

SHADOWRUN ELVEN BLOOD

OPEN

BLOOD WILL OUT

Shadowrunners have a lot of rules, and each and every one of them can be overruled by the proper amount of nuyen. So when shadowrunners talk about “never trusting an elf,” that’s more of a bargaining position than anything else.

Luckily for them, some elves have plenty of scratch they can use as a persuasive tool. And for the tasks they have in front of them, they’re going to need it. There’s money waiting for runners if they’re willing to venture into elven territory and take on a host of odd jobs. Jobs like: Tracking down reagents from cranky critters. Messing around in the affairs of Tír royalty. Dealing with a number of different punks and thugs, none of whom like you. And intervening in a leadership challenge of the most powerful elven street gang there is.

Elven Blood is a compilation of five different *Missions* that have been written to premiere at summer conventions. They can, however, be played by anyone. Whether you’re playing at a con, in a game store, or in the comfort of your own home, *Elven Blood* has an adventure for you. Taking you from the mean streets of Seattle to the wild lands of Tír Tairngire, *Elven Blood* offers exciting and inventive adventures for all *Shadowrun* fans.

Elven Blood is for use with *Shadowrun, Twentieth Anniversary Edition*.



Under License From



© 2012 The Topps Company, Inc. All rights reserved. Elven Blood, Shadowrun, Shadowrun Missions, and Matrix are registered trademarks and/or trademarks of The Topps Company, Inc., in the United States and/or other countries. Catalyst Game Labs and the Catalyst Game Labs logo are trademarks of InMediaRes Productions, LLC.

Printed in the USA.

www.catalystgamelabs.com

OPEN

elven BLOOD





INTRODUCTION	3
ANCIENT PAWNS	5
HOPPING THE FENCE	25
DOMESTIC TRANQUILITY	37
GROCERY LIST	51
THE HUNG OVER	65
POST GAME	79

CREDITS

Writing: Russell Zimmerman

Editing: Jason M. Hardy, Steven "Bull" Ratkovich, Matt Heerdt

Art Direction: Brent Evans

Cover Art: Victor Manuel Leza Moreno

Cover Layout: Matt Heerdt

Interior Art: Tom Baxa, Steve Bentley, Tim Bradstreet, Brent Evans, Earl Geier, John Gravato, Rick Harris, Fred Hooper, Mike Jackson, Jeff Laubenstein, John Paul Lona, Allen Nunis, Dan Smith, Tony Szczudio, Karl Waller

Interior Layout: Matt Heerdt

Shadowrun Missions Logo: Brent Evans, Matt Heerdt

Shadowrun Line Developer: Jason M. Hardy

Shadowrun Missions Developer: Steven "Bull" Ratkovich

Copyright © 2012 The Topps Company, Inc. All Rights Reserved. Shadowrun, Elven Blood, and Matrix are registered trademarks and/or trademarks of The Topps Company, Inc., in the United States and/or other countries. No part of this work may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, without the prior permission in writing of the Copyright Owner, nor be otherwise circulated in any form other than that in which it is published. Catalyst Game Labs and the Catalyst Game Labs logo are trademarks of InMediaRes Productions, LLC.

First Printing by Catalyst Game Labs,
an imprint of InMediaRes Productions, LLC
PMB 202 • 303 -91st Ave. NE, E502 • Lake Stevens, WA 98258.

Find us online:

info@shadowrun4.com

(Shadowrun questions)

<http://www.shadowrun4.com>

(official Shadowrun website)

<http://www.catalystgamelabs.com>

(Catalyst website)

<http://www.battlecorps.com/catalog>

(Catalyst/Shadowrun orders)



INTRODUCTION

Welcome to the *Elven Blood Missions*. This is the first of the *Convention Campaign* series for the *Shadowrun Missions* living campaign game. *Elven Blood* pits the players against the elven street gang, the Ancients, and then thrusts them into the machinations of elven nobility as they travel to the elven land of Tír Tairngire. It's a very different arena than the shadows of the Sprawl, but no less dangerous and just as rewarding. Just remember the old saying: "Never trust an elf."

Players should stop reading now. The rest of the *Elven Blood* is for gamemasters only. It lays out the plots, characters, and secrets the gamemaster will use in creating the group's adventure. Reading beyond this point could spoil a player's experience and diminish enjoyment of the adventure.

SHADOWRUN MISSIONS

What is *Shadowrun Missions*? It is a living campaign designed to be run at gaming stores, game clubs, and game conventions as well as for use in home games. Adventures are more "bite-sized" and written so that they fit within the standard four-hour convention block or in a single night of gaming. Players can create characters and then take those characters to any official *Missions* event, allowing players to travel around the country (or even the globe!) and play *Missions* anywhere they can find an official *Missions* game!

For those not interested in playing in a living campaign, these adventures make great one-off episodes to run in between installments of your main campaign. Frequently *Missions* will have suggestions for additional scenes or ways for gamemasters to lengthen and broaden scenes in them, or they will have entire optional scenes built into them so that gamemasters with more time than the standard convention block can really cut loose. Plus while they are designed so they can be run on their own, many *Missions* are part of a larger storyline or a series of adventures that feature a single location making them ideal to form a campaign on their own.

Full information on the *Shadowrun Missions* campaign is available at shadowrun4.com/missions and includes a guide to creating *Missions* characters and a regularly updated FAQ. All maps, player handouts, and other playing aids are found at the end of this document.

PREPARING THE ADVENTURE

The *Elven Blood Missions* series can be run with only the *Shadowrun, Twentieth Anniversary Edition* rulebook. However, many of the characters and gear presented are drawn from additional core supplements, including: *Arsenal*, *Augmentation*, *Unwired*, *Runners Companion*, *War!* and *Spy Games*. While all rules in this adventure follow the core rules found in *Shadowrun, Twentieth Anniversary Edition*, incorporating any or all of these supplements gives a gamemaster the option of using any of the additional rules they contain.

In this series of adventures players will meet several prominent members of the Ancients, and get caught up in a contest over who will lead them! From there they will travel to Portland, smuggling some goods into Tír territory on behalf of a former shadowrunner turned Elven Prince, Evan "Blackwing" Parris. Once there, the Prince hires them to do what they do best: run the shadows. After an

assassination attempt is made on Prince Parris' life, the runners must find out who is behind it and stop them. Then they are sent into a rival Prince's territory to gather rare magical reagents. And finally the team is betrayed and dosed with the very chemical they were delivering, Laës. Now they must backtrack to find out what happened and who sold them out so they can deliver a bit of payback!

Adventure Structure

The *Elven Blood* adventure series comprises five adventures, and each adventure consists of several scenes. These scenes form the basis of the adventure, which should be completed in approximately four hours. If you are running short on time, you should streamline each and be a little more generous with clues, target numbers, and other requirements to aid in guiding the players through the adventure.

Each scene outlines the most likely sequence of events, as well as how to handle unexpected twists and turns that inevitably crop up. Each one contains the following subsections, providing gamemasters with all the information necessary to run it.

Scan This provides a quick synopsis of the scene's action, allowing you to get a feel for the encounter at a glance.

Tell It to Them Straight is written to be read aloud to the players, describing what their characters experience upon entering the scene. You should feel free to modify the narrative as much as desired to suit the group and the situation, since the characters may arrive at the scene by different means or under different circumstances than the text assumes.

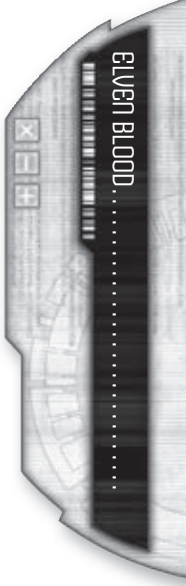
Behind the Scenes covers the bulk of the scene, describing what's happening, what the non-player characters are doing, how they will react to the player characters' actions and so forth. It also covers the setting of the encounter, going over environmental conditions and other properties of the location as well as providing any descriptions of important items.

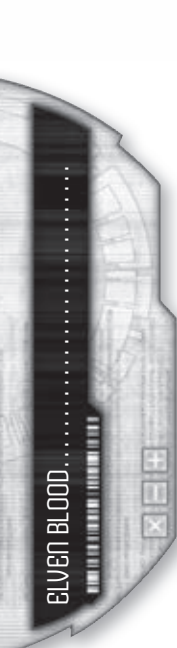
Pushing the Envelope looks at ways to make the encounter more challenging for experienced or powerful characters and other ways you can add some "extra spice" to the scene. This subsection should usually only be used for home games, or games where time is not a factor. At most convention and Open Play events, gamemasters should omit this information. It adds to the scene, but does not contain important information.

Debugging offers solutions to potential problems that may crop up during the encounter. While it's impossible to foresee everything that a group of player characters might do, this section tries to anticipate common problems and other suggestions for dealing with them.

RUNNING THE ADVENTURE

Gamemastering is more of an art than a science, and every gamemaster does things a bit differently. Use your own style when it comes to preparing and running the adventure and do whatever





you feel is best to provide the best *Shadowrun* game you can for your players. *Shadowrun Missions* adventures are designed to run in a standard four-hour convention time slot.

Please keep this in mind when running the adventure. You should leave at least 15–20 minutes at the end of the time slot to complete any necessary paperwork and pass out the players' Debriefing Logs. (Make sure that you have enough copies of the Debriefing Log for this adventure to give one copy to each player after running the adventure.) This section offers some guidelines you may find useful in preparing to run any of the adventures in *Elven Blood*.

Step 1: Read The Adventure

Carefully read the adventure from beginning to end. Get a feel for the overall plot and what happens in each scene. That way, if something different happens, you won't be caught off guard and you can adapt things smoothly.

Step 2: Take Notes

Take notes for yourself while reading through the adventure that you can refer to later on. Possible things to note include: major plot points (so you can see them all at a glance), the names of various non-player characters, possible problems you notice, situations where you think a particular character can shine and other things you'll want to keep in mind while running the adventure.

Step 3: Know The Characters

Prior to the start of the adventure, examine the PCs' record sheets and Debriefing Logs for your reference and have basic information about their important abilities handy so you can refer to it during play. Also go over the characters and keep their previous events listed on the Debriefing Logs in mind when determining non-player character actions in various scenes if such a dynamic has been included.

Step 4: Don't Panic!

Gamemastering involves juggling a lot of different things. Sometimes you drop the ball and forget something or you just make a mistake. It happens, don't worry about it. Nobody is perfect all of the time and everybody makes mistakes. Just pick up from there and move on. Your players will understand and forget about it once you get back into the action.

GENERAL ADVENTURE RULES

Shadowrun Missions adventures use the rules presented in *Shadowrun, Twentieth Anniversary Edition (SR4A)*. Standard rules such as success tests, the Rules of One and Six, and other common mechanics are described in *SR4A* and are not repeated in this adventure.

Please keep in mind when preparing for the adventure, that the PCs will not necessarily compose a balanced party. It's entirely possible that the party will be made up entirely of technomancers or back-to-nature shamans. If the characters run into a brick wall because of such complications, show flexibility and use your best judgment in how you lead them back to the plot.

Non-Player Characters

Non-player characters (NPCs) are essential to any adventure. They are the allies, antagonists, and background characters in the

adventure that interact with the player characters. NPCs in this adventure have already been created and can be found throughout the adventure.

Minor NPCs are found in the individual scene that they appear in, and generally have a brief write up, noting only their important skills and the gear they are carrying. Note that their dice pools are pre-calculated to save the gamemaster time.

Cast of Shadows collects all the major NPCs for all adventures into a single section at the end of the book, and have more detailed write ups, and include most of the skills and the gear they have access to.

The NPCs in this adventure should generally stand up to the average player character but may need some adjustment to suit a particular group of characters, especially a more experienced and powerful group. The scenes and NPC descriptions offer tips on adjusting the NPCs to suit the abilities of the characters in your group. To adjust the power level of an NPC, refer to the Prime Runner Creation and Advancement Table (p. 285, *SR4A*). Take the player characters' abilities into consideration when assessing the NPCs in this adventure and modify them accordingly.

Mission Difficulty

GMs are encouraged to use their own judgment, and to adjust the difficulty of the encounter to take into account the abilities of the players. If the players have no magical support, replace magical defenses with mundane ones. If the players are weak on combat, reduce the number of enemies by one or two. Conversely, if they're steam-rolling the opposition, add one or two enemies to the fight. Missions should be a challenge to the party, but should never be insurmountable for a team playing it smart.

A Note on Commlinks

By 2074, commlinks have become a universal appliance. Because just about every NPC is going to have one, they won't always be stated out in the adventure text. For NPCs who do not have a stated commlink, assume it has all necessary ratings at 3. These commlinks will not contain any valuable paydata.

Paperwork

After running a *Shadowrun Missions* adventure, there are several important pieces of paperwork that need to be filled out.

The first is to make certain to distribute a copy of the adventure's Debriefing Log to each player. As the GM, please make certain to fill this out and sign off on it for each character. In the interests of time, you may have each player fill out the sections, with appropriate values that you give them. Please consider the PCs' actions in the scenario when providing Reputation modifiers, per those rules (p. 265, *SR4A*).

The second is to make sure that all players have updated their character's calendar. PCs are allowed to go on one run per week. The calendar is used to track the character's monthly lifestyle expenses, adventures, and their downtime exploits.

Finally, once an adventure is completed gamemasters should head over to the official *Shadowrun* forums at forums.shadowrun4.com and look in the *Shadowrun Missions* section. There will be a section to post the outcome of the *Missions* adventure. Future adventures will be affected by these results. Without GM feedback, the PCs' exploits will be unable to affect the campaign.

... ANCIENT PAWNS ...

Sting moved well for a woman closer to fifty than forty, lithe and balanced, silk smooth and razor sharp; but then, she would, she was an elf. It wasn't age that would slow her down, not living the life she was living. It would be a bullet someday, or a gillette's spurs, a troll's axe, maybe a bike crash. Ancients didn't die of old age, and if there was anything Sting was, it was an Ancient. She was a Seattle-born gangster girl who'd clawed her way up in the old days, gone to war beside Wasp, then led the sprawl's most powerful gang for two decades next to the exile, Green Lucifer. Sting wasn't just an Ancient, in many ways she was the Ancient.

And right now, she was very, very, angry.

She twisted and grunted, sidestepped imaginary counterattacks, lunged in at her target and lashed out. Her chrome-tipped fingers ended in lethal cybernetic razors, and even a feather-soft swipe of her claws could draw blood. She wasn't doing anything feather-soft, right now. A thin sheen of sweat covered her as she danced with shadows, slashing and kicking at the old mattresses duct-taped to steel girders in this practice hall. Normally other Ancients would be here, practicing Carromeleg or Ghost-brutal strikes, prodding at the bundled mattresses with switchblades, combat knives and slender swords. Normally their weapons hall would be ringing with the sound of fencers at practice, gloved-up brawlers sparring with one another, and Tir Peace Force retirees critiquing everyone's work. Normally the lights would be on.

Tonight wasn't normal.

Sting danced alone, venting her frustration and tension on mattresses in the dark. Her implants compensated for the gloom in the air, but nothing could overcome the gloom in her head. She relished the opportunity to lash out with her hands and her razors and her chipped-up reflexes, knowing that for most of the rest of the night—Jesus, Buddha, and Zeus, maybe for the rest of another twenty fucking years!—she'd have to do her fighting with her wits and her words again. She missed the simpler days. Days she thought she could take on Seattle with just a fast bike, a gun in her hand, and a few favors from a street doc. The whole world had been simpler then, somehow. Now she was a politician, of all fucking things. A mattress opened up, "guts" spilling out between layers of duct tape, and she sidestepped to another girder, worked at disemboweling another one, started with kicks that would cave in a normal man's ribs.

If only, she thought, hands gliding through another dazzling routine, blades leading the way. If only everything could be attacked so directly.

Not for another twenty years, she swore to herself, as her razors danced across the sloppy smiley face someone had scrawled onto this mattress at head

height. I'm not dealing with it for another twenty years. Gods damn him for doing this to me. And Gods damn his father, for knowing he would.

Her words didn't show up on the astral, of course. Life would be a lot simpler for some, and a lot more complicated for others, if it were so very, very, easy; if cartoon thought bubbles blinked into existence to cleanly, neatly, share someone's innermost secrets. Instead, the mage spying on her made do with the roiling, raging, tempest of her aura. The darkness of the building bothered him even less than it did her; the only shadows he saw were the ones where cybernetics had muted her aura here and there. Invisible to her on the astral plane, slipping through Ancients wards because he'd been the one who raised them, he watched as Sting lunged from target to target, slashing each to ribs and dancing off to the next.

The mage smiled, watching the colors of her soul flash and storm. He knew how to conceal his own aura, and how to peer through the layers of secrecy that existed when others tried the same. Sting didn't have any such training and was as mundane as a brick. The mage read her like a tridsheet. He whisked away in an eyeblink, and slowly opened his eyes—real eyes, physical eyes—on a rooftop several blocks away.

"She's upset," said the dark-haired, dark-hearted young mage. He flicked raven black hair out of his eyes, reaching up to take a proffered hand that effortlessly hauled him to his feet. "And alone. Not calling a war council yet, not listening to anyone. Her lieutenants aren't even inside the building. She's angry. Off-balance, but angry. She's not calling anything off."

Even once he was on his feet, the elf that had pulled him up loomed over him. Both of them were young, and both of them had the Talent, but only Rook had warded that particular training facility, so only Rook had gone on the astral scouting mission.

"Good," the larger elf said, as broad in the shoulders as an ork, with a smile and a confidence as dazzling as a Tir Prince. He wore Ancients green and Ancients ink, had been born into the gang and wanted nothing in life so much as to lead it. "If she's pissed, they won't be able to talk her down. This is really happening."

A dozen other elves, all Ancients, all young and lean and hungry, shared glances. A few looked nervous. Most looked cocky. One, smaller than all the rest and the only one without an Ancients logo on her jacket, stood in the shadows and teetered under the weight of a massive two-handed sword. She didn't glance around. She just fauned on the big one, eyes bright.

"We're being taken seriously, boys and girls. Rook, make the call." the strong one said, unable to wipe his grin off his face. Tonight was the night. Finally. *Finally*. "We all know the rules to this game. Let's recruit ourselves some players for the night."





MISSION SYNOPSIS

Ancient Pawns is a sequel to the first edition adventure *Elven Fire*. Where *Elven Fire* threw player characters into the chaos of a Seattle wracked by gang violence and treachery, *Ancient Pawns* entangles the next generation of shadowrunners in an internal split amongst the Ancients themselves. *Elven Fire* detailed Green Lucifer's arrival in Seattle and the events of his rise to power. Now *Ancient Pawns* will show his bastard son's struggles to fill those motorcycle boots and the very different ways that both of them deal with a rival to power—in both adventures, Sting.

In a way, *Ancient Pawns*' plot began twenty years ago with the exile of the upstart Tír Tairngire noble Alejandro Kyleisearn. Eventually becoming well known in the Seattle Sprawl as the Ancients' member Green Lucifer, he was banished from his Tír home for conspiring against the High Prince. Lucifer clawed his way to a leadership position in the Ancients through guile and merciless cunning, ruling in Seattle rather than serving in the Tír, and in recent years he even catapulted his way from being captain of the Seattle Ancients all the way to heading up the multi-national go-gang's whole West Coast operation.

In his wake, he left Sting holding the reins of Seattle ... and his bastard son, who took the street name Belial several years ago, was left itching to be more than Sting's lieutenant. Born of the exiled nobleman's bitter seed and a rather drab Puyallup waitress, Green Lucifer kept Belial—Nathaniel—a secret for the first dozen or so years of his life, paying off the boy's mother with Ancients' wealth, letting him grow into the gang on his own instead of riding his father's coattails, and making sure the boy was hungry for more. Nathan spent his whole childhood wanting nothing in the world more than a bike and a blade like so many other Tarislar youth. It wasn't until Nathan showed magical talent as a mystic adept during his initiation, of which he was the sole survivor, that Lucifer stepped forward and “proudly” shared the boy's heritage with the rest of the gang.

Belial spent several years rising through the ranks doing everything he could to earn his place with blood and sweat like every other elf in the gang. His meteoric rise can be attributed to his ability in a fight more than any favors from his father. While Alejandro tutored the boy in shooting skills from a young age, Nathan was quick to seek out all the Ancients' best and learn from them. Former Tír Ghosts taught him Carromeleg and knife play, exiled nobility shared proper sword work with him, Sting herself tutored him in kickboxing early on, and some of Seattle's best combat mages oversaw his magical training along with Firethorn, the general of the Ancients. Just as Belial's mentor spirit, Gryphon, is an amalgam of the kings of both air and earth, Belial's grown into a favored son of both the haughty Tír-born Ancients and the gutter-proud Puyallup natives. Born and raised in the Elven ghetto of Tarislar, but as fluent in Sperethiel as English, Nathan has rallied an entire generation of Ancients behind him. His natural charisma, coupled with his Adept abilities, has done the rest. What Green Lucifer had to work so hard for two decades ago, his more likeable son has had fall into his lap over the space of five years.

Like his father, though, Belial wants more. Gryphon's followers don't want to be lieutenants. They want to be warlords. In the time since Green Lucifer rose to oversee the West Coast

operations of the Ancients—gleefully visiting the Portland chapter every chance he gets, taking advantage of weakened Tír border security and the regime change to visit his homeland again—Belial has been especially active, agitating for a leadership change in the Seattle chapter. He acknowledges that Sting has done a fine job for over twenty years, but he stresses the “over twenty years” part. A whole generation of hungry young gangers stands behind him, and more than a few of the old guard who've grown to respect the flamboyant young leader stand with him as well.

The player characters, lucky devils that they are, just happen to be caught in the middle when things come to a head. Belial and Sting agree to settle the matter by way of a *chal'ban*, or at least a version of one. A formal elven ritual challenge, used to establish dominance or take revenge, a *chal'ban* isn't quite so formal an affair among the Ancients as among The Sixth World's eldest occupants; it's still a challenge fought by proxies, but the swaggering gangers, naturally, don't quite take it all as seriously as some other elves might. Groups of outsiders are paid good nuyen to serve as the hirelings that wage the war for them, but they've got a set of goals in mind that would make their stiff-necked Immortal kin scoff.

The name of the game is “Scavenger Hunt,” and the plan for the night is to send their bands of temporary servants on a handful of wild goose chases through the Barrens, racing the clock as much as each other, to scurry back to the Daisy Chain in Tarislar for the competing teams to compare points. Your player characters will have to choose which trophies to go after, claim them as quickly as they can, and beat the clock to try and win the competition for their night's patron.

But to the victor go the spoils! By the time tonight's wild ride is over, your players just might put a new king on the throne of Seattle's Ancients.

SCENE 1: THE DAISY CHAIN

SCAN THIS

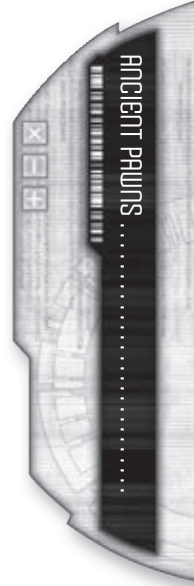
The Daisy Chain is a Puyallup nightclub that's popular with a very specific crowd. On the fringes of the elven ghetto of Tarislar, the Daisy Chain attracts fans of the Celto-goth music that leaks out of Tír Tairngire, the swaggering Laesa and Ancients gangers that claim the neighborhood, and folks who want very, very, badly to fit into either group.

The player characters meet Belial and Sting in this scene and receive a quick rundown of what's expected of them for tonight's challenge.

TELL IT TO THEM STRAIGHT

Thank God it's Friday. You were looking forward to a night full of beer, babes, and Brawl—Urban Brawl that is, with the Screamers playing the Wings in a crosstown shootout—but all too harshly, reality barged in and ruined your weekend plans. Instead you got a call from your fixer with an offer that was sweetened quite nicely by his usual bonus rates for a rush job. A month's pay for an hour's work? Hell, your tridset can record the damned game for this kind of money. You grabbed your stuff, got together with the rest of the crew, and took a drive.

So instead of chomping down buffalo soy-fingers and washing 'em down with a tall cold one, you find yourself driving



through the elven ghetto, Tarislar. There's nothing innately elven about it as far as you can see. It's a far cry from the fancy elven district in Downtown. It feels like the biggest difference is that the hungry street kids are skinnier than ork kids, taller than dwarf kids, and faster than troll kids. Same old ghetto, just with different pointy ears.

The outside of the Daisy Chain proper fits your mental image of an elven oasis a little better. There was the occasional tree or two in the parts of Puyallup with running water, to be fair. The Daisy Chain club itself, though is positively green by comparison in more ways than one. Arrayed in their distinctive green racing leathers, lounging against their distinctive green bikes, members of the Ancients go-gang kill time on the street out front. A few are racing each other up and down the block, two of them on nimble, faring-less street bikes are doing tricks and burning rubber right out front, and plenty more seem to be busy just glaring at one another instead of partaking in the mild contests.

No one hassles you at the door, elven or not. You're expected after all. It's time for the moment of truth, though, because you'd been dreading the music ever since you heard this was the site for the meet. The Daisy Chain's got a reputation for being the hottest nightclub in town for the cynical elven goth types and the subdued, mournful, Celtic wannabes. You expected harps and pipes, sad songs in Sperethiel, the occasional street poet pouring out his heart at being a Tir exile, sob story fundraisers week after week from refugee families. But on weekends, they let people play guitars here, and they even let the band get away with playing a classic rock tune like the one you're hearing now.

You find your Mr. Johnson right on stage. Belial's just started up a Concrete Dreams hit called "Broken Yellow Line" as you walk in. There's not a harp or set of bagpipes in sight, just the closing notes of "Broken Yellow Line," a rock ballad that's older than you are. Whew. Only on the weekend. Thank God it's Friday.

Incoming Message

CONCRETE DREAMING

The Concrete Dreams were one of the Sixth World's most influential rock bands, not unlike the Beatles several decades earlier. Rising to top the charts in 2032, the C-Dreams utilized technologically advanced instruments in revolutionary ways, changing the sound of rock music for years to come.

BEHIND THE SCENES

The Daisy Chain's got all manner of moody lighting Monday through Thursday. On the weekend though, it's undeniably tinged Ancients green. Laesa syndicate members hang out here, too, and plenty of wannabes, everyday elven club goers, and the sort, but the mood of the place is unusually raucous and wild on the weekends. Play up the elven theme of the place, with AR-ivy clinging to the walls, wait-staff in the "traditional" garb of the Tirs (an eclectic mixture of neo-tartans, short kilts, and stylized feudal wear, all appropriately skimpy and tight), dimmer lighting

INCOMING FEED.....



than even your average nightclub thanks to their regular patrons' natural eyesight, and the overwhelming number of Ancients in attendance both inside and outside the club.

Belial himself is in the middle of as low key a song as he can manage, a melancholic road tune by the C-Dreams themselves. He's an above-average guitarist at best, but the crowd is swaying and singing along as if he were one of the world's best. He's a regular here and just has too much stage presence for them to be anything but jubilant to see him. The Ancients in the crowd seem especially keyed up tonight except for Sting and a few of her followers who are brooding over by the bar.

A twelve- or thirteen-year-old elven girl, who's obviously dressed herself in as much green as she can without wearing an actual Ancients jacket, guides the players through the crowd towards a booth in the back. She gives her name as Squire if anyone asks but mostly chatters on the whole time about how awesome Belial was, how "totally psyched" she is about tonight, and how great it is that she's the one helping out a little by leading the team back to their meeting spot.

No one in the crowd directly gives the team any trouble, but the runners catch quite a few eyes as they make their way through the club. A few of the elves look hostile—some in Ancients green, some the Laesa group they'll meet later—and mutter a bit at their passing, but no one says anything directly to them or confronts them. There's a tension in the air as the music dies away, and astute players (any successes on a Perception or Etiquette skill check) notice that knots of Ancients seem to be banding together and giving each other some nasty looks.



There's a comfortably secluded booth in a back corner of the club waiting for them with an assortment of fancy Sylvan Mist bottled water—imported from the Tír, it's supposed to be the Crater Lake water, purified by Eagle shaman groups, all that sort of stuff—set up for the crew to help themselves. The team has some time to ogle the attractive wait-staff, relax a bit, and get used to the bar before Belial finishes his song and shows up at the booth. Squire eagerly takes his guitar from him and scampers off somewhere while he and the team talk business. He tosses her a bottle before she goes, and the way she fawns at him you suspect she'll never open and drink it, just stare it at forever.

"Ah, she's a good kid. Refugee, lost her folks to a drive-by a couple years back, so we try to look after her," he grins a little sheepishly, then shrugs. Each of the team gets a handshake or a fist-bump or, at least, a nod. He gestures at the expensive waters with a smile even as he's reaching for one, "You guys help yourselves, seriously."

He's got a shoulder-length mane of dark hair that gives him a vaguely leonine look with startlingly handsome features, even for an elf, and deeply tanned skin. His fine features are toughened, not marred, by a collection of small scars his brawling and fighting have gotten him, and he's built almost as broad in the shoulders, and as powerfully muscled, as an ork instead of an elf. His arms are ringed by a series of tattoos (pseudo-Celtic knot work, stylized ivy winding around one forearm, the Ancients "A" logo prominently on one bicep, what looks like a motorcycle chain design ringing the other), and a rampant gryphon tattoo covers his chest.

Read the Following as Belial Makes His Pitch:

"Thanks again for making it on such short notice. Before anything else, let me just go ahead and get these out of the way." He provides credsticks with the up-front payment for each shadowrunner, and invites them again to grab a ten-nuyen bottle of water while they're at it. "That's your pay for showing up on time. Let me give you a quick breakdown of what you need to do to earn the rest now that you're here."

"We're making history tonight with your help. It's time for a change of the guard, for the Ancients to be run by someone less, well, ancient. My boys and I have proven ourselves, and Sting's heart just isn't in it anymore. I'm turning twenty tonight, and with your help leading the Ancients will be my birthday present. I challenged, and she accepted."

"I'm putting your team forward as my proxies, in ... uh ... " he glances at the time, fiddling with his commlink, "... about ten minutes."

"Guess maybe I shouldn't have stuck around for that encore, huh? Oh well. You've gotta give the people what they want!" He laughs, and it's impossible to hold it against him in the face of his thousand-watt grin. *Singing's thirsty work, and he'll chug down the rest of his water before getting down to business again.*

"So, the name of the game is Scavenger Hunt. You've got five targets to hit in order to snag as many trophies as possible and all in just under an hour. You aren't supposed to get all five, so don't worry. Just hit as many as you can." He taps a few keys on his battered old commlink again then shoves it toward the middle of the table. "Someone grab this data feed as I explain, okay? It's got all the addresses and stuff."

"The long and short of it is, you guys will be doing Ancients' work. The hunt starts after the midnight rituals and ends at 1 a.m., sharp. I had one of the boys do an astral flyby not too long ago, and

I really think this set of targets is gonna be your best bet. Oh, and don't worry about rides, we're supplying both teams with some wheels for the night. We boosted a couple Rovers a few weeks ago, so you're all set for a ride if you need one."

"First, you'll find an address for a known Spike safehouse on there and a Humanis Policlub chapter hall, too. These're both little fringe operations, not major HQ's, and neither one has many guys there. So fuck 'em, right? You guys just bring us tusks, or ears, or hoods, whatever. Hell, bring us trideo feed of the places burning down or you trashing their bikes, whatever you wanna do. Just hit 'em, and hit 'em hard. Some good clean fun."

"We've also tagged the GPS coordinates for an Ork Underground entrance here in Puyallup. The Skraacha work as, I dunno, door guards basically. Lately they've started wearing some stupid badges, like they're trying to be official Ork Underground deputies or something. That's ork business, so I don't care, but what they do topside is *Ancients* business. They've started to move in on some of our gunrunning business, and we need them to remember who runs Seattle's streets. Get ahold of some of their dumb little badges for me. Fight 'em if you really want, scare 'em into handing 'em over, bribe 'em, I don't care. It doesn't need to be a massacre like with the Spikes and those racist Humanis pukes. Just get me some badges, alright?"

He lets out a little sigh as he ticks off the list, and his lip curls as he comes to one a little darker.

"We've got a problem that we just heard about earlier tonight. There's a two-bit pimp that runs out of the Crime Mall, Jimmy the Chin. His whole stupid family's in on the business, snatching girls, making 'em turn tricks for him, and hooking 'em on bliss so they don't leave. He's been bragging a little too loudly about having some elves in his 'stables' lately. What's more, yesterday he snatched a little girl, not much older than Squire, right off the street here in Tarislar. That's shit that I *will not* let slide. You guys go do the right thing here, and the whole neighborhood will appreciate it."

"Last up? We've got the only job with a set-in-stone timetable. There's an autotruck heading to a Stuffer Shack, and someone's saving gas money by cutting it through Tarislar to get there. At quarter 'till 1:00 it's rolling just a couple clicks away from the Daisy Chain. If you 'jack that truck—swipe some boxes of cargo, or just take the whole thing—on your way back here to wrap up the contest, I'm pretty sure it'll push you over the top, and we'll win tonight's contest."

"So, those are the jobs. Do as many as you can in an hour in whatever order you want to, and get your asses back here with proof. The rest of the *chal'han* rule is pretty simple; your group serves as an extension of one body, mine, so you're not allowed to split up. No hittin' two places at once, sorry."

"That said? Grandma Sting's bunch of assholes will be after some of these same type of targets, so pick 'em quick and haul ass to get there first. We'll find out who she's using as part of the kick-off ritual, don't worry. Thing is, you guys aren't allowed to directly maul one another, just like Sting and I aren't allowed to just throw down. A little scuffle over who gets a prize might happen, but seriously, no deaths. No blades and no guns. If you run into whoever she's got standing in for her, a bloody nose is one thing, but don't go killin' anyone. It ain't that kind of challenge, and any deaths means a major loss of face."



Last Minute:

As he finishes his sales pitch and asks for quick questions, Squire hurries back over carrying Belial's massive mageblade. Belial does what he can to answer any questions they have before midnight rolls around—this is where the game's pace and tension should really pick up in these last few moments to start the wheels spinning and make players start to feel like they're "on the clock"—and he slings on his baldric in preparation for the vows.

Scene 3A: Taking Scalps is the most outright violent and brutal of the mini-missions, pitting player characters against a handful of troll gangers, the Spikes, at a run-down bar called the Twisted Tusk. The most recent Ancients astral scouting shows four Spikes (and one huge bartender) at the Tusk with so much booze in their systems, he spotted it in their auras. PCs are expected to violently establish Ancients' dominance over their long-time rivals once more and, ideally, to bring home some grisly trophies.

Scene 3B: Hood Hunt can be every bit as combat-driven as **Taking Scalps**, with a massacre at a small Humanis chapter house a distinct possibility. It looks like less than ten Humanis thugs are present at the moment, and none of them seems to be standing guard. At heart, Belial seems interested in some Humanis robes to nail to the walls of some Ancients party house, and a group of PCs with the right skills can sneak in and out of the chapter house without ever firing a shot.

Scene 3C: Badges? We Don't Need No Stinkin' ... pits player characters against a handful of Skraacha orks, a militant gang that's been irritating the Ancients with their smuggling trade lately. As the self-proclaimed muscle of the Ork Underground, Skraacha gangers have taken to wearing cheap badges as a sign of their affiliation—Belial wants some of those badges to pin on favored Ancients' to show that while the Skraacha might run the underground, up here the Ancients run the streets. Characters are free to con, swindle, bully, or beat the badges off the orks for this job.

Scene 3D: Sextraction gives the PCs the chance to clean up Puyallup, even if only a very little bit. Jimmy the Chin is a brutal boxer and pimp who brags about having elf girls under his thumb, but by snatching up a young Tír refugee, he's gone too far. Belial and the Ancients won't let that sort of thing stand, and the players are sent to get young Dawn free from Jimmy and his family of thugs.

Scene 3E: Keep on Truckin' should close out the night's festivities as a Stuffer Shack™ autotruck is scheduled to roll not far from the Daisy Chain just a few minutes before the challenge deadline. Without a driver or extra security to help it, the dog-brained semi should be an easy mark for the PCs and would tip the scales in their favor at the end of the night.

Feel free to glance through the scavenger hunt scenes to get any more information on these mini-missions. The truth is Belial's being pretty straightforward here. He's telling them what he knows, and what he knows is generally correct. There aren't any shocking double-crosses or plot twists in store during the scavenger hunt. The characters really are on a series of straightforward, if colorful, retrieval missions. The pressure comes not really from extraordinary danger of any one job but from having a very limited amount of time to try and complete them. Belial will honestly answer any questions they have, and GMs should keep him friendly and likeable, but have him give shorter and curter answers as time goes on. Make it clear midnight is rolling around whether Belial, or the group, likes it or not!

Incoming Message

ON PAYMENT

This is the last chance the players will get to talk Belial into extra cash for tonight's work. The default starting point for tonight's negotiations is 1,000¥ for showing up (already paid at the start of this scene), followed by 1,000¥ per mission completed, and a final 1,000¥ bonus if everything falls together to make Belial the new Captain of the Ancients. Belial is more worried about winning than he is haggling, and canny players can talk him up pretty easily. Assume another 500¥ each per net hit on a Negotiation test, topping out at 4 hits. As far as he's concerned, the return on such an investment is well worth it.

DEBUGGING

It's possible that characters in your gaming group might have previous ties to Sting and wouldn't necessarily want to work for her young rival, Belial, in order to bump her off her high horse. Their loyalty is commendable, and the good news is the whole adventure can still take place largely as planned. They'll just be serving as Sting's proxies instead of Belial's during the Scavenger Hunt, as she calls in an old favor and asks them to step in for her. Most of the job will remain the same. Carefully read over the Debugging section for the other scenes as well to see what other changes will need to be made.

SCENE 2: THROWING DOWN THE GAUNTLET

SCAN THIS

As the clock strikes midnight, the formal challenge begins. The Ancients are richly populated by Tír exiles, and some of them take this sort of thing pretty seriously, so this scene should feel somewhat subdued compared to their usual lively behavior. This gives the characters the chance to see their opposition, to witness the sort of rites and challenges many non-Ancients never get to see, and then to have a couple minutes to gear up before heading out to do some dirty work.

TELL IT TO THEM STRAIGHT

The lights in the Daisy Chain brighten a bit just a minute or so before midnight, and you're surprised to see how the place has emptied out. It hits you a moment later that almost no one is left except for surly, serious-faced elves in Ancients green ... and you! Scanning the crowd again as you hear the Chain's heavy doors swinging shut, you do spot a knot of elves that don't quite match the rest of the crowd. Most of them are in flashy urban wear, the comfortable jumpsuits that are popular with city couriers. Even as the rest of the club's elves are paying attention to Belial and Sting as they hop on stage, you notice that the other group of outsiders seem to be eyeballing you right back; sizing you up a little, if you're not mistaken. One gives your group a dismissive sneer, and one with bright blue hair shoots you a wink before turning her attention to the action on stage.



Sting's been a leader of Seattle's most infamous go-gang for over two decades, so you'd expect this sort of stare down to be totally dominated by her; at a glance, though, almost the opposite seems to be true. Belial is big and strong where she's leaner and lankier than most elves. He looms almost half a head taller than she does, and there's an infectious energy to him as he bounds onto the stage that Sting just doesn't seem to match. Everyone knows elves don't get old and weak very quickly, but there's an undeniable youth and enthusiasm that Belial's got and Sting ... just doesn't. The crowd of Ancients responds to it, too, with more than a few of them pumping their fists in the air and howling encouragement to him as the pair square off.

Sting's flashing Opticon cybereyes sweep the crowd a heart-beat later, and silence falls.

"*Li-goro?*" Belial beats her to the punch, cutting off whatever she may've been about to say.

"*Llayab,*" she says with a nod. "We'll stick with English where possible, to be polite to our guests."

Sting clears her throat, and continues.

"You declared a *chal'han*, and I accepted an hour past. The terms of the challenge have been agreed upon, and our proxies prepared." You can't help but feel a little less than "prepared," given the circumstances, but why nitpick? Her canine implants gleam as she gives Belial a wicked grin, interrupting the solemnity. "Last chance to back down, kiddo."

"I declared a *chal'han* and you accepted. My proxies are ready." Belial's trained singer's voice carries smoothly, effortlessly. "And it's nice of you to ask, granny, but I ain't quittin' now."

"Accepted and confirmed," a dark-haired, dark-eyed Ancient says from just in front of the stage. "So let it be done."

"So let it be done," the murmur of dozens of Ancients echoes the proclamation.

"I present my seconds," Belial says, lifting one powerful arm to point at your group. Removing any doubt, a spotlight illuminates your section of the dance floor, lighting up your crew for every elf to see. "*Goronagee* but professionals, paid honestly for services to be rendered. I declare them *Milessaratish* for one hour. They are my arms and legs, my beating heart and clutching fist. They stand for me, and I trust them to bring me glory."

"I present my seconds." As Sting's voice rings out, a second spotlight fires up and rings that group of non-Ancients you spotted earlier. "Our Laesa cousins, paid fairly for services to be rendered. I declare ..."

You can't hear the rest of her formal proclamation, as the Ancients in the crowd respond with a wave of muttering. There's an audacity to bringing in soldiers of a rival syndicate to take part in an Ancients rite, and it's obviously not sitting very well with the crowd in green. Belial might have youthful enthusiasm on his side, but Sting's showing she's still as bold and cunning as ever.

"You don't own every elf in this city, kid," she says to Belial when the mutters stop. He doesn't seem fazed by her choice of seconds though, still sound in his confidence in his chosen team. Sting takes his silence for assent and continues the challenge. "Let them go forth and serve as our own, garbed in our colors, doing our will. Let them strike down our foes, lift up our friends, and bring riches to this *ranelles*."

"Let them go forth ... and kick ass!" He says in response, stabbing his fist in the air, to laughter and cheers of the crowd.

Belial peels off his Ancients cut, holding the worn leather up for everyone to see, then swings his arm in a wide arc to toss the vest towards your group. "I say if they're doing Ancients work, so let the Ancients take the heat for it. Who's in?"

Sting's faintly glowing cybereyes roll at his gesture, and she makes no move to follow suit, herself.

"These people are standing in for us, and doing our jobs tonight. I'm not lettin' 'em catch the flak for it, or go out there without showing the world who they're working for." Belial's tone carries a bit more serious ring to it, now, and you can hear the leader he'll grow into with just a hair more maturity. "We've only got a couple minutes before the rubber hits the road, people. Who wants to do the right thing, and lend our proxies some armor?"

That bit of cajoling is enough to get a heap of jackets shucked off and sailing your way, and in a few moments each of you can take your pick—some of these Ancients obviously take their muscle implants and steroids very seriously!—and even your Laesa rivals have all slipped Ancients green onto their elf-thin frames. Belial's hopped off stage and is slapping the bare arms of every Ancient who's surrendered his cut, favoring them with smiles or fist bumps, handshakes or quiet nods.

"Thirty seconds to go-time," Sting whoops out from under the spotlights, canines and cybereyes flashing, light catching her chrome-gleaming nails as she waves towards the doors. "Everyone, out front! Proxies, get onto your wheels!"

The race is almost on.

Incoming Message

THE ELVEN TONGUE

Here's a handy translation guide for the Sperethiel being spoken by Sting and Belial in this scene.

Li-goro? "They are outsiders, yes?" A more literal translation would be "Is it not so, that they are outsiders?"

Llayah Yeah, you're right. Okay. Literally, "I agree with you."

Chal'han A challenge ritual used for retribution, establishing dominance, or enacting revenge. There are a host of subtleties to the rite based upon pronunciation and the social standing of the elves involved in such a challenge normally. In the Ancients' case, while it's serious enough to be binding, it's a fairly casual affair.

Goronagee Outsiders, particularly elves who aren't in an elven group. In this instance, it's something of a compliment, raising any non-elf player characters up to the status of almost-but-not-quite-Ancients.

Milessaratish In modern Tír usage to refer to covert operatives, technically it's a warrior-bondsman. To be declared one means that your patron takes responsibility, for good or ill, over what you accomplish in his name.

Laesa "The Forgotten," the name taken by a new all-elf syndicate born from the remnants of the Rinelle ke'Tesrae, the terrorist organization that called for national reform in Tír Tairngire several years ago. The Laesa and Ancients don't get along but still share territory with both of them eagerly recruiting from the Tír refugees that populate Tarislar and the rest of Puyallup. For more information, check out the *10 Gangs* e-book supplement.

Ranelles The group, or the Ancients. Literally, "family" or "coworkers."

BEHIND THE SCENES

This scene primarily exists to let the characters get a better feel for the half-serious, half-rambunctious ceremonies the Ancients partake in. Let them feel formally drawn into the group, let them understand they're taking part in something serious, and then ... let them rifle through the pockets of their new jackets!

Every team member, even the biggest troll or widest dwarf, has their pick of an armor jacket (8/6), armor vest (6/4), leather jacket (2/2), or—for those who like their own armor and aren't out to push the encumbrance rules—just a plain unarmored vest (sporting the Ancients' logo) to throw on. They all sport neon painted logos atop it, or have glowpatches slapped all over them, along with an assortment of jangling chains, chrome spikes, and assorted other ganger paraphernalia. What's more, go-gangers are undeniably a colorful lot who, as a rule, keep cool stuff in their pockets. In all the excitement and gratitude for the player's taking part in this rite of challenge, no one's gonna notice if something goes missing, so dig in!

Incoming Message

PARTY FAVORS

Have each player that takes an Ancients jacket, etc, roll 1d6 and see what "goodies" they find!

1D6 Result Goodies

- 1 High Explosive Grenade**
10P damage, -2 AP, -2/m blast radius, see *Grenades*, p. 155, *SR4A* for full rules.
- 2 Flash-Pak**
-4 dice pool modifier on attacks to anyone facing it (-2 with flare compensation), 10 charges, p. 324, *SR4A* for more.
- 3 Miniwelder**
A portable electric torch, used to weld metals together or cut through them. Base models have a full 30 minute running charge in them, for this one give it 5d6 minutes of power. See p. 335, *SR4A* for full rules.
- 4 Trauma Patch**
Allows for a stabilization test if placed on a dying patient. See *Physical Damage and Overflow*, p. 253 *SR4A*.
- 5 Cram, one dose**
Duration (12-Body) hours, min. 1 hour
Effect: +1 Reaction, +1 Initiative Pass
Other: When the drug wears off, users take 6S (unresisted) damage.
More info: p. 257, *SR4A*
- 6 Betameth, one dose**
Duration: (9-Body) hours, minimum 1
Effect: +2 Reaction, +1 Intuition
Other: When the drug wears off, users take 5S (unresisted) damage
More info: p. 74, *Arsenal*

DEBUGGING

Again, the biggest snag here would be the player characters working for Sting instead of Belial due to earlier connections or favors. If so, just modify the declaration of proxies a little bit, with Sting pointing out the player characters as her seconds, and Belial claiming the Laesa team. It's an undeniably bold move for a young Ancient to bring in Laesa soldiers, but he'll shrug it off with a "They know which way the wind's blowing, Sting. They'd rather be on the winning team than keep up this old-timer's feud," and otherwise the text will remain the same ... even Belial's insistence that every proxy, even your runners, be appropriately garbed so that the Ancients take the heat for the night's activities.

Another possible issue would be particularly mercenary PCs deciding to just drive off into the proverbial sunset with their up-front payment, some borrowed armor, a borrowed automobile, and a ten-nuyen bottle of water apiece. This would be an excellent move in the very short term, and they'll be able to joyride around and do whatever they want during the hour that everyone thinks they're working. About an hour and fifteen minutes after their triumphant theft, however, the shit will hit the fan for them in a tremendous way. They'll have Seattle's premier go-gang hunting them down for insult heaped upon insult, from stolen colors to stolen bikes, disrupting a Rite, and the basic issue of not finishing a job. Their reps will be shot, and shortly thereafter *they'll* probably be shot, too. Try to talk them out of it if one of your players gets a fit of giggles and suggests the idea.

Lastly, of course, the possibility exists that your runner team has their own wheels they'd like to take on this job instead of taking Belial up on his offer of a loaner van. That's fine, but they should be encouraged by Belial and other nearby Ancients to let them at least slap some Ancients decals, a little night-glo spray paint, or the like onto it to "Ancients it up" a little, to add to their cover (and to make it look cooler, according to the elves). If they'd rather use the Ancients wheels, they get to joyride around in a luxurious Rover 2068 for the night.

Incoming Message

ROVER MODEL 2068 (SUV)

HANDL	ACCEL	SPEED	PILOT	BODY	ARM	SENS
+1	20/35	140	2	13	10	2

Upgrades: [High], off-road suspension, passenger protection [2], anti-theft system [2], pimped ride (Ancients green, pseudo-Celtic knotwork, chrome rims, etc) [1]



SCENE 3: HUNTIN' SCAVENGERS

SCAN THIS

This opens a series of “mini-scenes,” any of which your players characters might choose to embark on (except for *Keep On Truckin'* which should come last). Don't panic! We know all about convention time limits. Players aren't expected to hit all five of them. Give them a minute to trade their pocket party favors around and figure out who's doing the driving, but aside from that do your best to keep this whole section of the adventure fast paced with the proverbial clock ticking away. Ideally, your players will be able to hit two or three of these scenes to collect trophies, but it's not the end of the world if they do more or less.

The key is to give them the reins to this large chunk of the adventure, and let *them* decide where they're going and what they'll be doing. They've got options here. Let them feel like it!

TELL IT TO THEM STRAIGHT

You all receive pats on the back, encouraging nods, and good-natured shoves towards the front of the pack as you and a tide of Ancients all rush for the doors at once. Carried along in a sea of green leather and pointed ears, you soon find yourself deposited by your loaner van—which is emblazoned with an assortment of Ancients decals, stylized flames and Celtic knotwork—even as every elf in sight is clambering onto their own iron steed. Racing bikes whine and shriek, Harleys let out their low-down growls, and headlights and honking horns ring through the air as the hunt draws nearer. There's a palpable energy in the air as you and the Laesa team saddle up, with Ancients lining the streets and roaring their encouragement.

Every sound dies as Sting's wiry form and Belial's powerful one take to the center of the street. They stand side by side, shoulder to shoulder, with Belial facing you and Sting looking at her own proxies a short distance down the block. Sting's chrome hand razors catch the light again as she lifts her arms, and the monofilament edges of Belial's huge claymore shine in the gathered headlights. He chants under his breath for a second, and then Ancients-green flames crawl along the blade, and you see Sting shake her head and sigh at the garish display.

Then, suddenly, Sting and Belial sweep their blades through the night air, and every horn and engine blare at once: the race is on!

BEHIND THE SCENES

These mini-missions are the real meat and potatoes of the adventure and where your players get to start calling the shots. This intro serves as their send-off, the last they'll see of Sting or Belial for the next frantic, hurried hour as they race their way across the Barrens to pick fights, start fires, loot, steal, and rescue, all in the name of the Ancients and their temporary patron.

There are four possible jobs they can set out on in whatever order they care to (not counting the truck hijacking, which comes last). The roads in the Barrens aren't exactly covered by your average navigational GPS system with tumbled buildings, wrecked cars, gang “toll” stops, piles of burning tires, and other impromptu barricades (along with just plain shitty road maintenance) these sections of Redmond and Puyallup are a maze at the

best of times. That's your cue to manipulate travel times however you want to, basically, to make sure the players feel rushed and hurried, to keep the pressure on, and—most of all!—to let any character with appropriate knowledge skills (like Seattle Shortcuts, The Barrens, Courier Routes, or similar) shine. Let the team smuggler or wheelman really show off here and be the team's “ace in the hole” for making it to every location and back to the Daisy Chain in time.

Start with a base time of about fifteen minutes to get from job to job and knock a minute off for each hit your player can make on a roll to plot a course or a particularly aggressive driver's Pilot Ground Vehicle skill check. Most groups will be able to hit two trophy sites plus hijack the truck pretty handily. If they roll well during these navigation and driving scenes, they'll be able to squeak in another mini-job.

PUSHING THE ENVELOPE

GMs can add the Laesa team directly to the races from location to location, if they want. Keep in mind the two groups are likely to clash during the truck hijacking toward the end of the adventure, but if you want to heighten tension before then, let them bump into each other earlier in the night, too. They've got their own places to be and trophies to hunt, but having them bump fenders and rub paint as they cross paths could be a good time for your team's driver.

DEBUGGING

The biggest issue with the whole *Huntin' Scavengers* scene could be players gripped by indecision. Try to encourage them to choose what site to hit quickly and keep them moving. If they start to plan too long and lose a sense of urgency, and they just need a little GM nudge to make up their mind, try to steer them towards *Sextraction* early on, because it's the one that “feels” the most time-sensitive (seriously, who doesn't want to rush and rescue the little girl?). If they're looking to you for suggestions, keep in mind that *Taking Scalps* is invariably violent, *Hood Hunt* can be combat or stealth oriented, *Badges* can be combat or social in nature, and *Sextraction* is another that can require fast talking or fast fighting. Steer combat-oriented groups toward appropriate jobs or sneaky teams toward others or whatever you think will help the players feel the coolest and have the most fun. Isn't that the point?

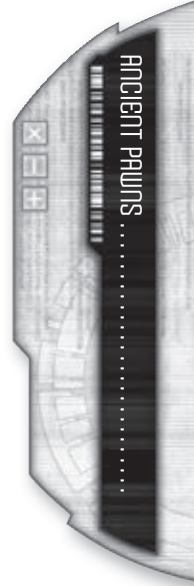
SCENE 3A: TAKING SCALPS

SCAN THIS

This scene takes place at the Twisted Tusk, a Tacoma dive that's known to be popular with the Spikes and pretty much no one else. The player characters only instructions are to “fuck 'em up,” and that should come as no surprise. The Spikes and Ancients have a rivalry as old as any in the Sprawl, and any time they can spill a little Spike blood, the elves are happy. This is the most straightforward and violent of the scavenger hunt jobs.

TELL IT TO THEM STRAIGHT

You breathe a quiet sigh of relief as you make your way past the worst of the Barrens' potholes and glass-strewn streets finding



flat, hard pavement under your wheels instead of the ash and litter of Puyallup. You're cruising into Tacoma now but not far.

The Twisted Tusk is a shitty craphole of a bar with oversized tables, a barkeep that brews his own *hurlg*, and the distinct aroma of Spikes in the air. The all troll go-gang is still a little shaken up and disorganized from the loss of their Lord Torgo in prison last year, and some of their malcontents and bottom-rung losers are known to hang out at the Tusk from time to time.

Sure enough as you roll up outside, you see four oversized Harley Scorpions out front, all brown leather seats and gold-tinted chrome, and an otherwise empty lot. The huge shadows cast by the assortment of trolls shows that all four of them are over at the pool table right now trying their best not to snap the cues or add any new tears to the long lost felt surface.

You've found 'em.

BEHIND THE SCENES

There's nothing that's got to be very subtle about this one, just a straight up bar brawl, either to the death or the maiming. It's up to your players. Some players will want to sneak in. Some might throw a flash grenade. Others will try to sidle up to the surly trollish bartender and try to make nice to scout the place out (not easily done in Ancients leathers), but the long and short of it is it's fight time, one way or the other, because it doesn't matter how smooth a talker you are, you're not going to convince some trolls to let you cut off their ears or horns.

The bartender will high-tail it out the back door if he can when any sort of fight starts, but if the players are particularly bloodthirsty (and want an extra trophy to take), you can just increase the Strength and Body of the Bartender Contact (p. 289, *SR4A*), and equip him with the Defiance T-250 he keeps behind the bar. The gangers' stats below are already modified for heavy *hurlg* consumption.

Incoming Message

SPIKES

Troll Gangers, (4, Professional Rating 3)

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	Ess	Init	IP	Arm	CM
9	3	3	8	2	2	1	3	6	5	1	6/4	13

Dice Pools: Unarmed 8, Dodge 7, Clubs 6, Long Arms (Shotguns) 5 (7), Pistols 5, Throwing Weapons 4, Perception 4

Gear: Pool cue, armor vest (with elf-head logo from the Spikes on the back), half a mug of *hurlg*, two have shotguns, two have oversized pistols, all have horrible breath.

Weapons: Pool cue [Club, DV 4P, +1 reach, +2 AP], Defiance T-250 [shotgun, 7P, -1 AP, 0 RC, 5(m), no spare ammo], Colt Manhunter [Heavy Pistol, 5P, -1 AP, 0 RC, 16 (c), laser sight, 1 extra clip]

PUSHING THE ENVELOPE

These Spikes are blind drunk, the PCs are likely to be ambushing them, and they're not exactly the cream of the crop as far as their biker gang goes to begin with. If you want to ramp up the difficulty, just give the Spikes a few more dice on attack and defense or put a few more of them in the bar.

DEBUGGING

If your players start to over-think this assault, remind them that the clock's ticking. Once they get the trolls down, either dead or just unconscious, they've got to figure out what sort of trophies they want to take. If the group isn't the grisly type, more power to 'em. They can get away with just swiping their jackets, getting commlink tridcam footage of knocking over their bikes, or whatever other mischief they can cook up. The Ancients are vindictive bastards at heart, however, and they'll award the most points for literal trophies here. Ears or horns, someone's going to have to roll up their sleeves and get their hands dirty.

SCENE 3B: HOOD HUNT

SCAN THIS

This mini-mission pits the characters against several Humanis Policlub thugs holding a (very small) chapter session right where Belial said they'd be. Players can torch the place, kill the metaracists, or just break into the back room and steal their stuff. It's all up to them how bloody they want to get on this one. This is a mission that can be accomplished through stealth *or* brutal violence.

TELL IT TO THEM STRAIGHT

The Puyallup Barrens aren't just for Seattle's poor and downtrodden. They've long been a stronghold of Seattle's *meta-human* poor and downtrodden. Redmond's much more firmly in "pure" humanity's grasp, and the Humanis Policlub hate group's inroads into Puyallup have been much slower going. Opposed by virtually every gang in this corner of the Sprawl, the 13th Chapter Of The Righteously Human aren't exactly the most popular kids on the block.

Even from here, you can see how run down and crappy their cute little clubhouse is. The place might have started as a VFW or Elk's Lodge a hundred years ago, or maybe some neighborhood rec center, or dingy bar. Hell, maybe it was always a dump, who knows? All you see is that whatever pitiful examples of metaracism run the place now, they can't even be bothered to keep their own walls free from local ganger graffiti or their sign out front from being used by local dogs and squatters to mark their territory.

A small collection of run down Americars and a pair of old Toyota Gopher pickups sit in the lot, and while only the main room seems to be lit up, you see a second door into the place. Decisions, decisions ...

BEHIND THE SCENES

The Knights of the 13th Chapter aren't exactly keen on security protocols. Most of them are all settled in around a table playing poker and bitching about orks stealing their jobs. Two others are watching the Brawl game, one's in the bathroom, and



the front door isn't even locked. Player characters can also use the side entrance, if they prefer, breaking their way into the chapter house's supply closet/armory. It's an old fashioned key lock (Rating 3) to get in, rusted out and long past its best days (don't forget, a PC might have gotten a mini-welder from the Ancients jacket before the race started).

Doing so nets them two Remington 750s, a case of Meals Ready to Eat, eight unadorned Humanis hoods/robes (not yet decorated with chapter patches), and an assortment of janitorial supplies ... and an old Survival-2060 Saeder-Krupp diesel generator along with a big black drum that's almost full. Fun fact: *just in case* it comes up, diesel fuel deals 3P fire damage (see p. 164, *SR4A*) if it's lit on fire, and the flames will spread pretty quickly in a firetrap heap like this old chapter house.

Kicking in the front door and *then* spotting this closet—easy to do, since the only other door leads to a bathroom—will get them all the same stuff, of course, along with a bit of a fight on their hands.

Incoming Message

PILLARS OF THE POLICLUB

Humanis Thugs (8, Professional Rating 1)

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	Ess	Init	IP	Arm	CM
3	3	3	4	3	3	2	3	6	6	1	4/0	10

Dice Pools: Unarmed 6, Clubs 4, Dodge 5, Firearms Group 6, Perception 5

Gear: Armored clothing, a deck of cards, a pile of Ares, Fuchi, and Federated Boeing scrip (40 nuyen total),

Weapons: Colt America [Light Pistol, 4P, 0 AP, 0 RC, 12 (c), 1 extra clip]

PUSHING THE ENVELOPE

Once again, the easiest way to ramp up the challenge factor here is to not make the targets such hapless losers. They could have a guard on the roof with one of those Remington 750 rifles, they could all be dressed up in paramilitary armored camo gear, they could be in the middle of some bayonet drill (each with an empty AK 98 but a pair of full clips on them), or there could just be a whole lot more of them. You could also ramp up the security to a proper maglock on the side door, add a security system, or get rid of the drum of diesel fuel just begging to be cheerfully burninated.

DEBUGGING

There shouldn't be much the PCs can do to screw this one up, but it's possible one of them is a Humanis sympathizer or something, I guess. If one of your players were to call the chapter house in advance and warn them or something, look into Pushing the Envelope to see what sort of defense they might mount.

SCENE 3C: BADGES? WE DON'T NEED NO STINKIN'...

SCAN THIS

This mini-mission sets the player characters against some Ork Underground guards, specifically Skraacha gangers. Not as universally despised by the Ancients as the Spikes or Humanis punks, the player characters don't necessarily have to commit terrible violence to see this job through—the Ancients just want some of the paramilitary badges the Skraacha punks have recently added to their outfits in an attempt to look like official protectors of the Underground.

TELL IT TO THEM STRAIGHT

The Ork Underground's a haven for nocturnal goblinoids, and it sprawls, in one form or another, are under much of the Seattle Metroplex. They've got pretty heavily guarded tunnel entrances scattered around Seattle including right here in the Puyallup Barrens. Part of this apartment complex caved in years—or was it weeks?—ago, and it was a simple matter of cracking through some basement and sub-basement walls to open up the Ork Underground to the ashy, grey wasteland of the Barrens.

Four orks in the Skraacha's paramilitary get-up lounge around on guard duty here, two of them out in front of the building, two back inside, past wrecked walls by the entrance proper. Each of them is toting a sturdy, reliable Kalishnikov rifle, either carrying it in-hand or slung over their shoulder.

Their muscled arms are bare, even in the Puyallup cold, and each of them wears an identical drab-brown flak vest, mottled urban camo pants, and a crooked black beret. They've all got an assortment of official-looking patches, pins, and trinkets scattered here and there, but the one add-on each outfit has in common is a gleaming star-shaped badge, no doubt bought wholesale from some cheap Matrix shop. Now, how best to convince these thugs that they're on Ancient's turf ...

BEHIND THE SCENES

This mostly collapsed building has another pair of Skraacha holed up in it for starters. Two of them are snoozing up on the second floor of the wrecked tenement taking their post-midnight turn asleep while the other four have to stay awake and halfway alert. Consider them to be rolling one Perception die apiece as they sleep the night away, getting the chance to roll it against anything louder than a normal conversation. Gunfire, combat, alarms, that sort of thing, will all give these two a chance to wake up, kick their buddy awake, and join in the fight.

The wreck of a building provides plenty of cover opportunities throughout with unsteady rubble between the front entrance and the 30 meters of distance to the Underground entrance. If combat comes, you can assume any character that wants some cover has it, from half-erect walls, heaps of what used to be roof, and that sort of thing.

That said, characters don't *have* to blast their way to these badges, and ideally they won't. The Skraacha guards aren't going to start shooting at folks wearing Ancients colors in the same way some Humanis thugs or Spikes would. PCs will be starting any sort of con, negotiation, or similar attempt with a Prejudiced



(-2) modifier, right off the bat though. To an ork or troll it will drop to a Suspicious (-1), because Ancients cuts still make 'em a little nervous. It's not that tough to talk them into handing over a couple badges (the truth is they've got crates and crates of the silly things at their gang HQ in the Underground). Keep an eye on the Social Modifiers table (p. 131, *SR4A*), and keep in mind that the PC's result is at least Annoying (-1) to the NPCs, and the two sleeping Skraacha give them the Ace In The Hole (+2) modifier against some rolls. But they know how close they are to the Ancients' seat of power, and if all they have to do is give up a few cheap badges to keep the peace, they will.

Incoming Message

UNDERGROUND ENFORCERS

Skraacha Guards (6, Professional Rating 3)

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	Ess	Init	IP	Arm	CM
6	4(5)	3	5(6)	3	3	2	3	5	6	1	6/4	11

Dice Pools: Unarmed 8, Blades (Knives) 7(9), Dodge 8, Firearms skill group 9, Throwing Weapons 7, Perception 5, Influence skill group 5, Intimidation 6

Augmentation: Muscle replacement (Rating 1)

Gear: Armor vest, military surplus thermos of bitter coffee, 1 dose of jazz

Weapons: AK 97 [Assault Rifle, 6P, -1 AP, 0 RC, 38 (c), 2 extra clips], survival knife [knife, 4P, -1 AP]

PUSHING THE ENVELOPE

For a tougher social encounter, increase this batch of guards' antipathy towards Ancients and their ilk by at least a couple dice and make them more stubbornly proud of their badges (or more afraid of their higher-ups' disapproval for losing them), increasing it to a Harmful to NPC (-3) modifier. For a bigger combat challenge, a GM can increase the number of guards (starting with at least two more sleeping Skraacha and maybe with backup just inside the doors to the Underground), or give them all a couple frag or smoke grenades.

DEBUGGING

If the combat starts to go *too* seriously against the PCs, instead of having the Skraacha gangers pour bullets into downed enemies, make their priority to fall back to the Underground entrance and secure the door.

SCENE 3D: THE SEXTRACTION

SCAN THIS

In this one, player characters get the opportunity for a genuine mission of mercy. They're sent to rough up (or kill) a brutish pimp and his extra muscle in order to free a little elven girl pushed into "the life" against her will ... and maybe more of his kidnapped prostitutes, too!

TELL IT TO THEM STRAIGHT

Ah, the Crime Mall. At times a bustling black market in a very literal sense, at others it's a vacant wasteland (for at least a few days after a dedicated Knight Errant sweep). For the last several months it's been busy as can be, offering up an assortment of stolen goods, "fell off a truck" discounts on electronics, second-rate street doc services, and all while putting a roof over the head of dozens, maybe even hundreds, of squatters.

Around back, at what used to serve as loading docks with big, truck-sized, bays, is where Jimmy the Chin does his work. Or, rather, where his girls work, and he reaps the benefits. Known as a dwarven Golden Gloves boxer with delusions of mob grandeur, Jimmy lost his Mafia connections to the Chicago ugliness years and years ago. The Chin was freelance muscle and enforcement for a while after that, getting his whole extended family into the business. Right now, they've all semi-retired from the overt violence racket, deciding that it's easy to snatch pretty girls off the streets and make *them* do the hard work.

As you pull around the ash-covered expanse of the Crime Mall parking lot, you spot him just inside one of the loading bays, dapper in black Actioneer suit, standing next to a space heater. About a half dozen girls hobble back and forth in front of him in spiked heels and little else. Another dwarf built just like Jimmy—all shoulders and no neck, squat and powerful—stands next to him, looking around and checking his watch while one of the girls is no doubt on the clock with a customer behind some "privacy" blankets hanging in the loading dock. The two dwarves have too much in common to not be related, so it looks like you'll have a pair of brawlers to deal with one way or another.

BEHIND THE SCENES

It's up to the players how physical they want to get with these two, but the dwarven cousins are pretty despicable characters. The girls are all blissed out of their gourd, won't get involved in a fight, and will go along quietly if Jimmy and Billy tell them to (or if Jimmy and Billy are in no condition to tell anyone anything!). If the players aren't the go-for-the-throat types, it'd be a pretty simple series of Negotiation or Con rolls to convince Jimmy and Billy they just wanted a little affection from Dawn, and with a little luck (or a good distraction out front) they could high-tail it out through the Crime Mall once they had a little privacy with her.

If things get into a fight instead, toss a scummy "John" into the brawl who's unhappily interrupted from his time with Dawn back behind the pimps in the loading dock. He can either be a Spike, an off-duty Skraacha, or an elven shadowrunner (use Laesa stats from later in the book).

A cursory pat down of Jimmy afterwards will find a set of keys in his pants pocket, and fiddling with the fob—playing with the alarm, lights, and such—will lead the characters to his GMC Bulldog Step-van halfway around the corner (the very one that Dawn's family said she vanished in yesterday). Jimmy and Billy use the van to cart their half-dozen girls to and from the dungeon they call an apartment, and the odds are good if the PCs have found the keys, Jimmy and Billy don't need it any more. The easiest way to rescue all the girls at once would be to use Jimmy's own van for transportation since they won't all fit (with the team!) in the Rover SUV the Ancients loaned them.



BOXING BULLIES**Jimmy the Chin and Billy Knuckles (2, Professional Rating 4)**

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	Ess	Init	IP	Arm
7 (8)	4 (6)	4 (5)	7 (9)	4	4	3	4	1.5	8 (9)	1 (2)	5/3

Dice Pools: Unarmed (Boxing) 11 (13), Dodge 10, Firearms Group 9, Perception 7, Influence Group 6, Intimidation 6

Qualities: +2 DV Unarmed (already figured in)

Augmentation: Muscle replacement (Rating 2), wired reflexes (Rating 1), plastic bone lacing

Gear: Actioneer business suit, 200 nuyen in assorted scrip, 10 doses of bliss, flashy keys, half a pack of betel

Weapons: Morrissey Alta [Heavy Pistol, 5P, -1 AP, SA, 0 RC, 12 (c), 2 extra clips, +2 Custom Look], Unarmed [Boxing, 7P]

GMC BULLDOG STEP-VAN

HANDL	ACCEL	SPEED	PILOT	BODY	ARM	SENS
0	5/10	90	2	16	8	1

PUSHING THE ENVELOPE

Jimmy and Billy are already pretty tough. The best way to make the fight harder would be to give them some form-fitting body armor beneath their cheap suits, give them shotguns on top of their pistols, or simply make it an even larger family business by having a few more of them hanging around.

DEBUGGING

Be mindful of the close quarters and the girls standing around if player characters go for area-effect spells or grenades, but other than that this fight should probably go the PCs' way (since they'll likely be facing just three enemies).

SCENE 3E: KEEP ON TRUCKIN'**SCAN THIS**

The characters are out to commit some land-piracy, yarr! They'll be pulling up alongside an autotruck, hopping aboard in mid-drive, and either hacking the thing to stop it and take it over, or just busting into the back to toss boxes out to their buddies.

TELL IT TO THEM STRAIGHT

These Puyallup roads are murder on your suspension, but the good news is you're ... oh, wait, that's bad news. You're going to be *all over* the roads for this part of the job chasing down a dog-brained autotruck on these crappy "Puyallup Pothole" streets. Damn. Jacking and looting are time-honored traditions in neighborhoods like this, but apparently some corporate bean counter somewhere decided that saving gas is worth the more dangerous route, acceptable losses, yadda yadda yadda, so some dumb bastard's still got a truck scheduled to roll through here tonight.

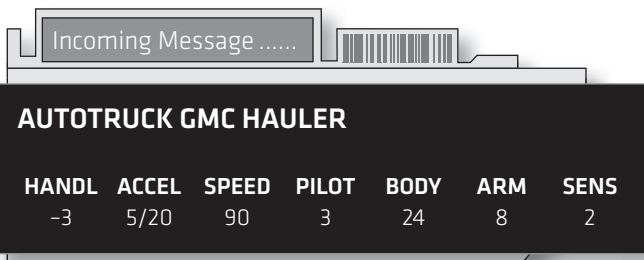
According to the data files Belial sent you, it should be ... right ... about ... there! Chugging along by autonav alone, this



GMC Hauler has faded Stuffer Shack™ logos along the sides, and an empty cab. This should be like stealing candy from a baby. A big, dumb, diesel hybrid baby.

BEHIND THE SCENES

The antagonist of this chapter, such as it is, is a drone-piloted tractor trailer. Player characters will have to pull up alongside it (which should be a piece of cake), then make a Gymnastics (Jumping) test to get onto the side of it as it rolls through the Barrens (there are no stoplights for them to take advantage of in a crappy part of town like this). From there it's a matter of taking care of the maglock on the back of the truck to get into the cargo area, or the maglock on the front of the truck in order to get into the driver's compartment and take over with manual controls, to steal the whole truck!



A quick glance at those handling and pilot ratings will show you that this isn't exactly a high-octane chase scene in the making. The truck follows a very specific route trusting in upgraded sensors and pilot programs to let it hit the emergency brakes if the situation warrants it, but other than that the thing's a barely controlled heap of cargo trundling along.

The cargo is protected by a series of Rating 3 maglocks all with Rating 2 anti-tamper devices. One maglock seals the back doors, and one each is on the doors leading into the (empty) cab.

Picking a maglock while clinging to the outside of an erratically driving truck on roads as bad as they are in the Puyallup Barrens isn't exactly a cakewalk. After the initial Gymnastics (Jumping) test to get aboard, every round players must make Climbing tests to move around the truck or even just to hold on. The autotruck gives the Assisted Climbing (+2) modifier at the rear and side doorways thanks to a bunch of handholds, but much of the trailer would instead count as a sheer surface (-4). A character that jumped onto the back and then tried to make his way towards the cab, for instance, wouldn't exactly have an easy go of it. Anyone trying to walk along the top of the trailer instead of climb along the sides still faces an unsteady ride. They'll have to make a Gymnastics (Balance) test every round to keep their footing up there.

Critical glitches, or two failures in a row, on these Climbing or Gymnastics (Balance) rolls will mean an ignoble tumble off a truck cruising along at 45 kph. If someone tumbles off, increase their Falling Damage (p. 164, *SR4A*) by one category to reflect it's a moving vehicle and an unyielding surface (so a 1-2 meter fall deals damage as a 3-4, for instance).

And the cargo itself? It's boxes of flash-dried foods, soy noodles, and basic medical goods (disinfectants, first aid kit reloads, an assortment of low-grade slap patches, cheap bandages,

and low-grade painkillers), cheap stuffed toys, and several crates of CHOCO-PUNCH bars. When they bring these goodies in to get tallied up at the end of the night, have Squire excitedly tell them that that's just what they need at the *Deireadh An Tuarheil*, the all-volunteer hospital that caters to the Tarislar community—it's where the Ancients first found her, and they drop stuff off for the place pretty often. She'll also make off with at least one box of CHOCO-PUNCH bars for herself.

PUSHING THE ENVELOPE

The most awesome way to handle this hijacking—if you've got the time—is to have the Laesa team show up and try to grab the truck at the same time. It's here in Pushing The Envelope instead of the default write-up only because of the time constraints in the real world. Many a player character would love to engage in a kung-fu fight on top of a moving semi, don't let 'em lie to ya. The sheer action movie fun of team drivers trying to ram each SUVs off the road, the tech-geek trying to pick a maglock while he's got a Laesa punk trying to throw him off the truck, and all that assorted mayhem is just too good to pass up *if you've got the time* for one last big fight scene. Read carefully over the Tactical Combat (p. 169, *SR4A*) rules to integrate vehicles into a fight, and have the autotruck rolling along at the lowest speed bracket (1-20 meters/turn) to keep things from being too lethal. Remind the players they're not supposed to outright kill anyone, and go to town!

DEBUGGING

Even if the Laesa team shows up, your average mob of shadowrunners shouldn't have too much trouble getting away with the truck. If they lack a techie to break into the van, and if no one found a mini-welder in their pockets earlier this adventure, read over the Barrier rules (p. 166, *SR4A*) and treat the van as Heavy Material (Armor 6, Structure 7).

SCENE 4: A PHOTO FINISH?

SCAN THIS

The clock's still ticking, and the PCs have to race to get back to the Daisy Chain before the 1 a.m. deadline. When they get there, they'll see the night's not over just yet. There's one last bit to this Rite of Challenge even after they turn over their loot and trophies and the Ancients tally up their points.

TELL IT TO THEM STRAIGHT

Your engine roars as you go racing down the last stretch of bumpy, ash covered, miserable Puyallup road. After all this driving around on crappy Barrens pavement, you're swearing under your breath to never come here again unless you can fly, when finally the green neon lights of the Daisy Chain peek at you from just up ahead. You hear the high-pitched whine of the sleek Laesa streetbikes and see their headlights roaring toward the finish line from the other end of the street, and both sets of proxies kick up ash and screech to a halt amidst Ancient cheers.

You see Belial and his favorite bravos lounging amidst their bikes on one side of the street, the young prince himself seated atop his street bike, guitar in his lap, idly strumming. Squire sits on the curb next to him, looking even smaller than normal with





his huge sword in her hands, and an assortment of lean, hungry gangers perch on their bikes all around him. His hair is vivid green again, and he hops off his bike as soon as you park and get ready to report in.

Glaring from across the street, you see Sting and her chief counselors, the rest of her lieutenants, and her favored old guard, all of them still elf-young and elf-pretty but scarred, their leathers a little more scuffed up, their bikes heavier and sturdier than the ones the younger Ancients favor. Sprawled amidst chrome and huge engines, the elder Ancients cheer your arrival just as excitedly as their young rivals.

An assortment of Ancients wheel their bikes out to block the street completely—the locals know better than to complain about it—and it's time for you and the Laesa crew to compare hauls and see who won tonight's challenge.

BEHIND THE SCENES

Magical healing (from Belial himself, among others) is on hand for anyone from either team that's scuffed up too badly. There's no need for proxies to be bleeding to death or passing out in the middle of the proclamations and such.

That done, now is the time for the PCs to hand over all the goodies (and baddies) they've collected throughout the night. As they turn it all in to Sting, Belial, and the rest of the Ancients officers, they'll have a chance to tell the gathered Ancients how their night went. A good Face or other storyteller can have a little fun here, regaling the crowd with their accomplishments, pointing out trophy after trophy, and telling the gangers how it all went down.

Then they'll be asked to wait over by their vehicles and much arguing, hand waving, counting, bickering, recounting, estimating,

and eventually agreeing will occur. Squire will hang out with the characters, eagerly asking them more questions about their night while the gang elders look over the night's hauls. After the glaring dies down, Sting and Belial will shake hands, nod at one another, and the player characters will be waved over. The press of Ancients around them will ring up, all on their feet now, forming a ritual circle ... with not just Sting and Belial, but also the PCs and their Laesa counterparts, inside it.

If the PCs got any two spots (including the truck), they tied the Laesa. If they hit three, or did exceptionally well (see **Pushing the Envelope**) at two, call it a solid win. If they only succeeded at any one spot, the PCs lost the challenge (for now!).

If the PCs made Belial tonight's victor, move on to **Scene 6: After Party**.

If the total comes out to be a tie or a loss for Belial, have several of the younger Ancients glower, glare, and mutter darkly, then call for a challenge by combat. Squire will lean in and whisper to the PCs that "Anything this important, there's always a fight if folks don't like the outcome. Belial's going to chop ol' Sting to pieces, I bet," she'll bounce up and down a little, eagerly waiting to run his sword out to him. Move on to **Scene 5: Last Rites**.

PUSHING THE ENVELOPE

Rather than increasing the difficulty of this scene, this particular Pushing the Envelope exists to reward the PCs for beating a harder difficulty in earlier scenes! If they wiped out or completely torched the Twisted Tusk or the Humanis Chapter House, count either as an exceptional victory. If they got all of Jimmy the Chin's girls away from him, got badges from the Skraacha without violence, or stole the whole autotruck, those will also count as exceptional victories.

DEBUGGING

The only remaining complication would be from earlier in the night when the PCs may have decided to work for Sting instead of Belial. If they were competing on Sting's behalf and won or tied, just handle the call for a duel in *Last Rites* (next scene) like normal. If they competed for Sting and lost soundly, there's no call for a duel, and for the most part you can skip over the *Last Rites* scene and just move on to *Aftermath*.

SCENE 5: LAST RITES

SCAN THIS

This scene should only be run if the runners fail to win the *chal'han*.

Belial's angry young faction isn't terribly happy with how the *chal'han* went, and now he's got one last chance to claim Sting's seat; a Trial by Combat. If time allows, and one of your players is the champion sort, have Belial offer the team a chance at redeeming themselves by one of them stepping in for him. If not, he'll face Sting in a fight to the first blood, and to the victor will go the crown.

TELL IT TO THEM STRAIGHT

In the middle of Sting tilting her head triumphantly and her group of Laesa proxies cheering alongside her inner circle, Belial's trained voice sings out a challenge.



“I reject this *chal’han*, and insist on overturning by way of combat!” Squire hops up and down excitedly near your group, precariously hanging onto the massive sword that’s half a meter taller than she is. Belial continues, in the same formal tone, “Who will second my outrage?”

“I will!” The dark-eyed, dark-haired elf that’s shadowed him much of the night lifts a matte black cyberhand. “Hah! It is no surprise these barbarian apes failed you! I will second your outrage at their worthlessness!”

“I, uhh ...” the tension partially breaks as Belial gives him a wry look and a snort, shaking his head a little. “That’s not *exactly* what I meant, Rook, but it still counts, I guess. A second’s a second.” He looks over at Sting locking eyes with her, still smiling a little, “So trial by combat it is.” She gives a matter-of-fact nod. “I’ll take it,” Sting paces to the center of the street, movements a little herky-jerky from her boosterware getting triggered, “But it’s a fight to first blood. The Ancients don’t need to lose anyone tonight.”

BEHIND THE SCENES

Belial isn’t scared to fight, but etiquette demands he give the player characters a chance to redeem themselves. If this had all happened in the Tir among a more traditional group, they’d all be formally shamed right now. As it is, a job’s a job ... but the big elf wants to give them a shot to still earn full pay. If any of your PCs are obviously the combat types, or look excited at the prospect of a sword fight, he’ll give them the nod and offer full payment to the whole group if that one PC can draw blood before Sting does. If any character is brave enough to accept the burden, refresh that PC’s Edge pool by one point on the spot.

Please note, he’ll ask for one of them to stand in as his champion even if they initially fought for Sting! In addition to Belial being a good guy, the plain fact is this is a game about player characters. One of *them* should get the chance to take a swipe at Sting—who’s ruled a gang for twenty years—and change the leadership of the Ancients, because the chance might never come again. Belial’s mentor spirit, Gryphon, might urge him to fight his own battles ... but this is too good an opportunity to pass up letting a player character be the one who changes street history.

Have the PC and Sting duke it out, but don’t have the gang leader spend any Edge on her Blades attacks. The PC should be able to draw first blood, that being the case. Sting’s got the same dice pool for Unarmed as she does Blades, so if she manages to connect first, make it a stinging slap or a solid punch as she toys with her prey rather than going for the kill. Any PC that’s confident enough to *want* to fight this duel should be able to win it since Sting is not really trying, so move on to **Scene 6: After Party** after she gets cut. Magical healing will be made immediately available to either combatant once the duel is settled.

If none of the PCs wants to stand in for Belial, he’ll give them an understanding nod, joke about having to do it himself if he wants it done right, and he’ll hold a hand out for Squire. The young elf will scurry over and put the hilt of Belial’s huge claymore in his hand, then withdraw back to the ring of elves tugging on just the baldric—the hiss of steel on leather as the blade is drawn will silence the crowd.

Sting and Belial will face off, her with just her cat-quick hand razors, him with his sword. They’ll stare each other down for a few long moments, and then Sting will leap into action.

After the flurry of attacks, Belial’s mageblade will be stuck bone-deep in one of Sting’s forearms, and she’ll have scored a single little slice along one of his high cheekbones.

“You got first blood, kiddo,” she says with a nod, twisting her arm to wrench the heavy sword from her bone, gripping the wound to slow the bleeding. His opened cheek starts to bleed more heavily at that, as if the slice was waiting for the excuse. “But I thought you could use a little lesson about winning and losing at the same time. Get used to it, Belial. Being Captain’s not easy.”

Belial will ignore the shallow cut on his face to heal her arm, and in the process she’ll grab his hand to lift it enthusiastically; the Captain’s gone, long live the new Captain!

PUSHING THE ENVELOPE

If you’ve really got some time to kill, you can turn this into a full Trial of Combat by Proxies, bringing in the Laesa gang (one for each PC) to square off against them, everyone with blades or their bare hands, no spells, no guns. One last combat would end the adventure with a real bang but could take a lot longer than a quick one-on-one fight.



LAESA PROXIES

You may or may not ever even need to use these stats for the team’s Laesa rivals. Depending on how pressed for time you are, the group of elves may never even come into direct conflict with your group but will instead just be a constant reminder that they’re racing to complete the scavenger hunt, a leather-clad group that could show up and hassle them at any time. They’re also included to make the PCs feel even more like outsiders among the group of Ancients and Laesa, full of smug elven satisfaction and cockiness ... right up until the players beat them.

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	Ess	Init	IP	Arm
4	4	5	3	5	4	3	4	6	9	1	6/6

Dice Pools: Pilot Ground Vehicle 10, Pistols 8, Unarmed Combat (Martial Arts) 7(9), Dodge 8, Gymnastics 7, Climbing 5

Gear: Urban Explorer jumpsuit, 1 pack laes cigarettes, stylish mirror shades [Rating 3, with smartlink, image link], a few may ride on Suzuki Mirages for cinematic chases [Bike, Handling +2, Accel 20/50, Speed 200, Pilot 1, Body 6, Armor 4, Sensors 1] but most will be piled into a Rover 2068 on loan from the Ancients [SUV, +1 Handling, 20/35 Accel, 140 Speed, 2 Pilot, 13 Body, 10 Armor, 2 Sensor]

Weapons: Survival knife [knife, 3P, -1 AP], Ares Predator IV [Heavy Pistol, 5P, -1 AP, SA, 0 RC, 15 (c), 1 spare clip]

DEBUGGING

One way or another, Sting should get blooded before her opponent, and Belial has overall victory. If the PCs managed to trophy hunt on Belial’s behalf and lose *and* lose a duel to Sting (when she wasn’t really trying), he’ll still give them half their agreed upon payment—generous even in defeat—and about



a month later he'll try again, and beat her this time. In the official timeline, Sting's stepped down and Belial's stepped up, and however it happens, the PCs should have established a powerful new contact.

If they were working for Sting and only got pulled to Belial's side for the trial by combat (or if they were working for Sting and then turned him down), Belial makes it clear to them during the night's revelry that he doesn't hold a grudge. They did the best they could for Sting who trusted them enough she bet her future in the gang on their success. He doesn't mind that they ran for her instead of him, and Sting will still pay them the agreed upon amount to boot.

If a player takes part in the duel but doesn't stop at first blood, things could get sour real quick for them. Belial will interrupt any additional attacks with a Commanding Voice order (which he is *very* good at), but things will quickly go downhill for the players if they try to press the issue.

SCENE 6: AFTER PARTY

SCAN THIS

Whether Belial wins thanks to a duel, or just triumphs in the challenge outright, he's grateful to the player characters and young enough to show it with an awesome party.

TELL IT TO THEM STRAIGHT

Now this is more like it! The Daisy Chain finally lets its hair down and parties it up a little bit instead of being full of melancholy street poets and gently swaying crowds. Belial pays for a toast—with Tír na nÓg imported whiskey—to kick off the night's celebrations, then hands over the rest of your credsticks. An hour into his twentieth birthday he just got the gift he wanted the most, and while he never gets drunk enough to get slobbery or proclaim his undying love to any of you, it's obvious he's jubilant about how things went down. The club belongs to the Ancients and their proxies tonight with no one else around but the Daisy Chain staff and a few hangers-on. Squire cheerfully pigs out on CHOCO-PUNCH bars while wistfully watching Belial on stage, and even a few of the Laesa crew seem to be relaxing a little now that the job's done. Sting is one of the first to raise a toast to Belial, especially once it's made clear that the young Captain has no intention of exiling her from gang territory; Belial wants to lead the Ancients well, not lord his new rank over them.

One by one, you're approached by grateful Ancients who want to shake your hand, buy you a drink, slap you on the back, share a high five ... or get their jackets back.

BEHIND THE SCENES

This scene should just be some light-hearted fun. The players spent the last hour running themselves ragged to do some Ancients work, now let them kick back and enjoy the lighter side of go-ganging. Biker bunnies abound, the Daisy Chain wait staff flounce around in short kilts, and booze flows like water. There are plenty of street racers and mechanics for your team rigger to chat with, more than a few shooters and bladesmen for the Street Samurai to share tip and tricks with, etc.

PICKING UP THE PIECES

MONEY

As agreed upon, each PC has additional pay coming to total up:

- 1,000¥ up front.
- 1,000¥ per successfully completed mini-mission
- 1,000¥ bonus for successfully winning the Rite
- 500¥ per Negotiation net hit (as per **Scene 1: The Daisy Chain**)

KARMA

- 1 Karma for adventure survival
- 1 Karma for each mini-mission completed (max of 3 karma here)
- 1 Karma for completing the *chal'han* and either claiming, or defending, the Captaincy

An additional 1-3 points of Karma may be awarded for good role-playing, a good sense of humor, a solid grasp of the rules, keeping the adventure and action moving, or a particularly insightful action. Players should earn these, and the full 3 points should only be awarded to the very best players. The maximum adventure award for characters who play this adventure is 8.

REPUTATION

During the adventure, runners may perform actions that will add to their Street Cred, Notoriety, or Public Awareness (p. 265, *SR4A*). Besides the scenario specific gains listed below, gamemasters should consider the characters' actions throughout the game and award additional points as appropriate.

Thanks to fighting in Ancients garb most of the night, it's difficult for would-be enemies to pin down the players' actions on them. Anything they did on behalf of the Ancients, assuming they wore the colors like requested, will be blamed on the Ancients instead of the runners. Burning down a Humanis chapter house or killing a bunch of Spikes isn't the sort of stuff these elves will point fingers about anyways (they're plenty happy to take the credit for wiping out their enemies). Note that this cover only extends to actions taken in keeping with the spirit of the Rite of *Chal'han*. Players that rampaged their way across the city to burn down a children's hospital or blew up a bunch of kittens can still certainly earn Notoriety. Likewise, engaging in all-out warfare with the Laesa team or trying to take the duel beyond first blood could carry social consequences.

Street Cred is another story, though. If the player characters did exceptionally well (got the whole autotruck, rescued all of Jimmy the Chin's girls, or defeated Sting in single combat), Street Cred is an appropriate reward for going above and beyond the call of duty.

CONTACTS

Characters might interact with NPCs not specified by the Mission and may earn these NPCs as a contact at Loyalty 1. They may also work with non-Mission specific contacts that they have already earned or that they bought at character creation, and gain a +1 Loyalty to these contacts with a maximum Loyalty of 4. Gamemasters should not grant these lightly, and players should



have to work to earn these contacts by going the extra mile to impress the NPC, offering up favors, or paying them well above the standard rates for information or services.

If the players did a truly fantastic job working their way through the challenge missions (completing multiple missions very well or finishing four of the mini-missions for instance), Belial will be impressed with them even when he sobers up the next day, and his gratitude may extend beyond their credsticks. Players could add him as a Loyalty 1 Contact, with a Connection score of 3 (likely growing into a Connection 4 after he has a few months to get used to command).

LEGWORK

When a PC gets in touch with a contact, make a Connection + Connection test for the contact. The results of this test will determine how many ranks of information the contact knows about the question. (Apply die modifiers to this test based upon relevance of the contact to the subject matter.) A PC then makes a test of Charisma + Etiquette + Loyalty rating. The contact will reveal that many levels of information about that topic for free (up to the number of hits scored by the contact for that topic). If the contact knows more, additional information will require a payment to the contact of 200¥.

If the PCs have worked all of their contacts, and are still missing important information, they may request that a contact ask around. If they do so, have the Contact make an extended (Connection + Connection (20 minutes)) test. Additional information will be available at a cost of 750¥.

A Data Search may also be utilized to gather information from the following charts. They may make a limited Extended Logic + Data Search Test, with a -1 Dice Pool for each successive roll (p. 64, *SR4A*).

BELIAL

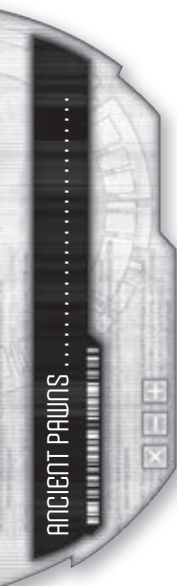
Contacts	Data Search	Information
0	0	Bell Isle? Isn't that some island resort or something? What, you planning a vacation?
1	3	He's some combat mage with the Ancients, I think. Heard him called Kid Fireball once.
2	6	The kid's gonna be trouble. He wants to run the Ancients so bad he can taste it! Got his daddy's blood, that's for sure.
3	10	Yeah, that's Green Lucifer's kid! He's a mage, alright, but a wiz on stage, too. Real popular with the Tír exiles, that kid!
4	18	He grew up in the gang, and has done merc work, smuggling, all kinds of stuff for 'em. Over the last six or eight months, he's gotten some real pull with a lot of Seattle's elves.
5	—	It's his birthday. He throws a bash every year and said tonight's would be pretty special!

STING/THE ANCIENTS

Contacts	Data Search	Information
0	0	WHO? WHAT? Sorry, buddy, I just got new cybears and I can't hear a thing!
1	3	Sting's been a top officer in the Ancients, the all-elven gang, for ... like, <i>ever</i> . They'd follow her anywhere.
2	6	Sting was second in command back about twenty-five years ago, then was co-Captain for years. The Ancients really grew under her leadership, even if she didn't get all the credit. They'll hit anywhere in Seattle, I hear.
3	10	Her disagreeable partner, Green Lucifer, got bumped up to the whole West Coast, leaving her in charge. The chapter's still going strong, with several hundred members scattered around the Sprawl. Some of 'em branch out into legit merc work, smuggling, all kinds of stuff.
4	18	Sting's been giving more and more responsibility to one of her lieutenants over the last year or so, and the kid's been eating it up.
5	—	Sting's tired. She wants to just be a ganger again, instead of making EVERY decision. Word on the street is she's been looking around the ranks for a successor, because the pressure of leading the whole gang by herself is wearing her down.

THE HUMANIS POLICLUB

Contacts	Data Search	Information
0	0	Pfft. No one says "policlub" any more.
1	3	They're just the world's premier hate group, is all. Hoods, robes, and a hate-on for anyone not like them.
2	6	I haven't heard a whole lot of activity out of the policlub itself lately, but that probably just means they're biding their time.
3	10	They're still plenty popular here in Seattle, but as far as the Barrens goes, they're more likely to be active in Redmond. The ghettos in Puyallup have a whole lot more pointed ears in 'em, y'know?
4	18	If they operate that close to Tarislar, it must be a pretty small crew. If they had a lot of guys or did very much, do you think the metahumans in Puyallup would leave 'em alone?
5	—	Their chapter house in Puyallup? The lucky 13 th , you mean. Yeah, the place is a dive. I hear they just drop by once or twice a week to play poker. What a joke.



THE SPIKES

Contacts	Data Search	Information
0	0	Isn't that a trog metal band?
1	3	Trolls, right? Big bikes? Yeah, I've heard of 'em. Brutal guys.
2	6	The Spikes rumble along I-5 and claim a good chunk of it as their turf. Not many folks argue when they see a huge troll on a huge Harley roll up alongside 'em going at interstate speeds.
3	10	They've had a long, very bloody, feud with the Ancients for as long as anyone can remember. Spikes send their new recruits out to earn a place in the gang, and they don't get in until they've killed an elf—any elf will do.
4	18	Lord Torgo, their longtime leader, died in prison not too long ago. BTO, a minotaur, runs them now, but not all the Spikes are real happy with the change in leadership.
5	—	When they're not blasted on combat drugs, they're wasted on <i>hurlg</i> . That troll-strength beer knocks a normal man blind, but I know some Spikes that drink the stuff like it's going out of style.

JIMMY THE CHIN

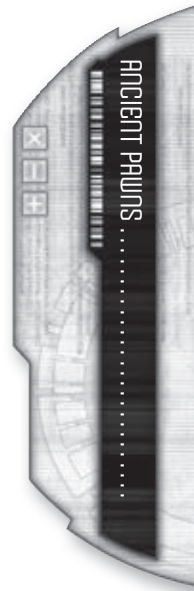
Contacts	Data Search	Information
0	0	Ohmigosh! You mean the romance trid star? He's soooooo cute.
1	3	Yeah, I've heard of the Chin. Two-bit muscle who couldn't cut it in the boxing ring.
2	6	The Chin's been busy since he lost his mob connections, starting up a "family" business of his own. No Mafia ties, just a whole, whole lot of burly dwarven thugs running girls for him.
3	10	He's been running his mouth about what high-quality merchandise he's got, lately. Started getting Tarislar gals in the stable, all long legs and pointed ears. Lord knows how he gets them to work for him.
4	18	Everyone knows Jimmy and his cousins keep those girls in line with bliss. He gets 'em hooked on the stuff as quick as he can. It keeps them docile while they're working, and the cravings keep them around between johns.
5	—	Yeah, I know Jimmy. Heard he snatched up a little girl pretty recently, in broad daylight. Jesus, Buddha, and Zeus only know what she's going through right now.

SKRAACHA GANGERS

Contacts	Data Search	Information
0	0	Scratch a ganger? Why the Hell would I do that?
1	3	They're the Underground's ugly muscle. An all-ork gang with some focus, and that makes 'em trouble.
2	6	With all the hubbub around the Ork Underground lately, politics and whatnot, the Skraacha are trying to look a little more militant. More organized, like. Lots of patches, berets, uniforms, stuff like that.
3	10	They're mostly topside to guard the entrances to the Underground, and to run escort and muscle jobs for gunrunners. I heard they've got connections with the Cascade Ork smuggling rings.
4	18	Those gunrunning missions aren't just to make money and arm the Underground, they've all got access to some pretty decent hardware, themselves.
5	—	Most of their patches and junk don't mean anything, they just each grab what they think looks cool, and don't worry about their flash matching. A whole bunch of them have been sporting the same cheap badges lately, though.

AUTOTRUCKS

Contacts	Data Search	Information
0	0	You mean the trideo game?
1	3	It just means a truck with a drone piloting it, instead of a driver or even a jacked-in rigger.
2	6	They're pretty basic drivers, and not real safe for most roads. They're good for long stretches of interstate and that sort of thing, but they've got to go pretty slow once they hit a city.
3	10	I used to boost 'em when I was a kid. There's just a couple maglocks to worry about. If you can hang onto the side and pick 'em one-handed, it's a piece of cake.
4	18	Sometimes the maglocks have anti-tamper stuff built in, though, especially if the autotruck's on a route that's been hit before. Keep an eye out for security devices, when you're popping the case off.
5	—	Yeah, they're a piece of cake to jack. Everyone knows it, though, so don't count on being the only ones interested.



THE RITE OF CHAL'HAN

Contacts	Data Search	Information
0	0	The what of the what-what?
1	3	Some elfy stuff, yeah? Sperethiel, for sure. I know it's some sort of rank or status thing.
2	6	Lots of gangs use rites of initiation and have combat trials and that sort of thing. I'm sure the Ancients have just adopted a formal Tír-heavy spin on the same sort of crap.
3	10	It's a formal challenge between two parties—who must be elven—and used either to air a grievance of some sort, overturn a prior challenge, or establish dominance over one another. Sometimes they're lethal.
4	18	Whispers are they're used for revenge and retribution, mostly. Tír bigwigs used to duke it out through proxies all the time, and got out of practice at face-to-face confrontations, I hear.
5	—	<i>Chal'han</i> are only supposed to be used by very high-ranking elves of sufficiently magical power to make the whole thing half-sorcerous, really. If you're hearing about a <i>chal'han</i> with the Ancients involved, it's a pale imitation at best.

THE LAESA

Contacts	Data Search	Information
0	0	The lace of what?
1	3	Elf mafia, yeah, I've heard of 'em. Run in Puyallup a lot, don't they?
2	6	They're mostly Tír exiles. Every elf kid in Seattle that wants that type of life wants to be an Ancient, but the <i>Laesa</i> offer a second home to folks who're on the run from Tír Tairngire.
3	10	The Laesa are smugglers, particularly of drugs, like <i>laes</i> , which is almost their namesake. They make most of their money off old chemical narcotics, not BTLs. Never take a cigarette from one.
4	18	Lots of Laesa members used to be terrorists down in the Tír. When the revolution ended and they still weren't happy, they took their skills and went freelance, instead of fighting for a cause. The mafi-elfies are starting to crowd the Ancients in parts of Puyallup, and neither group's real happy about it.
5	—	Laesa and the Ancients haven't gotten into an all-out fight yet, and they'll still band together against the Spikes or some other external threat ... but the leadership of both groups are just too hungry for the same resources—Tír exiles, Portland smuggling routes, Tarislar turf—for this stand-off to last forever.



... HOPPING THE FENCE ...

MISSION SYNOPSIS

Hopping the Fence takes the player characters from the Seattle Sprawl to Cara'Sir, the Tír Tairngire city outsiders know as Portland. To get there, they'll be traveling through Salish-Shidhe Council lands, and interacting with an assortment of different nefarious smugglers, tribal security forces, Tír Paladins, and other assorted Sixth World dangers along the way.

Scene 1: All Right Ramblers sets the stage for this border-hopping road trip to begin. The team will—for the sake of timeliness—be assembled outside Puyallup's infamous Crime Mall. There, they will meet their "Mr. Johnson" for the trip, a member of the Ancients who has hired them to assist with a smuggling run by working as guards. Rook, their contact, explains that this initial trip will see them escort a two-truck convoy out of Seattle (eventually) into Tír Tairngire, where later jobs will—if they do well—be made available to them (thus setting up later *Elven Blood* adventures). Even if not, however, they will be paid for their escort task, and they'll simply ride the next outbound smuggling run back to Seattle.

Scene 2: Road Hogs is a quick and nasty combat encounter, as the 405 Hellhounds, a notorious Seattle go-gang, attempts to ambush their convoy as it moves through the Seattle Metroplex. It should serve as a bit of a warm-up for the rest of the trip's adventures, remind your player characters that Seattle is dangerous, and give them their first taste of protecting these trucks.

Scene 3: What in Carnation moves the convoy through the Carnation-Seattle Ranch, a sprawling dairy compound that stretches from UCAS territory (Redmond) into NAN turf (Salish-Shidhe land). It's an easy way to cross the national border, especially because Rook and the Ancients have arranged for Carantion-Seattle security man to look the other way. The players have to deal with it, though, when he attempts to shake them down for extra payment.

Scene 4: Milk Run takes the players through the heart of Salish-Shidhe turf, and into Cascade Ork territory (one of many tribes that populates the SSC). They'll take the 203 until it hits up with I-90, and down into the mountains. As the trucks are

unloaded and their cargo is packed into a smuggler's helicopter, the players will have some time to hob-nob with the locals, re-equip themselves by trading some Carnation dairy goods, and get ready for a high-flying finale of their night.

Scene 5: Get To The Chopper lets your shadowrunners ride (or fly!) the roughly 200 kilometers from the Cascade smuggling base due Southeast, across the Tír border, then hooking West towards Portland. The flight itself is uneventful ... give or take Tír attack helicopters. A dogfight ensues!

Scene 6: Aww, Chute is the adventure's gravity-laden finale, as the beleaguered team is ordered—not only by their Mr. Johnson, Rook, but by *his* boss—to swiftly disgorge their cargo chopper's contents and disembark ... while still flying high over the half-empty airspace between Mt. Hood and Portland. As their trusty helicopter is riddled with bullets and more serious attack craft are inbound, they have no choice but to trust emergency cargo parachutes with the well-being of their cargo, and their lives!

Scene 7: Touchdown finally gives them a chance to catch their breath, patch their wounds, and collect their payment. Here, they'll finally be introduced to Rook's mysterious patron—and his father—a Tír Prince, Evan Parris (formerly the shadowrunner known as Blackwing). As a loyal Tír Peace Force detachment collects their cargo, Prince Parris will finish paying the runners, and as they're offered a ride into Cara'Sir in his luxurious Land Rover, the screen fades to black ...

SCENE 1: ALL RIGHT RAMBLERS...

SCAN THIS

This scene serves to set the stage for an epic road-trip adventure, that will see your table full of gamers overcome obstacles on land and in the air (no sea, sorry) as they escort some cargo from Seattle to Portland. The easiest way to handle it is to hand-wave the details away and have the team already assembling, after having been contacted individually by their various fixers and other contacts: quickest and simplest just to have them say what gear they've brought along, and let them start the game already meeting up at the Crime Mall.



INCOMING FEED.....

From there it's the simple matter of hashing out the details with the trip's "Mr. Johnson," introducing them to Rook (their employer, who's also coming along), and quickly letting them hash out any last minute questions. Try to keep things moving quickly, and maintain the feeling that they're just starting out a big trip—like someone packing the last box before moving, or loading into a van with buddies for a cross-country trip to a gaming convention!

TELL IT TO THEM STRAIGHT

You don't get many meets arranged for three in the afternoon, but you headed over here thinking maybe it'd be novel to see Puyallup with the sun up. It isn't. The place is as grey, bleak, and ash-covered as it is when you dodge Knight Errant in after-dark chases, or walk the dark streets while you're laying low in the Barrens ... the sunlight just makes the poverty easier to spot. The Crime Mall itself isn't even really open for business, because all the rats, fences, bootleggers and half-crazy street docs that work all night? They sleep all day.

Like a shadowrunner should.

This job's supposed to be a real doozy, though, so it should be worth it. It's a high-pay security/escort mission, riding shotgun for some Ancients loot on the way out of Seattle and down into Tír Tairngire, and then maybe with more jobs down there in Portland, depending on how things go. Your fixer hooked you up with the basic itinerary once you agreed to the job, and from the sounds of things you'll be hitting Tír airspace around midnight and landing when most of the Peace Force is sound asleep—the timetable makes sense for a smuggling run, and the price is right, so maybe it's worth being up this early. Maybe.

The rest of your crew is pulling up, right on time, and the contact you're all here for is easy to spot; in the middle of the empty Crime Mall parking lot sits a pair of GMC Hauler tractor trailers, with a slender elf dressed in black street leathers leaning against one of them, arms crossed. There are a half dozen other Ancients lounging around nearby in their garish green leathers, laughing, leaning on their bikes, and keeping an eye out for trouble. Your actual contact, however, stands out from the more brightly dressed, energetic Ancients. He's got straight black hair, and when you get closer, you can see his eyes and right arm are also black. His cyberoptics are irisless matte orbs, and the wrist of his glossy black cyberlimb peeks out between the end of a black riding jacket and the start of a fingerless riding glove.

"He goes by Rook," your fixer had told you. "He's kind of an asshole if you're an elf. He's totally an asshole, if not. It's best to just let him run his mouth, because when it comes to nuyen he's generous, and when it comes to fighting he's a great guy to have on your side. It's best to ignore his attitude, let him feel superior, then laugh all the way to bank, chummer."

*Give the players all a chance to introduce themselves, handle basic niceties, etc. Rook's full sheet and role-playing tips are provided in the **Cast of Shadows**, later in the book. When it comes time for Rook to go over the details of the plan with everyone, move on to the next section.*

"Your timeliness is a pleasant surprise; let us hope the rest of the job goes as smoothly. Here is the first half of your pay; the latter half will be provided upon completion, and may be

docked for damage to the cargo en route. I have arranged for the broad strokes of the trip, but the details have been left for you to work out yourselves. An expense account will be provided, the remainder of which, upon the task's completion, will be added to your pay. I don't care to be bothered with talking to every security guard and border patrol officer between here and Tír Tairngire, so I won't; you will. The basic thrust of your night's assignment is to deliver me, and this cargo, to a site just outside of Cara'Sir. What most of you call Portland."

"So. Those broad strokes. First, you will receive half of your payment, as agreed upon. My Ancients peers will escort us out of Puyallup, making trouble quite unlikely during this early stretch. Then these ungainly heaps of scrap metal and rust will take us to Redmond, and swiftly through it. We will emerge, filthy but triumphant, at the entrance gate of Carnation-Seattle Ranch, east of the Metroplex. The night guards at the dairy are ... pragmatic ... enough that they will allow us entrance, for some fee you can arrange with them. We will leave the other side of the Ranch in Salish-Shidhe territory, our first hurdle leapt."

"The trucks will take us down I-90 and into Cascade Ork territory, a drive which I sincerely hope to nap entirely through. I prefer to deal with the Sinsearach, but arrangements were made otherwise. We have a helicopter waiting for us at Rimrock Lake, a smuggler's nest and misbegotten airstrip maintained entirely by orks. It is in everyone's best interest that I not have to interact with them in any meaningful fashion. You, as such, will oversee the unloading and reloading of our cargo, arrange for whatever special containers are required, and give the grunges what remains of these ugly trucks in exchange. We will have no further use of them."

"From there it will be a fairly short flight—some 300 kilometers or so—south into Tír airspace, then west from Mount Hood towards Cara'sir. Portland. A secure landing zone has been arranged for us just south of Mount Hood Village. Once the cargo has touched the ground, it is no longer your concern and you are no longer my concern. You'll meet with our Tír contact there—if he'll have you—and you'll receive the remainder of your payment, with negotiations commencing for future business opportunities, with him, not me."

He sighs, brushing some of Puyallup's endless ash off one sleeve, then glances up at you.

"Questions? I rather hope not, as I'd much prefer to get going."

Incoming Message

GMC HAULER (2)

HANDL	ACCEL	SPEED	PILOT	BODY	ARM	SENS
-3	5/20	90	2	24	8	2

Upgrades: Amenities (squatter)

BEHIND THE SCENES

The base pay for the job is 8,000¥ apiece (half here, half upon arrival). While Rook will sigh disdainfully and be bothered by the delay, he also understands he's dealing with shadowrunners, and that means haggling: players that try to work the price up higher can

negotiate for an additional 500¥ per net hit in opposed Negotiation tests (max net gain of 4 hits). The team—unless told otherwise, Rook will offer the credstick to an elf—will also receive a credstick with a balance of 3,000¥ per runner on it, for expenses.

The plan for the night's trip is pretty much exactly what Rook describes. He's stuck traveling with the group (an attitude that should be more than clear by the time he finishes talking), so it's not in his best interest to withhold information or otherwise mislead them as to the route.

If players inquire as to the contents of the truck, Rook will again show some exasperation at the delay, but is more than willing to answer (or even let them open a truck themselves and take a look). Both GMC Haulers have insulated cargo trailers, and both of them are only about two-thirds full. They're hauling crates of *Stuffer Shack* junk food, especially *Meltdown* nuke-and-serve burritos, *CHOCO-PUNCH* candy bars, and pressurized syrup containers of Wicked Watermelon flavoring for the slushy, half-frozen *Sloppies* line of beverages. There are also three standard mil-spec crates of Aztechnology Striker disposable missile launchers (nine launchers in total). Rook will explain, condescendingly, that since Aztechnology is not allowed to do business within the Tír, Aztechnology goods—of all types—are a hot commodity on the black and grey markets there.

DEBUGGING

One potential problem with this scene could be characters with long-standing antagonistic relationships with the Ancients go-gang. Normally the green-clad elves would be more than happy to shoot now and ask questions later when it comes to old grudges, but given their current situation, they're content to let bygones be bygones—for now—and hire whoever comes their way. They're not even technically being hired for Ancients business; Rook just happens to BE a member of the Ancients who's hiring them for a personal job. Feel free to have a few of the gangers mutter and grumble about So-And-So-The-Shadowrunner being there, but given their problems (still adjusting to a new gang leader *and* being threatened by the Spikes after years of dominating that rivalry), they'll just posture and bluster, not pick an actual fight. This time.

SCENE 2: ROAD HOGS

SCAN THIS

In this scene, you can give the players a taste of Seattle's random violence, as they have to defend their pair of slow, ugly, cargo trucks from the predations of the 405 Hellhounds, a large Seattle go-gang. Just as they're known to while away the time picking fights with convoys going in and out of Fort Lewis, the Hellhounds have taken a liking to the pair of panel trucks the shadowrunners are driving, and they decide to pick a fight.

TELL IT TO THEM STRAIGHT

After splitting up, it's a simple matter to call out who's driving, who's riding shotgun, and who's stuck in the driver's rest areas (it's not uncommon for long-haul truck drivers to trust their vehicle's autopilot for long stretches of the road, sleeping in the rear of the cab when they can). There's plenty of room for Rook and the rest of the team, and you're just starting to feel settled in when you

HOPPING THE FENCE

leave the pothole-riddled roads of Puyallup behind—after a jaunty wave from your Ancients escorts before they peel away—and get onto the 405 highway.

The high-pitched, turbine whine of the Ancient's slick street bikes fades into the distance, and mundane mid-afternoon traffic takes over. After five or six minutes of cruising along 405-N, though, the sound of motorcycle engines returns; but this time it's the throaty, low-down growl of choppers and combat bikes. Blazing in their red and orange colors, dog's-head logo prominently displayed, a pack of 405 Hellhounds—a hyper-violent Seattle go-gang—rampage up and down their stretch of turf. As they roar up behind you, the riders can be seen casually, callously, firing handguns at nearby commuters, lashing out with lengths of chain at mirrors, and generally wreaking havoc the way they love to do.

And your trucks are next.

Whether they're just out for the animalistic pleasure of breaking stuff, or somewhere past their drug-addled forebrains they realize that a cargo truck is probably full of cargo, you can see a few of them pointing and baring their teeth as your haulers are spotted. Every one of them is big and burly, wearing armored leathers despite disdaining helmets, and they gun their engines and bear down on you in a rush.

BEHIND THE SCENES

This should just be a high-octane fight to keep the action coming. Feel free to skip it if you feel convention time restraints (or your party not being big on combat types) will cause it to be a problem, but it's here if you'd like to kick things off with some straight-up noise.

The default for this encounter is an even dozen Hellhounds, weaving between traffic, roaring down the road in a ragged pack. They'll fire bike-mounted weapons if they're behind the players' trucks, and booming heavy pistols and Roomsweepers if they pull alongside them. The gang will pull away once more than half of them are crashed and out of the "chase," the high of their combat drugs and bloodlust paling against their sense of self-preservation; if pushed, they look for easier prey. They've got a whole highway, after all.

For added fun and action, feel free to have a few of the Hellhounds leap onto the runners' trucks, try to get into the cab, etc. It'll take them a Gymnastics (Jumping) test to leap off of their motorcycle (gyros and autopilot will keep the bike upright and drift it to the side of the road). They'll cling to the side of the truck and the generous steps alongside the cab, and players may need to go outside to dislodge them. Anyone grabbing onto the side of the cab will need to make a Climbing test every round (without it costing an action) to hang on, but will receive the Assisted Climbing (+2) modifier while doing so, thanks to handholds and the like. On a failure, but not a critical glitch, characters may make a reroll (as a Simple Action) to frantically keep their grip. If they roll a critical glitch, or fail that second test, a character will fall 1-2 meters, but due to the speed of the chase will take 6 damage from it (instead of the usual 2, for a fall of that height). This damage is resisted with Body + half Impact armor, rounded down, and characters may add their Gymnastics (Breakfall or Tumbling) skill dice to the damage resistance test.

Incoming Message

405 HELLHOUNDS

Turf: Bellevue, Route 405

Colors: Red and Orange

One of the bigger go-gangs in the 'plex, the 405 Hellhounds (named after their founder's favorite pets) are mostly in the business of smuggling and mindless violence. Actually, they're mostly into the mindless violence; the smuggling just helps to pay the repair bills and keep them in ammo and non-blood-spattering entertainment. The 'Hounds can usually be found along their claimed stretch of roadway, fighting it out with a rival gang or even soldiers from Fort Lewis, or just terrorizing passing drivers.

Incoming Message

405 HELLHOUNDS

Human Gangers, (12, professional rating 2)

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	Ess	Init	IP	Arm	CM
4 (5)	4 (5)	3 (4)	5 (6)	2	2	2	3	3.9	5 (6)	1 (2)	6/4	10(11)

Dice Pools: Dodge 9, Exotic Melee Weapon (Chain) 8, Pistols 8, Pilot Ground Craft (Wheeled) 8 (12), Unarmed Combat 8

Gear: Armor vest (with hound-head logo from their gang on the back), high on jazz (factored in above), Harley Davidson "Scorpion" motorcycle

Augmentations: Balance Augmenter, Bone Lacing (Plastic), Muscle Replacement (1)

Weapons:

Heavy chain [Whip, 4P, +2 reach, -AP]

Remington Roomsweeper [heavy pistol, 5P, -1 AP, SA, -RC, 8(m), 1d6 spare slugs]

HARLEY DAVIDSON "SCORPION" COMBAT BIKE

HANDL	ACCEL	SPEED	PILOT	BODY	ARM	SENS
+2	15/30	120	2	8	4	1

Upgrades: Gyro Stabilization

PUSHING THE ENVELOPE

The easiest way to increase the difficulty of this fight is to add more gangers; perhaps the first batch of them call for backup once they meet genuine resistance. Seattle's got no shortage of go-gang psychopaths who could throw themselves into the meat grinder, trying to prove their toughness and make a big score.

DEBUGGING

Keep two things in mind if you decide to run this scene. One, keep things moving fast, describe the speed and ferocity of the chase, and do your best to make the players want to keep moving with their trucks and cargo intact. Think *Mad Max* and keep the convoy rolling, instead of stopping to loot or parking to go fight.

Two, if they get into some real trouble or the fight drags on for too long, have some Ancients come speeding up on their quicker, smaller, bikes, and lend a hand. Engaged in a proper scrap against another gang, the Hellhounds will swiftly forget the stubborn resistance of a couple cargo trucks, and you can progress the plot from there. If the players aren't having fun, they're not having fun, so don't be afraid to get them out of this fight as quickly as possible if they're not enjoying themselves or if it's bogging down the adventure too much.

SCENE 3: WHAT IN CARNATION

SCAN THIS

Scene 3 should be a quick—but tense—social encounter, as the players have to drive into a secure corporate facility and handle negotiations with crooked security officers that could betray them at any minute, and in doing so call down nearby border security, to boot! The trick here will be keeping a cool head and knowing when to hold, and when to spend, their credstick full of “expenses” money.

TELL IT TO THEM STRAIGHT

With all the violence and traffic of Seattle behind you, you pick your way through the last few blocks of Redmond Barrens, before the final, lonely buildings peter away and you're cruising down Carnation Farm Road. You're no longer on the ill-maintained pavement of Redmond, but rather a smooth, manageable, road that sees plenty of profitable corporate traffic. Carnation is the North American continent's largest dairy company, after all, and Carnation-Seattle is a major ranch of theirs. So major, in fact, that it spans the border between UCAS turf and Salish-Shidhe territory.

Which is, of course, why you're here.

“The power supplies were jury-rigged in by a couple of worthless prospects, hoping to impress us and earn their patches,” Rook drawls out, withdrawing his commlink from one jacket pocket. “So the paint schemes will only last about an hour. But that should be more than enough to get us through here.”

He presses a button, and there's a soft electronic hum in each of your trucks. The dashboard lights, autonav, and cab radios all flicker for a heart-stopping second, but a moment later they return. A glance at your sister truck confirms it; each of your rides are emblazoned with the bold red-on-white Carnation Milk logo.

The elf lets out a little yawn.

“That will get us in the gate and past casual onlookers. The gate man is expecting us, and that credstick should do the rest of the work.”

With a negligent wave, even as the lights of the Carnation-Seattle facility loom ever brighter just ahead, Rook reclines back into the cab sleeping area, leaving the whole affair in the capable hands of his hired help.

Once they reach the actual gate:

The four-meter fence encircling the facility is no doubt electrified, not merely topped with spiraling loops of razorwire. Genuine dairy products are, of course, a precious commodity in times like these, and security is a concern. That explains the towers, too, naturally. The gate itself is flanked by a pair of them, and you

see more at regular intervals as the fence recedes off to either side. The heavy chain-link fence slides open to let you in, even as a spotlight from each tower focuses in on your trucks.

A gate guard steps out of his booth, peering into the cab of the lead truck. He's in formidable-looking security armor—complete with the Carnation logo prominently displayed—with “DAVIDSON” stenciled over his heart.

“Evening,” he says, eyes narrowing as he looks you over. “What can I do for you?”

If things get ugly, see the combat stats in the nearby sidebar. If not, progress below once the negotiations are over:

“Thanks for the business, folks. Just roll on through, nice and slow, and I'll radio the Salish checkpoint and tell them to let you through. They've got Rangers on duty this week, real hardasses, but don't worry. You're in the clear.” The crooked security guard nods and waves for you to keep driving.

If the PC negotiator scores 5 or more net hits over Davidson, have him also offer them the following to recoup his losses:

“Fine, fine. But if you've got a few minutes and the cargo space to spare, we've got some crates of milk we sometimes let ‘fall off a truck’ with these sort of roll-through jobs. If you're interested, we've got a few dozen gallons of day-old stuff we could pack into the pack of these refrigerator trailers of yours. Lots of the tribals east of here pay good money for that sort of thing, and having your truck actually be full of milk might help if some Native cop tags you for speeding or something. Knock my total back up to 1,000¥, and give us maybe five minutes for me to have the boys fill ‘er up.”

BEHIND THE SCENES

The base rate that Davidson's after is an even 1,000¥. He's going to start there, with every hit in an opposed Negotiation test changing that price by 100¥ (his absolute minimum is 500¥, though). If the PCs' trucks are openly damaged (like from a scuffle against the 405 Hellhounds, for instance), he'll ask for a base price of 2,000¥ instead—“Sorry buddy, but if you're gonna roll through here in a heap that busted up, I've got to spread this money around to keep folks from noticing”—but negotiations can commence from there as normal.

Complete modifiers for this scene will likely be based on how your shadowrunners act, but can be found in the core rulebook (p. 131, *SR4A*). Some that are likely to show up will be “character's desired result is annoying to the NPC (–1 to PC),” because Davidson is out to get as much cash as he can, and “subject has ‘ace in the hole’ (+2 for NPC),” because Davidson feels that he's really holding all the cards in this situation.

If things turn ugly, Carnation's got a full house of security to call on. As a corporation with a near-stranglehold on dairy products in the region AND as company territory straddling into two different nations, Carnation-Seattle takes their security pretty seriously. There are spotlight-equipped guard towers on each corner of the facility, and a pair of towers flanking each gate (the west, where the PCs arrive, and the east, where they hope to leave), along with a small guard post at each gate. Every guard tower has a man in it, the two posts have two men each, and there are eight more of them roving in pairs, walking the perimeter, checking on the actual milk processing facilities, and that sort of thing.



With 20 guards in all, and the nearby Salish-Shidhe border post on a full Ranger rotation at the moment, the Carnation-Seattle facility feels pretty secure. Hopefully the PCs won't try anything but buying their way through.

PUSHING THE ENVELOPE

To make things tougher, you can throw a few monkey-wrenches into the plan. Maybe Davidson's not the man at the gate, due to a last-minute change (and you might require some fast-talking to get him called over). Maybe Davidson's changed his mind about the whole thing, and the drek hits the fan. Maybe things go swimmingly with Davidson and the rest of the Carnation-Seattle team, but the Salish decide to, instead of lazily waving them through, ask for their own bribe (using the same base rate as Davidson).

DEBUGGING

With luck, you'll never need the combat stats included for Carnation-Seattle security guards and Salish Rangers. Just pay attention to the social and mental rolls provided, and hopefully your PCs will talk and bribe their way right through this one. If not, though, they're in for some trouble.

If things do get ugly, well, the odds are good you're going to be engaged in a firefight for long enough the rest of the game won't get done in any sort of convention-allotted time. The Carnation guards are individually pretty solid on defense but not the greatest attackers (they're hired for intimidation value as much as anything else), but if the Salish Rangers get involved, things can go sideways in a hurry. These guys are hardcore professional fighters, who are bored and frustrated after spending almost a week on boring guard post duty. Some shadowrunners picking a fight might be just the excuse they're looking for to vent some steam.

SCENE 4: GET TO THE CHOPPER

SCAN THIS

Scene 4 should be another negotiation scene, but this one is a little more detailed. Instead of just bribing a guard to drive a truck through a security checkpoint, this time the players have to handle the details of a cargo chopper rental, complete with upgrading, arming, and even piloting the chopper!

TELL IT TO THEM STRAIGHT

Compared to navigating the traffic-choked Seattle streets, a ride through the Cascade Mountains after dark is downright peaceful. It's too late in the day for much idle traffic from high-tech tribals going about their business, but it's still not late enough for the real road warrior psychopaths to be out, on these largely empty stretches of highway—or maybe they're out, but busy terrorizing someone else.

In the end, you're left with an almost eerily peaceful ride. You cruise into the mountains and through Snoqualmie Pass before the fake Carnation logos flicker and die, getting a nice view of the full moon reflecting off Keechelus Lake, instead. Your headlights shine on the Yakima River as you cross it a handful of times, before turning off I-90 to cut South, then briefly back west; the roads get rougher on Cascade Ork land, because they know most of their

Incoming Message



CARNATION SECURITY

Human Guards, (20, professional rating 2)

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	Ess	Init	IP	Arm	CM
4	3(1)	4(2)	4	3	3	3	2	6	7(5)	1	12/10	10

Dice Pools: Unarmed 3, Dodge 3, Pistols 6, Automatics 4 (6), Perception 6, Negotiation (Bargaining) 5 (7)

Gear: Full Body Armor with Helmet [Smartlink, Lowlight, Flare Compensation vision modifiers] (die pools/statistics above already modified for encumbrance and Smartlink), Commlink (device rating 3)

Weapons:

Ares Predator IV [heavy pistol, 5P, -1 AP, SA, - RC, 15(c), integral smartlink]

Colt Cobra TZ-118 [submachinegun, 5P, - AP, SA/BF/FA, (1) RC, 32(c), integral smartlink, 1 spare magazine regular ammo]

SALISH-SHIDHE RANGERS

Human Special Forces, (8, professional rating 5)

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	Ess	Init	IP	Arm	CM
5(6)	5(6)	4(5)	5	3	4	3	4	3.38	8(9)	1(2)	8/6	10

Dice Pools: Close Combat skill group 10, Athletics skill group 8, Automatics 11 (13), Perception 7, Infiltration 9, Etiquette (Tribal) 4 (6)

Gear: Camouflage Suit, Medkit (rating 4), Commlink (device rating 4, rating 4 Tacsoft among other programs)

Augmentations: Muscle Toner (1), NAN Military "Dog Soldier" Suite (flare compensation, thermographic vision, smartlink eye modifications, plastic bone lacing, and Rating 1 Wired Reflexes) (die pools above modified for Smartlink)

Weapons:

Ares Alpha [Assault Rifle, 6P, -1 AP, SA/BF/FA, 2 RC, 42(c), smartlink, 2 spare magazines regular ammo]

Underbarrel Grenade Launcher [HE grenade, 10P, -2 AP, SS, -2/m radius blast, 6 grenades per soldier]

Unarmed Attack [3P]

Cougar Fineblade (long) [knife, 5P, -1 AP]

traffic is smugglers, and who are smugglers going to complain to? You're about four hours out from Carnation-Seattle when you finally reach the banks of Rimrock Lake.

The ground here has been battered flat to expand on the old runway of abandoned Tieton State Airport, and the whole facility is buzzing. Where the roads were largely empty, this Cascade Ork smuggler's nest is hopping. A handful of thunderbirds have mechanics crawling all over them off to one side, an assortment of battered trucks have cargo being loaded and unloaded off to the other; the flying tanks and their crews don't socialize much with the mundane, wheeled, outlaw truckers. There's only one helicopter in sight; an Ares Dragon, a massive cargo chopper, just up ahead.

HOPPING THE FENCE.....



Surly-looking orks are everywhere, in a slapdash mixture of practical garb and tribal decorations. Many wear mechanic's overalls, but more than a few are wearing bulky armored jackets and vests. The ones with their hands full, working, invariably have a handgun strapped to them somewhere, and anyone standing around doing nothing in particular—like the ork ambling towards you right now—has a rifle, instead.

“Oest saluo,” he says in the Salish tongue, tusks slurring it only slightly, before repeating the greeting in English. “Evening.”

He’s a bundle of muscle and sinew, all wrapped up in denim, buckskin, and Kevlar. He’s got a big Remington slung over one shoulder, and peers into the cab at you.

“The elf said to expect a crew for a chopper. Are you them?”

[Conversations commence! The Ork—Big Jim—isn't unfriendly, but he's also not a terrific conversationalist. Keep his responses blunt and to the point. He's a part of a business operation, after all, and it's their job to keep smugglings moving through Cascade Ork territory, not lingering there for long periods of time. He's out to get their loose cargo unloaded from their trucks, packed into a helicopter-ready container, and to get them moving as quickly as possible. Big Jim wants nothing more than to be fixing up their helicopter WHILE it's getting loaded with gear, so that the players can be on their way in no time.]

[During the cargo unloading/loading, insert the following if the players bought the contraband milk from Davidson.]

“Hey,” Big Jim ambles over as, behind him, younger orks scramble with crates and boxes. “It’s been a while since we got a shipment in from Carnation, and this stuff looks pretty fresh. How much do you want for it?”

[Also during the loading process, have Jim mention the following.]

“I don’t think your missile launchers need to be refrigerated. There’s room for them to be lashed down in the passenger hold of the Dragon. You want them packed up like everything else, or where you can reach them?”

Game Info

Skillsoft cluster’s full rules can be found in *Unwired*, p. 128. The short form is that bundling together skillsofts offers a discount on the nuyen cost of purchasing them (already factored in, in this case), and offers a character with skillwires the chance to run more programs at once than they might be able to otherwise. You apply a -2 modifier to the total ratings of the skillsofts when calculating their impact on a character’s skillwires. The following cluster, for instance, despite having a total of 4 points worth of Activesofts, is able to be run by a character with just skillwires (rating 2).

Evo *Bush Pilot* Skillsoft Cluster: [Pilot Aircraft 2 (Active), Navigation 2 (Active), Modern Aircraft 3 (Know)]

BEHIND THE SCENES

The PCs have some decisions to make, here. The helicopter is the only sure thing they have. This is their opportunity to shell out

for a few upgrades, up to and including a pilot or a skillsoft cluster that will help them fly.

The stats listed here are for an unmodified Ares Dragon helicopter, which is all that was already arranged. The remainder of their trip may be modified by the decisions they make concerning how best to outfit their helicopter, however. Some of their cargo may not survive the trip, their travel time may be negatively affected, and they may not even have a capable pilot, based on what they choose to invest in here.

Make it clear to the characters—by way of Rook or Big Jim—that most of the following is considered a gear rental, not a purchase. The details of the return are to be worked out between the Cascade Orks and the team’s mysterious T’ir employer, but they aren’t intended as genuine purchases. The exceptions are the *Bush Pilot* skillsoft cluster, and the White Knight LMG (which will take 2 rounds to remove from the vehicle mount), which are a player character’s to keep (but will likely more than they can fit on the expense credstick alone).

The basic chopper is covered by trading off the two trucks. Further options and upgrades include:

- Weapon Mount (normal, external, flexible, rear mounted) with Ares White Knight LMG, 3,000¥
- Basic cargo container (refrigerated goods may spoil), 1,000¥
- Deluxe cargo container (with parachutes and refrigeration), 2,000¥
- An actual pilot, Michael Red Crow (use Cascade Outlaw stats, add “Pilot Aircraft 3”), 1,500¥
- Evo *Bush Pilot* Skillsoft Cluster, 10,000¥
- Selling Big Jim the Carnation-Seattle milk, -1,500¥

Make it clear to the characters that they have a few minutes to bicker amongst themselves for what options to include, while having their cargo loaded (it’s not an instant process, especially given the “environmentally friendly” Cascade Orks usage of manual labor instead of drones). Rook leaves the entire affair in their hands, sauntering off to the helicopter to find someplace to meditate while letting them earn their pay.

DEBUGGING

Not much should go wrong in this scene, ideally. The players should have some time to just watch the Cascade Orks as their trucks get unloaded, keep an eye on “their” cargo helicopter as a few add-ons get bolted into place, maybe chat with their temporary pilot, Michael Red Crow, or to just argue between themselves about what to spend nuyen on and how much of their expenses cred-stick to hoard for themselves.

Incoming Message

ARES “DRAGON” CARGO HELICOPTER

HANDL	ACCEL	SPEED	PILOT	BODY	ARM	SENS
-1	10/40	260 (100)	3	22	8	1

Upgrades: (mandatory) Cargo Container (speed already modified)

Weapons: (optional) [Ares White Knight] [lmg, 6P, -1 AP, 6 RC, 250(belt), smartlink, 250 regular rounds]



Incoming Message

BIG JIM AND THE CASCADE OUTLAWS

Ork Tribals (dozens, professional rating 3)

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	Ess	Init	IP	Arm	CM
6	4	3	5	2	3	2	3	5	6	1	6/4	11

Dice Pools: Unarmed 8, Blades (Knives) 7(9), Dodge 8, Firearms skill group 6, Throwing Weapons 7, Perception 5, Social skill group 5, Intimidation 6, Mechanic skill group 6, Outdoors skill group 5

Gear: Armored vest, assorted tools, 1 dose of jazz,

Weapons: (one firearm each plus the knife)

Ruger Super Warhawk [Heavy Pistol, 6P, -2 AP, SS, 0 RC, 6 (cy), 1 extra speedloader regular ammo]

Remington 750 [Sporting Rifle, 7P, -1 AP, SS, 0 RC, 5 (m), 10 total rounds regular ammo]

AK 97 [Assault Rifle, 6P, -1 AP, 0 RC, 38 (c), 2 extra clips regular ammo]

Survival Knife [Knife, 4P, -1 AP]

SCENE 5: AWW, CHUTE

SCAN THIS

This scene covers the flight south, as well as the conflict that should make up the adventure's climax—a dogfight with a smaller, deadlier, combat chopper and a flock of armed drones. The highlight of the session should either be a valiant defense of their overburdened, wallowing, combat helicopter, or an aerial battle as the player characters fend off a swarm of combat drones while parachuting out of their helicopter's wreckage.

Use Rook as the voice of experience here, both to keep the players aware of the security measures the Tír is known for, but also to explain why they're able to bypass so many of them at the moment. Also, highlighting the magical nature of the Tír border security can help to explain why Rook—or a PC—hasn't simply summoned up a spirit and used Movement to hasten their flight. More subdued and defensive powers like Guard are more subtle on the Astral, and by nature the Concealment power isn't likely to attract attention. Movement, however, combined with the size and signature of their craft, would gain both mundane and magical attention if it were used.

TELL IT TO THEM STRAIGHT

The basic route's already plugging into the chopper's console. With a steady hand at the controls, she lifts off, points her nose to the south, and moves along at a steady—if not awe-inspiring—pace. The route has you continue climbing, though, until you're leaving the snowy mountains dotted with evergreens below, not only behind, you. Cruising at 5,700 meters means you're not far from the Dragon's flight ceiling, but it puts you high above the electronic nets that mark the Tír border.

"The draftees of the Border Patrol are distracted at the moment," Rook says early in the flight, raising his voice over the whine of the

propellers. "That crazy dragon wench is having some silly lover's spat with Lofwyr, of all damned things, and has most of the Council's hearts all a-flutter. With Saeder-Krupp holdings to the north and the usual Californian round-ear malcontents in the south, that's where the bulk of the border security has been shifted."

"We're sidestepping the lot of them, this way. It's not the formal Border Patrol we need to worry about, really. It's just the lunatic remnants of the Great Hunt. Some of my more xenophobic countymen continue to stalk the borders themselves, primarily through magical means. At this great a height, however, we'll also avoid their astral patrols, and the inane wanderings of their watcher spirits. So long as we hold steady, and commit little magic ourselves, we'll avoid their astral attention as well as their electronic."

With that, the elven smuggler relaxes into his seat again, strapped in so that the Dragon's row of emergency parachutes are within easy reach; he's done this sort of thing before. Confident words or not, he's as canny as a shadowrunner when it comes to planning for the unexpected.

For hours, the flight is uneventful. Far below you, the mountainous countryside rises and falls as mountains come and go. The forests vanish as thicker clouds roll in, thick below you but thinner above. Ten minutes pass in sullen grey silence as you fly by sensors alone, then twenty, thirty. The quiet ride is uninterrupted as you cross over the border into Tír Tairngire airspace, and in the distance, sensors ping the spike of Mount Hood looming up through the lowest clouds. It's still well below you, however, as your Dragon swings to the right, flying west, now, toward the blurry lights of Portland.

Then the red lights start to flash.

If a PC is piloting, let them make a few Sensor rolls here to spot the incoming patrol helicopter. Throughout the encounter, keep in mind the difference in size between the two crafts, and highlight it when possible. The Merlin (essentially a Northrup Wasp) is a light, nimble, one-man combat craft, built to be sleek and dangerous. Their Ares Dragon, by contrast, is a pack mule, and one bogged down with a full cargo container of contraband goods. In game, this also means the enemy Merlin pilot gains the +3 bonus on several Sensor and targeting rolls, for the large size of the PC's helicopter.

The incoming craft—materializing out of the clouds almost directly below you—is flagged as an Andalusian Light Industries "Merlin," a single-seater that's got firepower all out of scale with the helicopter's small size. It's common for corporate security to use similar models, and even small militaries, but ...

"That's not a Border Patrol craft," Rook shouts over the pilot's shoulder. "It's got to be a hunter. Bloody fanatics."

Just then, the oncoming pilot broadcasts on several channels simultaneously. Jabbering away in Sperethiel, those of you with an ear for it can make out words like "inviolable airspace" and "unsullied by you apes." More importantly, however, the taunts are accompanied by the Dragon's dashboard warning of attempts at establishing a hard missile lock.

And things were going so smoothly ...

BEHIND THE SCENES

The first stage of this scene is the PC's and their overburdened cargo helicopter against a sleek, deadly, over-armed patrol

chopper. The biggest threat here are, of course, the missiles—their Ares Dragon won't last long if even just one of those missiles hits—so make sure the players understand that the steady warning tone of a missile lock is something to absolutely be heeded. The 6P base damage of the light machine gun is more manageable, but either way the PCs should feel outgunned. If they thought to grab an LMG of their own, let them have fun returning fire, but even if not they should be able to take the Merlin down with enough small arms fire. Also, keep in mind the players might have some Aztechnology Strikers to fire back with, depending on how they had Big Jim load up their cargo ... so the fight certainly isn't impossible. Have the pilot concentrate on defense, at least at first, in order to keep a single missile launch from ending the fight, or a single lucky PC hit from doing the same.

The second stage of the fight involves that swarm of Finsceal drones, flying lower to the ground and waiting for targets to descend into their range. As GM, you have a few ways you can try to plot out this scene (of course, that means players have a few ways of throwing a monkeywrench into things).

First and foremost, you can blow up the chopper. Have Rook or Michael Red Crow pragmatically strap into parachutes (or have them already do so prior to the fight starting) to give the PCs the hint to do the same. Make a big deal about a hard missile lock, allow a near miss or two—thanks to the Merlin firing airburst missiles—to almost disable the chopper, and then stretch the in-flight time of the next missile to give the PCs time to leap out a cargo bay door (with Red Crow or Rook shouting at them to do so, dragging them along, or whatever). This can segue nicely into a falling dogfight between freefalling or parachuting PCs and a swarm of gun-toting drones, which is about as cinematic and cool as it gets.

Secondly, don't forget that their mission isn't just to survive, but to escort cargo and Rook. Given the nature of a cargo helicopter, right now all their goodies are in a heavy container that's hanging by a series of industrial-strength cables. If the plot calls for it, a PC pilot can disengage those cables as a Free Action, or maybe the Paladin fires a burst or two that happens to sever the cables. If the players invested in the higher-quality cargo container, motion sensors and altitude sensors will react to the violent movement and emergency parachutes will deploy ... if not, Rook will attempt to leap out of the Dragon in order to—mid freefall, before deploying his own 'chute—summon an assortment of air elementals to cushion the cargo's fall. Any other fast-reacting player character can do the same, or can get his plan from him and go along (or replace him). With their paycheck AND their cargo leaping out of the chopper, maybe the PCs will follow suit.

Third, even just the mention of spirits might remind your players that this dogfight needn't be so one-sided. With who-knows-what assortment of nasties that can be summoned at a moment's notice, the fight could swiftly go in the PCs' direction. If that's the case, you might still let a last-instant missile be fired, putting the craft in jeopardy, severing the cargo cables, etc. Or you could just have a second or third chopper show up, while the party mages are tired from all that summoning ...

Fourth, remember that once you get the PCs falling through the air together, swapping gunfire and angry spells with a swarm of buzzing drones, go for the Rule of Cool instead of cold pragmatism. Have the Finsceals fly close enough that PCs have a chance

to hurt them, let them feel the shockwave and get battered by shrapnel when one explodes, that sort of thing. The drones are classic glass cannons—carrying dangerous weaponry, but fragile enough that just a few good hits should finish one of them off. You want bullets zipping everywhere and PCs to feel threatened, but not quite overwhelmed. Make it awesome. Don't worry about calculating terminal velocity and how many combat rounds people will be falling before they have to pull their parachute cord, and how long they'll be in the air after yanking the cord, etc.—worry about the mental image of a sky-high gunfight, wind whipping everywhere, PCs trying to coordinate over their commlinks and with frantic hand gestures, as inhuman, unfeeling machine-gun drones circle and swoop.

In short, go for cinematic over realistic. A cargo helicopter hauling this much freight should be harder to handle, not just slowed down, but if further lowering the Handling of their chopper is no fun, don't bother with it. Likewise, players who are parachuting shouldn't really be able to fight very well (or should have their combat skills limited by their Parachuting skill)—we suggest rewarding players that DO have Parachuting, rather than handicapping those that don't. Offer a skilled parachutist a bonus to his combat rolls mid-jump rather than penalizing the rolls of his teammates, for instance, if you want to keep this whole scene high-octane and cinematic.

PUSHING THE ENVELOPE

The easiest way to make this fight harder is to give them more enemies to fight. A second or third Merlin could begin to attack them, and there could easily be eight or ten Finsceal drones, if that's what is needed to make for an exciting fight scene.

DEBUGGING

Honestly, a lot can go wrong here. Once you introduce missile launchers, a total party kill is a real option. If the Dragon eats a solid anti-vehicle missile hit, throw the usual "damage to passengers" rules right out the window—except maybe for Red Crow, the pilot—and instead give everyone a round to grab parachutes and make a jump for it; Rook will be the first out the door, in an attempt to show the PCs that going airborne is an option.

Attack helicopters and drones are nothing to sneeze at, but hopefully between optional weaponry (like the LMG or missile launchers they had access to), help from Rook, hackers trying to take over a Finsceal or two, etc., your group will survive this high-octane encounter. Keep it clear that they're not far from the landing zone all along, and if worse comes to worse, you can have Prince Parris and the Peace Force help out, from down below—you don't want to steal the spotlight from your PCs if you can help it, but a hail of gunfire from below might just serve to heighten tension (and save their butt), instead of making them feel like they got a kill stolen.



THE HARDWARE**ANDALUSIAN LIGHT INDUSTRIES
"MERLIN" PATROL HELICOPTER**

HANDL	ACCEL	SPEED	PILOT	BODY	ARM	SENS
0	15/30	130	2	10	6	2

Weapons:

- ALI "Reaper" LMG [Light Machine Gun, 6P, -1 AP, BF/FA, 6 RC, 250 (belt)]
- ALI "Longbow" Missile Launcher [SA, 8(m), integrated smartlink, loaded with 8 anti-vehicle missiles]
- Anti-Vehicle Missile [16P, -2/-6 AP (-6 vs. vehicle armor), -4/m blast, Sensor Rating 4]

KILLER DRONES (4)**EIRANN-TÍR "FINSCEAL" MEDIUM DRONE**

HANDL	ACCEL	SPEED	PILOT	BODY	ARM	SENS
0	10/30	105	2	3	1	4

Upgrades: Obsolescent, Improved Takeoff and Landing 2, Weapon Mount (external, flexible)

Programs: Clearsight 5, Maneuver 3, Targeting 3

Weapons: ALI "Reaper" LMG [light machine gun, 6P, -1 AP, BF/FA, 6 RC, 250 (belt)]

The Finsceal—Gaelic for "legend"—security drone is commonly used by the Tír Tairngire Peace Force, particularly their Border Patrol. Most of the time they're used as target designation platforms, simply flying infrared/microwave designators that warn would-be smugglers and other troublemakers that a hit is incoming. These particular models have been modified for more direct work; their upgraded sensor packages help them to spot trespassers on Tír soil, but then their mounted weaponry allows them to be more ... hands on ... in dealing with problems themselves. They'd be a nuisance to a hard-core smuggler in a proper LAV, but they're perfect for the bloodthirsty Paladin who wants to harass less-armored prey, even to the point of letting a remote operator take over the gun, if they so desire.

**"GREAT HUNT" PALADIN/PILOT
Elven Supremacist**

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	Edg	Ess	Init	IP	Arm	CM
4	5	5(8)	2	3	4(5)	3	3	3	6	9(13)	1(2)	8/6	10

Dice Pools: Gunnery 10, Pilot Aircraft (Rotary Wing) 14 (16), Perception 9, Automatics 7, Blades 6

Gear: Camouflage suit, used Betameth inhaler (already included above)

Augmentations: Wired Reflexes (1), Control Rig (already included above), Datajack

Weapons:

- Ingram Smartgun X [Submachine gun, 5P, - AP, BF/FA, 3 RC, 32(c), 1 magazine regular ammo]
- Survival Knife [knife, 4P, -1 AP]

SCENE 6: TOUCHDOWN**SCAN THIS**

It's time to land, dodge any falling scrap metal—friend or foe—that's tumbling out of the sky, and meet up with your Mr. Johnson's Mr. Johnson—Rook's mysterious Tír employer.

TELL IT TO THEM STRAIGHT

Once your parachutes are deployed and the skies are clear of hostile craft, it's a piece of cake to veer in the right direction. With the clouds no longer full of murderous drones, your PAN lets you all synch up easily, and guide your controlled fall toward the west, past the shadow of Mount Hood and toward your planned landing zone ... even if you're not making the landing the WAY you had planned, at least you're on target.

Or...

That was a close one, but things could have gone worse. At least your chopper is still in one piece! The trusty Dragon continues to lurch through the air, and in just a matter of minutes after the shooting has stopped, your landing zone is on-screen and growing ever nearer. Time to land, complete this delivery, collect your payment, and see if this mysterious employer has more work for you. With the track record you've built up tonight, the odds are good ...

Once they've landed, either by parachute, friendly elemental, helicopter, or however else they managed it, move on:

There's no denying the landing zone is clearly marked. Both to the naked eye and in augmented reality, it's hard to mistake it: a trio of red-burning flares mark the general outline of the roughly triangular clearing, and an acid-green smoke grenade clouds up the very center of it.

More immediately eye-catching to those in YOUR line of work, however? The winding gravel road that leads to said clearing is flanked by a pair of Land Rover Impulse off-road trucks, rugged racing vehicles not unlike the world famous Hotspur. These two each mount a massive machinegun of some sort on the top rollbar, with uniformed Tír Peace Force soldiers manning them, driving, and standing near them at the edge of the woods. A trio of more mundane pick-up trucks, uniformly painted in the same drab, militant, colors, wait off to one side of your LZ, empty flatbeds no doubt waiting for your cargo ... and surrounded by yet more Peace Force uniforms. A third Impulse racing truck—machinegun and all—waits over by the cargo trucks, putting your would-be landing zone squarely in the middle of a murderous crossfire, if things were to get ugly.

Near them sits a top of the line Land Rover SUV, a glossy black beetle, all reinforced wheels, tinted windows, and off-road suspension on the outside ... high-rise luxury on the inside.

No one's shooting at you, though, or even pointing weapons your way. They seem to just be ... waiting for you.

Rook hits the soft green grass first, the air around him rippling as sylphs cushion his landing. His go-ganger swagger is subdued as he makes a beeline for the luxurious SUV, his back



straighter and shoulders more broad, head held erect now that he's back in his homeland instead of slumming in Tarislar. A larger elf, this one clad in a conservative—almost harshly so—business suit exits the Land Rover and awaits him. Rook bows quite formally, speaks a few words you can't hear, and waits for the group to join him.

“... and these are the barbarians that brought the goods and me here safely,” he says, switching from the musical tones of Sperethiel to his oddly accented English.

Give the PCs the opportunity to make their introductions, and describe this latest NPC even as uniformed Peace Force privates scurry about and begin to unload and reload cargo onto the pick up trucks. The waiting elf is taller and broader than Rook, but with those similar classically elven features; high cheekbones, built more for athleticism than power, and moving with an innate grace. Veteran shadowrunners familiar with move-by-wire systems recognize that inhuman smoothness to his motions. He has black hair that's swept away from his face, dark eyes, and sharp, grim features.

The taller elf reaches—very slowly, holding his suit jacket open with one hand—for a pocket, and draws out a handful of slender credsticks. These ones are in stylized semi-clear plastics, not the glossy black that you see in Seattle.

“Welcome to the Land of Promise,” he says in a powerful voice, vaguely sinister, like the sound of a blade scraping over a whetstone. If any of you accepts a handshake alongside your nuyen, his grip is surprisingly strong. Almost impossibly so. “Please accept the remainder of your payment, and supplied on credsticks that mark you as lawful visitors to Tír Tairngire, flagged as such with visas good for one month's time.”

Rook gives a nod, thumbs tucked into his swordbelt. He's still not exactly friendly, but he grudgingly, formally, continues.

“I present you as loyal and skilled employees, and vouch for your continued service should you desire it. In return, by all means consider yourself introduced and welcomed. In the name of my father,” he nods to the suit-clad elf, “Prince Evan Parris, I thank you for the safe journey.”

BEHIND THE SCENES

There's one last die roll to make—checking on the cargo! It's been a long trip, and along the way that cargo container may have been blown up, shot at, and dropped out of the sky. If your team handled the Merlin dogfight swiftly and soundly, and no appreciable damage was taken, feel free to skip this step or modify the die roll. If there were several rounds of frantic gunfire, missiles being fired, and, especially, if the cargo had to get emergency dropped ... roll away! Roll 5 dice for the random violence, long trip, etc. Have the player with the highest Edge prepare his full Edge attribute in dice, then apply a +3 dice pool modifier if they shelled out the extra money for an insulated/deluxe cargo container. If the players win this Opposed Test, the cargo is fine. For every hit they lose the roll by, dock their individual pay by 500¥ to represent lost cargo.

And that should be that! Let the players feel a little nervous as they descend into the Peace Force landing zone, but hopefully never truly *threatened*. Make it clear the last thing they want to do is start a fight; there are too many soldiers, with too many weapons, to make such a move feasible. Mention that a few of the

Peace Force have talisman and fetish items on them if you think the threat of extra magic will help, really hit home those heavy machineguns, or whatever—but really, really, hope that they don't pick this moment to start a fight. Evan Parris alone is no pushover, but backed up by a hand-picked platoon of professional soldiers, it would be a dramatic way to commit suicide.

Instead of dread, terror, and a bloody death, hopefully players will pick up on the vibe they're meeting someone important and not just a little dangerous. To have a Prince of the Tír as a patron—however temporarily—is no small feat ... and with luck, you'll be able to run the later *Missions* in the *Elven Blood Adventure Series* as well, so that you and your players can continue to adventure in the Tír!

DEBUGGING

As with other fight scenes—and this is, ultimately, the aftermath of that airborne fight scene—don't hesitate to have Rook supply magical healing to help keep a PC alive. Given the Tír's love of magic, there's nothing wrong with having more magical healing waiting on-site as they arrive, in fact, along with a trained Medic or two if the party is especially beat up.

PICKING UP THE PIECES

MONEY

- 8,000¥ for each character, half in Seattle, the remainder paid outside Portland, with an additional 500¥ per net hit on a Negotiation test, max of 4 hits.
- 3,000¥ per player as a single “expenses” credstick, modified by Carnation security bribe and Cascade Ork negotiations.

KARMA

- 2 Karma for completion
- 1 Karma for getting Rook to the LZ safely
- 1 Karma for getting the cargo to the LZ safely
- 1 Karma if the team was able to shoot down the Merlin attack helicopter

An additional 1-3 points of Karma may be awarded for good role-playing, a good sense of humor, a solid grasp of the rules, keeping the adventure and action moving, or a particularly insightful action. Players should earn these, and the full 3 points should only be awarded to the very best players. The maximum adventure award for characters who play this adventure is 8.

REPUTATION

During the adventure, runners may perform actions that will add to their Street Cred, Notoriety, or Public Awareness (see p. 265, *SR4A*). Besides the scenario-specific gains listed below, gamemasters should consider the characters' actions throughout the game and award additional points as appropriate.

- +1 Street Cred for getting both Rook and the cargo safely to Portland.
- +1 Notoriety for killing any innocents during the run.
- +1 Notoriety if Rook is killed.



CONTACTS

Successfully completing objectives or performing the actions listed below earns characters specific Missions contacts at a Loyalty of 1, and they should be given the Contact Sheet included with this Mission. If they already have that contact, they gain a +1 loyalty to that contact (up to a maximum of 4).

Characters might interact with NPCs not specified by the Mission and may earn these NPCs as a contact at Loyalty 1. They may also work with non-Mission-specific contacts that they have already earned or that they bought at character creation and gain a +1 Loyalty to these contacts, with a maximum Loyalty of 4. Gamemasters should not grant these lightly, and players should have to work to earn these contacts by going the extra mile to impress the NPC, offering up favors, or paying them well above the standard rates for information or services.

- **Rook:** For getting him safely to Portland, gain Rook at Loyalty 1, or gain +1 Loyalty if they already have him (to a max Loyalty of 4).
- **Prince Evan Parris:** For successfully delivering both Rook and the cargo safely, gain Prince Evan at Loyalty 1, or gain +1 Loyalty if they already have him (to a max Loyalty of 4).

LEGWORK

When a PC gets in touch with a contact, make a Connection + Connection test for the contact. The results of this test will determine how many ranks of information the contact knows about the question. (Apply die modifiers to this test based upon relevance of the contact to the subject matter.) A PC then makes a test of Charisma + Etiquette + Loyalty rating. The contact will reveal that many levels of information about that topic for free (up to the number of hits scored by the contact for that topic). If the contact knows more, additional information will require a payment to the contact of 200¥.

If the PCs have worked all of their contacts, and are still missing important information, they may request that a contact ask around. If they do so, have the Contact make an Extended (Connection + Connection (20 minutes)) Test. Additional information will be available at a cost of 750¥.

A Data Search may also be utilized to gather information from the following charts. They may make a limited Extended Logic + Data Search Test, with a -1 Dice Pool for each successive roll (p. 64, *SR4A*).

TIR TAIRNGIRE

Contacts to Ask: Elf, Tarislar Native, Smuggler, Politician

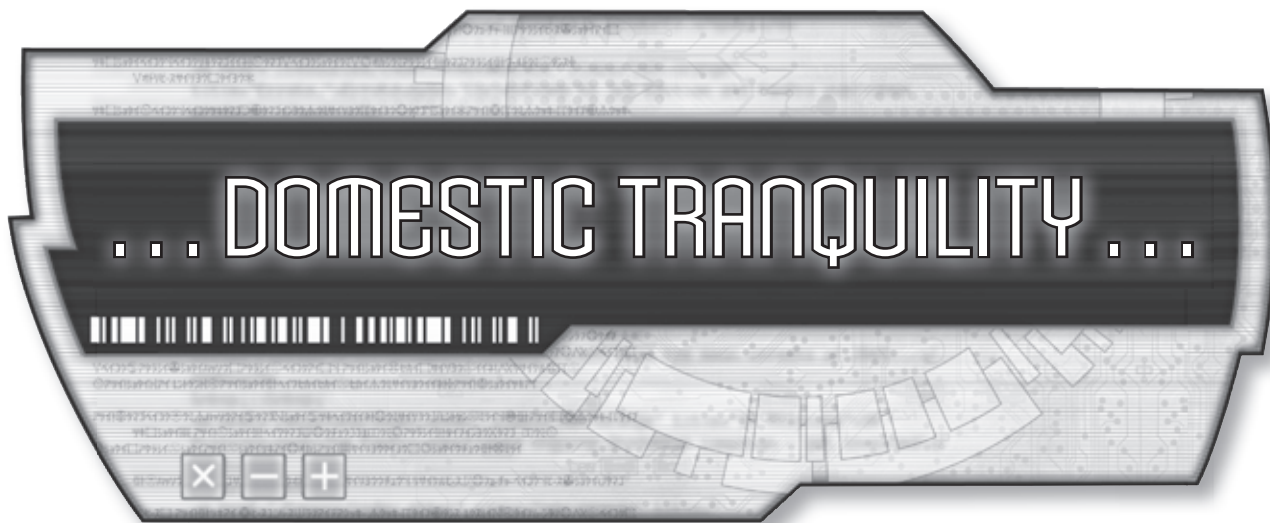
Contacts	Data Search	Information
0	0	Sheer Share-n-what?
1	3	Magical Elfy Land, sure. Everyone's heard of it. No one runs there.
2	6	Lots of tourism lately, and they stole a bunch of Seattle money when they opened their port.
3	10	They've got new Princes, but it isn't the same as it used to be. Border's gotten weak. Sloppy.
4	18	Hestaby helps run the place. With all her activity lately, that can't be a good sign.
5	—	There's a lot of nuyen in those smuggling lanes. Someone in power has to be holding the door.

ROOK

Contacts to Ask: Ganger, Smuggler, Mage, Elf, T'ir Citizen

Contacts	Data Search	Information
0	0	Rook? Like the chess piece?
1	3	Rook? Dark kid, runs with the Ancients. Been with them a year or two now.
2	6	He's a combat mage with the Ancients. Not a big fan of non-elves, I hear.
3	10	He's in and out of the T'ir all the time. Runs the border like it ain't even there. Serious mojo.
4	18	He's got friends in the Laesa, too, not just the Ancients. Stupid move, working both sides.
5	—	He has some major contacts in the T'ir, and a bunch of other "pro-elves" type groups. Family.





MISSION SYNOPSIS

Domestic Tranquility is an adventure that drags your shadowrunners away from the clean streets and lush greenery of tourist-friendly Portland, and shoves them face-first into the Tír capital's seedy side. Their temporary patron, Prince Evan "Blackwing" Parris—a former shadowrunner himself—now has his cybernetic fingers in quite a few pies, many of them illegal. But his criminal profits come from the status quo in Portland's underbelly being maintained, and even his legal ventures require that appearances be kept up. When open gang warfare not only rocks Portland's shadows but spills out into the tourist-clogged streets, Parris feels obliged to intervene. Other Princes call for a return to law and order by increasing the Peace Force presence, establishing a curfew, and generally cracking down on crime ... Parris, instead, sends shadowrunners to the source of the disturbance, to handle the problem more directly.

Scene One: Drive, Bye sets the stage by giving the players a first-hand look at the violence being wrought on Portland. Meeting up with their Prince after a social event in Downtown Portland, they'll be involved, perhaps directly perhaps only as witnesses, in a violent attack by a local gang. This opens the game with some quick action, a taste of Portland's otherwise tourist-friendly new look ... and a clear directive from their Prince to go solve things.

Scene Two: Let's Do Lunch brings the PCs into contact with an executive Vice President of one of the Tír's "Crime Corporations." Contacting this underworld pillar by name-dropping their Prince, the players will have a chance to learn about a few of Portland's major gangs, and pick up their first clues as to how to tackle the current problem.

Scenes 3A-3D are a series of quick encounters that players can tackle in any order they choose—and they don't need to visit all four—in order to learn more about the gang war, how it started, and how it might be stopped. By visiting four different prominent Portland gangs, the players can either network and question, or stab and burn, their way to the bottom of things ... finding out what sparked this violence and hopefully arranging to settle things.

Scene 4: A Plan Comes Together is our big wrap-up and finale, where the players will hopefully have the pieces all put together, and are left with two ways to end things. One option is to handle a polite face-to-face where disagreements are handled and smoothed over, and peace is brought about. The second option deals with a phone call to their Prince for some fire support, and the PCs arranging for a polite face-to-face and then putting an end to several Portland gangs in one fell swoop. It's all up to your players just how bloody things have to get before they get better.

SCENE 1: DRIVE, BYE

SCAN THIS

This scene has the players scheduled to meet with their Tír Prince—Evan Parris, formerly the street samurai known as "Blackwing"—in order to receive a new assignment from him. Instead, as they're waiting to speak with him, the park they're visiting is rocked by gunfire and explosions as gangers assault one another in a violent drive-by, with the players in the middle! Irritated at the interruption, Prince Parris cancels his original plans for the team and instead sends them on a new mission ... tracking down and dealing with those responsible for the recent upswing in gang violence.

TELL IT TO THEM STRAIGHT

The Portland Hilton may not be Cara'Sir's nicest hotel, but your 15th floor suites are the nicest it has available. Prince Evan Parris was kind enough to put you up for the duration of your stay, and the Hilton's convenient location has made it a fantastic base of operations so far. You're only a few days into your little "visit" here in the city, but there's been plenty of time to make up for the sleep you lost on the ride here, heal those incidental bumps and bruises, and enjoy the sights and sounds a little bit.

The vacation's over, though, and it's time for work to start. Prince Parris has "requested" you meet with him outside Forest Park at 13:00, in "appropriate garb for public travel, discreet side-arms both appropriate and suggested." The fancy travel visas he gave you do show a temporary weapons permit, so you're in good

shape for a trip to the park. It's only a few blocks from your hotel, and it's an awful nice day for a walk ...

Once the players arrive, move on to the following:

"... so yes, I fight for the Peace Force. I fight for them to get an increase in pay. I fight for larger re-enlistment bonuses. I fight for budget prioritization that lets them stay on the cutting edge of military technology. I fight for our soldiers and constables to be judged by their merits, rank, and aptitudes, not by their metaspecies." The speaker at the podium—you recognize him from the news as Prince Connal Taylor—is just wrapping up, it sounds like. Everyone else is in conservative suits and ties, pantsuits—the sort of executive wear you'd find in any boardroom Taylor's in his Ghost dress blacks, kilt and all. "I fight for the men and women of the Peace Force, every chance I get. Because they fight, too. For all of us."

The audience applauds as he gives a sunny smile and a jaunty little wave, and even a few of the grim-faced security men lining the stage nod their agreement with his speech. Other Princes make a big show of cheering and agreeing as well, because the last thing any of them wants is to alienate the police and military. The milling audience, all crowded in on foot, claps as Prince Taylor starts to make his way to the stage's steps. A few orks and a single troll stand out from the mostly-elven audience, but even they join in the applause. The sole exceptions are a handful of orks on the very edge of the audience—near you, as you approach—who are dressed in black-and-grey street leathers. A few of them hoot and catcall, laughing and mimicking the final words of the speech over and over again, to belly-laughter from their peers. Ah, kids.

Your employer, Prince Parris, is decked out in cold, clean colors. Slate grays, navy blues, almost-metallic hues that blend in with his cybernetic enhancements. He's just moving toward the podium, media drones swirling all around the Princely lot that's in attendance today, when several things happen, all at once.

Call for basic perception tests, visual and audio, at this point. Make it clear to the PCs that it looks like the car full of shooters are coming right at them ... but then have them unload on the orkish gangers the PCs are standing near. Full stats for the Spans (orks) and Shooters (human, drive-by) gangers are available later in this adventure, but feel free to just fudge the numbers and let PCs get in a kill or two if they want.

A red-on-white convertible comes squealing up to the curb, bristling with guns. The muzzles of a single compact SMG and a trio of larger weapons, full-on auto rifles, sweep over and narrowly past you. The guns roar, muzzles flash, and bullets tear into the three heckling orks just a few meters away from you.

Even as the approaching car's engine roars and tires first squeal, reactions begin on the stage. Princes Parris and Taylor twist and drop into combat stances almost in tandem, one halfway up the stairs of the small stage, one halfway down them. A split-second later, the suit-clad Ghosts of their security detail start to spin and reach for weapons as well. A heartbeat after that, members of the crowd start to react. By then the orkish bodies are already falling, and return fire is blazing toward the attackers and their car.

Give the PCs one initiative pass to react to this violence before a Fireball from somewhere near the stage roars into the drive-by vehicle, ending the attack. If the players drew guns and otherwise made obvious threats of themselves, feel free to toss in a few moments of tension as the Princely security detail shouts at them to drop them, put their hands up, etc.

Prince Parris cuts through the panicked crowd like a shark, his face a cold mask of barely controlled rage. A few sharp words in Sperethiel see the security men go pale, and turn their attention elsewhere; there's plenty of other people nearby to worry about, with more than a few civilians bleeding and screeching in the violence's aftermath. Media drones circle like buzzards, constantly filming.

Parris is tight-lipped and tense with anger as he addresses you, tone low but deadly serious.

"The orks call themselves the Spans. The human women, the Shooters. This is not the first such attack to rock the heart of the city, but by the Bright Lady these fools will not interrupt me again. I am weary of my business being disrupted by their childish antics, and I will brook no more such disrespect."

From the way Parris' gloved cyberhands are clenching and unclenching, a few of you know full well how badly he wishes he had a gun in them, right that second. He reaches up with one gloved hand to meticulously slick back his hair, instead, though it was barely disturbed by the incident.

"Take my driver, Johnson" a curt nod shows where his luxurious SUV is parked. "Tell him I will arrange a meeting for you with Mr. Horn. He knows where to take you, and will have payment available. You'll receive five thousand nuyen apiece, in exchange for getting to the bottom of this recent violence and assuring me it will not happen again. Go. Now. Never mind the other errand I had for you, I am sick of these insults. I want them stopped."

Behind him, you see Prince Taylor and a suit-clad ork (Prince Jake Foster) talking with a few uniformed Constabulary officers as Foster sheepishly brushes at a few grass-stains on his suit. Taylor's eloquence of a few moments earlier is gone, as he's now soundly dressing-down the ranking officer on the scene, with that elf's gun firmly in one hand, cussing with a soldier's fluency and interspersing sarcastic comments like "it's not like it's your job or anything, right?" Another Prince from the stage, the media darling Amy Joubert, is already walking amongst the civilians injured in the attack, chanting under her breath and bringing healing magic to bear on their injuries. Foster, the ork, makes his way to her side and helps to calm the crowd as Taylor continues to caustically organize the immediate Peace Force response.

The nice day in the park has been soundly interrupted. Prince Parris' Land Rover is just across the street, his driver—an elf with implanted mirror shades—is only just now climbing back into it, re-folding the stock on a carbine of some sort and stowing it back near the driver's seat. His unreadable optics rest on you as you make your way toward the vehicle; his head tilts slightly as though he's already receiving an incoming call with the details.

Well! It sounds like you have a new job.



BEHIND THE SCENES

This scene should run in a pretty straightforward manner, with a cool slow-motion action sequence from a movie, as shots ring out and rounds zip squarely by our protagonists—instead of into them—in order to tear apart three irritating gang members. The red-clad shooters may be the target of a few quick shots from the PCs, but then it's your job to make it clear to broadcast just how ridiculously bad an idea they had, by firing on anyone while within line of sight the security detail of not one or two, but a whopping four Tír Princes. "Automobile flambeau" is quite possible, but only after it's been riddled with bullets.

The take-away message should be something about how bold these attacks have gotten ... and something of the desperation underneath that, to go with it. There must be something very, very, wrong in the Portland underworld for gangers to be attacking one another so openly, in broad daylight, under these sort of circumstances.

Players may negotiate with Prince Parris for additional pay, but they'll have to be quick about it. He's in a foul mood, and bickering with him over a few nuyen won't do much to improve it. They're been offered 5,000¥ base pay, and he's willing to increase it by 1,000¥ per Negotiation hit (capping at five hits, for a total pay of 10,000¥ per runner) simply to shut them up and get them to work. Note this is not an opposed Negotiation Test, but is an unopposed test for hits. Price Evan simply listens to the players try to bargain for a few moments, then will haughtily wave and agree to a higher amount, up to the max. This visibly annoys him, and runners should be smart enough to not try and push him further.

DEBUGGING

Hopefully there's not a whole ton to go wrong with this one. A zealously feminist PC might try to counter the spells that finish off the car full of Shooters (in that case, just sling another), or a quick-on-the-draw PC might get a little too touchy about the nearby Peace Force members leveling weapons at them and a shot or two could be fired. If things turn into an outright conflict with the Tír authorities here, well, the adventure's in some real trouble, but stats are available for the elven security (see Scene 4), so feel free to drag out the dice and roll things to the bitter end, if you must.

SCENE 2: LET'S DO LUNCH

SCAN THIS

In this scene, you introduce the players to a Executive Vice President of an unlicensed business conglomerate specializing in illicit goods and services ... aka, a mobster lieutenant in one of the Tír's "crime corporations." An underling of Prince Parris, Mr. Horn will share some information on the major street-level players in Portland, and the details and probable locations of the gangs that are the most involved in this recent violence.

TELL IT TO THEM STRAIGHT

Prince Parris' driver—who answers to "Johnson," with a wry smile—dutifully hands over your up-front payment credsticks, but isn't the sort to indulge in much idle conversation during the

Incoming Message

SHOOTERS GANG MEMBER, PROFESSIONAL RATING 3

Elf Gangers (4)

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	Ess	Init	IP	Arm	CM
4	4(5)	4(5)	3	5	3	3	3	5	7(8)	1(2)	5/3	10

Dice Pools: Unarmed 7, Blades (Knives) 8(10), Dodge 8, Firearms skill group 9, Throwing Weapons 7, Perception 5, Social skill group 5,

Augmentation: Muscle Toner (1)

Gear: Actioneer Business Clothes, 1 dose each of jazz (factored in above)

Weapons:

Morrissey Alta [Heavy Pistol, 5P, -1 AP, SA, 12(c), 1 spare clip of regular ammo, laser sight]

HK MP-5 TX [Submachine Gun, 5P, 0 AP, 3 RC, 20(c), 1 spare clip regular ammo, laser sight]

Cougar Fineblade Short [Knife, 3P, -1 AP]

SPANS GANG MEMBER, PROFESSIONAL RATING 3

Ork Gangers (3)

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	Ess	Init	IP	Arm	CM
6	4(5)	3(4)	5(6)	3	3	2	3	5	6(7)	1(2)	6/4	11

Dice Pools: Unarmed 8, Blades (Knives) 7(9), Dodge 8, Firearms skill group 9, Throwing Weapons 7, Perception 5, Social skill group 5, Intimidation 6

Augmentation: Muscle Replacement (1)

Gear: armor vest, 1 dose each of Jazz (factored in above)

Weapons (knife and either pistol or rifle for each ganger, choose one):

Colt Manhunter [Heavy Pistol, 5P, -1 AP, SA, 16(c), 1 spare clip of regular ammo, laser sight]

AK 97 [Assault Rifle, 6P, -1 AP, 0 RC, 38(c), 1 spare clip regular ammo, laser sight]

Survival Knife [Knife, 4P, -1 AP]

drive. He has a few instructions to give on his way to meet with Mr. Horn.

"Mr. Horn is an associate of Prince Parris. The Prince has arranged for him to meet you, and Mr. Horn is at lunch at the moment. I'll be at your disposal for the remainder of the day. Much of the Tír is off-limits to foreigners without a local escort. Conveniently, I'm registered as a travel guide, so I'll not only supply your transportation, but my certification will clear you for whatever areas the Peace Force may find us in."

The glossy black Rover cuts through the light Portland traffic, even as a handful of Tír emergency response vehicles roar past you, sirens blaring, on their way to the carnage at the park. Johnson's head tilts a bit, exaggerating the motion so you can catch his mirror-shade gaze in the rearview mirror.



“You people have any questions before we get there?”

Johnson doesn't know much beyond what he's just said, but he's willing to share what he does know. Feel free to answer any questions the players have about the sight of this lunchtime meeting, Mr. Horn himself, or Ross Systems Inc., whom Mr. Horn represents.

With even just a few more blocks between you and the park's outburst of violence, it's easy to get taken in by Portland. Compared to most of Seattle, it's every bit the photogenic, subtly magical, elven wonderland the brochures make it out to be. You cruise past street jugglers idly tossing softly glowing illusory spheres, a pair of singers and a lap harpist playing a pseudo-Celtic tune in exchange for shining Tir coins, and streets full of cheerful pedestrian shoppers picking up trinkets to awe family and friends back home.

Eventually, Johnson glides the SUV to a stop far down Northeast Broadway, pulling up outside a modern-looking restaurant called Jeremiah's. All tinted windows, real wood paneling, and brushed chrome accents, Jeremiah's lobby has a maitre'd waiting for you that is every inch the snooty elven stereotype.

“Oh, I'm so sorry,” he says with melodramatic sincerity even before you reach his small podium. His clear blue eyes rest squarely on *[insert all non-elven PCs here]* as he lets out a sympathetic sigh. “You gentlemen and ladies have stumbled across our humble establishment just as we're at our busiest with the late lunch crew. We shan't be able to seat you, I'm afraid. I don't imagine you have a reservation, after all.”

At the mention of Prince Parris or Mr. Horn's names, his face will whiten and attitude will swiftly change. Describe him and his pencil mustache as he trips all over himself to escort them to Mr. Horn's table. A single strategic lightbulb just happens to be out in this otherwise well-lit and classy establishment, so that Horn's table feels comfortably dark and private without making it impossible to eat or see other diners.

Mr. Horn is waiting for the team at his private booth in the back, already taking a bite from some sort of salad, with the opposite side of the table full of fresh, full dishes.

“I took the liberty of ordering for you. It isn't a business lunch without lunch, is it?” He gestures with a silver-gleaming fork, and nods for you to be seated. “Truth is I'm stuffed. Couldn't finish another bite, myself. Please, help yourselves. You eat, I'll talk.”

The meals seem to consist of a single course, and not a particularly generous one, at that. There's a patch of green leafy stuff, some green stuff with broader leaves, one-half of a cherry tomato, and then a splash of some sort of light vinaigrette for flavor; all organic, no doubt, and it's best not to dwell on how much the three bites of salad probably cost him. On the bright side, there's a dish of tasty rolls also available, with a delicious garlic butter brushed on and cheese chunks baked right in. There isn't a bite of meat to be found in the whole establishment, no matter how big your troll is or how many kill-marks adorn the slide of the Ares Predator that gets waved around; they offer the finest in contemporary elven dining, and the closest that comes to meat products is the cheese and other dairy they offer.

Horn is an elf, young-looking (but that's never any help), with a short, neatly trimmed goatee and swept-back dark hair. His

suit is impeccable, as custom-fit and well-tailored as the one Prince Parris and his erstwhile political companions were in earlier.

“It's been explained to me that you require a basic human resources introduction course, to assimilate you with the minor companies currently at work within this business market. I'm given to understand you already saw first-hand the executive prowess of a few aggressive business rivals during an attempted corporate restructuring just a few minutes ago, is that correct?”

“The gentlemen who were laid off were entry-level employees with the Spans. Their enterprise is staffed almost entirely by orks, and they have a long-standing competitive relationship with the ones who terminated them, employees of the Shooters.” His hands fidget on the table until he actually uses air quotes to introduce each gang. For all the world, it looks like he'd love to have a formal presentation to share with you, complete with an augmented-reality projection for him to digitally manipulate throughout the speech.

“The Shooters—following an executive restructuring several years ago they re-branded themselves, their PR image needed an update after years of going by ‘The Hooters’—are a predominately female gang that aggressively pursues a target demographic that overlaps in a competitive fashion with the goods and services the Spans offer. Both of them are firms in this business primarily for the entertainment value, but both of them dabble in off-the-records import/export operations, out of the Port of Portland. They've been competitors for years, but this recent aggression has spilled over into other markets quite sloppily. The Shooters tend to specialize in services, the Spans in goods. That is to say, the Shooters run whores, the Spans sell drugs and chips.”

“It's come to my attention—and that of our mutual benefactor, the Prince—that these recent hostile takeover attempts are just the market being adjusted for the aggressive buying of two new players. The Sons of Gimli are a new firm that's, like the Spans, quite selective where metaracial hiring policies are concerned. The Sons, however, favor employees of the *Homo Sapiens Pumilionis* variety. That is to say, dwarves.”

Have him nod at any dwarven player character present, and pause for a sip of water.

“Recently, the Sons have begun to indulge in quite aggressive business practices against a rival establishment, the Dog Soldiers. Like the Shooters, the Dog Soldiers aren't split upon metaracial lines. Their hiring staff welcomes applicants of all heights, weights, dental plans, and aural shapes. However, they are, I'm afraid, rather close-minded on matters of ethnicity and culture. They fashion themselves as representatives of the Native American community, proud inheritors of the renounced Ceneste tribal lineage, and both dress and act accordingly.”

“Earlier this week, hostilities between the Dog Soldiers and Sons of Gimli spiked dramatically. A day or two later, known affiliates of theirs—the Shooters and Spans—began a corporate conflict, as well. As it stands, the Sons of Gimli and the Shooters present a cohesive, united front against the Spans and the Dog Soldiers. You've seen the results; bloodshed in the streets, Princes affected in both dignity and finance, and if this downward trend continues eventually our fair city will suffer a severe loss of public confidence and tourism income.”



“Many of us in the community, both licenses businessmen and otherwise, would prefer not to see that happen. Once your lunches are finished, I’ll be able to furnish the lot of you with the primary contact addresses of the chief executive officers of each of these four business firms. As our mutual benefactor explains it to me, it will be up to you to restore harmony to the market, after that point. It can be through corporate bankruptcy being declared, a series of hostile takeovers and massive layoffs, or even a peaceful accord that can end in a quiet merger. He doesn’t care how you do it, and frankly neither do I.”

“Questions?”

BEHIND THE SCENES

And that’s that. This scene should go pretty smoothly, allow the player characters the chance to poke some fun at “fine Tír cuisine,” and just get the basic information they need to go about their day. If a few of them are thrown off by the executive jargon that the Tír “corporate criminals” are so fond of—instead of a prevalence of ethnic organized crime, this has long been the popular Tír model—have Mr. Horn politely but firmly repeat himself, offering to let one of their business associates translate. He’ll look a little put out, but won’t break character by busting out Mafia terms like “hit” or “wack” under any circumstances. To Mr. Horn, he is a businessman, this is a business matter, and appearance is everything.

Horn will be quite forthcoming with the basic information required for each of the following gangs (a street address and/or establishment at which their gang leaders tend to be found), and armed with that knowledge the PCs are free to tackle the next few scenes in any order they like.

Simply move on the scene that corresponds with the gang they’re off to interrogate (or is that “aggressively interview?”) and flip through the adventure as needed, in whatever order the players choose to go.

Note: There should be a mild sense of urgency to this adventure, but make it clear (by way of their driver/chaperone, Johnson) that there *is* time for the players to request he return to their hotel, in order to let them retrieve any additional weapons or other gear they might need. From here on out, they’ll be rolling through some of the nastier parts of the city, and snug within the tinted windows of their Prince-registered Land Rover, the Peace Force isn’t likely to give them any problems at all.

DEBUGGING

There isn’t a whole lot that can go wrong with this scene, unless Horn’s executive blathering and the lack of a decent burger *really* pisses off the party street samurai.

SCENE 3A: THE SPANS

SCAN THIS

If players pursue this scene, they’ll meet up with some of the higher-ranked members of the Spans thrill gang. In talking with the Spans, they’ll find out that their recent fighting with the Shooters has been caused by a conflict between two other gangs and Portland’s web of underworld alliances. The Spans have an agreement with the Dog Soldiers, and since the Dog Soldiers have gone to war, the Spans have gone along with it.

TELL IT TO THEM STRAIGHT

“The Duchy” is a deceptively grand and regal name for an abandoned warehouse, but that’s what the Spans insist this place be called. You’re down on the seedy end of the Port of Portland, where renovations and the renewed import/export trade haven’t quite reached yet; still solidly Spans turf—warily shared with the Shooters—it’s run down, dark, and reminds you quite a bit of some of Seattle’s seedier shadows.

The Duchy itself is a barren storage facility that’s been taken over by one of Portland’s more violent thrill gangs for who knows how long. The leader of the Spans, the self-styled “Duke,” often “holds court” here ... which is to say he and a bunch of his gangers hang out, fooling around with their old ladies, getting high, taking BTL chips, and planning who they want to go hassle next. They’re a thrill gang, first and foremost, not an organization genuinely built around making a lot of money. When they do work, it’s as basic muscle. To their credit, at least they know what they’re good at and what they’re not.

Johnson, Prince Parris’ driver, makes it clear that it’s his job to stay with the SUV and keep it in one piece. The players are on their own, here. His loyalty is to the Prince, after all, not them.

A pair of black-clad gangers lounge out front, cursing at one another, scowling darkly, and fidgeting with the bulky AK assault rifles they each carry. You’re left with the impression they’re not used to actual guard duty; this underworld war really has security notched up to professional levels. They’re not asleep, or anything!

Name-dropping Mr. Horn is the easiest way to get in and speak with the Duke; the harder way would simply be to pass an Etiquette or Intimidation roll or two. The slightly harder way would be to slaughter these two and stroll on in; whatever method suits your group.

The lighting is low inside the massive warehouse, with the lion’s share of their stolen electricity apparently going to a few large-screen trids bolted haphazardly to walls here and there, complete with sloppy stacks of tridchips near them and handfuls of burly gangers sprawled out lazily, watching action flicks or porn. Elsewhere a few of them are slumped over on dirty couches, slotting BTL chips or passing around inhalers of lower-tech chemical highs.

The Duke himself looms over the rest of them on a rough dais made of discarded warehouse shelving, with a stained and much-abused reclining chair perched atop it. He nonchalantly shoves a squealing orkish teen off his lap, who flounces away and pouts around her tusks. He is clearly a blunt instrument of combat, as big and loud as the chrome-gleaming revolver stuck in his waistband.

“And just who the hell are you?”

At this point, characters can either just go ahead and start a gunfight, or you can call for a series of appropriate Etiquette, Negotiation, or Intimidation rolls. The full list of modifiers for social rolls can be found on p. 130-131, SR4A, but some that are likely to apply will be those listed for The Duke being Prejudiced against the characters (unless they are all orks), Suspicious of them, for the Duke and his Spans having the players outnumbered ... but some that are likely to apply include the Duke being Prejudiced against the characters (unless they are all orks), Suspicious of them, the Duke and his Spans having the players outnumbered ... but, in the players’



benefit, they have the equivalent of “blackmail material or heavy bargaining chip” by name dropping Mr. Horn. If the players succeed in getting the Duke to talk about recent hostilities, read the following.

“Yeah, some of them Shooter bitches blasted a few of my boys earlier this afternoon. So what? They’ll get what’s coming to ‘em. We didn’t start this war, but we ain’t in it alone. We’ve smacked the Shooters around before, an’ we’ll do it again. Dog Soldiers an’ us got a pact, an’ there ain’t a gang in this city that can stand up against both of us. If the Shooters didn’t want no trouble, they an’ their Sons of Gimli halfer buddies shouldn’t have started nothin’. They pick a fight with the Dogs, they know they get the Spans, too.”

Continue in a similar vein until the message is loud and clear; the Spans are allies to the Dog Soldiers, and the two are united against the Shooters and the Sons of Gimli (who they see as having started this current war). If players ask what, in particular, started this war, move on:

“What, you don’t know? Hah! That keeb Horn’s got you running messages for him, an’ no one bothered to find out how this shit started? Those Sons, the dirty little halfers, they made off with Red-Feather’s kid sister! Hell yeah, the Dog Soldiers went to war over that. You snatch up a man’s blood, you best expect bloodshed as the answer.”

He snorts, broad nostrils flaring, yellow tusks catching a bit of light.

“What’s your angle on all this anyway? You ain’t from around here. What do you care?”

Should the players angle for some sort of peace talk or other sit-down, have the Spans suggest—just as the other gangs will—a burnt-out warehouse further down on the docks. For the last few years the wreck has marked the boundary between Spans and Shooters turf, and as a sort of “neutral ground” it will serve as a meeting spot for all the gangs involved.

BEHIND THE SCENES

In the end, the result of this conversation should be one of two things; either the players decide to give it a go and wipe out the Spans while they’re here, or they realize that the Spans are tangled up with an alliance that ties them to the Dog Soldiers, which lead to your players investigating the Dogs. Hypothetically, of course, they could get that information and then try to wipe out the Spans, anyway. Whatever works.

PUSHING THE ENVELOPE

To make this scene more difficult socially, increase the social pool or the racial negativity of The Duke. To make it more challenging physically, the easiest answer is to add a few more Spans to the mix. They’re already pretty well armed for gangers, but a military surplus grenade or two might not be outrageous, either.

DEBUGGING

As long as the PCs either (a) get information from the Duke and talk him into a meeting later, or (b) attack the Spans and win, this scene works out just fine. Which option they choose is ultimately up to them. If they opt for the fight, and things don’t work out, Johnson will grudgingly come in to help them out.

Incoming Message

“THE DUKE,” SPANS GANG LEADER

Ork Ganger

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	Ess	Init	IP	Arm	CM
7	6(8)	4(6)	7(9)	4	3	3	4	0.8	7(9)	1(3)	11/9	11

Dice Pools: Unarmed 9, Blades (Cyber-Implant) 12(14), Dodge 9, Firearms skill group 12, Perception 5, Social skill group 8, Intimidation 9

Augmentation: Muscle Toner (2), Muscle Augmentation (2), Wired Reflexes (2), Retractable Spurs, Dermal Plating (3)

Gear: Armor Jacket (with Spans markings)

Weapons:

Spurs [blades, 8P, 0 AP, 0 reach]
Ruger Super Warhawk [Heavy Pistol, 7P, -2 AP, SS, 6 (cy), 1 spare speed loader of explosive rounds, laser sight]

SPAN GANG MEMBER, PROFESSIONAL RATING 3

Ork Gangers (PCs + 4)

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	Ess	Init	IP	Arm	CM
6	4(5)	3(4)	5(6)	3	3	2	3	5	6(7)	1(2)	6/4	11

Dice Pools: Blades (Knives) 7(9), Dodge 8, Firearms skill group 9, Throwing Weapons 7, Perception 5, Social skill group 5, Intimidation 6, Unarmed Combat 8

Augmentation: Muscle Replacement (1)

Gear: Armor Vest, 1 dose each of jazz (factored in above)

Weapons (knife and either pistol or rifle for each ganger, choose one):

Colt Manhunter [Heavy Pistol, 5P, -1 AP, SA, 16(c), 1 spare clip of regular ammo, laser sight]
AK 97 [Assault Rifle, 6P, -1 AP, 0 RC, 38 (c), 1 spare clip regular ammo, laser sight]
Survival Knife [Knife, 4P, -1 AP]

SCENE 3B: THE SHOOTERS

SCAN THIS

This scene will take your players down to the opposite end of the Port of Portland, or rather, part of what used to be the Port’s bustling docks. It’s joytoy territory, now, a red-light district that’s clearly visible to Portland’s citizens and dockworkers (along with workers on visiting ships), but far enough from the tourist attractions of downtown that the lucrative tourist trade isn’t threatened by the unseemly display. Here, your PCs will talk with Enyo, the leader of the Shooters thrill-gang.

TELL IT TO THEM STRAIGHT

Now *this* is a seedy underbelly. It’s a part of town the locals—Johnson included—call The Meat Racks, because there’s

flesh on display everywhere you look. When the Port of Portland reopened, High Prince Zincan called for massive construction and civic reclamation projects, to present incoming trade with clean, state of the art, efficient cargo handling and storage facilities.

These are the ones that got left behind.

Swiftly bought up by criminal corporations like Mr. Horn's, the abandoned warehouses and offices have been filled to the brim in joygirls and boytoys of all varieties and metasppecies, complete with caked-on AR displays and genuine red-toned lights to set the mood. A few street docs advertise here as well, specializing in cosmetic surgeries, of course, but no doubt with a few more pragmatic implants available. Instead of the casual brutality of individual pimps wrangling handfuls of girls, the entire district is policed by their very own neighborhood watch. They maintain the order in the Meat Racks, they take their cut of the pay, and they offer a way out for some of the girls who get tired of selling themselves—once they've worked their share—and who'd rather TAKE a piece of the action than BE a piece of the action. Despite all the flesh on display, The Shooters thrill gang is the only muscle you've got time to worry about during this trip.

The women of the Shooters are easy to spot; they're the ones decked out in red-and-black businesswear, showing more armor than skin, and more firepower than either. They're trying to make themselves look good with the Actioneer knock-off armored clothes, but it's the classy handguns and high-tech submachine guns they carry that really give them their power. There are a few men scattered in with them, but most of the Shooters are women, elves mostly, but with a scattering of the other metasppecies mixed in. They might not go out of their way to be an elven gang, but given the demographics of the region, and where they do their heaviest recruiting, a pretty face is a real asset.

The Chapel is a central building of this red-light strip, all decked out in neon and glowing brightly on both AR and real vision. A pair of Shooters lounge out front—plenty more saunter up and down the street, you've already seen that much—and smoke while they keep an eye on the Meat Rack for any trouble.

PCs can talk their way in handily by mentioning Mr. Horn's name, or through an Etiquette roll or two.

"And just what is it I can do you for, hmm?" Enyo must have gotten word you were coming. She's striding toward the door—decked out head to toe in red-and-black professional wear, looking like a mid-range executive except for how the business suit hugs her augmented curves—to meet you even as you step inside the once-warehouse. The Shooters have taken pretty good care of the place, with the old shelfwork and partitions having been turned into walls covered in AR-linked blankets and sheets, turning them into walls that allow privacy from small crib to small crib, while also individually being covered in an almost-nauseating mixture of pornographic films. It's got a distinct style, at least.

Enyo has more social skill than most of the other gang leaders, but she's also the least prejudiced of the bunch. She knows how mad some of her girls are—it takes a special kind of crazy to go get blown up by shooting off guns that close to some Tir Princes—and she's eager to get all this fighting out of the way so business can become a priority again. She's not as prejudiced as some of the other gangers, and she

also won't apply many of SR4A's modifiers (found on p. 130-131) if players try to sweet-talk her through Etiquette or Negotiation. She'll get downright stubborn in the face of open Intimidation (including the outnumbering bonus, and thinking the PCs "wouldn't try something so stupid," here in her own home. So long as the players are reasonable and try to make it clear they're bringing peace, discussions should move forward smoothly.

"Listen, I'm not interested in this war any more than Mr. Horn is. But some of my girls are out for blood. It's not right, the Dog Soldiers and their pet Spans attacking the Sons over this. It's not up to that idiot Red Feather who his sister loves. Stump, from the Sons of Gimli? He didn't "kidnap" her. Red Feather just can't get it into his skull that his sister ran off with a dwarf and an Anglo, so he started a war. Well, the Shooters and the Sons? We got history. So yeah, we're backing their play. And when the Dogs and the Spans start killing my girls, *hell yes* we're going to kill them right back."

The long and short of it, of course, is that Enyo and the Shooters have a different version of events than the Duke, Red Feather, and everyone else from that faction. According to them, Smiles-Like-The-Sun, Red Feather's sister, willingly ran off with her brother's ganger rival... another piece of the puzzle, perhaps? Who's telling the truth? Only more gang visits will clear the air. Or, of course, shooting everyone from one faction, or every faction, if your PCs are of that particular talent set, instead.

BEHIND THE SCENES

Like similar scenes, this one should end either with the players have pumped Enyo for information (and ideally laid the groundwork for a gathering of gangs by night's end), or having picked a side and gone in guns blazing and spells flashing. Whether it is a social or a physical challenge is ultimately up to your group and how they decide to handle themselves.

Should the players move for a peaceful end to the gang fighting, Enyo and the Shooters will suggest a burnt-out husk of a warehouse, similarly untouched by the Portland renovations, that has served as neutral ground in the past. It's the traditional border between Shooter and Spans turf, and the other gangs involved in the war should be willing to meet there, as well.

PUSHING THE ENVELOPE

To make it more socially challenging for the players, make Enyo as bigoted and metaracist as some of the other gang leaders, so really rack up penalties on the social rolls involved to get her to open up and be friendly. She's already pretty reasonable at that side of things, though, so you may want to make it more physically challenging, instead; for groups that want to kick in the door and start shooting, you can easily just have more Shooters hanging out in the gang HQ (or waiting right outside, firing on Johnson and the SUV), or bump them up to bigger guns. Assault Rifles for higher damage, or maybe some thrown grenades, can really make these ladies more dangerous.

DEBUGGING

PCs should be able to either talk to Enyo, or kill her, here. If she really clams up against them, there's always other gangs they



can talk to ... or, instead, feel free to have her agree to meet later tonight, but be a little more careful about it—she might still agree to the peace talks, but bring extra Shooters, for instance, if the PCs have a few unlucky social rolls against her. If the PCs try to fight her and things don't go well, as with similar scenes, don't be afraid to try and bring in Johnson for back-up.

SCENE 3C: THE DOG SOLDIERS

SCAN THIS

This scene introduces the players to the Dog Soldiers, a Native American themed gang that's got going "back to their roots" as their recruitment edge. The Dog Soldiers and the Spans are business associates, both of them have ties to the Salish Shidhe Council's smuggling groups—the Dog Soldiers are friendly with some Sinscarach elves, the Spans with some of the Cascade Orks.

Red Feather, a physical adept and "chief" of the Dog Soldiers gang, is the direct cause of much of the recent bloodshed in Seattle. His kid sister, Smiles (short for "Smiles-Like-The-Sun") has gone missing and all signs point to the leader of the Sons of Gimli, an all-dwarf gang. Red Feather is convinced that Stump, leader of the Sons of Gimli, has kidnapped his sister. He's gone to war with the Sons over it, and the violence has spilled over as each gang's allies have gotten drawn in.

TELL IT TO THEM STRAIGHT

In trying to meet with the Dog Soldiers gang, Johnson drives you to the St Johns district, a narrow peninsula flanked on either side by river. Across the channel from Forest Park, St Johns consists largely of a pair of lakes—Bybee and Smith—surrounded by slums and government housing projects. The urban wilderness between the lakes and I-5 used to be a golf course, park, and raceway, but now it's half overgrown, half trash heap. Here, with one foot on wild grass and the other in garbage, the urban primitives of the Dog Soldiers thrive.

Johnson rolls slowly to a stop with rundown Tír housing projects on one side, the overgrown wilderness that the Dogs call home on the other. He nods towards a bonfire in the distance, and pointedly keeps the engine running this time. "If things get hairy, you've got the LTG number. Call. I'll kick this puppy into four wheels and head toward you as best I can."

And with that ... off you go.

Knee-high grass littered here and there with broken bottles, used needles, and dried-up stimpaches doesn't make for a very nice hike. Just as you're wondering what sort of paracritters might call the region home, some two-legged predators approach you, instead.

A pair of Dog Soldiers, clad in a strange mixture of buckskin and denim, ganger synthleathers and face paint, emerge from the brush nearby. They carry powerful-looking compound bows adorned with feathers, the same curious mixture of traditional and modern as the gangers themselves.

"You don't belong here, Anglo," the one in the lead says, quietly but firmly. "What do you want?"

Cue some socials rolls in order to get an audience with Red Feather. They'll glower and glare at any non-NAN types in your

Incoming Message

"ENYO," SHOOTERS GANG LEADER

Elf Ganger

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	Ess	Init	IP	Arm	CM
5	6(9)	5(7)	2(3)	6(8)	4	4	4	2.73	9(11)	1(2)	8/6	11

Dice Pools: Unarmed Combat 9, Dodge 12(13), Firearms skill group 14, Perception 8, Social skill group 10(12), Intimidation 9

Augmentation: Muscle Toner (3), Muscle Augmentation (1), Move-By-Wire (1), Tailored Pheromones (2), Cyberoptics (rating 2, with Flare Compensation, Low-Light, Thermographic, Vision Enhancement 3), Orthoskin (3)

Gear: Actioneer Business Clothes, The Shooters

Weapons:

Morrissey Alta x 2 [Heavy Pistol, 5P, -1 AP, SA, 0 RC, 12(c), 1 spare clips of normal rounds, laser sight]

SHOOTERS GANG MEMBER, PROFESSIONAL RATING 3

Elf Gangers (PCs + 6)

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	Ess	Init	IP	Arm	CM
4	4(5)	4(5)	3	5	3	3	3	5	7(8)	1(2)	5/3	10

Dice Pools: Unarmed Combat 7, Blades (Knives) 8(10), Dodge 8, Firearms skill group 9, Throwing Weapons 7, Perception 5, Social skill group 5,

Augmentation: Muscle Toner (1)

Gear: Actioneer Business Clothes, 1 dose each of jazz (factored in above)

Weapons:

Morrissey Alta [Heavy Pistol, 5P, -1 AP, SA, 12(c), 1 spare clip of regular ammo, laser sight]

HK MP-5 TX [Submachine Gun, 5P, 0 AP, 3 RC, 20 (c), 1 spare clip regular ammo, laser sight]

Cougar Fineblade Short [Knife, 3P, -1 AP]

group, but if anyone can muster up proof of Native blood or languages or the like, they'll immediately soften up and let the group through to see their boss. Move on to the following if they gain entrance the peaceful way. If they start slaughtering, that works, too.

Red Feather stands over near the bonfire, backlit by it as several neighborhood youths kneel in the scrub grass and get paint applied to their faces. He makes his way over toward you, nodding for his men to relax a bit and lower their weapons.

"As you can see, my tribe is busy preparing for war." He's got the textbook-perfect blend of Native American and elven features. A long and athletic build, dark almond-shaped ears, pointed ears, and cheekbones so high and proud they could probably cut you. "Whatever you want with us, you need to make it fast. You aren't the ones we're interested in whetting our blades in, but if you stand in our way ..."



Red Feather is probably the most bigoted of the gang leaders the PCs will interact with today. If there are any Native Indians in the group, he'll try to talk with them first and foremost (so the non-face might have to make some social rolls). If pressed, he'll allow Anglos or others to speak with him, but be ready to rack up the modifiers from SR4A p. 131. Start with Prejudiced for -2, Annoying for another -1, and go from there. If the topic of peace is brought up, he'll grow angry ... but not quite violent, just yet.

"Peace? With the kidnappers of women? The Sons of Gimli snatched up my sister and rode off with her, and you want me to make peace with them? When I get my sister back, if she's unharmed, maybe. Maybe. But if Stump hurt her, I don't care what Mr. Horn says. We're on the warpath until every Son in this city is dead, along with anyone who tries to stop us."

Canny Negotiators can talk him down from this extreme position, at least momentarily, and if they succeed he'll agree to meet with the Sons, Spans, and Shooters later ... if he's assured his sister will be there, and isn't harmed.

BEHIND THE SCENES

Red Feather's not the greatest negotiator the team is likely to run into today, and if they can overcome his hatred, a dedicated face can probably talk rings around him. Promising him his sister back, or the blood of Stump in some sort of challenge, is probably the easiest way to handle Red Feather—and with him, the whole band of Dog Soldiers. There's always the ultraviolent option, too, if the players have decided to take a side prior to talking to him.

PUSHING THE ENVELOPE

This is already one of the weakest gangs in terms of the social rolls involved, but you can easily amend that with a few extra skills, or by making Red Feather an Initiate and tossing him a couple ranks in the Kinesics power. Physically, you can make this encounter more challenging by having the average Dog be high on jazz to help get more attacks in, by making there be more of them in this fight, by giving them Explosive Arrows for a bit more punch, or by bumping up their Colt handguns to Remington 750 sport rifles for more ranged power.

DEBUGGING

Like the other scenes, as long as the players have left here with more information, an agreement to meet for peace, or a pile of corpses behind them, things have gone fine. Similar to those other scenes, if a fight starts and the PCs need the help, call in Johnson.

SCENE 3D: GIMLI'S SONS

SCAN THIS

Your players will meet up with Stump and the rest of the Sons of Gimli, in this scene. Stump is directly to blame for the recent violence—or is he?—because he's responsible for Red Feather's sister running off with him. It's up to you as the GM how you want to spin this. Did Smiles-Like-The-Sun run off with Stump of her own free will, or did the mystic adept spin a series of mind-influencing spells on her?

Incoming Message

"RED FEATHER," DOG SOLDIERS GANG LEADER

Elf Adept

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	Ess	Mag	Init	IP	Arm	CM
5	6	5(8)	5	4	4	4	4	6	6	9(12)	1(4)	8/6	11

Dice Pools: Unarmed Combat 10, Blades (Axes) 14 (18) Dodge 14, Thrown Weapons (Knives) 10, Perception 10, Social skill group 7, Intimidation 8

Adept Powers: Improved Reflexes (3), Improved Ability (Blades) (2), Mystic Armor (2)

Gear: Armor Vest (with Dog Soldiers markings)

Weapons:

Tomahawk [Blade, 5P, 1 Reach, 0 AP, Weapon Focus (2)]
Throwing Knife (several) [Blade, 4P, 0 reach, 0 AP]

DOG SOLDIERS GANG MEMBER, PROFESSIONAL RATING 3

Human Gangers (PCs + 6)

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	Ess	Init	IP	Arm	CM
4	4(6)	4	5(7)	3	3	3	3	5	7	1	6/4	11

Dice Pools: Unarmed Combat 7, Projectile Weapons 10, Blades (Axes) 8(10), Dodge 8, Firearms skill group 8, Throwing Weapons 9, Perception 5, Infiltration 8, Social skill group 4,

Augmentation: Muscle Replacement (2)

Gear: Armor Vest, Barbed Arrows listed below [First Aid + Logic (2) to remove, or target takes 1 box Physical damage, see Arsenal p. 19 for full rules]

Weapons (tomahawk plus pistol or bow, choose one):

Colt Manhunter [Heavy Pistol, 5P, -1 AP, SA, 16(c), 1 spare clip of regular ammo, laser sight]
Bow [Projectile Weapon, 9P, 0 AP, 6 barbed arrows apiece]
Tomahawk [Blade, 4P, 1 Reach, 0 AP]

TELL IT TO THEM STRAIGHT

If you've seen one ghetto, you've seen them all. Swan Island Industrial Park isn't terribly far from the Port of Portland or the St Johns neighborhood where the Shooters, Dog Soldiers, and Spans can be found—but it might as well be the Puyallup Barrens. All that's missing is a coat of ash. It's the slums, and there's no denying it, with industrial buildings torn down or left to rot decades ago, and hastily assembled government housing filling in the gaps. The whole area is thick with dwarves, orks, and humans, with barely an elf in sight. It's a strange counterpoint to the rest of Portland, but that's what makes a ghetto a ghetto, after all.

Dwarves are the most prominent on this block, as Johnson pulls the Prince's SUV up to a dingy bar. The neon out front and the AR sign either agree, or both are broken—all that you can read of the establishment's sign is a single "G."



You probably have to stoop a bit to enter; the front door has been modified by a half-hearted handyman, with two-by-fours and plastic-board hastily nailed up to block about half a meter of the doorframe's top end. That's the first sign this is surely the dwarven gang's hangout. The second is the rest of the interior; all the furniture has been dwarf-modified, whether it was bought that way or has simply been sawed-off since then.

Plus, of course, there's the fact that this dingy bar is crawling with dwarven gangers.

The Sons of Gimli are universally broad and well built, with bare arms and chests covered in tattoos, in a mish-mash of Celtic patterns and Nordic runes. To a man, they're all topless save their gang cut, a synthleather vest that's bulky with armor, showing off the stylized dermal plating most of them also wear.

Stump himself stands over near a custom-lowered pool table, watching a few of his crew shoot a game. Standing next to him, looking impossible tall and slender by comparison, is a dark-skinned elven girl with blond streaks dyed into her Native-dark hair. If he stole her away, she's plenty docile over it, and he's awful bold about it.

"Aye, finally" he says, his accent tinging toward the Scottish side of things, rather than the faux-Nordic some of his men seem to favor. "I've no doubt what ye're here for, strangers, but I'd hear ye say it aloud. What is it ye want?"

Stump uses his Kinesics to try and project a laid back, almost-likeable demeanor. He's as gruff as a dwarf is expected to be in the fantasy literature he and his gang obviously worship ... but not rude about it, or insulting, like some of the other gang leaders may have been. Some of his gang members no doubt have stronger metaracial feelings than this, but there's no need for the Prejudiced modifier in this encounter with him, once the dice come out. See p. 131, SR4A for more details, but the only modifier likely to come up is the one where the PCs are Annoying to him. It would be hostile or worse, but if they're able to offer him a peaceful way out of things, he knows it's better than continued open warfare. Once the accusations of kidnapping are shared, move on.

"Stole, did I? Kidnapped, they say?" A few other Sons glare and scowl, but Stump shrugs and almost laughs. "Tell me, does she look stolen? Does she look kidnapped? Smiles can speak for 'erself, nae that Redfeather ever gave 'er the chance tae. She wants tae be wi' me, so here she stays. It's up tae her, not him."

By the end of the little speech, his huge arms are crossed across his broad chest, combat axe leaning against the wall at his side, within easy reach.

PCs with astral perception may want to check her for spell effects, and this is your chance to either make Stump out as the villain, or not; Smiles might have a Control Emotions spell affecting her (or even on a focus attached to her), or not. That's your call to make. Unless she does and the PCs mention it, Stump will remain amiable and innocent-seeming, albeit stubborn. Smiles, however, will speak up on his behalf either way, throw an arm or two around him, proclaim her love, etc.

Stump is quite willing to meet with the other gangs and put an end to things, even agreeing to bring Smiles along to satisfy Red Feather. Whether he's guilty or not, he believes she looks like she genuinely loves him, and if that will put an end to things, so be it.

"STUMP," SONS OF GIMLI GANG LEADER

Dwarf Mystic Adept (hermetic spellcaster)

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	Ess	Mag	Init	IP	Arm	CM
6	5	4(5)	7	4	5	4	6	6	6(3)	9(10)	1(2)	6/4	11

Dice Pools: Unarmed Combat 8, Blades (Axes) 14, Dodge 10, Perception 10, Social skill group 7 (9), Intimidation 8, Spellcasting 7

Adept Powers: Improved Reflexes (1), Kinesics (1), Astral Perception

Spells: Manabolt, Lightning Bolt, Heal, Control Emotions,

Gear: Armor vest (with Sons of Gimli markings)

Weapons:

Combat Axe [Blade, 8P, 2 Reach, -1 AP, Weapon Focus (1)]

Colt Manhunter [Heavy Pistol, 5P, -1 AP, SA, 16(c), 1 spare clip of regular ammo, laser sight]

SONS OF GIMLI GANG MEMBER, PROFESSIONAL RATING 3

Dwarf Gangers (PCs + 4)

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	Ess	Init	IP	Arm	CM
5(6)	4(5)	4	6(7)	3	3	3	3	5	7	1	6/4	11

Dice Pools: Unarmed Combat 7, Blades (Axes) 8(10), Dodge 8, Firearms skill group 8, Perception 5, Social skill group 4,

Augmentation: Muscle Replacement (1), Dermal Plating (1)

Gear: Armor vest

Weapons (Colt and either axe or shotgun each, choose one):

Colt Manhunter [Heavy Pistol, 5P, -1 AP, SA, 16(c), 1 spare clip of regular ammo, laser sight]

Remington 990 [Shotgun, 7P, -1 AP, SA, 1 RC, 8(m), 1d6 additional slugs]

Combat Axe [Blade, 8P, 2 reach, -1 AP]

SMILES-LIKE-THE-SUN

Elven Ganger/Hostage/Sweetheart

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	Ess	Init	IP	Arm	CM
4	4(6)	4	5(7)	5	3	3	3	5	7	1	6/4	11

Dice Pools: Unarmed 7, Projectile Weapons 10, Blades (Axes) 8(10), Dodge 8, Firearms skill group 8, Throwing Weapons 9, Perception 5, Infiltration 8, Social skill group 4,

Augmentation: Muscle Replacement (2)

Gear: Armor vest

Weapons (tomahawk plus pistol or bow, choose one):

Colt Manhunter [Heavy Pistol, 5P, -1 AP, SA, 16(c), 1 spare clip of regular ammo, laser sight]

"But if she's hurt durin' this precious peace meeting," he says darkly, eying each of you. "On your head be it."

BEHIND THE SCENES

The key decision to make in this scene might be yours, and not your players'. It's up to you to decide if Stump has manipulated

Smiles into staying with him, or if she was really interested in getting away from her brother and is honestly in love with the dwarven adept.

Either way, you've got to sell it to your players, and leave the final decision in their hands; when they move on to Scene 4, will they bring to light the abduction (or romance)? Will they try and talk the gangs into seeing past the misunderstanding to work together, or will they side with one faction over another ... or wipe them all out? In many ways, their decision will probably be influenced by how you describe the final scenario. Was Smiles taken and held against her will, or does she genuinely love Stump and regret the violence their forbidden romance has caused?

PUSHING THE ENVELOPE

You can make Stump himself nastier as either an adept or a combat mage pretty easily, just shift his powers one way or the other (or give him a few more Power Points). The average Son of Gimli is already pretty tough, but if you give more of them shotguns, or have more of them present in order to bum rush the players with those nasty axes, things can get bloody pretty quick.

DEBUGGING

In this scene, the players can just gather information and try to call for a peaceful meeting ... or they can attack Stump and the Sons, and try to get Smiles "free." Whether she's magically manipulated or not, she'll fiercely stand by Stump if a fight breaks out. She's got the same basic statistic block as the other Dog Soldiers, because she was brought up in the rough-and-tumble gang just like everyone else. Once again, if things turn ugly and the fight goes South, Johnson can be a last-ditch reinforcement for the PCs, here.

SCENE 4: WHEN A PLAN COMES TOGETHER

SCAN THIS

It's time. Unless your group has been picking these gangs off all day long, this final scene is their chance to settle this matter, one way or another. They might use this opportunity to broker peace in Portland's underworld, getting these two violent factions to realize they're fighting over nothing, and "bury the hatchet." Or they might side with one side over another, after having made a few commlink calls, in order to wipe out one faction and bring a bloodier sort of peace. Lastly, some enterprising soul might call up Prince Parris (by way of Johnson) and ask for a favor, and there could even be Tir Peace Force help on the way, to just wipe out every one of these motherfraggers.

Decisions, decisions.

TELL IT TO THEM STRAIGHT

It's a miserable little piece of land, but it's where everyone agreed to show up. The husk of a burnt-out warehouse that fell to ruin Ghost knows how many years ago, it's the one spot in town that the other gangsters haven't ever found reason to fight over. There's no bad blood about the place, so everyone involved is willing to meet here.

BEHIND THE SCENES

The order in which the other gangs arrive, and in what numbers, could vary wildly based on how the players arranged for it. Default to the number of gangers listed in each gang's entry (4-6 apiece), but feel free to modify that to suit your experience and how the PCs interacted with them earlier in the day. By default, the Spans will swagger up boldly, their HQ just down the street, giving any Shooters present an amazing stink-eye. The Shooters will roll up in a few convertibles just like the one destroyed this afternoon, four to a car. Red Feather and his Dog Soldiers will arrive on a few motorcycles and a four-wheeler pickup packed full of trouble. Stump will pull up on a tricked-out Harley, with Smiles riding behind him and a van full of Sons.

The chief point of contention at this sit-down is, of course, Smiles-Like-The-Sun. If the players (and she) can convince Red Feather that she's happy with Stump, he's willing to settle things with a brawl between Stump and himself. If you've decided Stump and Smiles really love each other, Stump will agree; he wants what's best for her, and what's best for her is peace. If—in your version—Stump has magically influenced her, instead, he will refuse to duel. He wants to keep her, and won't risk losing her to some punch-up with her big brother. A suggested way to handle this fistfight would be for one or both of them to demand a PC step in for them as a temporary champion. Battle by proxy is common in the socially stratified Tir society, after all, and any chance you get to let the players shine, take it! It's their story, not Red Feather's or Stump's.

If the PCs reveal that Stump is magically controlling her, or if Stump refuses the duel—or for any number of other reasons, depending on how incendiary your players choose to act—things can easily get heated. If a fight breaks out, let your players choose what side to help out, and turn the rest of the fight into background noise. Your PCs are the protagonists of this adventure, and if they decapitate any of these gangs by blasting away at their leaders, make it clear that the PCs have decided the issue. Have other gang members surrender or get blown to bits, as needed, to let the lopsided fight end in a reasonable amount of time. There's no need to roll for every single NPC present, just the ones directly opposing your PCs.

The other option is, of course, for your PCs to just go to town on everyone (with or without Peace Force back-up). If that happens ... well ... you're in for a big fight, and let the dice fall where they may. Johnson should certainly help them out (if Peace Force members aren't there to do so), and don't hesitate to speed the fight along by having some of the gangers take potshots at each other, instead of all focusing their fire on your players. Red Feather and Stump, in particular, and Enyo and the Duke, have strong animosities against one another. The removal of any of their leaders should bump any given gang down in professional rating by at least 1 level.

However the dice fall, if things get bloody, have Johnson make it clear (once he's able) that the Peace Force is on the way to clean up the scene, seize criminal property, etc. If the players want to loot and scoot, they'll have to do it fast.

If the PCs think to reach Prince Parris for assistance, an idle phone call is able to send them the following backup: two full kill-teams of hardened Constabulary triggermen. These guys aren't quite Ghosts, but it's not for lack of trying. With the nation's



top-tier military men busy being soldiers, certain elite groups in the Constabulary have to begun to aggressively cross-train and sharpen themselves into something akin to a SWAT squad, and these Constabulary Assault Teams are the end result. Prince Parris is just fine with sending a dozen professional shooters along to make sure this mess gets cleaned up. The two squads are used to operating in 6-man units, and will array themselves however the PCs like. With the added firepower, even all the assembled gangers should be a piece of cake.

PUSHING THE ENVELOPE

This is already going to be a heck of a brawl, if the PCs turn things into a five-way bloodbath. If you feel things still aren't challenging enough, magic is the great equalizer. Given the prevalence of sorcerous talent within the Tír, it's not impossible for any of these gangs to have one or more Combat Mages (archetype, as per p. 99, *SR4A*) along as mercenary reinforcement, pretty easily.

DEBUGGING

It's hard to debug this last scene, because so much of it depends on the choices your players will have made to reach this point. If they desire a peaceful ending, they should be able to get one—at least after decide on how to handle a brawl between Red Feather and Stump. If they want a massacre, they can certainly get that, too ... one way or the other, a bunch of bodies will pile up.

PICKING UP THE PIECES

MONEY

- 5,000¥ per runner from Prince Parris, plus up to 1,000¥ per net negotiation hit (max 5) as agreed, so long as this matter is resolved (peacefully or otherwise).

KARMA

- 1 Karma for mission survival
- 1 Karma for each gang visited
- 1 Karma if the rivals are wiped out in Scene 4
- 2 Karma if peace is brokered and business isn't disrupted in Scene 4.
- Up to 2 Karma for difficulty.

An additional 1-3 points of Karma may be awarded for good role-playing, a good sense of humor, a solid grasp of the rules, keeping the adventure and action moving, or a particularly insightful action. Players should earn these, and the full 3 points should only be awarded to the very best players. The maximum adventure award for characters who play this adventure is 9.

REPUTATION

During the adventure, runners may perform actions that will add to their Street Cred, Notoriety, or Public Awareness (see p. 265, *SR4A*). Besides the scenario specific gains listed below, gamemasters should consider the characters' actions throughout the game and award additional points as appropriate.

- +1 Street Cred for successfully dealing with the gangs for Prince Evan.
- +1 Notoriety for killing any innocents during the run.
- +1 Notoriety if three or more gangs are dealt with by violence.
- +1 Public Awareness for any fight with the gangs that spills into the street (may be earned once for each gang).

CONTACTS

Successfully completing objectives or performing the actions listed below earns characters specific Missions contacts at a Loyalty of 1, and they should be given the Contact Sheet included with this Mission. If they already have that contact, they gain a +1 loyalty to that contact (up to a maximum of 4).

Characters might interact with NPCs not specified by the Mission and may earn these NPCs as a contact at Loyalty 1. They may also work with non-Mission-specific contacts that they have already earned or that they bought at character creation and gain a +1 Loyalty to these contacts, with a maximum Loyalty of 4. Gamemasters should not grant these lightly, and players should have to work to earn these contacts by going the extra mile to impress the NPC, offering up favors, or paying them well above the standard rates for information or services.

- **Prince Evan Parris:** For successfully delivering dealing with the gangs, gain Prince Evan at Loyalty 1, or gain +1 Loyalty if they already have him (to a max Loyalty of 4).
- **Alexander Horn:** If the runners are exceptionally professional and polite when dealing with Horn, they may gain

Incoming Message

PEACE FORCE CONSTABLES, PROFESSIONAL RATING 4

Elven Assault Trooper (12)

B	A	R	S	C	L	W	Ess	Init	IP	Arm	CM
5	6(7)	5(6)	4(5)	5	4	3	4	5.1	9(10)	1(2)	12/10 11

Dice Pools: Close Combat skill group 10, Athletics skill group 9, Firearms skill group 11, Heavy Weapons (Grenade Launcher) 9 (11), Perception 7, Infiltration 8, Social skill group 7,

Augmentation: Muscle Toner (1), Muscle Augmentation (1), Synaptic Boosters (1)

Gear: Full Body Armor and Helmet [with Flare Compensation, Image Link, Smartlink, Thermographic Vision], Commlink (device rating 4, rating 4 Tacsoft among other programs available)

Weapons (sidearm and gloves, plus either shotgun or assault rifle w/ launcher):

- Ares Predator IV [Heavy Pistol, 5P, -1 AP, SA, 0 RC, 15(c), 1 extra magazine regular ammo, smartlink]
- Integral Shock Gloves [Unarmed, 5S(e), -half AP]
- Franchi SPAS-22 [Shotgun, 7P, -1 AP, SA/BF, 1 RC, 10(m), 10 extra slugs, smartlink]
- HK SM30 [Assault Rifle, 6P, -1 AP, SA/BF/FA, 1 RC, 30(c), 2 extra magazines regular ammo, smartlink]
- Underbarrel Grenade Launcher [10P, -2 AP, -2/M blast, 5S, 6 (c), 6 high explosive grenades, airburst link]



him as Loyalty 1. Horn keeps his business associates at arms length, so players should note that his Loyalty may never rise above 1. He treats everyone clinically, professionally, and as strictly business.

LEGWORK

When a PC gets in touch with a contact, make a Connection + Connection test for the contact. The results of this test will determine how many ranks of information the contact knows about the question. (Apply die modifiers to this test based upon relevance of the contact to the subject matter.) A PC then makes a test of Charisma + Etiquette + Loyalty rating. The contact will reveal that many levels of information about that topic for free (up to the number of hits scored by the contact for that topic). If the contact knows more, additional information will require a payment to the contact of 200¥.

If the PCs have worked all of their contacts, and are still missing important information, they may request that a contact ask around. If they do so, have the Contact make an extended (Connection + Connection (20 minutes)) test. Additional information will be available at a cost of 750¥.

A Data Search may also be utilized to gather information from the following charts. They may make an limited Extended Logic + Data Search Test, with a -1 Dice Pool for each successive roll (p. 64, *SR4A*).

THE SPANS

Contacts to Ask: Gangers, Johnson, Mr. Horn, Ork

Contacts	Data Search	Information
0	0	Never heard of them.
1	3	Yeah, it's an all-ork gang.
2	6	Their turf are some docks, here in Portland. They clash with the Shooters a lot.
3	10	Their leader, the Duke, is a cyberpsycho, but he likes Red Feather of the Dog Soldiers.
4	18	The Spans and the Dog Soldiers go way back; both of them profit from a smuggling operation.
5	—	It was the Dog Soldiers who dragged the Spans into this recent mess. Blood's gonna spill.

THE SHOOTERS

Contacts to Ask: Gangers, Johnson, Mr. Horn, Prostitute, Pimp

Contacts	Data Search	Information
0	0	You mean like Miracle Shooter?
1	3	Hmm? Oh, yeah. A bunch of chicks, down by the docks. Hookers, I think, right?
2	6	They run a protection racket down in the red light district, fight with the Spans a lot.

3	10	A couple of Shooters and a few Sons of Gimli have hooked up in the past. Long ties.
4	18	Enyo, she's their boss? She's taken 'em to war to help out their buddies, the Sons. Bloody.
5	—	Enyo is convinced the Sons leader deserves this new girlfriend of his. She's a real romantic at heart.

THE DOG SOLDIERS

Contacts to Ask: Gangers, Johnson, Mr. Horn Native Americans,

Contacts	Data Search	Information
0	0	Ain't that an Urban Brawl team? Minor leaguers, I heard.
1	3	They're a Native-themed gang, here in Portland. Troublemakers.
2	6	Red Feather, their leader? He's a nasty piece of work. Not an ounce of chrome, but lethal.
3	10	Red Feather's sister got snatched. Word's out. He's taking scalps over it.
4	18	It was the Sons of Gimli that went after his sister. Feather's out for ears and beards.
5	—	Red Feather's sister, Smiles? She didn't get kidnapped. She's in love. Everyone knows it.

THE SONS OF GIMLI

Contacts to Ask: Gangers, Johnson, Mr. Horn, Dwarf, Mage

Contacts	Data Search	Information
0	0	Gimli? Figure it out yourself, genius.
1	3	All dwarves, middle-tier gang. Their leader's got some mojo, I hear.
2	6	They love their axes, their fake accents, and their boss, Stump.
3	10	Stump's got himself a new squeeze, a real piece of work. Indian gal.
4	18	Stump's a real smooth talker, but that's not enough to get the Dog Soldiers off his back.
5	—	No one's sure just what Smiles-Like-The-Sun sees in Stump ... but her brother doesn't agree.

PRINCE EVAN PARRIS

Contacts to Ask: Shadowrunners, Elves, Politicos

Contacts	Data Search	Information
0	0	Never heard of 'im.
1	3	He's a Tír Prince, alright, but a new one. Used a big scandal to get into power.
2	6	He was a longtime Duke and Telestrian Industries company man prior to this recent elevation.



3	10	His son's a go-ganger named Rook, I hear. Runs with the Ancients, out of Seattle.
4	18	Parris wasn't just a company man, he was Tír SpecOps. Covert murder stuff. Sweet!
5	—	Does "Blackwing" ring any bells? It should. Nasty street sam, from over 20 years back.

PRINCE AMY JOUBERT

Contacts to Ask: Shadowrunners, Elves, Politicos, Doctors, Mages

Contacts	Data Search	Information
0	0	What do I look like, a library?
1	3	She's a Tír Prince, had the job for a couple years now. Real bleeding heart type.
2	6	She and Prince Foster, the ork? Yeah. They're totally a couple. All over the news!
3	10	She's a pretty hotshot mage, too. Specialized in health mojo, I hear, gives lectures.
4	18	She's actually sworn into an ancient elven healing society. Super old school stuff!
5	—	Not everyone thinks she's as sugar-sweet as she lets on. Who is, these days?

PRINCE CONALL TAYLOR

Contacts to Ask: Shadowrunners, Elves, Politicos, Soldiers, Mercs

Contacts	Data Search	Information
0	0	Some kind of movie star or something?
1	3	He's a Tír Prince, I hear. Big on the military side of things. Peace Force loves him.
2	6	Lots of the hardcore pro-elven groups hate him, call him a race traitor and stuff.
3	10	He's an old-school shooter, hush-hush black ops stuff. His wife's a combat mage, too.
4	18	Taylor's pretty outrageous politically, but his military career is spotless. Not one black mark.
5	—	Rumors are flying about his records being doctored, him being a shadow-runner, stuff like that.

PRINCE JAKE FOSTER

Contacts to Ask: Shadowrunners, Elves, Politicos, Orks

Contacts	Data Search	Information
0	0	The linebacker? That guy's awesome!
1	3	Tír Prince, had the job for several years now. Real, real, big with his fellow orks.
2	6	He's not just a bootlicker for High Prince Zincan, though. He's got his own mind.
3	10	Rumor is the tusker's doing okay for himself—got a regular thing going with Joubert, the elf.
4	18	Some folks say the whole relationship is manufactured for good PR, but who knows?
5	—	He's got to get his campaign money from SOMEwhere, and it sure ain't the ork ghettos.





MISSION SYNOPSIS

Grocery List is an adventure that takes shadowrunners out of the urban wilderness and into the scenic, magical backwoods of Tír Tairngire. They've been tasked with gathering some reagents for their Tír patron, Prince Evan "Blackwing" Parris, and will be scouring the wilds of the Tír's woodlands in order to harvest an assortment of plants and animals. Why send shadowrunners on such an errand? Because the wilds in question aren't public lands, they're private, owned by none other than Tír Tairngire's High Prince, Larry Zincan. The player characters won't just be hunting ... they'll be poaching.

Scene 1: Fetch starts things off as the runners receive the details of their assignment, have the chance to gather their gear for this job, and get introduced to Prince Parris' operative—and the team's state-mandated local guide for this job—an elf named Ballard. The hunt will take them to the east/southeast, past Mount Hood and into the unspoiled wilderness that most Tír tourists want to look at, but not touch.

Scene 2: Base Camp lets the players, Ballard, and their RV get set up in the foothills of the Blue Mountains, and serves as their base of operations throughout the reagent hunt to come. This gives them the opportunity to take stock of their gear, and offers them a safe haven to return to between hunts.

Scenes 3A-3E: Harvesting represent the actual reagent hunt itself. The runners will deal with the local wildlife (an assortment of dangerous paracritters) as they travel from site to site, harvesting Awakened plants, hunting Awakened critters, and gathering the semi-magical goodies Prince Parris has requested of them.

Scenes 4A-B: Surprise! present you, the GM, with a choice. Either one will make for a climactic final fight to the adventure, but it's up to you which to spring on your players. After days spent trekking through the wilderness, climbing mountains, hiking deer paths, seeing beautiful metacritters (and killing them), the players make their way back to their waiting cargo vehicle ... and get ambushed. You can make this a group of Paladins loyal to the High Prince, out to capture or kill a band of poachers, or you can make this final battle a curious young dragon (that will, "young" or not, present quite a challenge).

Scene 5: On The Road Again is a wrap-up scene, with the players reporting their successes to Prince Parris on their way back to Portland (likely after bandaging their injuries from medkits kept in the truck). You can segue from here directly to final nuyen and karma rewards, after giving players a chance to take stock and rattle off their list of recent accomplishments.

SCENE 1: FETCH

SCAN THIS

This scene starts off the adventure with the players speaking to their Tír patron, Prince Parris. Former a shadowrunner himself, the elf who once went by "Blackwing" has yet another errand for them; reagents need to be harvested for a series of sales (legal and otherwise), and the shadowrunners are just the ones to go do it.

The players will also meet their assigned federal tour guide, a long-time employee of Prince Parris, an elven woodsman and tracker named Ballard.

TELL IT TO THEM STRAIGHT

It's hardly the first time you've met with Prince Parris, and it's not even the first time you've met with him in public; it is, however, the first time it's been someplace this nice. You've all been hanging around the Portland shadows on retainer, doing odd jobs for the Prince, for almost a month now, so you've almost gotten used to his LTG popping up on your 'link, summoning you to pacify a few gangs, quash an underworld rival, or whatever else he needs. This time, though, he's specified that there's to be a dress code for this meeting. The Portland Executel is one of the ritziest places in town, and the Greenbower—which takes up the whole top floor—is some of Portland's finest dining. At least he gave you a few hours to get ready ...

Let the PCs have a little fun describing how they dress for a fancy dinner before moving on to their arrival at the Greenbower.

The maître d' seems to have been told about your arrival in advance. As you step off the express elevator and start toward



him the small lobby, right when you'd expect a snooty glare, you get pointed indifference instead. You receive a barely perceptible nod off to one side—sure enough, Prince Parris is seated in that general direction—and then the maître d' reaches down and presses a small button on his podium. The tasteful MAD scanners built into the artful doorframe near him stop humming. The maître d' might as well be looking right through you as he waits for you to hurry inside. You've been under invisibility spells before, but never have you been so soundly and completely ignored. You're not sure if you should be flattered at the power of your connections, or insulted.

As you approach the Prince's table, you see him seated with one other elf, though his usual security detail of suit-clad, grim-faced Ghosts are stationed around the restaurant as well. Prince Parris politely stands as you approach, and his associate hurriedly does the same. The other elf has lighter hair and darker skin than Parris, deeply tanned and with a shaggy mane of red-gold that his cartips barely peek out of, contrasting sharply with the Prince and his pale skin and jet-black hair. He also seems quite a bit less comfortable among this finery, including his own suit.

"Ladies, gentlemen. This is Mr. Ballard. Ballard, these are the operatives I mentioned."

Pleasantries out of the way, he settles back into his seat.

"Mr. Ballard is a hunter and tracker. He is also a licensed local guide, legally sanctioned to travel with groups of foreigners as they roam the magical sites of the T'ir. Mr. Ballard will be useful to you in both capacities on this errand. There are some natural goods I need recovered from the wilderness well outside Portland. Natural goods of the ... unlicensed ... variety, from wilderness owned by another, in case such distinction needed to be made."

"There are magical threats that have recently disrupted some of my business plans, and so magical means are required to dispose of them. These reagents you are to gather will, given time, be turned into those means. Mr. Ballard has already done extensive reconnaissance work throughout the region you'll be harvesting in; the precise locations of several such reagents has been determined, and the general location of others. There are plants to be harvested, and paranormal creatures to be tracked, though their habitats are known to Mr. Ballard, as are their habits."

"The niceties of modern travel and luxury will be unfortunately denied you for several days, given the locations in question. Also, reliance upon drones to retrieve these reagents is implausible; the area's a hotbed of smuggling activity, and routinely swept for drone-frequency broadcasts and that sort of thing. If used at short ranges, drones should be fine, but the augmented signals required for long-range remote operation? You'd be given away in no time, and I can't afford that sort of scandal."

If asked, Prince Evans will clarify that "Short Range" means under one-half kilometer. Ballard will explain this later if the runners don't ask here.

"You will each be paid 8,000¥, which should make up for that mild discomfort upon your return to civilization. You will receive half of this base pay up front. Upon your return you will receive the other half, and also one hundred nuyen per person, per reagent, for the retrieval of the goods in question. Mr. Ballard and I estimate the trip should take five days."

"Assuming that such prices are agreeable to your understandably and predictably mercenary selves, I invite you to partake of a final, acceptable if not distinguished, meal prior to your departure. You'll be leaving tomorrow morning, riding out with Mr. Ballard some hours prior to sunrise. If you have questions about anything other than your pay rate, please direct them to him. If you have no further questions for me, ladies, gentlemen, I shall take my leave."

Unless stopped for (hopefully quite polite) negotiations, Prince Parris will, indeed, push aside his plate and leave the table. One creditstick for each player is left behind, with half their base pay on it.

His idea of acceptable and distinguished sure don't line up with most peoples. The silver in this place really *is* silver, and that half-eaten dish he'd started on and then discarded could handily be traded for someone's life in certain Seattle neighborhoods. Oh well. Ballard himself is perusing the very old-fashioned paper menu while waiting to field questions, so it looks like dinner for everyone is on the Prince's tab tonight. Might as well dig in, then!

BEHIND THE SCENES

Ballard, left behind in Prince Parris' wake, will take do his best to honestly field any questions they might have. He's clearly uncomfortable in his Actioneer suit and surrounded by all this luxury, but when speaking on the subject of the outdoors, and paracritter threats to be found there, he's focused and confident. Even so, his speech is much plainer than the cultured, political, tones of their shared patron.

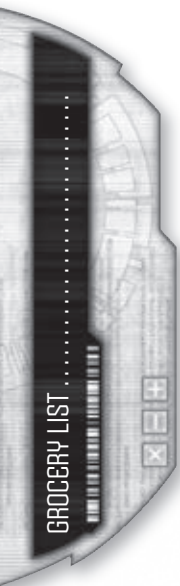
The plan is for the team to drive to what used to be Umatilla National Park, officially re-named Seren'diol Forest, but often still referred to by its former name. They'll likely be able to nap in the Buffalo—it's about a five hour drive—on the way, he reassures them.

The RV will then serve as a base camp while they spend most of a week doing the actual harvesting. They'll have access to Evo Falcons for many such trips, but a few will take them beyond even the terrain that rugged off-road bikes can reach. When a reagent is recovered, they'll take it back to the RV, store it appropriately, rest up as needed, then head back out for the next one. Ballard is forthcoming with the shopping list, if asked: Griffin Beak, Silver Moss, Grandfather Elk Horns, Werewolf Fur, and Golden Boar Tusks

Likewise, Ballard explains that the basic necessities of their wilderness trip are taken care of. He'll maintain his own small tent against the side of the RV, but the runners themselves are all free to stay inside the Ford-Canada Buffalo (taking advantage of its creature comforts). Enough basic rations are packed for a stay of twice as long as they're planning, he's got basic climbing gear for everyone, the specialized talislegging kit required for the proper harvesting of reagents, etc.

On payment:

- Base pay for each shadowrunner: 5,000¥ (half up front, half on completion)
- Bonus per runner: 100 nuyen per reagent (100 apiece for each break, each antler, etc., the group acquires).
- For each hit on a Negotiation roll: +500 nuyen per runner (maximum 6 hits).



DEBUGGING

Fetch is a fairly straightforward scene, built off the assumption that the group has either run through prior adventures in the *Elven Blood* arc (and as such have established a working relationship with Prince Parris), or that your group of runners are good-natured enough to play along and pretend as though they have; rather than bog the session down with the usual Johnson negotiations, our hope is to get them over with quickly and throw the group right into the action.

SCENE 2: BASE CAMP

SCAN THIS

This scene serves primarily to set the stage for the rest of their hunting trip; fast-forwarding through the long drive, this is their opportunity to get settled in out in the wilds, establish what gear they're carrying with them on each day-trip into the wilds to do some hunting/harvesting, and to plan what reagent they'll go after next. In essence, you'll be able to return to *Scene 2: Base Camp* between adventures, as the players heal up and re-arm themselves between tasks.

TELL IT TO THEM STRAIGHT

Ballard's not a big talker, but he gets less laconic the further from Portland you get. He's never terribly chatty, but he seems to be more comfortable and confident the further you get from the city and Princely politics. Riding along in this customized Ford-Canada Buffalo isn't the worst thing that you've ever been paid to do, by a long shot. The desire to take in some of The Sixth World's most gorgeous countryside wages war with the desire to nap, and either way the drive to Seren'diol Park is over all too quickly.

Your guide is apparently a regular; Ballard is waved through at the ranger station entrance with barely a glance and no one even bothers to check the SINs or visas of the bunch of foreigners he's got with him. There are plenty of formal campsites ready to go, but Ballard guides the Buffalo right past them. Soon, well-maintained pavement gives way to salted gravel, gravel gives way to snow, and the RV's tires go to work, straining and hauling the massive van further and further from the acknowledged roads of the state park.

In a small clearing, under about a half-meter of snow, the Buffalo finally settles into place, engine dropping to a low-down purr as it idles and slows to power-save mode. The interior of the RV is still pleasantly warm, the lights dim but comfortable. Outside, though, is going to be another story.

"Alright, everyone. Here we are." Ballard syncs up his commlink to the ruthenium countertop of the Buffalo's kitchen area, broadcasting a map. A small blinking dot represents your new Base Camp, nestled into Seren'diol Park just at the very edge of the public property line, a hair's breadth from lands owned, privately, by High Prince Larry Zinkan. You're on a finger-like peninsula of public land, parked at the very edges of the state park. On the other side of that property line, spread out all around you, are a series of targets—some pinpoint accurate, others softly glowing over a broader area—that blink to life on the virtual map.

"And there are our targets. We've got plenty of daylight, so let's use it. Unpacking the Falcons won't take long, and then we can really get started. Which reagent do you want to go get first?"

BEHIND THE SCENES

A bit of GM handwaving will come into play during this scene, as it leads into the next several: for simplicity's sake, assume that each reagent spot is roughly a half-day's trek away from base camp, traveling most of the way to each site by Evo Falcon.

It's up to the players what order to go in, tracking down and recovering each reagent. Ballard is—once again—fine with answering any last-minute questions they have, but is more comfortable assisting them than making the decision himself. Feel free to read over each of the next few scenes for any details, and share the information freely. If none of your players come up with any suggestions for what order to go in, just run through them in the order they're listed here, scene by scene.



Incoming Message

FORD-CANADA BUFFALO (RV)						
HANDL	ACCEL	SPEED	PILOT	BODY	ARM	SENS
-2	10/20	80	2	16	10	2

Upgrades: Amenities (Middle), Off-Road Suspension, Improved Economy, Airtight Shielded Smuggling Compartments

EVO FALCON (OFF-ROAD BIKE)						
HANDL	ACCEL	SPEED	PILOT	BODY	ARM	SENS
0	10/30	80	1	7	7	1

Upgrades: Tracked Vehicle, Multi-fuel Engine, Improved Economy

PUSHING THE ENVELOPE

You can add some tension to this scene by having the players have to scam their way past the ranger station, if you'd like. For simplicity's sake and ease of play we've just let Ballard's rustic reputation get them in, hassle-free, but if you'd like to complicate the matter feel free to have park rangers working the park entrance, making the players handle a few Negotiation rolls, or even a bribe, to get in. Any net hits on this sort of Negotiation test should be enough for them to let the players in, but 4+ will be required to avoid a bribe. In order for the rangers to truly "forget" the group was ever there (including logging their arrival), consider them as demanding 400¥ per player, dropping 100¥ per net Negotiations hit. Their stats are included below just in case it deteriorates into a fight, or in case you want to use them later in the adventure to spice up a scene.

DEBUGGING

The most likely problem you'll have with this scene is players wanting more detailed ideas of where various reagents are in relation to their base camp. This story's meant to be more cinematic than detail-oriented, though, so we've generally hand-waved away specific distances and terrain, not least of which because such woodcraft is likely to be well outside most shadowrunners' areas

of expertise, so the unnecessary attention to detail might just bog the game down and make players feel even more like an urban fish out of urban water. Ballard's there to help you NOT have to deal with all the nitty gritty details of woodcraft and geography (like having had made the *Street Magic* location tests, a series of Survival + Intuition tests, ahead of time) ... hopefully your players will be fine with this simplification, and eager to get on to the action itself.

Incoming Message

PARK RANGERS, PROFESSIONAL RATING 3 Elven Civil Servants (1 per player)

These guys are experienced Tír Tairngire workers, who had initially been tasked with working as park rangers as part of their mandatory civil service (a common add-on to the mandatory Peace Force enlistment), and decided to stick around. They're not built for straight-up fights, but as scouts and rifleman, they could do a lot of damage. As they're under constant threat of harassment by smugglers and other ne'er-do-wells (not to mention nasty paracritters, a constant job hazard), they keep their large-bore rifles within arm's reach day in and day out.

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	Ess	Init	IP	Arm	CM
4	4	3	4	5	5	3	3	6	8	1	6/5	11

Dice Pools: Close Combat skill group 6, Athletics skill group 8, Firearms skill group 7, Perception 9, Infiltration 10, Social skill group 6, Outdoors skill group 9,

Gear: Telestrian Line Industries "Ranger Garb" Winterized Overall (stats as Victory Industrious Line), survival kit

Weapons:

Remington 950 (Sport Rifle, 8P, -1 AP, SS, 5 (m), 10 total rounds regular ammo)

Cougar Fineblade (long) [Blade, 5P, -1 AP]



Ballard hauls out a series of climbing harnesses and other gear, nodding up the sheer mountainside that looms over you.

"Here we are. I found this aerie a few weeks ago. I asked the Prince if one beak was enough, since griffins tend to fly solo all the time, and he made it clear we needed as many as we could get. The nest is up there," he tilts his head skyward, past icy rock walls up a near-sheer mountainside. "The good news is, we don't have to haul the whole critter back down here. Just the stuff the boss wants."

"So, unless y'all have a fancier way of getting up there," he holds up a harness in one hand, the other holding a softly clanging assortment of carabiners and pitons. "We're looking at a pretty rough climb, here."

BEHIND THE SCENES

The exact details of the climb are left to you, to tailor to your group. The point is for it to be grueling and clearly dangerous, but like most challenges what's appropriate for a team full of athletic adepts won't be the same challenge to a bunch of riggers or hackersto say nothing of those who have access to spells like Levitate.

Our suggestion is to make it a series of several 8-10 meter climbs, which translates to 8-10 hit thresholds, at a time, as they move past particularly steep stretches and reach small landings. If that's too easy and people are hardly worried about a tumble, kick it up to 18-20 meters, instead, but be aware that falling damage adds up quick.

Once the characters have climbed high enough, of course, the real challenge begins. Having succeeded in making it to a nest

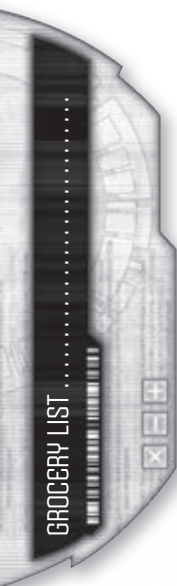
SCENE 3A: HARVESTING GRIFFIN BEAK

SCAN THIS

This is the first of the actual harvesting jobs, though remember that they can be attempted in whatever order the PCs like.

TELL IT TO THEM STRAIGHT

You're able to ride your Falcons most of the way to this site, sure enough, but eventually the geography turns against you. A griffin's aerie is never low to the ground, and even a sturdy tracked bike like a Falcon has a limit to the terrain it can handle. After hours of tough riding, the lot of you thumb off the power on your bikes and it's time to get—comparatively—old fashioned.



The full list of Climbing modifiers can be found on p. 132, *SR4A*. Suggested modifiers are Assisted Climbing (+2 dice), Flat Surface (-2 dice), Slippery or Wet Surface (-2 dice), so that most players will be operating with a total -2 modifier. Players advance one meter per success on this roll. Remember that a failure on a Climbing roll only means a lack of progress, not a fall. Only glitches and critical glitches mean gravity, the harsh mistress, re-exerts herself violently.

FALLING DAMAGE TABLE

Distance	Damage
1-2M	2
3-4M	4
5-6M	6
7-8M	8
9+	+1 per meter

Falling damage is resisted with Body + Gymnastics + (1/2 Impact, rounded down).

full of griffins, they're punished ... by being in a nest full of griffins. The Awakened creatures will not be happy to see them—especially once the players realize there's a pair of eggs in that nest—and a furious, fur-and-feather-flying battle will commence.

These griffins will not submit for so long as the players threaten their young, so the end result is likely to be a half dozen dead griffins and a pair of eggs for the taking (Prince Parris will provide 500¥ per player, per egg, if they are safely retrieved and offered to him).

Whenever a player kills or knocks out a griffin, have them make an Edge test. If they roll any successes, the griffin will plummet to the ground someplace they can recover it, and the beak itself won't be unduly damaged. Modify this roll if they're defending themselves from griffin attack in a particularly destructive way (say with Acid spells or serious explosives). After the fight, the players will then have the grisly task of actually harvesting these whole beaks, of course. Ballard has the group's **talislegger kit** (unless someone else volunteers to carry it), with all the necessarily blades and pliers and the like.

The complete rules for gathering animal reagents can be found on p. 80-81, *Street Magic*. The important points for this scene are that it takes roughly 30 minutes of work (per beak) to recover the reagent in perfect condition, and requires a successful Zoology + Intuition test. For most of this adventure, Parazoology would certainly be equally applicable, as would specializations (at the GM's discretion), perhaps with the Medicine skill also complimentary. On a failed or glitched roll, the beak gets damaged during the removal process, and won't count towards their final tally.

PUSHING THE ENVELOPE

The easiest way to make this fight tougher would be to include more griffins, or to have the griffins—not the players—initiate the fight, perhaps while your PCs are mid-climb. Slowing

their climbing down and integrating a variation of the fatigue rules (p. 164, *SR4A*) in order to give your players some Stun Damage to worry about, is another option.

DEBUGGING

The basics of this scene are fairly straightforward: a series of challenging Climbing rolls to remind them this is dangerous business, followed by a frantic fight while dangling from rappelling gear. Spellcasters are likely to throw a monkeywrench into that scheme somewhere (as mentioned, Levitate can work wonders), but sufficiently nasty drones could also cut some of the drama from this scene. If that happens, that happens; don't punish prepared players, just let them roll some dice and have a good time. Harvesting the beaks themselves is fairly hands-on work even if nothing else is, so the players will need to be close enough by that a griffin could swoop down and attack them, even if they're trying to handle this from a safe distance. Just keep the dice rolling and the adventure moving forward as best you can.

Also, remind them to keep track of just how many reagents they successfully gather, as with other scenes like this one. Their total pay depends on it!

GRIFFINS (4)

B A R S C I L W Edg Ess Init IP CM
8 6 4 8 1 5 3 4 1 6 9 1 12

Dice Pools: Flight 12, Perception 10, Unarmed Combat 10

Movement: 20/100 (flight)

Powers: Enhanced Senses (Vision Magnification), Natural Weapon

Weapons:

Claw (8P, AP -1)

SCENE 3B: HARVESTING SILVER MOSS

SCAN THIS

This scene should be less outright dangerous than a few others, but still irritating and full of hard work. Silver Moss, an Awakened plant with mild stimulant properties, is easy enough to locate and harvest. The problem is that the moss Ballard has found in the area is soundly within the territory of an aggressive tribe of agropelters.

These agropelters have grown addicted to the Silver Moss over time, so much so that their tribal group is much larger (almost double) what is normal for their species. They're also more hyperactive than normal, more aggressive in the defense of their homes, and a bit more dangerous in a fight.

TELL IT TO THEM STRAIGHT

"Yeah, the moss. That should be pretty easy." Ballard's grimace shows that he doesn't totally believe that.

“Or, at least, pretty *safe*. The thing with the moss? They use it in some Awakened drugs, see. And even raw like this, it’s got quite a kick to it. The only batch of it I know of is, well, in the wilderness equivalent of a crackhouse or BTL-den. These damned pelters ...”

He sighs and spits.

“Agropelters. Filthy damned things, like monkeys but dirtier. Meaner. They break things just to break them, throw things just for the pleasure of hurting something else. Nasty beasts. They’re hooked on this moss, see? It hypes them up. Makes ‘em even more territorial, makes ‘em even quicker. You ain’t seen a nasty monkey until you’ve seen a nasty monkey hooked on some junk.”

He nods towards the crew’s waiting Evo Falcon bikes.

“It’ll be a piece of cake besides them, though. The moss is pretty far off, but it’s easy terrain. We’ve just got to handle the damned pelters, once we get there.”

BEHIND THE SCENES

This particular tribe of agropelters has long been feeding on this Silver Moss for a long time. It’s a staple of their diet, in fact. Silver Moss is used in North American variations of Awakened drugs like Overdrive and X-cyte, and these agropelters have ingested enough of it that they’ve pretty much got permanent effects of just such a concoction; they’ve got much more aggression and hyperactivity than is normal, and that’s saying something when you’re already an Awakened rhesus monkey.

For the most part, this harvesting should be an adventure in annoyance. The players will be constantly pelted by psychotic monkeys throwing sticks, stones, and poop at them. Your average PC isn’t likely to take that sort of thing very calmly, much less to maintain their composure under such circumstances in order to carefully harvest some Awakened moss.

Silver Moss looks almost exactly like it sounds; somewhere between steel wool and thick moss. Long-term usage has given all these agropelters shining mineral deposits on their teeth (so that their black fur contrasts sharply with a wicked-looking mouth full of silvery-chrome fangs), among other effects.

Harvesting the Silver Moss properly takes time, and careful treatment to meticulously separate large swatches of it from the trees it grows on, without tearing them unduly. They then need to be carefully moistened with a precise chemical mixture of water and preservatives, then stored in airtight containers to maintain freshness. Again, necessary tools can be found in Ballard’s talislegging kit. Again, the base time for the whole process is 30 minutes, and it will require a Botany + Intuition test. For every hit scored on this test (which can be attempted a total of 5 times, in this batch of moss), count it as 1 reagent.

If the players aren’t careful with their bikes, some agropelters may sneak around to trash them (depending on how/where the group leaves them, in order to harvest the moss). Someone might need to make a few jury-rigging rolls to get their Falcon working again, if that happens, or face riding more than one to a bike, towing a temporarily broken one, to get back to base camp.

Make it an exercise in frustration, not futility, and hopefully your players will enjoy this break from the usual combat and tribulations of an adventure.

PUSHING THE ENVELOPE

This scene is meant to be entertaining, frustrating, and a little bit funny—not dangerous. If you really want to amp things up a little, throw in some super-Agropelters (as above, but with Str 5 and base damages of 4P, as appropriate), and maybe even give them 2 IP to even the odds.

DEBUGGING

This scene should play out in a fairly straightforward manner. It’s up to your players whether or not they’ll suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, or initiate Agropelter-pocalypse, though.

Incoming Message

AGROPELTERS (20)

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	Edg	Ess	Init	IP	CM
2	3	5	2	1	4	4	2	2	6	9	1	9

Dice Pools: Climbing 6, Infiltration 6, Perception 6, Shadowing 5, Throwing Weapons 6, Tracking 6, Unarmed Combat 10

Movement: 5/20

Powers: Enhanced Senses (Hearing, Low-Light Vision, Smell), Natural Weapon

Weapons:

Claw [2P, AP 0]

Thrown Rock/Stick [2P, AP 0, 0-4 short range, 5-6 medium, 7-8 long, 9-12 extreme]

Thrown Excrement [range brackets as above. Hit targets must make a Composure Test (Will+Cha) or become, probably, pretty mad]

SCENE 3C: HARVESTING GRANDFATHER ELK HORN

SCAN THIS

This scene will take the players on a wilderness high-speed chase—rolling through woodlands in pursuit of a majestic white elk. The rest of this alpha elk’s herd will scatter upon their arrival, but a handful of them, manipulated through the grandfather’s Animal Control power, will (perhaps surprisingly) rush at the players, wicked antlers leading the way.

TELL IT TO THEM STRAIGHT

“So, the grandfather elk, huh?” Ballard nods, eyes narrowing in thought. “They’re tough, but killable. They’ve got some magic on their side, and it’s not really something I know how to deal with. They’re fast, too. Even if we get up the nerve to go after him, it’ll probably take the Falcons to keep up and put him down.”

“That said, they can be tracked just like anything else, and I know this one’s got a pretty big herd under him. I can lead you to him. It’ll be up to you to earn Prince Parris’ pay after that, though. Let’s mount up.”

BEHIND THE SCENES

The first challenge presented in hunting these elk is one that Ballard should be able to overcome, even if a PC can't. A couple Survival rolls should get the team on the right track, and after that it's just a matter of time before they catch up to the grandfather and his herd.

Then, they've got a second hurdle, and a tougher one: his Fear power will be old grandpa's first reaction, and he's got a high enough Willpower + Magic it could be a real problem.

Grandfather Elk will use that time to get a head start. The rest of the herd will unabashedly scatter, but then Grandfather will direct three young bucks (mature adults, statted below) to charge any players that are still heading toward him, while he, himself, makes a run for it. He can't lead a herd if he's dead, and this is a fine challenge for these would-be alphas, as far as he's concerned.

Then? Then a Chase Combat begins.

The full rules for these can be found starting on p. 169, *SR4A*. Grandpa (and the other elks) will substitute Reaction + Running for their Vehicle Test at the start of every minute of Chase Combat. The opening Engagement Range will depend on how close the PCs are able to get before being spotted and starting the chase. Grandfather Elk will focus on trying to get away, but won't hesitate to initiate melee combat (in lieu of a "ram" maneuver) on anyone that gets too close to him. The Terrain for this chase should be considered somewhere between Restricted (light woods) and Tight (heavy woods), for a +2 to +4 threshold modifier to these tests.

These elk are a good bit faster than an Evo Falcon, but the PCs (and Ballard, if needed) should have a numerical advantage that will modify these die rolls enough to make up for the difference. By carefully herding Grandfather Elk around until someone can line up a good shot, they should be able to take him out ... and hopefully survive any crash tests, along the way!

Properly harvesting his majestic set of antlers and keeping their magical potential intact takes a base time of 30 minutes, and is possible with Ballard's talislegging kit. It calls for a Zoology or Parazoology + Intuition roll, perhaps with Medicine as a complementary skill (GM's discretion). Each antler must be harvested separately, and counts as a reagent for pay-tracking purposes.

PUSHING THE ENVELOPE

To make this fight harder, perhaps this particular grandfather elk is so old and wizened he's developed actual spellcasting abilities, or you can increase his Charisma (and the number of Animal Controlled elks at his command) to make things tougher that way, instead.

DEBUGGING

If Grandfather Elk seems likely to escape (like with a group of players who might not be very hot on motorcycles), there's nothing stopping them from tracking him over again and giving it another shot. You could also look into implementing the fatigue rules (p. 164, *SR4A*) to slow the elks down if the chase scene keeps dragging out for too long.

Incoming Message

GRANDFATHER ELK

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	Edg	Ess	Init	IP	CM
11	4	4	9	3	6	3	6	3	6	10	1	14

Dice Pools: Counterspelling +6, Perception 10, Running 12, Unarmed Combat 7

Movement: 45/65

Powers: Animal Control (Elk), Fear, Mind Link, Enhanced Senses (Thermographic Vision), Immunity (Age), Magical Guard, Natural Weapon

Weapons:

Horns [5P, AP 0, +1 reach]

ELK (3)

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	Edg	Ess	Init	IP	CM
11	3	4	9	1	3	2	3	1	6	7	1	14

Dice Pools: Perception 5, Running 12, Unarmed Combat 5

Movement: 20/50

Powers: Natural Weapon

Weapons:

Horns [5P, AP 0, +1 reach]

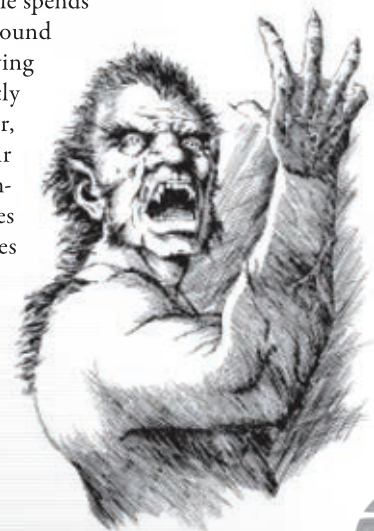
SCENE 3D: HARVESTING WEREWOLF FUR

SCAN THIS

These scene should provide another break from straight-up combat ... potentially. The players should note that they're required to gather a goodly amount of werewolf fur; not werewolf hide. Just as some shapeshifters have grown civilized enough over time to move to urban centers and attempt to exist among the humans they sometimes resemble. Some shapeshifters prefer a more wild lifestyle, but still don't mind a taste of civilization.

This werewolf mated couple spends most of their lives romping around in the woods in wolf form, living in the way that nature apparently intended. They also, however, spend a good amount of their time in an otherwise-largely-abandoned hunting cabin, sometimes watching trid shows, sometimes interacting with lost hikers (to help or hinder? That's up to you), and otherwise getting a taste of civilization.

The trick, of course, is in talking a werewolf into letting you shave it ...



GROCERY LIST

TELL IT TO THEM STRAIGHT

"The fur, yeah." Ballard gives a little nod as he points out the pinpoint location on his virtual map. "I know where to find some werewolves. There's a mated pair of 'em, I've seen them or their tracks plenty of times. Know right where to find them, for sure. They hang around an old abandoned hunter's cabin, up in some mountains. Tough terrain to get there, it'll be a longer ride than the map makes it look. Three, maybe four hours on the Falcons."

"Thing is ... well, it's up to you how we do this. We can go in and try to take them down, if you want. But shifters aren't like these other creatures we've been hunting. They're smart. Smart, and magicians as often as not. Guns blazing and arrows flying might not be our best bet. It's your call."

BEHIND THE SCENES

Players can sneak up to the cabin (it's a rustic little place, with lights on and obvious movement inside, as they approach) and then burst in as violently as they please ... or they can try to talk their way through this whole encounter. Dolph and Daciana are human-looking—if hairy—and will take a moment to toss on some simple, comfortable, clothing before answering the door (for warmth's sake as much as modesty's). T-shirts and blue jeans or sweatpants, that sort of thing.

Asking a werewolf to assume canine form for you to shave it is, well, an inconvenience at the very least. Full social modifier rules can be found on p. 131, *SR4A*, but likely modifiers will start with a -2 (for the desired result being worse than annoying). Both wolves start out very suspicious of the PCs, as well (so much so it will be a -2, not the regular -1, to their initial dice pools). Likewise, each of them is magically active and as confident as that entails, so the werewolves should receive a +2 to their own social pool, for "ace in the hole" and alpha-level confidence. The werewolves aren't above a little bribery, though, especially if the players offer them some food, and it would apply a +1 to +3 modifier (depending on just what gets offered).

There are blades in the talislegging kit that will get the work done, but even if the players talk the wolves into it, they're looking at the usual 30 minute base time. To keep the fur pure and properly store it still requires a Zoology (or Parazoology) + Intuition roll, but just one success will do. They can try it once on each werewolf, if they talk them into it.

PUSHING THE ENVELOPE

You can ramp up the difficulty by adding a few more copies of Dolph, minus the adept powers, and saying the couple have some young-adult sons living at home.

Alternately, for a home game, you can make Dolph himself a little tougher by using the rules from the e-book *Way of the Adept*, and adding Mentor Spirit (Wolf) and The Totem's Way to his Qualities. Power discounts would allow him to purchase more powers, and you can add Berserk and Penetrating Strike (2) to his list of adept powers. *Way of the Adept* is part of the *Shadourun Options* line, and not normally allowed for *Missions* play, but if you're interested in ramping up his toughness for a home game, feel free!

Incoming Message

DOLPH, WEREWOLF ADEPT

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	Edg	Ess	M	Init	IP	CM
6	6	5(8)	5	3	4	2	5	3	6	6	9(12)	1(4)	11

Dice Pools: Unarmed Combat (Bite) 10 (12), Perception 8, Athletics skill group 9, Infiltration 9, Intimidation 6, Social skill group 4, Tracking 10

Qualities: Adept, Toughness, High Pain Tolerance (3)

Movement: 15/50

Adept Powers: Increased Reflexes (3), Combat Sense (2), Critical Strike (2)

Shifter Powers: Enhanced Senses (Hearing, Low-Light Vision, Smell, Taste), Shift (Human), Regeneration, Sapience

Weaknesses: Allergy (Silver, Severe), Vulnerability (Silver)

Weapons:

Bite [7P, AP 0, +1 reach]

DACIANA, WEREWOLF SHAMAN

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	Edg	Ess	M	Init	IP	CM
4	3	5	3	5	4	3	5	4	6	6	9	1	10

Dice Pools: Unarmed Combat (Bite) 10 (12), Perception 9, Athletics skill group 8, Infiltration 9, Intimidation 4, Social skill group 8, Tracking 10, Spellcasting 11, Summoning (Beast Spirits) 10 (12), Counterspelling +5

Qualities: Magician, Mentor Spirit (Wolf)

Movement: 15/50

Spells: Manabolt, Powerbolt, Stunball, Detect Enemies, Detect Life, Mindlink, Heal, Physical Barrier

Shifter Powers: Enhanced Senses (Hearing, Low-Light Vision, Smell, Taste), Shift (Human), Regeneration, Sapience

Weaknesses: Allergy (Silver, Severe), Vulnerability (Silver)

Weapons:

Bite [4P, AP 0, +1 reach]

DEBUGGING

If the players go for the violent approach, they should also be able to scavenge 1d6 x 100¥ (total) from the couple's ramshackle little hunting cabin, most of it on a credstick. They get pirated tridshaws on a battered old screen, and don't have a whole lot else of obvious value in their home.

If you prefer things take a darker tone, feel free to have curious players unearth a trove of gnawed-upon human bones and a collection of credsticks (for 1d6 x 1,000¥ total) taken as trophies, instead, to paint the pair in the murderous, man-eating light.

SCENE 3E: HARVESTING GOLDEN BOAR TUSK

SCAN THIS

This scene should be another pretty straightforward chase/kill scenario, not unlike the Grandfather Elk, though creative players may try to keep the Golden Boar sedated as they remove the tusks—given the Regeneration power it has, that may be easier said than done.

TELL IT TO THEM STRAIGHT

“The boar, huh? Yeah. He’s a big ‘un,” Ballard nods. “There aren’t many of them in this hemisphere. He’s gotten good and big, this one. Tracked him before, but he’s hard to find. Golden boar are like that. Quieter than they should be. Hard to get a good look at. Sneaky, for something as big and dumb as they are. If we can get a good look at him, though, we should be able to ride him down. He’s slower than an elk or wolf, even if he can keep running all damned day.”

“I, uhh ...” Ballard looks profoundly uncomfortable for the first time since reaching the wilderness here. “I don’t want to make your lives harder. I know we’ve all got a job to do, and I’ve been working for Prince Parris for a long time. I’m not afraid of getting my hands bloody. But, uhh, I’d really appreciate it if we didn’t kill this big guy. This boar? He doesn’t even officially *exist* here. Parazoology journals and stuff? This guy’s so rare, they don’t even acknowledge he’s here. So, just ... I’d ... I’d take it as a favor, I guess, if we managed to get his tusks without killing him. He’s tough. He’ll heal, if we give him half a chance. I’d like to give him that chance, if possible.”

And with that, you’re off on your Falcons yet again. The rugged little bikes chew up mud and slush with their tracks, leading you towards the area your tracker companion had last seen your elusive porcine prey.

BEHIND THE SCENES

The hardest part about running down the Golden Boar won’t be tracking him—Ballard can handle that, even if one of the PCs can’t—and it won’t even be chasing him. It will be seeing him, and keeping line-of-sight in order to not let his Concealment kick in again. On the bright side, the boar hasn’t got any Infiltration, so he’s just defaulting to Agility for it. On the other hand, the PCs will have a pretty hefty die pool penalty to try and spot him, and the odds are good they won’t be able to get very close before the boar takes off and a Chase Combat ensues.

The full rules for these can be found starting on p. 169, *SR4A*. The boar will substitute Reaction + Running for their Vehicle Test at the start of every minute of Chase Combat. The opening Engagement Range will depend on how close the PCs are able to get before being spotted and starting the chase. The boar will focus on trying to get away, but won’t hesitate to initiate melee combat (in lieu of a “ram” maneuver) on anyone that gets too close to him. The Terrain for this chase should be considered somewhere between Restricted (light woods) and Tight (heavy woods), for a +2 to +4 threshold modifier to these tests.

The boar will take a good amount of hits before he drops. After that, the players can choose to keep pouring on the damage

INCOMING FEED.....



in an attempt to kill him (or hitting him with a combat spell, weapon focus, or an adept’s Killing Hands attack), or they can just try to thump him with gel round after gel round, or constant taser attacks, or something like that, to try and keep him unconscious ... while someone has the grisly task of tearing his tusks out. Given time, they’ll regenerate (more time than is normal for a Regenerative creature; he’ll only immediately grow back normal tusks without their distinct mineral deposits and magical properties), so some players may prefer to let this massive boar live, instead of killing him.

Whether he’s alive or dead, trying to remove his mineral-heavy tusks without marring them will require a base time of 30 minutes per tusk—including the time it takes to anoint them with a few specific oils before shutting them into a protective case—and a Zoology (Parazoology) + Intuition test. Each tusk counts as a reagent for payment purposes.

PUSHING THE ENVELOPE

This boar is already unusually large and strong for his species (a small boost to Body and Strength are already included above), but if a GM wants to up the ante some more, you can have more than one boar present (and it may very well get a Concealment-aided surprise round against players only expecting one), or ramp up this boar’s Body and Strength some more.

DEBUGGING

The hardest part of harvesting this boar’s tusks should be keeping the creature down, not getting the creature down. Hopefully this part of the job will work in a fairly straightforward manner. If players have trouble spotting the critter in the first place, he’s as easy to track as any other creature, so they should simply be able to try and try again, until someone gets a good look and the chase is on.

GROCERY LIST

Incoming Message

GOLDEN BOAR

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	Edg	Ess	Init	IP	CM
7	5	4	9	1	5	2	5	2	6	9	1	12

Dice Pools: Counterspelling +4, Perception 8, Running 11, Shadowing 8, Tracking 6, Unarmed Combat 7

Movement: 10/55

Powers: Concealment (Self), Magical Guard (Self), Natural Weapon, Regeneration

Weapons:

Bite/Gore [5P, AP 0]

SCENE 4A: ELF SURPRISE (OPTIONAL)

SCAN THIS

In this optional last scene, when the players return to their base camp with their latest reagents in tow, they're ambushed by a patrol of xenophobic Tir Paladins. These warriors of the Great Hunt, the "Mistish Farad," are racist holdovers from the earlier regime, and though their primary (albeit self-appointed) task is to patrol their country's borders, from time to time they enjoy tracking down hunters and poachers for practice.

TELL IT TO THEM STRAIGHT

And that's that. A job well done. It's time to get the hell out of here, dry out your socks, curl up with some brain-numbing tridshaws, eat some good old processed food, and veg out to get all this back-to-nature crap out of your system. You've never been so happy to see a big ugly RV as you are now, as your saddle-weary self pilots that Evo Falcon back to base camp for the last time.

And that's your cue for some Perception versus Infiltration rolls, right there. If anyone succeeds, move on to the first paragraph below. If not, skip it.

You're just about to swing a leg off your Falcon and help Ballard stow some poached reagents, when you catch a ripple of movement and the soft crunch of snow underfoot, out on the edges of camp. You can't make out anything very clearly, but you know someone's there; half-real shapes start to take form as rippling images play tricks on you, but you know ruthenium polymer when you see it. And you know there's no good reason for a half dozen people in stealth-suit armor to be sneaking up on you.

If no one succeeds on their perception tests, move to this one, instead

The muzzle flashes are your first warnings. The muted coughs of automatic weapons, subdued by military-grade suppressors, are the only things you see as lethal bullets start to wiz around all around you. Half-real images, almost ghosts, dance around the

INCOMING FEED.....



perimeter of your base camp, but for now all you can make out are the flashes of fire and death from the muzzles of their weapons.

BEHIND THE SCENES

Five professional hunters, led by a combat mage, is a heck of a fight. Make it count! Your players are likely to be at a real disadvantage as this fight starts, while stealth-suited Paladins appear on two sides of their camp (in an L-shaped ambush, with the mage anchoring the corner of the "L"), weapons and spells blazing.

PUSHING THE ENVELOPE

The easiest way to push the envelope here is to include more soldiers or mages. Or, if you've really got it in for your players, after a round or two of combat go to *Scene 4B* while you're at it, and have a local dragon join the fray out of curiosity at all the ruckus.

DEBUGGING

These guys are no joke, and a party kill is certainly a possibility here. If you choose to introduce *Scene 4B*, you can do so in a way that is (perhaps) rather protective of your players; have the angry dragon show up and rampage on the Tir Paladins first, buying the players some time to get their act together. Depending on how things went with the werewolves earlier in the adventure, Dolph and Daciana may show up to turn the tide at a key moment, too.

GROCERY LIST



PALADINS OF THE GREAT HUNT, PROFESSIONAL RATING 5

Elven Xenophobic Militiaman (1 per player)

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	Ess	Init	IP	Arm	CM
5	6(8)	5(7)	4(5)	5	4	3	3	4.4	9(11)	1(3)	12/10	11

Dice Pools: Close Combat skill group 12, Athletics skill group 9, Firearms skill group 11, Heavy Weapons (Grenade Launcher) 9 (11), Perception 7, Infiltration 10, Social skill group 6, Outdoors skill group 8,

Augmentation: Muscle Toner (2), Muscle Augmentation (1), Synaptic Boosters (2)

Gear: Full Body Armor with Ruthenium Polymer Coating and Helmet [with Flare Compensation, Image Link, Smartlink, Thermographic Vision], Commlink (device rating 4, rating 4 Tacsoft among other programs available), Slap Patches of Laesa (2)

Weapons:

Ares Predator IV [Heavy Pistol, 5P, -1 AP, SA, 0 RC, 15(c), 1 extra magazine regular ammo, smartlink]

Integral Shock Gloves [Unarmed, 5S(e), -half AP]

HK SM30 [Assault Rifle, 6P, -1 AP, SA/BF/FA, 1 RC, 30(c), 2 extra magazines regular ammo, suppressor, smartlink]

Cougar Fineblade (long) [Blade, 5P, -1 AP]

COMBAT MAGE PALADIN, PROFESSIONAL RATING 5

Elven Mage

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	M	Ess	Init	IP	Arm	CM
5	4(5)	5(6)	3	7	5	5	5	6	5.08	10(11)	1(2)	12/10	11

Dice Pools: Close Combat skill group 10, Athletics skill group 8, Firearms skill group 9, Perception 7, Infiltration 9, Social skill group 7, Sorcery skill group 11, Conjuring skill group 9, Outdoors skill group 7

Augmentation (Alphaaware): Synaptic Booster (1), Cerebral Booster (1), Trauma Damper, Muscle Toner (1)

Qualities: Magician, Focused Concentration (1)

Initiate Grade: 1

Metamagics: Centering (Sperethiel Chants)

Spells: Armor, Combat Sense, Heal, Manaball, Manabolt, Stunball, Turn to Goo

Gear: Full Body Armor with Ruthenium Polymer Coating and Helmet [with Flare Compensation, Image Link, Smartlink, Thermographic Vision], Commlink (device rating 4, rating 4 Tacsoft among other programs available), Slap Patches of Laesa (2)

Weapons:

Ares Predator IV [Heavy Pistol, 5P, -1 AP, SA, 0 RC, 15(c), 1 extra magazine regular ammo, smartlink]

Integral Shock Gloves [Unarmed, 5S(e), -half AP]

HK XM30 [Assault Rifle, 5P, - AP, SA/BF/FA, 1 RC, 30(c), 2 extra magazines regular ammo, suppressor, smartlink]

Mage Blade [Blade, 5P, -1 AP, Reach 1, Weapon Focus (1)]

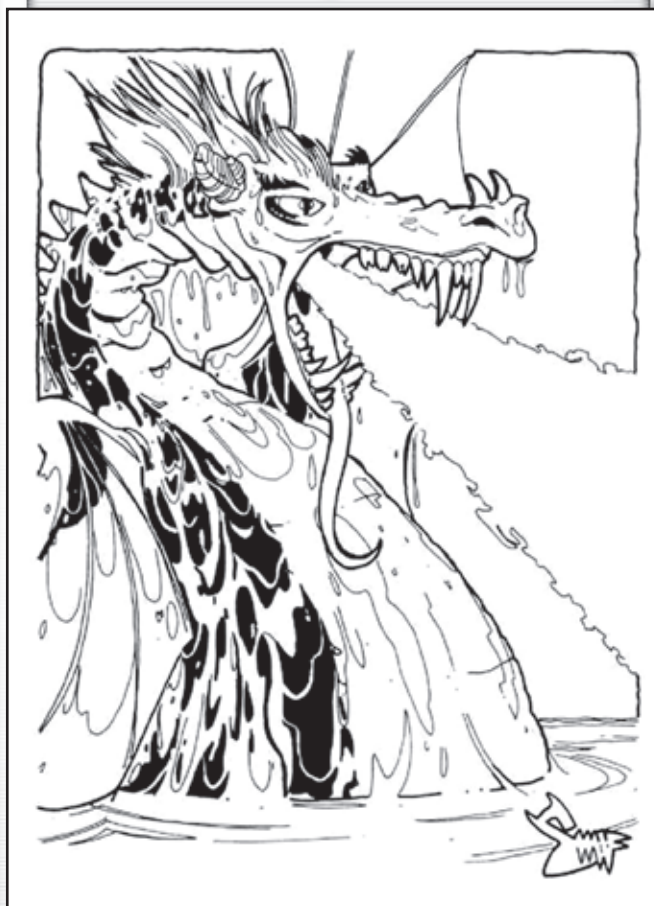
Many GMs are hesitant to let an NPC save the party's butt, and that's an understandable sentiment. If not, remember that things needn't be entirely lethal, here. Paladins are known for drugging people, not just killing them. While most groups are quite bloodthirsty, there's the possibility that the presence of Ballard (not to mention any elven player characters, though that will vary from group to group) may convince them that a good dose of laes and a sound thrashing is punishment enough. Any harvested reagents will likely be missed in a cursory examination of the van (though they'll slash the tires or something), so even if the Paladins win this fight it might not be a total bust.

SCENE 4B: DRAGON? SURPRISE! (OPTIONAL)

SCAN THIS

In this other—also optional—grand finale scene, instead of a roving band of racist noblemen each augmented with a Prince's ransom of combat 'ware and equipment, led by a combat-trained hermetic mage of no small skill, the players may face something truly dangerous.

There's talk of Hestaby and Lofwyr dividing up the world between them, but you know what? Sometimes even a dragon can just get shot in the face, when it picks the wrong fight.



TELL IT TO THEM STRAIGHT

And that's that. A job well done. It's time to get the hell out of here, dry out your socks, curl up with some brain-numbing tridshaws, eat some good old processed food, and veg out to get all this back-to-nature crap out of your system. You've never been so happy to see a big ugly RV as you are now, as your saddle-weary self pilots that Evo Falcon back to base camp for the last time. If you never see another paracritter again, it'll be ... too ... soon?

There's an uninvited guest in your base camp. A long, sinuous, tail lashes the air as it sniffs at your Buffalo TV, effortlessly denting in a side panel as it gives a curious prod with its big snout. One claw reaches up and plucks off the passenger-side door carefully, almost daintily, so its broad head can peer inside more clearly. Its head perches atop a long neck, stretching—with its broad body—almost 15 meters in length, with its tail balancing out at another 15. It's well over two meters tall at the shoulder, claws digging into the hard-frozen earth easily as it whirls around to face you. A pair of broad, leathery, wings flap out from its powerful back, stretching over 20 meters across, themselves. The whole creature lifts off the ground from a single half-hearted flap, looming over your little campsite clearing, scales catching the sunlight as though the whole beast were carved out of some unearthly marble.

Oh. My. FastJack. It's a *dragon*.

WHO GAVE YOU LEAVE TO HUNT MY DOMAIN, HUMANS?

The voice roars into the back of your brain, accompanied not by any movement of its massive jaws, but simply a wide-nostriled snort and an angrily lashing tail.

BEHIND THE SCENES

If you prefer, skip the Dragonspeech demand for an explanation, and go straight to an initiative roll. It's your game, and it's your call—if you'd prefer the PCs not get an "out" of trying to apologize and kowtow and scrape their way out of this one, that's perfectly valid. If you think they can hack it, just have the hungry beast act like a hungry beast, and start fighting.

If not, particularly affable players may be able to very carefully, apologetically, get out of this in one piece.

If the players survive, either by hurting the dragon enough to drive it off (7+ health levels of damage will send it flying away, using Edge-boosted defense and spellcasting rolls to Heal itself), good for them.

If they somehow manage to kill it, no doubt their first thought will be how they can make a fortune off its carcass. Ballard's little talislegging kit isn't quite up to the job, though, and there's nowhere near enough room in the Buffalo (even if it were empty) for such a thing. Ballard will receive an alert that park rangers (with all their full federal authority) have been alarmed by all the noise, and the party won't have as much time to scrounge as they might like. A good-sized chunk of skin, the head, eyes, claws, fangs, a wing, the heart ... they should be able to grab a few choice bits, but nowhere near the full creature, unfortunately. You can consider these high-value parts as +5 reagents per player, which could add up to a sizeable bonus from Prince Parris.

PUSHING THE ENVELOPE

It's already a fraggin' dragon, how much more pushed does the envelope need to be? You can make this thing nastier by making it bigger (restoring several key physical stats to make it more of an adult, less of juvenile), or by having it rely more and more on spellcasting instead of just brute animalistic strength. Keep in mind how MUCH more dangerous that makes it, though, and be careful.

DEBUGGING

This, like the Paladins of *Scene 4A*, is a pretty mean fight. Especially if the players are nursing injuries or are low on ammo from hunting all week, the odds are good things could get very ugly here. If that seems to be the case, don't be afraid to have the dragon fly off once someone is well and truly dead (Ballard, for instance, since some PCs may wish to Hand of God even if they get soundly trounced) for a mid-day snack, and to get away from the stinging guns and spells being leveled against it. At this age, spoiling for a fight on this level of instinct rather than intellect, don't be afraid to have the dragon act a little more monstrous, and a little less genius; maybe it just wants to eat someone, make a loud enough noise to scare off everyone else, and then go back to minding its own business.

You don't HAVE to initiate a total party kill to make a point, here.

Incoming Message

SCALES-LIKE-SKY, YOUNG ADULT WESTERN DRAGON

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	Edg	Ess	M	Init	IP	Arm	CM
12	7	8	30	6	6	5	7	6	9	9	14	2	14/14	14

Dice Pools: Assensing 12, Conjuring skill group 13, Exotic Ranged Weapon 13, Flight 13, Perception 12, Sorcery skill group 13, Unarmed Combat 13, Social skill group 9, Intimidation 12

Movement: 15/40 (30/60 flight)

Powers: Dragonspeech, Dual Natured, Elemental Attack (Fire), Enhanced Senses (Smell, Low-Light Vision, Thermographic Vision, Wide-Band Hearing), Fear, Hardened Armor 7, Mystic Armor 7, Natural Weapons, Sapience

Weapons:

Bite/Claws [10P, AP 2, +1 reach]

SCENE 5: ON THE ROAD AGAIN

SCAN THIS

This scene serves as a wrap-up as Ballard drives the team back to the relative safety and comfort of Portland's shadows. A call to Prince Parris should suffice by way of giving him a status update (and to let him know about any entanglements with Paladins or

dragons that might have come up), and he'll have their credsticks waiting once they get back to town.

TELL IT TO THEM STRAIGHT

What is it all these Tír travel brochures say about the splendors of nature and the calming peacefulness of the great outdoors? Frag that, chummer. Being in some critter up to your elbows, whole packs of crazy Awakened monkeys throwing shit at you, freezing your ass off while you ride everywhere, climbing halfway to nowhere just to fight off mad griffins, eating the same lukewarm rations, sleeping on an uncomfortable bed while Ghost-knows-what is lurking in the shadows right outside your camp, wanting to eat you ... that's *relaxing*?

No, sir. It's the city life for you. That nutter Ballard can keep all this crap. He's stuck riding back to Portland with you—got to keep up appearances as your licensed national tour guide, after all, just in case you get a traffic stop or something—but you can already see that loon's peering longingly out the window, watching the countryside go by. He can have it. Portland beats the heck out of the great outdoors any day. Prince Parris contacts the integrated dashboard commlink in your Ford-Canada less than an hour after you hit the road.

"I assume from the length of your stay and the sudden movement of your van's GPS that you've completed your task to my satisfaction?" His cold voice crackles through the speakers in the RV, politely demanding a status update.

BEHIND THE SCENES

This "scene" only really exists to bask the players in the warmth of returning to civilization, and to remind them that all this hard work hasn't been for nothing. Their days of freezing and fighting Awakened elk are all behind them now, and Portland—and payment!—awaits. Use this scene to tally up their successes, to total up the reagents they successfully harvested, and to basically wrap-up.

DEBUGGING

Potential Reagents (recap):

- Griffin Beaks (x 6)
- Golden Boar Tusks (x 2)
- Silver Moss Samples (5 attempts, +1 reagent per hit on Botany test)
- Werewolf Fur (x 2)
- Grandfather Elk Antlers (x 2)
- Dragon Flesh/Scales/Fangs (PCs x 5)

Remember, each PC receives an extra 100¥ *per reagent*, which can add up to quite a payday.

PICKING UP THE PIECES

MONEY

- 8,000¥, half given up-front, half upon completion.
- 100¥ per reagent gathered (see *Scene 5, Debugging*).
- 500¥ per player, per egg, recovered from the griffin's nests

KARMA

- 1 Karma for harvesting any Griffin beaks
- 1 Karma for harvesting any Silver Moss

- 1 Karma for harvesting any Grandfather Elk antlers
- 1 Karma for harvesting any Werewolf fur
- 1 Karma for harvesting any Golden Boar tusks
- 2 Karma if they fight (not talk with) the Dragon and survive, or fight through the Tír Paladin ambush

An additional 1-3 points of Karma may be awarded for good role-playing, a good sense of humor, a solid grasp of the rules, keeping the adventure and action moving, or a particularly insightful action. Players should earn these, and the full 3 points should only be awarded to the very best players. The maximum adventure award for characters who play this adventure is 10, though if this adventure is run in a convention there likely will not be enough time for them to earn this full amount.

REPUTATION

During the adventure, runners may perform actions that will add to their Street Cred, Notoriety, or Public Awareness (see p. 265, *SR4A*). Besides the scenario specific gains listed below, gamemasters should consider the characters' actions throughout the game and award additional points as appropriate.

- +1 Street Cred for bringing back at least 10 reagents.
- +1 Notoriety for killing Scales-Like-Sky.
- +1 Public Awareness if the runners fight the Tír Paladins and are captured.

CONTACTS

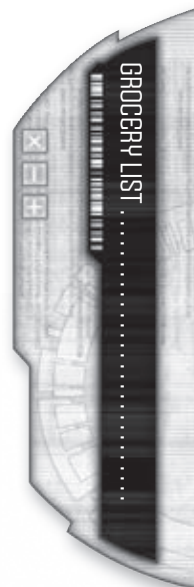
Successfully completing objectives or performing the actions listed below earns characters specific Missions contacts at a Loyalty of 1, and they should be given the Contact Sheet included with this Mission. If they already have that contact, they gain a +1 loyalty to that contact (up to a maximum of 4).

Characters might interact with NPCs not specified by the Mission and may earn these NPCs as a contact at Loyalty 1. They may also work with non-Mission-specific contacts that they have already earned or that they bought at character creation and gain a +1 Loyalty to these contacts, with a maximum Loyalty of 4. Gamemasters should not grant these lightly, and players should have to work to earn these contacts by going the extra mile to impress the NPC, offering up favors, or paying them well above the standard rates for information or services.

- Prince Evan Parris: For successfully delivering 10 or more reagents, gain Prince Evan at Loyalty 1, or gain +1 Loyalty if they already have him (to a max Loyalty of 4).

LEGWORK

When a PC gets in touch with a contact, make a Connection + Connection test for the contact. The results of this test will determine how many ranks of information the contact knows about the question. (Apply die modifiers to this test based upon relevance of the contact to the subject matter.) A PC then makes a test of Charisma + Etiquette + Loyalty rating. The contact will reveal that many levels of information about that topic for free (up to the number of hits scored by the contact for that topic). If the contact knows more, additional information will require a payment to the contact of 200¥.



If the PCs have worked all of their contacts, and are still missing important information, they may request that a contact ask around. If they do so, have the Contact make an Extended (Connection + Connection (20 minutes)) Test. Additional information will be available at a cost of 750¥.

A Data Search may also be utilized to gather information from the following charts. They may make a limited Extended Logic + Data Search Test, with a -1 Dice Pool for each successive roll (p. 64, *SR4A*).

PRINCE EVAN PARRIS

Contacts to Ask: Shadowrunners, Elves, Politicos

Contacts	Data Search	Information
0	0	Never heard of 'im.
1	3	He's a Tír Prince, all right, but a new one. Used a big scandal to get into power.
2	6	He was a long-time Duke and Telestrian Industries company man prior to this recent elevation.
3	10	His son's a go-ganger named Rook. Runs with the Ancients, out of Seattle.
4	18	Parris wasn't just a company man, he was Tír SpecOps. Covert murder stuff. Sweet!
5	—	Does "Blackwing" ring any bells? It should. Nasty street sam, from over 20 years back.

GRIFFINS

Contacts to Ask: Parazoologists, Talismongers, Outdoorsmen

Contacts	Data Search	Information
0	0	What're they, a rock band?
1	3	They're carnivorous and larger than me. That's where I stopped reading.
2	6	They favor mountainous terrain, with isolated nests as far from humans as possible.
3	10	They've got excellent sight, compared to their hearing.
4	18	Their eggs are highly prized. Hatchlings can be trained for security work.

GOLDEN BOARS

Contacts to Ask: Parazoologists, Talismongers, Outdoorsmen

Contacts	Data Search	Information
0	0	Izzat a Combat Biker team?
1	3	Ah, yes. <i>Sus Aureus</i> , a rather rare species. Quite robust.
2	6	They get their name from their tusks. They're not truly gold, but they ARE metallic.
3	10	They'll eat anything from roots to deer. Their charge can cave in a car.
4	18	They're exceptionally resilient to damage, but their population is still dwindling.

GRANDFATHER ELK

Contacts to Ask: Parazoologists, Talismongers, Outdoorsmen

Contacts	Data Search	Information
0	0	Sounds like a kid's cartoon.
1	3	<i>Alces alces vetustus</i> , yes. A fascinating Awakened species, really. Enormous horns.
2	6	Their name comes from their longevity. Some people say they're outright immortal.
3	10	Even if one gets killed, another will emerge from its herd. It's like a hereditary title.
4	18	The seemingly-mundane elk around them? Grandfathers seem to be able to control them.

SILVER MOSS

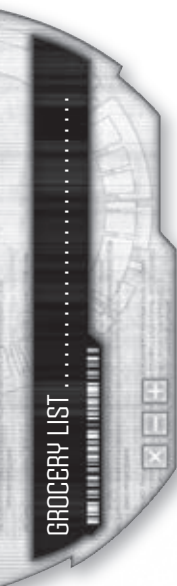
Contacts to Ask: Parazoologists, Talismongers, Outdoorsmen

Contacts	Data Search	Information
0	0	Salad?
1	3	Strange stuff. Awakened plant. Heavy mineral content. Metallic sheen.
2	6	It's got powerful herbal properties as a stimulant.
3	10	It's also quite addictive. Word is sometimes even paracritters get hooked on it.
4	18	It can be refined and made into a combat stim ... I wouldn't eat any, if I were you.

WEREWOLVES

Contacts to Ask: Parazoologists, Talismongers, Outdoorsmen

Contacts	Data Search	Information
0	0	Yeah right, those aren't real!
1	3	You mean wolf shapeshifters, don't you? <i>Racist</i> .
2	6	Never forget, they're wolves that can look human. Not the other way around.
3	10	They can be tough to put down in a fight, like any shifter. Lots of them are mages, too.
4	18	I heard one made a living as some sort of stripper assassin, a while back. Or was that a tiger?



... THE HUNG OVER ...

MISSION SYNOPSIS

The Hung Over is a little different than your average Shadowrun adventure. The players have already had their Meet. They've already met their Mr. Johnson. In fact, they've already completed most of their job—they just don't remember any of it!

This adventure will take them through an assortment of unsavory locations in Portland's seedy underbelly, and have them interact—or rather, re-interact—with various groups of shadowy criminals. Your players will re-trace their steps as they do their damndest to track down a missing briefcase, from a botched courier job that has left them with an angry patron Prince, lost memories, an assortment of bumps and bruises, and a running clock.

Scene 1 opens with your players dazed and confused, waking up with a wicked laes hangover, under armed guard, and in a hospital room. They'll be left to their own devices to get past a handful of nurses and Peace Force officers, to gather their bearings, and to get the adventure really started.

Scene 2 is a timely piece of communication from their Tir patron, Prince Evan Parris. The Prince will express his displeasure at them and fill them in, all at the same time, and make it clear—or as clear as he can—just what's gone down. Your players will find out they were acting as his underworld couriers, delivering a variety of controlled substances around Portland for him earlier in the day. Some of those shipments are missing, and the Prince would very, very much like them back. He's using his political clout to suppress and divert information about the investigation into the players, in order to give them a leg up on getting to the bottom of this mystery themselves; who ambushed them, beat them senseless, does them with their own laes, and left them for the Peace Force to find?

Scenes 3A, 3B, 3C and 3D can be done in any order. They are visits to “chastise” a few local criminals that may or may not be the ones responsible for the players' beating and laes dose.

Scene 4 has the players report their findings to the Prince, pin the blame on one of the groups involved, and—ideally—wait for backup.

Scene 5 will be the climactic showdown, as your players clash with either the former shadowrunners-turned-barkeeps, a whole team of professional hurling brutes, or a band of rogue Ancients. Luckily, the players may have some help with them, sent by Prince Parris to see to it his goods are recovered. Sting, former co-Captain of the Seattle Ancients, is in town, making a smuggling run with a handful of loyal gangers. Even if it's Portland Ancients that are to blame for this mess, these out-of-towners (like the player characters themselves) can be trusted to keep to Prince Parris' wishes instead of being conflicted by local friendships.

SCENE 1: WAKING UP IS HARD TO DO

SCAN THIS

In this scene, your players awaken in a holding/observation room in Willamette Hospital. They've got an assortment of bumps, scrapes, and bruises, but no lasting damage—but, most importantly, none of them can remember the last several hours.

TELL IT TO THEM STRAIGHT

Pain and bright lights. Those are all your head is filled with, at first. Pain and bright lights. You squint against the harsh white glare and lift a hand to shade your eyes—and then you realize you can't. Your wrists are snug in broad, padded, restraints, double-wrapped and velcroed shut, chained to each side of the sterile white bed you're on. Then, you feel the breeze where your clothes should be ...

It's a hospital, all right. Tiny little gown and all.

Blinking to clear your head, glancing around, you see that the rest of your team is similarly garbed and, yes, similarly bound. The lot of you are strapped to tables in a clinically white room, each of you in a mass-produced blue-green gown. They all look as beat up as you feel; each of you is covered in an assortment of cuts and bruises, and the fact a few of you are still covered in dried blood means the doctors here haven't really done much doctoring yet.

To escape from their restraints, players may attempt an Agility + Escape Artist Extended Test, with a threshold of 4, with each roll taking roughly a minute. Particularly strong players may attempt the same with Strength instead of Agility, but the threshold increases to 6. Five minutes after the players wake up, a nurse will enter the room.

Just as pressing as finding yourself strapped to a strange hospital bed, though, is the fact you don't remember how you got here. You don't remember a fight or a car wreck. You don't remember *anything* recent at all. Your last memories are of meeting with Prince Evan Parris early this morning. You remember him tasking you with a series of illicit deliveries. In flashes of half-clear conversation, you remember him telling you his usual couriers had been attacked, you remember him sending you to drop off some goods and investigate three business contacts he didn't wholly trust, you remember everyone else—those of you all sharing a hospital room, now—being there, and taking the job, and being given a briefcase ... and then nothing.

Call for an Intuition + Perception (hearing) roll prior to the nurse entering; sharp-eared players will hear the following exchange ... if not, skip to the door opening.

"Sorry it's been so long, you two. I know this wing's almost empty with the construction going on, so you must have been dying of boredom. We had a patient go code down in 312, and you know how priority calls work. I'm here to check on the John Does, now."

"No problem, miss, it's not like these *goronits* matter," a masculine voice responds, "Jenkins and I are still busy bagging up their personals for evidence. These nutjobs are carrying a small arsenal, it's taking us forever. You're not slowing us down any. Take your time. Let us know if any of them act up."

Sounds are quite muffled from one side of the door to the other. If the players appear to still be restrained when the nurse walks in, she'll move from bed to bed and check their bed-mounted biomonitors.

As the nurse walks in, you have one clear, distinct, memory; the dark eyes of Prince Parris as he concluded this morning's negotiation session. "Find those responsible for this leak in my organization. Alert me when you do, and assist me in punishing them. Let no one and nothing stop you from this mission. Do whatever it takes to get to the bottom of this."

If your players still haven't managed to break free, that's not the end of the world. Have the poor nurse slip up a little, and have a scalpel fall from one of the pockets of her scrubs, right where a player can reach it once she's gone. Then just let them cut their way free, and get on with the show!

BEHIND THE SCENES

The players are in a bit of a bind, but it's nothing a little action movie hero mindset can't get them out of. Make sure you play up that this section of the hospital seems to be otherwise empty, isolate the pair of constables, highlight that all their cool shadowrunner stuff is *right there*, and otherwise encourage them to go for broke and bust out. Note that the gear piled

INCOMING FEED.....



haphazardly out in the hallway is their everyday carry equipment, for driving around town and running Princely errands. The Peace Force cops didn't go to your PCs' safe houses and find their cars or repair kits or any other large, bulky equipment they might *own* but not *carry* on them.

Make sure to remind them that their Prince has told them in the past, "it is better to ask for forgiveness than permission," when it comes to breaking local laws in order to carry out his commands. A—hopefully non-lethal—scuffle with a pair of constables is much preferred to them being formally arrested and *then* their connections to the Prince being brought to light.

Once your players are out in the hallway and those two constables are out cold, they've got it easy. Have construction scaffolding and that sort of thing all over the place, but an otherwise empty hallway. Give 'em a nice easy exit, get them moving toward it, and as soon as they're dressed and going, move on to Scene Two (when Prince Parris calls them). Keep things moving quickly here; try not to let them dawdle.

PUSHING THE ENVELOPE

You can make this scene tougher if you feel a need to, most simply by adding a few extra Peace Force constables. Keep in mind that the team will be unarmed and unarmored when

they initially have to get past these guys, though, before you go adding too many baddies.

DEBUGGING

Two things can go wrong here.

One is that your players can throw their dice across the room, say something mean about your mother, and ragequit. Please don't let them. Well, first ask for an apology about your mom, and *then* please don't let them. Remind them it's just a game, that it's scripted to start this way—not *end* this way—and that you promise they'll be able to punish those responsible. In fact, let them know the whole friggin' adventure *is* punishing those responsible and then getting paid to do it. Because, really, that's all their characters are going to do today. Let 'em know it pays a little extra nuyen and karma if they're good sports, and try to entice them back to the table. Avoid eye contact, don't make any fast movements, speak in a soothing tone, and probably no one will freak out and bite you.

Now, the second thing that can go wrong here is your team doesn't go for it and try to break out. If repeatedly reminding them of Prince Parris' orders doesn't work, have the nurse quietly check on them and leave, then the pair of constables come in and, heck, just go a little nuts. Have them start barking in Sperethiel about these barbarian savages out to wreck their culture, rant while they prepare their batons and start whaling on someone (make it an ork or a troll, it'll make the most sense to a metaracist and your PC will also likely have a reasonable chance to soak the damage okay), and just generally push your players to respond with violence, and then get the heck out of the hospital.

SCENE 2: AND NOW A MESSAGE FROM OUR SPONSOR

SCAN THIS

This scene should play out fairly quickly. It's a rather one-sided conversation with Prince Parris, who will call them (conveniently) just as they're making their escape from the hospital. He'll refresh their lost memory with the details of the job, let them know that eventual back-up has been made available, and tell them to get back to work.

TELL IT TO THEM STRAIGHT

You're just making your way across the hospital parking lot, keeping an eye out for trouble—alarms from the building behind you, sirens to give away impending Peace Force back-up, shouts or screams—when another sound almost makes you jump out of your skin. Your commlink! There's a message waiting for you, sent roughly thirty minutes ago.

Prince Parris scowls into the mini-cam on his end, dark hair customarily slicked back, dark eyes flashing.

"Listen carefully. I haven't got long to talk. These intolerable trade negotiations continue, and very shortly I'll be wedged back into a room with all manner of people I'd rather not speak with, in order to convince them to help us keep my country afloat, so I have neither the time nor inclination to listen to whatever reasons or excuses you have for your bungled tasks so far today. You were dosed with laes. I know. I even know the exact mixture they must have used, complete with a non-standard vector, in order to dose

Incoming Message

TIR PEACE FORCE (POLICE DIVISION)

This pair of officers are what other Peace Force types look down on. They're in it for their state-mandated term of civil service, they're casual about security and training, and they're not given the best of gear despite having had the opportunity for a few combat augmentations. These are the everyday beat cops of Portland, given stun weapons and a heavy pistol for casual violence, armor designed for comfort and uniform appearance as much as protection, and generally acting like professional security would for a megacorp. They're not the top-of-the-line Tir butt-stomper brigade, but they're also just working hospital security; they don't have to be.

Elven Beat Cops (2, professional rating 2)

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	Ess	Init	IP	Arm	CM
4	4(5)	3(4)	3(4)	5	4	3	4	5.1	7(8)	1(2)	8/6	10

Dice Pools: Close Combat skill group 7, Athletics skill group 8, Firearms skill group 8, Perception 7, Infiltration 8, Social skill group 7,

Augmentation: Muscle Toner (1), Muscle Augmentation (1), Synaptic Boosters (1)

Gear: Armor Jacket, Mirror Shades (with Flare Compensation, Image Link, Smartlink)

Weapons:

Ares Predator IV [Heavy Pistol, 5P, -1 AP, SA, 0 RC, 15(c), 1 extra magazine regular ammo, smartlink]

Yamaha Pulsar [Taser, 6S(e), -half AP, SA, 4(m)]

Stun Baton [Club, reach 1, 6S(e), -half AP]

WILLAMETTE HOSPITAL NURSE

This gal's just doing her job, tending to patients, walking the halls, keeping an eye on everyone, and helping out until her shift is over. Just in case a player decides she needs a Stunbolt, a punch in the face, or a taser-hit, though, here's some basic stats for her.

Elven Nurse (1, professional rating 2)

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	Ess	Init	IP	Arm	CM
2	4	3	2	6	4	4	4	6	7	1	0/0	9

Dice Pools: Perception 8, Social skill group 8, Biotech skill group 8

you. We will handle that later. Before you distract yourselves, do not worry: the legal entanglements of your arrest are being taken care of. You were found beaten and bloodied in one of my Land Rovers, but the records of it being impounded have been wiped clean, you will find it parked at the southeastern corner of the hospital parking lot. My chauffeur, Johnson, is also missing. I am displeased with that."



“But, on to your little hospital stay. One of my agents intercepted the Peace Force dispatch concerning your entrance to Willamette. The pending incarceration has been squelched, the camera footage of your brief stay has been erased, and the constables you incapacitated are being relocated to protect the California border. Your medical reports are being erased, as well, but a cursory glance at your bloodwork confirms that you were drugged and left to be found by the authorities. It’s all been wiped away. You have no need to worry about your recent ... entanglement.”

He glances up from his commlink momentarily, his razor’s-edge smile flashing for just a moment as he fakes some pleasantries with someone off screen. His usual dour face returns as he focuses on your message again.

“The mission I tasked you with is not yet complete, however. You were making deliveries for me, prior to this ... interruption. You’d been reporting in after each successful drop. I know who it *wasn’t* that assaulted you and took the remainder of my goods, now I want to know who it *was*. You may have visited any of these four earlier today. For all we know, you visited all of them. We don’t know who it was that got greedy, so you’re going back to each one, to find out.

“Each of the groups left on your list, though, have been acting ... unusual lately. I am of the opinion that none of them may be as loyal as I require, and today’s assault only confirms it. Do what you’d like with them, if any of the four give you trouble when you visit. Search for the case, first and foremost. Recover that which you lost. Withhold punishment from the group responsible until you call for back-up, if you’d like. But if any of the four groups give you any reason to vent your frustrations upon them, do so; make it clear the chastisement comes from me, and that if they’d like for our business arrangements to continue, they’ll keep more civil tongues in their heads.”

He walks as he talks now, sparing you and his commlink barely a glance even as the picture sways and rolls.

“At any rate, do not attempt to contact me here. Visit the groups involved, and don’t be afraid to dirty your hands. Get to the bottom of it. Call the number I’m sending you now, once you know who it was that betrayed my trust. Summon back-up through that LTG number, recover my stolen goods and clear my—and I suppose your—reputation.”

“When you are done, you’ll receive payment in full for today’s courier and force projection tasks. I know how laes works, and I know you likely do not recall our agreed-upon price. Do not concern yourself with it now. I understand it is in your nature to renegotiate, and I would be disappointed in you if you did not. I am willing to offer you 10,000¥ to see this task through, and to give you an additional 5,000¥ to make up for the unpleasantness of a laes hangover. If you think this settlement is unfair, we will handle proper negotiations later. We both have work to do.”

“And so, for now? Do your job. Your little group has not disappointed me, prior to today. Do not start.”

And then he’s gone. The message is finished, and self-erases ... leaving behind only four addresses and a lone LTG number, to be called later today when you need back-up on a kill squad.

BEHIND THE SCENES

This one’s a pretty straightforward wall of text, just to get the characters up to speed on what’s going on, hook them up with

some loaner wheels for the day, and let them know what’s expected of them.

For the most part you should be able to hand-wave away their transportation concerns (i.e., there aren’t any high-speed chases planned), but just in case you need the stats for a Land Rover SUV, here they are.

Incoming Message

ROVER MODEL 2068 (SUV)

Handl	Accel	Speed	Pilot	Bod	Arm	Sens
+1	20/35	140	2	13	10	2

Upgrades: Amenities [High], Off-Road Suspension, Passenger Protection [2], Anti-Theft System [2]

DEBUGGING

It’s possible that (somehow) no one in your group owns a commlink—if that’s the case, just give them a “burner,” a cheap Meta Link commlink, mixed in with the rest of their belongings recovered from the constables in Scene One. All it’s really needed for is to be used as a basic phone, this adventure, so that should do.

SCENE 3A: PADRAIG’S TAVERN

SCAN THIS

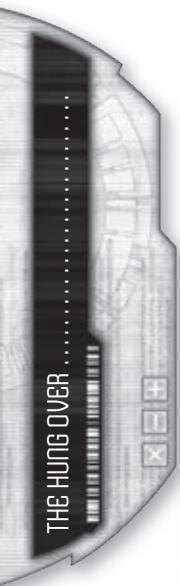
Padraig’s is a dive bar in the Guilds Lake neighborhood—not quite a full-on match for the Redmond Barrens back in Seattle, but no real prize. The owners/operators of Padraig’s are a bunch of former shadowrunners and Rinelle “direct activists,” though, with combat experience and attitude to spare ... and who also aren’t exactly the most level-headed of Portland’s occupants. They might have taken an interest in the PCs earlier in the day, and seeing the briefcase may have moved them toward an act of violence and desperation.

TELL IT TO THEM STRAIGHT

Padraig’s Tavern doesn’t look like much from the outside, and the view from inside just confirms your suspicions. It’s a dive, all right. A long faux-wood bar stretches down one side of the room, and an assortment of booths—all of them empty—line the opposite wall and the back. A torn and stained pool table stands alone and unused, the old sort without any sort of AR interface or electronics at all. What a dump.

A dwarf, short and portly even for his metaspecies, takes up a barstool next to a rather scrawny-looking ork. Near them, a scruffy-looking human and a well-dressed elven man drink and converse. A harried elven woman, the only blond of the lot, scurries around behind the bar and serves them all drinks. She and the elven man look like they may be related.

The lot of them glance your way as the door chimes get their attention. None scurry to bring you a drink or meal, but they share a chuckle and the dwarf leans over to whisper at the ork—who



then lights up with an “oh, right, them!”—as the elven drinker lifts his glass in a toast.

“Hey there. Good to see you again.” He leers a bit, wagging one eyebrow flirtatiously. “Just couldn’t stay away, hmm?”

The blond, his cousin or perhaps sister, scowls and throws her rag at him in irritation.

“They’re obviously here to see me, idiot. Not you!”

“Uhh, I’m the one they talked to this morning, so obviously they thought I was a cool guy,” the scrawny ork butts in.

Then, chaos takes over. For a few moments, the whole gang of them deteriorates into half-coherent sniping and bickering at one another, in a polyglot mixture of Or’Zet, Sperethiel, and English, all hurling insults at the same time, gesticulating wildly, and generally insisting *they*’re the reason you decided to come back and visit them.

INCOMING FEED.....



BEHIND THE SCENES

How this scene plays out—like several of the next few scenes—is largely going to be up to you. Deciding which group is guilty is your call, and the gang here at Pádraig’s are all selfish and foolish enough they might have decided to go for a quick snatch-and-grab earlier this afternoon. They will revert to violence—almost casually, in fact—if provoked or even insulted by outsiders too much, and as a group they are surprisingly good at it. They’ve lived in a hard neighborhood in a hard city, through some hard times; folks who operate on the wrong side of the law in Portland have to be survivors.

If Pádraig’s Owners are Guilty

If you choose to make them the guilty party, it may be rather easily noticed by your player characters. None of the gang at Pádraig’s are terribly bright, so they could easily drop hints about their newfound wealth, make some smug comment, brag to one another about their cunning plan from that morning, or even have the briefcase itself lying on the counter or something. If so, remember that your characters are supposed to leave, call the number Prince Parris gave them for back-up, and *then* return and merrily slaughter their way to getting the briefcase back (see *Scene 4* and *Scene 5* for calling in reinforcements and the final showdown). In a knock-down, drag-out fight (especially with Johnson backing up the gang from Pádraig’s), the players will probably be glad for the help.

If Pádraig’s Owners are Innocent

If you decide they *aren’t* the guilty crew, just keep up some self-centered banter, have pretty much all of them unabashedly flirt with any moderately attractive player characters, and try to keep the mood light and goofy. You can have things deteriorate into a brawl at some point, if you’d like to toss in some combat, but remind players that if they’re not the guilty party, Prince Parris doesn’t want them all dead, just soundly thrashed.

PUSHING THE ENVELOPE

To make the crew a little tougher, you can give them additional gear (Chuck’s mace may be a Weapon Focus, Francis could have EX ammo in his revolver, Donald may have better ammunition or some shock gloves, and Reynolds or Sweetie could have more powerful foci). Most of them could benefit from some form-fitting body armor (half-body suit, B/I: 4/1), as well. Failing that, you could have a few bar patrons present (instead of it being totally empty in here), and they may jump in on the side of their local pub owners. Such patrons could likely be jury-rigged using the basic stats for Ancients Thugs, presented in *Scene 3C* or *Scene 5*.

Remember that if the players have to assault them for the briefcase, Johnson (see *Scene 6*) should be hiding somewhere, and also jump into the fight to assist them.

DEBUGGING

Like the other scenes in *Scene 3*, this one should be either an amusing conversation, a non-lethal brawl, or a fact-finding session that gives away who ambushed your PCs, dosed them with laes, and took the briefcase. How exactly it plays out is largely up to you, but the folks here at Pádraig’s should be shown to be an entertaining mixture of vain, self-centered, and lazy.

CHUCK, ORKISH ADEPT

Chuck is rather skinny for an ork, but is still surprisingly tough and strong beneath his wiry exterior. He handles the grunt work around Padraig's, including the wholesale slaughter of devil rats and similar nuisance critters, but generally just whatever work the others don't want to do. He wears a green Peace Force surplus jacket, torn and stained blue jeans, and a vacant expression. He's got scruff all across his face (far from a real beard), and wild hair. Leaning against the bar next to him is a rather nasty-looking club, a monstrosity that started as a hurling stick, but has since had a wicked assortment of spikes, nails, and perhaps even some barbed wire mounted on it. The handle is covered in kill notches.

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	E	Ess	M	Init	IP	Arm	CM
9(12)	4(6)	4(6)	7(9)	2	3	1	2	2	3	4	7(9)	1(3)	8/6	13

Dice Pools: Clubs 12(15), Dodge 10, Perception 5
Qualities: Adept, Cuts, Toughness, Addiction (Moderate, alcohol)
Initiate Grade: 1
Metamagics: Adept Centering (screaming)
Adept Powers: Improved Reflexes (2), Improved Ability (Clubs) (3)
Augmentations: Dermal Plating (2), Muscle Replacement (2)
Gear: Armor Jacket, bottle of hurlg, (1d6 x 100¥) on a certified credstick
Weapons:
 "Rat Stick" [mace, 8P, - AP, reach 1, personalized grip]

FRANCIS, DWARVEN RAZORBOY

Francis is short and portly, even for a dwarf, bald on top and with a fringe of greying hair ringing the rest of his head. A former company man for Telestrian, during the coups and assorted chaos he fell in with the shadowrunning crowd, eventually settling into the squalor, drugs, and laziness of working as cheap muscle at Padraig's. He wears an armored suit that no longer fits very well (or is well maintained), wrinkly, stained, and ill-kept up. He and Chuck are best friends, and he enjoys bossing the dim-witted ork around. While no longer near the top of his game, Francis is still a sturdy combatant and a reasonable shot.

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	E	Ess	Init	IP	Arm	CM
7(9)	4(6)	4(5)	5(7)	2	3	2	4	2	15	7(8)	1(2)	5/4	12

Dice Pools: Unarmed (Boxing) 10 (12), Dodge 10, Pistols (Revolvers) 11 (13), Social skill group 5
Qualities: Martial Art (Boxing: +1 DV Unarmed) (already figured in)
Augmentations: Muscle Augmentation (2), Muscle Toner (2), Wired Reflexes (1), Aluminum Bone Lacing
Gear: Thick-framed glasses (smartlink, low-light, image link), rumpled Actioneer Business Clothes, (1d6 x 100¥) on a certified credstick
Weapons:
 Ruger Super Warhawk [Heavy Pistol, 6P, -2 AP, SS, - RC, 6 (cy), 1 spare fast-loader of regular rounds], Unarmed [Boxing, 5P]

REYNOLDS AND SWEETIE, ELVEN MAGES

Sweetie and Reynolds are siblings, and both of them are slender, high-strung, and fairly attractive, even for elves. While neither of them is exactly criminal mastermind material, they're a bit brighter than the rest of their friends here at Padraig's, and Reynolds in particular is something of a ring-leader to the rest. Both of them are vain nearly to the point of sociopathic behavior, and are inordinately proud of their magical abilities. They both wear functional, stylish armored clothing, and will rely on their Talent rather than mundane weapons if pushed into a fight. Reynolds is a self-centered Black Magic practitioner (Charisma for drain resistance), while Sweetie is a witch of the Wiccan paganism (Intuition for drain). Both of them are rather shallow followers of the Dark Goddess Mentor Spirit, seeing her dual roles of creation and destruction as excuses to get drunk, sleep around, and destroy things that irritate them (+2 for combat and health spells).

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	E	M	Ess	Init	IP	Arm	CM
3	5	5(6)	2	6(7)	4	3	5	3	6	6	9(10)	1	5/3	10

Dice Pools: Spellcasting (Reynolds: Combat) (Sweetie: Health) 11 (13), Summoning 10, Dodge 8, Social skill group 10, Perception 8 (9), Counterspelling 10
Qualities: Focused Concentration (1), Magician, Mentor Spirit, Addiction (Moderate, novacoke)
Gear: Actioneer Business Clothes, two slap patches each of novacoke (both already dosed once, factored in), Spellcasting Focus: 1 (Reynolds: Combat, Sweetie: Health), (1d6 x 100¥) on a certified credstick
Spells: Fashion, Healthy Glow, Stunbolt, Blast, Manabolt, Fast, Detox, Mass Confusion, Decrease Intuition

DONALD, HUMAN RAZORBOY

Donnie is a long-time friend and hanger-on of Reynolds, and he just fell in with the gang at Padraig's over time and a willingness to go along with everyone else's stupid schemes. He's almost as good in a fight as he thinks he is. He'll often challenge people to one-on-one "karate fights" and that sort of thing, and thanks to skillwires and combat augmentations he can normally hold his own. He's at his best in a defensive fight, though, as he's got catlike reflexes. He tends to dress more shabbily than the others (except Chuck) save for his expensive black duster, and his favorite gun is nothing special (though he's a reasonable shot with it).

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	E	Ess	Init	IP	Arm	CM
4	5(7)	4(8)	5(7)	3	3	2	3	4	1.85	7(11)	1(3)	9/4	10

Dice Pools: Unarmed Combat 8 (13), Pistols 12, Athletics skill group 12, Dodge 13 (15), Social skill group 5
Qualities: Martial Art (Krave Maga: Ready Weapon as free action, -1 modifier to "ranged attacker in melee combat" modifier)
Augmentations: Move-By-Wire (2), Muscle Toner (2), Muscle Augmentation (2), Damage Compensator (5), Cybernetic Eyeware: smartlink, image link, low-light, flare compensation, Reflex Recorder (Unarmed Combat)
Gear: Lined Coat, Form-Fitting Body Armor (Shirt), Skillssoft (Unarmed Combat: 4), (1d6 x 100¥) on a certified credstick
Weapons:
 Ares Predator IV [Heavy Pistol, 5P, -1 AP, SA, - RC, 15 (c), smartlink, 1 extra magazine regular ammo]
 Unarmed Attack ["karate," 4S]



SCENE 3B: LOCKER ROOM DEALS

SCAN THIS

The Portland Marchers are the city's pride and joy, a hurling team that's consistently a top contender in the National Hurling Association. Augmentations aren't allowed, but that ban hasn't kept some of them from resorting to more ... temporary solutions, and there's a reason they were a drop-off point for the players' drug deliveries earlier in the day. The NHA wouldn't be happy to hear about this sort of thing, so the PCs being new couriers might have spooked the Marchers into beating them senseless.

TELL IT TO THEM STRAIGHT

According to Prince Parris' datafile and your dashboard-mounted GPS, your next drop-off point, the next site you're to investigate, the next teeming hive of scum and villainy, is ... Southwest Morrison, between 20th and 18th. Wait, what? That's Portland Civic Stadium! Recently expanded to fit a roaring live crowd 40,000 strong, it's the proud home of the Portland Marchers, the National Hurling Association's top-ranked team. Your initial courier gig had you making illicit runs with compact cargos of drugs and tesma ... what's a professional sports team need with either of those thi—oh, right. Yeah. Combat drugs.

The RFID tag in your Land Rover marks it as being registered to a Tír Prince, so none of the stadium's automated parking lot security gives you the slightest trouble. His directions are quite clear, and much more specific than just a street address. Sure enough, you're directed around the side of the stadium to the players' entrance, near their locker room. As you pull up, you see that the Marchers—still months away from the season truly starting—are engaged in some light practice on the outdoor field.

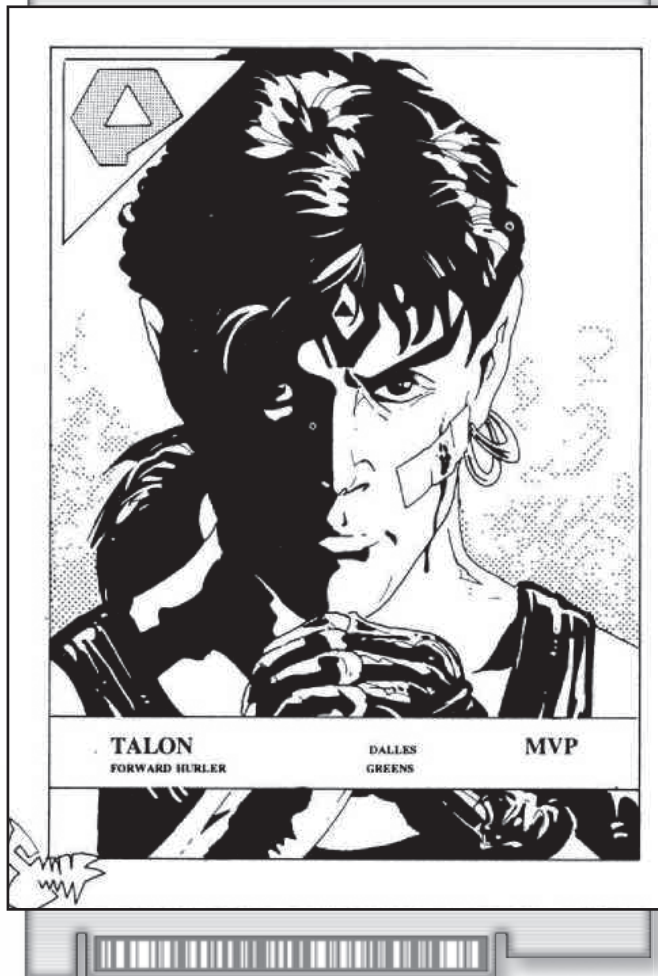
Recognizing your SUV, a handful of them saunter over, lightly swinging their hurleys or slapping the flat of the sticks into their palms. They're particularly broad-shouldered for elves, now that you get a better look at them ... and more than a few have traces of blood on the striking end of their hurleys.

Incoming Message

HURLING

Hurling isn't just a sport in the Tír Tairngire, it's a national obsession. Where urban brawl and combat biking are overtly violent sports—what with the guns and explosions and stuff—hurling is almost as bloody, but relatively sneaky about it. The main point of the game is to move the “slitter,” a ball, down the field and score points, handling it only with a “hurley,” a flat stick, instead of player's hands. On the surface of things, it's a lot like soccer played with war-clubs. In reality, though? It's all that, yes, but also a free-for-all. Any time someone's got the ball, is headed towards the ball, just got rid of the ball, or might be thinking about the ball, they're fair game for you to try and murder them with your hurley. It's not unusual for a season to end with maybe a dozen casualties, and every year it seems the players get bigger, nastier, and more violent. There's a reason the Marchers are looking to buy *combat* drugs.

INCOMING FEED



BEHIND THE SCENES

Once again, it's your call whether or not the Marchers are the ones responsible for double-crossing Prince Parris. The odds are probably pretty slim, because super-star professional athletes don't really *need* to double-cross a Prince and steal an extra ration of street drugs—but there's always the possibility.

If the Portland Marchers are Guilty

They're pretty confident in their stardom and legal invincibility, especially right here in their home town. They'll likely be pretty brazen about the theft, and will likely talk some smack about how “these fools are back for more?” One of them will have the briefcase stowed in a duffelbag otherwise full of athletic gear, and Johnson will be waiting in the wings to finish what he started earlier today.

If the Portland Marchers are Innocent

They're still a bunch of overconfident jerks, but it's nothing a good thrashing can't solve. They've been running their mouth about Prince Parris, after all—and, in fact, may insult him or make a snide comment right in front of the PCs—and the group's orders are, as always, to maintain respect for him on the streets ... time for

THE HUNG OVER

a brawl! If players get crippled or killed, though, the Prince will be sorely disappointed.

PUSHING THE ENVELOPE

These guys are pretty brutal in close combat, but that's about it. If you think they need to be tougher, increase their numbers (a full hurling team is 15 players on the field; factoring in the number of replacements available and you could have quite a batch of club-wielding thugs available to you, as a GM!), which can give them more of an opportunity to get into melee and really do some damage. If you *really* think they need to be tougher, give them a magical team medic that can double as a combat mage (thanks to that mandatory Tír Peace Force service), and sub in Reynolds or Sweetie from *Scene 3A* in order to give the Marchers some magical punch.

DEBUGGING

How your characters ramp up for a confrontation (if they have a physical confrontation at all) with these guys. If they find themselves swiftly surrounded and just getting nailed in melee, don't be afraid to have the Marchers let up or scatter, maybe because a news drone comes swooping in or something. Likewise, if the fight just gets too bogged down by having this many guys to keep track of, feel free to have *less* than every Marcher present jump into the fracas. The stats as presented don't necessarily mean every single member of the team is in on the illegal enhancement side of things, etc.; just use them to represent however many Marchers *do* leap in, hurley spinning, to beat some PC skull in.

SCENE 3C: ANCIENT ENTANGLEMENTS

SCAN THIS

The Ancients are a staple in the Portland shadows, every bit as much as in Seattle. A small group of them have started to cause trouble lately and begun to chafe under their involvement with Prince Parris (and perhaps with other high-ranking Tír politicians, as well)—these more straight-up punk members have been a source of friction for the whole gang, lately. They may be the ones responsible for having beaten the players and dosed them with laes earlier today.

TELL IT TO THEM STRAIGHT

Your next group isn't hard to find at all. Everyone knows the sound of a bunch of go-gangers hanging out; the distinctive mixture of rowdy frat boy, barely-restrained combat junkie, and howling engine is easy to recognize. This bunch of Ancients—just under a dozen strong—has claimed a local auto shop as their stomping grounds, and can be found here all hours of the night and day, unless they've been ordered on a run by their actual chapter captain. They tool around and mess with their bikes, ride stunts and drag race each other up and down the block, spar with powered-down stun batons like they were noblemen's swords, and get drunk or high all day. Laes dosage or not, it's hard to tell if this is actual *déjà vu*, or just the fact that go-gangers are go-gangers, no matter where you find them.

Incoming Message

PORTLAND MARCHER SUPERSTAR

Elven Athlete

Recently, the NHA opened up the sport of hurling to adepts. Take your average hurling pro—who could probably already make a good living in an international underground stick-fighting ring—and make him supernaturally good at his job ... and you've got this guy. They're the new big guns in the NHA, and for damned good reason. They can block like nobody's business, snatch the slitter out of the air anytime it's near them, and they don't seem to get hurt like your average player. Give 'em a season, and anyone like this guy will be the hot new thing.

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	E	Ess	M	Init	IP	Arm
6	6	5(6)	5	3	3	2	3	3	6	6	8(9)	1(2)	10/12

Dice Pools: Athletics skill group 11 (Running 13), Clubs (Batons) 13 (15), Throwing Weapons 11

Qualities: Martial Arts (Kali: +1 DV Clubs, +1 die on called shots to disarm, Carromeleg: +1 on Interceptions),

Adept Powers: Improved Reflexes (1), Missile Parry (4), Combat Sense (3), Mystic Armor (2), Improved Clubs (1), Improved Running (2)

Gear: Urban Explorer Jumpsuits with a set of SecureTech PPP add-ons: forearm guard, leg and arm casings, shin guards, vitals protector (all Tír-manufactured, and blazoned with Portland Marchers logos)

Weapons:

Hurley [Club, 5P, 1 reach]

PORTLAND MARCHER, PROFESSIONAL RATING 3

Elven Athletes (2 per PC)

Cornerbacks, half backs, forwards; none of the details of their hurling team positions matter right now. Right now, the Portland Marchers are just another group of junkies who want their fix. Like most professional athletes who can get away with it, many of the Marchers dabble in chemical augmentation—combat drugs—in order to give themselves an edge. They are also, to a man, almost as fit and strong as their metasppecies allows; full-on augmentations are illegal in hurling, so all you can do is be fast and powerful and wicked nasty with a club in your hands. Every one of these elves is built somewhere between a rower's lean fitness and a linebacker's tremendous strength and durability. It's a brutal sport, and it requires brutal players. All kitted out in their game wear, with their pads bulking them up, they're formidable combatants.

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	Ess	Init	IP	Arm
6	6	5(6)	5	3	3	2	3	6	8(9)	1(2)	8/10

Dice Pools: Athletics skill group 11, Clubs (batons) 12 (14), Throwing Weapons 11

Qualities: Martial Arts (Kali: +1 DV Clubs, +1 die on called shots to disarm, Carromeleg: +1 on Interceptions),

Gear: Urban Explorer Jumpsuits with a set of SecureTech PPP add-ons: forearm guard, leg and arm casings, shin guards, vitals protector (all Tír-manufactured, and blazoned with Portland Marchers logos), 1 dose each of cram (already factored in)

Weapons:

Hurley [Club, 5P, 1 reach]

“Hark! Some vagrants!” One of them, golden-blond and with a white-toothed grin, gives a mock-salute with his stun baton, then flourishes with it as he bends into a gracious bow. “Praytell, what brings thee tither once more, so shortly after thine prior visit?”

He can't keep up the faux-T'ir speak for very long, though, before the giggles overtake him and several other of his crew. High as a kite and playing with weapons, at four in the afternoon. Ah, kids. To be young again!

“So, seriously, though. What the fuck do you guys want?”

BEHIND THE SCENES

Once again, how nasty this scene gets is largely up to you. The ten young gangers romping around might just be casually worthless drains to society, or they might be the ones who batoned your players into unconsciousness earlier today, then drugged them and left them for the cops.

If these Ancients are Guilty

They may very well be the ones responsible for the ambush, though, since they're stupid and violent and greedy enough to take a swing at Prince Parris' new couriers. None of them are world-class liars or anything, even when they're sober, so finding it out shouldn't be hard, and neither should keeping a poker face (if that's your PC's style). Remember to have Johnson (see *Scene 5*) waiting in the wings somewhere in the half-abandoned mechanic's shop, if the players pull guns and start a full-on war.

If these Ancients are Innocent

Have them talk plenty of shit and swagger around either way, but if they aren't hiding that briefcase somewhere, just have them

and the players duke it out some—hopefully without massive bloodshed. Prince Parris wants them chastised, not broken. If this small splinter faction can get back in line with the Ancients as a whole, it's all that much easier for Parris to maintain an amicable business arrangement with the rest of the gang.

PUSHING THE ENVELOPE

You can increase the difficulty here by adding a few more Ancients, increasing their combat skills a bit, or giving them a combat mage (you can use Sweetie or Reynolds, from *Scene 3A*, as a stand-in for an Ancients wizard). Also, you can turn it into a chase scene if you'd like, having the briefcase peeking out of a saddlebag as a knot of Ancients dive onto their bikes and take to the streets, forcing the players to try to run them down. If you choose this route instead of having them go toe-to-toe, check out p. 167, *SR4A*, for the beginning of the vehicle combat rules.

DEBUGGING

This scene can either be a fairly casual encounter that lets the player characters get in some good one-liners before laying a beating on some wannabe tough-guys, or it can (if you choose, by making them the guilty party) be a serious, no-holds-barred, lethal combat between your shadowrunners and some hardened street criminals. Have them buzz around and be irritatingly hip and gangster in the former case. In that case, the most likely thing to go wrong would be combat escalating too far. Remind the players that Parris doesn't want all these Ancients dead, only a sharp tug given to their leash: a reminder that he's in control.



Elven Blood

Incoming Message

ANCIENT'S THUG

Elven Go-Gangers (10), Professional Rating 4

This disgruntled mob of Ancients aren't happy with how things are playing out under Prince Parris' patronage, especially since the tie largely comes from a Seattle-based Ancients (the Prince's son, Rook, has not operated long-term in Portland for some time). The classical rebels without a clue, these trigger-happy go-gangers have used Ancients resources and business success to pile on the combat augmentation, but now aren't happy with being "bootlicking tools of The Man," according to their grumbling.

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	Ess	Init	IP	Arm
5(6)	4(6)	5(6)	3(5)	5	4	2	4	14	9(10)	1(2)	5/9

Dice Pools: Pilot Ground Vehicle (wheeled) 10 (12), Automatics 9, Unarmed Combat 10, Clubs 10, Dodge 8, Gymnastics 8

Augmentations: Muscle Replacement (2), Wired Reflexes (1), Plastic Bone Lacing, Balance Augmenter Earware

Gear: Bike Racing Armor and Helmet (image link, smartlink, flare compensation), Suzuki Mirage [Bike, Handling +2, Accel 20/50, Speed 200, Pilot 1, Body 6, Armor 4, Sensors 1], 1 hit each of betameth or novacoke (+2 reaction, +1 Intuition, Arsenal p. 74, or +1 reaction, +1 charisma, +1 perception, High Pain Tolerance 1, SR4A p. 258)

Weapons:

Ingram Smartgun X [Submachine Gun, 5P, 0 AP, BF/FA, 2(3) RC, 32 (c), 1 spare magazine regular ammo]

Stun Baton [Club, 6S(e), -half AP, Reach 1]

Unarmed Attack [Unarmed, 3P]



SCENE 3D: BAD MOJO

SCAN THIS

In this scene the players visit the Souldrinkers, a bloodthirsty thrill-gang with a bit of a zombie fetish. Rather than entertain a strong metaracial bias, they'll take on anyone who's crazy enough to want to hang around them. Once again, it's up to you whether or not the Souldrinkers were the ones the players were betrayed by—though it's a bit unlikely they'd have left the players alive, if so.

TELL IT TO THEM STRAIGHT

The Ross Island Bridge—or, rather, the urban wasteland beneath it—isn't one of Portland's nicest corners. Part of the reason for that is the very people you're going to meet; the Souldrinkers. A hardcore thrill-gang fond of bloodletting and drab, dirty, colors, the Souldrinkers take time out of their busy schedule of getting high, doing chips, and robbery to dress up like zombies. Make-up, faux-shambling walk, and all. They're fans of scaring people, not just hurting them, after all.

It takes a special kind of crazy to sign up, so the good news (for Portland) is that the gang's never been particularly large. Not all of them are here today, in fact, including Souldrinker himself, the combat hermetic that leads this band of psychopaths. Nightblade is here, instead; a pale elf, given to a vampiric look instead of the rotting-flesh of the zombie fans, and Souldrinker's second in command.

A mass of limping, groaning, “zombies” shambles to part and let the Land Rover pass, then Nightblade—dead-pale skin, stringy white hair, and black-on-red gang leathers—gives you a sinister smile.

“Back so soon?”

BEHIND THE SCENES

If the Souldrinkers are Innocent:

The odds are the Souldrinkers aren't the ones who waylaid the PCs earlier today, mostly because they're not the sort to stop at just knocking someone out (with laes or otherwise). They should still drop a few disparaging comments and give off a creepy enough vibe that the players won't mind bashing them around a little bit, though. Prince Parris wants the Souldrinkers reminded that they aren't a major force in Portland compared to a Prince, and they never will be—a sound beating should be just what the doctor ordered to get these zombie wannabes back in line.

If the Souldrinkers are Guilty

They likely aren't the ones who have the briefcase (and Johnson, for backup) nearby, but the possibility DOES exist—without Souldrinker to keep them in check, there's no saying that Nightblade, his arrogant young lieutenant, didn't decide to betray the players this morning. None of them are very good liars, just like none of them are very good long-term thinkers. They're pretty burned out on drugs, BTLs, and general madness—they're used to people being scared of them, not the other way around, so they don't really go out of the way to hide their guilt. They're not rational enough to know how terrified they should be of an angry group of shadowrunners backed by a Tir Prince they've mildly annoyed.

Incoming Message

NIGHTBLADE, ELVEN MAGE

Nightblade's taken with neo-Gothic fashion and styles, seeing himself as a step above the zombie-looking rabble of the Souldrinkers. He thinks looking like some sort of vampire keeps up appearances. He's the sickly pale of someone who regularly makes unhealthy life choices, but is a competent Hermetic mage despite his ill health.

B A R S C I L W M Ess Init IP Arm CM
2 4 5(6) 2 3 5 3 5 6 6 10(11)1(2) 4/0 9

Dice Pools: Spellcasting (Manipulation) 11 (13), Summoning 10, Dodge 8, Social skill group 10, Perception 8 (9), Counterspelling 11

Qualities: Magician,

Gear: Armor Clothing, dose of cram (already factored in), (2d6 x ¥100) on a certified credstick, Power Focus (1)

Spells: Death Touch, Armor, Control Thoughts, Control Emotions Petrify, Turn to Goo

SOULDRINKER GANGER, PROFESSIONAL RATING 3 Elven Thrill-Gangers (2 per PC)

Thrill gangers are less focused on racing than go-gangers, less focused on profit and protection than traditional gangers, and more focused on getting their rocks off than just about anyone. Unfortunately for Portland, the Souldrinkers' idea of a good time is to generally murder and pillage and scare the crap out of random citizens before sometimes—literally—tearing them limb from limb. They're all unnaturally gaunt and scarecrow-thin, given to wearing elaborate physical (and AR) costumes and makeup that makes them look like a shambling horde of flesh-eating undead. They are deceptively quick and strong when they want to be, however.

B A R S C I L W Ess Init IP Arm
3 5(6) 5(6) 3(4) 3 5 2 3 3.35 10(11) 1(2) 6/4

Dice Pools: Unarmed Combat (Grappling) 9 (11), Blades (Cyber-Implant) 9 (11), Dodge 8

Augmentations: Digestive Expansion, Adrenal Pump (2), Fang Implants, Hand Razors, Muscle Replacement (1)

Gear: tattered Long Coat, dose of jazz (already factored in), (1d6 x ¥100) on a certified credstick

Weapons:

Hand Razors [Blades, 3P]

Fang Implants [Blades, 3P]

PUSHING THE ENVELOPE

The Souldrinkers can be made more dangerous by upgrading them to nastier cyber-implant weapons (spurs make for a reasonable damage increase), augmenting them through more bargain-basement muscle replacement, or simply increasing their number. They may also have some nasty chemical weapons lacking their filthy claws, if you want to lay out some longer-term

repercussions to PCs who have to tangle with them. You can make Nightblade himself more formidable by giving him a bound spirit or two, or an appropriate focus.

DEBUGGING

Any combat with an enemy mage involved can turn on a dime, especially with Nightblade and his propensity for taking over a PC and turning him against the rest of the group. If things get too heavy, have the Souldrinkers focus on humiliating and terrifying an opponent, instead of killing them outright. Watching a team-mate get turned to goo or forcing one teammate to gnaw on a friend is pretty nasty stuff, but may also not be the most combat-efficient way to go (which could help your PCs turn the tide back in their favor).

SCENE 4: MAKING THE CALL

SCAN THIS

This should be a fairly short scene, where your PCs can recap what they've seen in the last few scenes, and contact their mysterious back-up prior to going to really lay a beat-down on someone. By now they should know who was behind their assault earlier in the day, and where to find the briefcase—this scene is just here for them to call it in.

TELL IT TO THEM STRAIGHT

So now the ball's back in your court. Earlier today, someone jumped you. Someone got lucky, got the drop on you, and beat you stupid. They drugged you. They reached into your head and stole your very memories of the attack, through dosing you with the very drugs you'd been carrying for your Prince. Laes isn't to blame for all this, though ... *they* are.

You dial in the LTG Prince Parris left you, and get ready to point the finger. Whoever you blame for this, they're going to die for what they did. Prince Parris has arranged for some back-up, which may help even the scales in the fight that's coming.

It rings ... and is answered. Sting, long-time co-Captain of the Ancients back in Seattle, turns her faintly glowing cyberoptics to you as she looks at her commlink.

"Just give us a location, chummer, and we'll be there to back your play." Her pointed teeth flash in a brutal smile. "Hell, maybe you kids will even impress me, huh? You never know."

BEHIND THE SCENES

The pertinent stats for Sting and her Ancients back-up can be found in *Scene 5*.

Note that Sting's not just flirting—in her violent, go-ganger way—with her teasing comment. She's possible for players to pick up as a contact at the end of the adventure, if things go well in *Scene 5*.

PUSHING THE ENVELOPE

The closest you can come to making this scene more difficult is ... well ... not including it. If you don't want Sting and a few of her loyal gangers to help out, just have the players leave a message for Prince Parris (to get later), and then ship them off to commit their own retaliatory murder. Problem solved!

DEBUGGING

Not a lot can go wrong here. Even if Sting and the PCs have some history from prior adventures or something, she's willing to let bygones be bygones—Prince Parris needs her help (and maybe even against rogue Ancients), so she's willing to put the good of the gang first, and do her job.

SCENE 5: CLEANING UP THE MESS

SCAN THIS

This climactic finale will take you back to one of the earlier scenes—Padraig's Tavern, the Portland Marchers' practice session, a run-down Ancients' chop-shop, or the bridge the Souldrinkers dwell under—to wreak bloody vengeance. Prior to moving on to *Scene 5*, your players should have called and gotten some back-up (Sting and perhaps a handful of Ancients, stated below).

They'll need it, because their earlier visit panicked the betrayers they're after. Whatever crew they suspect of the ambush, they called for their own ace in the hole. Johnson, formerly Prince Parris' loyal driver and bodyguard, is in on this action. He's no slouch in a fight, and he'll be a nasty surprise for the players when they return to the scene of the crime to confront their attackers.



TELL IT TO THEM STRAIGHT

It's time. Sting has roared up alongside your Land Rover on her chrome-heavy chopper, and her eyes—flashing cyberoptics—peer through your tinted windows to give you a ready nod. You cruise through the streets of Portland like the shadow of death. A black SUV the whole city knows belongs to a Prince, escorted by one of the most legendary go-gangers on the coast, flanked by a handful of her loyal retinue ... people avert their gaze almost instantly. No one wants to see anything. No one wants to be a witness. No one wants to catch your eye, get your attention, or even get a second glance.

Good. You don't have time for anyone else, anyway. You've got a job to finish. There's a briefcase full of your patron Prince's drugs waiting for you ... and retribution, to boot.

BEHIND THE SCENES

Aside from the clatter of the dice and the chatter of automatic weapons, only one thing remains ... what's in the briefcase? A small fortune in street drugs. Slap patches and one-shot inhalers ("poppers") of novacoke and jazz and bliss, yes, but only as a side-show. The real fortune in the sturdy case is patch after patch of laes, each one hard to find outside of the Tír and worth several hundred nuyen apiece. What's more, there are an assortment of other laes dosage methods represented, some experimental; it looks like Tír Tairngire may be weaponizing the potent drug, and the players may have been unwitting lab rats when Johnson decided to take them out.

This time around, it should be a straight-up combat encounter. Whoever they come back to may put up a fragile façade of being friendly and surprised to see them again, but the peace shouldn't last. One visit and an ambush? Great plan. Two visits? They figure they kept their cool, and things are fine. Three visits in a day? They know the jig is up. It's time to go down fighting. And besides ... they have Johnson. Their ace in the hole, all kitted out and ready to play.

PUSHING THE ENVELOPE

To make any of the initial encounters nastier, follow the "Pushing the Envelope" information suggested from that previous scene, or—if your group is up to it—combine the NPCs from more than one such scene, for this climactic showdown. Maybe the small group at Padraig's was out to split the profits from illicit drug sales to the Marchers, or the Souldrinkers and the Ancients banded together in their betrayal. Who knows? If you think your group can handle the fight, throw a whole bunch of 'em their way. It'll make for a heck of a fight, at least.

DEBUGGING

This scene should be brutal and straight to the point—a fight to the death, and not much else. If that fight really doesn't go the players' way, you could have Sting's back-up arrive (a few more Ancients to help out, and maybe buy them a pass or two to regroup and get ready), but be careful not to steal the spotlight from your PCs. It's their story, after all!

When the gunsmoke clears and the dust settles, once again thank your players for being good sports with how the adventure started. Johnson was the son of a gun behind it all, who betrayed his long service to Prince Parris, and his budding friendship with the players themselves, all in service of the almighty nuyen.

Now that the job is over, players have a chance to call Prince Parris directly, tell him it was Johnson who arranged the whole mess, and take a guess at the specifics. He'll be coldly outraged, and the news will give the players another chance to arrange for a higher payment for the day's work—they've done very well, after all! Let them make a quick Negotiation roll, applying a special +1 die modifier for every "innocent" gang they roughed up. For every hit on the roll, capped at 5 hits, have Prince Parris compensate them with 1,000¥ per player.

Incoming Message

ANCIENT'S THUG, PROFESSIONAL RATING 4 Elven Go-Gangers (4)

This particular pack of Ancients are considered hardcore road warriors, even by their go-ganger brethren. They're the wild cards that can't stand to stay in one metroplex for long, who love the feel of the open road, a fast bike, and a powerful gun. They've all opted in, at one time or another, for a handful of cheap, brutally effective augmentations; all built around making them handier on a bike and nastier in a fight.

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	Ess	Init	IP	Arm
5(6)	4(6)	5(6)	3(5)	5	4	2	4	1.4	9(10)	1(2)	5/9

Dice Pools: Pilot Ground Vehicle (wheeled) 10 (12), Automatics 9, Unarmed Combat 10, Dodge 8, Gymnastics 8

Augmentations: Muscle Replacement (2), Wired Reflexes (1), Plastic Bone Lacing, Balance Augmenter Earware

Gear: Bike Racing Armor and Helmet (image link, smartlink, flare compensation), Suzuki Mirage [Bike, Handling +2, Accel 20/50, Speed 200, Pilot 1, Body 6, Armor 4, Sensors 1]

Weapons:

Ingram Smartgun X [Submachine Gun, 5P, 0 AP, BF/FA, 2(3) RC, 32 (c), 1 spare magazine regular ammo]

Unarmed Attack [Unarmed, 3P]

PICKING UP THE PIECES

MONEY

- 15,000¥ per player is the pay received for today's task.
- At the adventure's conclusion, PCs will receive 1,000¥-5,000¥ extra, per player, for a job well done.
- Assorted NPCs also had rather valuable gear that may have been taken as loot, increasing this amount substantially, or offering an assortment of foci, hard-to-find guns, or both to a character's equipment sheet.

KARMA

- 1 Karma for roughing up the gang at Padraig's Tavern
- 1 Karma for roughing up the Portland Marchers
- 1 Karma for roughing up the Souldrinkers
- 1 Karma for roughing up the rogue Ancients
- 1 Karma for permanently dealing with those responsible for the briefcase ambush (and Johnson)
- 2 Karma for difficulty

An additional 1-3 points of Karma may be awarded for good role-playing, a good sense of humor, a solid grasp of the rules, keeping the adventure and action moving, or a particularly insightful action. Players should earn these, and the full 3 points should only be awarded to the very best players. The maximum adventure award for characters who play this adventure is 9.

REPUTATION

During the adventure, runners may perform actions that will add to their Street Cred, Notoriety, or Public Awareness (see p. 265, *SR4A*). Besides the scenario specific gains listed below, gamemasters should consider the characters' actions throughout the game and award additional points as appropriate.

- +1 Street Cred for recovering the missing goods.
- +1 Notoriety for killing members of any innocent group (gained once per group).
- +1 Public Awareness for any combat that takes place publicly.

CONTACTS

Successfully completing objectives or performing the actions listed below earns characters specific Missions contacts at a Loyalty of 1, and they should be given the Contact Sheet included with this Mission. If they already have that contact, they gain a +1 loyalty to that contact (up to a maximum of 4).

Characters might interact with NPCs not specified by the Mission and may earn these NPCs as a contact at Loyalty 1. They may also work with non-Mission-specific contacts that they have already earned or that they bought at character creation and gain a +1 Loyalty to these contacts, with a maximum Loyalty of 4. Gamemasters should not grant these lightly, and players should have to work to earn these contacts by going the extra mile to impress the NPC, offering up favors, or paying them well above the standard rates for information or services.

- **Prince Evan Parris:** For successfully recovering the goods and uncovering the traitor, gain Prince Evan at Loyalty 1, or gain +1 Loyalty if they already have him (to a max Loyalty of 4).

LEGWORK

When a PC gets in touch with a contact, make a Connection + Connection Test for the contact. The results of this test will determine how many ranks of information the contact knows about the question. (Apply die modifiers to this test based upon relevance of the contact to the subject matter.) A PC then makes a test of Charisma + Etiquette + Loyalty rating. The contact will reveal that many levels of information about that topic for free (up to the number of hits scored by the contact for that topic). If the contact knows more, additional information will require a payment to the contact of 200¥.

If the PCs have worked all of their contacts and are still missing important information, they may request that a contact ask around. If they do so, have the Contact make an Extended (Connection + Connection (20 minutes)) Test. Additional information will be available at a cost of 750¥.

A Data Search may also be utilized to gather information from the following charts. They may make a limited Extended Logic + Data Search Test, with a -1 Dice Pool for each successive roll (p. 64, *SR4A*).

PRINCE EVAN PARRIS

Contacts to Ask: Shadowrunners, Elves, Politicos

Contacts	Data Search	Information
0	0	Never heard of 'im.
1	3	He's a Tír Prince, alright, but a new one. Used a big scandal to get into power.
2	6	He was a long-time Duke and Telestrian Industries company man prior to this recent elevation.
3	10	His son's a go-ganger named Rook, I hear. Runs with the Ancients, out of Seattle.
4	18	Parris wasn't just a company man, he was Tír SpecOps. Covert murder stuff. Sweet!
5	—	Does "Blackwing" ring any bells? It should. Nasty street sam, from over 20 years back.

STING

Contacts to Ask: Shadowrunners, Elves, Smugglers, Seattleites

Contacts	Data Search	Information
0	0	WHO? WHAT? Sorry, buddy, I just got new cyberears and I can't hear a thing.
1	3	Sting's been a top officer in the Ancients for ... like ... ever. Twenty, maybe thirty years, now?
2	6	She was co-Captain for years, alongside Green Lucifer. Recently, she was ousted from power.
3	10	When Belial took over in Seattle, it



4	18	was Sting who handed him the reins. Word is she caved.
5	—	Sting seems happy to have the wind in her hair and a bike between her legs, again.
		Any Ancients she's out-of-town with are gonna be badass, just like her. She's roving muscle, now, not stuck running the show and making the tough calls.

PADRAIG'S TAVERN

Contacts to Ask: Shadowrunners, Elves, Rinelle ke'Tesrae members, Alcoholics, Pimps, Prostitutes

Contacts	Data Search	Information
0	0	Paddy's Pub? Never heard of the place.
1	3	It's just some dive bar, isn't it? Hardly anyone drinks there. Wonder how they're still open?
2	6	They don't do a lot of business, but they've been a Portland staple almost since the Tír started.
3	10	The guys who run it? They're shadowrunners, every one. Watch out. They're also idiots.
4	18	These psychos bounce from cause to cause like you wouldn't believe. They've got Rinelle ties.
5	—	They're all just blunt force, dumb muscle, brute power. Even the mages are vain idiots.

THE PORTLAND MARCHERS

Contacts to Ask: Elves, Sports Fanatics, Drug Dealers

Contacts	Data Search	Information
0	0	OHMIGOSH can you get me tickets? You work for a Prince or something, right?
1	3	What are you, stupid? They're one of the top teams in the National Hurling Association!
2	6	Like all hurling teams, they've gotten a lot nastier since they started allowing adepts.
3	10	Every one of them is a rock-solid athlete, nasty with a stick, too! You see their last game?
4	18	Like lots of pro teams, rumors fly about them dabbling in some nasty drugs. Maybe jazz?
5	—	They're regulars, as a franchise, with some local dealers. It's how they keep their edge.

THE ANCIENTS

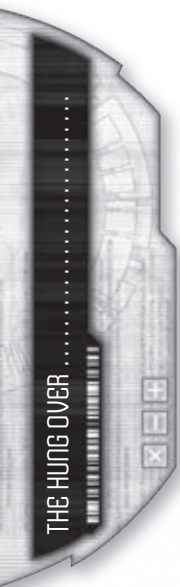
Contacts to Ask: Shadowrunners, Elves, Smugglers, Seattleites

Contacts	Data Search	Information
0	0	Uhh, duh. They're the all-troll biker gang. Moron.
1	3	Green or red? I never remember what color they like. They're all elves, though. On bikes!
2	6	The West Coast is really pulling together lately, under Green Lucifer.
3	10	The Seattle and Portland chapters seem especially close lately. Some don't like it.
4	18	Some of the Portland punks are bitching about working for "the man" or something.
5	—	Word is the rest of the gang would love to get those little pups in line. Give 'em a good smack.

THE SOULDRINKERS

Contacts to Ask: Gangers, Drug Dealers, Cops

Contacts	Data Search	Information
0	0	Vampires don't sparkle.
1	3	Some gang, I think? I heard something about them on the trid the other day.
2	6	They're a thrill-gang, in it for the kicks and the blood, not the nuyen. Psychos.
3	10	Their favorite hobby? Dressing like zombies and eating people. No drek! Bunch of freaks.
4	18	Their bosses are supposed to have some real mojo. Dark stuff, I hear.
5	—	Push them hard enough, and they should cave. They're nut-jobs, not businessmen. They don't have the money for real augmentations or muscle. Take away their magic and their intimidation factor, and they'll fold.



... POST GAME ...

CAST OF SHADOWS

ALEXANDER HORN

INCOMING FEED.....



Horn is an elf of average—perhaps even smaller than average—build, rather nondescript in his slick business suit, with his dark hair and neatly trimmed goatee. If there is anything remarkable about him it would be the horn-rimmed glasses he wears, and his verbal professionalism (in that he constantly speaks in rather bland corporate language). He is the very picture of an impeccably dressed, impeccably polite, overpaid middle-manager.

He is not. Mr. Horn worked and clawed and shot his way up the criminal ladder in Portland, but did so decades ago. While the magical talents he used to grab, and maintain, his position are still present, the mundane skills he once used have decayed from lack of use. He has people to do most of his killing *for* him, now, but if pressed into a corner, he's still more capable of defending himself than is likely expected.

B A R S C I L W Ess M Init IP Arm CM
3 5 5 3 7 5 5 4 6 6 10 1 4/0 10

Skills: Assensing 3, Dodge 4, Electronics skill group 3, Intimidation 4, Perception 4, Pistols 3, Social skill group 5, Stealth skill group 3

Qualities: Adept, Blandness, Guts, Distinctive Style (5, insistence on using corporate lingo), SINner, Prejudiced (Biased vs. non-Elves)

Initiate Grade: 2

Metamagics: Adept Centering (muttering business memos under his breath), Masking

Adept Powers: Kinesics (3), Combat Sense (5), Enhanced Perception (4), Astral Perception,

Gear: Custom-tailored Armor Clothing, Glasses (Rating 4, with flare compensation, smartlink, thermographic, vision enhancement 3)

Weapons:

Morrissey Elite [Heavy Pistol, 5P, -1 AP, 0 RC, 5 (c), w/ smartlink, 1 extra clip regular ammo]

BELIAL, AKA NATHANIEL KYLISEARN



Belial is a hungry young up-and-comer within the ranks of Seattle's Ancients, just pushing twenty years old but having already seen and done plenty. Trained by his infamous father, Green Lucifer, Belial's a powerful mundane combatant and excellent rider, but he's also got potent spells to back up his martial abilities. Tutored by some of the Tir's best (exiled) combat mages, he's a well-rounded combatant and a terrific field commander. He's just back in Seattle after spending a year traveling up and down the West Coast with his father, time spent on the roads amidst an army of Ancients bikers, with rumors flying about an Initiation ritual alongside "General" Firethorn himself and even a brief fling with Rosa Azul, the Los Angeles chapter head.

His bare arms are more muscled than most elf's and lined with tattoos. A prominent Ancients "A" is on each bicep, and an assortment of stylized tattoos run along his tanned skin ranging from Celtic knotwork to motorcycle chain designs, stylized ivy along one forearm, a running stag along another ... the crowning piece is a classic-looking rampant gryphon that dominates his chest.

Magically speaking, Green Lucifer's son is anything but simple. While formally trained enough that he clings primarily to

hermetic trappings and fetish items rather than the "superstitious nonsense" of a proper shaman, Belial's grasp of the supernatural certainly comes primarily from his force of personality and confidence, not his reason or wit. He summons hermetic spirits, but Belial uses Charisma for his Drain attribute. Furthermore, as a Magician's Way adept, he has chosen to focus his innate abilities along the Speaker's path. He has received the favored power discount as if a follower of the Speaker's Way but has chosen to sacrifice those favored metamagics in exchange for a bonus to his Initiate Rating when calculating his basic Centering (non-Adept) metamagic. For further information on Ways and their benefits, please consult *Way of the Adept*.

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	E	Ess	M	Init	IP	Arm
5	6	5(7)	6(7)	8	5	4	5	5	6	8	10(12)	1(3)	6/4

Skills: Arcana (3), Artisan (3), Athletics skill group (4), Automotive Mechanic (Wheeled) 1(3), Binding (Fire Spirits) 5(7), Blades (Swords) 5(7), Computer (Commlink) 1(3), Counterspelling (Combat) 4(6), Firearms skill group (5), Influence skill group (6), Intimidation (4), Perception (4), Pilot Ground Craft (Bike) 5(7), Spellcasting (Combat) 5(7), Stealth group (3), Summoning (Fire Spirits) 5(7), Unarmed Combat (Martial Arts) 4(6)

Qualities: Mystic Adept (15), Guts (5), Mentor Spirit (Gryphon) (5), Focused Concentration (10)

Initiate Grade: 4

Metamagics: Adept Centering (Sperethiel Chants), Centering (Sperethiel Chants), Invoking, Masking

Adept Powers: Commanding Voice, Enthralling Performance, Improved Strength (1), Improved Ability Leadership (3), Kinesics (3), Nimble Fingers, Spellcasting/Summoning (5)

Gear: Power Focus (Force 4), sustaining focus: Increase Reflexes (Force 4), armor vest, electric guitar, Suzuki Mirage [Bike, Handling +2, Accel 20/50, Speed 200, Pilot 1, Body 6, Armor 4, Sensors 1]

Spells: Manabolt, Stunball, Flamethrower, Fireball, Heal, Healthy Glow, Fire Aura, Fire Wall, Entertainment, Invisibility, Mask, Armor, Levitate, Slay Troll, Slaughter Troll

Weapons:

Claymore Weapon Focus [Blade, 8P, -1 AP, +2 Reach, Weapon Focus (2)], survival knife [5P, -1 AP]

JOHNSON, PRINCE PARRIS' DRIVER

Johnson—which is actually his real name—is a chauffeur and bodyguard for Prince Parris. In *Domestic Tranquility* he is assigned to drive the team around town. In *The Hung Over*, he served in much the same capacity prior to the start of the adventure, but turned on the players at a crucial moment. He used one of these four groups—the retired shadowrunners, the muscle of the Portland Marchers, the Souldrinkers, or some rogue Ancients—to turn on Prince Parris and his couriers, in order to turn a fabulous profit from the concentrated laes in the briefcase. All he had to do was plant a corpse on the wrecked vehicle from that morning, and he thought his problems were all over.

Johnson had plenty of opportunity to assist some thugs in this sort of betrayal, and perhaps even dosed the team with laes while they were idly sitting in the back of the very SUV he'd been hired to drive them around in. Manipulating the vehicle's life

INCOMING FEED.....



HK XM30 [Assault Rifle, 6P, -1 AP, SA/BF/FA, 1 RC, 30(c), 2 extra magazines EX ammo, smartlink]
 Underbarrel Grenade Launcher [Heavy Weapon, 10P, -2 AP, -2/m blast, SS, 8 total High Explosive grenades]
 Cougar Fineblade (long) [Blade, 6P, -1 AP]

PRINCE EVAN “BLACKWING” PARRIS

INCOMING FEED.....



support systems, wiping down interior handles and other contact points with the drug, or even the simpler, blunter, method of dosing them up with it through a traditional chemical weapon—the details of his betrayal will likely never be known, since the players are incapable of remembering, and he’s very, very, likely to die quite soon.

B A R S C I L W Edg Ess Init IP Arm CM
 5 (6(8) 5(8) 5(7) 5 4 3 4 4 3.5 9(12) 1(3) 9/4 11

Dice Pools: Close Combat skill group 12, Athletics skill group 13, Firearms skill group 14, Heavy Weapons (Grenade Launcher) 9 (11), Perception 9, Infiltration 9, Pilot Ground Vehicle (Wheeled) 12 (14), Social skill group 7,

Augmentation: Muscle Toner (2), Muscle Augmentation (2), Synaptic Boosters (3), Cybereyes Rating 3 (Flare Compensation, Low-Light, Thermographic, Vision Enhancement 3, Smartlink, Protective Covers)

Gear: Actioneer Business Clothes, Form-Fitting Half-Body Suit, The Briefcase (with an assortment of street drugs, including several experimental modifications of weaponized laes)

Weapons:

Ares Predator IV [Heavy Pistol, 5P, -1 AP, SA, 0 RC, 15(c), 1 extra magazine EX ammo, smartlink]

Prior to his elevation in rank, Prince Evan “Blackwing” Parris spent decades as a covert operative of his beloved nation. He dallied in the Seattle shadows briefly during a temporary exile, and older shadowrunners may still suppress a shudder at the mention of his infamous street name.

The years have been kind and his hardware has been upgraded time and again to be less obvious, less invasive, and to keep him riding the cutting edge. In recent months he has climbed to the summit of Tír society and gained himself a seat on the Council, but his nature has not changed. He maintains a network of criminals and spies, and ruthlessly uses the knowledge and profits they bring him. He is unlikely to bring the full weight of his power to bear in service of another—within the Tír, his influence is almost peerless. For a business acquaintance, however, he’s much more likely to use only his off-the-books influence.

POST GAME.....

Stats are not included for Blackwing as he will refuse to engage in combat or negotiate directly with the characters. He has a large number of guards and magical support standing by at all times, ready to whisk him out of harm's way and deal with anyone threatening him.

RAYMOND BALLARD

INCOMING FEED.....



up a conversation on his own, but he knows it's his job to share his wilderness lore, so he'll open up and answer questions anyone asks him. He spends more time out here in the Tír wilds than he does in Portland or Salem, and it shows. He's a natural woodsman, a world-class tracker, and a wicked shot with his hunting bow.

Ballard will quietly pray—nothing fancy or loud—over the corpse of any paracritter he or the PCs kill. Those fluent in Salish, or those who simply think to ask him, will hear him softly sending the spirit on its way, thanking it for the thrill of the hunt, and apologizing for any pain caused.

Note: For campaigns using *Way of the Adept* optional rules, Ballard is a Totem's Way Adept, following Wise Warrior. Add the appropriate Qualities to his list, discount his Archery, Quick Draw, and Improved Reflexes, and add the powers Natural Survivor (rural) (1) and Enhanced Perception (2). This should only be done in home games, however, as the *Shadowrun: Options* line is not normally allowed for *Missions* play.

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	Ess	M	Init	IP	Arm	CM
4	6	5(6)	5	3	5	3	6	6	7	10(11)	1(2)	8/6	10

Skills: Archery (bows) 5 (7), Artisan (woodcarving) 1 (3), Athletics skill group 5, Blades (knives) 4 (6), Firearms skill group 2, First Aid 3, Parazoology 4, Perception 5, Pilot Ground Craft 3, Outdoors skill group 6, Salish Language 4, Stealth skill group 4, Unarmed Combat 4, Zoology 4

Qualities: Adept, Catlike, Hawk Eye, Outdoorsman,

Initiate Grade: 1

Metamagics: Adept Centering (quiet chanting/praying)

Adept Powers: Direction Sense, Improved Scent, Improved Ability: Infiltration (2), Improved Ability: Archery (2), Improved Ability: Survival (2), Improved Ability: Tracking (2), Improved Reflexes (1), Quick Draw, Sustenance, Temperature Tolerance (3), Traceless Walk
Gear: Backpack, Talislegging Kit, First Aid Kit (5), Three Antidote Patches (5), Three Stimulant Patches (5), Three Trauma Patches, as many sets of Climbing Gear and Rappelling Gloves as are needed, Polar Survival Kit

Weapons:

Compound Bow [Projectile Weapon, DV 7P, 10 barbed head arrows]

Survival Knife [Blade, Reach —, DV 4P, -1 AP]

ROOK, AKA RHODRY PARRIS

The spoiled young Tír nobleman who calls himself "Rook" took to the Seattle streets some two years ago, following in a legendary street samurai's footsteps; those of his father, Evan Parris, the killer called Blackwing. After a series of jobs took him into the Seattle shadows, Blackwing and his longtime "mate," the combat mage Rhiannon, settled down back in the Tír and carefully put up a respectable veneer. As Parris climbed in social rank, they raised their son the only way they knew how: violently. Tutored in espionage by experts from the Tír's shadowy Information Secretariat, "Elven History" by visiting professors introduced to them by the likes of Ehran the Scribe, trained in hand to hand combat, melee fighting, and gunplay by his lethal father, schooled in the finer points of arcane lore by his experienced mother, Rhodry Parris wanted for very little. The son of a then-Count, he took to slumming, slipping away from his overbearing parents to kill time

Ballard—he may ask to be called Ray—is an elf of mixed Caucasian and Native American ancestry, though the latter shows mostly in his deeply tanned skin. When the PCs first meet him he'll be uncomfortably dressed in a no-frills Actioneer suit. His more natural garb is the much-abused outfit he wears when he's in the field, where he belongs; well-worn camo cargo pants, a drab grey wool sweater, and a Salish-Shidhe army jacket, adorned with a Ranger patch and a Sioux Wildcat unit flash (if asked, Ballard will explain that the jacket belonged to his father, and "the old man" earned the Ranger membership the usual Salish way, and the Wildcat patch by "teaching those Sioux a thing or two about fighting" during an old cross-training exercise).

Ballard's perhaps the perfect NPC conversationalist. He's comfortable enough with natural silence that he seldom strikes

INCOMING FEED.....



in the darker corners of Portland's sprawl, rubbing elbows with Rinelle thugs and swaggering Portland-born Ancients. In time, the Morrigan—his mentor spirit, Dark Mother—called out to him and he grew more and more violent, more and more erratic.

Just after his eighteenth birthday and Rite of Passage, he took the name "Rook" for himself, both to acknowledge his chess-master father's teachings and street name, and the corvid nature of his mentor spirit. Reshaping himself in Blackwing's image by getting a cyberlimb of his own, shortly thereafter he hit the scene to the north, with his parents' blessing (and financial support, and a modest focus enchanted by his mother, for luck). He allied himself with the Seattle Ancients, but also their occasional rivals, the Laesa syndicate. Through his almost immeasurably strong ties to Rinelle te'Kesrae cells, sympathetic elven supremacists, and the Tír government itself, Rook has made himself quite useful to the Puyallup shadows ... both practically, as a front-line combatant and initiate-ranked combat hermetic, but as a valuable link in a chain of influence.

He is more vocal than wicked when it comes to other metaspecies, a product of his upbringing that soundly does *not* give non-elves the benefit of the doubt. Members of other metaspecies can earn his grudging respect, but when a scene is to be taken wholly at face value, Rook invariably sides with any elves present in a brief encounter. There doesn't seem to be genuine malice beneath his veneer of casual contempt for anyone and anything born outside the Tír, but his prejudices run constantly, even if not terribly deeply.

In a fight, Rook's mentor spirit urges him toward acts of tremendous destruction or powerful healing. For the purposes of this adventure, it is best to focus on the Dark Lady's regenerative side, and hold him as a strategic reserve to make certain your player characters can shine. Keep Rook fighting on the defensive (holding himself back so that his rented muscle must earn their pay), and bolstering them with healing magic when needed.

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	Ess	M	Init	IP	Arm	CM
4(5)	6(10)	5	3(9)	3	5	6	6	5.02	7	10(11)	1(2)	8/8	0

Skills: Arcana 3, Armorer (Firearms) 1 (3), Assensing (Aura Reading) 2 (4), Athletics skill group 4, Close Combat skill group 4, Conjuring skill group 4, Electronics skill group 1, Firearms skill group 5, History (Tír Tairngire) 3 (5), Influence skill group 3, Intimidation 4, First Aid (Combat Wounds) 2 (4), Languages (Sperethiel: N, English: 4, Irish Gaelic 4, Welsh 3, French 3), Literature 3, Mythology (Celtic) 3 (5), Pilot Ground Craft (Bike) 4 (6), Seattle Street Gangs (Ancients) 4 (6), Sorcery skill group 4, Stealth skill group 4, Street Drugs 3, Wines (Elven) 2 (4)

Qualities: Erased (10), Guts, Magician (Hermetic), Martial Arts (Carromeleg: +1 on Surprise Tests when initiating an attack, Muay Thai: +1 DV Unarmed), Mentor Spirit (Dark Lady), Privileged Family Name, Addiction (Mild, Betel), Allergy (Sunlight, Mild), Mysterious Implant (Kill Switch: Arm, Prince Evan Parris), Prejudiced (Common: non-elves, Outspoken)

Initiate Grade: 2

Metamagics: Masking, Centering (chanting in Sperethiel)

Augmentations: (All beta-grade) Cybereye Rating 1 (Smartlink, Vision Enhancement 1), Audio Enhancer 3, Trauma Damper, Bone Density Augmentation (1), Obvious Full Right Arm (Optimization: Evo Kali, Customized Body 6, Strength 6, Agility 8, Body +3, Strength +3, Agility +3, Biomonitor, Shock Hand)

Gear: Form-Fitting Half-Body Suit, Bike Racing Armor, Commlink (Device Rating 5), Force 1 Health Sustaining Focus (Increase Reflexes, antihelix piercing/earring), Messerschmidt-Kawasaki "Ronin" street bike (as Suzuki Mirage)

Spells: Analyze Device, Antidote, Armor, Death Touch, Detox, Entertainment, Heal, Increase Reflexes, Magic Fingers, Manabolt, Powerbolt, Stabilize, Stunball, Turn to Goo

Maneuvers: Iajutsu, Riposte

Weapons:

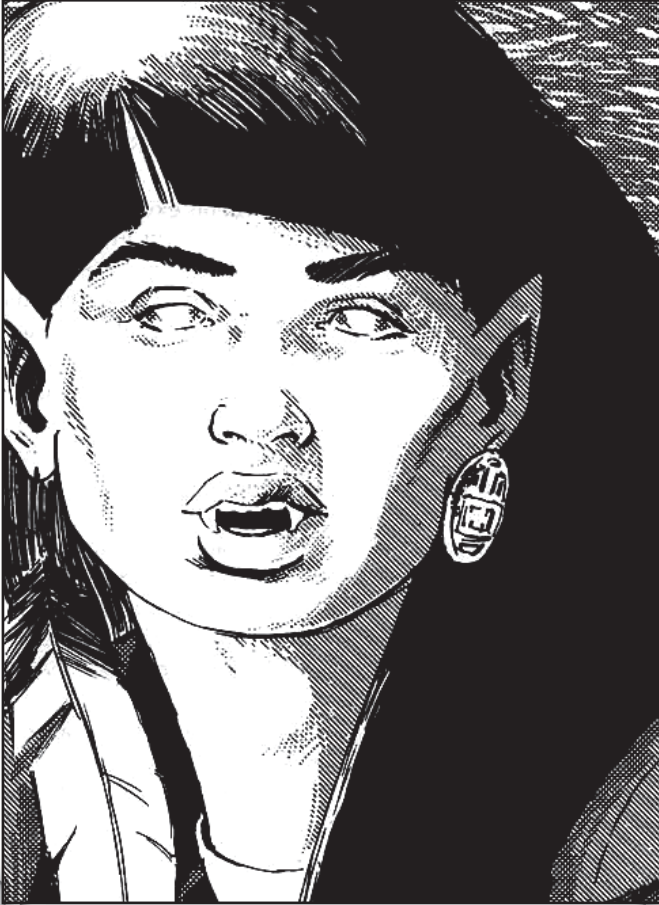
Morrissey Alta [Heavy Pistol, 5P, -1 AP, SA, 0 RC, 12(c), smartlink, 1 extra magazine regular ammo]

"Mageblade," sword [Blade, 8P, 0 AP, Reach 1, Weapon Focus 2]

POST GAME

STING

INCOMING FEED.....



he lives for the Ancients, just like she always did. While always more of a street-tough razorgirl than a full on street samurai, and lagging a little behind the SotA curve, Sting's still pretty nasty in a fight. Here are her stats, if any of the player characters end up going blade to blade with her in *Last Rites*. You might never need Belial's stats—if things go according to plan, he and the PCs certainly never lift a finger against each other—but if things go crazy, or you ever need his stats as a Contact, they're provided.

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	E	Ess	Init	IP	Arm
4	6(8)	6(8)	3(5)	6	5	5	4	4	2.7	11(13)	1(2)	6/4

Skills: Athletics skill group (4), Automatics (Submachine Guns) (6)(8), Blades (Cyber Implant) 6(8), Influence skill group (4), Pilot Ground Vehicle (Bikes) 5(7), Stealth skill group (5), Unarmed Combat (Martial Arts) 6(8)

Qualities: +2 DV Blades (10), Guts (5), High Pain Tolerance [2] (10), Toughness (10),

Augmentations: Retractable hand razors, wired reflexes [Rating 1], reaction enhancers [Rating 1], cybereyes [Rating 3, with smartlink, shermographic, lowlight, flare compensation, vision enhancement (Rating 2), vision magnification], muscle augmentation [Rating 2], muscle toner [Rating 2]

Gear: Armor vest, Harley Scorpion [Motorcycle, +2 Handling, 15/30 Accel, 120 Speed, 2 Pilot, 8 Body, 4 Armor, 1 Sensor]

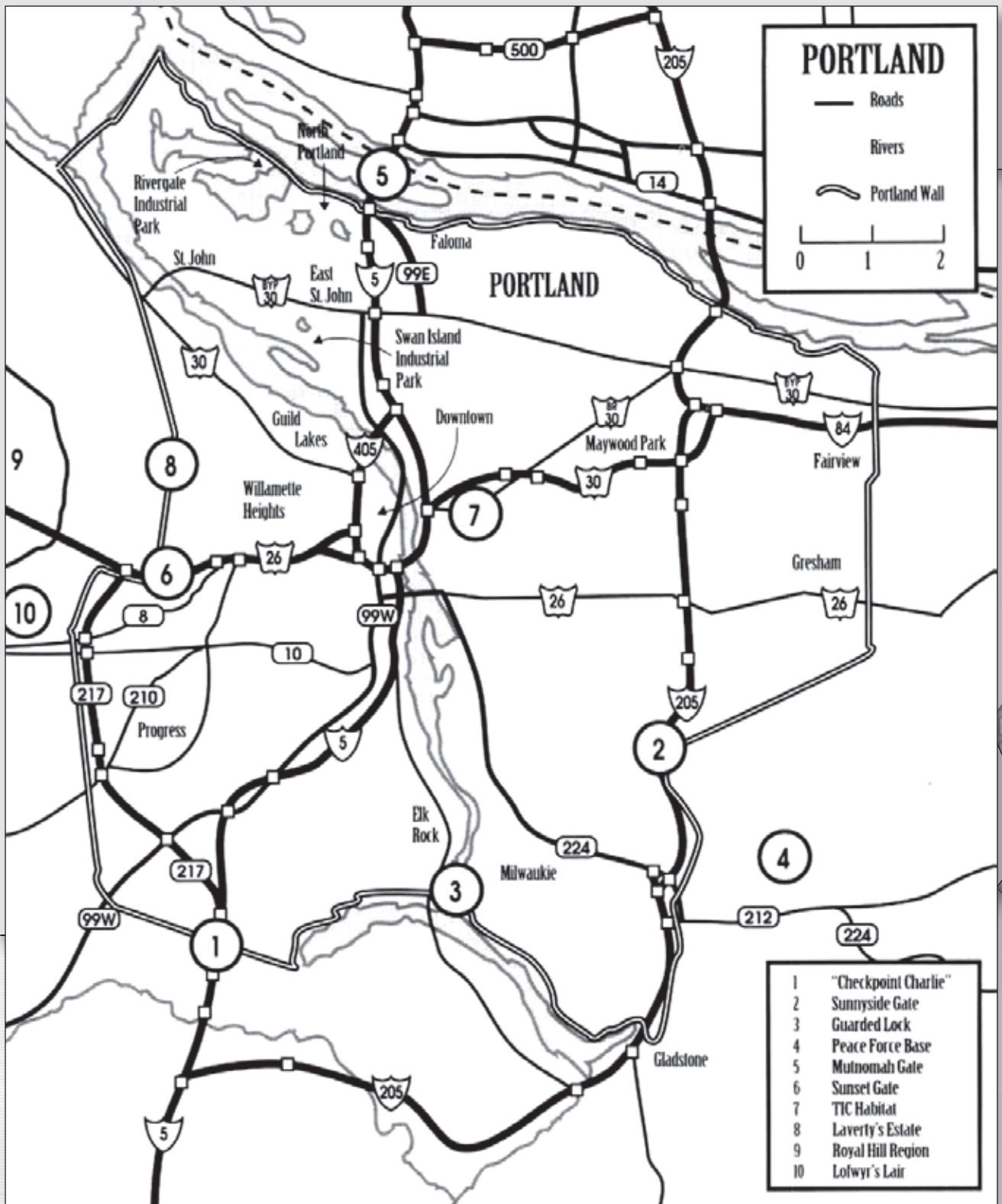
Weapons:

Hand razors [Blades, 6P, 0 AP], HK 227-X [SMG, 5P, 0 AP, SA/BF/FA, 1 RC, 28 (c), 1 spare clip]

Sting is one legendary leader of the Seattle chapter of the Ancient's go-gang, with her long-time rival, Green Lucifer, having left the Sprawl lately to take over West Coast operations. She's been a head of Seattle's premier all-elf gang for longer than many of her underlings have been alive, and there's a genuine sense of confidence beneath her street-rat aggression. She's had her razor-tipped fingers on the pulse of Seattle for decades, and nothing the Sixth World has thrown at her has really rattled her, yet. Deep down, she's getting tired of command. Green Lucifer getting a promotion left her firmly in control of the Ancients, but without a co-Captain to bounce ideas off of, to get a second perspective from, it's running her a little ragged.

Sting has straight dark hair, never going for the mohawks or green-dyed hair some other Ancients enjoy. She wears slashed up Ancients racing leathers with plenty of hard-edged spikes, chrome, chains, and the like.

Sting's a canny bitch, but she loves the Ancients more than herself. It was the biggest difference between her and Green Lucifer and why they clashed for so long; she loved the gang, he loved ruling it. She sees Belial's ambition, but she can also tell that

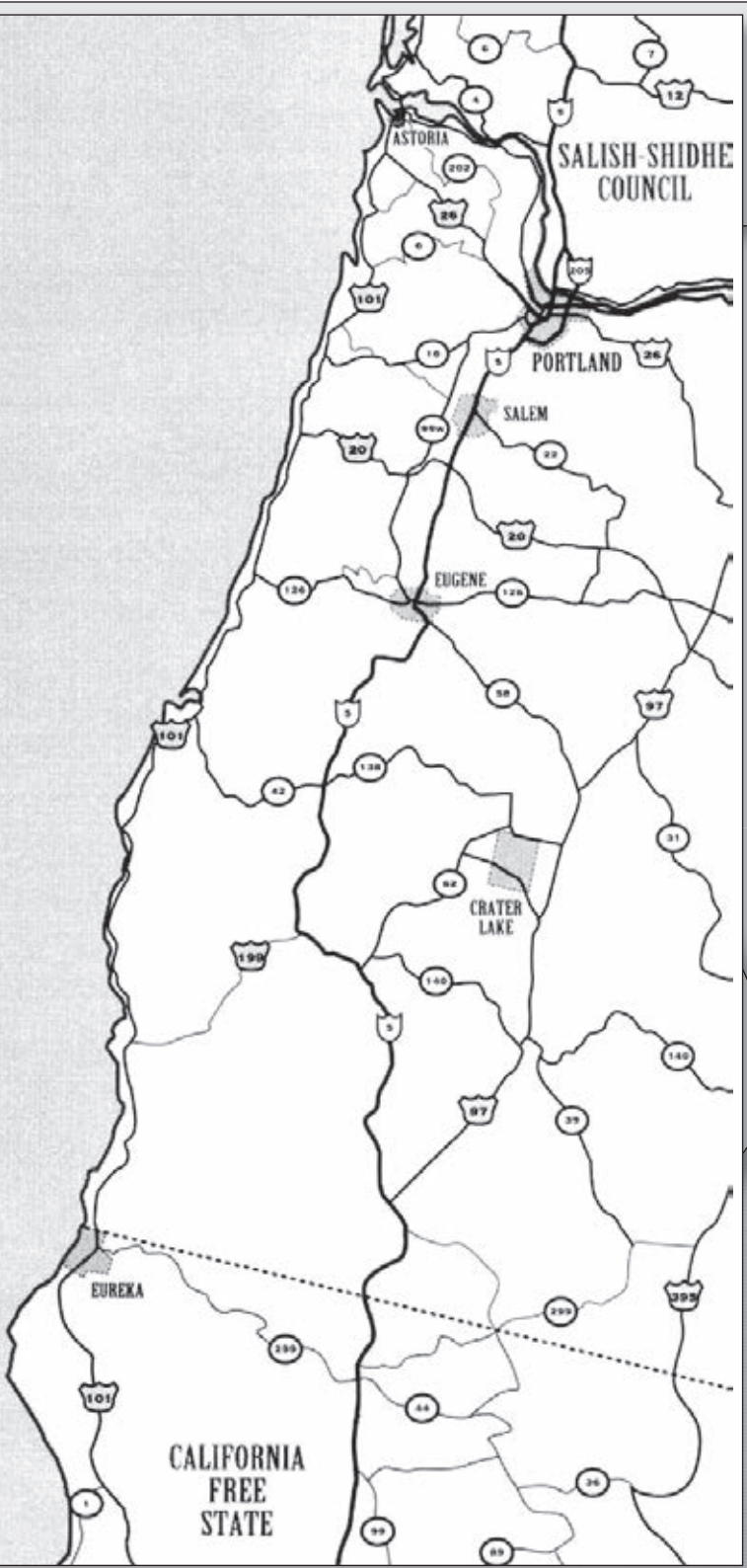




TIR TAIRNGIRE

- National Boundary
- International Highway
- National Highway
- Local Highway

Miles 0 50
Kilometers 0 100



PACIFIC OCEAN

CALIFORNIA FREE STATE

POST GAME.....





RHODRY "ROOK" PARRIS

Rook was Tír-born and Tír-bred, the son of wealth and prestige for his entire life. Brought up under the less-than-gentle paternal instincts of a ruthless killer and his combat mage wife, the young elf was not raised so much as molded. He is a shaped charge, a weapon of elven supremacy, an extension of his noble father's will.

Rook is currently working to maintain his father's underworld ties outside of the Tír—Blackwing himself is certainly able to influence the Portland underworld, but he partially relies on his son to keep him informed of the goings-on in Seattle. To do so, Rook has joined the Ancients go-gang, and risen to a position of prominence within it. He is a powerful combat mage, but is also quite capable of holding his own in mundane combat...his father expected no less.

RHODRY "ROOK" PARRIS

Ancients Combat Mage

Male Elf

Connection Rating: 3

Loyalty:

Key Active Skills: Sorcery skill group, Firearms skill group,

Knowledge Skills: Chess, Tír History, Smugglers, Elven Gangs, Celtic Mythology

Uses: Street Rumors, Street Information, Go-Gang backup, Smuggling Contacts

Places to Meet: Tarislar, The Daisy Chain, The Crime Mall



RHODRY "ROOK" PARRIS

Rook was Tír-born and Tír-bred, the son of wealth and prestige for his entire life. Brought up under the less-than-gentle paternal instincts of a ruthless killer and his combat mage wife, the young elf was not raised so much as molded. He is a shaped charge, a weapon of elven supremacy, an extension of his noble father's will.

Rook is currently working to maintain his father's underworld ties outside of the Tír—Blackwing himself is certainly able to influence the Portland underworld, but he partially relies on his son to keep him informed of the goings-on in Seattle. To do so, Rook has joined the Ancients go-gang, and risen to a position of prominence within it. He is a powerful combat mage, but is also quite capable of holding his own in mundane combat ... his father expected no less.

RHODRY "ROOK" PARRIS

Ancients Combat Mage

Male Elf

Connection Rating: 3

Loyalty:

Key Active Skills: Sorcery skill group, Firearms skill group,

Knowledge Skills: Chess, Tír History, Smugglers, Elven Gangs, Celtic Mythology

Uses: Street Rumors, Street Information, Go-Gang backup, Smuggling Contacts

Places to Meet: Tarislar, The Daisy Chain, The Crime Mall



RHODRY "ROOK" PARRIS

Rook was Tír-born and Tír-bred, the son of wealth and prestige for his entire life. Brought up under the less-than-gentle paternal instincts of a ruthless killer and his combat mage wife, the young elf was not raised so much as molded. He is a shaped charge, a weapon of elven supremacy, an extension of his noble father's will.

Rook is currently working to maintain his father's underworld ties outside of the Tír—Blackwing himself is certainly able to influence the Portland underworld, but he partially relies on his son to keep him informed of the goings-on in Seattle. To do so, Rook has joined the Ancients go-gang, and risen to a position of prominence within it. He is a powerful combat mage, but is also quite capable of holding his own in mundane combat ... his father expected no less.

RHODRY "ROOK" PARRIS

Ancients Combat Mage

Male Elf

Connection Rating: 3

Loyalty:

Key Active Skills: Sorcery skill group, Firearms skill group,

Knowledge Skills: Chess, Tír History, Smugglers, Elven Gangs, Celtic Mythology

Uses: Street Rumors, Street Information, Go-Gang backup, Smuggling Contacts

Places to Meet: Tarislar, The Daisy Chain, The Crime Mall



PRINCE EVAN “BLACKWING” PARRIS

Prior to his elevation in rank, Prince Evan “Blackwing” Parris spent decades as a covert operative of his beloved nation. He dallied in the Seattle shadows briefly during a temporary exile, and older shadowrunners may still suppress a shudder at the mention of his infamous street name.

The years have been kind and his hardware has been upgraded time and again to be less obvious, less invasive, and to keep him riding the cutting edge. In recent months he has climbed to the summit of Tír society and gained himself a seat on the Council, but his nature has not changed. He maintains a network of criminals and spies, and ruthlessly uses the knowledge and profits they bring him. He is unlikely to bring the full weight of his power to bear in service of another—within the Tír, his influence is almost peerless. For a business acquaintance, however, he’s much more likely to use only his off-the-books influence.

PRINCE EVAN “BLACKWING” PARRIS

Tír Power
Male Elf

Connection Rating: 4
Loyalty: 1

Key Active Skills: Social skill group, Firearms skill group, Blades, Perception

Knowledge Skills: Dragons, Tír History, Tír Politics, Underworld Politics, Smugglers (American Northwest), Elven Gangs, Elven Terrorists

Uses: Getting Jobs, Buying Gear, Making Tír Citizens Vanish

Places to Meet: High-class Tír establishments.



PRINCE EVAN “BLACKWING” PARRIS

Prior to his elevation in rank, Prince Evan “Blackwing” Parris spent decades as a covert operative of his beloved nation. He dallied in the Seattle shadows briefly during a temporary exile, and older shadowrunners may still suppress a shudder at the mention of his infamous street name.

The years have been kind and his hardware has been upgraded time and again to be less obvious, less invasive, and to keep him riding the cutting edge. In recent months he has climbed to the summit of Tír society and gained himself a seat on the Council, but his nature has not changed. He maintains a network of criminals and spies, and ruthlessly uses the knowledge and profits they bring him. He is unlikely to bring the full weight of his power to bear in service of another—within the Tír, his influence is almost peerless. For a business acquaintance, however, he’s much more likely to use only his off-the-books influence.

PRINCE EVAN “BLACKWING” PARRIS

Tír Power
Male Elf

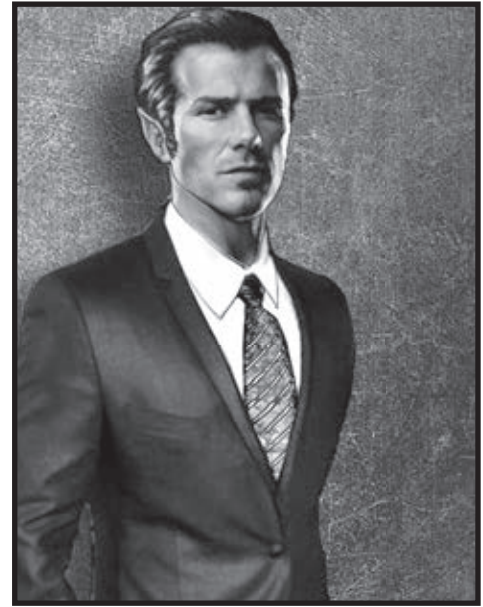
Connection Rating: 4
Loyalty: 1

Key Active Skills: Social skill group, Firearms skill group, Blades, Perception

Knowledge Skills: Dragons, Tír History, Tír Politics, Underworld Politics, Smugglers (American Northwest), Elven Gangs, Elven Terrorists

Uses: Getting Jobs, Buying Gear, Making Tír Citizens Vanish

Places to Meet: High-class Tír establishments.



PRINCE EVAN “BLACKWING” PARRIS

Prior to his elevation in rank, Prince Evan “Blackwing” Parris spent decades as a covert operative of his beloved nation. He dallied in the Seattle shadows briefly during a temporary exile, and older shadowrunners may still suppress a shudder at the mention of his infamous street name.

The years have been kind and his hardware has been upgraded time and again to be less obvious, less invasive, and to keep him riding the cutting edge. In recent months he has climbed to the summit of Tír society and gained himself a seat on the Council, but his nature has not changed. He maintains a network of criminals and spies, and ruthlessly uses the knowledge and profits they bring him. He is unlikely to bring the full weight of his power to bear in service of another—within the Tír, his influence is almost peerless. For a business acquaintance, however, he’s much more likely to use only his off-the-books influence.

PRINCE EVAN “BLACKWING” PARRIS

Tír Power
Male Elf

Connection Rating: 4
Loyalty: 1

Key Active Skills: Social skill group, Firearms skill group, Blades, Perception

Knowledge Skills: Dragons, Tír History, Tír Politics, Underworld Politics, Smugglers (American Northwest), Elven Gangs, Elven Terrorists

Uses: Getting Jobs, Buying Gear, Making Tír Citizens Vanish

Places to Meet: High-class Tír establishments.



MR. ALEXANDER HORN

Alexander Horn is the Portland equivalent of a mafia don. He's the head of one of the city's "crime corporations," complicated bundles of shell companies, MBAs, street thugs, ruthless middle-management hitmen, and elven flair. He is a long-time business associate of Prince Evan Parris, having been a regular contact of the Prince back in his days as the street samurai, Blackwing.

Horn is an apex predator in the Portland shadows, but by no means an uncivil one. He is a consummate professional, and has been at the top of his syndicate for several decades. He clings almost religiously to the clean, clinical, corporate lexicon of his unlicensed business conglomerate.

He is an elf of slightly below average height and build, a creature of intellect rather than physical power. He is impeccably dressed, but not ostentatiously so, in a professional suit.

MR. ALEXANDER HORN

Portland Mob Boss
Male Elf
Connection Rating: 3
Loyalty:

Key Active Skills: Influence skill group

Knowledge Skills: Business, Megacorporations, Tír Politics, Underworld Politics, Street Drugs

Uses: Street Rumors, Street Information, Getting Jobs, Buying & Fencing Gear

Places to Meet: High-class Tír establishments.



MR. ALEXANDER HORN

Alexander Horn is the Portland equivalent of a mafia don. He's the head of one of the city's "crime corporations," complicated bundles of shell companies, MBAs, street thugs, ruthless middle-management hitmen, and elven flair. He is a long-time business associate of Prince Evan Parris, having been a regular contact of the Prince back in his days as the street samurai, Blackwing.

Horn is an apex predator in the Portland shadows, but by no means an uncivil one. He is a consummate professional, and has been at the top of his syndicate for several decades. He clings almost religiously to the clean, clinical, corporate lexicon of his unlicensed business conglomerate.

He is an elf of slightly below average height and build, a creature of intellect rather than physical power. He is impeccably dressed, but not ostentatiously so, in a professional suit.

MR. ALEXANDER HORN

Portland Mob Boss
Male Elf
Connection Rating: 3
Loyalty:

Key Active Skills: Influence skill group

Knowledge Skills: Business, Megacorporations, Tír Politics, Underworld Politics, Street Drugs

Uses: Street Rumors, Street Information, Getting Jobs, Buying & Fencing Gear

Places to Meet: High-class Tír establishments.



MR. ALEXANDER HORN

Alexander Horn is the Portland equivalent of a mafia don. He's the head of one of the city's "crime corporations," complicated bundles of shell companies, MBAs, street thugs, ruthless middle-management hitmen, and elven flair. He is a long-time business associate of Prince Evan Parris, having been a regular contact of the Prince back in his days as the street samurai, Blackwing.

Horn is an apex predator in the Portland shadows, but by no means an uncivil one. He is a consummate professional, and has been at the top of his syndicate for several decades. He clings almost religiously to the clean, clinical, corporate lexicon of his unlicensed business conglomerate.

He is an elf of slightly below average height and build, a creature of intellect rather than physical power. He is impeccably dressed, but not ostentatiously so, in a professional suit.

MR. ALEXANDER HORN

Portland Mob Boss
Male Elf
Connection Rating: 3
Loyalty:

Key Active Skills: Influence skill group

Knowledge Skills: Business, Megacorporations, Tír Politics, Underworld Politics, Street Drugs

Uses: Street Rumors, Street Information, Getting Jobs, Buying & Fencing Gear

Places to Meet: High-class Tír establishments.

PLAYER _____ DATE / /

CHARACTER _____ LOCATION _____

PERSONAL INFO

ANCIENT PAWNS

When a hungry young Ancient on the rise wants to grab the reins from Sting, your team finds itself in the middle. Tearing apart Seattle in a frantic race against the clock, it's up to shadowrunners to decide who'll lead the Ancients after tonight.

- Trollish trophies taken
- Humiliated the Humanis
- Borrowed Badges
- Extracted the elves
- Took a truck
- Belial given the crown, or...
- Sting preserved as head of the gang?

SYNOPSIS

Names

MISSION RESULTS

Character Improvement	Karma Cost
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____

TEAM MEMBERS

FACTIONS

ADVANCEMENT

Previous Available _____
 Earned _____
 Spent _____
 Remaining Available _____
 New Career Total _____

Street Cred _____
 Notoriety _____
 Public Awareness _____

Belial

KARMA

REPUTATION

Previous Available _____ ¥
 Earned _____ ¥
 Spent _____ ¥
 Remaining _____ ¥

GM's Name _____
 GM's Signature _____

NUYEN

VALIDATION

CONTACTS/SPECIAL ITEMS GAINED OR LOST/NOTES



PLAYER _____ DATE / /

CHARACTER _____ LOCATION _____

PERSONAL INFO

HOPPING THE FENCE

There's a load of cargo and a VIP that wants to get from Seattle to Portland as soon as possible. Your passenger has the route, the contacts, and the gear all lined up...what could possibly go wrong?

- Got Rook safely into the Tir
- Got the whole cargo container across the border
- Preserved ammo and didn't use the boss's launchers

SYNOPSIS

Names

MISSION RESULTS

Character Improvement	Karma Cost
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____

TEAM MEMBERS

FACTIONS

ADVANCEMENT

Previous Available _____
 Earned _____
 Spent _____
 Remaining Available _____
 New Career Total _____

Street Cred _____
 Notoriety _____
 Public Awareness _____

- Rook
- Prince Evan "Blackwing" Parris

KARMA

REPUTATION

Previous Available _____ ¥
 Earned _____ ¥
 Spent _____ ¥
 Remaining _____ ¥

GM's Name _____
 GM's Signature _____

NUYEN

VALIDATION

CONTACTS/SPECIAL ITEMS GAINED OR LOST/NOTES



PLAYER _____ DATE / /

CHARACTER _____ LOCATION _____

PERSONAL INFO

DOMESTIC TRANQUILITY

A handful of Portland street gangs are getting more and more violent towards one each other, and so brazen with their attacks that it has caught the personal attention of the Princes of Tir Tairngire...more particularly, your patron, the vindictive and ruthless Evan Parris.

- Brought about a peaceful resolution
- Wiped out a gang to calm things down
- Wiped out all four gangs to impress the boss
- Frees Smiles-Like-The-Sun from magical bondage
- Left Smiles-Like-The-Sun and Stump together, happy

SYNOPSIS

Names

MISSION RESULTS

Character Improvement	Karma Cost
<hr/>	<hr/>
<hr/>	<hr/>
<hr/>	<hr/>
<hr/>	<hr/>
<hr/>	<hr/>
<hr/>	<hr/>
<hr/>	<hr/>
<hr/>	<hr/>
<hr/>	<hr/>

TEAM MEMBERS

FACTIONS

ADVANCEMENT

Previous Available _____
 Earned _____
 Spent _____
 Remaining Available _____
 New Career Total _____

Street Cred _____
 Notoriety _____
 Public Awareness _____

- Prince Evan "Blackwing" Parris
- Mr. Horn, Tir Mobster

KARMA

REPUTATION

Previous Available _____ ¥
 Earned _____ ¥
 Spent _____ ¥
 Remaining _____ ¥

GM's Name _____
 GM's Signature _____

NUYEN

VALIDATION

CONTACTS/SPECIAL ITEMS GAINED OR LOST/NOTES



PLAYER _____ DATE / /

CHARACTER _____ LOCATION _____

PERSONAL INFO

GROCERY LIST

Tir Tairngire is famous for its unspoiled wilderness. It's time to spoil it! A bunch of paracritters have something your boss wants – their body parts – and it's up to you to go get him everything he's asked for.

- Debeaked some Griffins
- Deantlered Grandfather Elk
- Detusked a Golden Boar
- Defurred some Werewolves
- Dodged poop to get some Silver Moss
- Handled some angry Paladins
- Handled an angry Dragon

SYNOPSIS

MISSION RESULTS

Names

Character Improvement	Karma Cost
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____

TEAM MEMBERS

FACTIONS

ADVANCEMENT

Previous Available _____
 Earned _____
 Spent _____
 Remaining Available _____
 New Career Total _____

Street Cred _____
 Notoriety _____
 Public Awareness _____

Prince Evan "Blackwing" Parris

KARMA

REPUTATION

Previous Available _____ ¥
 Earned _____ ¥
 Spent _____ ¥
 Remaining _____ ¥

GM's Name _____
 GM's Signature _____

NUYEN

VALIDATION

CONTACTS/SPECIAL ITEMS GAINED OR LOST/NOTES



PLAYER _____ DATE / /

CHARACTER _____ LOCATION _____

PERSONAL INFO

THE HUNG OVER

Man, Laes sucks. But when you wake up with a pounding headache, no memories, and a list of likely suspects, what is there to do but what comes naturally? Find out who's responsible, and make them pay!

- Beat the gang at Padraig's
- Roughed up a discontent pack of Ancients
- Stomped some Portland Marchers
- Bashed in some Souldrinker shamblers
- Finished what you set out to do, and got sweet revenge

SYNOPSIS

MISSION RESULTS

Names

Character Improvement	Karma Cost
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____
_____	_____

TEAM MEMBERS

FACTIONS

ADVANCEMENT

Previous Available _____
 Earned _____
 Spent _____
 Remaining Available _____
 New Career Total _____

Street Cred _____
 Notoriety _____
 Public Awareness _____

Prince Evan "Blackwing" Parris

KARMA

REPUTATION

Previous Available _____ ¥
 Earned _____ ¥
 Spent _____ ¥
 Remaining _____ ¥

GM's Name _____
 GM's Signature _____

NUYEN

VALIDATION

CONTACTS/SPECIAL ITEMS GAINED OR LOST/NOTES





SHADOWRUN

SPRAWL SITES NORTH AMERICA

UNFOLD THE WORLD

The Sixth World is full of dark alleys, twisted corridors, and hidden locations for nefarious activities. Shadowrunners and 16th century explorers both know the same truth—the difference between death and survival when entering a hazardous area may be a good map.

Sprawl Sites: North America presents eight full-color maps that can be used in a variety of sprawls, making it simple for gamemasters to call up a number of different locations when they need it. From a luxury hotel to a collection of blocks in an urban barrens, from a shopping mall to a trideo studio, the collection includes maps that can be used in many different situations. The maps are double-sided, with a key on one side, making them useful as both a guide for players and a reference for gamemasters. The package also includes a booklet providing details on security and other personnel found in the location, along with plot hooks to help involve these spots in your game.

Sprawl Sites: North America is for use with *Shadowrun, Twentieth Anniversary Edition*.

www.catalystgamelabs.com





SHADOWRUN 2050

Chrome eyes. Computers called “decks.” Big hair, big cyberlimbs, and bigger guns. It’s *Shadowrun* in the year it all started. Take a step back to *Shadowrun*’s roots with **SHADOWRUN 2050**, a book that combines Fourth Edition rules—the smoothest, most accessible rule set *Shadowrun* has ever had—with the setting that first made the Sixth World a legend.

Shadowrun 2050 has everything players and gamemasters need to dive into the grimy beauty that kicked off one of the greatest roleplaying settings of all time. With information on how to adapt Fourth Edition Matrix, gear, and magic rules for the 2050 setting, as well as in-universe information about the powers of the world, what shadowrunners will be up to, and who they’ll be running into, **Shadowrun 2050** puts a new twist on the classic setting.

Captain Chaos. Maria Mercurial. The Laughing Man. Sally Tsung. JetBlack. Hatchetman. Nightfire. And the Shadowland poster who just called himself The Big “D.” These people and many others are waiting for you in the year that started it all, a setting brought back to life with new, full-color artwork showing the chrome, dirt, neon, and darkness that was in the heart of *Shadowrun* when it started and remains at its core today.

Shadowrun 2050 is for use with *Shadowrun*, Twentieth Anniversary Edition.

WWW.CATALYSTGAMELABS.COM