the same way that the Guiding Hand uses the Golden Candle Society in 1850 and 1996.

However, trying to spread the word about a secret war that involves Shaolin monks, bone-drinking demons, trans-

Subject Eleven, on the Ascended

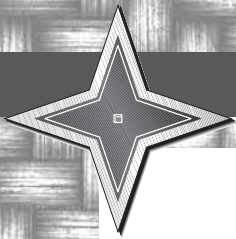
"Interesting, isn't it? Humanity as something to be desired, even embraced? They obviously didn't know us as well as they thought they did. Humanity has become a trap for the Lodge. They can't give up the pleasures of the flesh, but they know that the future is approaching like an oncoming train. They'll panic soon enough, lashing out at themselves in frustration and anger like all animals in traps do. Their instincts will betray them, and they'll fall like rotting fruit."

formed roosters, and cyborg monkeys from the future can get a little difficult. Even if all of the major newspapers, TV networks, and publishers weren't controlled by the Lodge, it'd still be hard to get CNN to run a special on the King of the Thunder Pagoda. So the Jammers have turned to the one place where information is completely and totally free: The Internet.

Jammers absolutely adore the Internet. It's still in a state of gleeful anarchy in 1996, and they can't get enough of it. They're uploading songs to Napster that haven't been written yet, posting the truth about Area 51 to conspiracy newsgroups, and sending viruses out that make people's computers say, "Boatman sucks, Bonengel blows." They're also recruiting new members to their cause. Slowly but surely, people are listening.

Furious George, on the Dragons

"Nice guys, don't get me wrong, but can you say 'naïve'? Man, those guys are total suckers for a good cause. Show 'em a few cute kids, or a little old lady, or maybe just some pretty damsel in distress, and they're off like a shot to save the day. They don't ever think about the big picture, not even a little, y'know? That's something the Boss Monkey is big on, and I agree. The Dragons are great guys...and it's gonna get 'em all killed."



Blowing Up Hong Kong (A Work In Progress)

Scientists, geomancers, sorcerers, and interested laypersons in almost all the factions have been studying Hong Kong since the beginning of the Secret War, trying to determine how the tiny island can have such amazingly powerful chi. The Jammers, of course, act as the exception to the rule, instead studying Hong Kong to determine just how much explosive power would be required to blow the whole island clean off the map.

Unsurprisingly, it'd take a lot. Battlechimp knows exactly how much, and one of his ongoing projects is the destruction of Hong Kong. He's aware that it'll take nuclear weapons to accomplish the project, and has been trying without success to acquire one for the past three years. He's also aware of the loss of life that would result if a nuclear warhead was detonated in the middle of Hong Kong, but he's decided that it's best if he doesn't dwell on such things. People die in wars, and the tactical advantages to be gained by destroying the island are simply too good to pass up.

The 1996 General

Neil Glasscock first realized the potential of the Internet in the early 1990's, when he started college. His school offered free Internet access for students, and after missing a whole week of classes due to Web-surfing addiction, he hit upon the idea that there was a major market for "electronic commerce" that very few people had tapped. He dropped out of college and started up his own online business, selling videos and CDs over the Internet. His company went public at the beginning of the big e-commerce boom

Neil Glasscock

Sample Dialogue: "Your 'Demons Are Real' site is good, but have you considered using frames?"

Attributes: Bod 5, Chi 0 (For 5), Mnd 9 (Cha 4), Ref 5

Skills: Fix-It 16, Info/Web Design 18, Info/Internet Culture 16, Driving 14, Guns 10, Leadership 12

Unique Schticks:

Online: Neil isn't very good at face-to-face interaction, but he comes off very well over the Net; he gains a +5 to his Cha and to all Cha-based skills when he's interacting with someone online.

Web of Contacts: Neil can spend a Fortune die when on the computer to find someone who can be of use to him; this could be someone who has information, or an eBay auction for the vital part he needs, or perhaps just a pizza delivery place when he and his covert team are starving.

Weapons: punch (6), kick (7), Beretta Centurion (10/2/15+1)

of the 1990s, and Neil is now a very rich man.

Neil still spent a lot of his time surfing the web, and while there, he bumped into some Jammer agents in one of the conspiracy newsgroups. At first, he thought their ideas were the usual sort of absurd stuff you see on conspiracy newsgroups, but a little checking left him A) convinced, and B) in danger from the Lodge. He went to the Jammers, and made a deal: he gets protection, and they, in turn, make use of his computer resources to reach others. The deal's worked pretty well, and as Neil has learned more about the Secret War, Potemkin has put him in charge of more operations in the '96 juncture. He's also taken a liking to the Jammers — they're free spirits, they're fighting for a good cause, and next to them, his name looks downright normal.



2056

2056 is a contradictory place for the Jammers; on the one hand, the struggle against the forces of chi is really a struggle against the repressive Buro, and as such, this is the ultimate prize for them; on the other hand, due to the repressive nature of the Buro, it's almost impossible to accomplish anything effective here. They can't really make much headway in the police state of 2056, instead relying on pinprick strikes that really serve to enrage the enemy more than anything else. They also make the few trouble spots that do exist that much worse (see Chapter Five for more on these trouble spots), but on the whole, it's hard to make much of a direct impact.

This is why the Jammers have decided to be, difficult as it is to believe, subtle.

Free the Abomos!

The Jammers already know that most of the abominations aren't really thrilled with serving the Buro military machine. The monsters have been turned into something monstrous even to them, and if it was at all possible, they'd like to get even with the people who made them what they are. Unfortunately for the abominations, they're stuck with a little something called a *neural grepper*, an arcanowave device that forces them to obey the Buro on pain of death, or at the very least on pain of pain.

Rah Rah Rasputine, the Jammers' resident arcanowave expert, sabotaged a group of neural greppers once, reversing them so that instead of discouraging the abominations from attacking Buro targets, they actually encouraged them; this, of course, was the genesis of the infamous Chromosome Screemers. Now, they're trying to work out a way to sabotage the

The Neural Grepper

The neural grepper is a small, toad-like demon that has been bred and altered by the Buro to have an understanding of only a few simple concepts: that the Buro is good, and a rough description of what the Buro is. They implant the grepper into abominations by setting it on the skull. The grepper sinks through the flesh, wrapping itself around the living brain of the abomination. It exists as a parasite, feeding off the electrical energies of the brain in an essentially harmless fashion.

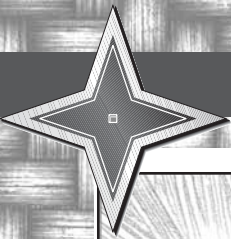
Essentially harmless, that is, unless the brain in question tries to disobey or harm the Buro, at which point the grepper registers its dislike for the "flavor" of the brainwaves by discharging neural energy at the pain centers of the abomination.

In game terms, attempting to disobey an order requires a Willpower check against a Difficulty of 7; success means that the affected creature disobeys, but gains a point of Impairment. This Impairment is cumulative; worse, when it reaches 5, the affected creature has to start making Death Checks, rolling its Con against the amount of Impairment imposed by the grepper. Failure means the creature's brain explodes as the grepper grows over-excited and discharges a lethal amount of energy. At any time, the abomination can negate the Impairment by obeying the order. Keep in mind, the grepper reads thoughts, so pretending to obey won't fool it.

Once you've got a neural grepper in your head, there are only two ways to get rid of it. The first is through surgery; if you can find someone with the Arcanowave Device skill and the Surgery subskill of Medicine, surgery can be attempted. They'd better be careful; the Difficulty for both checks is 15, and if they critically fail, the grepper explodes and takes your brain with it. The second way to get rid of a neural grepper is even trickier, though. If you critically succeed on one of those Death Checks for disloyalty, the grepper "chokes" on your neural energies and dies, leaving you free to disobey as much as you want.

The neural grepper is only implanted in abominations, because it's always "plugged in." Planting a neural grepper in a human horribly mutates the human within hours. Greppers are not always reliable. The greppers have a lifespan, just like any other creature, and sometimes die of natural causes. No PC abomination has to start with a neural grepper, and it doesn't count as an arcanowave device. If, however, you've always loved that "Blake's 7" mystique, feel free to put a toad in your head.

factories where the neural greppers are produced. Success would mean that the entire Buro army of abominations



The Skimmer, on the Architects of the Flesh

"You stay down here long enough, you get a pretty good handle on what's hidden beneath the surface. The Bobos, they have everything you can imagine hidden. They kill babies, they tear apart souls. For them, freedom's a dirty word. I hear it wasn't always this way. They think they can crush the human spirit, and that's going to be their big mistake. The people they're using to do the crushing are people, first and foremost, and the more you try to make them into mindless little robots, the more of them are going to see the world our way. Sooner or later, they won't have anyone who's on their side."

would turn on their creators, bringing down the Buro in one fell swoop.

Unfortunately for them, it's not that easy. The neural grepper factories have the tightest security of anything the Buro or the CDCA guard; Boatman and Bonengel have considered the possibilities of sabotaged neural greppers as well. A failed attempt would only tighten security further, so Battlechimp is willing to take the time to get the assault exactly right before he tries this major gambit.

The Vivisector Rebellion

Not all of the abominations possess neural greppers, though. The vivisectors didn't get them for two reasons. First, the CDCA designed them for their intelligence, and putting a demonic toad in their brains that gives them shocks won't help that intelligence. Second, they cre-

ated the vivisectors out of wandering spirits, giving them flesh, but not an abundance of strength or speed. If they need to discipline the vivisectors, conventional methods will do just fine.

Or at least, that was the theory when they created the vivisectors. As it turned out, they weren't as easy to control as the CDCA expected. They haven't been attacking CDCA scientists, though, or sabotaging experiments. Instead, and possibly worse, from the Buro's point of view, they've been quietly, politely, and calmly agitating to become full citizens of the Buro state.

This doesn't sit well with the Buro. They created the abominations to be disposable soldiers that nobody will miss when they're gone; giving them citizenship defeats the whole purpose of the exercise. Not to mention the Buro sees a propaganda nightmare in trying to integrate abominations into human society.

As a result, the Buro has stonewalled the vivisectors with vague promises and endless reams of studies, while the vivisectors have grown more and more agitated. Some have already openly defected to the Jammers, but most have decided that more-subtle means, and more-extreme ends, are called for.

They've formed a secret society operating within the CDCA called "The Seed



of the New Flesh.” Having essentially formed the opinion that abominations are superior to humanity — let’s face it, how many of us can fly? — they plan to overthrow the humans altogether.

Battlechimp doesn’t want them to succeed. He views abominations as, well, abominations, and isn’t interested in them controlling the future any more than he wants Boatman and Bonengel in charge. However, he’s well aware of the old adage, “The enemy of my enemy is my friend,” and he’s been secretly aiding the Seed in their plans with information and equipment through his vivisector allies within the Jammers.

There’s still one major aspect to the whole operation that Battlechimp isn’t aware of; namely, that Homo Omega, his arch-nemesis, is also working with the Seed of the New Flesh. In fact, Homo Omega is one of the senior members of the society, and is manipulating them very effectively towards more-extreme policies of human conversion or extermination. Omega knows about Battlechimp though, and relishes the irony that one of his worst enemies is secretly furthering his goals.

Bo vs. Bo

Both the Jammers and the Seed of the New Flesh are working at one of the key weak points in the Buro’s domination of the world — the rivalry between the CDCA and the Buro itself, or to put it more precisely, the rivalry between Curtis Boatman and Johann Bonengel. The two have always been uneasy allies; Boatman is a hedonist, comfortable and secure in his current position and interested in what rulership of the world can bring to him, while Bonengel is a crusader, filled with the belief that he can actually bring Utopia to existence and driven with the need to expand his vision to other

junctions. These differing worldviews have always clashed, and the result has been that the scientific wing and the military wing of the one-world government have never exactly seen eye to eye.

Battlechimp knows this, and plays one against the other. He’s planted evidence that the CDCA has leaked military information, or deliberately sabotaged important experiments in the hopes of forcing action against the CDCA. By separating the research division from the military division, Potemkin hopes to deprive them of their technological superiority. So far, there’ve been no major rifts, but Potemkin hopes that through the use of one of his other plans, he can cause an incident major enough to spark civil war.

The 2056 General

As far as everyone in authority knows, the Buro has absolute control over the feng shui of 2056. It’s mapped, assaulted, taken, and controlled every major site in the world, with the few exceptions being those whose feng shui enables their controllers to resist such assaults. Even these, though, it’s isolated from each other and trapped in small pockets. But it has no idea that a Jammer sympathizer designed a major feng shui site whose chi makes it virtually invisible to the Buro.

The Skimmer began his career as a minor city planning official, designing the Buro’s “Communities of the Future.” Unbeknownst to anyone in authority, he was also an expert geomancer, having picked up his skills from his father, who was in turn trained by his father before him. It would have been child’s play for him to build strong chi resonances into each city, but as a secret Jammer sympathizer, he didn’t want to aid the Buro any more than he had to.

It wasn’t until he was promoted to the design team on the nationwide sewage



control system that he decided to put his geomantic talents to use. He made a sewer that was a model of efficiency and waste management, but he also designed it to possess powerful feng shui. Because of the geomantic resonances of the site, it attracts the secrets that the Buro has tried so hard to flush away. By attuning himself to it, he can now see these secrets, divining them through the sewage. Every movement they make, he spots. Every time they go to the bathroom, he learns a little bit more about them. Eventually, he'll blow the site when it's outlived its usefulness, but for now, "ethical flexibility" makes it too useful a resource for the Jammers to give up.

The best part? The very nature of the sewer system's chi hides it from any attempt to discover it. It's all the things that the Buro wants to get rid of, and hence, they can't see it even though it's under their very noses. By attuning to it, the Skimmer's become an invisible man to the Buro.

The Netherworld

Seeing as how the Jammers are based out of the Netherworld, Battlechimp doesn't need to delegate authority to anyone there. He also doesn't try to pull anything too audacious, preferring not to rock the boat in the place where he's headquartered — for example, he tries to stay out of the Four Monarchs' way, instead of inviting suicide by battling against any of them. He does, however, actively recruit among the DisTimed and the rabble of the Netherworld, and has been secretly courting a few influential denizens such as Zebediah Paine, Ahexotl, and Reverend RedGlare. As yet, there've been no takers, but Battlechimp is patient.

The Skimmer

Sample Dialogue: "Water's colored kinda funny today. Bonengel must be planning a new offensive."

Attributes: Bod 5, Chi 8, Mnd 8, Ref 5

Skills: Info/Geomancy 18, Intrusion 14, Detective 21, Guns 13

Unique Schticks:

Invisible Man: Agents of the Buro have a -5 penalty to their Perception rolls to notice the Skimmer.

Disgusting Divination: The Skimmer does not need to have access to suspects, physical evidence, or any of the usual clues to use his Detective skill; he simply needs to watch the sewage flow by for a while. He can also use his Detective skill to find out about ambushes, so long as they're taking place in the sewer.

Weapons: punch (6), kick (7), Buro Backup Arm (8/1/5+1)

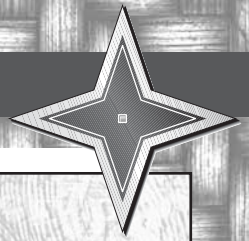
After all, everything falls apart sooner or later. All he's trying to do is make it "sooner."

Faction-Specific Goals

The Jammers don't get on well with most of the factions, which just makes dealing with them that much more important. Battlechimp knows that they don't think of the Jammers as subtle, but that actually gives him an advantage in dealing with them — they don't think the Jammers are even capable of having spies, much less of having good ones. Of course, some groups are easier to spy on than others.

The Dragons

Technically speaking, the Dragons and the Jammers are friendly with one



another. They've invited members into each other's headquarters, they've co-operated on missions, and the few times where they've been at odds, it's been because one side or the other has been manipulated. The two are about as close as any two factions can be.

However, this didn't stop Battlechimp from placing a spy into their ranks. He's aware that some of the plans he's got up his sleeve will put him in direct opposition to the Dragons, and he wants to know about it when they start getting close. Johnny Badhair, the Jammers' man on the inside, isn't what you'd expect a spy to be like — and as far as he's concerned, he's not a spy at all. He's just a Dragon who's also a Jammer, and who occasionally mentions to his old buddies what the rest of the boys in his new group are up to. He doesn't see any clash of loyalties yet. When he does, Battlechimp isn't really sure which side he'll come down on... which is why Battlechimp doesn't tell him anything that he doesn't want coming back to the Dragons.

The Dragons, in turn, suspect that Johnny might be giving up information to the Jammers, but it's hard for them not to like Johnny — he's utterly fearless, he'll risk his life for any one of them in a second, and his hair qualifies as "modern art" in thirteen museums.

The Guiding Hand

The Jammers might hate the Lotus, they might want nothing less than the total destruction of the Buro, but nobody gets right up their left nostril like the self-righteous jerks of the Guiding Hand. In a way, the Guiding Hand is the total opposite of the Jammers. One faction believes in deference to authority, the wisdom of

Johnny Badhair

Sample Dialogue: "Let's go — living forever is overrated!"

Attributes: Bod 6, Chi 0 (For 6), Mnd 5, Ref 8

Skills: Intrusion 10, Martial Arts 12, Gambling 11, Info/Secret War 10, Info/Netherworld 9, Info/Jammers 13, Info/Dragons 12, Guns 16, Driving 15, Sabotage 12, Fix-It 13

Gun Schticks: Who Wants Some x3

Unique Schtick:

Evitable Comeback: Johnny's got a knack for survival—his luck might not hold out forever, but it has so far. Every time Johnny fails a Death Check, he can permanently reduce his Fortune score by one to survive the battle; at that point, something happens (such as an explosion) to obscure what happened to his body, and he returns later on, seemingly unhurt. Johnny can only use this ability if he has unspent Fortune points that session.

Weapons: punch (7), kick (8), UZI (10/4/40), AK-47 (13**/5/30)

one's elders, the guiding power of chi, and peace, serenity, and austerity as a means to spiritual wholeness. The other believes in anarchy, the energy of youth, and visiting massive amounts of destruction on everything that moves.

Despite that, Battlechimp Potemkin has managed to sneak a few spies into the Guiding Hand. It's very easy for the elderly masters to speak of the purity of the spirit and to warn against the corruption of the flesh in 1850, but once their students hit the 1996 juncture, all bets are off.

Battlechimp has operatives that specialize in finding monks that are just entering the contemporary juncture and dazzling them with some of that modern technology that they're supposed to find so evil — once he's got his hooks into them, he usually finds that they've changed their viewpoints enough on "deference to the elderly and to authority" that they'll gladly aid the Jammers. Of course, none of these agents last long — either they repent, or the Hand chucks them out into the mean streets of '96 without a backwards glance. But there're always plenty more where they

came from. As usual, wrecking these poor monks' lives doesn't keep Battlechimp up late or anything.

The Eaters of the Lotus

As far as the Jammers are concerned, the whole "chi" problem started with these pathetic little eunuchs. They'd love to be able to dig up the roots of the problem back in 69 AD and keep the whole mess from ever starting, but it's not as easy as it looks. The Lotus has demons, monsters, and magic on its side — which the Jammers, naturally, point to as just

another example of what using chi can do to you. After all, normal people don't traffic in human souls on a daily basis, do they?

The cultural divide keeps the Jammers from getting a foothold within the Lotus, just like it keeps the Lotus from getting much of a foothold within the Jammers. The gap of almost two thousand years is so wide, it's almost impossible to find anyone who can span it. Not to mention, infiltrating the Lotus as a sorcerer has some extra dangers for most guys, which we won't dwell on. On the whole, Battlechimp sticks to the old-fashioned ways of intelligence gathering — hidden microphones, surveillance cameras, et cetera. This works a lot better than you'd





think. The sorcerers of the Lotus still aren't fully up to speed on modern technology, and don't know that the Imperial Palace has been bugged.

The Ascended

Some Jammers feel like they can ignore the Lodge. After all, their "world domination" is pretty benign next to the Lotus or the Buro, and even in the junctures they control, you can still get a cheeseburger with the works, surf the Internet, and listen to loud rock music — all at the same time!

Needless to say, Battlechimp doesn't feel that way. To him, chi domination is chi domination, and as far as he's concerned, the Lodge is just another target on the list. A lot of his operations, in fact, center on the Lodge, simply because with two junctures to control, they've got too much territory to guard effectively. The Jammers can sneak through the cracks pretty easily to hit spots that the Lodge can't defend.

The Architects of the Flesh

In two words or less: complete destruction. In four words or less: complete and utter destruction. The Jammers have no mercy to spare for the Buro — most of them grew up under Buro tyranny in one form or another, and the ranks of the Jammers are full of people, things, and things that used to be people that have the Buro alone to blame for their current state of existence. This doesn't stop the Jammers from using spies within the ranks of the Buro and the CDCA, of course; quite a few of the BuroMil grunts and the vivisectors are secretly aiding

and abetting the enemy. But it does mean that there's no chance of an alliance, or a truce, or even of any quarter given.

The Four Monarchs

The Jammers have to share the Netherworld with these guys, and the situation is kinda similar to the last month of the lease with a room-mate you can't stand. The two groups never talk to each other, they avoid each other's company when at all possible, but they're always finding passive-aggressive ways to get on each other's nerves. The Jammers, of course, want to mess with the Monarchs because the Monarchs are big "chi-ters." However, they don't want to push any of the Monarchs too far, because then they might take a personal interest in the Jammers, and there's just no way that can turn out well. It's that "single-handedly fought whole armies" thing. Gives you a real tough rep. So the Jammers content themselves with small acts of spite and malice, and make sure that they always have a scapegoat to pin it on should things get rough. They'd love to be able to do something large and hang the blame on the Buro; so far, they haven't come up with the best plan on how to do that.

Contingency Plans

"The best-laid plans of mice and men gang aft agley." Nobody knows better than the Jammers how true that Shakespearean phrase with the funky moon language at the end is, especially

since they spend large amounts of time ganging the aft agley right out of other people's plans. Battlechimp's ready, though, for when things go from bad to worse to worst. Here are just a few of the scenarios he's anticipated.

Replacing the Replacements

As previously stated, if something ever happens to Battlechimp Potemkin, Green Rain and Furious George will step in to take over the leadership of the Jammers. This leaves one big question, though: who takes over if something happens to Green Rain or Furious George?

In the case of Green Rain, she's already selected her own successor. As far as she's concerned, if anything happens to her, Akaza Dizai, the vivisector leader, will step up to take charge of the science division; she's impressed with his intellect, and with his commitment to the rights of his people. She hasn't told anyone this, though, instead choosing to leave sealed orders to be opened in the event of her death. She chose this option because some of the Jammer scientists don't work well with abominations; finding out that one of them was going to be her successor might leave Akaza in a precarious position. She'd just as soon not force him into that any sooner than she has to.

Furious George, on the other hand, has more value as a combatant than a strategist; in a fight, he's a whirlwind of devastation, capable of taking out virtually any enemy. Battlechimp can ill afford to lose that kind of firepower, but if it does happen, he's prepared. Several Jammer technicians have sealed plans for a cyborg ape, codenamed King Kung, to be activated in the event that either Potemkin or

George are killed or grievously wounded. Creating King Kung would be a serious drain on Jammer resources, which is why the plan is reserved for emergencies. As far as Potemkin is concerned, though, the loss of Furious George easily meets that condition.

Apeless

King Kung would be created in the Ape Factory, but that brings up another question: what happens if the Ape Factory is located and destroyed? Battlechimp keeps security at the Factory at near-paranoid levels (see Chapter Five for more information on the Ape Factory), but even so, he's aware that nothing can be defended forever. As such, he's set aside small parts caches throughout the South American rainforests of 1996, and excavated a dozen or so miniature Ape Factories underground in those locations. None of them have anywhere near the capacity of the Ape Factory itself, but if they all worked together, they could come close to keeping the Jammers stocked with reinforcements until a new, full-scale assembly line could be built.

The Long March

The Jammers' territory in the Netherworld is a nigh-impregnable base deep within the heart of the Silent Jungle (see *Elevator to the Netherworld*, page 86, for more on the Silent Jungle and the Jammers' base therein.) But as we all know, "nigh-impregnable" and "impregnable" are not the same thing at all, and as such, Battlechimp has drilled his troops on how to handle being driven out of their base in the Netherworld.

The first step, according to the instructions, is to make for the nearest portal leading to either 69 AD or 1850.



On your way out, make sure to take as much equipment as you can, and destroy what you can't, in spectacular fashion, of course. 1996 and 2056 have too many options for the enemy – they'll be able to spot you and bring you in far too quickly for it to be considered safe.

Once you've made it to one of the two early junctures, start trying to make

contact with the local Jammers; this means either traveling to Jammer Lake, or to the Temple of the Cheeky Monkey. (See Chapter Five for more on these locales.) Others should be meeting you there. From that point on, the survivors will begin planning depending on what resources remain, and who made it out. At that point, the revenge will begin.



Gorilla Warfare

MONKEYWRENCH

GENOCIDE LOUNGE, NETHERWORLD

The information was starting to come in now. It wasn't exactly a flood, but now that we knew where the kids were coming from, it was getting a lot easier to find out about 'em.

We found records of a kidnapping in a maternity ward in Singapore 1996, six months ago. The whole ward, thirty kids, had been taken in the middle of the night. We hadn't tagged to it because the Bobos have plenty of kids in their own home juncture to steal.

We had two big questions tonight: "How are we gonna get onto a secure space station?" and "What the heck does 'Malacostraca' mean?"

I'd been talking with people. Now don't get any ideas that I'm a big man in the Jammers. I'm strictly Shaggy and Scooby level, y'know? But I can pull some strings, call in some favors, and guys owe me that owe other guys. If I had to, I could pull in some of the Dragons and the Guiding Hand. They're both kinda boring, but neither one of 'em have any love for the Buro, and both of them would be down on anyone who'd stolen kids. But I wasn't sure if I wanted to go that far yet. That was why I was talking with Chimp Change and Furious George first.

I'd gotten lucky tonight. Chimp Change was on the high end of his intelligence. When I dropped word about Project: Malacostraca, George almost hit the fan. Chimp Change calmed him down with, "Wait, gentle warrior. Patience may not always be a virtue, but I think that we must figure out the secrets that our nemeses have been concealing from us before we bring to light their perfidious actions. Though I abhor their machinations as much as you, information is power, and—" someone must've geared up an arcanotech device nearby, 'cause he stopped for a second and then said, "We should really find out. It could be very important, George."

George went along for a while, but I could tell he was antsy. "We know what station it is, right?"

"Yeah," I said. "Station 14. That puts it in a synch orbit over Russia. There's a Netherworld portal about five miles from the launching platform; that must be why they chose it for this. I figure a team could sneak on a shuttle, but it'd be a near-suicide mission. Getting down again would be—" I didn't want to think about blasting off from a Buro space station as its defenses came to bear. "Well, it'd be tough. Real tough."

Chimp Change spoke up again. "Is there any clue as to what they're doing with the kids?"

"Just the code name for the project. Malacostraca. I don't even know what that is."

"It's a class of crustacean. It includes crabs, lobsters, and similar animals." That was smart Chimp Change talking.

"So you think that Bobo's making mutant crabs out of little babies or something?" George asked.

"I don't know what's going on up there," I said. "All I know is, if we wanna find out, we better get used to the idea of sending someone up there to die, because those space stations are just about impossible to crack."

That was when the room went quiet. Not scared quiet, though. We're talking "awed hush" quiet.

The Battlechimp himself had come in. He walked through the crowd, patting people on the back, saying "hi" to people. It seemed like he knew the name of every person in the bar. Then he came right down to sit at our table. You could hear the chair groan when he sat on it. He looked down at me and he said, "Monkeywrench. I hear you've been busy."

I was lost for words. First time in my life that ever happened, I can tell you. "Yeah," I said, after taking a long gulp of my beer to keep my throat from drying out. "The Bobos are up to some big plan." I filled him in, then looked up at him. "We're trying to figure out some way to crack that space station right now, but you know what it's like in the Outer Limits. It's not like the BRC or the Arcanotowers. There's one way in, one way out."

Potemkin sat there for a long moment. He didn't move at all when he was thinking. Creepy. Then he finally did move again.

"The problem is in getting in. The stations are armed and will fire on approaching shuttles that don't give the correct security codes. Once on board the station, though, opposition will be light. There's only a token SecOps force there, since everyone assumes that the station weapons will be enough to stop incursion. Getting out will be no difficulty at all."

"Are you kidding? I mean, um... Sir, the station weapons will destroy the shuttle when it tries to leave. There's no way they could get out of range before they were killed."

"That assumes that there's someone left to operate those weapons. Get your team ready, Monkeywrench. I plan to assume personal command of the mission."

A Barrel of Monkeys

JAMMER ROSTER

Chimp Change

"Welcome to Sector 22A, Consumer," the irritatingly brisk voice chirped as they stepped out of the portal into the darkened sewers. "We hope you find your maintenance duties pleasant and FZKAWK!"

Chimp Change looked over at the gearhead who was already stripping down the speaker for parts. "I say," he said, "was that entirely necessary? I do realize that we are opponents of the oppressor state, but we must prioritize said opposition, and frankly, the deactivation of a small propaganda dissemination device seems more an act of petty spite than of resistance."

The gearhead looked up at him. "Huh?" she said. "Five minutes ago, you were like, 'Me want breaky-breaky Bobos,' now you're a walking dictionary. What gives?"

Chimp Change sighed. "Sad to say, my intellect is subject to numerous fluctuations – indeed, to a veritable perambulation across the evolutionary ladder. At the moment, however, I retain my full faculties, a situation I suggest we take advantage of. As long as you have removed the casing from that piece of equipment, might I suggest cross-wiring it into the power supply there and, using

Chimp Change

Sample Dialogue: "Veritably, the passage through the portal provides a thrill the likes of which Columbus must have felt upon discovering...it cold here. lck."

Attributes: Bod 6, Chi 0, Mnd 6, Ref 7

Skills: Intrusion 9, Martial Arts 15, Deceit 8, Driving 14, Guns 13, Sabotage 10, Fix-It 9

Fu Powers: Laughter of the Monkey, Taunt of the Monkey, Dance of the Monkey

Transformed Animal Schticks: Bounce x3, Caper

Unique Schtick:

Constant Evolution: At the beginning of each session, and whenever the juncture modifiers for arcanowaves change (including traveling to another juncture), make a closed roll. Add the result to Chimp Change's Body, and subtract it from his Mind. (A negative result on the roll will push up his Mind score up and his Body going down, of course.) This will result in his skills and damage changing; make sure to calculate that when making rolls for him.

Weapons: punch (6), kick (7), Uzi (10/4/40)

some sort of adhesive – you do have duct tape, yes? – simply affix it to the support strut there and reactivate it."

A rumble shook the tunnel as the speaker began to resonate with the strut. The gearhead looked up in awe. "Dude, it's gonna shake apart the whole tunnel! Awesome! So how do we get out?"



*Chimp Change looked at her blankly.
“Dunno. You got food, nice lady?”
That was when the tunnel collapsed.*

Chimp Change is the result of an experiment on the part of the CDCA to create transformed animals through technological means. The logic was simple — as soon as the CDCA discovered the existence of the Lodge, the attractions of transforming animals into humans were almost self-evident. Transformed animals would make excellent soldiers, retaining abilities of their former selves. In addition, vast numbers of them could be bred in animal form and subjected to the transformation. The only difficulty at that point was to determine how to bring about such a transformation, and the CDCA was confident they could crack that particular nut without too much trouble.

Chimpanzees were selected as the initial test subjects, since they were fairly close to humans anyway, and eventually, through the use of arcanowave-modified microbes that infested the subject, they managed to make a single chimp become human.

The problem, though, was that the transformation was unstable. The chimp's immune system was constantly battling the microbes, and fluctuations in the strength of the arcanowaves compounded the problem. The resultant creature sometimes had the intellect of a genius, and other times the strength of a gorilla, but never both at once.

In the laboratory environment of 2056, this didn't become readily apparent. When they moved the test subject to the Netherworld for further tests, though, the change in magic levels turned it into a berserker, and it easily ripped out of its transport cell. It wandered the Netherworld for weeks, the natural flow of magic and arcanotech continually

mutating it back and forth, until it stumbled onto the Jammers. They recognized a kindred spirit, and nicknamed him “Chimp Change.” Despite his not being one of the original Project: Cornelius survivors, they nonetheless consider him to be one of them.

Apeshot

“Alright, you sons of monkeys, listen up! We've been ordered by the Big Man himself to take that hill! He says it's vital to the war effort! But that ain't why we're gonna take that hill!

“We're gonna take that hill because we're the Flying Monkey Squad, and there ain't a Bobo that's been born, captured, or grown that can stop us! We're gonna take that hill because we're the toughest apes to crawl outta the Ape Factory, and we don't know the meaning of the word 'quit'! Or a lotta other words, either!

“And most importantly,” Apeshot lowered his mirrorshades to stare at his troops, “we're gonna take that hill because I'm gonna be heading in there first, and if I don't see each and every one of you in my rear-view mirrors flying in right behind me, I'm personally gonna kick seven kinds of hell out of you. You got that?”

The troops roared in affirmation. “Good,” Apeshot said, lowering his helmet into position. “Then let's get out there and take that hill the only way we know how — headfirst!”

When the CDCA first began work on the Flying Monkey Squad, their plans were quite different; instead of soldiers, they were designed as one-shot weapons.

“Smart bombs” had long been a goal of every military scientist. However, the computer intelligences were difficult to program and far too expensive to waste on a single missile.



Apeshot

Sample Dialogue: "Boy, I've rammed my head through tougher stuff than you."

Attributes: Bod 7 (Str 6, Mov 4 (11 in flight), Tgh 13), Chi 0, Mnd 4 (Per 11, Wil 11, Int 11), Ref 6 (Spd 11, Dex 11)

Skills: Martial Arts 12, Intimidation 14, Info/CDCA 15, Driving 17, Guns 16, Sabotage 13

Gun Schticks: Both Guns Blazing x3

Hardware Schticks: Sensory Upgrade, Override Implants, Adrenal Enhancement, Targeting Computer, Body Armor, Onboard Computer, Flight x3, Missile Launcher x2

Unique Schtick:

Ramming Speed! Apeshot's head is heavily armored, allowing him to charge full-on into opponents. His normal ram attack costs three shots and does 10 Damage, but for every shot he delays his action (as he gathers speed while preparing to charge), he gets a +1 bonus to his Damage. (If the damage bonus goes over his Toughness, he suffers 1 Wound Point for each point by which it exceeds his Toughness.)

Weapons: punch (7), kick (8), twin missile launchers (23**/—/5)

That was where the monkeys came in. CDCA scientists designed a missile whose navigational system was cybernetically linked to a mentally-upgraded chimpanzee. Apeshot was the first of these "test pilots," and was sent on a mission with a dummy warhead and commanded to strike a target while avoiding obstacles. The results weren't quite what the scientists had expected. Instead of avoiding obstacles, Apeshot simply plowed through them. He did manage to strike the target — in fact, with the speed he'd built up, he smashed it to bits. Although this wasn't what the CDCA had in mind, they quickly learned to adapt Apeshot's tendencies to the program, turning him into a high-speed battering ram with a heavily armored helmet. After Battlechimp freed him, he continued to make use of those skills as commander of the Flying Monkey Squad.

Apeshot is known as a tough commander; he practices his speeches by watching movies like 'Patton' and 'Full Metal Jacket,' and tries to outdo the drill sergeants in those movies. It's said that this is why the Flying Monkey Squad is one of the most-feared Jammer units — nobody wants to be on the receiving end of a speech by Apeshot.

Rah Rah Rasputine

The metallic fist slowly tightened around Rah Rah's windpipe, and the leer of the Buro supersoldier seemed to waver out of focus as he chuckled.

"End of the line for you, consumer," he said as he plugged his robot arm into his I/O port.

Rah Rah reached up and grabbed at the wrist of the robot arm, pulling at it weakly. The results, though, were spectacular as the arm spasmed and released her.

"What the—?" the supersoldier gasped in shock, trying to control the twitching limb.

Rah Rah stood up, coughing just a bit. "You're using the XJ-23." She punched him in the face. "Those have a .5 second delay when switching over from the on-board battery to the arcanotech systems; during that time, it's got a locking mechanism that should prevent you from losing your grip on whatever you're holding." A kick to the crotch followed, causing him to double over in pain. "But the locking mechanism was a shoddy design; if additional pressure is placed on the joint at the right time, it goes out of phase with the control systems, causing it to attempt to relock the joints every .5 seconds." She slammed a steel-reinforced kneecap into his skull as he clutched at his groin. "This is why your arm keeps twitching — it's trying to hold still, but you keep telling it to move." She looked down at him. "Well, now you're not telling anyone much of anything."



Raraswivali Rasputine was the daughter of a Sri Lankan scientist; her mother was a member of the resistance during the Sri Lankan Incursion of 2035, one of the later skirmishes in the Buro's battle to take control of the Earth. Although she was only nine at the time of the war, she was already assisting her mother in the lab, and was able to manufacture explosives and high-tech devices.

After the war, both mother and daughter were sent to the re-education camps. Raraswivali was both terrified of and curious about the speed with which her mother converted to the Buro's way of thinking. However, she decided to play along, and gained another assignment helping her mother, this time in the creation of the abominations. By the time she was sixteen, and the first Abomos rolled off the assembly lines, she knew the exact function of every single arcanosystem in each one, and how to disable it – including the Neural Grepper.

Eventually, Rasputine worked her way into a job in the Biomass Reprocessing Center; having learned something of the way chi worked, she decided that she stood a better chance of retaining her free will if she worked away from the Buro's powerful chi influence. She sabotaged the Neural Greppers on several abominations and defected to the Jammers, bringing them over with her to form a squad called the Chromosome Screammers. The altered abominations, not the brightest of the Buro's creations, simply called her "Rah Rah," a name that stuck in the slang-prone Jammers.

Rah Rah Rasputine

Sample Dialogue: "You're still using a 7000 series Helix Ripper?"

Those are prone to power failures. See?"

Attributes: Bod 5, Chi 0, Mnd 8, Ref 6 (Dex 8)

Skills: Arcanowave Device 13, Guns 15, Martial Arts 13, Sabotage 17

Gun Schticks: Carnival of Carnage x2

Arcanowave Devices: Robot Limb (right arm), Wave Scanner, Threat Evaluator, Feedback Enhancer, feel free to add others to this list. (Rah Rah is always experimenting with prototype arcanowave devices.)

Unique Schtick:

Machines Are My Friend: When fighting opponents that have Arcanowave Devices or Hardware schticks, Rah Rah can use her Sabotage skill instead of her Martial Arts skill to attack.

Weapons: punch (6/13 with robot arm), kick (7), AMT Automag IV (11/3/7+1)

Battlechimp Potemkin

Battlechimp didn't need to look up as the gunrunner entered his office. "Kayjay," he said, his voice cold and mechanical. "Glad to see you."

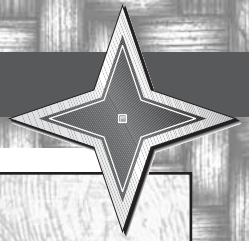
Kayjay nodded, perhaps a little nervously. "Good to see you too, sir. Um...you wanted to see me?"

"Yes. I wanted to commend you on your efforts – you've been doing an excellent job in scouting new feng shui sites for us. You've discovered a lot of sites we would never have found if not for your tireless efforts."

"Um, thanks, sir. I guess I've just got a nose for—"

"In fact, you've been so diligent that you've found and attuned to seven sites without reporting it, in direct contradiction of our directives. That shows a lot of initiative, Kayjay, but not much intelligence."

"Oh, jeezus, please, I didn't think it'd matter, I just..." Kayjay trailed off, staring up at the massive, hulking cyborg. "Please don't kill me."



Battlechimp's head swiveled back and forth on its mountings. "I'm not going to kill you, Kayjay. As I said, you've been doing an excellent job. I need men like you. I just wanted you to know that you are being watched." He held up a small remote detonator. "Consider this an object lesson in the benefits of loyalty." He pressed the button and watched as Kayjay doubled over. "Consider that a lesson on the sensations of de-attunement."

In many ways, Battlechimp Potemkin is the single greatest mistake the Architects of the Flesh ever made. He was not the first cyborg monkey that they designed; he was one of the later creations, and incorporates almost every advance they made in the field of cybernetics. In fact, some of the scientists who created him consider him to be their

Battlechimp Potemkin

Sample Dialogue: "Peace comes through superior firepower. Victory comes through overwhelming firepower."

Attributes: Bod 11 (Mov 13, Tgh 13, Con 12), Chi 0, Mnd 11, Ref 11

Skills: Martial Arts 14, Deceit 16, Leadership 17, Info/Buro 17, Info/CDCA 17, Driving 17, Guns 19, Sabotage 14, Fix-It 13

Gun Schticks: Who's the Big Man Now x2, Lightning Reload x3

Hardware Schticks: Tank Treads, Robot Limbs, Fusion Reactor, Body Armor, Synthetic Musculature, Targeting Computer, Adrenal Enhancement, Onboard Computer, Override Implants, Sensory Upgrade, Self-Repair System, Chainsword, Minigun, Flamethrower, Missile Launcher

Unique Schtick:

Rallying Cry: Battlechimp knows what motivates his men, women, and assorted others. Once per combat, he can make a speech, rolling a Leadership check with the Difficulty being the number of opponents involved in the combat. If he makes the check, all those fighting on his side gain a bonus to their next attack equal to the amount he succeeded the check by.

Weapons: punch (11), kick (12), chainsword (17), minigun (15**/—/1000), flamethrower (12/—/12), missile launcher (23**/—/5)

finest piece of work. (These scientists are currently in the Buro's re-education camps.)

The disaster came with the upgrades they had to make to Potemkin's consciousness. Essentially, the Battlechimp series was designed to be field generals, co-ordinating combat over an entire battlefield. This meant that they needed a thorough grounding in military theory, history, and strategy. Potemkin's mind was filled with this knowledge, and within five seconds of coming on-line, he'd already made his decision to rebel against the Buro state. Within five days, he'd converted half the original design team to his cause. Within a month, he'd escaped into the Netherworld and helped Anita Dao finish work on the prototype GateMaker she'd stolen.



As of now, the Battlechimp's plans are simple; he wants nothing less than to destroy the world's feng shui sites, putting humanity's destiny back into its own hands. He is utterly ruthless, and will sacrifice anything and anyone to achieve those goals, including himself.

Subject Eleven

Doctor Shihari blinked once, then twice, slowly, while he tried to take in the news. "You say Subject Eleven has escaped?" he said at last.

Commander Ryson nodded. "At 1100 hours, sir. The Athena facility was compromised by Jammer operatives, which liberated Subject Eleven. No other test subjects were taken, so we have to believe they had intel that specifically pointed them to—"

"Yes, yes, yes. So what you're telling me is that Potemkin now has Subject Eleven, and we don't know where he is or what he's planning?"

"Essentially, sir, that is the substance of my report. Yes."

"I see. Could I ask you to leave for a few moments? I have to think about how to explain this to the Buropresident."

Commander Ryson nodded, and left the room. As he closed the door behind him, he heard a gunshot.

Subject Eleven was the byproduct of the CDCA's Project: Athena. The project came out of the techniques used to augment the intelligence of apes in the Battlechimp project; if apes could be made to think at the level of humans, the theory went, how much smarter could humans be made?

There were numerous failures, as with any CDCA experiment; Subjects One through Three experienced no intelligence gain, while Subjects Four through Seven simply died of cerebral hemorrhages. Subject Eight went into a coma,

Subject Eleven

Sample Dialogue: "The structure of the universe is divined within the smallest details."

Attributes: Bod 4, Chi 0 (For 4), Mnd 15, Ref 4

Skills: Martial Arts 10, Deceit 18, Intimidation 17, Leadership 16, Gambling 17, Info/Everything (yes, everything!) 20, Sabotage 17, Detective 18, Fix-It 16

Stat Schticks: Quick Study, The Holmes Touch

Auxiliary Schticks: Photographic Memory

Unique Schtick:

Keep 'Em Talking: Subject Eleven is a master at finding his opponents' mental weaknesses, and using them to keep people off-balance and distracted. In practical terms, this means that whenever an opponent tries to attack him when he can talk to them, he has to first make a Willpower check against Eleven's Charisma of 15. Failure means he's said something that's struck a nerve, and the attacker feels the need to respond verbally. (Examples include his divining some horrible secret in her childhood, or mentioning that he knows who killed her lover... he just has a knack for dropping verbal monkey-wrenches into the conversation.)

Weapons: punch (5), kick (6)

where he has remained ever since. Subject Nine became violently afraid of cats and committed suicide (ever since, the project scientists have been nervous around cats, wondering if he knew something they didn't.) Subject Ten dissolved into an ectoplasmic goo that the scientists believe to be refined mental energy. Then they tested the process on Subject Eleven.

There was no doubt that Subject Eleven was superhumanly intelligent. His grasp of strategy, history, tactics, physics, arcanowave theory — simply everything — was beyond compare. However, he also developed sociopathic and megalomaniacal tendencies, using his intelligence to manipulate others to his own ends, or sometimes simply for sheer amusement. The Buro kept him secured in the Athena facility under the sort of conditions that made Hannibal Lecter's cell look like a minimum-security prison.

Then the Jammers broke him out.



Now, Subject Eleven is in charge of the Jammer intelligence division. He's recreated the conditions in his cell exactly, right down to the straitjacket he wears, claiming that it helps him think. Battlechimp is almost certain that Eleven has his own goals, and that they will diverge from the Jammers' plans at some point. However, he's decided he'll deal with that when the time comes.

Offense Temp

"Excuse me, sir," the security guard said, holding out a hand, "but this is a restricted area. You shouldn't be in here."

The man adjusted his tie and smiled at the security guard. "It's alright," he said. "I have permission from Johnson." He sighed in exasperation at the guard's perplexed expression. "You know. Johnson? The project supervisor?" The guard maintained his look of blank incomprehension. "Look," the man said, "I really don't have time for this. The project is reaching a critical stage, and they need me in there now or heads are going to roll. And you, my friend, do not have yours securely attached right now. Comprehend?"

The guard frowned worriedly, and pulled out his walkie-talkie. "I'll have to call this in, sir."

Suddenly, the man shuddered. His skin changed both color and texture, becoming a thick, wrinkly, elephantine hide, red in hue. Claws sprouted from his hands and feet, shredding the suit, even as his eyes began glowing crimson. "I wanted to do this the easy way," he said, his voice now rasping and harsh, "but you had to be stubborn." He wiggled his fingers. "I warned you...heads are going to roll."

The man that the Jammers have nicknamed "Offense Temp" (he prefers Bryant Davies) began his life in the Secret War as a cat burglar, a master of disguise who

Offense Temp

Sample Dialogue: "My credentials aren't in order? Could you check again? ...ROARRRR!!!!"

Attributes: Bod 10 (5 in human form), Chi 0 (Mag 8), Mnd 8 (Cha 10), Ref 8

Skills: Deceit 15, Detective 9, Guns 14, Info/Arts and Antiques 13, Info/Gems and Jewels 13, Intrusion 17, Martial Arts 15, Creature Powers 12

Creature Powers: Armor x2, Abysmal Spines x2, Regeneration, Transformation

Weapons: punch (11/6), kick (12/7), Beretta Bobcat (8/1/8+1)

prided himself on his ability to steal anything. It was this that brought him to the attention of the Lodge, which hired him to steal a jade statue belonging to an agent of the Lotus. The theft went off without a hitch, but when he met with his employers — well, things are actually something of a blank after that. His next memory is of awakening in the Netherworld in his demonic form, something he's certain he didn't have before he stole the statue.

Davies seems like something of an odd mix for the Jammers; he's cultured, calm, and a meticulous planner of his operations. Mixing with a bunch of explosives-crazy apes is not his style. However, he's found that the Jammers seem to be the best suited to appreciate his talents; the Hand is too judgemental about magic, the Dragons too moralistic about theft. The Architects would probably just vivisect him to find out what triggered his transformation, and the Lodge and the Lotus seem not to have forgotten the little matter of the jade statue, which both sides think he's retained for himself. What Davies doesn't know is that the Lodge has already captured him. In fact, it still has him — the creature known as "Offense Temp" is a demon that the Pledged have imprinted with the consciousness of Bryant Davies, using their



infamous “cloning tanks.” The real Davies is still imprisoned within the Hub. Offense Temp, however, managed to escape using his demonic body combined with his newly-imprinted escape artistry. The Lodge isn’t worried about having him on the loose, though; after all, if it needs to interrogate Davies, it can always make a new one. As it is, he’s nothing but a loose end, and they’re confident they can tie him up whenever they need to.

Jamal Hopkins

“Got a cigarette?” Payday scrounged through his pockets before finally handing over a Marlboro to EKG. “Thanks man. This babysitting gig is starting to get to me.” Both of them looked at their young charge.

Jamal Hopkins stared back at them, with every sign of recognition. “Up the ladder,” he said. “Down the passageway lined with teeth, and through the gates of horn.”

The two looked back at each other. “God, he freaks me out,” Payday said. “How do you think he got like that?”

“Dunno,” EKG replied. “I’m still trying to figure out what ‘like that’ means.”

Jamal chimed in with, “Past the statue of the frog, and take a left where the demon is impaled on the spike.”

Payday said, “I asked, once. Someone said he’s giving out directions. All the time, in his head, he’s like some sort of living map, y’know? I guess he’s supposed to be useful, because he knows how to get anywhere in the Netherworld, but I dunno how they get him to understand where they want to go.”

Jamal responded, with an edge of irritation in his voice. “Down the sloping tunnel, and wade through the knee-deep bile until you find the hole in the wall.”

EKG looked at Payday. “Think he can hear us?”

Payday looked at EKG. “Think we should be writing this down or something?”

Jamal Hopkin

Sample Dialogue: “Two turns left, one turn right, and into the whirlpool of blood.”

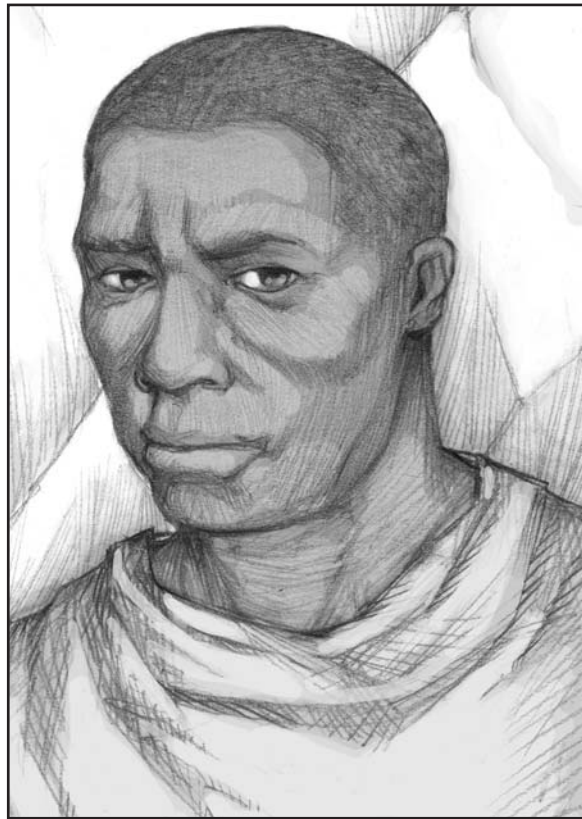
Attributes: Bod 4, Chi 7, Mnd 8, Ref 7

Skills: Info/Netherworld 22, Martial Arts 10, Intrusion 12, Shaping 15

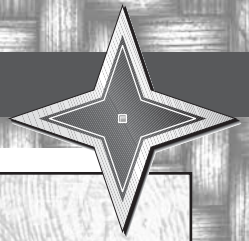
Unique Schtick:

Netherworld Knowledge: Jamal knows things about the Netherworld that nobody else does; sometimes, it seems that the place just rolls over and does tricks for him. Jamal can spend a Fortune die at any time to discover a hidden passage in the Netherworld; he frequently uses this to escape from pursuers.

Weapons: punch (5), kick (6)



It took months for Battlechimp Potemkin to even find out the smallest bit of information about Jamal Hopkins. By the time the Jammers found the child, he was already in his current state, speaking nothing but directions in a constant, unceasing flow. If not for the fact that



he'd had his name sewn onto his clothing, they might never have found out anything at all.

As it was, after some detective work, they uncovered records for a child in Nebraska with the name of Jamal Hopkins whose description matched their newfound human compass. It turned out that Jamal was autistic, and that his parents had been killed six weeks prior to their finding him. When confronted with this information, Jamal said, "Find the tombstone with the jester's face on it. Twist the nose to open the staircase leading into the hidden crypt."

It also turned out that there was an intermittent Netherworld portal in Jamal's house. Battlechimp is certain that when his parents were murdered, Jamal found some way to open the portal (or it opened on its own), and entered the Netherworld. Beyond that, even he's not sure. Something must have happened to him between then and when he was found; something that transformed him into a living map of the Netherworld, but left him unable to communicate with anyone in any meaningful way. Possibly his autism had something to do with it, or maybe anyone who'd found... whatever he found... would have wound up in the same condition. Either way, it's a mystery that Battlechimp would like to solve one day. In the meanwhile, he'll continue to make use of a valuable strategic asset.

Funky Monkey

"...and then Team Six will blow the gates, freeing the rest of us up to withdraw. If all goes according to plan, we should be home in time for 'Sliders.' Any questions before we move out?"

A hand festooned with golden rings shot up. The briefing officer sighed. "Funky Monkey?"

Funky Monkey

Sample Dialogue: "My unlimited love to you all, funk brothers...except you, Bobo." *BLAM*

Attributes: Bod 7 (Str 6, Con 5), Chi 0, Mnd 4 (Int 11, Per 3, Cha 8), Ref 11

Skills: Sabotage 13, Intimidation 14, Info/CDCA 16, Guns 15, Martial Arts 13, Driving 14, Info/Funk Music 19

Gun Schticks: Lightning Reload x3

Hardware Schticks: Synthetic Musculature, Targeting Computer, Adrenal Enhancement, Onboard Computer, Minigun

Unique Schtick:

Dance Dance for the Revolution: Funky Monkey is the only cyborg simian to have an implanted boom-box; this blasts funk whenever he's in combat. As long as it's playing, he gets +1 to all his AVs.

Weapons: punch (6), kick (7), minigun (15**/—/1000)

Funky Monkey stood up, adjusting the feather in his hat and brushing a bit of lint off of his velvet coat. "Brothers and sisters, the Supreme Master of Unlimited Funk would like to say a few words before we start off on this mission of freak-tastic importance to the Big Funkmeister himself, the Battlechimp." The briefing officer rolled her eyes. Here we go again, she thought. At least this time he's not dancing.

"I'd just like to remind you all, both my simian brothers and those who just like to get down with the big apes, that this mission isn't just about destruction, and it isn't just about freedom. Because we're not just fighting for the right to get free. We're fighting for the right to get funky. Peace to you all, and let's go out and get the funk up on the Bobos."

As the group turned to leave, the briefing officer muttered under her breath, "Man, that Funky Monkey is one messed-up motherf—" The group spun around, aiming their weapons at her. She said weakly, "I... I was just talking about Funky Monkey."

Fortunately, they could dig it.



Funky Monkey is the perfect example of the differences between the Jammers and the other factions in the Secret War; while the Lodge and the Buro value faceless conformity, and the Hand expects all to conform to the Confucian ideal, very few Jammers even think it odd that one of their best soldiers is obsessed with the 70s and spends his spare time in the markets of the Netherworld finding pimp hats and gold chains.

Much of Funky Monkey's spare time has been spent in conforming to his 70s ideal. He's had voice-modulators implanted in his larynx in order to make him sound like Barry White, and he's always on the look-out for blaxploitation films on video or DVD that he can study to improve his 70s look and style. But don't let the velvet coat with the wide lapels fool you — Funky Monkey is a Jammer, through and through. The Lodge approached him once with an offer to secretly funnel information about Battlechimp's plans through to them, with the price for his betrayal being an unlimited supply of funk CDs and an autographed picture of Barry White himself. Though tempted, Funky Monkey instead wound up throwing the envoy through a window head-first, telling him, "The offer you made was most uncool, brother. The Battlechimp relies on me to keep the group's funk tank full and jamming all the way to Freedom Town, and this brother isn't interested in letting the funkadelic show stop now, you hear?"

The Yellow Rose

They found her in the observation tower, her back to the door, staring out the window at the cityscape below her. She did not turn when they burst into the room, rifles at the ready. It was as though she had been waiting for them all along.

The Yellow Rose

Sample Dialogue: "Diversion is the lifeblood of guerilla warfare, honey."

Attributes: Bod 5, Chi 0 (For 5), Mnd 9, Ref 7

Skills: Deceit 18, Guns 15, Fix-It 11, Sabotage 17, Info/Buro 18, Intimidation 13, Martial Arts 11

Gun Schticks: Hair Trigger Neck Hairs x3

Auxiliary Schticks: One With The Walls, Awning Magnet, Never Questioned

Weapons: punch (6), kick (7), Mini Uzi (10/3/25)

"You were a fool to come up here, Rose," the leader of the TacOps squad said. "You have to have known we have this tower under surveillance. Why?"

She spoke, her voice a honeyed Southern drawl. "Perhaps I just like the view. You can see everything from up here, Commander. The factories, the police stations, the broadcast facilities..." As if on cue, there was a flash of light outside the window, and a thunderous roar that buffeted the room. The Yellow Rose did not even flinch.

"The broadcast facilities — you've taken out the TV station! With that off-line—"

"People are going to get bored. Restless. And there won't be any Buro propaganda telling them it's going to be alright, because you can't show anything right now. S'gonna make your night a little tough, isn't it?"

"Maybe. But you won't be around to find out. Fire at will!" A rattle of gunfire sprayed into the window, slamming into the Rose's back. She hit the window, bounced backwards, and toppled onto the floor. Her head broke off and rolled over to the feet of the TacOps commander.

"A mannequin! The whole thing was just a diversion all along, probably while the real Rose escaped!" He picked up the head, noting the two-way communicator strapped to the face. "We might still have time. Get guards down to the foyer at once. Maybe we can catch her before—"



The head 'spoke' one last time. "Before the bombs go off?"

There was another thunderous roar.

Erin Lydecker, the woman who would become infamous as the Yellow Rose, was born in Texas in the year 2019, six years before Texas seceded from the United States of America. By the time she was thirteen, she could already field-strip a rifle blindfolded and make any one of seven different explosive devices. Texas was gearing up for war with the world, and everyone was expected to do his part.

It didn't help. By the time Erin was twenty-five, both of her parents were dead, killed by the Buro's new weapons of war — the Abominations. She was among the first to realize that guerilla warfare was the only way to combat the Buro's overwhelmingly superior force, and she began to organize the resistance cells into what would become the Dallas Rockets. She purged her own identity records from the Buro's computers, taking on a name that would become a symbol of Texan resistance — The Yellow Rose.

The Rose doesn't wage her war through direct action; she knows that such action is futile while the Buro controls the world's chi and possesses overwhelming military might. Instead, she concentrates on making surgical strikes on vulnerable targets, creating the maximum amount of disruption with the minimum expenditure of resources. In this way, she hopes to sow the seeds of chaos — seeds that others, like the Lodge and the Jammers, are capable of growing to their fullest.

Captain Contagious

Sample Dialogue: "We know you don't want to look at us. We don't want to look at us either."

Attributes: Bod 8, Chi 0 (Mag 8), Mnd 9, Ref 8

Skills: Intrusion 10, Martial Arts 12, Deceit 12, Intimidation 15, Leadership 14, Gambling 6, Info/Buro 18, Medicine 13, Arcanowave Device 18, Creature Powers 15, Driving 15, Guns 17, Sabotage 14, Detective 12

Arcanowave Devices: Agony Grenade, Helix Ripper, Tracer Resin Projector

Creature Powers: Regeneration x5

Unique Schtick:

Super Absorption: Contagious doesn't just absorb the abilities of his foes; he actually absorbs his foes (something he tries to avoid, in most cases, since it'd mean having to have them in his mind). When he makes flesh-to-flesh contact with an enemy, he can make a Creature Powers check against his foe's highest AV. Success means that he begins absorbing; every sequence, his victim's highest AV goes down by one, and he makes the check again. When all AVs are reduced to 0, he has absorbed his enemy fully, and can either learn a skill that person knows and he does not, or increase a skill that both of them know to the level at which the foe has it.

Weapons: punch (9), kick (10), helix ripper (15**/7/—)

Captain Contagious

Nicaragua, 2045.

The barracks were dark, even after Private Reese flipped the switch. Whatever had happened, it had taken out the lighting system. He raised his rifle, and called out into the room. "Captain Myers?" he cried, almost hoping that there would be no response so he could get out of there.

There was a response. It was a rasping chorus of voices from within the darkened barracks. "We're here. You've got to get out of here, Reese. Go now."

Reese wanted nothing more than to follow his captain's advice, but the motto of the unit was drummed into his head. "We Fight As



One, sir," he said. "I'm not leaving without you."

"That's what Sanborn said," Myers responded, sounding closer now. "He was there when the malfunction happened. He tried to drag me back to camp. He didn't make it." The sound of his breathing seemed louder; not just closer, but louder, as though several people were exhaling at once. "They never told us what could happen with this arcanotech. They never told us about this."

Every muscle in Reese's body wanted to back away, but his brain overruled them. "We need to get you to the doc, Captain. He'll fix you up."

"The doc's in here with us now, Reese. He tried to fix us up. It didn't work. We're stuck like this forever, Reese. We fight as one now. Just like you said." Myers loomed into the square of light cast by the open doorway. His face...his face was an amalgamation of six faces, smashed together like clay. The mouths spoke as one. "We all fight as one now."

Reese screamed...for a while.

Ever since that day, the amalgamated group of people that began as Captain Myers has had a different outlook on life. Bitter over what they saw as the Buro's failure to warn them of the mutations that arcanotech could produce, they left the Buro to join the Jammers, leading the 401K squadron into battle. They tend to be a loner, keeping to themselves for fear of inadvertently absorbing others. However, they have taken in new members to the fold — mostly fellow soldiers who were dying of mortal wounds. They don't see it as murder; as far as they're concerned, they're the only chance those men and women had to survive.

Rhesus Pieces

Sample Dialogue: "EEEE! EEEEEK!"

Attributes: Bod 8, Chi 0 (Mag 8), Mnd 4, Ref 10

Skills: Creature Powers 16, Martial Arts 15, Intimidation 12, Intrusion 17

Creature Powers: Crawling Claws x2, Walk On Walls, Death Resistance x2, Inevitable Comeback x2

Weapons: punch (9), kick (10)

Rhesus Pieces

TacOps Trooper Kovic looked over at TacOps Trooper Williams. "You ever get the feeling you're being watched?" he asked at last, rubbing the back of his neck.

Trooper Williams tensed up. "Do not say that sort of thing, Kovic," he said, looking around nervously. "I know how this works. We're alone, we're in a Biological Incursion Containment Facility, it's late at night; you say stuff like that, you're going to bring down bad luck on us."

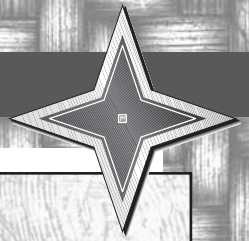
Kovic furrowed his brow. "Bad luck? You've been watching too many horror movies, Williams. I'm not talking about being watched by some hideous monstrosity, I'm just saying I have a feeling that we're not alone in the corridor. Like there's someone out there."

"Oh, will you please stop that?" Williams cried. "Any second now you're going to tell me it was just the wind, or that you want to go look for the cat or something. Grrr!"

Kovic sighed. "No, I'm not. I just feel like something's giving me the eye."

At that moment, an eyeball rolled slowly down the corridor. It came to a stop, staring blankly up at them. Both soldiers took a startled step back.

"See?" Williams hissed. "I told you. Something big and ugly killed the rest of



them, and now it's going to come after us! That's probably Kurtz's eyeball, and—"

Both of them watched as a disembodied hand came crawling up the hallway. It grabbed the eyeball, and skittered back down the way it came.

Kovic blinked. "Now there's something you don't see every day. Say, did that look like a monkey's paw to you?"

Williams started to respond. Then a second disembodied hand dropped down from the ceiling onto his head.

Rhesus Pieces began life as a revenge attempt on the Jammers from the Eaters of the Lotus; furious with their repeated assaults on Lotus sites, Gao Zhang decided to enact a deliciously ironic revenge. As his enemies were monkeys, augmented by technology, Gao Zhang would show the superiority of his sorcery and create magically augmented monkeys to destroy them.

The resultant creature took two days of rituals to create. Gao Zhang bonded demonic energies into a rhesus monkey, increasing its strength, speed, agility, and even intelligence, and making it nigh-impossible to kill. Its body parts would continue to fight, even if the creature itself died. He didn't intend for it to be able to pop off its body parts at will and move them independently, but if he'd thought of it, he would have loved it. However, that ability proved to be his undoing; the monkey managed to escape before the ritual was completed by disassembling itself to slip through the ropes that bound it. Rhesus Pieces escaped to join the Jammers he was supposed to destroy. Obviously, the Architects of the Flesh could have told him something like that would happen, but Gao Zhang probably wouldn't have listened anyway.

Although quite intelligent for a monkey and fully able to understand English (and Cantonese), Rhesus Pieces cannot speak, and communicates through sign

Major Hottie

Sample Dialogue: "I've seen what authority does to people. Anarchy might fail too, but it's lots more fun."

Attributes: Bod 7, Chi 0 (Fu 4), Mnd 7, Ref 7

Skills: Driving 14, Guns 16, Info/Anti-Terrorism 12, Info/Buro 12, Martial Arts 13, Sabotage 12

Gun Shticks: Who's The Big Man Now x2, Lightning Reload x3, Signature Weapon (Buro Godhammer)

Weapons: punch (8), kick (9), Buro Godhammer (15/4/5), AK-47 (13**/5/30), Uzi (10/4/40), Benelli 90 M3 (13/5/7), Auto Ordnance Pit Bull (10/1/7+1)

language. This has led to one of the more interesting innovations in long distance communication. Two different teams will each carry an ear and a hand into missions with them, maintaining their coordination over long distances with sign language. Rhesus Pieces doesn't seem to mind them holding his hands.

Major Hottie

"Major Hottenscheweiller?" The commander's face was beet red in fury. "Did I see what I thought I saw?"

Sara was calm, despite the blisteringly loud voice of the commander. "Sir, very probably, sir."

"Are you trying to be smart with me, Major? Because here in the Netherworld, we don't care what kind of commendations and citations you've gotten! We expect results, not some goddamned wimp who can't pull the trigger!"

"Sir, permission to speak frankly, sir?"

"Denied! You're going to stand there and listen to every goddamned word I have to say before I court-martial you for failure to obey a direct order in combat!"

"But sir, those people were trying to save civilians that were in the line of fire! I couldn't—"



"I think I'll just add insubordination and disrespect to a superior officer to those charges, soldier! You're going to get put away for a very long time, Major. A very long time indeed."

"In that case, sir, you can add assaulting a superior officer—" She slugged him hard across the face, "theft of weaponry and equipment—" She took his gun out of his holster, "and desertion to join the enemy cause." She looked down at him. "I didn't join this army to shoot kids. Sir."

Major Sara Hottenscheweiller was the kind of soldier who could have stepped straight off the Buro's propaganda posters — absolutely gorgeous, intelligent, loyal, utterly fearless, and with the conviction the Buro existed to make the world a better place. She was fast-tracked by Bonengel for Elite status, and did tours of duty in some of the most dangerous parts of the world. Even though she saw some evidence there of the Buro's true, repressive nature, she was still fairly convinced that she was working for the right side.

Then she was reassigned to the Netherworld. It was considered to be another feather in her cap at the time; posting to the Netherworld, after all, was a sure sign that you were highly regarded by the Buroresident. It meant that you were being allowed a glimpse into the true nature of the war that the Buro was fighting, and given a chance to strike back at the real enemies of the state. That was what Sara told herself. That was what she wanted to believe.

Then it all crumbled away from her. Away from the influential chi of 2056, the full impact of her time as a BuroMil soldier hit her, and she began to wonder about how she could have done the things she'd done; learning about chi, and how it influenced others, led her to understand that she'd been brainwashed, something that disgusted her. The final

straw came when she was ordered to fire on a Jammer unit that was saving civilians; after that, she decided that they had something with their desire to eliminate chi. She changed sides, and is now just as major a Jammer as she was a BuroMil trooper.

She does differ from the Jammer philosophy in one important aspect, though. She does not buy into the Jammer bonding ritual of taking on a nickname created by her squad-mates; in fact, the first time she heard her squad-mates call her Major Hottie, they wound up needing serious medical attention. The name got out, though, and many a Jammer calls her that behind her back. In fact, a popular Jammer hazing ritual involves not mentioning to new Jammers that you don't want to call her anything other than Sara or Major Hottenscheweiller to her face.

Red Don

"Okay, Don, I figure we've got about five minutes to crack this 'Innernet' thing before the Lodge starts moving in some SWAT teams. So could you get cracking?"

"Never hurry a master, kid. Now, just shut up, sit back, and let me do my work."

"Oh...crap. Remember what I said about 'five minutes'? It just got downgraded to 'thirty seconds.' They must have found that guard's body. Damn, damn, damn...we're gonna have to scrub the mission, Don. There's nothing we can do."

"Sure there is. The three of you can hold 'em off for about another thirty seconds, and I can make this puppy beg, and implant the worm. We've got a GateMaker. There's a built-in escape hatch for us as soon as we're done."

"Fine, but you better not be blowing smoke, here."

"There's only one thing I want blown in this room, and you've already said no. Now



Red Don

Sample Dialogue: "Are you as smart as me? No. Then go away and let me think."

Attributes: Bod 5, Chi 1 (For 2), Mnd 9, Ref 7

Skills: Driving 12, Fix-It 16, Guns 14, Info/Science 12, Sabotage 15

Unique Schtick:

Arrogance Is Everything: Don has a bad habit of making boasts about his hacking skills; his ego, however, won't let him back down from said boasts. If he is attempting a Fix-It or Sabotage check and has made an arrogant statement about it in front of the people who are now watching him work, he gains a +3 to the relevant AV.

Weapons: punch (6), kick (7), .357 Magnum (11/3/10+1)

hush – genius needs a still and silent environment to operate.

"...Did I not just say, genius needs a still and silent environment to operate? What's that noise you're making?"

"That noise is gunfire, Don. They're shooting at us."

"Well, tell them to stop! I need quiet! Goddamnit, nobody ever listens to me! Hey! Hey, some son of a bitch just clipped my monitor! This is making it really hard to work!"

"Don, we've got to go, now! I don't care how good you are, they just shot your keyboard!"

*"Ah, but they left the exposed wires, which means that I can just—" *FZZST* *SPRRKK* "There we go. The worm is in, and another brilliant performance concludes."*

"Where'd you learn to type on a broken keyboard like that?"

"I break my own all the time. Stupid things never work until you show 'em you mean business."

Red Don, originally Donald Duncheskie, was your classic hacker; brilliant, arrogant, and almost totally lacking in social skills. He had a bad habit of smashing hardware when he was angry,

and of dipping into highly restricted systems when he was bored. He was destined to bring himself to the attentions of the Buro sooner or later. However, the surprise was that instead of locking him away in a cell, they recognized his amazing gifts and assigned him to the Buro's Computer Security Division, designing both anti-hacker programs that would stop people like him, and intrusion programs that would work on the antiquated computers of 1996.

Even given his amazing skills, though, his personal habits got him in trouble eventually. His temper tantrums at the keyboard and his contempt for his less intelligent co-workers finally got him reported to Team Joy, who decided that some "attitude adjustment" was in order. Donald, in turn, decided that he didn't want his attitudes adjusted, and defected to the Jammers, who nicknamed him 'Red Don' for his shockingly bright red hair. Don loves the name, and won't even bother responding to anything else anymore.

Titanium Johnson

"I can't," Buro Agent Karen Milan said as she turned away from the handsome face pleading with her. "Please, don't ask me to."

Titanium Johnson caressed her shoulder gently. "I know it's hard for you, Karen. Very hard." His hand moved down her arm. "It's hard for me too."

She shook her head. "No! I'm not letting you get to me again. I told you—last time was the last time for us. The information I gave you nearly got me caught and killed."

"It's the thrill of danger that excites you though, isn't it? The idea that we're both of us risking our lives for a passion beyond words?" He spun her around and kissed her. "This is what we both want, Karen. Just give in to the moment."



Titanium Johnson

Sample Dialogue: "I'm a lover, not a fighter...actually, I'm both."

Attributes: Bod 5 (Str 11, Con 12), Chi 0, Mnd 5, Ref 5

Skills: Martial Arts 10, Guns 15, Driving 11, Info/2056 Black Market 12, Seduction 17

Hardware Schticks: Fusion Reactor, Robot Limbs

Gun Schticks: Both Guns Blazing x3

Unique Schtick:

Ladies' Man. When Titanium Johnson turns on the charm, he's hard to resist. Anyone who would be attracted to members of Johnson's gender has to make a Willpower check to attack him, with the Difficulty being his current Seduction AV. This does not apply if he's already attacked them, or if he's in the middle of combat — he has to be actively concentrating on the person he attempts to charm, engaging her in conversation.

Weapons: punch (12), kick (13), twin Buro 9As (10/1/17+1)

She sighed gently...then shook her head again. "I can't. This information is too important, I just can't give it away to you. Not even for—"

"I'll wear the colonel's uniform. All of it."

She gasped. "Even the swagger stick?"

"Especially the swagger stick."

"Alright. The defenses on the perimeter are..."

Titanium Johnson, the Jammers' most unlikely freedom fighter, didn't plan on helping defend the world. He was just a guy who had a way with women. That was what got him into trouble to begin with — a friend of his knew another friend, who got him into one of the most lucrative segments of the 2056 black market: pornography.

Pornography hasn't been outlawed in 2056; Johann Bonengel recognizes the need for healthy sexual expression, and has in fact created an entire division of Team Joy devoted to creating material that satisfies that need. Unfortunately, Team Joy also has a lot of other mandates to follow, and the resulting product

leaves something to be desired: "Why, yes, fellow consumer, I would be interested in entering into an entirely consensual sexual liaison with you, seeing as how we both fit into the Buro's sensible relationship guidelines!" You can see why black market videos are such a hit.

Titanium Johnson (his stage name) was a huge hit on the black market; such a huge hit, in fact, that the Buro raided their underground studio. Johnson was one of the lucky ones; he made it out alive, although he needed surgery and cybernetic upgrades to replace the arm he lost in the raid. (Luckily, his arm was the only body part he lost.)

The surgeon who repaired him was a Jammer activist, and throughout his recuperation, she talked to him about the need for him to take a larger part in liberating society than simply doing black-market porn. After a while, she persuaded him to meet with some of her fellow Jammers, and the rest is history.

Miss Behaving

Dear Diary,

Just another average day for everyone's favorite girl, Gentle Reader. I spent most of it down at the Bazaar, trying on clothes. Of course, virtually everything there is years out of style, but the bargains are simply too good to pass up! I managed to haggle an actual Lauren original for three sticks of beef jerky and a clip of ammo...try doing that at Macy's!

Well, I was just astonished at who I bumped into out there — an old 'friend' of mine who I simply hadn't seen in months, Doctor Ally Matthews. She had a whole entourage with her, and they seemed to be looking for someone...honestly, I think the poor dear had been stood up. I was never one to desert a friend in need, though, so I



Miss Behaving

Sample Dialogue: "That purse doesn't go with that semi-automatic, dearest."

Attributes: Bod 7, Chi 0 (For 8), Mnd 8, Ref 8

Skills: Deceit 16, Guns 15, Info/Fashion 14, Intrusion 16, Martial Arts 11, Seduction 13, Driving 12

Gun Schticks: Lightning Reload x2

Auxiliary Schticks: Permanent Dry Cleaning, Puppy Dog Eyes

Unique Schtick:

It Girl: Miss Behaving can turn men into putty in her hands; after making a successful Seduction roll against an unnamed GMC, she can spend a Fortune point to win his heart for the rest of the session.

Weapons: punch (8), kick (9), Beretta Jet Fire (8/1/8+1)

made sure that she found something interesting to do out there. Specifically, I rolled a grenade towards her and the Buro soldiers who were with her.

Well, you should have seen the way their eyes lit up! Then the whole area around them lit up, and after that, well, things got a little hectic. They tried to shoot me, but as we all know, give me a Ralph Lauren to protect and I get downright territorial. I returned fire, Ally swore bitter vengeance, and after a bit more scintillating conversation of that sort, the survivors retreated to lick their wounds. Naturally, I remained as gorgeous as ever...

Tomorrow, I think I'll wear the Lauren to that skirmish with the Lotus. They may be eunuchs, but one still has to try.

Miss Behaving started out her life as a pampered debutante, flashiest daughter of one of the richest men in North America. For her, life was one long round of society balls, parties, and gala affairs — she simply didn't know the meaning of the word "no," because nobody had ever said it to her. She had everything she could ever want.

Then the Jammers kidnapped her. As they explained, her wealthy father had earned his money not through the tex-

tile business as she'd always believed, but through his secret servitude to the Lodge. Daddy was part of the cabal that made a few, like her, wealthy and privileged at the expense of millions who lived in poverty. The Jammers simply wanted to use her as a hostage for a brief period to make sure that he followed through on a few promises he'd made.

At first, she refused to believe it. Eventually, though, the questions they made her ask needed answers — and when the Jammers finally released her, unharmed, she went to Daddy for those answers. Daddy refused to tell her anything. With that, she knew that what she'd been told was the truth.

She killed her father that same night, and set fire to their mansion as she left. It took her two weeks to find the Netherworld, and another three to find the Jammers; since then, she's never looked back.

Monkeywrench

The scene looked like it had come straight out of 'Key Largo' or 'Casablanca.' Two figures sat across the table from each other, each watching the rest of the room out of the corner of an eye, each wondering if one had been betrayed by the other. Finally, after eyeing the ten-year old girl for what seemed like an eternity, Monkeywrench pulled out a package. "Is that what I think it is?" the little girl asked.

Monkeywrench slid the package across the table. "Just like you wanted," he said. "A mint-condition Ultra Optimus Primal. It's still got all the weapons, and there are no loose or missing parts. It's not in the package, though. I hope that won't queer the deal."

Sahra shook her head. "No — I would have taken it out anyway. I want to customize it; I'm pretty sure I can make a



Battlechimp figure out of it with enough Super Sculpey."

"And my stuff?" In response to his question, Sahra pulled out a package of her own and slid it over to him.

"There you go. Surveillance photos of two of the known Mundane Chambers in the Netherworld, and maps of their locations." She grinned. "You gonna be hitting some Lodge guys pretty soon?"

Monkeywrench shook his head. "Nah. I'm gonna sell the pictures back to the Lodge in exchange for some help wrecking that Lotus temple on level four. Well, that, and an autographed picture of Barry White."

Sahra blinked. "I didn't know you liked Barry White."

"I don't. But I know someone who does."

Monkeywrench may be similar to many of the other scroungers who the Jammers use to get equipment and information, but he's probably the best of the lot. He knows every single member of the Jammers, no matter how casual their affiliation with the group; even members of other factions know him. The Guiding Hand officially doesn't deal with decadent Jammers, but Lui Man Wai traded some confiscated Lodge gyrojet guns for 100 pounds of green tea leaves, and considers himself to have gotten the best of the deal. (Monkeywrench always likes to leave the client thinking that.) The Thunder King took the guns, trading two dozen enchanted swords. Those, in turn, were melted down and remade into crucifixes, and traded to Pledged agents at the Vatican for seventeen liters of holy water — which proved invaluable to the Jammers on their next raid in 69 AD. There's nothing Monkeywrench can't get if he's given enough time.

Because he deals with other factions doesn't mean he's not a loyal Jammer. He keeps an eye on the bottom line, which is finding something that'll help

Monkeywrench

Sample Dialogue: "I can get that...but it'll cost you."

Attributes: Bod 6, Chi 0 (For 5), Mnd 8, Ref 6

Skills: Deceit 14, Driving 14, Fix-It 12, Info/Trade Routes 15, Info/Netherworld 14, Info/Secret War 13, Guns 15, Martial Arts 12

Gun Schticks: Who Wants Some x2, Lightning Reload

Unique Schtick:

Networking: Monkeywrench gets +5 on any Contacts check he makes for any of his skills; he can also spend a Fortune point to ensure that the contact he does get is favorably disposed towards him.

Weapons: punch (7), kick (8), Uzi (10/4/40)

Battlechimp overthrow the Buro. To that end, he has an iron-clad policy of never trading goods that'll wind up in Buro hands. If he finds out someone has violated that policy — and he will — they'll be cut out of his trading circle. His trading partners value him too much to do that; working with a walking, talking eBay is too good a deal to pass up.

Koko Chanel

"I don't know, Deena. Do you think this dress makes me look fat?"

Deena looked over at her friend, and said the only words you could say to a 600-pound gorilla asking you for fashion advice. "It looks lovely on you, Koko. I'm sure that he's going to be thrilled."

Koko put on her wig, gently arranging the blonde strands over her shoulders. "That's what I'm worried about — I mean, I want to look nice, but, well," she applied lip-stick. "I want to look elegant. I'm worried that he might see this outfit and think 'jungle trash'."

Deena reached up and patted her on the back. "Koko, he'd have to be crazy to think that. You are a genuine catch, in case you didn't already know it. I heard some of the



Robo-Bonobos talking, and any one of them would just love to ask you out. If this guy isn't willing to recognize your inner beauty, then there are plenty of other guys who will." She smiled. "Trust me. You've got a lot going for you."

Koko smiled back, spritzing perfume on her fur. "Thanks, Deena. I'm glad to have a friend like you, for, well, you know. Girl talk."

Suddenly, alarms went off throughout the base. "Warning," blared a voice from the loudspeaker. "Buro forces attacking off the western perimeter. This is not a drill. I repeat, this is not a drill."

Deena picked up her gun. "Guess the date's going to be postponed a little."

Koko nodded. "Just one thing," she said, as she plugged in her weapons. "Does this missile launcher make me look fat?"

Normally, when going on ape hunting operations, the various ape hunters have standing orders to go for the males — male gorillas tend to be more territorial and aggressive than females, and Battlechimp wants his troops to be as aggressive as possible. However, beggars can't be choosers, and when raiding zoos in the 1996 juncture (wild apes being somewhat difficult to find at the time), they picked up a female who they named Koko, confusing her with a more famous zoo ape.

Koko turned into a surprisingly good find for the Jammers. She may not be as aggressive as the male apes, but she makes

Koko Chanel

Sample Dialogue: "That's a beautiful bulletproof vest. You're so lucky to have the figure for it."

Attributes: Bod 7 (Str 6), Chi 0, Mnd 4 (Int 11, Per 11, Wil 3), Ref 6 (Dex 11)

Skills: Martial Arts 11, Guns 15, Sabotage 8, Info/CDCA 9, Driving 13, Info/Fashion 14

Hardware Schticks: Onboard Computer, Missile Launcher, Targeting Computer, Sensory Upgrade

Gun Schticks: Dead-Eye x2

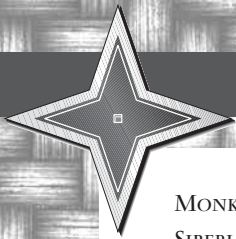
Unique Schtick:

Maternal Instinct: Whenever any of Koko's comrades are wounded, she gets very angry...for the rest of that sequence, she gets +3 to all her AVs. (This is not cumulative, but if they get further wounded in a later sequence, she does get the bonus again.)

Weapons: punch (7), kick (8), missile launcher (23**/—/5)

up for it with good battlefield instincts, and an almost maternal protectiveness to her fellow cyborg monkeys. She also got some of her ideas about femininity from television, though, leading to a pre-occupation with make-up, fashion, and relationships with guys. She gets along very well with Miss Behaving, for example.

She has inherited a little insecurity about her appearance, though; if it's difficult for most human females to compare themselves to supermodels, imagine how it must be for a mountain gorilla. Some of her enemies have tried to exploit this insecurity by taunting her. The survivors now realize what a bad idea that is.



Gorilla Warfare

MONKEYWRENCH

SIBERIA, 2056

This mission was starting to mess with my head. I mean, I was of two very different minds here. On the one hand, having Battlechimp Potemkin along was great; seeing the boss monkey in action was really something for an action junkie like me to treasure forever. On the other hand, I was still ninety percent convinced that this was gonna end up with us in a smoking crater in the Siberian wilderness.

Turns out I shouldn't have worried. We had a team of gearheads go in ahead of time; they rewired the security system camera by camera until the Bobos weren't just blind and deaf, they were hallucinating. We could have marched onto that shuttle with a brass band and all they would have seen is the supply shuttle sitting there on the pad.

Potemkin took the lead, which was just fine by the rest of us. Gave us a better view. He took out the security guards in about three seconds flat—none of 'em even got a chance to pull out their walkie-talkies, let alone sound any kind of alarm. We followed along behind him and got into the elevator, riding it up the shuttle gantry towards the cockpit. This was where we found out that the gearheads had done their work. If they hadn't, the elevator would have stopped, and we would have found ourselves in a world of hurt.

But we got to the top all right, and I cracked the lock in about thirty seconds flat; space shuttles aren't exactly the sort of thing you need to put the Club on. We all got in, and from then on, all there was to do was wait.

Now, I dunno if you have ever been to space before, but I'll just say that the way we did it wasn't the way it was usually done. Normally, you have special chairs, you strap yourself in, you do all sorts of stuff that we just couldn't do in a cargo hold. Lucky for us, that was where Jammer ingenuity came in. One of the Dump Warriors had made this thing designed as a bomb. It was a canister full of pressurized foam; we opened it up, and *Foom!* The whole cargo hold got filled with this stuff. After a couple of seconds, it hardened up and we were set. Even so, the launch felt like my eyeballs wanted to crawl out the back of my skull.

When we felt the shuttle dock into the station, we released a gas that dissolved the foam and got ready for

action. The cargo bay doors opened up, and what had to be the world's most surprised TacOps troopers stood staring at Potemkin. They might have noticed the rest of us, but we were window dressing. The big ape did all the work.

The first guy went for his gun, then he looked down at his hand and realized that it was on the floor, about five feet or so away from the rest of his arm. He passed out clutching at the bloody stump, and didn't even realize how lucky he was.

Potemkin spun the chainsword around from the first guy's hand and used it to slice right through the second guy. He went down like Madonna, but the sword got stuck in him.

Potemkin didn't even blink. He just used that big old shoulder-gun of his to mow down a line of troopers. Me, I'd have worried a little about using projectile weapons on the space station, but I guess Potemkin's just a little too stone-cold to let something like explosive decompression bug him. It took him about five seconds to finish off the troopers.

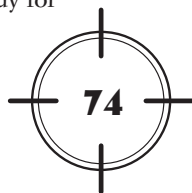
I had Pop Quiz, Mohawk, and Private Parts get to work planting explosives; the rest of us went looking for this Edwards guy and his pet project. Crabs and lobsters kept nagging at the edges of my mind. I kept getting these mental pictures of kids with big claws and those freaky antennas.

Finally, we hit the right lab. Doctor Edwards was there. He was your usual mad scientist type. Weasely little dweeb with thick glasses and a funny little tic under his left eye when he was nervous. At least I hope it was just when he was nervous. He was doing it the whole time we were with him.

The kids were all there, too. They were sleeping peacefully, and they looked downright normal. Their heads were a little big, but babies always look that way, so I wasn't sure whether or not that was just me. One of 'em gave a cute little yawn when I looked at him. They didn't look like they'd been turned into mutant crabs, that was for damn sure.

Battlechimp looked down at the scientist. He gave his flamethrower a little extra spurt of fuel, just to put the fear of him into the guy, and he said, "Tell me everything about Project: Malacostraca."

And the prof spilled it all... God help us.



World of the Apes

IMPORTANT JAMMER LOCATIONS

The Jammers don't try to seek and hold territory very often, preferring instead to turn it into a heap of smoking rubble forever unfit for human habitation. However, there are still a few spots that they consider to be home, sweet home throughout the four junctures and the Netherworld. In addition, there are a few places they go when they just want to blow things up. This chapter covers all the Jammers' favorite tourist traps.

Trouble Spots

In the world of 2056, everything is neat and clean. The world has been pacified, and everyone is finally united under a single government, saluting the Buro flag and enjoying the benefits of peace, prosperity, and enlightenment that the Buro brings to all humanity.

Don't you believe it, consumer.

India

Things started off well in India. When the Buro first occupied the country,

back in 2019, it was still recovering from the devastation caused by five years of war with Pakistan, and the BTM was seen as a savior. They brought much-needed food and medicine, enforced order on the roving gangs of looters, and began the first steps in decontaminating those sites that were hit by nuclear warheads in the short-lived final stages of the war.

By 2040, India had overcome any lingering cultural memories of colonialism, and had converted fully to the Buro standard. Then Buroresident Johann Bonengel decided that the time had finally come to abolish the antiquated, discriminatory caste system and declare all consumers in the region of India to be equal under the Rightscode. Yes, you do have rights under the Buro — it's just that they can revoke them whenever they feel like it. "Privilegescode" describes it more accurately.

Bonengel never imagined the reaction he got. Within weeks, Buro forces were putting down riots in every city in the nation, and no matter how many troops he poured into the region, no matter how many feng shui sites he took for himself, the riots simply wouldn't slow down.

He'd expected resistance from the



Gorilla Warfare

upper castes, but he never expected that the lower castes, right down to the untouchables, would fight against the abolishment of the caste system; to their mind, the caste system was intimately tied in with their beliefs in reincarnation, and they weren't going to ignore that based just on Bonengel's say-so. They knew that they'd move on to better things in the next life, and they weren't about to give up long-term success on the karmic wheel just for one good lifetime.

Of course, not everyone in India participated in the riots. Not everyone in India is Hindu. At first, the Muslim populace offered their assistance in putting down the rebellions. Had Bonengel played the two off against each other, like the British did in the 1800s, he might have reclaimed the country. However, the abominations were in their first test phases by then, and what better place to use them than one of the world's only war-zones?

The abominations achieved mixed success in India. On the one hand, the plain and simple shock of their assault cannot be understated — it's almost impossible to imagine the first reaction on seeing an abomination enter combat, but they tended to induce sheer panic simply by existing. Their near-total savagery decimated opposition, turning all battles in which they participated into routs.

On the other hand, they united the populace against the Buro in an almost-total fashion. It's hard to salute a leader who sends cyborg demons against you, no matter what you've done to justify it. Even some of the Buro soldiers, seeing the abominations in action for the first time, backed off from their leader a bit...and it didn't help that the early Neural Greppers had a ridiculously high failure rate. "Abomo minders" had a 78% casualty rate, higher than any other military force in the history of the BTM.

The populace didn't have much recourse, though. The Buro simply crushed any attempt at forcible resistance, assassinating the leaders in gruesome fashion or worse, forcibly mutating them into abominations and siccing them on their former comrades in arms. Some members of the resistance movement fled to Sri Lanka, where they continue to eke out an existence as a resistance force with the help of the Jammers. But most have started another form of resistance movement, one that proved successful once before. They're resisting non-violently.

The spiritual descendants of Ghandi have to deal with a lot of problems that their inspiration never had to worry about, though. In the 1940s and 50s, the only way the British had to deal with non-violent resistance was with violent oppression, a tactic that eventually fails. The Buro has the CDCA, which has all sorts of ways to make resistance simply melt away. Imagine going on a hunger strike, only to have the people you're striking against beam subliminal messages into your brain about cheesecake. Or to give a more worrisome example, take the case of one resistance leader who got arrested and demanded to remain incarcerated until India was freed, as a symbol of Buro oppression. Six months later, he was finally released from a subsidiary facility of the Bureau of Happiness and Productivity, located in New Delhi. (The original BHP is located in New Des Moines, of course, but Bonengel had been having so many problems in India, he authorized a second facility to be built there.) He returned to his followers and asked them to disband, explaining that he'd been in error all along. He'd seen the light, and understood that the Buro wanted nothing but the best for humanity.

This is where the Jammers come in. The local resistance movements don't



have an ideological commitment to non-violence like Ghandi did; they just believe that it's the only method that has a chance of working, given the overwhelming military superiority of the Buro. However, if someone else was willing to use violence — for example, say, a group of cyborg monkeys striking from some mysterious, otherworldly place they called “The Netherworld” — well, they might have moral objections, and they might voice them, but they'd voice them very, very softly.

Thus, the Jammers find themselves in the unlikely position of fighting alongside a group of pacifists. They hit BHP's facilities on a regular basis, disrupting operations as best they can, and carry out a wide variety of subsidiary attacks that keep the Buro off the backs of the non-violent resistance movement. The resistance, in turn, acts to shelter and conceal the activities of the Jammers, shielding them from surveillance and supplying them with food and equipment. They don't supply them with weapons — not so much from any moral objection, as from the fact that the Jammers can get weapons a lot easier than the resistance movements can.

The Texas Demilitarized Zone

Freedom fighters from the 1996 juncture probably wouldn't recognize Texas as it stands in 2056; over thirty years of war have transformed the former US state into a shattered wasteland, its people devastated by the policies of a tyrannical dictator and its resources exhausted. Wait — George W. Bush was governor of Texas in '96? Okay, so it wouldn't be that much of a stretch.

Back in the year 2020, nobody imagined that Texas would wind up in this position. Many of Texas' prominent politicians did notice that the United Nations had gotten more militant of late, but at the time, criticizing the UN for being militant and wanting to take over the planet was something only total lunatics did. Over the next five years, though, the situation became clearer and clearer, as the Bureau of Tactical Management established itself in nation after nation. When Texas protested those actions in Congress, it seemed like they were simply ignored — the rest of the country, and indeed the rest of the world, saw nothing wrong with what the Buro was doing. Nobody in Texas knew about feng shui, but as it happened, the feng shui of Texas promotes independence and resistance to established authority — which is why Texas broke free of Mexico, and why it's the only state in the union to have a secession clause in its state constitution. By 2025, they'd had enough, and led by Senator Calvin Lydecker, they seceded from the United States in protest, forming the Independent Republic of Texas.

The war between Texas and the Buro started slow, but it got hot very quickly. Lydecker, as an ex-Buro soldier, knew a lot about its capabilities, and used his own limited resources very well to keep the Buro guessing as to where they'd strike next. For several years, it looked like they might be able to hold off the invaders indefinitely — until the abominations came on-line.

Within two years of the creation of the first abominations, Calvin Lydecker had been murdered. The entire authority structure of the Texas government, in fact, died at the hands of abomination “sanction squads” (Buro policy in uprisings is to assassinate the leaders of the uprising first), and the remaining mem-



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bers of the Citizens' Militia went underground. Buro troops occupied the nation, and Bonengel assumed that the trouble was over.

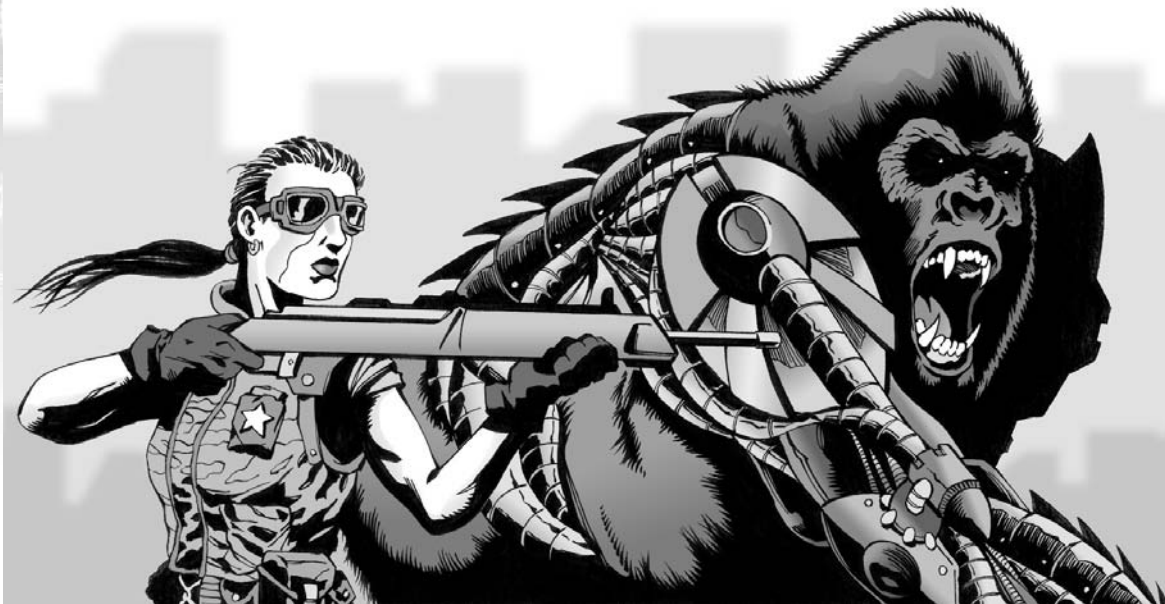
Two years after the death of Calvin Lydecker, Bonengel was proved wrong yet again, as the resistance leader known as 'The Yellow Rose' (see page 64) orchestrated a series of complex strikes against Buro occupation forces, attacking their communications facilities, their industries, and, most devastatingly, their TV broadcast centers. Over the next ten years, the Dallas Rockets — the remnants of the Citizens' Militia — continued to give Bonengel fits as they started an ongoing campaign of harassment against Buro forces that continues to this day.

If Bonengel had studied his Texas history a bit better, he could probably have deduced exactly where the Dallas Rockets are headquartered — unfortunately, the Buroresident is more interested in creating a new world than in learning about the old one. Thus, he bulldozed over the Alamo, in San Antonio, without thinking about the symbolic effect it might have; where the legendary fortress that inspired a nation once stood, there now stands

Nutrient Production Facility #4079823. And underneath that, the Dallas Rockets plan their resistance from their underground base.

All the turmoil hasn't stopped Buro troops from occupying the Texas Demilitarized Zone, but it has stopped them from enjoying it. Your average BuroMil trooper sees a tour of duty in Texas the way a British soldier saw a tour of duty in Ireland in the years just before independence. Nobody likes you, nobody wants you there, the bartender serving you drinks has more than likely tipped off the resistance movement of your exact location, and the kid who's shining your shoes plans to remove the firing pin from your rifle when you're not looking. Simply put, Buro soldiers have no safe location apart from their barracks, and even that isn't entirely safe. With that sort of situation, it's no surprise that they shoot first and ask questions never.

That's the situation in most of Texas. In Dallas, it's even worse. BuroMil Colonel Harold Sinclair, a man who thinks irony means "having the qualities and properties of iron," has irrationally fixated on the idea that the Dallas





Rockets are operating out of the city of Dallas, Texas. Others might wonder why a top-secret resistance group would make their operating base a part of their name. Colonel Sinclair doesn't. Dallas is the most heavily occupied city in the DMZ; no less than three abomination-production facilities have been built within the city limits in the past twelve years, including one where Texas Stadium used to be. (In case anyone's curious, they still have football in 2056. However, Dallas moved to LA, Houston moved to Fargo, the Minnesota Vikings changed their name to the Minnesota Consumers, racial equality is now mandated, and the first abomination took the field in 2050, only to be forcibly removed after eating the ball, the quarterback, and three offensive linemen.)

Austin, on the other hand, doesn't see much action in the Secret War at all; this is because it's one of the last strongholds of the transformed animals that once ruled the world, and they don't want to draw any more attention to themselves than they have to. The citizens keep their heads down, don't make waves, and because of that, nobody notices that large

numbers of them are descended from the protected species list.

The leader of the Lodge survivors is a transformed bat named James Ross. He, like the others, fondly reminisces about the days when their parents and grandparents ruled the world, but unlike most of them, he thinks it's actually possible for them to rule it again. The magic levels of the world have risen, which made it impossible for most of the older transformed animals to retain their humanity; on the other hand, it makes it possible for new transformed animals to come about. To that end, he's been working with Austin's large bat population (and with his Doolittling schtick) to bring forth the next generation of the Lodge; if it works, who knows? Austin might become a hot spot sooner than one would think.

So where are the Jammers in all this? Oh, they're around, don't worry about that. Texas contains some well-hidden Netherworld portals (including several in Houston), and the Jammers love flitting in, creating chaos, and flitting right back out. Colonel Sinclair knows that the Jammers and the Dallas Rockets are





working together, but he thinks that the Jammers are co-ordinating the Rockets' activities. The Jammers, in turn, know this, and use it to feed him false information, throwing him off yet further. In actual fact, it's very rare that the Jammers ask the Rockets to hit specific targets. Usually, the Rockets strike wherever they want, and mostly, they do it with impunity.

Acapulco

Officially, the city of Acapulco, Mexico, was the site of a biological incursion. Jammer terrorists, acting under the supervision of their fanatical leader, Battlechimp Potemkin, released a strain of genetically mutated airborne HIV; if it wasn't for the Buro's rapid response and total sterilization of the area, within 72 hours the entire planet's population would have been infected, and within two weeks humanity would be dead. While the loss of life was tragic, the Jammers made destruction of the city the only option.

That's the official story. The truth is something far different.

The generator coughed once, twice, and finally caught to a sputtering life. The small device hooked up to it beeped, flashed, and began to hum in a low, menacing tone.

"So that's it?" Green Rain asked. "We're online? It doesn't look like it's doing all that much."

Doctor Gillquist nodded. "We're online. My baby here might look like it's just beeping and flashing, but the ChiBuster 2500 is doing exactly what it's supposed to."

Green Rain looked at it again. "It seems like such a small thing to have such a big effect."

"That's what they said about the first nuke. Trust me, I've been studying this

geomancy stuff for years, I know what I'm doing. Chi ebbs and flows, see. It's like the tides. The whole world's chi is connected, and if you can find the right spots, you can push chi from one place to another. The ChiBuster is acting like a lever; we're taking the chi away from Buro sites and moving it around to other places. Then, when we blow those places up, we get the total burn rush. It's a dream come true."

"Then why do I get a bad feeling about this?"

The answer came from the rooftop. "Omigod. Omigod, you gotta come outside and look at this!"

They went to the window...only to discover that the sun had been blocked out in the middle of the afternoon. "Floating fortresses," Green Rain said, her voice numb with shock. "Seven of them. Somebody must have tipped them off." She turned to Gillquist. "How long will this thing take to work?"

"Six, seven hours. We've got plenty of time – they'll have to do a house-to-house search, and by the time they find us, the chi drain will be irreversible. We're in great—"

Green Rain pulled out her comlink. "Bugout time," she said. "All units, back to base in thirty seconds or you're not coming home." She darted across the room, and started up the GateMaker.

"Wait, whoa, bugout time? What the hell are you doing?" Gillquist continued to protest as Green Rain started up the GateMaker, and as the Jammer scouts and lookouts flooded into the room.

"They're not going to waste time with a house-to-house. If they know enough about that thing to come down on us with this many floating fortresses, they know how much is at stake for them, too. They'll open the plasma vents."

"You don't think they'd wipe a whole city off the map just to stop us, do you?"

The GateMaker's portal opened. "Yes. Now get in."



Gillquist blanched. "Wait – there are some irreplaceable components in that device! You've got to give me a minute or two to take it with us, at least, or we'll never be able to try this again!"

Green Rain looked out the window one last time, at the fortresses that were already beginning to open their vents. "No time, Doctor. We go now, with or without you."

Gillquist sighed, and stepped over to the GateMaker. "Take one last look at the city, Doctor," Green Rain said as they stepped through. "It won't be here when we get back."

Concerned consumers have noted that the Buro has already started land-reclamation efforts on the former site of Acapulco; the entire area has been planted with grass, and the first saplings are beginning to shoot up in what's been deemed the Acapulco Memorial Forest. Of course, nobody calls it that at the moment, since there aren't any trees over four feet tall, but it's the official name. The area has lost a lot of its vacation luster, but people still come to visit and reflect on the tragedy.

The echoes of the event linger, though. Some visitors to the forest swear they've seen ghosts – strange, translucent figures that cannot speak, only hum in a low, menacing tone. Their eyes seem to flash and pulse in eerie, unknowable patterns. The Buro hasn't made much of these incidents, but privately, they have a team of arcanotechnicians surveying the area.

In fact, the conjunction of the ChiBuster 2500's operation, together with the deaths of so many people, has created a powerful supernatural nexus. Treat this area like the 69 AD juncture for purposes of magical modifiers; this includes arcanowave gear, spellcasting, and transformed animal reversion. In addition, for those who can perceive such things,

the area is filled with ghosts, most of whom are content to use their influence on enhancing the growth of the trees in the area. It seems that they want to bring life back to the place where they died. But a few have other goals, like revenge. None of them are actually tied to the spot, but very few of them want to leave.

The area does not show up as having powerful feng shui, but that's only because the CDCA hasn't done any geomantic work with it yet. If a geomancer were to get ahold of the site and begin doing any kind of work on its chi, they'd find that it's a site of incredible potential power. The ChiBuster's destruction "locked in" a lot of good feng shui at the exact moment the site was burned. Thus, the burners gained nothing, but the chi didn't go anywhere, either. Once the forest is fully grown, it'll give powerful benefits to whoever occupies it. Right now, that's the ghosts; if the Buro tries to build anything else there, they'll have to contend with the people they already killed once.

Norway

BuroMil soldiers have had to contend with a lot of strange things over the past thirty-five years. They've fought demons, ghosts, cyborgs, monks, monkeys – pretty much a cornucopia of the unusual. However, they've usually been able to count on one thing: the weirdness stopped when they got back to 2056.

Norway is the exception.

In 2040, when things first started going wrong in Norway, nobody in the Buro even considered it to be a potential trouble spot. Buro installations occupied key feng shui sites in the region, the populace was docile and happy with BTM control, and if there were a few chi oddities stemming from the runestones left by ancient Vikings, who worried?



Gorilla Warfare

Something happened, though, in 2040. The chi structure of the country lit up like a Christmas tree, overwhelming Buro geomantic control. The weather changed, becoming colder, grimmer, almost as though the country no longer wanted them there. The nights seemed to grow longer. Equipment and technology failed — first on an intermittent basis, then almost continually. The CDCA tried to do studies of the runestones, realizing that they must be the source of the problem, but the teams they sent out to do field work never came back.

Finally, a Buro TacOps squad managed to bring back evidence of what was happening in the formerly placid country. The survivors' video equipment had failed, much like their guns, but they brought back eyewitness accounts. They had seen Viking warriors, giants of men, who had charged into battle with blood-curdling yells brandishing axes and swords. Some of the natives followed them, carrying improvised weapons. The Buro troopers had laughed and leveled their guns, but nothing happened when they pulled the triggers. That's when they understood, as the wind blew cold in their faces and the shadows lengthened. That's when they broke and ran.

The Buro didn't take news that their world dominion had just lost a country very well. They sent in abominations, only to find that the chi of Norway wasn't hospitable to them. (Norway in 2056 uses the same juncture modifiers as Norway in 1996.) They sent in tanks and jets, and found out the hard way that only two things work in Norway now — steel and muscle. The country had drawn the curtain and denied them access, and there was nothing they could do about it.

In practical terms, though, this meant nothing. It was the country that made these Viking warriors dangerous, not any inherent skills or powers; outside of

Norway, they were little more than a bunch of superstitious thugs that the Buro could mop up easily. The Buro sealed off the borders and blacked out the information. As far as the world was concerned, Norway was another loyal nation of productive consumers, and nobody heard differently.

The Jammers know, though.

They use the country as a bolt-hole. It's not great for them, since the Jammers have a high level of appreciation for modern technology — cyborgs can barely survive the harsh conditions in the land, their workings constantly on the verge of total shutdown. Only the fact that Jammers tend to be naturally resistant to the workings of chi saves them. However, beggars can't be choosers, and it remains true that Norway is one of the few places in 2056 where the Buro has no presence at all.

This makes it attractive to a few other factions as well. Word's just now getting out about the Buro's problems in Norway, and a few of the other factions are considering sending emissaries to meet with Eldgrim the Gaunt, ruler of the tribe of Vikings that now controls the nation. The Eaters of the Lotus has no common ground with the warriors, and the Buro has already lost its chance at diplomacy, but a few of the other factions might get on surprisingly well with them if the opportunity arises.

So where does this leave the natives? They're rediscovering their heritage. With little to no reliable technology, they're learning from their ancestors how to live as their ancestors once did. They're also rediscovering the traditions of the berserker warriors. Eldgrim's tribe has already increased by more than a few members, although he still considers most of his descendants to be weaklings. A few of them show potential, though. Perhaps someday he can forge them into a



nation of fighters. Until that day, there are always more battles to be fought.

Argentina

Argentina is a country that has lots of feng shui sites. The country was developed over the last few hundred years by many wealthy people, many of whom were in the pay of the Lodge, and they did their level best to create another powerful chi engine for the secret masters of the world. Now, in 2056, the Buro controls Argentina, and can reap all the benefits of that powerful chi engine. Unfortunately for them, they've found out the same thing the Lodge already knew; real estate in Argentina carries its own price.

Why? Because there's a little "quirk" to the chi of Argentina, and it's one that makes life utterly miserable for the Buro, and a lot of fun for the Jammers. Argentine chi follows an ebb and flow cycle, kind of like the tides. There's no such thing as "good" chi or "bad" chi there; if you possess a feng shui site, you'll experience both at one point or another. In the 1890's, it went into one of its up cycles, and development funds came pouring in from Europe. Argentine credit had no limits, and everyone wanted to invest in one of the hot properties of the developing world. Then the chi went into a down cycle, and the loans came due, prompting one of the world's biggest financial crises prior to the Great Depression. Another example of the nation's chi came with the political career of Juan Peron, which lasted through several smaller up-and-down cycles.

Now the Buro controls the chi of Argentina, for better and for worse. Right now, it's for worse. The chi is on one of its biggest down cycles in decades; as such, the populace has been rioting three times a week over food shortages, the

Jammers raid their factories about twice a week just for the fun of it, and a catastrophic storm wrecked two of the tidal power plants that supply seven percent of the world's energy supply.

The CDCA knows about the chi problem, but they're still not sure how to solve it. The original designers of the feng shui sites of Argentina are long dead now, but the records the Buro has uncovered seem to indicate that the Pledged millionaires who built their estates in Argentina used Western architects who tried to copy the principles of Eastern geomancy. Apparently, something got lost in the translation, but the Buro hasn't figured out what yet. They'd like to, though, and not just because they want to fix the problem themselves. If they can figure out the exact cause, they can induce it in other people's feng shui sites.

In game terms, anyone attuning to a feng shui site in Argentina makes a closed roll at the end of each session. Instead of getting the normal three-point bonus per session, they get whatever the roll is — if it's negative, they get penalized whatever that amount is to the experience reward they get for roleplaying. (They never get less than one point per session, though.)

The Jammers, needless to say, love this. Because the chi is in a down cycle, they can pretty much strike with impunity. Buro forces that try to stop them suffer from unexplainable bad luck — one commander brought in a floating fortress to try to stop them, only to have a thunderstorm blow up out of nowhere. No less than seventy cloud-to-cloud lightning bolts hit the fortress before its electrical system finally shorted out and it crashed down to earth — right on top of the ground forces who were retreating to allow it to open its plasma vent. Bonengel relieved the commander of duty that same day, which is another manifestation of that same chi energy. The Buro offi-

cers assigned to Argentina bicker and fight, plotting against each other to gain ultimate command of the Argentine theater of combat. Once they do gain command, of course, they immediately find that they can't make any progress, because all of their junior officers are trying to undermine them. Most Buro officers don't behave this way outside of Argentina. Needless to say, this is just another manifestation of the unique chi flows of the country.

Eventually, the chi flow will rectify itself, turning back into a positive source of feng shui. When that happens, the Buro will be able to finally pacify the country and defeat the Jammer forces. The Jammers, though, currently monitor the chi flow of the nation with their own sophisticated instruments, testing to see when the chi flow has started to switch back. (Alright, technically "attacking some BuroMil units to see whether or not we can still kick their butts" isn't a sophisticated measurement, but please remember, these are the Jammers, okay?) Once the Buro starts regaining the upper hand, the Jammers will start burning sites in Argentina. Hopefully, they'll time it so that they can start burning the sites before the Buro gets too strong for them to handle again.

How do the people of Argentina feel about all this? Well, they've gotten used to the up-and-down chi flow over the history of their country, so to them, it all seems perfectly natural. They cheer the Jammers, liberators of their nation from the oppressive Buro. In a few years, when the chi flow switches, they'll cheer the Buro, liberator of their nation from the fanatical Jammer terrorists. It's all part of the daily grind, down here.

Jammer Hang-Outs

Let's get one thing straight: These aren't feng shui sites. The Jammers don't have feng shui sites. The Jammers blow up feng shui sites. These are just places they go.

The Ape Factory

The simian populace of Africa never realized how easy they had it.

In fact, they didn't realize much of anything at all; most scientists peg the intelligence level of a chimpanzee at about that of a two year old, and they really didn't get into heavy concepts like the meaning of life, and their own level of personal happiness. For the most part, their thoughts never went too far beyond food, sex, and beating off potential rivals for food and sex. They rarely even saw human beings.

The Jammers changed all that. They brought modern equipment through the Netherworld and leveled a five-square-mile section of forest. Then they built a factory complex in the vacated area, something that looked like a cross between a slaughterhouse and an automotive plant. Then they took some ex-Monster Hunters, brought them through the portals, and told them to get monkey hunting.



After five days, the first apes went into the Ape Factory. Twelve hours later, they came back out again, smarter, faster, stronger, and on wheels. The leftover parts were thrown into the incinerator, and the cyborg monkey production plant was officially on-line.

Those few who've actually seen the Ape Factory while it's running consider it to be one of the most disturbing things they've ever experienced. Workers take each monkey and inject it with a powerful tranquilizer, then strap it down onto a metal framework. The framework is hinged; as different workers work on different parts of the ape, they open up the frame to get at different pieces of anatomy. The frames are extendible, to accommodate anything from a lemur all the way up to a mountain gorilla.

A lot of different custom jobs get done at the Ape Factory, depending on what supplies are available to the operators; the most common, the chimpanzer, involves first slicing off the legs of the chimp. The blades are heated to cauterize the wound, but even so, a lot of blood flies during the process. At first, workers get squeamish about the blood, but after a few days on the job, they don't even notice when their hair and clothing gets soaked in it.

Then it's on to the next step, affixing the cybernetic parts. They do this as quickly as possible after severing the limb to avoid tissue degeneration, which means they cut a few corners. A doctor would use laser suturing here, but the workers are on a budget and a schedule, so an arc welder has to do. The stink of burning hair remains in the air for days after a job.

After that, it's back to the rotary saws for the intelligence upgrade. Workers try to make a nice, even cut around the skull, as a matter of professional pride, but the highest priority at that point is making

sure that the brains don't fall out. By this point, the ape has already been upgraded with a lot of cyborg parts, and they don't want to waste their investment.

The resultant creation rolls off the assembly line dazed and confused, if it's even conscious yet. Another set of workers hoses it down, tunes it up, and packs it onto a cargo truck for the beginning of its journey to join up with the Jammers.

Most Jammers don't consider working in the Ape Factory to be a choice job. Sure, the monkeys are drugged before they go into the main assembly area — they don't scream, just whimper a little as the rotary saws remove their limbs. But there's still just something about hacking off a gorilla's arms and legs with a power saw that freaks a lot of people out. Still, the Jammers being the kind of quality organization that they are, there are always enough people who enjoy that sort of thing to keep the Ape Factory staffed to capacity. It's also a pretty low-risk job. The other factions aren't even aware that there's a portal to Africa in 69 AD. In fact, with the exception of the Buro, none of the factions even realize how many of the cyborg monkey troopers come from the Ape Factory — they know that Battlechimp does build some new troops, but they assume that most of the apes come from the Buro's original failed experiments. Only the Buro knows that no more than a dozen survivors remain from the original Project: Cornelius, and they've scoured the Netherworld for the production facility that they know has to be there, with no luck at all.

Meanwhile, the Jammers continue to hunt the surrounding forests for new apes — they also pick up simians for their army in the rainforests of 1996. The portal jockeys use a lot of the same techniques that they used to hunt down demons — obviously, they vary their exact methods to suit the differences between a



gnarled marauder and a gibbon. For example, instead of using the blood of a virgin to bait the trap, they use a deer carcass; instead of using wave suppressers, they just fire tranquilizer darts. They also suffer much lower casualties than the SERU units ever did; sure, monkeys have powerful fangs, but even the most determined monkey can't turn intangible or spit acidic venom.

For the most part, the Jammers look for chimpanzees and gorillas; having the highest natural intelligences, these apes work best with the neural upgrades. They're also the species most similar to humans, which helps for purposes of compatibility (most of the cybernetics were designed for humans, even if they were tested on apes). However, they have used baboons in the past, and even a few gibbons, lemurs, and other primates. Once, on a bet, a couple of the guys on the assembly line did an upgrade on a wombat. The wombat earned a personal commendation from Potemkin for valor in the face of the enemy before dying in action against the Buro. They don't do upgrades on humans or other animals, though; for that, you have to find a specialist. (See Chapter Six for rules on upgrading humans and other animals.)

One thing to keep in mind before PCs think about requesting a post at the Ape Factory — it's for life. Battlechimp is absolutely fanatical about keeping the Ape Factory a secret. If it were discovered, the Buro would mobilize all its troops against it, and it would have the full support of the Eaters of the Lotus, the Lodge, and possibly even the Guiding Hand. The Jammers would lose their biggest asset in the Secret War, and that's something Potemkin just can't afford. Hence, he makes certain the secret can't get out by arranging the chain of supplies in such a way that nobody knows where the supplies are going beyond the next

link of the chain. If the Buro does manage to compromise one operative, Potemkin can ensure that it doesn't get any closer to the Ape Factory, and by keeping the people who work on the assembly line there permanently, he makes sure that they can't ever reveal the secret to anyone, whether deliberately or otherwise.

Of course, even this degree of security has its flaws. (Don't they all?) The Buro and the Lotus have both planted spies in the Jammers (well, technically everyone's planted spies in the Jammers. Everyone's planted spies in everyone else's factions. It's just part of what makes the Secret War fun.) These spies haven't managed to find out about the Ape Factory yet, but they're working on it; always assuming, of course, that they don't have a change of heart and refuse to betray their newfound comrades in arms. That would never happen.

In theory, the Buro could find out where the Ape Factory is by forcing one of the cyborg apes to talk; they were built there, after all. However, their memories of the first week or so are pretty hazy. Being upgraded isn't quite the same thing as being born, but both involve a lot of trauma. Most of the cyborg apes don't really start to understand what's going on until they're in the Netherworld being trained.

The Temple of the Cheeky Monkey

At first, operating in the 69 AD juncture gave the Jammers some serious problems. Having a GateMaker meant that they could always return to the Netherworld quickly, but making strikes that were any distance away from Netherworld portals still meant a lot of



movement through the Chinese countryside, and that meant the possibility that the Lotus would be able to intercept them before they attacked. Also, without a permanent base of operations, they had to bring any equipment they wanted to use with them through the portals, which was cumbersome and unwieldy. If they couldn't bring it through a GateMaker, they had to leave it behind when they left 69 AD, which was pretty much a waste of good explosives.

For those reasons and more, Battlechimp Potemkin decided that the Jammers needed a permanent base in 69 AD. However, finding a base was easier said than done. The Lotus occupied most of the best locations, and unlike 2056, they couldn't rely on the local populace to keep them hidden from the authorities. The local populace, for some reason, ran shrieking in terror whenever they saw six or seven massive hulking cyborgs with the faces of monkeys. Oh, and the guys with the flamethrowers, the explosives, the huge freaking guns...

Eventually, though, they found a site that was perfect for them. It had been a monastery, back in 432 BC, but the monks within it had grown corrupt and decadent under the influence of one particular abbot named Feng Chiao. They'd lost themselves in the pleasures of the flesh, bringing in dozens of prostitutes to share their beds. Finally, Feng decided

to test the ultimate limits of sin and immorality, and ordered all the prostitutes murdered, simply so that he and his fellow monks could learn what it was like to take a human life.

So why does this make the temple perfect for the Jammers? It's kind of a long story. All the murdered prostitutes returned from the grave as ghosts. They

revenged themselves on the corrupt monks, and then began their vengeance on Feng Chiao, which still continues, five hundred years later. (Feng Chiao is one unhappy guy.) The temple gained a horrible reputation because of the spirits within, as the women seduced unwary visitors and destroyed them. Sure, it's not fair to the visitors — they had nothing to do with any of this. But the women still have some issues to work out.

The Lotus originally thought that it could make use of the temple ghosts. It sent a dozen eunuch sorcerers to the temple to negotiate with the women, planning to bring them into the Lotus and set them on their enemies. It didn't work out as they'd planned — the women, angry at not being able to seduce the eunuchs, simply murdered them in gruesome fashion.

At one point, the Guiding Hand thought that it could purify the temple, banishing the unholy spirits and undoing the influence of the decadent monks. The group of Shaolin monks they sent in, though, was no match for the seductive





wives of the ghostly women, and one by one, they were tricked away from their master and killed. The master resisted temptation magnificently, but without his students, he was outnumbered and eventually slain.

Even the Buro got into the act, sending a team of monster hunters in to capture the ghosts and bring them back to 2056. However, they found out that there were just too many ghosts for one team of monster hunters to handle. The monster hunters found that out, that is. The Buro didn't find out anything, except that when you send a team of monster hunters to that temple, they don't come back.

Then the Jammers moved in. They haven't had any problems with the ghosts of the temple. They've spotted them from time to time — anyone going up to the abbot's chambers, for example, will see his spirit as the murdered prostitutes torture it endlessly — but they haven't had any problems with being seduced, murdered, or any of that.

This is because the ghosts are honestly terrified of the Jammers. Eunuch sorcerers, holy monks — those, they understood. They fit into their worldview perfectly, as “people to hurt and kill in various inventive and horrific ways.” Even the monster hunters, despite their funky weapons, were still just people. But when a group of seven-foot-tall cyborg monkeys moved into their temple, well, they just didn't know how to handle it. They had no idea whether the things could even be seduced, and whether they'd want to seduce them even if they could be. They thought about attacking, but the things had strange and powerful weapons. They didn't seem frightened of the ghosts; instead, they laughed. All this seriously messed with the ladies' heads, and they decided it would be best if they just kept a low profile and didn't make trouble.

Feng Chiao, on the other hand, sees the whole thing as an opportunity. After five hundred years of torment, he aches to get away from the women who've kept his undead spirit trapped. He wants to do a little tormenting of his own — not as payback, though. He simply enjoys inflicting pain and suffering on others, and now that he's a ghost, he has that many more ways of doing so. He hopes that he can persuade some of the dumber Jammers to assist him in escaping from the ghostly women, but so far, he's had no luck.

The Jammers, of course, think the site is just perfect. With the temple's reputation, no peasant wants to even go within five miles of the place — hence, the Jammers can operate there without anyone knowing it. The Lotus and the Hand, the other major players in 69 AD, won't go near the temple either; losing a bunch of their best men to the ghosts within has left them somewhat leery. The Jammers, on the other hand, can operate there with relative impunity, and there's even a convenient Netherworld portal located in the cellars beneath the temple. They've hooked up a portable generator, and the place now has electricity (another thing that just freaks the ghosts out in a big way; heatless light is just too creepy for them). It's their home away from home in the 69 AD juncture.

The Ambush

Contrary to popular belief, the Secret War doesn't always revolve around running gun battles in abandoned factories, kung fu showdowns in ancient temples, and sorcerous duels on rooftops. The various factions plot and intrigue against one another almost as often as they do direct battle, and the Jammers, despite their penchant for violence, are no exception



to the rule. They make deals with the other groups, but to do that, they need a place where they're sure that they won't get an unpleasant surprise in the form of dozens of BuroMil drop troops coming in on their meeting zone, or a demon the size of a ranch house bursting out of the ground to attempt to devour their souls.

In short, the Jammers need a neutral ground to make their deals, and they've settled on "The Ambush."

At first glance, the Ambush looks just like any one of a dozen other high-priced, trendy theme restaurants that dot the Wanchai area of Hong Kong. It's got about twenty tables and booths, and only a Secret Warrior would notice that the way they're placed prevents anyone at one table from watching anyone at any of the others. Soft music plays from the loud-speakers (again, you have to be paying close attention to notice how well the acoustics of the building, combined with the speakers, keep all conversations very private.) The proprietor, a wizened old man who looks to be somewhere in the neighborhood of 100 years old, sits in a chair near the back, watching everything through half-open eyes. From first impressions, though, you'd never guess why it was called the Ambush.

As soon as you eat there once, though, you know. Every single one of the waiters and waitresses has been trained in the ninja art of stealth. From the moment you arrive, when the *maitre d'* pops up from behind the front desk to ask you how many in your party, to the moment of your departure, when you find the check deposited on your table, you will never see even a single member of the staff unless they want you to. (Each member of the staff has an Intrusion AV of 19. They're pretty damned stealthy.)

This can be creepy for first-time visitors. They'll look around, wondering when the waiter is going to show up to

take their order; they look left, look right, and look left again to see the waiter standing there, pen in hand, as though he'd been there for hours. After taking the order, he simply vanishes into the shadows, as silently as he came. Then, after twenty minutes, the food simply arrives at the table — nobody's quite sure how they do it. Nobody ever sees the waiters arrive, nobody sees anyone carry food to the tables — it's just, "look up at the person you're talking to, look down at a bowl of steaming egg drop soup." The food, as it turns out, is shockingly good.

The bill arrives in the same way—silently, with nothing to mark its arrival save the lingering sense of sticker shock that you get when looking at it. Still, the Jammers love dealing at the Ambush for three reasons.

First, the arrangement of the tables, as previously mentioned, prevents eavesdropping. (Overhearing a conversation at the Ambush is Difficulty 15; overhearing it clearly is Difficulty 18. If the players roll between those two numbers, feel free to give them whatever snatches of the conversation you feel are dramatically appropriate.) When you're making a deal with the Lodge, the last thing you want is for Tortoise Shell Information Services to tip Quan Lo off; the Ambush has the perfect set-up to avoid that kind of problem.

Second, the waitstaff has instructions to "handle" violent customers — they're all masters of the Path of the Shadow's Companion, and while they usually only use their techniques to serve piping hot *dim sum* and sweet and sour chicken, they're equally adept at using it to subdue hulking madmen. If a customer comes in who they can't handle, then the old man steps in — he came up with the restaurant as a highly profitable alternative to the traditional ninja professions of spying and thievery, but he's retained all his combat



skills, and doesn't tolerate rudeness to his staff.

Third, the Jammers just think the place is neat.

The Ambush does hire, but they don't hire just anyone. The application forms are on a low shelf next to the old man, and in order to be considered for employment, you have to get to them without him stopping you — no easy task.

(Specifically, this requires an Intrusion check with a Difficulty of 16.) If you can get a job there, though, the old man will refine your stealth skills to near-perfection — even Quan Lo considers him to be the best in the world at the art of evasion and the skills of the ninja. He also offers full health benefits, and a generous 401K package.

As the Jammers introduce the Ambush to other factions in the course of their deals, a lot of them have seen the benefits of the restaurant, and it has turned, in the space of a relatively short time, into one of the major points of 'neutral ground' for the different factions. The all-night tailor down the block contains a Netherworld portal, so it's convenient for those secret warriors who have to commute. (Indeed, Huan Ken has visited the restaurant himself, and has deemed the *egg foo yung* "excellent.")

As a final side note, the Ambush does cater; just let the *maitre d'* know the time and place to which you want the food delivered, and it will be there. The PCs might be able to use this as a diversion. Needless to say, the waiters won't be spotted delivering the food, but it might surprise the Buro surveillance officers to suddenly find steaming platters of sesame chicken in their camera room.

South America

The Jammers just have a thing for jungles. Their main headquarters in the Netherworld has been shaped into a massive jungle, their primary source of troops, the Ape Factory, lies smack dab in the middle of the jungles of Africa — and lo and behold, one of their primary hang-outs in the 1996 juncture turns out to be in the rainforest groves of South America. There has to be a reason for this...

Actually, the most interesting thing about the Jammers' use of the rainforests as a base is the odd dynamic it creates between them and the developers who continue to destroy the rainforests to create grazing land for cattle. See, the Jammers don't like the developers very much. They happen to enjoy having the rainforests to themselves (well, themselves, the animals, and a few lost pygmy tribes that worship the giant metal monkeys as gods.) So some developers go to work in the morning only to find that there's a smoking heap of twisted metal where their bulldozer once was. If they persist in attempting to clear the section away, they find a dozen or so highly-armed and armored cyborg monkeys blocking their path with machineguns and missile launchers. The Jammers take the direct path to ecological conservation.

On the other hand, lots of the little groves and rivers in the rainforest possess excellent feng shui. This goes against the Jammers' philosophical underpinnings in a big way. So other developers go to work in the morning to find the engines on their bulldozers cooling down as though they'd been running all night, and a huge chunk of their work done for them. (Of



course, if they try to continue past the areas the Jammers have “helped” them with, they’ll encounter the Jammers as enemies. If the Jammers had wanted the whole area cleared, they’d have done it themselves.)

This isn’t to say that the Jammers don’t see the benefits of progress; they just prefer to use technology non-intrusively, as it were. They’ve constructed their bases within the rainforest in the trees themselves, stringing wire along the vines that stretch from tree to tree and hooking up large numbers of small electrical generators that run in a network, supplying power to their essential equipment. (Of course their essential equipment includes a television set.) They make decentralization one of their big mottos; the sheer size of the rainforest helps to keep them hidden from the Lodge, which has situated Pledged agents in with the land developers in order to try to whittle down the Jammers’ presence in the ‘96 juncture, and if they all stayed in the same place, it’d defeat the purpose.

Their essential equipment also includes computers. The Jammers use the Internet to disseminate information about the Secret War, and due to the wonders of the global community, they can do this from pretty much anywhere. Of course, most of the people they’re talking to on “alt.conspiracy.secretwar” don’t realize just how “anywhere” they are, and a lot of them probably don’t realize just how “anyone” they are, either. As the saying goes, “On the Internet, nobody knows you’re a monkey.”

The Jammers also have a pretty good handle on the Netherworld portals in the rainforest. Surprisingly, South America has a lot of portals, which might explain why so many people have mysteriously vanished into the jungle over the years. (Or it could be that whole “poisonous

snakes, hostile natives, and predatory jaguars” thing. Who can say, really?) The Jammers use these portals to make attacks on locations in present-day Hong Kong; they can get from South America to Wanchai in five minutes flat, a major improvement on the current commute, which makes the rainforests remarkably convenient for storing equipment and supplies.

The Jammers have cleared away a few sections of the rainforest themselves; they’ve created about a dozen experimental labs, most of which are at least partially underground. They use these for those experiments that might be just a little too dangerous to do in the Silent Jungle; given that the Jammer labs in the Silent Jungle have been blown up seven times in the last year, one can imagine that we’re not talking lightly when we say “a little too dangerous.” For example, the Jammers attempted to synthesize plutonium in one of these labs, for use in Battlechimp’s ongoing plans to nuke Hong Kong. Nobody knows exactly what the results were, since the project scientists never said anything when they were found other than “Braaaaaains... braaaaaains...,” and that only until they were shot in the head by the team that found them.

Some of the labs contain equipment for making cyborg monkeys; the Jammers use these for testing prototype cybernetics equipment, as well as for emergencies. If the Ape Factory is ever destroyed, Battlechimp plans to move production of cyborgs directly to these decentralized laboratories. It’ll mean a slowdown of production, but if the Ape Factory is ever destroyed, production’s going to slow down anyway.

The presence of so many portals does mean that the Jammers aren’t alone in the rainforests; skirmishes between the different factions, though, aren’t as



common as you might think. The rainforest is vast, and it has some of the best natural camouflage in the world; it's entirely possible to be standing ten feet away from someone, and have them totally obscured from your view. The cries of animals drown out sound, too; running a fight in the jungle should involve lots of periods where the combatants lose track of each other entirely, and the soundtrack gets all ominous as each person tries to be the first to spot the other. It should also include at least one scene where someone grabs at a low-hanging vine, only to realize it's a poisonous snake. For some reason, this always happens, despite the fact that vines and snakes look nothing alike. Jammer scientists think it's some sort of weird chi phenomenon.

Jammer Lake

Up in the northern wilderness of Minnesota, about seventy miles south of the US/Canadian border as the crow flies, Jammer Lake sits quietly, its glory days long since past. It's too small to show up on most maps of the state; in fact, it's barely large enough to show up on maps of the area. But 150 years ago, Jammer Lake was the center of Jammer operations in the 1850 juncture, and the name remains, as a last remnant of the proud story of this area, rich in heritage and tradition.

Okay, now that we're done talking like a tourist brochure, it's time to explain a little of the story about the Jammers in the 1850 juncture. Jammer Lake contains a portal that opens out



into the Sunless Sea. The Sea Monkeys discovered it years ago, on a routine Netherworld patrol, and reported it back to Battlechimp Potemkin. Potemkin scouted out the area himself, and saw a lot of strategic advantages in it; since both the entrance and the exit portals were underwater, almost nobody would ever find the portal by chance. The area on the other end was nearly deserted; at that stage in the history of the state, only fur traders and a few Native American tribes inhabited the area. The other end of the portal, the Netherworld side, led to an area that was close to a number of other portals to parts of 1850 and 69 AD, which was an additional sweetener to the deal. Then, as Battlechimp read up on the history of the area, he found what was to become the clincher of the deal: the Jammers had already begun their gold-mining operations in Australia and California, but they had no idea that Minnesota had been the site of a brief gold rush of its own. Even better, the locations where gold had been found were only fifty miles or so north of the lake. Best of all, the gold wouldn't be discovered for another forty years — plenty of time for the Jammers to make off with the best part of the stash.

Battlechimp ordered the construction of a base in the lake; since he wanted to

avoid attracting attention, he actually made the base underwater. Secret warriors who go diving in 1996 will find fragments of debris, but no actual remains of the base; it appears that at some point, the Jammers will dispose of the evidence in traditional Jammer style. A concealed elevator provides access to the surface for those who can't hold their breath like a Sea Monkey, and from there, the Jammers mine gold in the surrounding area and plan their actions in the 1850 juncture.

Even in the wilds of northern Minnesota, though, you can't escape the Secret War. Fur trading meant big money back in the 1800's, and while the big boom of the industry has died down somewhat, the local traders still do a lot of business, and that means that the Lodge has its sticky little fingers in the operation. Pledged operatives have been stunned to find Jammers operating in the area, but they haven't been able to do much about it. They just don't have the numbers to handle a firefight with cyborgs, or the equipment for that matter. They have notified their superiors, though, and soon the Boundary Waters might become the sight of a new battlefield in the Secret War. Somebody's going to find out about it, of course; the lake had to get its name somehow, right?



Gorilla Warfare

BATTLECHIMP POTEMKIN

SECURE SPACE FACILITY #14, 2056

Doctor Edwards explained Project: Malacostraca. It was a fascinating concept, and I had to admire his audacity even as I considered my strategic options.

"Um, well, as you know, there're still a few diseases that have eluded our ability to control. The biggest one on that list would be cancer."

Cancer. That explained the name of the project. Malacostraca was a reference to crabs, the zodiac symbol of Cancer. The Buro never worried about obscurity when it came to giving a project an interesting name.

"We've known for decades that cancer is not simply the body's inability to accurately reproduce its cells. The research done suggested that there was some sort of a viral cause to the tumor. However, from that point, work seemed to stall; the virus itself could not be isolated, and hence, we've had to rely on traditional chemotherapies—therapies which, needless to say, are devastating to the general health of the patient."

Doctor Edwards seemed to think I was a layman in the field of medicine. Letting the barrel of my shoulder-cannon spin for a moment, I said, "Doctor, these concepts are common knowledge. I'll be very disappointed if you don't have anything to tell me that I don't already know."

"Some of the more, um, overt manifestations of arcanomutation seem to have similarities to cancerous growths. If that is the case, I thought, then perhaps those arcanomutations could be diverted towards positive goals?" I began to see the shape of the doctor's breakthrough.

"Project: Malacostraca is designed to exploit those arcanomutations. We used children from the 1996 juncture because their bodies are more likely to develop cancerous tumors, having been exposed to more pollutants in six months than we have in our entire lifetimes. They also have no natural arcano-exposure, which will assist us in growing our "watchdogs" faster and easier. We brought them through to the Netherworld, where they were irradiated with arcanowaves, and then took them here to test some of the latest cancer agents on them.

"In essence, what we are trying to do is to find an arcanomutation that will naturally devour cancer cells, but remain harmless to the host body. These "watchdog" mutations can then be isolated and implanted into cancer victims, even at extremely late stages of the disease, and heal the patient from the inside out. There will

be side-effects as the "watchdogs" are refined; our current goal is saving lives, not in retaining cosmetic beauty. However, we hope that by the year 2065, the scourge of cancer will be eliminated from humankind."

I had heard enough. "At the cost of transforming humanity into monsters."

"No! We are aware that arcanotechnology is unpredictable and, in many ways, it's a technology still in its infancy, but this could be one of the first breakthroughs to use it to save lives instead of end them! Cancer is one of the few diseases that still plagues humanity—just imagine what we could do if it were eliminated! People's lives could be extended, perhaps indefinitely! Chemotherapy, and its painful procedures, could be eliminated! For God's sake, this could save millions of lives!"

"Those people would be contaminated with arcanotechnology. Their bodies would no longer be their own, but instead host to demonic energies you still don't fully understand. What you call millions of lives, I call millions of abominations." I targeted him with my mini-gun, and fired.

I turned to the rest of the group. "Are the explosives planted?"

Monkeywrench seemed to be having problems maintaining his composure, but he nodded. I found it odd that he was having such problems; he was an experienced soldier and had never shown signs of battlefield trauma before. "Then we should be going, before the Buro has time to scramble a shuttle to intercept us."

Monkeywrench looked over at the biological specimens. "But what about the kids? We'll need to find some way to transport them all—maybe we can find whatever it was they used to carry them all up here, and—"

"They'll remain here. The explosives should do our job for us." Monkeywrench became very agitated at that.

"We can't kill them! They're babies, for God's sake, Potemkin! They have parents, they have futures!"

"They also have uncontrolled arcanowave exposure." I modulated my voice to make it sound as soothing as possible. "The Bobos were deliberately attempting to induce as many uncontrolled mutations as possible. At this point, they are human only in a cosmetic sense."

I was 97% certain that he had made his decision. He said, "Alright. Let's go."

I regretted the unfortunate losses, but on the battlefield, such things were to be expected.

Making A Monkey Out of You

CAMPAIGN RESOURCES

So now that you've seen the Jammers, met their main men (and women, and monkeys, and demons, and demon-monkeys) and been to their house, how do you go about integrating them into your campaign? This section should have a few handy tips.

The Jammers As Heroes

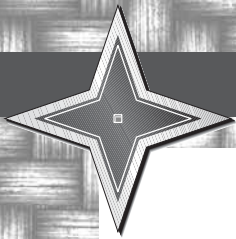
Running a Jammer campaign can be a lot of fun. Let's face it — who wouldn't want to be a bunch of hyperactive rebels with lots of explosives and a questionable sense of morality? Sure, lots of GMs create insightful, thought-provoking campaigns in which the players face moral dilemmas every session, and have to choose their own personal path of honor and justice, but why bother with that when you can have a block of C-4, a

cyborg arm with a built-in rocket launcher, and a getaway car that can fly?

The trick to running a Jammer campaign as a GM is not to get too worried about morality. The kinds of PCs who join the Jammers are not the people who will question whether or not they should risk hurting innocents with their tactics. Instead, they'll be questioning how much force it takes to blow that bridge support. If you want to include moral dilemmas, you can. Just don't be surprised if your players take to being a Jammer a little too well.

On the other hand, you might want to begin with your PCs as members of the Jammers, then gradually move them to a more traditionally heroic group such as the Dragons. This isn't really hard to do. Just throw them in the deep end on a few of Potemkin's more extreme missions, and even the most bloodthirsty and battle-hardened player will eventually question the morality of blowing up maternity wards just because they have good feng shui.

All of which leads to:



The Jammers As Villains

This is surprisingly easy to do. The Jammers might be hyperactive rebels with lots of explosives and a questionable sense of morality, but they're also, um, hyperactive rebels with lots of explosives and a questionable sense of morality. They will blow up churches, schools, and hospitals if they think that they have good feng shui. Battlechimp Potemkin does not understand the meaning of the words, "innocent bystander." The closest he comes is "regrettable civilian casualties." With that kind of mindset, it's very easy to come up with a situation in which your party has to fight a group of Jammers that's planning to use stolen nukes in Hong Kong, or wants to turn Disneyland into Disneycrater.

Plus, of course, you could be playing an exclusively Buro campaign, in which case it's even easier. The Jammers want to destroy the world as you know it. They use a "scorched earth" strategy that will leave nothing of value standing, and they plan to rebuild the world out of the rubble as an anarchist commune. Only you stand between them and the end of all that is.

Until you defect, of course.

Endgame: How To Run A Jammer Victory

So let's say you're running a Jammer campaign. Your party believes in Potemkin's vision, they work hard to blow up as many feng shui sites as possible, and at some point, they really do cross that threshold and the Jammers trigger

a critical shift. What's the world going to look like?

Very probably, it won't be there. The flow of chi is so vital to human history that it's very probable that if enough of its flow is cut off, humankind won't survive long enough to make it through to the year 2056, or even 75 AD. The PCs will still be around, of course, since travel through the Netherworld grants them immunity from critical shifts. In fact, a lot of characters will be around, and they'll be none too happy with the Jammers for wiping out history as we know it. From there, you could begin an interesting storyline that revolves around rebuilding the world's feng shui in 69 AD.

Or, if you're in a kinder mood, you could go with the slim possibility that the Jammers are right. Without the control of chi, humanity is ruled by the best and the brightest, not simply those who happen to own the right property. Anarchy, in its best possible sense, breaks out; there is no government because people don't need to be governed anymore. There are still a few remnants of the old order to be mopped up — Buro soldiers who long for the return of the authority they once wielded, transformed animals who want to be rich and powerful once more, and of course, eunuch sorcerers who want their demons and sorcery — but on the whole, life is better.

Until the portals open again somewhere else.

\$10,000 Man

"Don't laugh. It's paid for."

There are lots of good reasons to become a cyborg. Perhaps you're an ex-TacOps trooper who was wounded in action (they offered you a nice, sleek, arcanotech robot limb, but after seeing one of your squad-mates grow a third eye in the middle of his forehead, you decided the clunky old technological limb was fine for you). Perhaps you're part of the brief body-sculpting fad that swept the world in 2043. Or maybe you wound up in the wrong bar, talking to the wrong scientist after too many drinks, and woke up with something a lot better than a tattoo. No matter what the reason, you've taken the first steps toward making your body into a robot body and, sure, it has its drawbacks, but you kinda like it.

Juncture: Netherworld, 2056

Attributes: Bod 5, Chi 0, Mnd 5, Ref 5

Divide 4 points over any secondary attributes. Attributes may change depending on which Hardware schticks you select.

Skills: Martial Arts +5 (10) [Max 13]

Driving +5 (10) [Max 13]

Guns +9 (=14)

Info/your choice +4 (9)

Add 6 Skill Bonuses.

Schticks: 2 Hardware schticks, 3 Gun schticks

Limitation: You can't be healed by characters using the Medicine skill, unless they learned the skill in 2056.

Weapons: 2 weapons of the appropriate juncture.

Quick Schtick Pick

Targeting Computer, Adrenal Enhancement, Slo Mo Vengeance x2, Signature Weapon: Buro Godhammer, Buro Blue Spear

Wealth

Poor



Dallas Rocket

“Remember the Alamo!”

You're one of the last true children of Texas. The Buro might have turned the greatest state in the union into a warzone, but you still fight on for the ideals of independence that your forefathers stirred in you, from Sam Houston up through Troy Aikman. You've been well trained, and you strike with disciplined precision at targets chosen to suffer the maximum harm with the minimum effort.

How you hooked up with the Jammers, you're still not certain.

Juncture: 2056

Attributes: Bod 5, Chi 0 (For 3), Mnd 5, Ref 5

Add 3 points to a primary attribute, 2 points to another, 1 point to a third. Add 2 points to any one secondary attribute.

Skills: Intrusion +4 (9) [Max 13]
Martial Arts +5 (=10)
Deceit +6 (11) [Max 13]
Info/Buro +6 (11)
Info/Texas History +5 (10)
Driving +7 (12) [Max 13]
Guns +8 (=13)
Sabotage +4 (9) [Max 13]

Add 5 Skill Bonuses. Swap the Skill Bonuses and Action Values of Guns and Martial Arts if desired.

Schticks: 3 Gun schticks

Weapons: 5 weapons of the appropriate juncture

Unique Schtick

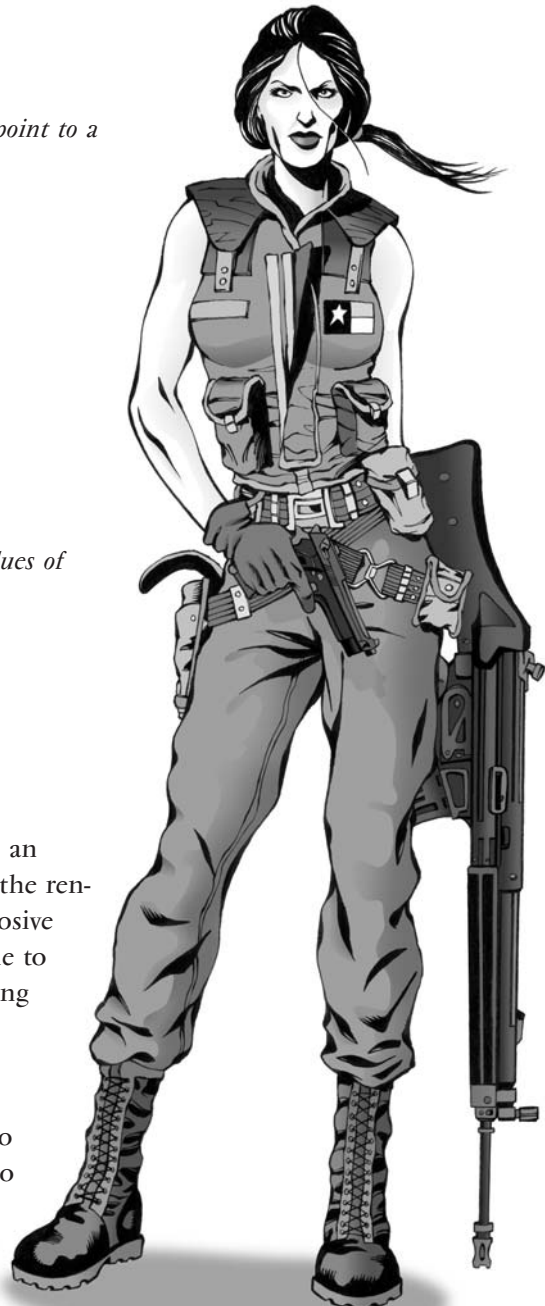
Death-O-Rama: Whether it's the gas tank of a nearby car, an explosives depot, or a propane tank that happened to be at the rendezvous with the Buro agent, there's always something explosive for you to blow up. You can spend a Fortune die at any time to make a Guns check; a positive result means you hit something that causes a large explosion.

Quick Schtick Pick

10,000 Bullets x2, Lightning Reload, Buro Blue Flag, Buro Godhammer, Buro Crimestopper, Buro Blade of Truth, Buro Backup Arm

Wealth:

Poor



Gearhead

“Got it done, my man. Lean, mean, sand in the Vaseline. Got the scene?”

You're a Jammer — not just one of the usual “cannon fodder” types, like the mad bombers and the grenade posers, but a valued member of the team. You've become so useful mostly because of your keen knowledge of machinery. Not that you're a techie — they've already got plenty of people to put things together. No, you're the kind of person who itches to break things — and not just in the usual Jammers “BLOW THINGS UP!” kind of way. You know how to take machines apart in ways that the Buro hasn't even thought of yet, and how to make sure they won't blow up until you want them to blow up, and not one second sooner. For you, destruction is an art form, and you're the Picasso of sabotage.

Juncture: Netherworld, 2056

Attributes: Bod 5, Chi 0 (For 3), Mnd 5, Ref 5

Add 3 to any two primary attributes..

Skills: Intrusion +4 (9)
Deceit +5 (10)
Guns +5 (10) [Max 13]
Driving +4 (9) [Max 13]
Sabotage +10 (=15)
Fix-It +8 (=13)

Add 4 Skill Bonuses..

Weapons: 1 weapon of the appropriate juncture.

Unique Schtick

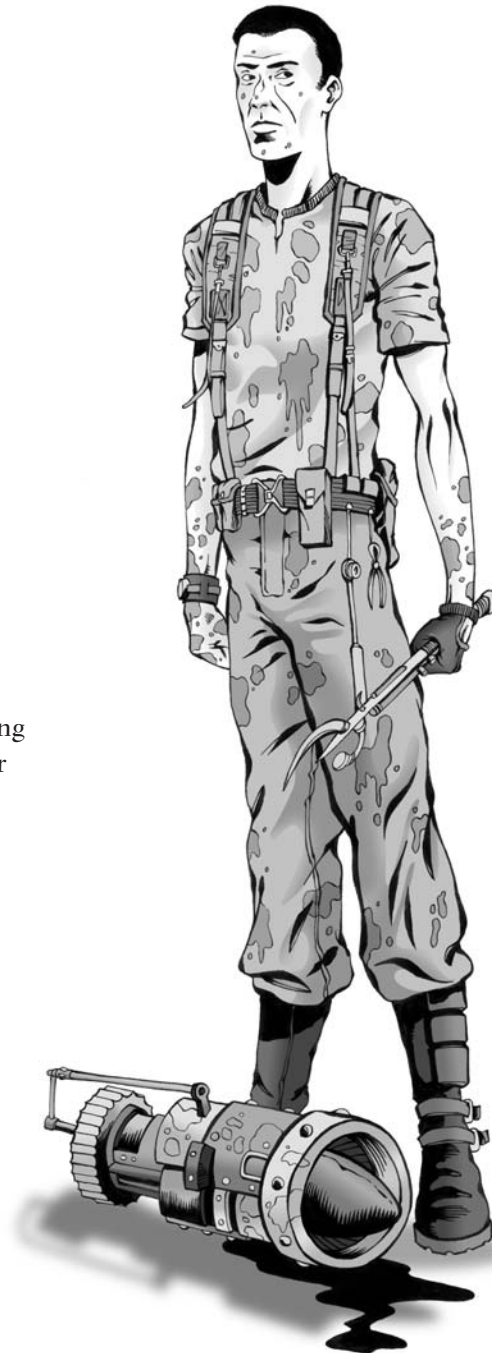
Hidden Toolkit: You've become adept at concealing the tools of your sabotage in an unobtrusive manner on your person. Anyone attempting to make a Perception check to detect concealed weapons or equipment on you suffers a -5 penalty.

Quick Schtick Pick

Buro Avenger

Wealth:

Working Stiff



Gorilla Fighter

"Darling, don't you monkey with this monkey..."

You're a cyborg monkey, created either by the Buro in its initial, enthusiastic Project: Cornelius, or by Battlechimp Potemkin in the Ape Factory. Your body has been improved with the introduction of cybernetic technology, and your mind has been upgraded to the point where you think like a human. Well, more like a human than you did before, at least. You're a soldier now, fighting a war against tyranny — perhaps you enjoy it, or perhaps you wish you were still in the jungles, munching down on bananas. Either way, it's not like they can change you back.

Juncture: Netherworld, 2056

Attributes: Bod 9, Chi 0, Mnd 4, Ref 7

Swap your Bod and Ref values to reflect a different sort of primate, such as an orangutan or a chimpanzee. Attributes change depending on the Hardware schticks selected.

Skills: Martial Arts +3 (10) [Max 13]
Info/CDCA +5 (9)
Guns +3 (10) [Max 13]
Sabotage +4 (8)

Add 7 Skill Bonuses.

Schticks: 4 Hardware schticks, 1 Gun schtick

Limitations: 1) You can't be healed by characters using the Medicine skill, unless they learned that skill in 2056. 2) If your name does not contain some sort of simian pun, you are penalized 1 XP per session.

Quick Schtick Pick

Onboard Computer, Targeting Computer, Robot Limbs, Minigun, Lightning Reload

Wealth:

Poor



Portal Jockey

"We can get in – there's a passageway through the Netherworld in the nutrient vats."

You were trained to be a member of a Supernatural Entity Retrieval Unit, but you were never very good at your job. Doubts troubled you, the kind of doubts your classmates never even seemed to blink at, and your studies suffered a bit. As such, your access to arcanotech was restricted, which suited you just fine. Then, when you got posted to the Netherworld, things got worse. It was almost impossible to tell who was on whose side. You did things you weren't proud of.

Finally, it all became too much. You went AWOL, and spent a lot of time exploring the Netherworld. You know the intricate maze of portals and passages like the back of your hand. It was while wandering that you met the Jammers and learned their ways. Now you use that knowledge of the Netherworld to strike at the Buro where they're weakest.

Juncture: Netherworld

Attributes: Bod 5, Chi 3, Mnd 5, Ref 5

Divide 5 points over your primary attributes.

Skills: Arcanowave Devices +9 (=12)

Guns +9 (=14)

Info/Netherworld +5 (10)

Martial Arts +5 (10) [Max 12]

Intrusion +4 (9) [Max 13]

Deceit +4 (9)

Sabotage +3 (8) [Max 11]

Add 3 Skill Bonuses.

Schticks: 2 Gun schticks, 1 Arcanowave Device

Weapons: 1 gun

Unique Schtick

Surprise Entrance: You may spend a Fortune Die to "find" a portal leading into the Netherworld from your current location in the real world, or vice versa. (This does not allow you to choose where exactly you wind up when you go through the portal; that's up to the GM.) This portal takes time to find: make a Fortune check after spending the die, and subtract the result from six. You find the portal in that many sequences (note that this number can never go below one). This is a continuous action.

Quick Schtick Pick

Deadeye x2, Tracer Resin Projector, Buro Blue Spear

Wealth:

Poor



Viking Warrior

"Come back in glory, young warrior, or on your shield."

You're one of the Vikings, the legendary Scandinavian warriors that looted and pillaged along the coasts of Europe in the dim mists of history. However, despite the paucity of portals in that area, you've found yourself drawn into the Secret War. It's possible that you're part of the band of Vikings that defends Norway from the Buro in the year 2056 or it could be that you're independent, wandering through the Netherworld and choosing whatever allies seem most worthy of fighting alongside your axe. No matter what, though, you are a warrior, and you will not cease fighting until the day you die in battle. That is how a warrior lives.

Juncture:

69, Netherworld

Attributes: Bod 8, Chi 0 (Fu 5), Mnd 5, Ref 5

Divide 3 points over your primary attributes (max 10).

Skills: Martial Arts +9 (=14)

Intimidation +5 (10)

Info/Viking Lore +6 (11)

Info/Norse Mythology +5 (10)

Add 4 Skill Bonuses.

Schticks: 2 Fu Powers from Path of the Sharpened Scales, Path of the Hands of Light, Path of the Selective Master, and Path of the Raging Bear.

Weapons: 1 weapon, 1 shield of the appropriate juncture

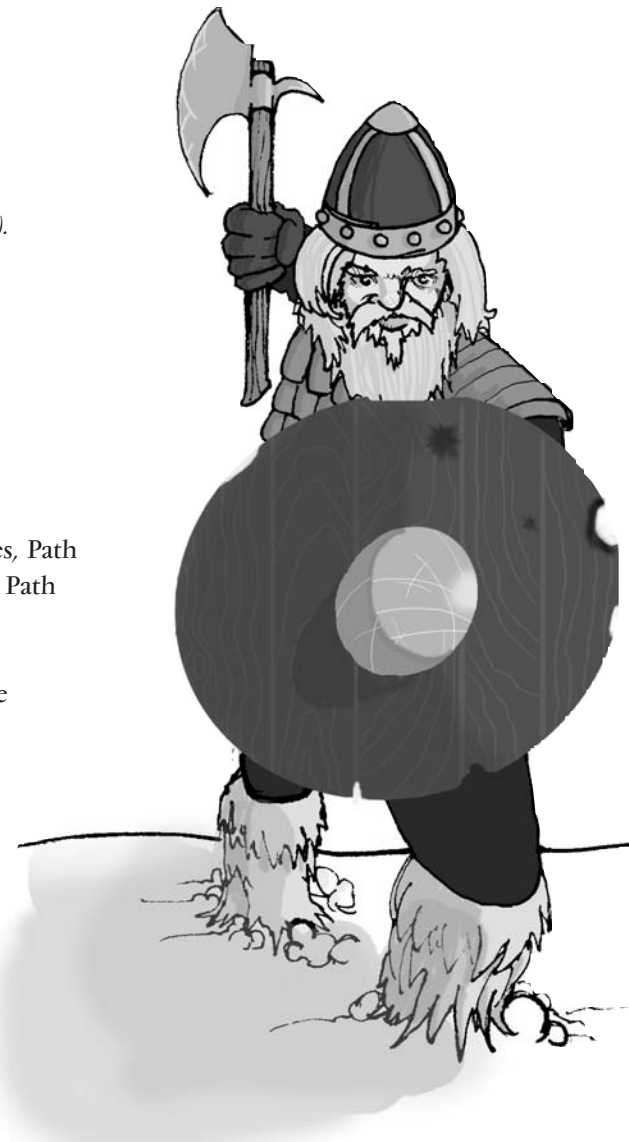
Unique Schtick:

Berserker Rage: At the beginning of each sequence, you may choose to add an amount to your AV for attacks up to your Fu rating. This same amount is subtracted from your passive dodge. When using Berserker Rage, you cannot actively dodge. These bonuses and penalties apply for the whole sequence.

Quick Schtick Pick:

Signature Weapon (Axe), Bite of the Dragon, Axe (Str + 4, same as sword), Shield (+1 to passive Dodge, treated as cover instead of armor, Str +3 as a weapon)

Wealth: Poor





Hardware Schticks

Virtually everyone involved in the Secret War is familiar with the Buro's use of arcanotech — the demonic devices are issued to all of its abominations, and many of its elite soldiers use them as well. However, even before arcanotech had been discovered, the science of cybernetics had reached a number of breakthroughs, and though, for the most part, arcanotech made these clunky devices obsolete, there are still more than a few people (and, of course, monkeys) who prefer it.

In game terms, no skill is required to use Hardware schticks. Once you have a schtick, its effects are immediately noted on your character sheet, and you go from there. A few schticks do require skill rolls to use — typically either Guns or Martial Arts checks — and are noted in the schtick description.

In addition, a few schticks have prerequisites, as noted in the schtick description.

Permanent Changes

Taking a Hardware schtick means actually removing a part of your body and replacing it with a piece of machinery. As such, these are not like arcanowave devices that can be plugged and unplugged. These are in you for life. Once you've taken a Hardware schtick, you can no longer be healed by characters using the Medicine skill, unless they've learned that skill in

Starting With Hardware Schticks

Since Hardware schticks didn't exist when the original Feng Shui book was written, it's no surprise that the original templates didn't include them. However, if you take the "Cyborg" template, you can switch out Hardware schticks for Arcanowave Devices on a one-for-one basis. Also, Techies can toss out their starting unique schtick to gain two Hardware schticks, excluding weapons. Other than that, though, if you want to get Hardware schticks, you need to either use one of the templates in this book, or acquire them in the course of play.

2056. Anyone from other times is stymied by the artificial parts.

Replacing a part of your body with a cyborg device means you can no longer improve it in the normal fashion; once you've hacked off your arms and replaced them with hydraulic lifters, hoisting weights isn't going to help you. The other side of this is that once a stat has been increased through a Hardware schtick, you can no longer increase it by any other means, including raising the related primary attribute. This isn't a worry for most Jammers, who don't attune to feng shui sites and therefore can't increase their attributes anyway.

Many of the Hardware schticks levy an attribute penalty. Please note that when a Hardware schtick raises an attribute, it raises it to that level after all other penalties and bonuses are assessed. In other words, if you take a schtick that raises your Dex and lowers your Con, and then take one that raises your Con, the Con penalty from the first schtick may be negated. This is why so many people wind up with completely cyborg bodies; it's easier to just add another part on than it is to work at offsetting the disadvantages.



Hardware vs. Arcanotech

So why would any sane person want to get devices that can transform them into a slavering, demonic entity, when they can just get upgraded with good, old-fashioned technology? Surely, you'd think that the Buro would go with hardware over arcanotech every time.

The fact of the matter is, both have their ups and downs. On the one hand, hardware is proven to be safe; nobody ever needs to worry about growing eyeballs in between their shoulder blades with an onboard computer. It is also tremendously effective; cyborgs can catch up with cars in a chase, throw manhole covers like they were shotputs, and generally do things that fleshy humans can't.

On the other hand, pure technology is cumbersome. The robot limbs that arcanotech can offer are barely larger than a regular human limb, but with magical enhancement, they become amazingly strong and even give a sense of touch. Cyborg limbs are big, beefy, clunky, and although the cybernetic enhancement offers some compensation for the lack of nerves, it still feels like you're wearing oven mitts or waffle irons. Not to mention that for stealth purposes, it's very difficult to conceal a fully functioning missile launcher that you've got grafted onto your shoulder. Pure cybernetics are incredibly conspicuous, and there's no way to leave them behind when you don't want them. GMs shouldn't forget this, and might levy penalties to skills in certain situations. For example, a cyborg trying to blend in at a suave dinner party will suffer serious penalties if his arm clanks when he moves.

Arcanotech is also more versatile. Yes, technological cyborgs can lift trucks and shoot big guns, but there are arcanowave devices that can stop bullets, hose fu powers, and short out sorcerers in their tracks. It's also detachable; unless you have the robot limb schtick, you'll be able to unplug your stuff and lead a relatively normal life.

The most important reason for arcanotech in the eyes of the CDCA, of course, is simply this: they don't know much about it yet, and they want you as a human guinea pig.

Hardware Schticks with Other Schticks

Note that gaining Hardware schticks does not interfere with the use of Creature Powers, Arcanowave Devices, Fu Powers, magic, or Transformed Animal schticks; this may be true out of character, but most characters simply don't believe it no matter how much you tell them. The Guiding Hand considers cybernetics to be crippling to the flow of chi, and the superstitious Lotus sorcerers believe that cyborg body parts disrupt the flow of magical energies through the body. As for transformed animals, well, let's not even go there. Most of them consider it a fate worse than death.

But if your character wants to be a sorcerer with an onboard computer, well, then more power to him.

If this seems expensive to you, keep in mind that the majority of the Hardware schticks raise stats to very high levels. Do the math, and you'll soon see that you're getting a genuine bargain.

New schticks must also be acquired in the course of the storyline, which means finding someone who's willing to perform the procedure, either in the Netherworld or in 2056. This "someone" must have the Surgery subskill of Medicine, must have learned it in 2056, and must also have access to a lab and to cybernetic equipment. Most Jammer scientists are happy to help, but if you have no Jammer contacts, you might be in for a tough search. "Paramilitary Body Modification," as it's called by the Buro, is illegal in 2056.

The actual installation of the cyborg part requires a Medicine check with a Difficulty of 10. Failure means the part is not integrated correctly with the patient's nervous system, and simply hangs limp and useless. In game terms, this means you keep not only the stat penalties the schtick incurs to other stats, but you also apply a -2 modifier to your original stat instead of getting the higher value. The surgeon can reattempt the procedure. If a negative result on the

Gaining New Hardware Schticks

New Hardware schticks cost $(25 + X)$ experience points, where X is the number of Hardware schticks that the character will have once he acquires the new one.



Medicine check is ever scored, then the doctor has seriously screwed things up; the patient receives 6 Wound Points, and the procedure cannot be attempted again during that game session.

Hardware Shtick List

Here are the many types of hardware shticks you monkeys have to choose from.

Upgrades

All of these shticks raise a secondary statistic to the number noted. Again, please note that once a stat is raised, previous penalties assessed by other Hardware shticks are negated. Also,

please note that if you raise all the secondary attributes for a stat using Hardware shticks, you also raise the primary attribute to the level of the lowest Hardware-increased secondary attribute. This rule is mainly intended for easier bookkeeping – it’s hard enough keeping track of secondary attribute changes without having the added confusion of all your secondary stats being higher than your primary attribute.

Adrenal Enhancement (Spd 11, -2 Int)

Extra adrenal glands have been implanted into your body, heightening the “fight or flight” response and speeding up your reaction time. Unfortunately, the influx of extra adrenaline tends to make you jumpy, excitable, and gives you a real tendency to act before you think.

Body Armor (Tgh 13, -3 Mov)

Heavy armor plating makes you extremely resistant to injury in any form; bullets bounce off you, swords break on your “skin,” and you don’t even notice blows from fists or feet. It does slow you down a bit, walking in all this stuff, but when you do get to your enemy, they’ll be bound to notice.

Fusion Reactor (Con 12, -2 Spd)

You have an onboard nuclear fusion reactor as the source of your internal power, instead of solar-charged batteries; the upshot of this is that you keep going, and going, and going. It’s a little cumbersome, and you sometimes have trouble when quick reactions are needed, but you just keep going, and going, and going.

Onboard Computer (Int 11, -1 Str)

The onboard computer is either built directly into your brain, or is connected



Gorilla Warfare

to it; either way, it gives you a constant information flow that helps you to plan on a moment-to-moment basis, sort of like having a second, much smarter brain. On the down side, it's heavy.

Override Implants (Wil 11, -2 Tgh)

Ever notice how when you're grabbing at something hot, or sharp, or cold, your body will automatically jerk away from it? Yours doesn't do that anymore. Your brain has been rewired to give you total control over your muscles; if you want to grab that piece of red-hot metal, your limbs won't be able to say no. On the downside, you have to consciously make an effort to let go of it once you've grabbed it. Not surprisingly, you get hurt a little bit more than your average person.

Robotic Limbs (Str 11, -2 Dex)

These are not to be confused with the Robot Limb schtick that arcanowave users get. In this case, enough of your body has been replaced with cyborg parts that you're more or less completely upgraded (plus, you have a real hassle getting through metal detectors). This may take the form of total conversion of all four limbs, or you can decide that parts of them are still natural; in game terms, though, there's no difference. The limbs are a bit clumsy; without computer assistance, fine motor control still eludes you a bit.

Sensory Upgrade (Per 11, -1 Wil)

You've gotten the full sensory upgrade — infrared, ultraviolet, parabolic hearing, chemical analysis using your tastebuds, the whole nine yards. Of course, living in a world in which every sensation is magnified has left you a little easily distracted. Let's face it, when you can telescopic-

ly zoom in on a beach volleyball game played a mile away, you're not going to be thinking much about fighting.

Synthetic Musculature (Agl 11, -2 Con)

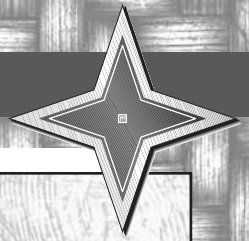
Your muscles have been replaced with a synthetic substance that reacts better to nervous impulses (or, if you already have robot limbs, these replace the standard, clunky hydraulic systems in them). These offer you superior muscle control, allowing you to do the sorts of flips and jumps that Jackie Chan only dreams about. Of course, it takes more energy to contract the synthetic muscles, so you do tire more easily.

Tank Treads (Mov 13, -2 Agl)

This is what it's all about, baby; you're not a real cyborg if you haven't junked your old legs and tricked yourself out with a tank body! Actually, much like the supernatural creature schtick Abysmal Spines, this doesn't have to mean you literally put tank treads on yourself. It could mean that you got high-speed jet-propelled roller-skates, or perhaps you're cybernetically linked to a self-propelled rocket skateboard, or maybe you just have — yawn — really fast legs. Either way, you're damn fast, if a little awkward at maneuvering. (This schtick also gives you the equivalent of a Pep +1 when in vehicle chases. You can spend an additional schtick on it, giving you a Pep +3. This does not mean that when you have a Pep +3, you have a Mov of 30. It just increases your road-handling abilities, not your actual Mov score.)

Targeting Computer (Dex 11, -1 Per)

You can zoom in and lock onto a target, focusing your whole concentration on him. This is great for things like



shooting, fine motor work, and precision aiming. It is not great for spotting things coming in from a direction other than the one you're locking onto.

Weapons

As with many schticks in *Feng Shui*, the schticks listed here do not need to precisely duplicate their descriptions; many different types of weapons are the same for purposes of game effects. Feel free to use as much creativity as you want when coming up with the look and feel of the device. As long as your GM agrees to play along, go ahead and claim your character has a giant jack-in-the-box on his left arm that attacks people with a butcher knife while screaming, "*Guilty! Guilty!*"

Also, note that none of these weapons have a Concealment rating. This is because they are all impossible to conceal — this is an action movie roleplaying game, and even in a lot of action movies, if you have a missile launcher where your chest used to be, you are not going to be able to hide it.

Chainsword (Str + 7)

This is more or less exactly what it sounds like — a big sword with a chainsaw blade running along the edge, just to give it that extra kick of nastiness. It runs on your body's internal power supply, and plugs into the wrist; if you're the sort of person who doesn't want to bother with all that touchy-feely crap, it replaces the hand directly. (A lot of lower-tech cyborgs don't bother with the sophisticated chainsword mounting, and just graft an actual chainsaw onto their hand. If that's what you want to do... groovy.)

Gun Schticks and Hardware Schticks

In a word: Yes. In several words: any Hardware schtick that is listed under "Weapons" can be used in conjunction with Gun schticks; in other words, you can take Lightning Reload nine times and never have to worry about reloading your missile launcher again, if you're willing to spend the insane amounts of XP that requires. You can use Fast Draw with the minigun-arm your character has. You can have a signature flamethrower. You can do whatever combos you want to, so long as you follow the basic rules under 'Gun Schticks' in the basic book.

Flamethrower (12/—/12)

Admittedly, it doesn't do nearly as much damage as some of the other weapons on this list, but the flamer does have its advantages. For one thing, it sets people on fire — characters hit with this weapon suffer an additional 4 Wound Points every 3 shots until they put the fire out, and those Wound Points are not reduced by Toughness. For another, there are a lot of things out there that bullets can't hurt, but that can burn. For a third, have you seen how many pyromaniacs are in the Jammers?

Minigun (15**/—/1000)

The classic projectile weapon, the minigun features loads of damage, full autofire, a virtually endless supply of ammunition, and the ability to take down unnamed characters on an Outcome of 3 or more. The minigun — drive it home today.

Missile Launcher (23**/—/5)

Yes, you did read that damage rating correctly. Before you get too excited, there are a few things to keep in mind. One, the missile launcher takes a Strength of 11 to fire. This means that you either need to take the Robot Limbs schtick, or lift weights for a long time to get to the



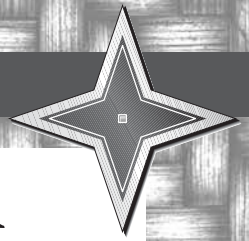
point where you can use this puppy. Second, the missile launcher takes time to lock onto its target; firing it is a five-shot action instead of a three-shot action. Third, it takes a while to reload: nine shots in combat. And last but not least, that's 23 Damage to the person you hit directly (and anyone right next to him), and 12 Damage to pretty much everyone else in the area. Great for some cases, very bad when you're firing into a melee.

Enhancements

These are various other abilities you can gain that don't fit into either of the other two categories.

Flight

This gives you the ability to fly, of course. It can take a pretty wide variety of forms, from Furious George's helicopter to the detachable wings of the Flying Monkey Squad. Either way, it gives you a Mov of 11 in flight, or a Pep +1. As with the Tank Treads schtick, you can purchase this schtick more than once; in this case, you can purchase it an extra two times to get Pep +2 each time. Ergo, purchasing Flight twice would give you Pep +3, and three times would get you Pep +5. This still won't let you dogfight with an F-14, but it'll put you on a par with just about anything else in the air.



Self-Repair System

What cyborg would be complete without a self-repair system? This system automatically repairs damage to your machine parts at an accelerated rate. In game terms, you recover 1 Wound Point at the beginning of every sequence for every Hardware schtick you have other than Self-Repair System, up to a maximum of 5 Wound Points per sequence. Self-Repair System may not be purchased multiple times.

Submarine Capability

You've got artificial gills, an air exchanger, or maybe you can just hold your breath forever. Whatever way, you can stay underwater for indefinite periods. You have a Mov of 8 underwater, or a Pep of -1; for each additional schtick you purchase in this ability, you gain an extra Pep +2, up to a total maximum of Pep +3. (At some point, it will occur to you how odd it is to use the Driving skill to control your own character. Just let it wash over you. After a while, it will seem perfectly natural.) Keep in mind, characters who don't have this schtick can still go into the water; somewhere in the development of cybernetics, the science of waterproofing was perfected. This schtick just prevents them from needing to surface. (Yes, technically it violates "realism" to allow hulking metal cyborgs to swim when their own weight should drag them to the bottom. Realism has no place in a book that contains cyborg monkeys to begin with.)

New Gun Schticks

With little or no usage of fu common among the Jammers, guns become doubly important. Here are some new gun schticks that Jammers and their enemies can all agree are valuable.

Dead-Eye

Remember the scene in *Hard Boiled*, where Chow Yun-Fat is trying to shoot his bullet into another bullet that's jammed into a junction box? He squints, concentrates. Sweat beads his brow. Finally, he lets the gun drop, and then snaps it back up and fires in a single smooth motion? Well, that's you. You're an expert at snapshooting; for each schtick you take in Dead-Eye, you reduce the penalty for taking snapshots by 1. (This penalty may not go below 0, though.) This doesn't let you do things like take a snapshot and then aim, or take a snapshot and then use Slo Mo Vengeance; it only reduces the standard snapshot penalty.

Slo Mo Vengeance

This is the moment where it all goes down. Time seems to stand still for you as you charge through the hordes of enemy gunmen, bringing your gun up for that last, all-important shot. You cry out, "Nooo!" and it comes out slowly, like a



tortured moan. Or, in game terms, for each schtick you take in Slo Mo Vengeance, you can forgo acting for one shot. During this time, you can only dodge. At the end of this time, add the number of shots you held off acting to the AV of your next Guns check.

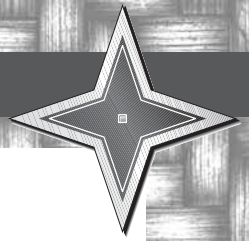
Neat Freak

You've got a thing for keeping your guns in perfect working order. Some of your fellow secret warriors think that you spend your free time doing nothing but cleaning and maintaining your weapons. The last time their guns jammed in the middle of a fight, all you could do was laugh. By taking one schtick in Neat Freak, you no longer have to make a Fortune check after fumbling a Guns check; the gun is automatically assumed to have jammed instead of being damaged. You may take this schtick up to three additional times; each time you take it, you reduce the number of shots required to clear jams by two. (In other words, if you max out this schtick, it'll take you just two shots to clear a jam.) Taking it more than once probably isn't necessary unless you fumble a lot, of course, but if you roll boxcars often enough, it might be a wise investment.

Who Wants Some?

Automatic weapons are your friend. You love to spray ammo everywhere, forcing enemies to duck for cover as hot lead flies all over the place. You've gotten used to holding the gun steady under such conditions, too. For every schtick you take in Who Wants Some?, the number of bursts you can fire without incurring additional AV penalties increases by one. (With one schtick, then, you could fire up to four bursts per -1 AV; with two schticks, five bursts, and so on.)





Who's the Big Man Now?

You've learned a little-known art involving guns: in addition to their neat habit of spraying hot lead, they're also great for crowd control! To use this schtick, take a three-shot action and describe something cool and intimidating, yet not damaging, that you're doing with your gun. This can be anything from pumping it with the neat *KA-CHINK* noise and letting the light slowly gleam along its barrel, to firing a warning shot that parts someone's hair, to whatever you feel like describing. The characters you target with this schtick must make a Willpower check, with the Difficulty being the Concealment rating of the weapon (if the weapon has a /-/- for its Concealment rating, then just add 8), plus the number of schticks you have in Who's The Big Man Now? (Multiple target modifiers apply – trying to unnerve a whole crowd with one gun doesn't work as well.) All those who fail the check must subtract the Outcome from their Action Values until the end of the sequence. Signature weapons provide a +1 to the Difficulty of the check. You may not use Who's The Big Man Now? on the same character more than once per sequence, successful or not.

New Stat Schticks

These new Stat Schticks build on those found in *Golden Comback*, the *Feng Shui* player's sourcebook, also from Atlas Games. If you're using that book, you can add these new schticks right into the mix. If you're not, then your gorillas are missing out.

Agility

Adapted To Armor

Your character is so agile, he doesn't even need to worry about wearing armor. To him, it feels just like a second skin. All penalties to your Agl while wearing armor are negated.

Charisma

Martyrdom

You're the kind of guy who your team-mates will rally around. If you're hurt, then whoever did it will pay. Whenever you fail a Death Check, everyone else in your party gains a bonus to their next attack equal to the amount you failed the Death Check by. (Sure, this schtick doesn't help you, but your fellow PCs will love it.)

Fortune

Charmed Life

This is the game equivalent of the classic movie sequence where someone bends down to pick up his suitcase, and straightens up to see a knife sticking out of the wall. Any attack that your character is not aware of automatically misses. Note that the GM has the final say on what your character is aware of or not; turning around, closing your eyes, and putting your hands over your ears is not going to protect you from the army of abominations you were fighting. This is meant to protect you from deathtraps and sudden ambushes only.



Willpower

Going Out In Style

Use this schtick whenever you fail a Death Check. At the beginning of the next sequence, you may get up and do one last attack against the person whose attack forced you to make that Death Check; you gain a bonus to your AV for that attack equal to the difference between your Death Check threshold and your current Wound Point total. After that attack, you immediately collapse again.

Shake It Off

Whenever you suffer Impairment, you can make a Willpower roll, with the Difficulty being the amount of Impairment you would be suffering. If the roll is successful, you can ignore this Impairment. Whenever a new effect occurs that would add more Impairment, you must make the roll again.

New Equipment

This fine assortment of technological treats will appeal to simians and non-simians alike.

HAVOC Suit

The “Human Automation Vehicle, Omni-Configuration” suit was actually one of the better products of Buro technology, so in retrospect, it’s no real surprise that the Jammers decided to steal as many of them as they could. It was designed to be a fully self-contained environmental suit that would keep its user safe in airless or hazardous environ-

ments, but that’s not why it’s so popular. It’s popular mainly because it’s a modular system. Each segment of the suit — arms, legs, and chest — is self-contained, and runs on its own power supply. If you need to do heavy lifting, just wear an arm. If you need to speed up a bit, just wear the legs. A whole squad can share the benefits of a single HAVOC suit.

In game terms, the HAVOC suit is broken down into four components — legs and lower torso, chest and head, and each arm. Wearing a portion of the suit grants you the benefits of that portion; wearing the entire suit grants you all the benefits of all the portions. Note that the Jammers tend to view each portion of the suit as a separate item for trade. Suits get broken up within days of being stolen, and assembling a complete HAVOC suit takes a lot of haggling, some real ingenuity, and quite a bit of patience. Even a single portion is highly valued, and will cost you some serious favors to get.

Legs: Wearing the lower half of the suit, which controls mobility, allows you to move much faster than a normal human being. Your Mov is effectively 9 while wearing the lower half of the suit (and no, you can’t just wear one leg. Both are needed.) This does count as a vehicle for purposes of vehicle chases, and has a Pep of 0. In addition, your legs are considered to have a Str of 9 for purposes of actions like kicking people.

Arms: Each arm has a Str of 9; when relying exclusively on that arm, you use that Strength rating instead of your own. This is also the base Strength used to determine damage of hand-to-hand attacks made by this arm (punching, or with weapons).

Head & Torso: The heavily armored chest and torso provide you with 3 points of Armor (and an Agility penalty of -2. It’s bulky stuff). In addition, the self-sealing helmet and automated



oxygen supply will protect you from any toxic gases in the area, and allow you to stay underwater indefinitely. If you have the whole suit, the Armor bonus goes up to 4, and you can also use the suit in vacuums.

Smart Gun

The smart gun is one of those devices that the CDCA thought would be a huge hit. Who wouldn't want a gun that could fire around corners, take out multiple targets with a single bullet, and swerve around friendlies to hit enemies?

As it turned out, the answer was "everyone but the Jammers." The smart gun was quickly shelved, despite its obvious advantages, because of a single drawback: in combat, it was just too damned slow to do anyone any good.

To use the smart gun, you first have to scan your target. To do this, you have to hit the target three times with the gun. The gun does no damage on any of these hits; indeed, it doesn't even fire. It simply uses its scanning beam to identify various distinguishing features of the target, so that it can identify him later on.

After hitting three times, the profile of the target is loaded into the system. (Due to size restrictions on the onboard computer, the system can only hold one target profile at a time — thus, if you're fighting a mixed army of hopping vampires and snake men, or gnarled marauders and human beings, you'll need to reset the target profile if you want to switch.) At that point, the payoff comes into effect.

The gun fires small computer-guided rockets; these rockets are capable of dodging obstacles, moving around corners, and tracking moving objects. They're also programmed to avoid targets giving off a specific radio signal; signal armbands should be provided to members of your group

if you want the gun to avoid them. (The signal can be re-tuned given a minute's work, if you're worried about other people stealing your armbands.) Add +3 to your Guns AV when firing the smart gun at targets matching the profile. It will not fire if no targets match the profile and if you try to fire at a target not matching the profile, the bullet will swerve to find one that does. If the attack is a success, you may immediately make an attack on a different target that is of the same species; this attack is made at a +2 AV, and has no shot cost. If that attack hits, you may make a third at +1 AV, and if that one hits, you may make a fourth with no bonus. All of these attacks must be made at different targets; you cannot alternate back and forth. The gun does 12 Damage, has a Concealment rating of 4, and contains 11 smart bullets. These bullets can be reused if recovered (make a Fortune check at the end of the combat with a Difficulty of 0; you recover a number of bullets equal to the Outcome, or the number of bullets you fired, whichever is lower). If you run out of bullets, you'll need to scrounge some, and they're not easy to get.

The Jammers tend to give these to snipers, who can take the time to build up an accurate profile while they wait. Even so, they're pretty rare, and you'll have to haggle to scrounge one up. If you're a BuroMil soldier, though, you can get one easily; the CDCA is almost pathetically proud of the design, and continues to try to push it onto everyone in the field.

Fusion Rifle

The fusion rifle is the perfect example of the kind of weapon the Jammers favor; it's got some terrific advantages that make it very useful in the right hands, and some minor disadvantages that

make it incredibly dangerous to the user. The Buro doesn't use it much because of those minor, dangerous disadvantages, but the Jammers, never ones to worry about their own safety, love it.

The fusion rifle has a Damage rating of 13, and can take out unnamed characters on an Outcome of 4 or less. It has a Concealment rating of 6, and an ammo supply of...well, actually, the ammo supply is unlimited. The fusion rifle doesn't fire bullets — instead, it uses the miniature fusion reactor in each power pack to magnetically bond air molecules together and propel them as if they were bullets. It isn't capable of full autofire, because there's a certain minimum time needed to bond the molecules, but you'll never run out of ammo. Of course, there is a tiny drawback.

Remember that whole "malfunction" thing that normal guns have to deal with? Well, there are more serious problems with a malfunctioning gun when it's powered by a miniature fusion reactor. (This is why the reactor isn't built into the gun, by the way.) Whenever you fumble an attack with the fusion rifle, it means that the fusion reaction has gone critical; make a Fortune check, as usual. If you beat the standard Difficulty of 4, you manage to eject the clip before it blows up. You can then get rid of the clip any way you want. (Particularly insane Jammers are known to deliberately overload their fusion clips to use them as grenades.) If you don't succeed in your Fortune check, then the clip overloads while still in the gun, which in turn blows up. The explosion does 17 Damage to

those right next to it, and 4 damage to those more than 3 meters away.

Iron Horses

When operating in the 1850 juncture, the Jammers are under strict orders to use local technology and equipment. Battlechimp doesn't want them drawing attention to themselves, and... BWAH-HAH-HAH! Almost said it with a straight face that time.

Actually, the Jammers aren't under any kind of technology restrictions in the past; they can bring through cars, guns — pretty much anything they can scrounge up and drag through a portal is fair game. The people who experiment with cyborg horses do so just because they want to.

Basically, an "iron horse" is just a horse with Hardware schticks. In order to equip a horse with Hardware schticks, though, it must first be a Signature Ride (see *Golden Comeback*, page 118). Any kind of horse can be used for the conversion, but the Jammers have found that Clydesdales, being big and tough to begin with, adapt better to the process. (They tried Pintos, but they tended to explode.)

The most common schticks given are Robot Limbs, Tank Treads (although it's a rare Jammer who literally sticks tank treads on his horse), Fusion Reactors, and Missile Launchers. Flight is pretty common as well and, yes, there are a few people who make their horses submersible, but not many people want to ride a sea-horse. Intelligence upgrades are rare; who needs a smart horse?

Great Apes

SOURCES OF INSPIRATION

Movies

Fight Club: This is an almost perfect example of what the Jammers can be like, especially if you want to use them in the 1996 juncture. Project: Mayhem, with its emphasis on acts of pointless and anarchic rebellion against corporate culture and “gentle authoritarianism,” follows right in line with the Jammer anti-authoritarian manifesto. The Buro isn’t just a bunch of jack-booted thugs that rules the future; they believe, on many levels, that what they do is right and just and true, and that the best possible way for humanity is to become as bland as possible, eliminating dangerous impulses. It’s exactly the kind of spiritual deadness that Tyler Durden argues against in *Fight Club*, but the movie doesn’t project Durden as an unambiguous hero, either. Like the Jammers, we see the questionable morality that the “rebels” employ to make their case.

The Terminator and Terminator 2: Judgement Day: Rebels from the future, cyborg assassins, killer robots, and Arnie — what more can you ask for? How’s

about liquid metal cops, Arnie again (as a good guy!) and the classic phrase, “Hasta la vista ... baby.” The first movie, in a few scenes set in the future, gives you some excellent ideas on how a Jammer cell might appear. It’s the second movie, however, with Linda Hamilton’s rogue future-fighter, that makes this a useful resource for GMs. Sarah Connor does have the right idea — if she can destroy the Cyberdyne labs and neutralize the researchers working with future technology, she can avert the possibility of Skynet taking over. However, she’s also a borderline psycho who’s willing to gun down an innocent man in cold blood. It’s a strong character you can use to base Jammer villains on.

The Mad Max Trilogy: Alright, it doesn’t have much in the way of futuristic rebels and oppressive dictators, but if you want good ideas on how Jammers look, dress, and scrounge technology, you won’t do much better than this classic sci-fi trilogy. These films show a lot of people scraping by on limited resources and putting things to new uses; don’t necessarily watch for the big, obvious set piece moments, although

those are fun. Keep your eyes out for the background material — the clothing and props the extras have — and use it as inspiration for your own scene-setting moments. Little things like hubcaps used as frying pans can help create a vivid image in the minds of your PCs.

Demolition Man: The underground movement in *Demolition Man* is about the closest thing you'll ever see in films to a recreation of the Jammer movement. They scrounge their technology where they can find it, and steal it where they can't. They stand for a return to personal responsibility and freedoms, which have been excised by a seemingly benevolent government authority in an effort to make life "better." They eat things that sound disgusting until you try them. Pay close attention to Denis Leary's monologue when you watch this movie; it could almost stand as the Jammer Manifesto if it had a few more references to high explosives. Also, the totalitarian leader makes a good model for Bonengel if your PCs encounter him face to face.

The Matrix: The Jammers don't resemble Neo and company much as they're presented within the Matrix itself; they don't wear stylish black clothing, they don't dodge bullets with funky slow-time camera effects, and very few of them "know kung fu." If you want to draw inspiration from *The Matrix*, look at what life is like when they're not inside the Matrix. They're grimy, they're cold, they're hungry, they eat nutrient paste because they don't have anything else, and they've scrounged together what technology they can because the bad guys really have completely taken over the world. If you can capture that feel and bring it into your campaign, you're already three-quarters of the way to a perfect Jammer campaign.

Books and Comics

***The Invisibles* by Grant Morrison:** Not everything in *The Invisibles* is suitable for assimilation into your *Feng Shui* campaign; the central theme, that the good guys and the bad guys are really on the same side when you look underneath it all, doesn't fit into the conflict between the Buro and the Jammers. Still, there's a lot to take away in terms of mood. The Invisibles feel like a Jammers operations team, with strange characters drawn from the counter-culture and free of the constraints of society and morality. King Mob, the leader of the team, can serve as an example of a Jammer who comes to question his own methods, while Ragged Robin shows some of the different ways you can use time travel in a Jammers-style game, albeit time travel in a very different fashion from the method the Invisibles use.

***Sewer, Gas & Electric* by Matt Ruff:** This novel contains some wonderfully vivid details of a possible future that you can easily assimilate into any Jammers campaign. The wildlife in this future world has grown acclimated to humanity, leading to massive sharks swimming through our sewers as though perfectly at home there. The protagonists, too, serve as more examples of what a Jammer ops team might look like; they're a group of eco-terrorists who sail the seven seas in their submarine and play humiliating pranks on major corporations. The villain of the piece doesn't quite fit as a Jammers villain, but there's still lots to take away from this novel.



Music

This is a sample soundtrack for your Jammers campaign; if you can't find these CDs, then you can substitute anything anti-authoritarian and, more importantly, anything loud.

Track One: "Not So Soft" (Ani DiFranco, *Not So Soft*) — Ani DiFranco practically is a Jammer, having ignored all the major recording labels to write her own, highly politicized music.

Track Two: "All I Really Want" (Alanis Morissette, *Jagged Little Pill*)

Track Three: "Bombtrack" (Rage Against the Machine, *Rage Against the Machine*)

Track Four: "March of the Pigs" (Nine Inch Nails, *The Downward Spiral*)

Track Five: "Things I'm Gonna Do" (Rasputina, *How We Quit The Forest*)

Track Six: "Bombs Away" (Johnny Clegg and Savuka, *Cruel Crazy Beautiful World*) — Lots of Savuka's music is suitable for inclusion in a Jammers soundtrack; they're a protest band

from South Africa who spent most of their career banned in their native country.

Track Seven: "God Save the Queen" (The Sex Pistols, *Never Mind the Bollocks*) — No Jammer soundtrack is complete without the song stylings of Sid Vicious and Johnny Rotten.

Track Eight: "Pain" (Four Star Mary, *Thrown to the Wolves*)

Track Nine: "Vow" (Garbage, *Garbage*) — In addition, you could always throw in "Stupid Girl" off the same CD. It's not exactly anti-authority, but it's sure as heck anti-something, and it's very loud.

Track Ten: "Gimme the Prize" (Queen, *A Kind of Magic*)

Track Eleven: "Break Stuff" (Limp Bizkit, *Significant Other*) — This song has a proven record of inspiring violence; just ask the people who were at Woodstock '99.

Track Twelve: "Anarchy In the UK" (The Sex Pistols, *Never Mind the Bollocks*) — The definitive Jammer anthem.

I.D.D. BUREAU

Now we go live to an important transmission from
the Information Dissemination Division of the
Bureau of Tactical Management ...

LIVE
BNN
INTERRUPT



ANNOUNCER: Fellow Consumers, we apologize for the shocking, disturbing, and thoroughly disgusting nature of the previous volume. We here at the IDD felt that it was necessary to demonstrate graphically the kinds of perversions that the disaffected elements of society will put the truth through in an effort to ensnare the minds of those victimized Consumers who become confused about their duty to the state.

Naturally, all of the preceding information is false. The Bureau of Tactical Management does not, and never has employed such inhumane and twisted methods of warfare, even against such degenerate enemies as the Jammers. We have no "feng shui sites" that we use to control the minds and willpower of the populace. "Feng shui" is a primitive superstition — long outdated. The Buro holds support among the loyal populace due to its sensible policies and firm, yet understanding, guidance toward a new and better tomorrow. History does not change. Bats cannot develop sentience. There are no Viking hordes fortified in defense of Norway.



We here at the Buro hope that you, as Consumers, can take from this volume not just hatred towards the violent and twisted dissidents calling themselves "the Jammers," but also a sense of pride that you have not fallen victim to their demented lies. You know the truth — the truth about Acapulco, the truth about the Buroresident, the truth about state-sponsored erotica sales. We will never lie to you. We have no need.



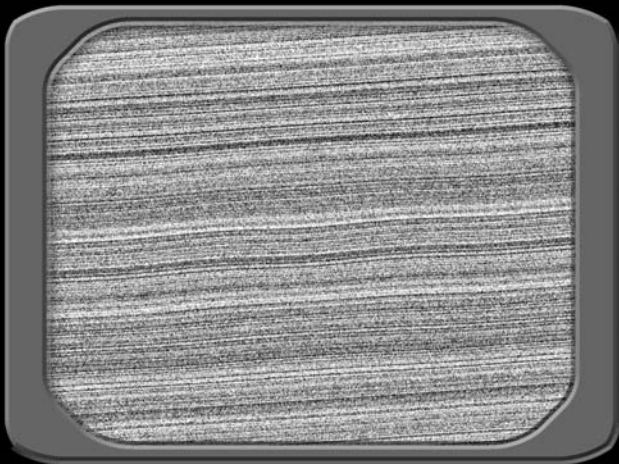
Remember, the Jammers show in their very natures what kind of sick beliefs they hold – they are an unnatural perversion of ape and machine, led by an experiment who claims to hold us responsible for his existence. We have no need of such oddities, not while we have the strong men and women of the BTM to lead us to victory over ourselves. Their claims of “abomination squads” and “monster hunters” only show how desperate

they are to paint us as the villains in their sick plays.

So, my fellow Consumers, we close with this message–

[PAUSE]

ANNOUNCER: What’s that sound? Well, make sure it’s nothing! We’re on the air live, here! Then send a guard!



And so, my fellow Consumers, we close with this messa– A resistance squad? How many? Oh God. Seal all the blast hatches, call for reinforcements, and pray that they don’t have any–

[SOUND OF GUNFIRE, EXPLOSIONS]

MYSTERIOUS VOICE: Gimme it!

ANNOUNCER: What the hell?

MYSTERIOUS VOICE: Mine. Gimme.

[LOUD MICROPHONE FEEDBACK]



MYSTERIOUS VOICE: Hey, all you zombies out there, this is Radio Free Radical demonstrating the well-known principle that if you can't pirate the signal, pirate the station! I just wanted to cut into this little fireside chat to give you the 411 on the 411 you just got – or maybe that should be, "give you the 411 on the 411 you just got on the 411 you got before that." The book? It's all true. Even the stuff you don't believe. Especially the stuff you don't believe. But don't take my word any more than the Buro's. Go on out there, join the Resistance, and you'll see for yourself. The Buro's trying to cage your mind, man, but all you need to do to be free is smash the bars of *chi*. Just blow it up, my friends. Blow it up!

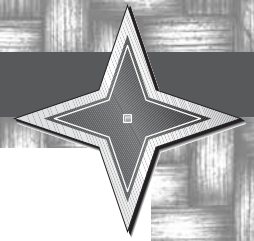
Thank you for your time. We now return you to your regularly scheduled demolition.

[EXPLOSIONS, SILENCE]

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Character Sheet

Name:
Type:

Wealth:
Juncture:

Description:

Story:

Melodramatic Hook:

Body (Bod) _____ **Mind (Mnd)** _____

Move (Mov) _____ Charisma (Cha) _____

Strength (Str) _____ Intelligence (Int) _____

Constitution (Con) _____ Perception (Per) _____

Toughness (Tgh) _____ Willpower (Wil) _____

Chi (Chi) _____ **Reflexes (Ref)** _____

Fortune (For) _____ Agility (Agl) _____

Kung Fu (Fu) _____ Dexterity (Dex) _____

Magic (Mag) _____ Speed (Spd) _____

Skill	Base	Bonus	AV	Schticks
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