



SHADOWRUN[®]

EMERALD SHADOWS





SHADOWRUN

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WHIRLWIND TOUR

"This," Sledge growled between his tusks, hanging onto the back of Hardpoint's tire-squealing Bulldog with one hand, boots slipping on the rear bumper, rain running down his shaved head, bullets whizzing by, "is a bad plan."

"Sure is." Gentry heaved and strained, hauling at the big ork by the back-strap of his combat vest, hauling him back inside the cargo compartment, the pair of them falling on their asses while Hardpoint seemed to be dutifully finding every pothole in Redmond's shitty streets.

"But it's working!"

Sort of.

Yes, they'd raided an Ares facility for the second time in their team's young career. Yes, they'd filled Gentry's headware with the files their Mr. Johnson had needed. Yes—and this is where Sledge's complaints had started, earlier—they'd succeeded in getting an Ares security squad chasing them. And, yes—more complaints—they'd been able to confirm that the sec-team had a certain very special combat mage leading it.

All, technically, gold stars.

"I think it's a great plan," Coydog defended their leader, stepping over the boys to glare out the back of the Bulldog, all equal parts elven grace, balance, and disdain. A sickly green bolt of acid was hurled at her as soon as the Amerindian's profile presented itself—oh yes, they had that enemy mage, all right!—but the shaman flashed a Coyote-cunning grin and pushed, hard, to counter it.

The incoming spell dwindled, then fizzled entirely. Coydog half-turned to flash them both her best I-told-you-so grin, but

then the Bulldog bucked as Hardpoint rammed something, and it was her turn to almost tumble out.

The ork and human fell all over themselves scrambling to help her. Gentry's prowess had recently been increased by the addition of a suprathyroid gland, which he was quite eager to yammer on about. Sledge blew the human out of the water, though, where raw speed was concerned, with his cyberarms chipped in directly to his new black-market move-by-wire system. He had mass on the hacker, too, straight-arming him to one side effortlessly as his other arm reached out to grab Coydog's waist and haul her inside.

Instead, an impossibly, inhumanly long arm reached past the pair of them, and a gloved hand gently wrapped around Coydog's bicep, steadying her and easily pulling her inside.

"Thank you, Coydog," Ms. Myth flashed her white-toothed, white-tusked, smile. She was decked out head-to-toe in her urban combat gear, as armed and armored as any of the rest of them, with even her normally gleaming horns subdued with a quick swipe-on matte varnish, but there wasn't a stealth suit on the market that could keep her teeth from gleaming.

"I'm sure it will work out just fine."

Myth's armored bulk filled the doorway—shoulders broad enough there was precious little chance of her falling out—and she lifted first one Ingram Smartgun, then another. Whole magazines were sprayed out, the troll's fire inexperienced but enthusiastic, rounds chattering out a long burst that left a Knight Errant pursuit special smoking and sputtering to a stop, tired shredded, the pair of officers inside cursing and shouting into headware or helmet-mounted radios.





BY RUSSELL ZIMMERMAN

"Hey, 'Point," Myth spoke into her own comms system, ducking back into the van while Gentry scrambled to pull the armored door shut against a fresh wave of fire from their pursuers. "How're we looking?"

"On track," the dwarf's clipped tone came back, all business when he was jacked in.

"Johnson's called in. They're sweeping the place now. Oh, hang on."

The on ramp caught them and left the cramped foursome in the back lurching as the Bulldog accelerated, turned, and swept upwards, all at once. The back end skidded wide, sparks flying as the rear corner skidded along against the steel barrier topping the ramp's concrete wall, but Hardpoint never stopped, never slowed. None of them commented on the light show, half-visible out the bulletproof windows of the step-van; they knew what the rigger could make a vehicle do, and trusted him and his abilities completely.

They'd *had* to, with a plan this bad.

TWELVE HOURS EARLIER

"And that's the plan," Ms. Myth nodded matter-of-factly, trying to end the discussion. She had a fantastic personality, forceful and firm, a voice that could turn soft as satin or hard and rough as a cinder block, and a gaze that could turn as steely as Sledge's cyberarms when she needed it to. She wielded all of it, now, trying to sound confident, certain, mind made up.

Instead, a dam broke for Hardpoint, Gentry, and Sledge to

start complaining, waving their arms, cursing, kicking chairs across the room, or, in the decker's case, saying "I told you so" about their Johnson having been an Ares insider in the first place. Only Coydog was on board. Coydog had to be; she'd been with Myth during the follow-up Ares meet after their last job for this Mr. Johnson, and she'd conferred with Mr. Johnson's mage about what they'd run up against.

More importantly, it was Coydog who best understood the severity, the cosmic importance, of what they'd found. She'd spent weeks conferring with her shamanic teacher on Council Island, confirming the worst.

"Enough." Coydog stood her full elven height, tilted her chin just so, didn't let any of her usual easy charm and lazy smiles shine through.

"That. Is. The. Plan." A sudden wind stirred her long, dark, hair. They were indoors. Mundane as they were, the rest of the team knew that wasn't good. Coydog had a special love for air spirits, and they for her. Getting her too angry was like playing chicken with a thunderstorm that brought friends.

"Running around the whole town?" Gentry sulked.

"That's the best way to draw them out, yes. This is important, you guys." There was enough genuine emotion in her voice to get the job done. "She's not an insect shaman. She's not been ... turned ... all the way. But she is compromised. She is insane. And she is very, very, dangerous."

"Then let Ares clean up their own fraggin' mess." Sledge crossed his chromed arms, voice ork-low and ork-nasty. "You ain't gotta risk your neck over it."



"Ares is cleaning it up. Mostly." Myth met his baritone with her own trollish grumble. "We kicked this wasp's nest, we've got to take care of it to clean our slate with Mr. Johnson."

Coydog winced at the mixed metaphor, which gave Hardpoint time to chime in.

"This is going to be—" The former corp-rigger hated to use the word "impossible," especially when referring to his own skills. He pulled at his beard in frustration. "—tricky. I can shake a pursuit team, no problem. But stringing them along like this? That's harder."

"An' what about Kay Ee," Sledge interjected. Knight Errant, Seattle's contracted law-enforcement company, was also the militant wing of Ares itself. "They'll have half the city up our butts in no time."

"Knight Errant's taken care of. Or will be, after the fact," Myth said with a hint of a smile. "Mr. Johnson's got that taken care of. As long as his secondary team finds evidence of hive activity—"

"—and they totally will—" Coydog nodded.

"—we're in the clear, after all this. Mr. Johnson'll pull security footage, handle all the reports, flag all of this as one big incident, one big internal affair. If we're right about that crazy mage—"

"—and we are—" the elf cut in again.

"—then we're fine. We just have to keep them chasing us, give Johnson's other team the time they need to take and lock-down that joint. Retroactive immunity. As long as we complete the objective, and keep casualties to the ... *compromised* ... security personnel, we're good. No geeking regular Knight Errant guys, no geeking the mage."

"I hate to say I told'ja so." Sledge reloaded as they heard more shots clattering off the van's armored hide. On top of the pursuing vehicles, they had a half dozen Ares gun-drones chasing them down, too, with Hardpoint's little autonomous air wing dogfighting them overhead.

"The hell you do," Myth gave him a thump on the back that sent him towards the rear exit again. It was his turn on provocation duty. Gentry had dived into the Matrix head-first, Coydog was taking a breather, and Hardpoint's drones were busy. It fell to him to dissuade their pursuers.

The ork braced himself near the rear door and took a deep breath before nodding for Myth to fling it open. He was toting a new toy, and the muzzle led the way.

A Panther Assault Cannon is a ridiculous thing for a street samurai—for any shadowrunner, really—to own. Sledge had said so when Myth had given it to him.

"Why th'frag you even have this thing?" he'd asked.

But now, using it? Feeling the skillsoft slotted in his new chipjack port, *GUNNER.O* guiding his fire, with the gel-padded buttstock of the cannon braced against his armored shoulder, the heavy barrel stabilized by—ironically, perhaps—an Ares brand *SmarrHarness* gyro-mount system, the bone-shaking THOOM of the gun rattling his tusks, and with a single shot simply destroying the entire engine block of the Knight Errant pursuit/interceptor vehicle he aimed it at, Sledge understood.

"This *norgoz* is *hez!*" he grunted, and Myth—understanding Or'zet, the orkish tongue—laughed out loud in agreement.

Oh, dumb as a box of devil rats, sure. As subtle as a fraggin' bazooka, as quiet as a tank, as concealable as a small car under a trenchcoat. It would never be something to pack for an actual gig, never something safe enough to use—never, ever—without getting the National Guard called out on you. It was a once-in-a-lifetime bang-bang, something Myth had given him to use, just this once, because of the arrangement, the get-out-of-drek-free card they were all carrying.

It left a grin on his face and craters down the 405 as they raced through the arterial line of Bellevue. As he ducked back inside against a half-hearted spray of return fire, Sledge played back slow-motion clips from his Trijicon cyberoptics and the smartgun mounted on the big Panther. Wiz. It was just like an action movie. Neil the Ork Barbarian never had nothin' so sweet.

Ares pursuit cars swerved and skidded to avoid the half-wrecked vehicles he left behind, to dodge the war-zone potholes he'd caused, to slip past lethal collisions with the harnessed-in, crash-foam-stabilized cops in their mauled cars.

"That helped." Hardpoint's voice, calm, level, and certain, crackled across the team's comm system, piped directly into Sledge's inner cyberear. Backing off the hostiles bought him time to redline the engine in a straightaway and coordinate with Mr. Johnson.

"We're on schedule," he said, and Ms. Myth nodded. Coydog craned her neck to peer down the 90 as they whipped past it and let out a little sigh as she saw the subdued lights of Council Island in the distance.

The rigger kept them on course, though, and stayed far, far, from that NAN territory. The job was already a clusterfrag by design. The last thing they needed was to get Salish soldiers on their tail, too. But she wished Four-Paws-Laughing was with her. He knew so much. But he *had* taught her a new trick over the last few weeks...

"We get in. We get the data. We pick a fight. We get out ... then the job actually begins. The chase starts here," Hardpoint flicked his wrist, a casual mental command sending the team's commlinks playing. Coydog's flickered unsteadily, but she got the gist. A map of Seattle, softly glowing green, was displayed, the Emerald City in fact as well as nickname. A boxy little icon stood in for their GMC Bulldog, speeding away from their target facility. It was in Downtown, and Downtown hadn't gotten any easier since last time.

"We have to leave Seattle proper as quick as we can," Hardpoint said, to nothing but agreement.

"We don't want no beef." Gentry bobbed his head. Downtown was Seattle's beating heart, and corporate security ran those streets.

"So we floor it. North—"

"Hold up," Sledge tapped his screen to pause it, right off the bat. "Why not take the 520 across to Bellevue? Cut east right off the bat, through the Belle, straight into Redmond?"

"The bridge," Hardpoint said, face grim behind his beard. "Traffic's too unpredictable there, and it's way, way too easy for



them to choke us off. If we move from district to district fast enough, that's Kay-Ee precinct to precinct. With Mr. Johnson behind the scenes, that exacerbates their response problem. And remember, we're doing this to eat up time. Mostly we want surface streets. Options at every intersection. Fluidity."

The ork grunted his assent, so the rigger kept going.

"We start here, then head north. Snohomish is easy mode. The cops don't take it seriously, they're too spread out. Rural geography, rural population per kilometer, rural fees. Knight Errant doesn't care. It's our warm-up phase, when we'll just have Buggy-san and her personal retinue on us."

"She's not actually 'buggy,' she just wants to be, and—"

"We know, 'Dog," Myth smiled. "Hardpoint, keep going."

"So, Snohomish. Rural country, we spin our wheels a little, we make sure they're hooked. Then Redmond 'cause we know Knight Errant won't do much there—they'll need time to get a real tac-team put together, CityMasters can't catch us and they won't roll anything else into Redmond without heavy armor support—and it gets us moving in the right direction. Redmond's our playground. They follow us there, we know we've got 'em. Bellevue's where things will get tricky."

"More than tricky," Gentry cut in. "Bellevue's got just about the toughest 'trix in the city, bro. I know you've got basic Grid-Guide handled, 'Point, but their Matrix protocols are gonna fry us if I'm not on the spot. Drones like crazy, top-end traffic flow control, and they're white-collar enough Knight Errant takes it very, very, seriously."

"Yeah. Tricky."

The dwarf's understatement was met with sighs and multiple eyerolls around the room.

"Then south. Fast as we can. Knight Errant standard pursuit protocols will mean trying to keep us out of high-profile, high-income zones. Every surface street they're worried about keeping us off? That's one less car on our ass. We keep Buggy-san engaged, shoo away straight cops we find, and make time. Renton will be more of the same but a little easier. If we make it to Renton—"

"—'if,' he says—" Gentry groaned.

"If we make it to Renton, we're on the downhill slope. We get to the southwest corner of Renton, and we keep 'em guessing. Knight Errant doesn't know to call for support from Tacoma or Auburn details next. If we head towards 167 at speed, then they've got to worry about us going to Puyallup, too."

"But we don't," Myth said.

"Nope." Hardpoint adjusted the little AR display, and the boxy little Bulldog spun crazily. "We double back. The finish line is here, right in Ares industrial turf, vacant factories. No civvies to worry about, and their team will think they've boxed us in. Mr. Johnson's got our back, though."

"Sure he does," Sledge grumbled.

"Tell me we're fraggin' close," the ork snarled, bleeding. It had been a long night.

"I've almost got it," Coydog said soothingly, slender hands against his bloody chest. She called on Coyote to trick his injuries into healing, and the ragged punctures were closing up.

"Not that," he almost swatted her away before he caught himself—cheeks flushing, feeling guilty—and turned it into an angry gesture behind them. Sirens wailed at them and flashing lights winked through dozens of tight little holes punched neatly through the back of the van. Knight Errant had started leaning on anti-vehicular munitions in response to the Panther.

"I mean close. On the fraggin' map."

"ETA in one minute," Hardpoint's monotone came through, over the snic-snak of Ms. Myth reloading Sledge's borrowed assault cannon. She handled it and the massive ammunition magazines as easily as Gentry did his sleek Colt handgun and its own, comparatively puny reload.

"So gear up," the dwarf finished unnecessarily.

They were ready. As ready as they'd get. Coydog finished her healing spell and Sledge gave her a smile—a real smile, rough face softening immeasurably, getting a beaming response from the slender elf and a sulk when Gentry noticed it—before hauling himself to his feet. Gentry had his pistol in one hand, the glowing screen of his Shiawase Cyber-5 strapped to his other forearm. Hardpoint's second wave of gundrones hummed to life in their concealed launch pods atop the van, loading into a ready state. Ms. Myth had her game face on, goggles down, a locked and loaded SMG in each massive hand. Sledge strapped on the bulky harness for the Panther again, facing once more turning ugly and mean.

Coydog crooned to someone—something—only she could see. A wind swirled inside the van as Hardpoint's tires squealed, as the looming warehouse consumed them, as they received ready-set-kill messages from the Ares ambush team arrayed throughout the building. An armed and armored fire-team materialized from behind hard cover, guns pointed to cover the van's entrance, ready to loose hell when the rogue, corrupted Ares agents raced into the kill zone.

Mr. Johnson had come through. Gentry's tactical network lit up with cool blue symbols for each of them, against the ugly red of the insect-cult-tainted hostiles, the white of the semi-neutral Knight Errant cops who'd fallen into the hunting pack. Suppressing the mage was Coydog's job. Subduing her with less-lethal munitions was Mr. Johnson's. Protecting Coydog was theirs.

Hearing the elf's friendly call, heeding her mental command, responding to the Initiate shaman's powerful summons, a whirlwind engulfed the battered van, helping it skew to a flawless halt.

The air spirit, the most powerful one she'd ever asked for help, burst to life as a roiling black cloud, lit from within by flickers of lightning, growling low with a nonstop rumble of thunder. It wasn't a great form, but it wasn't far from it. The potent storm-spirit understood the need, understood the danger, and stood ready to help its elven friend. Coydog's rematch against this insect-twisted mage, and any corrupted spirits she called up, would be a lopsided affair.

"This," Coydog said with a manic grin, hair lifting as she called up a crackling bolt of lightning and prepared to fling it, "Was the best plan ever."



EMERALD SHADOWS

OVERVIEW

POSTED BY: SOUNDER

The way Seattle hits you depends on how you enter. Come from the air, and the first thing you notice is Mount Rainier, especially if you're coming in on a low-flying t-bird and the mountain peak is higher than you. It lords over the sprawl like an Ancient Greek god; the lights and the pavement of urbanity may have stretched across the region for dozens of kilometers, but most of Rainier remains untouched. You quickly find out how fast the sprawl is, but you never shake that first impression of it being dwarfed by a massive peak.

Come by land, and odds are you are assaulted by green. Unlike some sprawls in the heart of North America, the Seattle skyline is not a distant beacon that can be seen from any slightly elevated position within fifty kilometers. You don't see it until you are already in the sprawl, so the outlying areas hit you first. The evergreen trees, the emerald-green road signs, and (assuming you are a normal, AR-using person) the green AR overlay that tints everything. It's the color of perpetual life, which is what the civic leaders want you to think, but it also holds a longstanding connection to the color of money (a notion that seems increasingly quaint in a mostly cashless society, but one that still stubbornly persists). You come to Seattle and you are bathed in green, and while it seems pretty, it can also be a pretty strong reminder of what others in the sprawl have in abundance and you perpetually lack.

Enter by water and the first thing you see is the purple glow in the sky as you round the western peninsula and make your way to the Puget Sound. Then the obstacles move out of your way, and you see that skyline looming over the reflective water, the lights and neon looking pristine and clean from a distance. It is every urban wonderland you ever dreamed of, it holds all the possibilities in the world, and it dares you to come closer and attempt to find a flaw. You approach, because you cannot help it, even though you know that the lights and beauty are very likely a trap, and once you're in you'll be caught in a grasp that will not easily let go.

All of these impressions are true, and all of them are incomplete. Any single impression of Seattle is going to be inaccurate, because one impression cannot contain a city as large as this, a population so varied. Every type of person you can conceive of is here—unimaginably rich business magnates, master thieves, staunchly judgmental law-enforcement officers, relaxed neo-hippies, shamans looking for deposits of toxic sludge to bury themselves in, brilliant inventors, equally brilliant patent thieves, gangs looking to build power for themselves, gangs looking to burn everything down, mobsters who would shoot

their own brother and sell their own mother, pimps, muggers, robbers, murderers, assassins, every possible kind of sinner, and precious few saints.

It's this variety that helps make Seattle the shadowrunning capital of the world. Other cities may have more devastated barrens, wealthier corporate headquarters, or more magical resources, but no city has it all like Seattle does. Its location, an isolated UCAS island surrounded by the Salish-Shidhe Council and not far from the Tir Tairngire, ensures that government tensions will always be part of the city's mix, while its North American location and historically high traffic and immigration from Asia means that all the megacorps feel they have a key population base there (Aztechnology and Saeder-Krupp may have the least claim on the city but still compete fiercely in its borders, partly out of habit). The sheer amount of wealth involved in these battles attracts all variety of organized crime. And on top of that, dragons have taken root in the city, adding to the powers attempting to claim the sprawl for their own.

The equation is simple: bright lights of power combined with the need to perform dark, illicit deeds makes shadows everywhere, shadows that are broad and deep.

The money is high, the stakes are higher, so the competition in the shadows is fierce. One reason Seattle shadowrunning is so dangerous is not just the array of powers lined up to double-cross or trip you up—it's also the other shadowrunners who will wait for you to show a sign of weakness and then make you pay so they can take your place on the ladder. That's the real trick of the city, knowing that any gun, even the one on the hip of your best chummer, may be pointed at you at any second. Living with that possibility is exhausting. Surviving it is exhilarating.

THE SHAPE OF THE CITY

Like any sprawl, the underlying land shapes what happens on top of it. To understand what's happening on the streets, you need to understand what they're built on.

Seattle is nestled between mountains on the east and the Sound to the west. The protection of the mountains and the ocean currents keep the climate mild though often cloudy. Most things about the climate tend to be gentle. Seattle has more rainy days than New York, but less total rainfall. On-and-off rain is very common (especially in Everett), as is morning rain that fades to afternoon sunshine and then returns in the evening.

Metahumanity contributes some of the cloudiness of the area. Air sometimes has trouble moving past those mountains to the east, and all those trash fires in the Barrens, along with industry all across the sprawl, has a cumulative effect. Fog is a frequent morning-and-evening visitor, and often it has odors to





it making it clear it is not simply water vapor floating around. It's great for giving cover to covert nighttime operations, but not so good for more basic purposes like breathing. Tacoma is the part of the sprawl most notable for its range of unpleasant odors, but bad smells can be found anywhere in the city.

The good news about the climate is temperature extremes are rare. You don't see too many summer days above the mid-thirties, and most winter days get at least a few degrees above the freezing line, if not all the way to ten. That means that the sizable portion of the population without reliable heat and cooling (or luxuries such as a roof) can usually find a way to survive without the elements killing them.

While Seattle is not immune to the general rule that wealth flows toward waterfronts, it's not a perfectly reliable rule because Seattle has so much shoreline. The Sound runs on almost the entire western border of the sprawl, and while this includes the luxuries of Downtown, it also includes less-glamorous locales such as Tacoma and Everett. The well-to-do residents of Bellevue have Lake Washington on which to build palatial estates, but just east of that is Lake Sammamish, where residents of the Redmond Barrens dump trash, shopping carts, and corpses. Water is used many ways across the city—Lake Youngs in Renton is tree-lined and welcoming to strolling residents, while the artificial reservoir known as Lake Tapps in Auburn provides hydroelectric power, a source of cooling for local industries, and a place to dump chemicals. One of those bodies of water is a lot more pleasant to be around than the other.

- Don't be fooled into thinking Lake Tapps is a good spot to dump a body. Yeah, it's toxic, but also a preservative. Bodies don't dissolve; they more mummify, or embalm. If those are words. Anyway, they don't go away.
- Cayman

Food-wise, Seattle is in an interesting spot, as there is a lot of food production in the vicinity, but the vast majority of it is owned by foreign powers. The Salish-Shidhe Council grows a wide variety of fruit and grains, while fishing in the Sound and waters beyond produces additional food. There are some crops grown within Seattle's borders, but nowhere near enough to feed the entire population. That means they need to rely heavily on imports and shipping, which in turn means two things: First, Seattle has to play nice with its neighbors to keep food coming in; and second, the food supply can be vulnerable to outside action, which can potentially throw the sprawl into a spiral of turmoil.

This is another part of the appeal of Seattle—its greenery and temperate weather can lull you into a sense of safety, a feeling that

while bad things may happen, true disaster is distant. Hurricanes don't hit it, tornadoes are rare, it's usually too damp for wildfires, and volcanoes haven't been too bad when there's no magical interference. Earthquakes are a real threat, but big ones manage to occur so infrequently that they don't weigh on people's minds. People may die, the feeling goes, but the city will live.

One of the curses of being a shadowrunner is you see enough under the fabric of society to know the lie behind that sentiment. The Matrix Crashes were excellent examples of how a seemingly stable infrastructure can rip apart at the seams and throw everything into chaos, and the Matrix is not the only part of daily life that could break. Head down to Occidental Square Park and listen to someone on the corner listing the various ways the world might end, and you'll dismiss them at first and then slowly come to a realization just how real the possibilities the go on about are. Shutting down the ports, taking out bridges over the Snohomish River, keeping planes from landing at SeaTac—any one of those things would be painful. All of them at once might be ruinous. Get control of the minds of some financial leaders, have them make a few nightmarishly bad decisions, and the bottom falls out of the city's business infrastructure. Complete disaster and ruin is waiting on the other side of the next shadowrun; sometimes it's waiting on the other side of the street. If you run in Seattle for a long time, you are balancing on a knife blade for years on end. Doing that without losing a significant amount of blood is an accomplishment indeed.

- This is just one of the reasons why, if people know you ran in Seattle, you'll go up a notch or two in their esteem. Of course, then they'll wonder why you aren't there anymore.
- Traveler Jones

THE CULTURE

Let's start this with admission that defining a single culture in a city of millions is a fool's errand. There are a thousand micro-cultures in the city, sub-groups of people in neighborhoods butting against each other, or different cultures from floor to floor in a megacorporate complex. So yes, this is written with the knowledge that anyone reading this could pick out dozens of people they know in Seattle who don't really reflect these elements at all. What we're talking about is a tendency, an inclination in a certain direction that flows through the various residents of the city.

That said, there are certain characteristics of Seattle that it's good to know about if you're going to run there, if only so you don't appear like a complete rookie when Mr. Johnson is sizing you up.

Change: There used to be a time when certain Seattle residents were resistant to change, talking about how things used



to be ten, twenty, fifty years ago, and offering suggestions on how the city could reclaim its past. Some of the older residents were called mossbacks, because they had settled in the area like a large, moist rock.

That doesn't happen much anymore. The sprawl has a way of beating people's resistance to change right out of them. At the top of the sprawl's social pyramid, you have people who have millions or billions of nuyen at their disposal and a government built to facilitate their desires. If they want to bulldoze a neighborhood to make way for a new arcology, they'll bulldoze that neighborhood. If they want to buy out a rival's chain just so they can shut down a dozen locations, allowing their spots to dominate the market, they'll do that. Some buildings may stay put, but ownership will change hands, names and signage will alter and so on.

- This happens more when there is open competition for business, like spots Downtown. In a subdivision solely owned by one corporation, or inside an arcology, things are more permanent, as the ownership corps don't feel they need to do anything to win the business of the people inside, and they don't really care about impressing them.
- Sunshine

Meanwhile, at the bottom of the social structure, the Barrens in general may look like a bombed-out war zone day in or day out, but the particular details of its devastation changes from week to week, or even day to day. Street peddlers migrate from place to place looking for business while avoiding former customers they might have inadvertently poisoned, people squatting in shipping containers move to a new block because someone meaner and tougher than them decided the container should be theirs, and gang territory shifts due to the changing fortunes of the various groups of thugs strewn across the area. In both Redmond and Puyallup, the term "permanent address" is laughable, and you usually have to track down residents of the area the way a lion tracks a wildebeest.

Some things seem permanent—Dante's Inferno, the Pike Street Market—but Seattleites have learned to treat them like the exception, not the rule.

Openness: If we remember that there is no such thing as a perfect utopia where everyone is accepted for their skills and character rather than their appearance, then we'll see that Seattle, despite its imperfections, tends to be very accepting of a wide variety of people. Now, I can hear orks and trolls chortling as they read that, and I can hear the protests from people saying it's tough to claim you're accepting when a pretty dedicated racist has been at the head of the government for years on end, but remember it's a sliding scale. Did it take the Ork Underground a long time to get recognition, leaving tens of thousands of people disenfranchised in the interim? Yeah. But it happened, in a democratic way that would never happen in most of the other cities in the world. So you'll find Humanis and other racists in Seattle, and you'll find every kind of prejudice metahumanity can imagine, but you'll also see orks and elves on the same runner team, trolls and humans in the same bar or the same gang, and humans and dwarfs manning the same roadside work crews. And you won't be surprised to see any of it, and they won't act like it's a big deal. Seattleites are often willing to see what you got instead of judging you.

Now, there's a downside (or upside, depending on your per-

spective) to this. The "live and let live" attitude often leads people not wanting to rush to judgment about others, so when they see something that appears suspicious or even outright criminal, they may tell themselves that they don't know just what's going on and don't have all the facts, and it's probably none of their business anyway, so they'll just go about their business. This is a problem if someone is beating on you in the street and you'd like someone to jump in and stop it, but it can be beneficial if you're the one committing the crime.

- Note that this primarily applies to the average person on the street, not to law enforcement or security guards. It's not a good idea to count on them being lax just because of the culture of the city.
- Ma'Fan

The Seattle Freeze: This sometimes seems like a contrast to the openness quality, but a certain chilliest toward outsiders sits side by side with an acceptance of those same outsiders. That is to say, just because Seattle residents won't necessarily judge you on your appearance doesn't mean that you'll instantly be friends. You're not just going to stroll into a bar, start up a conversation with strangers, and immediately find yourself part of their runner team. Social networks are important. Getting an introduction from someone who knows someone can help thaw out the freeze, so use them. Remember, just because Seattleites are not always immediately friendly doesn't mean they're mean.

- Don't press your luck, though. I'm not going to introduce you to all my friends in Seattle just because you ask. You have to earn it.
- Sunshine
- There's some of that warmth to outsiders, right there!
- Ma'Fan

Loyalty: Loyalty is a quality in short supply in the Sixth World, but there is perhaps a bit more of it in Seattle than you'll find elsewhere. I'm not talking about the megacorps here—they have draconian contract terms and lifelong servitude agreements whose sole purpose is to keep them from having to worry about whether their employees will ever leave them. But if we move beyond the corp drone world, we find people who are somewhat more likely to stick with something they are building rather than jump ship. Runner teams won't disband just because a job goes pear-shaped, street gangs will hang together through lean times, and Mr. Johnson is often more interested in finding a team he can trust than in screwing them over. That loyalty tends to be more to an individual's clique than to the over-arching city organizations, which means Knight Errant has a devil of a time finding people to inform on others or act as confidential informants. The police focus a whole lot more on gathering physical evidence than attempting to find witness testimony, since witnesses are often difficult to come by. They are more loyal to their own people and neighborhood than to the law.

Remember that this has limits. The loyalty of Seattleites doesn't mean Mr. Johnson will never turn on you, or your teammates will never sell you out for a nice pile of nuyen. This is the Sixth World, after all, and those are the sort of things that happen in the shadows. And if they happen in the shadows, they happen a *lot* in Seattle.



EMERALD SHADOWS

DOWNTOWN

Before the Treaty of Denver created the city-state of Seattle, Downtown *was* Seattle. Today, it's the heart of the sprawl. When people think of Seattle, they think of Downtown's skyline in its chrome-polished, neon-infused, never-sleeps, AR-enhanced glory.

Downtown is where the biggest biz in the Sprawl happens. Other districts have their own action, but it pales in comparison to what's happening Downtown. Only the best can handle operating here, and if you can't deal with that fact, then get the hell out.

What makes Downtown so fragging special? Well, it's got more corporate, business, and government real estate per square kilometer than anywhere else in the Sprawl. Five of the Big Ten megacorps have regional HQs in Downtown, which makes the area ripe for running opportunities.

- And let's not forget all the overlapping security zones. Each corp or government agency defends their own patches of turf in different ways. The government is usually legally bound not to kill you outright for stepping on their lawn. But with the corps' extraterritoriality, it's a totally different story.
- Slamm-0!

But all work and no play makes Downtown a dull boy. So when biz is done, Downtown is the place to go. Want to check out the trendiest shops? Need to find that hard-to-find item? Want to dance the night away in the hottest nightlife scene in the Pac-Northwest? Care to sample some of the finest in local or exotic cuisine? Are you a professional sports fan? Or maybe you're a touristy type who likes local flavor. Then guess what, *omae*? Downtown is for you!

- More shadowruns happen in Downtown than any other district. It's also the best area, IMHO, for mixing business with pleasure.
- Kat o' NineTales

SPECIAL OCCASIONS

Despite Downtown's reputation as a center of shadow she-nanigans, half a million of people still call it home and sometimes celebrate some of the important events in local history, or just get together to drink a lot, play loud music, and blow things up.

DOWNTOWN AT A GLANCE

Population: 555,000

Human: 63%

Elf: 13%

Dwarf: 3%

Ork: 18%

Troll: 2%

Other: 1%

Population Density: 1,165 per square kilometer

Per Capita Income: 129,000¥

Corporate-Affiliated Population: 88%

Education:

Less Than 12 Years: 25%

High School Equivalency: 45%

College Equivalency: 18%

Advanced Degrees and Certificates: 12%

ARCOLOGY SHUTDOWN REMEMBRANCE DAY, DECEMBER 19

On December 19, 2059, the mad AI Deus took control of and locked down the Renraku Arcology. Over the next three years, thousands of trapped individuals lost their lives while a valiant group of resistance fighters fought Deus on his home turf. The secret of just what happened in the arcology was kept for years, but starting in 2069, survivors and family members of those who were lost during the shutdown came together to remember and honor those who were lost, even though they did not fully understand *how* they were lost. They often left mementos and held vigils at the ACHE building in what became known as Remembrance Day. Originally an unofficial affair, it was declared a local holiday in 2074 on the fifteenth anniversary.

- Remembrance Day became increasingly political and a bit violent once it became official. Many are using it as a platform to spout off against the anti-whatever of the day, which slots off the survivors and their families. Last year Knight Errant dealt with a three-way riot between neo-anarchist groups, survivor families, and a delegation from Renraku who came to offer their condolences.
- Bull



- The UCAS government isn't keen on Remembrance Day because it keeps putting the ACHE and the tragic events inside into the spotlight. But the last thing they want is blowback for speaking out against survivors and family members. So instead they try to block it by making it harder and harder to get the necessary assembly permits for certain groups.
- Slamm-0!
- And the fact that runners use the festivities as cover for ACHE smuggling ops has nothing to do with it either.
- Sounder

EMERALD CITY MUSIC FESTIVAL, FIRST WEEKEND OF JUNE

Started in 2035, the Emerald City Music Festival is part concert, part convention, and a few splashes of gala art exhibition thrown in for good flavor. The ECM Fest (as it's called) is the biggest event in Seattle outside of New Year's Eve. During the first weekend of June, ECM Fest completely takes over Exhibition Hall and the surrounding streets. The Seattle Art Museum opens up special music-related exhibits, while vendors from across North America hock their wares. Concerts by local, regional, and international acts also perform 24-7. It's one wiz party!

- I've played there more than a few times and it's a blast, but the real fun are the after-parties. Some of the megastars you could never get close to otherwise play intimate clubs. Gives you a chance to chat up your favorite rumored shadowband.
- Kat o' Nine Tales

CRIME SCENE

The not-quite-undisputed alpha dogs in Seattle are Dona Rowena O'Malley's **Finnigan Family**. Despite constant challenges by the Yakuza—and some bickering among the other Mafia families—the Finnigans have (tentatively) retained their “King of the Mountain” status in Downtown and the Mafia overall.

- The other families hold back because of the Finnigan's consigliere, Al Cavalieri. He's well-regarded and widely feared, and no one wants to go up against him. Unfortunately for O'Malley, he's been ill since 2072 and the Ciarnellos and Gianellis (Enzo Gianelli in particular) are just waiting for “Uncle” Al to finally expire so they can do some management restructuring.
- Hard Exit
- Speaking of, any more word about this journal he's supposedly writing for O'Malley?
- Pistons

With control over most of Downtown's docks, the Mafia has their greasy hands in almost every smuggling operation in the sprawl. And when not “unionizing” said docks, they keep busy with vice operations, along with the usual loan-sharking, leg-breaking, and general thuggery.

- On an interesting side note, Brackhaven Investments reps have tried courting Dona O'Malley several times in the past few months. Says a lot when even the Mafia doesn't want your money or friendship. This gives me the happy feels.
- Bull

The other major underworld power in Downtown is **the Yakuza**. The Yaks also run smuggling and entertainment operations (their bunraku parlors are especially popular) from the docks the Mafia doesn't control. And where the Mob likes the iron fist, the Yaks prefer a velvet-glove approach to business. In this regard, the Yaks have several protection rackets in Downtown where cooperation and harmony are encouraged. Those who resist are swiftly dealt with.

- FYI, I've confirmed that Katsu Takashima, the legendary Yak enforcer, has been summoned from Neo-Tokyo to Seattle at the behest of Oyabun Hanzo Shotozumi. Apparently, Shotozumi-sama is slotted off about something.
- Kia
- He's already there. He was spotted two days ago dealing with members of the Kenran-kai, along with the runners they hired. And he wasn't subtle about it. But this can't be the only reason Takashima was summoned.
- Balladeer

With the Mob and Yaks constantly bashing heads in an effort to control smuggling in Downtown, they sometimes miss someone who's got enough guts to slip in and steal a slice of the pie. In Downtown, the dwarf who did just that was Gregory “The Red Stare” Orlov. Despite the best efforts of the Mob and the Yaks, the **Vory v Zakone** (through Orlov) have a very profitable foothold in the Downtown smuggling and black markets.

- Orlov started out as a minor gunrunner who became a major gunrunner. That's why he's held out for so long—he's got a ridiculous amount of firepower. Sure, the Mob and Yaks could dislodge him, but it would be extremely costly. Now he sells to everyone and has the biggest black market in the sprawl. Need some major hardware? Go see Orlov. Just don't get into a card game with him unless you're really good.
- Red Anya

DOWNTOWN GANGS

DISASSEMBLERS (COLORS: GREY AND WHITE)

Stay away from these psychos, period. A gang of organ-leggers, the Disassemblers are nothing more than a front for Tamanous, providing fresh subjects whenever possible. They've been relatively quiet of late, but rumors say that the families of several “donors” are pooling some resources for some payback.

HALLOWEENERS (COLORS: ORANGE AND BLACK)

The largest Downtown gang, the Halloweeners are known for their excessive pyromania, Halloween imagery, and chaot-



ic nature. Originally concerned with the goal of sticking it to corps, the gang's current leader, Nightmare, has put the Hal-loweeners on a more chaotic and destructive path, targeting anyone who gets in their way.

TROLL KILLERS (COLORS: RED AND GREEN)

This all-human gang recently got their Christmas wish last year when they finally destroyed their main rivals, the mostly meta-human Bloody Screammers. Backed by Humanis (who supplied them with heavy weaponry), the Troll Killers have been lying low of late, likely making new trophies out of all the new ork and troll body parts they scored.

WHERE TO SHOP

The **Aurora Mall** is a quaint five-level shopping plaza with over two hundred different stores, shops, eateries, and assorted places to spend your hard-earned cred. Not exactly a shadow hotspot, but it's a great place if you want to actually buy legal items and walk among the norms for a bit.

- And it's got a wiz arcade! Everything from classic 2-D beasts to the latest in VR simulators! I could live there.
- Slamm-0!

A true monument to corporatism (or just Aztechnology's ego), the **Aztechnology Pyramid** is a massive, seventy-two-story Aztec-styled structure lined with ornate slabs of rock and artificially grown quartz. Serving as Aztechnology's Seattle HQ, the street level features a shopping mall where one can purchase the latest in Aztech products (yay).

The rest of the building houses everything a megacorporation needs: living areas for on-site employees, employee-only shopping centers, helipads at various levels, and executive offices at the top. Special AR and lighting systems allow the Pyramid to take on a myriad of colors, notably blood red during Aztlan holidays.

For those of the Awakened persuasion, the **Blue Man Lore Store** is a great place to go if you're looking for stuff regarding magical lore. The owner, Dylan Pike, is rumored to be the head of the Hermetic Order of the Auric Aurora, one of Seattle's oldest mystical orders. Because of its excellent magical library, it's popular with local university students.

- Pike turned over the reins of Blue Man to one of his students last year, and the place has started to go downhill. Yeah, it's got decent stuff, but prices are inflated and the staff can be quite arrogant. Like they know anything about real magic. My advice—go check out Lady Zelda's place. It may be a little off the beaten path, but she's got better stuff, is a lot nicer, and makes a wonderful cup of tea.
- Lyran

Northgate Mall is an upscale mall known for its cutting-edge fashion stores and top-of-the-line body mod shops. It also boasts three popular nightclubs: Jimmy Jams (formerly Ricky's), Play Fair, and XCite. While not as popular as Dante's or Penumbra, the Northgate clubs have become popular with corp kids and those who can't get into better clubs.

WHERE TO SQUAT

Opened in 2050, the **New Century Square Hotel** quickly gained a reputation not only for mechanical issues, but for being haunted. Since its opening, there's been a lot of paranormal activity at the hotel. Most of the time, these are nothing more than doors opening, strange noises, or items being moved. The hotel has tried to turn this into a selling point, including naming the haunting spirit "Baskerville" and making it the hotel's mascot. There have been several cases, though, where things have progressed beyond any normal pranks. One such case involves the suicide-hanging of an admitted pedophile, who wrote in his note that "He knows what I did." Another recent event involved another apparent suicide, this one a mob enforcer who fell to his death through a secure safety window.

YOU WON'T FIND THIS ELSEWHERE

A high-class dance club known for its selection of dance music, the **Alabaster Maiden's** true claim to fame is the urban legend that surrounds the alabaster statue located at the club's entrance.

According to local myth, the Maiden was one of the region's first magicians who used her magic to defend herself against a gang attack. Good news: attack prevented. Bad news: it caused a backlash that turned her into the lawn ornament she is today. The locals have embraced the myth, and many believe that touching the statue will bring good luck, while others say that the statue is not entirely inanimate, and at indeterminate points it comes to life to feed on the blood of the wicked. Or righteous. Depends on who's telling the story.

- Many have claimed to have seen the statue move, but to date no one's verified that it's anything more than a statue with a faint aura.
- Ethernaut

For decades, the **Big Rhino** has been *the* place to go for "authentic" orkish cuisine in Seattle. Back in the day, authentic meant that no one but orks could stand to eat it. But the Rhino's menu (and thankfully the cook's abilities) improved over time. The Rhino's menu now boasts a hearty mix of soul food/barbecue dishes with a Cajun-Eastern European flavor twist, all served in portions that could feed a regular human family for a week.

Oh, and did I forget to mention the insane beer menu?

- The Rhino also famously boasts an entrance to the Ork Underground. Not quite as exotic as it was before the OU went legit, it's still a decent place to hook up with any contacts. And BTW, try the BBQ Crawdad gumbo, side of mustard greens, and a mug of Big Rhino cider. Highly recommended.
- Bull

Considered by many to be a relic of Seattle's past, **Penumbra Station** (the former Club Penumbra) has been open for over thirty years. A favorite of an <ahem>older generation and retro-style fans, Penumbra almost went under with the Mafia or





Yakuza poised to take over. But a co-op of “silent partners” (rumored to be former shadowrunners), kept the doors open and the vultures at bay. Now under the management of Nyssa Hallas, the club is undergoing a gradual renovation. All of the old screen systems are being replaced with holo/AR systems while the club’s moon-scape style décor is being preserved, all under a (slightly) new brand.

- Nyssa Hallas is a former musician turned runner/solo assassin. Her specialty is the long-distance shot, and she doesn’t take shit from anyone. Just FYI.
- Balladeer
- I think I’d like to meet her.
- Kat o’ Nine Tales

A small coffee shop in the heart of Downtown, **Cuppa Joe’s** looks like just another shop in Seattle—until you go inside. Gangers sit in the back while Knight Errant coppers munch on donuts. Meanwhile Mafiosi, Yaks, and Triad foot soldiers sit across from each other without copious amounts of gunfire

or bloodshed. By unofficial decree, Cuppa Joe’s is considered neutral territory in Downtown. Why? Because back in the day, when Joe’s used to be in Tacoma, the previous owner, a dwarf named Chip, served “the best damn donut they ever had” to each of the criminal bosses. Since then, the neutrality has been maintained, even though Chip retired and moved the place to Downtown when the previous shop went BOOM. Now his daughter Quinn runs the place and business is good, although some knuckleheads still like to test how well she can keep the peace. So far, they have found her to be the equal of her father.

What else can be said about **Dante’s Inferno** that hasn’t already been said? It’s the biggest club in town. Based on the immortal poem, Dante’s is a nine (plus) level fortress of hedonism where you can find and indulge in all kinds of wants and desires, angels and demons. Lucky guests go in from the top to try to work their way down. Each level is named after a level in the poem and is appropriately themed with SOTA practical and AR effects re-creating the fiery depths of Hell. The lower the level, the more exclusive (and more tantalizing) it becomes. As has often been said, “A ticket to Hell is a sure sign that you’ve truly arrived in the Emerald City.”



Located in the famous Seattle Space Needle, the **Eye of the Needle** is the place where the rich and powerful go to show off how rich and powerful they are. With dishes that easily run into the hundreds of nuyen (and that's just the appetizers), only the truly wealthy and/or powerful can afford to eat there. And with a strict dress policy, the Space Needle is the definition of "class" in Downtown. It's also frequently used by Mr. Johnsons for meets because, aside from the excellent food and breathtaking view, the security is top notch.

If you want the best tat in the sprawl, you go see Lou at **Lou's Tattoos**. Nano-tats, bioluminescent, or even full-body dye jobs, Lou does it all. It's even rumored that for select clientele, Lou (or his equally skilled elven assistant Selena) will do qi tattoos. Lou is a true artist, and all of his work is original, so don't even think of doing something off-the-shelf or based in someone else's design—it's a waste of his time. And most importantly, don't mess with the wily dwarf, because his clientele list is very long, very diverse, very connected, and very, very loyal.

- As evidenced by the magical wards that protect Lou's shop and the spirit that guards it. This is prime mojo.
- Lyrán

OPPOSITION REPORT

KNIGHT ERRANT SECURITY

With Downtown being Seattle's most important patch of real estate, Knight Errant practically bends over backward to show the public they're up to the job. They know in Downtown, the focus on their activities and the overall climate of safety is greater than in other districts, so they respond accordingly. The key word for Knight Errant in Seattle is *proactivity*. Sure, if something happens, the officer there will do something about it (or at least look like they are) because *someone* is always watching, but it's about more than just responding. It's knowing patterns of behavior, having inside information on planned illegal activities, and being a step ahead of the area's criminals. Anyone can respond to a crime after it occurs; Knight Errant's fondest dream for Downtown is to be there *before* crime occurs.

Officers assigned to Downtown are the cream of the crop, tasked with making sure that when a citizen needs assistance, they will get it promptly, and the Knight Errant brand will look better for their efforts. Those who can't polish the badge like they should are quickly transferred to less-desirable positions.

Conversely, this means that when something "bad" happens, KE doesn't hold back. They want the public to know they're in control. If a crime would bring one unit in other districts, in Downtown you can expect no less than two or three units. According to standing KE orders, watch commanders will deal with any major disruption or danger to the district as quickly and efficiently as possible. And of course, all of this will be done with polite smiles toward the public. Or at least, the non-criminal part of the public.

- So far, the only difference between Knight Errant and Lone Star before them is that KE has a better PR department. While KE seems more professional, they're still just as brutal as the Star.
- Pistons

- More to the point, they're slicker about it. Lone Star made no effort to hide their thuggery, while KE is very good at hiding it under the auspices of "following proper procedure." Case in point, Sgt. Kathy Gunderson. A week ago a group of runners were fleeing through Downtown and a few shots were fired. Gunderson wasted no time ramming the runner's van and then gunning each runner down, even though they were all injured and incapable of resisting at that point. Gunderson simply claimed the runners were "an imminent threat" and that was that, case closed.
- DangerSensei

CORPORATE SECURITY

What makes Downtown such a difficult place to conduct biz is the sheer number of different security zones. Aside from the usual KE stuff, each corporation there has its own security forces, either contracted or in-house. With extraterritoriality, these security forces are usually allowed to take whatever action(s) their clients deem necessary and there isn't a thing anyone can do about it. Some are relatively benign and will hand over problem cases to KE, while others such as the troops in MCT's infamous Zero-Zones will shoot first and not care later. The best thing a runner can do is learn the different zones and what response will be expected. Ignore the invisible borders at your own peril.

HELP WANTED

/JackPoint login: ***** <encrypted>
/ACCESS GRANTED/

/open file: Open Jobs (Seattle, Downtown) /

NEVER AGAIN

Looking for qualified individuals to enact retribution against a certain grey-and-white colored gang and their primary employers operating in Downtown Seattle for activities against certain individuals. Methods and means unimportant, only results. Discretion also expected. Pay negotiable, can offer additional incentives. If interested, follow provided <link>.

WHAT IS THE PRICE OF A MAN'S THOUGHTS?

Mr. Johnson looking for individuals to help obtain valuable data. Not a standard data-steal, objective may have been recorded in multiple media forms, including hardcopy. Objective also in the possession of a very powerful individual belonging to a very powerful organization. Operation is highly dangerous, payment will compensate for associated risk factors. Pay negotiable, serious inquiries only. <link>



BELLEVUE

If Downtown is where the rich and powerful go to party, then Bellevue is where they sleep at night, tucked away in tailored micro-arcologies and shuffled around the city in luxury APCs. “The Belle,” as it is known by locals, sits between Lakes Washington and Sammamish, flanked by Redmond, Renton, and Snohomish. Downtown is across Lake Washington, Council Island is in it. The Belle got its nickname from longtime mayor Marilyn Shultz, who dubbed it “belle of the ball” and the most popular place to live in Seattle. A version of that name dug itself into the psyche of the residents, recently resurrected as part of Jonathan Blake’s mayoral campaign.

The slogan, like Bellevue itself, is a complete fabrication. Nothing is genuine. Bellevue is based on every image we see on the trid of an idealized suburban enclave culture; a Horizon-scrubbed vision of the best stuff to emerge out of other parts of the city.

- Blake isn’t even original. Not a lot of people know this, but the Jonathan Blake who claims to have been born and raised in Bellevue actually owns a mansion in Pullyallup with his initials, JB, carved on the front gate. The mansion has been there since the early ‘40s and has alternately been owned by Wilhelmina Holdings, Brightheart Capital, and now Centurion SSG—all one-time subsidiaries of Saeder-Krupp.
- Sunshine
- Coming from Puyallup when you’re supposed to be from Bellevue isn’t really that big of a deal. It definitely isn’t enough to make Blake a fraud.
- Icarus
- I’m not saying he’s a fraud, I’m saying Blake is a legend the way Hans Brackhaus is a legend. I don’t even think he’s the first Blake. I found a file buried deep in the S-K human resources server that indicates that Jonathan Blake led S-K’s Special Operations and Acquisitions department since the company was founded, and he’s simply not that old.
- Sunshine
- Fraud or no, Blake is a sociopath who decided to turn Bellevue into his launching pad for a larger political career. He won the mayoral race with the help of a team of Horizon image consultants. Then he kept them on to rebrand the city into the plastic smiley face it is today. He made his home here. He moved his corporation here. Every gain Bellevue made over the last seven years somehow has his name tied to it. His image is inextricably tied to the city.

Whatever goes well here makes him look good, so the opposite is also true. If he wants to make a run at the governor’s seat, he knows that Bellevue needs to keep looking like the best Seattle has to offer, and a guy like him is willing to do anything to make it happen.

- Kay St. Irregular

This false vision extends into the racial makeup of the area. Twenty years ago the ork population was close to twenty percent, but a long campaign of redlining and Tolkien-esque bigotry redistributed the population breakdown. The Blake era took things one step further, triggering an influx of highly educated corporate types with disposable incomes looking to live in the next “it” part of the city.

The Belle is that place. Bellevue boasts rolling green hills, lakes, and million-dollar views of Downtown. The area is speckled with gated communities that are arcologies in everything but name. Several offer domes and purified air shipped in from the Canadian wilds. This style of living comes with a high price tag, and even if you have the money you also need to have the social capital to jump to the front of the waiting list.

Still, not everyone in Bellevue is white-collar wealthy. Virtually all of the population is corporate affiliated; yet sixteen percent of the people still live below the poverty level, most of whom are not affiliated with the corps. These are the workers that keep Bellevue running while living in a society entirely separate from their upper-echelon counterparts. The two sides rarely meet, but when they do it is usually back-alley affairs, black-market deals, or rich kids trying to play gutterpunk.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS

The highlight of the Bellevue social calendar is a series of events generally starting November 27 and ending on Christmas Eve. The **Snowflake Celebration** marks the magical period between Thanksgiving and Christmas where “All your dreams can come true.”™ The party kicks off on Black Friday when the Bellevue Art Museum hosts Birth of a Snowflake in their adjoining art park. The event is a show that combines technological wonder with shamanism and geomancy to create an experienced synchronized in the natural, astral, AR, and VR realms. Magical Studies students on loan from UW pair with Microdeck technomancers to create a must-see experience, which ends with a performance from that year’s hottest music star choreographed to magical and technological special effects.

Several smaller events take place over the next month, moving from one venue to the next—a social tour on a micro scale.





Hosts spare no expense during the tour, lavishing partygoers with gifts, drinks, and often harder substances. The party picks up again the last Friday of February, when Bellevue holds the **Snowflake Festival**, a going-away party of sorts for the holiday season. The venue deemed by the city's Belle View News to have thrown the best Snowflake party is awarded this final gala. The Mogul, an Indian restaurant owned by illusionist Hoshiar Pahal, has won three years running.

- While it isn't officially a stop on the Grand Tour yet, Horizon has been lobbying handlers for the world's top socialites to be present at the start of the festival. Last year Spinrad and a gaggle of British royals showed up unannounced at Birth, dancing the night away with the mayor and several other local celebrities. The celebrities were paid to be there, but I can't figure out what Spinrad got out of the deal.
- Dr. Spin

CRIME SCENE

Ask a street kid from Renton about the gang scene in Bellevue and he'll burst out laughing. Sure, there are gangs, but they are populated by bored rich kids looking for a taste of the street life they saw on the trid. This is how you wind up with gangs like the Nova Rich, a lethal, well-equipped clique started by bored, entitled brats looking for illicit thrills and street cred. Still, local crime continues to attract the attention of rich kids and corporate castaways who want street cred and are willing to pay to get it.

GANGS

THE LAKE ACIDS

Jonathan Blake's election pledge to clean up Bellevue was tantamount to a military campaign. He brought in his own Centurion Security special forces and turned them loose on the biggest and baddest gang in the sprawl. At the height of the Tempo War, Centurion troops cornered the Lake Acids in their Lake Vasa warehouse and all but wiped out the gang while cameras were rolling. High-ranking gang leaders who didn't die in the assault were rounded up and handed over to Knight Errant for processing. The Lake Acids should have died that day, but the power of the trid kept them alive.

The survivors rebranded themselves as a cult of sorts—the group the government tried to put down but couldn't. This idea morphed into a rallying cry for all of the disenfranchised people in the area, especially the dwindling ork population. Today the

BELLEVUE AT A GLANCE

Population: 213,000

Human: 74%

Elf: 17%

Dwarf: 2%

Ork: 4%

Troll: 1%

Other: 2%

Population Density: 875 per square kilometer

Per Capita Income: 115,000¥

Corporate-Affiliated Population: 94%

Education:

Less Than 12 Years: 12%

High School Equivalency: 19%

College Equivalency: 36%

Advanced Degrees and Certificates: 33%

Lake Acids are smaller and organized into cells scattered across Bellevue. Each cell is assigned to a neighborhood, and the cell leaders form a hierarchy. The group is led by an ork named Danny Youngblood who supposedly ran with the First Nations before a falling out found him looking for a new crew.

NOVA RICH

The Novas are what you might call a fourth-tier gang—meaningless save for the fact that the parents of these kids might actually matter. It is that sort of concern that keeps the Nova Rich in business and off the radar of local police. Novas tend to be of the flashy sort—AR tagging, starting street fights, throwing their weight around in the clubs. Which makes them unlike the ...

405 HELLHOUNDS

The wiz-clean feel of Bellevue doesn't extend to the highways, where thriller gangs cause so much trouble that corporations have taken to hiring APCs to shuttle employees back and forth across the city. The 405's rule the strip of asphalt between Renton and Redmond bearing their name. Hounds run in packs of six or more, obvious by their garishly marked orange-and-red bikes. The members get inked with the flaming hound head as part of the gang initiation, but you aren't truly a member until you've taken down a vehicle on the 405. The ritual is so well known that



one weekend every month KE increases its security presence on the highway in order to protect civilians from assault.

405-ers are primarily a thrill gang, more interested in racing and fighting than getting involved with anything concrete. In fact, the gang's main interest in criminal affairs is to stay deep in bullets and bike parts. Lately the gang's money has come from the sex trade. The Hounds serve as protection for the bunraku girls moving from sex party to sex party. They've even purchased a small stable of girls and host parties of their own at various flophouses along their bit of road.

LEATHER DEVILS

Men dressed in tight-fitting red-and-black leather fetish wear usually trigger memories of bad trid porn, but along I-90 that look is no laughing matter. The Leather Devils are an all-male syndicate of bikers who serve the dual role of terrorizing local motorists and running Bellevue's largest male prostitution ring. The Devils are a third-tier gang, not large enough to stand up to the larger crime syndicates, but tough enough to give the 405 Hellhounds a black eye. The two gangs clash over control of I-90, the east-west bisector of Bellevue. While not a direct threat to the Hellhounds or any other gang, they continue to survive because they operate a niche market: male prostitution and pornography.

- For whatever reason male homosexuality continues to be a taboo in some corporate circles, which allows the Leather Devils to blackmail their many clients. The gang keeps a datastore full of recorded images of their most influential customers. This comes in handy when they need to spring someone from jail or put pressure on the right people to acquire illegal materials.
- Sticks

ORGANIZED CRIME

CIARNIELLO FAMILY

While the Yakuza and other ethnic syndicates have minor operations, Bellevue is still considered mob territory. The Ciarniello family has their fingers in every operation in town, from Brickyard correctional down to corner boys slinging BTLs outside of Main Place Arcade. The family is not without competition. The Finnigans used to be the chief force in the area, but a series of missteps in districts outside of Bellevue forced them to redeploy, leaving the Ciarniellos to fill the vacuum. Presently the Ciarniellos and the Finnigans maintain an uneasy truce, with both more interested in repelling to Yakuza and the ever-present Kumon'Go than taking swings at each other.

- The Vory don't have an official presence in Bellevue, but Lyubov Kirilskaya's nephew Yanick keeps a doss here. Yanick Kirilskaya is a wealthy college kid with an attitude and ties to Nova Rich. The Vory stashed him in Bellevue to keep him out of trouble, but all they accomplished was separating him from the people who would normally keep him in check. Yanick splits time between partying, classes at EWU, and running with the Nova Rich. So far other gangs and organizations have actively ignored him. Still, if anything happens to Yanick, it could bring down the wrath of the Povryejhda Seattle.
- Mihoshi Oni

WHERE TO SHOP

Bellevue is all about image, so most of the places where you'll find the best gear aren't going to be advertising what they really are. If they do advertise, then they are likely too far out of the average runner's price range for it to matter. Here are a few places to eat, drink, and grab gear.

Three long-time brewmasters and a sommelier that used to work for Thomas Vintners started the **Bellevue Pour House**. The four women wanted a place where they could go after work to taste beers from around the world. When they couldn't find one, they decided to make it themselves. The result is a narrow, two-story establishment that looks like the trideo version of a Viking mead hall. Beers are served in 2.5 oz flights of five, ten, or twenty by pretty, crisply dressed waitresses. Private tasting rooms are available throughout the hall, each equipped with a white noise generator so that you can enjoy your beer without distraction.

Mingling with the high class is one of the best reasons to spend time in Bellevue. The **Bellevue Crab House** offers a chance to do that while getting some great food. The Crab House is so well known as a place to see and be seen that there is a back entrance for VIPs and other individuals who don't want to draw attention entering the restaurant. That sense of anonymity is promoted inside through dark lighting and deep booths that enhance the customer's dining experience.

This single-story electronics shop has been a fixture in Bellevue since before the awakening. **DeGears Electronics** sells top-quality electronic goods at slightly inflated prices. The basement, affectionately known as DeGears Lair, is where you find the black-market stuff. The lair goods aren't quite legal, so you need to connect with a fixer or fence who can tell you the monthly password to get in.

According to Horizon, the perfect district has both a big city and small town feel. **Main Place Arcade** was designed with this principle in mind. The open-air mall is built like a small-town main street with cobblestone walkways and single-story department stores and eateries. The stores themselves are a balance of small business and well-known boutique chains anchored by miniaturized versions of name-brand institutions including G. Meyers Groceries, Fallon and Nelsons, Blood Monies Software, and Hien Young. Its only rival is historic Belle Square located along Bellevue Way, which skews more toward the elite, trading Fallon and Nelsons for Lordstrungs.

- Main Place is often the target of info-anarchists who bombard the AR grid with graffiti and info dumps rallying against Blake's policies and what they dub the "systematic removal of metahuman citizens." The attacks have some validity—not one shop in the mall is owned by a metahuman. With the Arcade being a major tourist draw, these attacks have drawn serious attention from local PD.
- Kay St. Irregular

For serious cyber upgrades, shadowrunners need to do in-patient treatment. If you want to avoid back-alley docs, off-hours Crashcart clinics, and the like, **Overlake Medical** offers full-service medical suites for a price. Overlake is used to dealing with high-dollar clients in need of privacy, so they book pa-



tients under whatever assumed name is provided, connecting bloodwork and medical records to that patient name.

- A cheaper alternative to Overlake is the Cougar Mountain Hospital owned and operated by Universal Omnitech. They offer the same transplant and organ replacement services as Overlake, but there is a history of dealing with organleggers here that keeps most sane people away.
- Plan 9

WHERE TO SQUAT

The real question when choosing a place to squat in Bellevue is how much do you want to be noticed? Hotel Row is cursed with an ever-present swarm of paparazzi drones hoping to catch a celebrity image. There are plenty of locations away from the spotlight, but not all of them are safe enough for you to close your eyes and let down your guard.

The **Bellevue Hilton** is constantly buzzing with activity. This is the flagship hotel of the district and the place to go in order to get noticed. The staff is recruited based on their looks and their ability to please the guests. For some employees, that "pleasure" extends as far as the guests are willing to take it. Most front staff, including the maitre d', are skills for the Ciarriello crime family.

- Stay away from 237. That and several other rooms in the Hilton are hardwired with cameras to observe the guests. The cameras dump data to an off-site storage node where the backroom staff can sift through and find paydata to sell to news outlets or anyone else interested in candid photos and audio of important people.
- Dr. Spin

A second-tier establishment in Bellevue still means four-star service. Even better, it means that the paparazzi drones are less interested in taking your picture since there are more important people elsewhere to distract them. The **Greenwoods Inn** meets those criteria by providing excellent and personalized service to each of its guests.

Take a warehouse, cram it full of shipping containers, add beds, locks, and viola! Instant coffin hotel. The **Bellevue Sleep and Eat** is a stay-at-your-own-risk place and the cornerstone of the Phantom Lake Ring operation in Bellevue. The ring provides rudimentary protection but also offers other services like drugs and secondhand gear.

- The gear comes from residents who didn't pay the bill on time. In fact, the drugs probably come from the same source. This is a place you only want to squat if you have no other choice or if you need to disappear. Nobody will find you here, which might not be a good thing.
- Mika

YOU WON'T FIND THIS ELSEWHERE

As the profile of Bellevue rose, so did the prestige of the **Bellevue Art Museum**. Originally established with a grant from Microdeck, the Bellevue Art Museum has seen major donations from Ares, Wuxing, Gaeatronics, the Atlantean Foundation, and Centurion SSG. The donations allowed the museum to buy up the block and the adjoining park. Today the museum boasts a walking gallery with outdoor sculptures on display and fine arts throughout the building. Aztechnology is the latest corporation to add to the collection. The museum is currently displaying a set of priceless Mayan artifacts alongside Athabaskan and Navajo artifacts all donated by Aztechnology and tracing the shared historical footprint of the first tribes as they emerged from South America and moved north.

Ares keeps its Pacific Northwest headquarters along the shores of Lake Washington. The immense marble and copper-tinted glass structure is the flagship for what is known as **Corporation Row** in Bellevue. The twenty-five-kilometer stretch is mixed-zoned corporate and residential, with corporate rental high-rises mixed in among the business towers.

Along with Ares, three other A or larger corporations make their home along the strip. The earth-friendly Gaeatronics Mountain is visible from the tip of Groat Point. The massive building's terraced rooftops are sheathed in tons of dirt and terra-scaped to resemble a wildlife preserve.

- In addition to keeping with the company's earth-first mantra, the agriculture-rich landscaping provides a measure of protection against astral intrusion, limiting the amount of space their astral security needs to defend.
- Ethernaut

The complex itself extends at least forty stories below ground, terminating in a giant reactor that nobody, outside of key company personnel, has been able to get a look at.

Microdeck continues to be respected as one of the oldest and most well-known companies to call Bellevue home. The company recently completed its new corporate tower on the strip, a silver-tinted glass spire known as the Node. The building is completely automated, operated by cutting-edge software and sprites developed by the company's hottest batch of programmers. The Node is conveniently located only a few miles away from Microdeck's main research and development campus at the edge of Williburton Hill Park.

- The Node's Matrix security has that same not-quite-normal feel when dealing with AI and technomancers. In fact, AI involvement would go a long way toward explaining the jump in quality of Microdeck software since Crash 2.0.
- Netcat

Most recently, Jonathan Blake's Centurion Special Services Group bought the twin silver skyscrapers that formerly served as NeoNET's research labs. The property was sold virtually overnight after an unexplained accident in tower one left twenty-four scientists and lab workers dead.





- Rumor is an AI NeoNET was holding captive managed to break free and take control of the system. NeoNET shut down the complex for two months following the escape before abruptly selling the property and dispersing the equipment and personnel across several facilities throughout the city. The bulk of the workers and equipment were split between Global Technologies and Cavilard Research Center right down the road.
- Slamm-0!

Debauchery goes hand-in-hand with wealth, so when the rich and powerful need somewhere to go to fulfill their curiosities, they turn to the best-known sex club in Seattle—**Powerline Sex Club**. The club’s main level opens into an immense strip club where both male and female dancers perform, often in tandem. Private rooms along the main floor are made available to clients who wish to spend more time with the dancers in any way they see fit. Upstairs, the Sky Room caters to the gay and lesbian crowd, promising Roman-styled baths, a nightclub, and private rooms where clients can explore their desires. The basement is a BDSM-themed amusement park where clients can play at dominant, submissive, or just watch if that is their pleasure.

- The Shotozumi-gumi controls the staffing here, often using bunraku to service some of the more deviant patrons. The Yakuza also handle the drug trade to the hard-core party crowd that calls this club home, though lately Kumon’go dealers have been pushing their products in and around the club. It is unclear how long the Yakuza will stand for this disrespect before they retaliate.
- Mihoshi Oni

The legacy of Microdeck co-founder Charles W. Gates lives on through the historic **Gates Casino**. The casino features multiple gaming rooms catering to high-dollar clients all the way down to little old ladies looking to spend a few hours at the penny slots. The casino also offers augmented- and virtual-reality gaming along with a sports book for those looking to watch and bet on the games. The casino’s three restaurants offer luxury dining in everything from traditional Aztec cuisine to American Salish. The Gates Hotel is constantly rated at five stars by Living Planet. Despite the accolades, the casino has been the site of a number of shadowrunner- and organized-crime-related killings. In 2073 a high-ranking member of the First Nations was gunned down in the parking lot after a night of gambling. As a



result, the casino upped its security, adding drone patrols to the already-thick swirl of guards outside the establishment.

- The Finnigans and Ciarniellos recently came to blows over control of mob activity in the casino. They settled it, believe it or not, over a bet. The Ciarniellos now run all the vice and prostitution with the blessing of Gates clan.
- Sticks
- The Gates have a soft spot for shadowrunners. If you know the right people you can launder your earnings through the casino for a small fee.
- Mr. Bonds

Across from Bellevue Highlands park sits a three-acre plot covered by a bioluminescent fabric dome. Etched in iron above the entrance is the name **Thomas Vintners**. Seattle's oldest winery has been in the Thomas family since 1930. Nils Thomas took over the operation in 2074, upgrading the biofabric dome with magical enhancements he learned at UW. The dome increased crop yields to roughly fourteen tons per acre, or 22,000 bottles of wine per harvest. Last year the dome cracked, letting pollutants into the air and ruining an entire harvest. The Thomas family survived the loss, somehow, without taking too much damage to their profits.

- They survived by selling out to the Ciarniello family. Once Nils realized his crops weren't able to be used he flipped out, blaming the workers responsible for dome maintenance and two-thirds of the staff. A few hours later Ivy Ciarniello showed up to express her condolences and their appreciation for the quality of Thomas family wine. She offered her family's help in any way, including financially. The only thing is the Ciarniellos showed up before anyone at the Vintners went public about the accident. Now the family has a minor stock in the Thomas family operation and a seat at the boardroom table.
- Khan-a-Saur

OPPOSITION REPORT

Despite the citywide contract, Bellevue's Corporate Council voted to formally retain Lone Star on a private basis to patrol corp-affiliated areas with Ares the one vote in opposition. The result is a city that has two forces, one operating under state jurisdiction and the other holding a permit to patrol and detain. One of the main reasons Lone Star was retained is due to the overwhelming Ares corporate presence in the area. MCT and their ilk felt the KE patrolman were not operating independent of their corporation, and cited spikes in arrests of non-Ares citizens since KE won the contract. Needless to say, the mood between the two forces remains tense.

Knight Errant recognizes itself as the primary police force in the area, and the officers behave as such. Unfortunately for them, part of their responsibility is to enforce jurisdiction throughout Bellevue. It is common to see clashes between the two forces over as little as who has the right to award a traffic ticket. For more serious crimes, Lone Star is supposed to hand the offender over to KE for short-term incarceration. Meanwhile

Lone Star still holds the contract to staff and patrol the Brickyard, or Bellevue Correctional, so once a criminal is formally sentenced, they end up back in the hands of Lone Star.

- You can't close this entry without serving notice about Blake's personal army, Centurion Security. During the tempo wars, Blake empowered the security arm of his corporation to supplement KE in dealing with the crisis. Their showdown with the Lake Acids in Vasa Park is the thing that made all the trid shows, but his soldiers also carried out operations against the First Nations and the Kumon'Go that stopped both from gaining a real foothold in Bellevue. The kicker is they did all of this without ever having any federal arrest powers. In truth, all Centurion is entitled to do is support the existing police force, but in corp speak that means these guys don't wait for a warrant. They kick down doors and spill lead without consequence, because they know that nothing coming from their "government actions" will hold up in trial.
- Hard Exit

HELP WANTED

/JackPoint login: ***** <encrypted>
/ACCESS GRANTED/

/open file: Open Jobs (Seattle, Bellevue) /

- If extractions are your specialty, then we need to get together. I'm in touch with a local executive who recently had a revelation about his employment and would like to discuss his options further. If you believe you can help, find me upstairs at Powerline.
- Sweet William
- I represent a small organization that is looking for individuals who have the skill set to perform deep background checks on potential corporate employees. These checks require capabilities both inside the Matrix and on the ground. Some travel may be required. If you want more information, ask for me at The Craft Castle in Main Place Arcade.
- Sinner G.
- Be careful with some of these wackos trying to hit you up for jobs on the thread. That being said, I could use a few hard heads for security work for a local entrepreneur who prefers to remain nameless. You have to look the part. That means no mohawks, no visible cyber, and clothes that look like you paid something for them. Hit me up here and we'll talk.
- Hard Exit
- Everybody is a fixer now, so why not me? I got a line on some transport security work from a local corp. They need shooters to ride shotgun on APC transports moving along the 405. I can promise two things: Decent pay, and you will be shot at. You pass my test and I'll get you connected, minus a ten percent finder's fee.
- Sticks



TACOMA

Tacoma will forever be etched in memory as the place where the Night of Rage found its worst moments and some of its greatest heroes. When the violence peaked, the Sheraton Tacoma opened its doors to fleeing metahumans and protected them through the night. Once the tide shifted from rage to remembrance, sculptors erected a Crying Wall to commemorate the sacrifice. That wall became a symbol and eventually a tourist attraction that brought more attention to the area.

- So by “attention,” you mean “unwanted metahuman attention.” I suppose that’s the reason Tacoma went to hell?
- Khan A Saur

Tacoma was an area on the rise—an area originally built around the very particular needs of Shiawase, but in recent times the tide quite literally shifted. The Nicaragua Canal diverted shipping from the area, and with it the shoreline commerce that powered the city’s wealth dropped. Office Parks emptied. Tacoma fell victim to sagging real estate prices and thriller gangs. The so-called City of Tomorrow faded into yesterday’s news.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS

2-7 REMEMBRANCE DAY

In 2064, the Tacoma city council marked February 7th as an official day of remembrance of the atrocities committed on the Night of Rage. On that day, schools across the city hold celebrations of life and unity with the city itself lowering flags to half mast and the mayor giving a speech from the steps of city hall in honor of the fallen. The yearly event culminates in a march from Charles Royer Station down to the Crying Wall monument, where metahuman leaders and surviving descendants of that fateful night speak of what they saw so that it may never happen again.

- 2-7 has become a rallying point for those who support metahumans as well as those who don’t. Police presence is heavy along the march route. Minor skirmishes are common, but nothing significant has happened since ‘61, when a handful of Humanis supporters broke through the barricades and attempted to beat a dwarven man to death. Marchers swarmed the attackers, prompting police to use pepper spray to separate the two sides so arrests could be made. No charges were ever filed for the incident.
- Frosty

- This constant reminder of what took place is part of the reason why Tacoma fell out of favor with Brackhaven. The city had multiple chances to play ball and simply didn’t. When Brackhaven had the chance, he coaxed businesses away from Tacoma to parts of Seattle that were more inclined to listen to what he wanted.
- Baka Dabora

CRIME SCENE

Crime in Tacoma happens, even if it doesn’t show up on the police blotter. Though the Vory and other smaller ethnic organizations still manage to squeeze some profit out of the population, organized crime in the city is usually based out of one of three criminal organizations.

SHOTOZUMI GUMI

Shiawase company policy forbids employees from association with criminal organizations, which is why the Shotozumi operations in Tacoma function under the guise of a private security company. Nightrunner Security behaves as the public face of the Yakuza in Tacoma. The company is located in a Shiawase-owned office park minutes from the company towers. The local *So-honbucho*, Akio Shizuka, is also the CEO of the company.

- Things are getting dangerous in Tacoma. After the Yee twins started showing up around Yakuza operations, the *So-honbucho* reached out to the Oni Do Kai—adepts of the invisible way—to handle the disruption. While this hasn’t erupted into a full-fledged war, at least fourteen “accidental deaths” have been recorded since the ninjas arrived.
- Kai-lin

GIANELLI FAMILY

If not for tradition and bravado, the Gianelli’s would’ve left Tacoma a long time ago. Instead, the organization continues to rally around Gianelli’s Restaurant, an eatery that’s been in the family for years. The bar is run by Tony Gianelli, grandfather to current don Joseph Gianelli. Tony refuses to entertain the idea of selling his restaurant. He still works the floor some nights, shaking hands and giving free deserts to the kids. He does so under the watchful eye of a dozen made men, tasked with keeping him out of the line of fire.

Gianelli operations spiral outward from the restaurant, cre-



ating a small ring of mafia-owned and operated business that constitute an oasis in this heavily Yakuza controlled city.

- The mob lost control their other main hangouts, a bar named DeClerry's, last year to the Kumon'go. As the story goes, a handful of top mob enforcers showed up to the bar summoned by a mob lieutenant. When they arrived, the lieutenant was waiting inside, held at gunpoint by Kumon'go soldiers. They stated that the bar was no under the protection of the ring. A gun battle ensued, and all but one of the mob men were killed. That man returned with reinforcements who met the same fate. Afterwards, DeClerry's owner, Vince DeClerry, formally accepted the protection of the Kumon'go, and they in turn agreed to let his family live.
- Butch

KUMON'GO

At the height of the Tempo craze the Kumon'go Seoulpa Ring had more cash than it could possibly find a way to launder. A lot of that money wound up in Tacoma where the ring began buying up property in an attempt to carve themselves a niche in the city. The ring was never very large and relied on the Ragers to sell product in Tacoma while the handful of actual leaders and Stand-Over men sat back and reaped profit. That relationship ended when Brackhaven's Tempo taskforce cracked down on the gang, arresting the leadership and shipping them off to Silcox. In the wake of that lost the Kumon'go went on a local recruiting spree. Kumon'go soldiers are young largely Korean and Japanese dropouts recruited from jo-poks and held together by the promise of starting something different in Seattle.

- Eric Kon runs the Kumon'go operations in Tacoma. He is considered the money man amongst ring lieutenants and principally concerned with turning Tempo, prostitution and other illicit profits into clean, usable creds. Kon is only dangerous because of the protection he surrounds himself with. That includes a First Nations Shaman named Booboo Littletree, and the Yee twins who gained notoriety in Neo-Tokyo for a string of assassinations that also made them prime targets for the Yakuza.
- Mihoshi Oni

TACOMA AT A GLANCE

Population: 375,000

Human: 67%

Elf: 9%

Dwarf: 5%

Ork: 19%

Troll: 4%

Other: 1%

Population Density: 658 per square kilometer

Per Capita Income: 56,000¥

Corporate-Affiliated Population: 87%

Education:

Less Than 12 Years: 23%

High School Equivalency: 52%

College Equivalency: 20%

Advanced Degrees and Certificates: 5%

WHERE TO SHOP

Tacoma's malls, like the rest of the district, feel outdated. While you can still find high-end merchandise and couture if you know where to look, most storefronts cater either to tourists or regulars whose preference to shop in Tacoma is more about staying close to home than being seen in the hottest new stores.

VILLA PLAZA

Tacoma offers plenty of shopping options, including the Tacoma Mall and SeaTac Mall, but the two-story Villa Plaza leads the district in Salish imports, so if you're looking for goods from that nation—or ways to piggyback on shipments moving back and forth—this is a decent place to start.

HUMANA HOSPITAL

This is a fairly new facility, quite comprehensive in its available services, and very large. If you don't know if a hospital offers a particular service or procedure, go here, because it does.





- “Large” is an understatement here. The hospital is big enough that you could stick two urban brawl arenas inside and still have room for football. This is the kind of hospital where the floor staff is forced to work independently because there are too many people for direct oversight. That gives people the leeway to engage in off-the-book medical services. It is harder to get drugs out, because those are RFID tagged, tracked, and monitored.
- Butch

TACOMA CHARITY GENERAL

Humana is your best option of the bunch, especially if you can afford the fees, but if you're desperate, Tacoma Charity General takes all patients—no questions asked. The fees are even reasonable despite the fact that they receive neither state nor federal funding to stay afloat.

- That ought to send up a giant warning sign. No funding means they are getting their operating cash from somewhere, and it certainly isn't the patients. Most Tacoma charity cases are squatters, street gangers, and the working poor. The hospital requires them to check in under a name and SIN and deliver a small processing fee up front, but when it comes to payment for services rendered, they send the bill to wherever you say you came from and hope you pay it.
- Butch

ZALENSKY'S ELECTRONICS

This knock-off electronics hut is a front for the Yakuza's chief body clinic. The chief doc, Bennie Sawyer, was top of his class at MIT&T but he spent too much time in bunraku parlors and losing at pai go. He wound up indebted to the Yakuza. They brought him here to work on their soldiers, and eventually Zalenky's threw open its doors to the public.

TACOMA NIBBLES & BYTES

The Tacoma store used to be the flagship of Nibbles and Bytes in the Seattle area. Its proximity to Charles Royer Station meant tourists could walk from station to store, enjoying the prefabbed sights and sounds of Tacoma along the way. Recently the store has been targeted by the Spikes and what remains of the Ragers organization, each gang trying to out-thrill the other with artful electronic vandalism to match the physical damage.

BASIL'S FAULTY BAR

Tacoma doesn't have many dedicated shadowrunner hang-outs, but Basil's Faulty Bar was exactly that for the time that former shadowrunner Abe Heep owned the place. Abe passed the biz on to an associate named Kai-lin Panubras and reportedly set off for a better life in Quebec. The “under new management” sign twinkling in the AR profile is barely old enough to glitch, but the changes are already apparent. The bar was re-done in lacquered wood, the chairs replaced, and white sound repeaters added to every booth in the house.

Despite the changes, most of the regulars are the same. You can still find a fixer or two arguing in the back booths and the



occasional newbie runner strolling in the front door looking to make a name for himself by taking down someone who already has a rep.

- Thanks, Kai-lin. You finally settled the bet of who Ol' Abe would sell the bar to. Does that mean that the Smoker's Club is officially out of the shadows?
- Hard Exit
- Wetwork is a young man's game these days. After what happened to Riser, I made the choice to settle down and enjoy a bit of the life I earned. The Smoker's Club is still around in principle. Yankee went and restocked the team with a bunch of runners still wiping breast milk off their mouths with the back of their hands. They aren't welcome here, but you are. Just don't expect free booze.
- Kai-lin

CATHODE GLOW

Once upon a time people stood in front of giant rectangular units with sunk-in monitors upon which they played the Pac-Man and other Neolithic interactions by mashing giant buttons and recklessly shoving a knobbed stick in every direction until it finally snapped off. This glimpse of a bygone era is what keeps the Glow afloat. The Cathode Glow is part interactive museum, part arcade. The bar is built out of the guts of an old Stuffer Shack that was redesigned to accommodate a central bar. The plexiglass freezer racks were converted into museum cases that chronologically track the history of modern computer gaming from the earliest Atari to modern AR gaming technology.

- If you are looking to make contact with someone who matters in tech and Matrix work, try swinging by on a Saturday. The bar hosts a weekly gaming league play that draws out serious hackers.
- Netcat
- I hear the owner is looking to score a Magnavox Odyssey console to complete his timeline. I know where one can be found, but there is no chance I'm going to get it alone. Any takers?
- The Smiling Bandit

WHERE TO SQUAT

Tacoma promises accommodations with every level of service. There is even a market for non-traditional alternatives, such as office parks that rent out space by the month for reasonable prices. Underutilized manufacturing capabilities on the docks have become home to squatters, as ownership either doesn't have or won't pay the capital to get the criminal element out. The solution some businesses have employed is making agreements with shadowrunners to clear out the warehouses in exchange for cheap short-term rent.

SHERATON TACOMA

This hotel sits at the top of the industry not only for its five-star service, but for the role it played in the Night of Rage. Every Remembrance Day, the Brichert Ballroom hosts a charity dinner that draws the most influential people in Tacoma. The one-thousand-nuyen-a-plate fee is donated to a metahuman scholarship fund in the name of the hotel. These Sheraton Scholars are invited to come back and work for hotel management once they've completed college.

TACOMA DOME HOTEL

The dome is one of the oldest hotels in Tacoma. It is the only independently owned hotel in the district with a four-star or better rating. The hotel is owned by the Hayashi family, who took over the business when the patriarch, Len Hayashi, retired from Shiawase. The dome is known for its spacious rooms, fine dining, and rooftop bar. The hotel recently underwent an external makeover, shedding the traditional beige for forest green and white.

- The hotel added internal upgrades as well, including sound-dampening walls in the first-class suites to go along with upgraded AR security and police patrols. They've seen an increase in corporate business since the changes occurred.
- Dr. Spin

LAKEWOOD COMFY CUBICLE

The cube is one of a handful of coffin motels to offer a wireless network. This feature along with mostly clean bedding, makes it the best in category for coffin-style sleeping. For whatever that is worth.

YOU WON'T FIND THIS ELSEWHERE

CHARLES ROYER STATION

If you come to Seattle via the maglev train from California, this is where you disembark. From there, you can catch light rail, ferries, air taxis, and more to get you to the rest of the sprawl. There are people coming and going here at all hours of the day, making it a good place to meet during off hours if you don't want to look suspicious. The Bottomless Carafe on the street level of the station is open all the time and serves a pretty decent cup of kaf, making it a great place for a casual business conversation.

CRYING WALL

The sprawl is not always kind to metas—just look at who they keep electing at governor—but this spot is a reminder that the struggles metahumans face is not completely ignored. It's not the most obvious monument around, since it is located in the basement of the Bicson Building, but many visitors find it quite moving. A twenty-meter wall depicting the Night of Rage and its aftermath, the rawness of the violence depicted and the emotions on the faces of the metas on the wall often bring visitors to tears. Memorial gifts of flowers and guards are regularly left at the wall.



- The wall hides a secret entrance to the Ork Underground, and there usually are some orks or trolls milling around the wall to make sure no one who shouldn't find the entrance gets in. They also keep an eye on a small hole near the bottom right section of the wall, on a dark spot depicting a slightly open manhole, that is sometimes used as a dead drop for people who like sharing information the old-fashioned way.
- Mihoshi Oni

FENRIS NACHT

In the aftermath of the Night of Rage, many of the more exotic metahumans flocked to Tacoma to assist the hundreds of devastated families. Many stayed behind, forming collectives and packs that congregate in urban lairs. One such place is Fenris Nacht, a hangout for the local shapeshifter population. The entrance is tucked in a nondescript alley between a strip mall and a rent-controlled apartment complex. A single bouncer watches the door, but security extends into astral space, where a pair of watchers guard the door and adjoining alley.

SILCOX ISLAND CORRECTIONAL

This thirty-story prison looks like a medieval tower on the middle of Silcox Island in American Lake. The prison contracts with Shiawase and other extraterritorial entities to hold criminals the companies do not have facilities to hold themselves. Silcox Island falls under the same legal loophole as Stuck's City in Auburn, meaning Tacoma PD cannot exercise legal control over the island, leaving it a black site of sorts, where the only laws applicable are those created and upheld by the prison ownership.

- Silcox is jammed full of shadowrunners, corporate spies, and basically anyone the corporations decide they need to get rid of. The extraterritorial nature of the island means that there is no legal oversight, and that results in abusive prison guards and deplorable living conditions.
- Frosty
- Not everywhere. Rumor has it that Shiawase uses the facility as a place as a holdover facility for corporate extractions. The company holds them at Silcox until they can deprogram and create new identities for them. That tendency has led other corporations to plant spies in the facility.
- Kia

OPPOSITION REPORT

The influence of the Shiawase culture saturates Tacoma down through the police force, where *honne* and *tatamae* strike a precarious balance. Despite its economic problems, the district boasts the lowest crime rate in Seattle. Police case clearance rates seem unrealistic when compared to cities with similar size and income level, but there is no doubting their success.

- That success is primarily related to violent criminal offenses. Their murder clearance rate is a gaudy ninety-seven percent. Aggravated assault and rape are both in the mid eighties. However, property crime clearance rates are a meager thirty-four percent, which is still higher than most but a statistical blight for Tacoma law enforcement.

- Kat o' NineTales

- First rule of Tacoma law enforcement: Don't talk about Tacoma law enforcement.

- Cosmo

- In this case, *tatamae* refers to the cultural expectations or the preservation of the perception that Tacoma's police force has a lock on crime. They will go to any lengths to preserve that truth. It is commonplace for lead investigators to refuse to classify a case in the first forty-eight hours. If at that time they don't have a legitimate means to solve the case, it is given a non-criminal classification. Assaults are written off as accidents, murders are dismissed as death by natural causes. Even burglaries can find some non-criminal categorization if they are deemed too difficult to solve. *Honne*, then, refers to the policy of keeping quiet about this practice. The police have an incentive to preserve the tradition, because officers are rewarded and promoted based on the number of successful arrests they make.

- Hard Exit

Despite the high clearance numbers, manned patrols are not uniformly efficient. Neighborhood security ratings vary from AA to B. In certain industrial districts the security can dip as low as D after business hours.

HELP WANTED

/JackPoint login: ***** <encrypted>
/ACCESS GRANTED/

/open conversation: Tacoma Weirdness /

- I just wanted to open up a forum about the strangest run I have ever had. The client hired me to break into an elderly woman's closet and rearrange her hats. The boxes were marked and stacked in a tier of seven right in the middle of the walk-in, so I grabbed an image of how they looked, switched a few around, grab a second image as proof, and skedaddled. It was the easiest five hundred nuyen I ever made, but I have to say it left a weird feeling in my gut. Is this a feng shui thing?

- Chainmaker

- Hard to speculate without knowing more, but it sounds like she wears her hats in a particular order. It is vintage Japanese social dynamics. My guess is that your target was a society woman with considerable clout and wearing hats similar or even opposite to her own buys social standing. Your Mr. Johnson probably wanted



to get inside information on the order and then had you mess it up so nobody else had the correct order.

- Ma'fan
- It could also be a case of **whitemail**. The most common run in Tacoma is a whitemail run. For those who don't know, whitemail is a peaceable version of blackmail where your job is to create a situation that allows Mr. Johnson to prevent the target from making a public blunder. In this case, I think your Johnson knew someone was matching the hat order and had you rearrange the order so they could be the one to explain the hats are out of order.
- Kat o' NineTales
- Whitemail does take place in Tacoma, but the most common run? I give my vote for that to **oppositional research**. Tacoma is a cesspool of cutthroat corporate operators all looking for a leg up in the hierarchy. You can make your running career working for one Johnson or another trying to dig up useful information on their co-workers, opposing corporations, small businesses, and especially their superiors. The only way to move up a peg is to knock down the wageslave above you. That rule applies to the Yakuza as well. They contract out for the same services, looking to get inside info on fellow Yakuza members that they can use to move up in the organization.
- Baka Dabora
- Let's not forget about the work you get from the Seoulpa Rings. The Kumon'go still don't have the manpower to carry out the work they need to, so they contract out to gangs for the bulk work like movingTempo. For sensitive jobs, the Rings turn to us. **Smuggling** and **network** jobs tend to get handled by people who cannot be traced back to the ring. Of course, they aren't the only game in town for these services. The Gianellis are desperate for shooters right now.
- Butch
- Spoken like a true puppet, Butch. How's that clinic of yours running these days? Still a few months ahead on the rent? I'm guessing you aren't having any trouble finding used cyberware after that clash the Kumon'go had with the Nova Rich. The morgue report says eleven bodies went missing. I wonder where they went?
- Pistons
- Fuck you, Pistons.
- Butch
- We're all forgetting about **bodyguard/security work**. Part of becoming important in Shiawase's corporate structure is looking the part. There has been a downturn in Tacoma security, regardless of what the crime rates suggest. The company can't hand out a security detail to every executive who thinks they are worth it. Instead, the climbers pay for private security to make them look good. Usually that means they are hiring the toughest-looking people they can find.
- Hard Exit
- That philosophy applies specifically to non-metas. You may still get hired as a meta depending on how high up the corporate ladder Mr. Johnson is. At the higher levels of Shiawase it is considered in poor taste to associate with metahumans, even as part of your security detail.
- Mihoshi Oni
- Yeah, none of this explains the hats.
- Baka Dabora



EVERETT

POSTED BY: TRAVELER JONES

Not yet a barrens, not even definitively slated to become one, Everett is balanced on a teetering scale, waiting for one thing or another to shift the district into whatever it will become. There are high-tech corp facilities here, residences most of us can only dream about obtaining, but also areas of high abandonment, squatters' paradises, and traffic routes where smugglers outnumber law-abiding folks. The population of the district is growing, but it's unclear if this is people moving here as a staging ground for a better life or people falling to this district from something better. One large investment in a mixed-use complex may push the district into a long, upwards growth trend; while a riot, other disturbance, or simply a persistent increase in violent crime may doom it to becoming the cousin of Redmond and Puyallup. My crystal ball isn't telling me how it will end up, but I can tell you this: Many people across the sprawl are plotting on ways to profit from whatever changes overtake Everett. But that's not exactly news.

The good news is that people like us don't need to wait for the district's fate to be decided to enjoy it. Have you ever been in Bellevue on a run and wish you could just travel a few blocks and lose yourself in the twisted ruins of Redmond's streets? Well, while Everett's highs do not approach Bellevue and their lows do not touch Redmond, you still have a chance to lift something from a corporate pad, travel a short distance, then hide out in an abandoned apartment complex full of squatters. Enjoy it while you can.

- If I had to wager, I'd say the area is as low as it's going to get and will soon trace an upward, gentrifying pathway. Federated-Boeing has substantial investment in the area and are unlikely to sit on the sidelines while Everett becomes a barrens around them. They may have to wait until after the election, once Brackhaven or his successor have their feet under them, but I'd expect some major Everett redevelopment to be on the agenda for early 2079.
- Mr. Bonds

SPECIAL OCCASIONS

While it's a big event across the world, especially in North America, you will never experience **Super Brawl Sunday** like you will in Everett. Publicists for the various entities on Casino Corner claim that twenty million nuyen is wagered in their establishments alone on the day of the big game, with tens of millions more coming in through other forms of gaming as well as restaurant and hotel revenues. Each casino wants as much of the action as they can get their hands on, so they go all out, throwing lavish parties, inviting A-list entertainers, and

serving up more real meat in a week than the rest of the city consumes in a year. It's a seven-day riot of gambling and any other form of vice patrons feel like indulging in, and it sucks all of the energy of the district into that one narrow spot of land.

Fleet Week typically happens in early July, and while a lot of the attention and energy of the week are directed Downtown, Everett sees its share of activity thanks to the location of Naval Station Everett within its borders. Bars and restaurants near the naval base do a brisk business, and the atmosphere of the base becomes much more festive than usual. Do not make the mistake, though, of thinking this means security is lax; if anything, it is heightened so that the party does not spin out of control. Don't get caught off your guard, but know you can use some of the chaos to hide your movements. And if you could use a sailor as a contact, this is a good time to make one.

CRIME SCENE

Everett is old-school Seattle (even though it wasn't part of Seattle for most of its existence, but stay with me here), and that means Mafia. It helps that it has a significant gambling pipeline, and the Mafia has always been good at keeping its fingers in that section of the economy. This comes with a hitch, though—the branch of the Mob that was involved in Casino Corner was the Ciarniellos, and they have lost power in the city in the past decade. The Yakuza are more than willing to attempt to horn in on their territory, and while they started with shadowy businesses like bunraku parlors, last year they dove in and opened their own casino, the Breckenridge. Note the complete lack of Yakuza or even Japanese signifiers in the name—they're deliberately playing it low-key, or at least as low-key as you can be while muscling into Mob territory.

Away from Casino Corner, the Mafia—both Finnigans and Ciarniellos—have control of most of the drug trade, but the Yaks have done well in the BTL trade. The trick here is that the gumi handling BTLs here is from California with ties directly back to Japan, rather than the Shotozumi-gumi. This has not made the Shotozumi at all happy, so Everett is the scene to some Yak-versus-Yak runs.

- The Mafia, the Ciarniellos in particular, are delighted with Yak-on-Yak conflict, and they are very eager sources of information to one branch or another if they think the information they're peddling can lead to conflict. That means if you can find concrete information about which Yaks are doing what in the district, you can likely find a buyer for the info.
- Snopes



The Triads also have a niche of their own, taking care of most of the prostitution trade near the Everett Naval Station. It's a large station, so business is good, but as yet the Triads have not appeared eager to expand their ambitions in the district.

WHERE TO SHOP

This first destination uses “shop” only in the loose sense, in that **Bicson Biomedicals** does not have a retail outlet. But for shadowrunners, “shopping” often means perusing things that are of use to us and then figuring out a way to obtain them, and in that respect Bicson fills the bill well. A Shiawase subsidiary, Bicson does a lot of work on bioware and medical to make cyberware adapt more easily to physical bodies, which is certainly of interest in the shadows. They also had done work on nanoviruses, which made life interesting for the company in the immediate wake of CFD. At present, they seem to have been cleared of any guilt or even association with the matter, so they are forging ahead strongly as a reputable, trusted name in the biomedical field.

For less specialized fare, there's the **Everett Beacon Mall**, which gathers together the full range of shops you'd expect. The troubles Everett has experienced are reflected in the mall, which has cameras everywhere, and I mean *everywhere*. Think you've found a hidden corner where you can conduct some illicit business, out of view of any visible cameras? Then you've missed some hidden cameras, because they are absolutely there and watching you. That doesn't mean you can't get away with illegal activity in the mall; just be smart enough to make it look like you're conducting ordinary business.

- Looking for some ad hoc muscle for a job? You could do worse than approaching one of this mall's security guards. I know, I know, the term “mall security” does not inspire a lot of confidence, but these guys are trained way better than run-of-the-mill rent-a-cops and are not paid that much more. They often figure out that their skills are more valuable than their paycheck shows, so they start looking for another outlet. That's when you can get 'em.
- Pistons

How long has **Hajek's Computers** been in business? Long enough to have “computers” in their name, even though very few things people buy there sport that label any more. But don't mistake their longevity with being out of touch—owner Angel Hajek makes a point of staying up to date on the latest technology, and she can tell you what's worth the money and what's overpriced drek. She's also shadow-friendly, which means she has the latest in cyberdeck technology, and she'll get you a nice, untraceable-as-possible model as long as a you put up the money.

WHERE TO SQUAT

The highest profile hotels in Everett are part of **Casino Corner**, the gambling and entertainment capital of the district. There's a different atmosphere here than at the famous Gates Casino; the seedy side of Everett is able to get through and stay

EVERETT AT A GLANCE

Population: 230,000

Human: 71%

Elf: 14%

Dwarf: 1%

Ork: 2%

Troll: 1%

Other: 1%

Population Density: 1,111 per square kilometer

Per Capita Income: 59,000¥

Corporate-Affiliated Population: 70%

Education:

Less Than 12 Years: 21%

High School Equivalency: 28%

College Equivalency: 40%

Advanced Degrees and Certificates: 11%

on the floor, despite the owners' desire to keep things looking polished and high class. Fights are more common in these establishments, and if the Mob or the Yaks need to collect on a debt, they might go ahead and shake people down on the casino floor. That gives the casinos, as high-toned as they may look, a certain edge of combustibility and danger, which many patrons find appealing.

There are plenty of establishments to choose from on the Corner. As mentioned before, the Yaks run the Breckenridge, with its Old West Gold Rush theme, while the Ciarniellos run the Golden Roll and the White Pine. And then there's the Garden of Eden hotel and the Shangri-La casino, both owned by Alex Harrison, who has strictly avoided Mob ties. Harrison keeps up a regular stream of shadow work to maintain his independence. Rumors say the Mafia is getting tired of the inroads the Yaks are making in what they consider their territory, and they'd really like to acquire Harrison's buildings to give them a stronger foundation for whacking the Yaks. They might go as far as fixing some urban brawl matches, even the Super Brawl (though they'd likely try to make that more point shaving rather than outright determining the outcome), in order to inflict heavy losses on Harrison.

- Anyone who attempts to fix the Super Brawl will earn the wrath of me and my fellow sports fans. We will hunt you down until you are destroyed. Don't push me.
- Slamm-0!

The innocuously named **Danny's Bar and Grill** has been a front for a whole lot of rumors. For a while it was believed to be a Mob front, then at the early part of the decade a vampire got the whole staff under her sway and used the joint as a hunting ground for prey. No matter how subtle a killer may be, though, a string of deaths connected to an establishment will eventually gain notice and will be bad for business. Forces tied to Martin de Vries eventually sniffed out this vampire's trail and took care of her the way they do. They managed to turn the owner's gratitude for their efforts into a share of ownership, and Danny's went from vampire hunting ground to hunting ground for vampires and other Infected. If you want to learn about who is doing what to combat Seattle's HMHVV population, a meal at Danny's is a great place to start.



- There had been noise in the sprawl about accepting the Infected as full citizens, but the Mealtime Killer and its various copycats have put the damper on that. The people who run Danny's are determined to keep aiming blows at HMMVV-rights campaigns so that they don't regain their footing.
- Kay St. Irregular

If any one spot exemplifies Everett's changing fortunes, it's the **Everett TripleTree Inn**. A ten-story luxury hotel constructed in the '40s, it closed down in 2068, was put up for sale, and never sold. That's not to say it hasn't been used. A troll named Colton took over the place not long after it closed down and managed to keep most of it intact and unlooted. Since it's not supposed to be occupied, access to utilities is spotty, but Colton and his subordinates do what they can to keep the electricity and water flowing. They don't have a lot of money for maintenance, so the structure is deteriorating, but it's still nicer than a lot of abandoned spots in the neighborhood. The clientele of the place is, naturally, pretty much totally non-corporate (with the exception of some covert operatives), meaning it is a very interesting mix. With Everett being so close to the Salish-Shidhe border, the TripleTree has taken on something of the atmosphere of Rick's Café Américain from Casablanca, which means it's very worth checking out.

If you like your night spots a little more legit and high-class, try the **Gravity Bar North**. Located on the Sound, with a menu full of fresh catches from the nearby waters, the Gravity Bar brings movers and shakers up to Everett. In a district not known for its abundance of celebrity-spotting opportunities, this is a prime place to do it.

The **Lakeview Inn** built its reputation, such as it was, as a moderately priced and reasonably clean motel, and most of that remains true. The prices have gone up a bit, though, due to the popularity of ghost tourism. A string of murders occurred at the place in the late 2030s, and they remain unsolved. Stories of the ghosts of victims (generally boys in their early teens) were whispered for a while until the owners decided to lean into it and target the sort of people who are attracted to the chance to see ghosts. There is definitely something morbid and distasteful about trading on those long-ago deaths, but the Sixth World is based on commodifying everything and anything, so the owners have managed to deal with any qualms of conscience that may arise.

- Two things that are critical to know about spirits: 1) They are well aware with the obsession many humans have with ghosts; and 2) They are in no way above taking advantage of that obsession. Prankster spirits, then, are quite willing to put on the occasional show for the guests (but not *too* regular, as predictability robs the mystery). Sometimes they will meet expectations, appearing as exactly the kind of spirits the guests expect; other times they will subvert them, appearing as belligerent adult trolls or vulgar elves just to confuse the clientele. Whenever guests report a ghost sighting, that's what they're seeing.
- Jimmy No
- The moment you believe you have a clear understanding of some aspect of spirits is the moment you should interrogate each and every one of your assumptions.
- Man-of-Many-Names

Anyone who regularly goes shopping for magical goods knows that the appearance of a lore store means next to nothing. The ability to find and refine quality reagents and enchant worthwhile telesma has no direct connection to the ability or desire to present things in a clean, hospitable environment. Sometimes it even has no attachment to the desire to bring in large sums of nuyen, as the power of the goods, not the money they bring in, is the lure. **Rikki's Rathole** is a prime example of this sort of store. A rat shaman named Elsie runs the store, which is over a basement bar run by a gregarious former wage mage named Harry "Flamboyance" Brown. They're an interesting duo—Elsie rarely speaks above a whisper, while Brown has trouble making his voice anything other than a booming roar. The bar is dimly lit to hide the dirt and stains, the lore store is unkempt and disorganized, but take a minute to astrally scan the goods, and you'll know it was worth your while.

YOU WON'T FIND THIS ELSEWHERE

In some ways the **Federated-Boeing Everett Facility** may not be as exciting to runners as, say, an Ares weapons R&D facility, because you're not likely to leave the facility with a shiny new passenger jet tucked under your coat. If you can get over the fact that you might not get any personal toys when breaking in here, you'll see there is plenty of potential. The facility is almost like a military base, with on-site housing for top tech talent to keep them from being extracted by hostile corps. That makes your job harder, of course, but if you can get in, there is a lot of valuable brainpower waiting to be moved.

Make no mistake, the security is serious. Your ID might be requested at any time, either by live security or automated systems, and patrols are regular. That makes "Boeingville" clean, attractive, and anathema to shadowrunners.

- To make it worse, they have turned to critter-based security in the sewers. I don't think there are names for the some of the things they have down there. They have a lot of faith in the electrical fencing they use to keep those critters where they are supposed to be. If those break down ...
- Ma'Fan

A free and independent press is mostly a relic of the previous century, but there are a few outlets that manage to survive on moxie and a worldwide subscription base willing to pay a few nuyen for information that has not been shredded by corporate censors. The **Independent Information Network Building** contains one of these last bastions of professional muckrakers, and their status means they have their pick of skilled journalists not willing to kowtow to the corps. These guys are good at what they do, which means they can make brilliant contacts. They also take journalistic confidentiality seriously, though, so don't expect them to spill everything just because you ask. Cultivate them, treat them nice, and feed them some info, and you can get a healthy reciprocal relationship going.

Everett is notable for its large dock complexes, and the **Kondor Shipping Depot** is one of the most impressive. They recently added a fourth warehouse, and the network of aerial drones



surveilling the place make it visible from a distance. Just about every faction in the sprawl have some interest in what's going in and out of this facility—organized crime has drugs coming in false bottoms of crates, corps and foundations bring in reagents and magical goods, and of course millions of nuyens worth of consumer goods come in daily. With Wuxing muscling their way into as much worldwide shipping business as possible, you can also expect this to be the site of many different types of shadowruns.

One of the luxuries many public librarians find in their jobs is that there is relatively little supervision over how they manage their collections. As long as they don't generate a huge volume of complaints to the central library administrators, head librarians are free to pursue whatever area of interest they want. The former head librarian of the **Lynwood Library**, Craig Moon, decided to pursue an interest in magic and everything arcane, and the result is one of the most impressive publicly accessible collections of magical knowledge in the world.

That's not to say the collection doesn't have its eccentricities. The fact of the matter is that magical researchers in general have a fair number of quirks, and that comes out in their work. Add to that the fact that Moon had to work with limited and vacillating public budgets, and he made electronic scans of many books that often stumbled over esoteric formulae, and you have a collection that combines deep magical insight with crackpot theorizing, often within the same book. Or within a single sentence of any given book.

The collection is currently maintained by head librarian Cheryl Schrick, who was Moon's assistant before he retired. Schrick is a mage of rather limited talents, but she has carefully watched those who use the Moon Collection and recruited assistants from among that group. That means there tends to be a regular presence of fairly powerful spellcasters watching over the collection, even after hours, because Schrick gives her most special patrons all-hours access. And spellcasters love to stay up late.

- Schrick tells me she is fielding a lot of questions about the rumored "Sixth World Tarot" that has been popping up in Awakened conversations across the globe, and she claims she has held two items from the deck in her hands. One shows a woman dancing with or fighting (or both) a fire spirit in front of a heavy vault, and the other shows a clown-like figure standing in a broken window over someone clinging to a ledge. And yes, I find that latter description disturbing in many ways.
- Frosty

Naval Station Everett is a big one. With five hundred permanent personnel and eight thousand assigned there in some capacity or another, the port is *the* major base of UCAS's West Coast naval operations. As such, the UCAS government wants to make it bigger and recently acquired land to boost personnel assigned to the station by twenty percent. It's not clear what effect that expansion will have on the district as a whole—on the one hand, more military personnel means more economic activity, which is good. On the other hand, locations next to the base are not the most desirable pieces of real estate in the district, and now there will be more of them. It could go either way.

While the public gets to visit the *USS Koontz*, the supercarrier *USS Colin Powell* is the showpiece of the base. Just looking at that thing helps you understand how bad it could get should anyone decide to impose martial law in the sprawl.

- It's less obvious than the supercarrier, but the base also hosts a pretty intense water spirit training facility. I'm not privy to all the training that goes on there, but let me say this: Bringing in an unauthorized submersible to the area should only be done by someone with a death wish.
- Sounder

OPPOSITION REPORT

Smuggling is a regular activity near the Salish-Shidhe Border, which means federal authorities spend a lot of time up there. The North road entrance to the sprawl comes into Everett, so there is plenty of attention at that checkpoint and for several kilometers in either direction. All sorts of observation, including astral, are used, so if you're messing around near the border, it's better to have good, solid fake identification instead of trying to be invisible and hoping no one will notice.

Knight Errant has jurisdiction over most of the district, with two large exceptions: Boeingville and the Naval Station. Both of those areas have more security officers per capita than the rest of the district, and those officers are well trained and responsive. In the areas surrounding those spots, that tends to make Knight Errant raise their game a bit, so as not to appear worse and less skilled than their counterparts. What this means is that once you get some distance from those areas and move into the more dilapidated parts of the district, you find that response times increase significantly and police enthusiasm for traveling out to those spots is greatly reduced. Don't expect them to be totally unresponsive, as if you were in Redmond or something, but they'll dawdle enough to give you time to take care of a little business before they arrive.

HELP WANTED

- Over at the TripleTree Inn, Colton has developed a considerable database of contacts throughout Seattle's underworld, but he's really bad at sharing it with others. There is some updated contact information I need, notably for people who owe me cash and favors. Help me get a look at the list, and you'll get a cut of what I collect.
- Stone
- Sounder mentioned water spirit training at the Naval Station. From what I've heard, part of what they are doing is looking into how spells travel through water, and how to improve spellcasting in that medium. I'd like to see some of their research—and get a chance to see what the spirits involved can do. If you're in good standing with spirits in general, give me a call.
- Elijah
- As part of the Ciarniello's offensive against the Shangri-La and the Garden of Eden, they have been working on hacks into the slot machines to make them pay out so much that the casino loses money. Help me fix this to keep the Shangri-La independent—though we'll wait until we've made a few spins and collected a little bonus for ourselves.
- Mika



RENTON

POSTED BY: TRAVELER JONES

Considered by many to be “Seattle’s Apartment,” Renton was once an example of Sixth World suburbia run amok. Compared to other districts such as Downtown, Tacoma, or even Redmond and the Ork Underground, Renton is almost forgettable by comparison. Simply put, Renton is the place that nice wage-slaves or other working-class drones looked to as an example of making it.

Renton isn’t where business is done, it’s the place where the nice, “good” people of Seattle call home and retire to when the working day is done. It’s where families live and (try to) play in a nice wholesome, neo-WASPey, family values state of domestic bliss. Or at least that’s the sales pitch.

- In other words, it’s the kind of place that makes most runners (or anyone with the capability for independent thought) want to puke. Renton is so damn artificial and bland that it hurts! And then there’s ... ah, never mind; don’t want to give any spoilers to the newbies.
- Slamm-0!

For decades Renton was the home of several security services and small tech firms; the latter was hit hard after Crash 2.0 while the former got even bigger. In the following years, the local economy foundered and crime rose. In the past two years, however, the new Matrix has helped reinvigorate Renton’s tech industry, and the district has been slowly returning to its former perceived glory.

Renton has an abundance of nice housing along with enough shopping and entertainment to keep residents satisfied. Throw in some green hills, lakes, and rivers for good measure, and it’s little wonder why so many people want to live here. Too bad it has an undercurrent of anti-metahuman racism just below that wonderful middle-class façade, along with a few nasty local criminal elements.

Ever since the Night of Rage, Renton has been a Humanist stronghold, even though no one will admit it. Because of a combination of (slightly) shifting societal norms and increasing metahuman birth rates (especially among orks), hardliner racists and bigots in Renton have been forced to impotently watch as “metahuman encroachment” threatened their idea of domestic tranquility. But that just means they switched tactics.

- As much as I still hate Renton, I have to be honest for the sake of accuracy. Things aren’t as bad as they used to be even a decade ago. Metahumans can walk the streets of Renton without too much fear of being assaulted on sight, because anti-metahumanism is seriously frowned upon—at least openly. The metahumans that

live in Renton however can be expected to experience more subtle attacks against them. Poor service at some shops/eateries/public services, being stopped in the street for no reason other than just being an ork, receiving less leniency by KE patrols, or just being silently shunned by the locals are just some of the public things metahuman residents of Renton can expect. Behind closed doors, it’s worse.

- Bull

SPECIAL OCCASIONS

BLACK FRIDAY

While Black Friday isn’t unique to Renton, nor is it really a holiday (despite the corporate propaganda promotions), in Renton’s shopping centers it’s taken on a frightening life of its own. Both the Auburn Center and the Renton Center Mall are known to offer some of the best Black Friday deals in the sprawl, and of course this attracts the hardest-core of shoppers who (sometimes literally) froth at the mouth to obtain the hottest, newest, limited-edition, merchandise.

As such, Renton denizens often band together in teams or alliances to hit as many of these sales as possible to beat out the “intruders” (i.e., non-Renton residents and usually metahumans) who come for the sales. Many of these even employ tactical planning with the efficiency and dedication that rival most top-tier shadowrunner teams. It’s not uncommon for riots to break out, causing hundreds of thousands of nuyen in damages, not to mention dozens of injuries, assaults, and even an occasional fatality or two. But it’s all worth it to get that special item for little Suzy or Billy!

- Forget the Ork Underground—when Knight Errant took over from Lone Star they had no idea what went down in Renton. From what I’ve heard, OT is now mandatory on Black Friday. And even the retailers get tasers and hazard pay.
- Hard Exit
- Ho-lee-frag! Is it wrong of me to like watching sec-footage of soccer moms, coupon-warriors, gaming nerds, et al clash all gladiator-style over some of these sales?
- Pistons
- The best I’ve seen so far is the dust-up last year between a group of twenty-something man-children and an ork grandmother over the last QuantumSpeed 5 AR-game unit at the Auburn Center. I’ve



never seen anyone take out a bunch of neckbeards using only a purse and a babushka with such ruthless and brutal grace.

- Slamm-0!
- I'm so sick of having to bail Nanna out of jail.
- Sounder

FAMILY DAY

What can be more wholesome than a bunch of families getting together for a good-old fashioned cookout (sponsored by Horizon) near the end of summer? Started in 2048, this annual event held during the first weekend in August is basically a large picnic at the Gene Coulon Memorial Park. Scores of families put down their Ant-Away™ blankets, throw a few soy-dogs on the grill, open a few cold ones, and toss around the old synth-pigskin. In Renton, it's where the district's families come together to enjoy the simple things of life. And if you don't want to be bothered bringing your own food or gear, then no problem! There're dozens of vendors ready to hook you up!

- Nothing more than a gathering for Humanis, or sympathizers, to get together and fawn over each other, acting like the big-shots they wish they were. If you're not one of the "in" families, or worse, a metahuman, don't expect a warm welcome, unless you're ready to do some boot-licking and hoop-kissing.
- DangerSensei

CRIME SCENE

Despite Renton's reputation as this middle-class oasis in the middle of the hardened sprawl, it definitely has its fair share of criminal elements. Most of these elements came into their own just after Crash 2.0, when Renton was at its lowest financially, and they decided to stay because business was good.

As is the case in many other districts, most of the big outfits have a smattering of operations here and there in Renton, with the Finnigans and the Shtozumi-gumi having significant holdings. But it's more like a criminal low simmer rather than a full boil for these groups. No, the two main flavors criminal in Renton come in are: Humanis-backed racism and gangs.

NEIGHBORHOOD WATCH

Renton's Neighborhood Watch is more like a civic group than a gang. They actively work with law enforcement to help pro-

RENTON AT A GLANCE

Population: 220,000

Human: 64%
Elf: 10%
Dwarf: 2%
Ork: 21%
Troll: 1%
Other: 2%

Population Density: 860 per square kilometer

Per Capita Income: 91,000¥

Corporate-Affiliated Population: 68%

Education:

Less Than 12 Years: 19%
High School Equivalency: 43%
College Equivalency: 26%
Advanced Degrees and Certificates: 12%

tect their neighborhoods through community oriented policing methods—and they are mostly Humanis members or their allies.

On the surface these citizens advocate positive community activism with residents acting as eyes and ears for the local law enforcement. They also help organize events such as Safety Day for young children, help with drug/BTL/weapon buy-back programs, or host officer-appreciation luncheons. Occasionally, Neighborhood Watch members also get together to do active citizen patrols at various points during the year. While not officially sanctioned by Knight Errant, their assistance is usually appreciated by the patrol officers.

- KE often looks the other way when these citizen patrols tune up some poor metahuman slag for simply existing. And the police will take the (inflated or exaggerated) word of a Neighborhood Watch member over that of the supposed perp. Amazing how much more believable a group of humans are compared to, say, a lone metahuman. They make *wonderful* witnesses for investigations and court proceedings.
- Butch

In recent months, Neighborhood Watch patrols have become more frequent and violent. They used to carry "defensive tools," tasers and the like or light pistols with less-than-lethal ammo, but now they're packing heavier weapons and using very lethal ammo.





- I get that the more things change the more they stay the same, but what really slots me off are that some metahumans, specifically orks, are joining the Watch's ranks and selling out their own kind.
- Bull

RENTON GANGS

BLOOD MOUNTAIN BOYS (COLORS: BROWN AND RED)

This go-gang is known for two things: their neo-urban tribalism look, complete with "war paint" and biking synth-leathers, and their love of all things brain bending. It's been said that this mixed-race gang hasn't met a mind-altering drug or procedure they haven't liked. So this made them perfect couriers and drug dealers for anyone who would pay them. And when not tearing up Intercity Route 169, they can usually be found back at one of their hangouts killing brain cells on the latest drug/BTL/whatever craze and or partying for days; sometimes all of the above at once. These parties were so raucous (and dangerous) that Lone Star would often stay away, preferring to let the BMB's burn themselves out rather than take direct action.

When they took over, Knight Errant decided on a different approach. They went at the Blood Mountain Boys head on to make an example of them. From 2074 to 2075, Knight Errant engaged in a spree of raids that almost crippled the gang. Almost. Several BMB leaders were arrested or simply executed, with the cops always having the option of using the resisting arrest excuse. Those who survived knew that the gang's methods had to change. Recruiting heavily from the rebellious and disenfranchised Renton youth, the BMBs went pseudo-underground. The war paint that made them famous (and easily identifiable) has been replaced with individualized "war masks." Just as colorful as the war paint, these custom, full-faced ballistic masks can be easily hidden when the gang's not tearing up the road.

- The war masks have also added to the gang's mystique because Renton residents can't identify Blood Mountain members as easily as they have before, leading to a certain amount of justified paranoia. This being Renton, the paranoia has taken some ugly turns; since many metahumans have flocked to the gang, the growing assumption in Renton is if you see a meta, they're probably a Blood Mountain Boy. Or Girl. That type of profiling just adds to some of the ugly whispers around town.
- Butch

NIGHT HUNTERS

Many think of the Night Hunters as a unified thrill-gang in the traditional sense. In reality, they're nothing more than several separate groups who get a kick out of using the same name. Occasionally there're clashes over who the "real" Night Hunters are, but often the different packs simply do their own thing. And what they do is truly frightening.

Techno fetishists to the nth degree, the Night Hunters patrol Renton after dark, looking for new friends to play with, and that play usually involves things like torture, mutilation, and murder. Unlike the Blood Mountain Boys, the Night Hunters don't hide who they are. They proudly display their obvious augmenta-



tions, with emphasis on cyber-implanted blades, for everyone to see, and they don't hesitate to use violence against anyone who disrespects them. Composed completely of humans, the Night Hunters take a perverse pleasure in terrorizing and eventually eliminating metahumans. They also like to combine business with pleasure by getting most of their money through making and selling BTLs.

- The BTLs they make usually involve torture and pain, up to and including death. They are an ugly stain on the world.
- Fianchetto
- And in case if anyone asks why Knight Errant hasn't gone after them, the answer is sickeningly simple. It's because (surprise, surprise) the Night Hunters do a lot of favors for the Neighborhood Watch, who've started using them as catspaws or pawns during their patrols.
- Hard Exit

WHERE TO SHOP

A three-floor shopping complex, **Auburn Center** is a very typical small shopping center. It's got just about everything a person could need, just maybe not something they would want. Filled to the brim with the typical mall-type stores, Auburn Center is about as exciting as a loaf of white bread. But they offer some great deals and get in a lot of specialty items, especially for Black Friday.

- Not everything is so boring. The Auburn Center has slowly been losing some of the larger chain stores (often because Black Friday chaos scares them away), so the owners have been opening up space for new niche and specialty stores and cafes to open up. I've heard rumors about a new hacking-friendly electronic store, a magic store, a retro-media store, and a new sports café (finally!). Apparently, the changes are causing a lot of buzz in Renton, both good and bad.
- Slamm-0!

Despite being smaller than Auburn Center, **Renton Center Mall** is the place in Renton to go for the latest in high-quality stuff and the latest in cosmetic and practical augmentations. If it's trendy and new, Renton Center has it. Drek, they even have a small paranatural zoo for the rugrats.

BBC Weapon Works (BBC stands for Breach, Bang, and Clear) opened ten years ago and is run by a (semi-) retired troll mercenary and armorer, Dorothy "Momma Dot" Simms. At first, the locals protested, claiming it would "attract the wrong kind of person" to Renton. Simms knew what they were saying and recognized the veiled threat but set up in Renton anyway. And while most (human) locals don't/won't shop there, that's just fine with Simms. BBC Works gets more than enough business from across the sprawl through reputation and quality service.

- Yeah, no one wants to start a shooting war with a troll who's also a heavy weapons expert. If you need weapons or weapons worked on (and maybe some mil-spec stuff), go see Momma

Dot. That reminds me, I need to get some work done on my Panther Cannon.

- Bull

WHERE TO SQUAT

A twelve-story luxury hotel, **Lake Young's Hilton** is known as one of the better hotels in the area and is favored by traveling corp managers who want something less bombastic than Downtown Seattle. But its main attraction is the lower shopping floor that extends out into the lake, perfect for a quiet shopping or dining experience.

- Be careful doing biz here, especially in the main hotel. Security is tighter than in similar establishments, which is why it's popular with the traveling corp types who value their privacy. Matrix security is top-notch, and off-duty KE cops like to earn extra nuyen as security here. And oh yeah, the Hilton installed special blast doors last year that can turn the hotel into a vault if need be. You won't see that in the travel brochures.
- DangerSensei

Meredith's Comfy Cubicle was once a reasonably priced coffin hotel, but it was shut down after a bogus Lone Star Raid in 2070. Since then, a lot of street folk have taken to using the place. More of a semi-formal commune than an actual establishment, Meredith's has seen some renovation in the past two years. Now some of the coffins actually have locks, there is some power, and most of the dead-person smell has been removed. Definitely not the Hilton, but if y'all are desperate ...

Part of a regional chain of small motels, the **Renton Inn** is a nice place for travelers and tourists who want good accommodations for an affordable rate. Nothing less, but also nothing more.

- This chain may cater to the tourist crowd, but the staff in Renton is very shadow-friendly and has some decent connections. They'll help you find what you need in the area and let you have a meet or two there, for a modest commission of course.
- Traveler Jones

YOU WON'T FIND THIS ELSEWHERE

Despite opening a number of years ago, **77** is still known as one of the most exclusive venues in the Metroplex. And by exclusive, I mean that only members or their guests can enter, period. And to become a member, you have to be sponsored by another member—no exceptions. And because of these strict rules, information about the place remains difficult to come by. The only known entrance is between a bar and a men's clothing store that leads to a small tunnel and then to an unassuming door guarded by some pretty tight security. Security only became tighter after a group of runners penetrated the place last year and cause some major damage, forcing a temporary closing and renovation.



- My source tells me that the membership fee went up to 2K a year. Also, members must sign an agreement stating they are responsible for guests, including any damage they may cause.
- Kat o' NineTales

For those who prefer the dead-tree form of media (aka books) on subjects relating to the magical, then **Denton's Lore Store** is the place to go. The walls are lined with tomes on topics such as mythology, history, and even some on magical paraphernalia. And if it's not there, Old Denton can find it for you, given some time.

Known for being a venue for up-and-coming music acts, the **Murdered Mime** also has some of the best drink prices in the area as well as a large beer selection and a spacious dancing floor. And while this all seems well and good, the Mime was outed as a Yakuza front a few months ago. Often low-level troops, new soldiers, or *kobun* were sent there to learn the business and earn their stripes. Unfortunately, a large fight broke out and an undercover Knight Errant cop was killed. And while the club is still technically open, word on the street is that new management may be taking over soon.

A small family-style restaurant known for its comfort food, **Wanda's Witchery** is also popular with the Awakened crowd who often come for "Open Circle Knight," where various artists (both mundane and Awakened) come to perform. The owner, Wanda Dato, is well known in the Seattle music scene and will sometimes offer magical help to those in need.

OPPOSITION REPORT

KNIGHT ERRANT

As is the case in the rest of Seattle, Knight Errant patrols the streets of Renton. Pulling duty in Renton is considered a choice duty assignment (especially if you're human) and is far more relaxed than activities in, say, Downtown. A large majority of the officers here are short-timers waiting to cash in their pensions (and scout potential new homes), while others are specialists in community relations.

- This means that the KE officers in Renton put in just enough effort to meet the minimum job requirements and don't want to risk getting hurt or killed.
- DangerSensei
- It also means that they are more likely to look the other way on certain things, such as when the Neighborhood Watch is on patrol. I mean, it wouldn't do any good to alienate potential neighbors now, would it?
- Bull

Also of note, the **Knight Errant training academy** is also located in Renton. As such, it's not uncommon to see officer-cadets on their field-training assignments with regular officers. For most KE cadet-officers, their time in Renton is their first taste of law enforcement. Many officers who've worked in Renton see it as some of the best times in their careers.

- Of course, the metahuman cadets have a slightly different story. And of course, KE gets them assigned elsewhere as soon as possible. KE isn't inherently racist; they just want to keep their customers happy.
- Hard Exit

HELP WANTED

/JackPoint login: ***** <encrypted>
/ACCESS GRANTED/

/open file: Open Jobs (Seattle, Renton) /

JUST GOTTA KNOW

Looking for individuals with the following skill sets: social manipulation, fast talking, electronic reconnaissance, Matrix security, forgery, data manipulation, and general extraction. Job is for an infiltration of an exclusive nightclub in Renton. No violence is expected, but the possibility exists (naturally). Those who have a heavy-handed approach or are want to cause a lot of damage need not apply. Pay will be negotiable. <link>

CRIMES AGAINST METAHUMANITY

The so-called "Neighborhood Watch" is out of control! They are using the law and their connections with Knight Errant to escape justice! I have identified several key players in the Watch and feel it's time for them to be held accountable for their actions. Wide variety of skills needed for long-term operations; must be willing and able to enact various levels of physical violence. Pay will be related to skill of opposition but with potential for additional payment in gear and weaponry. Serious inquiries only, window for this operation short. <link>



AUBURN

The first thing people talk about when they get close to Auburn is the hum. The sound, like the famous Taos hum, seems to come from everywhere at once; a low frequency buzz that can only be the result of 363 square kilometers of industrial equipment churning twenty-four hours a day. The people who live here put up with it, because that is who they are—survivors. They are the blue-collar wageslaves who keep the gears of Seattle spinning. This mentality results in a community that is extremely insular, preferring to take care of its own problems. Those problems are plentiful, including a budding race war and a Mafia family trying desperately to hold on to its claim.

On the bright side, real-estate prices here are excellent, which is why a handful of tech start-ups chose to make Auburn the new Silicon Valley. New capital and new attitudes have not gone well with the locals, leading to a cultural separation that mirrors the age-old separation of haves and have nots.

- With all of the automated manufacturing, Auburn is the easiest place to acquire cheap gear and services, but the community isn't big on outsiders. You need to know someone in order to get anywhere in Auburn, so get real good at making friends and keeping them.
- Pistons

SPECIAL OCCASIONS

BOEING DAYS

Back in the early '20s, Boeing made a pledge to phase out so-called human engineering elements in order to maximize automated support. When people dug through all the corpspeak, they realized that it meant layoffs numbering in the thousands. The people revolted, and Boeing's capabilities ground to a halt. Then PR got a bright idea to throw a party to distract workers from what was really going on. It didn't take at first, but by 2026 Boeing Days were an integral part of the Auburn community. The party goes from the second Sunday in May all the way to Memorial Day. The company throws open its doors and turns the museum portion of the campus into a free carnival. The company also hosts barbecues at parks throughout the city, offering free food and drink in the name of Boeing.

- Boeing's yearly bash costs so much that the company laid off an additional four hundred workers to get the seed money for the party. Now the families of those released by the company take to drinking especially hard during the two-week celebration, leading

AUBURN AT A GLANCE

Population: 210,000

Human: 54%

Elf: 8%

Dwarf: 4%

Ork: 27%

Troll: 4%

Other: 1%

Population Density: 579 per square kilometer

Per Capita Income: 34,000¥

Corporate-Affiliated Population: 59%

Education:

Less Than 12 Years: 30%

High School Equivalency: 38%

College Equivalency: 27%

Advanced Degrees and Certificates: 5%

to increased violence throughout the community.

- Mr. Bonds

GET STUCK

Mitch Stuck's annual birthday bash draws people and performers from everywhere and feels like a carnie reunion. Held annually on July 29th, Stuck's Carnival throws a massive competition to see which street performer can put on the best show. The stakes are high, with first prize being 10,000 nuyen and a feature spot in Stuck's stage show.

NIGHT OF STARS

This tradition started by accident when members of the Meta-human Brigade decided to release paper lanterns into the sky to mourn the death of seventeen metahumans in a race riot at the Auburn Mall. The date coincided with the Chinese New Year, which led to police ignoring the protest, helping it gain traction in the metahuman community. Since then, metahumans have taken to gathering on the eve of the Chinese New Year and releasing paper lanterns into the sky.

- The Night of Stars is supposed to be a peaceful show of solidarity, but lately it has been marred by Humanis bonfires and release



parties being forcefully broken up by pro-Humanis posses. Small meta groups like the Metahuman Brigade have taken the role of security at these gatherings, but they are hopelessly outnumbered.

- Mihoshi Oni

CRIME SCENE

While the Yakuza and other ethnic syndicates have minor operations, Auburn is still considered mob territory. The Ciarnello family has their fingers in every operation in town, from Brickyard Correctional down to corner boys slinging BTLs outside of the Supermall. The family is not without competition. The Finnigans used to be the chief force in the area, but a series of missteps in districts outside of Auburn forced them to re-deploy, leaving the Ciarnellos to fill the vacuum. Presently the Ciarnellos and the Finnigans maintain an uneasy truce, with both more interested in repelling to Yakuza and the ever present Kumon'Go than taking swings at each other.

WHERE TO SHOP

Auburn has more bars per mile than anywhere else in the sprawl. Low rent and hard labor combine to make a workforce that is anxious to spend every nuyen they've earned just to find a way to rest up and forget about their day. That is why Seattle parked the largest mall in the city in Auburn. Legal options with a healthy side of Bunraku parlors, illegal fights, mood stims, and kong chips give the locals plenty of ways to spend their nuyen.

ALGONA GENERAL HOSPITAL

Though Renraku owned, Algona is the hospital of choice for Boeing employees and the only Auburn health facility to accept corp scrip as a form of payment. The hospital began as a church-run charity, but Renraku bought the site out in 2064 after building a biomedical facility next door. The hospital used to serve the poor and low-insurance cases that come in from neighboring Puyallup; those cases now are handled directly by the Renraku Biocomp staff as part of a community outreach and research program. Algona General specializes in artificial organ and limb replacement, often offering worker upgrade packages with sitesync technology.

- Sitesync is another attempt at automating people. It tracks the muscle movement of individuals working on the factory floor and optimizes their motion for maximum efficiency. In essence, the factory assumes partial control of your limbs over a secured wireless network to make sure they are getting the most out of their employees.
- Plan 9
- My vote is for Lake Wilderness Hospital. It looks like a lakeside resort but provides top-quality non-invasive medical support for the magically active. That means holistic remedies and other medical procedures that won't upset your mana balance. A few doctors are trained in magical healing and provide service to the

most critical patients. Unlike other hospitals in the area, Lake Wilderness contracts exclusively with CrashCart. A couple of times I've seen a DocWagon unit come careening into the parking lot only to be turned away.

- Ethernaut

THE SUPERMALL

Billed as one of the largest malls in the metroplex, the Supermall was a tourist attraction well into the '60s when several of the businesses started to fail. The shops here are legitimate businesses and vary from family friendly to low-end luxury. In recent years the mall has gone overboard on AR advertising, bombarding customers from the moment they hit the parking lot. Local hackers consider it a rite of passage to hack the feed with whatever pranks, tags, or even social commentary they come up with.

- It is more and more common to see store-closing sales that are actually real. Management is jacking up rents, paving the way for new, higher-price-tag establishments that cater to Auburn's emerging tech sector.
- Sunshine
- **Auburn Mall** is a better choice for body shops and weapons dealers. The mall is located in a four-building plot taking up several blocks and anchored by a Penley's and a Saver's Central. The legality of most stores inside the shared space is questionable at best, but organized crime-sponsored payoffs means they are largely left alone by cops. Bring certified credsticks for purchases and weapons for fending off the Jopoks who like to roll unsuspecting customers.
- Sticks
- The **Clone Zone Mall** is your best bet for bargain prices, so long as you don't mind knock-off electronics. The mall is a two-story open-air marketplace that boasts the best hacker ware in the sprawl. Lately the Zone has become a testing ground for young hackers looking to make their mark on the tech market. Businesses will sell a hacker's wares alongside the grey-market stock, cutting the hackers in on a fraction of the profit. The kids don't make a lot, but they get noticed.
- Slamm0!

CASEY'S

A few blocks away from the Clone Zone is the old hacker hang out, Casey's Bar and Grill. Since the tech companies moved into Auburn, Casey's has become neutral ground between the old hacker and runner set and the new college-educated tech crowd. There aren't as many fights as there used to be, but Casey's is still the place to get noticed by the right people.

DRIVE STREET

This is the name given to a stretch of garages along Forest Ridge Road. The businesses advertise as body and repair shops but make their nuyen in vehicle modification. Depend-



ing on the shop and the money on your credstick, you can find anything from engine upgrades to armor plating.

- Drive Street is home to Technicolor Wings, a smuggling outfit masquerading as a private courier service. The company gets legitimate work from Boeing and Bowman Metal Works, but they pick up black-market deliveries along the way. Technicolor currently runs a circuit from Seattle to LA down through Phoenix into Aztlan and back up into New Orleans and ending in Denver. They used to make a stop in Chicago, but something went down last year that forced them to take Bug City off the map.
- Turbo Bunny

JOGOYA

Auburn is buffet town, and there is no better ticket than the sprawling Jogoya. The restaurant is designed after the Todai-ji temple in Japan. It is built around a central hall where guests can sample a wide array of Japanese delicacies. Once they've retrieved a meal, guests can retire to one of the many nooks and crannies around the central space that allow for a private dining experience.

THE FILTHY DRAGON

Any Yakuza bar around longer than a year is a front for something. The Dragon has been around longer than all of them, serving as a front for Dr. Tong's infamous bodyshop. Tong fell out of favor in '59 when shadowrunners revealed that he was selling body parts to Tamanous. However, Tong's surgical expertise proved to be more valuable than a minor indiscretion, and Tong was allowed to continue his work—with some supervision.

- That supervision is right next door. The Yaks run a bunraku parlor out of the Covington Rent and Rest Hotel next door to the Dragon, and they keep a close eye on Tong to make sure he isn't making side deals with other organizations and that all the body parts end up where they are supposed to.
- Mihoshi Oni

MAGICIAN'S FEAST

This Aztlan-themed restaurant has been a staple in Auburn since the '50s. The establishment was started by two friends, a corporate wage mage from Renraku and a celebrated Panzer Rigger from Aztechnology. The pair used their corporate connections to stir up a customer base that has remained loyal for decades.

- The feast is popular for its food, as well as the occasional magic show that co-owner Wesley Nickerson puts on. The other owner, Mark Hiems, still works the bar every night, thrilling his customers with stories of his time working for Aztechnology.
- Rigger X
- Wickerson's shows and Hiems' charm initially made the place popular, but over the years the feast evolved into a discreet place for Johnsons to connect with shadowrunners.
- Sticks

MAMA PANI'S TALISMAN SHOPPE

This small, crowded shop stinks of herbs and spiced incense. When you walk in, the first thing you notice is the turtle shell hanging on the wall with a map of the Sixth World. Mama would have you believe the turtle was born that way. Whether or not she is lying about the turtle, her magical supplies are real. Once you get past the nonsense they try to sell you at the door, you can find your way to a small library with a fascinating collection hermetic materials and spell designs. The front area is devoted to a number of shamanic traditions, most notably voodoo. Mama Pani herself is an East Indian ork who loves her job and the opportunity to help customers find the products they need.

- If Mama's is too much for your tastes, Arcane Endeavors in the Supermall has an extensive selection of talisman supplies including several well-made foci. The store is required to register foci sales, but they happen to be more than willing to forge that paperwork for a significant tip.
- Winterhawk

WHERE TO SQUAT

Most of the housing in Auburn is controlled by one criminal organization or another. You can always stay at a Wylie's Gala Inn, but even most of them rent by the hour. Auburn isn't a place that people choose to vacation. You are not likely to find many high-end hotels. It is more about what version of crap you want to deal with.

DIERINGER SLEEP COMPANY

Clean counts for something in a cubicle hotel. That, and slightly below-average prices, separates the Dieringer from its competition. An MCT executive with ties to the Yakuza started the hotel, and it remains under the protection of the Kanaga gumi. As part of the deal, the Yakuza sell bunraku and chips out of the first-floor cubes.

- There's something unusual happening between this location and Enumclaw's MoneyMaker hotel. The third week of every other month, a company under the umbrella of MCT rents out every room in the hotel. This alternates between hotels so that the third week of each month one or the other is completely rented out. Usually the hotel remains empty the entire week, but occasionally a fleet of cars will arrive and MCT security will quickly usher someone into the hotel. I've never managed to stick around long enough to find out what is going on.
- Hard Exit

AUBURN JUNCTION

North of District Hall, the city planners designed a multi-level complex meant to house shopping centers and parks with a collection of condoplexes and apartments rising above it. The plan failed. Shiny new Auburn Junction descended into ruin.





Locals avoided the zone fearful of the gangs roaming the parks below. The housing fell into disuse, finally being reclassified as low-income housing and bought up by criminal interests. The apartments became a mix of rental properties for the SINless and cheap hotel space.

- Two advantages of squatting at the Junction are easy access to illegal goods and no questions. The cops barely patrol the Junction, so if you have the balls to close your eyes at night, this is a pretty decent place to crash.
- Sticks

AURORA

This rundown hole in the wall first got its name because of the lights customers could see floating in the alley by the dumpsters. Instead of being a magically conjured descendant of the aurora borealis, the phenomenon turned out to be gas from a nearby dump interacting with other pollutants and amplified by the effects of cheap alcohol. The bar occupies the ground floor of a three-story building. The bartender can be persuaded to lease out a room upstairs that sleeps four uncomfortably.

YOU WON'T FIND THIS ELSEWHERE

ULTRA RESORT

In 2049, a wealthy organization called Ultra LTD bought Tapps Island and effectively closed it off to visitors. The only people coming or going were the guests of the company. Dubbed Ultra Resort by the curious, the location made every mystery top ten list for two decades. Finally, a 2070 interview with Jonny Spinrad exposed the resort as a “Fantasy Island” for the one percent.

- Once people knew what the island was, the number of Matrix attacks skyrocketed. Everyone wanted to know who was spending time at Ultra Resort. We all assumed the network would contain files revealing the deepest desires of their clients, but the handful of people who managed to get in shouldn't have bothered. Ultra Resort keeps those files offline in a clean room located beneath the main facility.
- Icarus
- The Island employs extensive private security, usually ex-Special Forces operators and Desert War veterans who know how to keep their mouths shut.
- Hard Exit

"THE HOLE"

Wynaco Correctional Ultra-max currently holds the record for most inmate deaths of any currently operational North American prison. A large chunk of that figure came during Crash 2.0, when the internal systems shut down and released all of the prisoners. Guards were instructed to use lethal tactics in apprehending fleeing suspects, and the result was thirty-seven

dead, twelve of them guards and staff. Following the incident, Warden Galen Nicodemus changed his strategy toward prisoners. He began a steady rollback of human rights, opting for staff safety over prisoner rights at every opportunity. Wynaco is now known as “the hole,” a nightmare locale where prisoners are as likely to be shanked by a disgruntled guard as they are by each other.

STUCK'S CARNIVAL

“Six square blocks of debauchery” is the best way to describe Stuck's Carnival. Businessman Mitch Stuck found a legal loophole and annexed a section of Auburn, incorporating it as his own private city. Stuck turned the area into a twenty-four-hour casino and carnival where visitors can live out their wildest fantasies.

- Stucks isn't all fantasy. Bag-Your-Body body shop at the center of the Casino is just one of a half-dozen black-market shops located throughout the property. They don't even hide the illegal goods. Seattle PD has no jurisdiction to enter the city.
- Khan A Saur
- Stuck is well into his eighties and out of his mind. The city will die with him, reverting back to Auburn control, so there are a lot of individuals interested in keeping him alive. With all the gene therapy, bio, and cyber crammed into his body, he might be able to last a couple dozen more years.
- Plan 9

FEDERATED BOEING AUBURN FACILITY

The cornerstone of Boeing's Auburn presence is a cluster of white-roofed buildings surrounding a well-manicured park. The park and main building are open for tours and to the public, containing artifacts of the company's rich Seattle history. During Boeing Days the company park is home to a carnival that goes on long past business hours.

- While Boeing puts on a friendly face, not all of the areas are open to the public. G Building near the rear of the campus is the materials R&D area. New thermodynamic materials are studied here before being shipped offsite to Bowman Metal Works for manufacturing.
- Nephine

MAX'S IRONWORKS

At first glance, the old fighter's gym looks like a museum. Punching bags and speed bags replace AR simulators. The stink of sweat and the clang of freeweights is the soundtrack as grown fighters duck, dance, and weave across a half-dozen boxing rings. Max's is known around town as the place to go to find aspiring muscle. The manager, Jimmy Vitello, used to work protection for the Finnegans before pouring his earnings into this place. He still has connections and can help people find what they need, be it training, work, or even information.



WHITE RIVER RESEARCH

Officially listed as UniOil R&D, the White River facility is the place parents warn their children not to get too close to.

The seven-building complex is fronted by the White River on one side and a double thick, barbed-wire wall on all others. Despite massive sales following the crash, United Oil did everything it could to hold on to this one location, prompting a series of unsuccessful shadowruns to uncover exactly what is happening beyond the walls. Best guess is that the company's highly soughtafter petrochemical extraction and refining technique was tested and developed here. Unfortunately, Parashield astral defense and a standing army of eighty security guards keeps everyone from finding out.

GREEN RIVER ARCOLOGY

While still a work in progress, the Green River Arcology strives to live up to its promised potential. The finished project is scheduled to be the size of the Supermall and boasts internal water purification, hydroponics, as well as a host of small-business suites and living quarters for multiple income brackets. Surprisingly, Gaeatronics is the only major corporation invested in the project. The construction work is being handled by local companies and local workers, to minimize its carbon footprint. That attitude has prompted some to call the project the "Green Zone." The facility is anchored by the newly completed headquarters of Diamond Deckers, a longstanding Auburn business best known for making knockoffs of Fuchi products. When completed, the arcology will be completely autonomous of the city, able to power itself and recycle its own air, water, and even sewage.

- A number of people recognize that a completed arcology kills the surrounding businesses and have taken steps to make sure the place will never be self sufficient.
- Kat o' NineTales

OPPOSITION REPORT

Being a cop in Auburn is about knowing how to deal with domestic disturbances, pushing back the tide on racial violence, and above all else, knowing who and who not to pull over. Auburn is essentially Boeing town, and they don't take too kindly to local PD infringing on their space or personnel. There was an incident three years ago where an officer pulled over a drunk driver. That man happened to be a high-ranking sales executive with Boeing. He got on his commlink and within five minutes the officer had received a call from his superior demanding the executive be released. The officer complied for fear of losing his job. Later that night the driver ran into a pedestrian, killing her instantly. The incident was covered up, the officer resigned in anger, and Boeing went about its business of building better aircraft.

HELP WANTED

/JackPoint login: ***** <encrypted>
/ACCESS GRANTED/

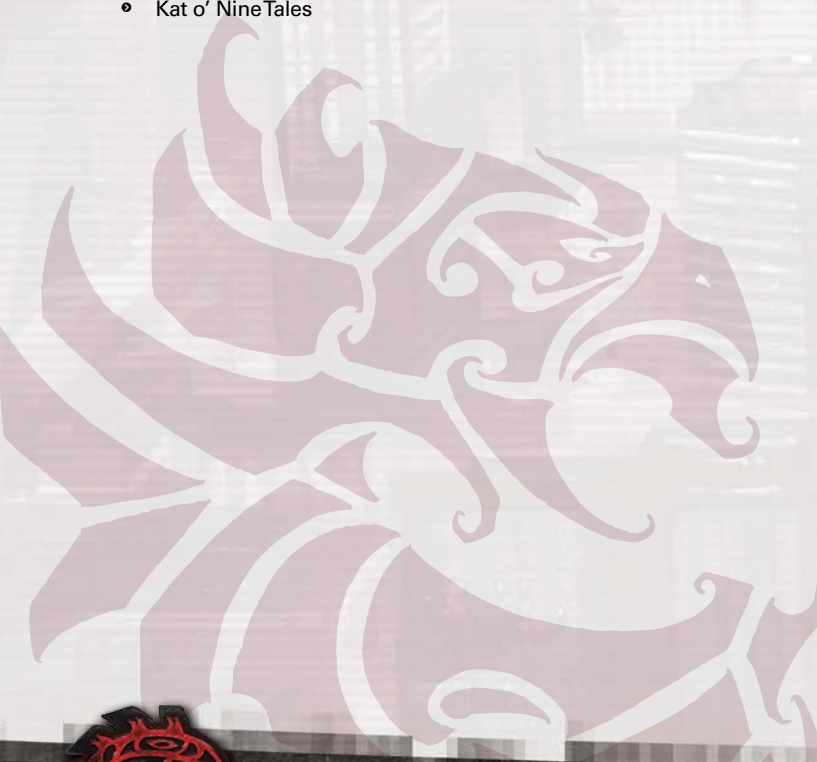
/open conversation: Auburn Shadowruns /

- I'm glad you got to Auburn in one piece, Blitz. You'll be glad to hear your sister found her way to Amsterdam and is laying low in a doss I found for her. Now that you're in town, the first thing you need to do is hook up with a fixer. Given your experience with small electronics, you should head over to Casey's bar and ask for Eli Graff. Tell him I sent you, and he might be inclined to throw some work your way. The town is known for sabotage and corporate espionage work, which are the better part of your skillset. There are over four hundred factories and R&D houses locally, each of them targets for sabotage, prototype theft, shipment redirection, etc.

If you decide to get back to working for organized crime, be careful of the Yakuza and the mob. Both pay well for services rendered, but "services" tends to mean babysitting sex slaves and protecting drug shipments. Hookers and chips: Two things that are your own personal vices, if I remember correctly?

Lastly, the race thing is an issue here. Looking the way you do might get you recruited by the Blood Brothers, or worse, targeted by Humanis. Try to stay out of the gang life, but if you are going to get involved, stay a free agent. Everybody offers protection work, and your size alone is bound to earn a paycheck. Still, if you are thinking about getting back into the smuggling life then you want to work with the Eighty-Eights. They only pretend to care about race and do nearly everything through cutouts. Good luck, chummer—I still owe you big for the work you did for Johnny, and even more for what it cost.

- Yankee



SNOHOMISH

NATIVE FOR "QUIET DEATH"

POSTED BY: SILVERFOOT

While the title is not technically true, it would fit perfectly. When most folks think of Seattle, they think of the hustle and bustle of the Emerald City, so the quiet country of Snohomish comes as quite a disquieting surprise. It's an old-fashioned community that managed to hold together while most of Seattle changed after the Great Ghost Dance. Before and after that event, it has been the main source of locally grown produce for all of Seattle. Many have called it the Breadbasket of the Emerald City for its expansive wheat fields, but I don't want that to be the only image people have. Snohomish has wheat, corn, and soy fields in abundance, and it also has hundreds of apple orchards, berry farms of every variety, potato farms that rival the Idaho of old, and large greenhouses that grow everything from peaches to coffee, both out of season and out of their normal region.

Along with all this food production, the rest of what you would expect from agribusinesses came along for the ride. Underground growth testing sites; river pens full of modified salmon and seaweed; and massive soy processing plants to turn those bland little beans into delicious dishes and pastes. The megacorps have research and development work going on all over this region to develop better crops. And by "better" I mean more profitable for them, not healthier or anything crazy like that.

Due to the presence of all these food-production-related locations, Snohomish ended up in quite a pickle during the Aztlan-Amazonia War, after the NatVat facilities in Borinquen were destroyed and the world suddenly feared mass starvation. Something to point out quickly but cover more thoroughly later is the lack of gangs in Snohomish. It's just not that kind of place. During the food scare, the gangs headed up this way, many en masse, to set up some turf. The gangs avoided fights with each other but still found their numbers slowly dwindling over time as the locals and the local corps would contract runners or use corporate security teams to quietly eliminate a few gang members here and there. It's been a few years and the gangs are still stubbornly trying to get turf, even though the food scare is mostly a thing of the past.

Beyond farms and fish, Snohomish is well-known for its antiques and has been for over a hundred years. The difference is a hundred years ago the odds of an antique possessing accessible arcane potential were non-existent. Now, those looking for rare items that have been infused with mana from powerful emotional events or pre-Awakening ritual magic often

SNOHOMISH AT A GLANCE

Population: 118,000

Human: 88%

Elf: 5%

Dwarf: 1%

Ork: 4%

Troll: 1%

Other: 1%

Population Density: 544 per square kilometer

Per Capita Income: 35,000¥

Corporate-Affiliated Population: 73%

Education:

Less Than 12 Years: 23%

High School Equivalency: 51%

College Equivalency: 19%

Advanced Degrees and Certificates: 4%

find them here. During the recent rush to find arcane artifacts, Snohomish became a popular location for folks to trade and make their deals, since it already had a reputation for arcane antiquities. Several individuals in this area have made a name for themselves in the field of artifact identification and classification, making it a common spot for artifacts to pass through or spend some time while these folks dig up their mysteries.

- What a pleasant view! Too bad that's not even close to the most shadowy aspect of Snohomish. While food and antiques may be big business, and thus important to runners, it's the corporate safehouses that bring most runners to this quiet district. The run-down farms, abandoned homes, and a few small mountain cabins on the outskirts are used by companies, governments, and shadowy organizations to lay low or stash important assets while the heat dies down.
- Sounder
- The rare and lucky runner might get some training time at one of the several corporate black-ops training sites in Snohomish as well. Several corps that have safehouses here also have training grounds. The trainees are sometimes used as first responders (or only responders when they want it kept quiet). The sites are usually located on former farms where the ground can't sustain crops anymore.
- Hard Exit



- Since most of those farms were bought up by Ingersoll-Berkeley early in the century and have since been sold off to other interested parties, I-B has a healthy chunk of insider information on where other corps are training their goons. Good if you want some info on those locations, but also bad because if you get caught, I-B can pull from a wide pool of talent by just asking a nearby friend.
- Pistons
- The training grounds here tend to have higher-than-average meta-human enrollment. The entire district tends to be a bit metaphobic, and the racial tension allows the trainees to practice two very important skills: patience and restraint.
- Picador
- Metaphobic! Ha! Snohomish is the most racist district in the 'plex. It's a regular spot for Humanis recruitment, and they're rumored to have a training facility for members of the militant arm of the Human Nation, the Flaming Sword. Metahumans are regularly assaulted, and murder investigations tend to be short and usually blamed on other metahumans.
- 2XL

SPECIAL OCCASIONS

Snohomish is a big place, and they have festivals and events running almost year round depending on your race, religion, or personal interests. Most of these events stay localized and draw in only a few corporate tourists here and there. There are four main events that runners need to know about in Snohomish, because taking a job that butts up with one of these festivals is going to give you headaches. Problem is, a lot of runs for local groups and nature-loving organizations go on during several of these fests.

The Snohomish Spring Fest is held over the course of two weeks around the vernal equinox in March. The town of Snohomish celebrates the river rising from spring thaws. The whole festival has strong Nordic overtones, and druids from around the Seattle area come up to this region to take advantage of the skewing of mana for a few days. While so many people are around and participating in traditionally Norse games, drink, stories, and paraphernalia, the astral flavor shifts slightly in the favor of Norse druidic magic.

- Hate crimes also spike. This festival—hell, all of the festivals in Snohomish—are like family reunions for members of Humanis and other hate groups. Don't come visit if you have pointy ears.
- Bull
- Just to be precise in this, Nordic metavariant trolls, called giants, are actually honored at many of these festivals.
- Winterhawk
- They're also smoothskin sellouts most of the time and buy into the hate spewed by their little brothers. They don't even think of themselves as trolls half the time. They just think they're giant humans.
- 2XL

The Spring Fest has several highlighted events, but the most entertaining is the River Run. Now, I don't mean the half-marathon that takes place in the fall, I'm referring to the kick-off ceremony where people pay to try to outrun the rising river as they open dams upstream. It's a race along the water's edge as far as you can make it before you have to quit. The water catches everyone eventually, but the bridges over the river are packed with spectators waiting to see people go down or the bodies float by. Several lives are lost each year, but the winner gets all the entrance fees and sponsors often throw in extras. Last year the winner got a brand-new Aquavida houseboat to live on in the river.

- While this sounds like a crazy, running-of-the-bulls-type sport, it's not. It's a deathrace. "Several" is an understatement for deaths, which usually tally near ten percent of the entrants, and serious injuries take down another thirty percent or so. The non-injured people usually include the winner and all the people smart enough to run for shore at the start.
 - Sounder
 - There are also no rules. The host goes by the handle of Snohomish Wave on the Matrix and collects all fees virtually. The race is monitored by drones. Winner simply collects her purse after the race. This means runners are occasionally involved, but security is tight.
 - Slamm-0!
 - Never been here or heard of this, and it sounds awfully illegal. Why don't the corps or cops shut it down?
 - Marcos
 - They tried once. Once. Spectators went berserk when the Star rolled in back in '68. The cops attempting to stop the race had to switch their focus to saving colleagues. They fished over a dozen officers out of the river; by the time they were done, race was over. They come around for crowd control but little more.
 - Slamm-0!
 - KE had entrants in '73, part of a PR stunt to show how different they were than the Star. Probably would have won if it weren't for the runners hired to stop them.
 - Stone
- The Summer Festivals start on June 20th with a huge blow-out and run every weekend after that in a different area of Snohomish. A lottery staged at the party on the 20th determines what neighborhoods get which party. First and last are always considered the big winners, but every town that gets a weekend makes it four days to remember. Megacorporate sponsorship and big-name bands draw tourists from all over to pack each neighborhood. For those in the shadows, these are opportunities to make moves for local neighborhood organizations battling for the best acts. Best part is, they don't expect you to be murderous scum, just sneaky scoundrels.
- Great weekend spots to lose a tail. Roll up into Snohomish and disappear into the crowd.
 - Turbo Bunny



- Easy for you to say.
- 2XL

All the while from the autumnal equinox to All Saints Day, Snohomish is hopping with Harvest Fest. While very little harvesting actually goes on at this time of year, it's a great name for a festival to celebrate the end of summer, start of fall, Halloween, Samhain, and All Saints Day, depending on your religious/spiritual tastes. If you don't have a taste for any of those, just come for the beer, partying, and (if you find the right celebrants) naked revelry. This also happens to be a very popular time to hire extra security for rituals and the transportation of sacred relics to holy sites.

- Much like every other festival, don't bother attending if you aren't human. Be especially careful, because several of the religious practices that are going on up here during this fest don't mind tossing in a little (meta)human sacrifice to power the mojo.
- 2XL
- That's not quite how blood magic works. You can't just add in a sacrifice for a little extra juice. You have to know how to properly control the flow of life energy from the body.
- Winterhawk
- Ignorance has killed far more people than knowledge, 'hawk.
- Lyran

The annual festivals end with the Longest Night Festival. This event is by far the most hectic and widespread across Snohomish. Several places host parties, all trying to outdo last year's and everyone else's events. They traditionally start at sunset and end at sunrise the next day. Most of the parties are high-energy bashes, but a few quiet soirees do manage to last the whole evening, often due to additional debauched activities interwoven in the party. These are great bashes for runners to attend, as they fit most of our schedules, but getting into the A-list spots in Snohomish is a run in and of itself. Prior to this party, the shadows deliver a wide array of pseudo-legal and straight up illegal items to the hosts.

- If you have some deep need to go to an event in Snohomish and you're a meta, this is your time. It's only one night, and everyone is looking to party. Bring some friends if you plan to actually stay all night, because it gets a little rough past 0300.
- Lyran

CRIME SCENE

I imagine this is the section everyone is jumping to first. This is where you'll find the kinds of trouble you can get into in Snohomish. The list of troublemakers and rabble rousers in this quiet district is short yet distinguished. Things here are kept as quiet as possible, and oftentimes the greatest assets to order in Snohomish are the criminals themselves. Humanis Policlubbers are responsible for more of that order than I'd like to give them credit for, but they have to be good for something.

- To see how completely "sapiens" Snohomish is, check out the stats for their KE precincts. Not a single one under ninety percent human, four at ninety-eight percent! I'm sure if you stopped by a local Humanis meeting in the area, you'd see plenty of pawns.
- Darkstar

Since I mentioned them, I'll start with the Humanis Policlub. Though technically not illegal, and rarely even so much as arrested, the HP instigates more violence, protects more criminals, and breaks more laws than any other organization in Snohomish. While much of this is due to their complete infiltration of the local community, a large part is tied to the presence of Governor Kenneth Brackhaven. His home is in Snohomish, and while he does not allow direct ties to Humanis, a number of his closer friends in the neighborhood cheerfully host Humanis gatherings and fundraisers.

- I'd look more at Human Nation activities. Those sick frags pretty much own Snohomish. Fingers in every pot, businesses galore. They're the real reason Snohomish stays human and free of rabble like street and go-gangs.
- Hard Exit
- The shadow war funded by the dragons against the Human Nation is still going strong. Snohomish is seeing some of that trouble and will likely see more.
- Frosty
- Which means if the dragons play the game right, which we know they usually do, they are probably planning something coordinated to push a bunch of members here, where they can hit them all at once. It's what I'd do.
- Picador

One group that knows how to play well with everyone is the Mob. As long as you've got the green, they don't care who or how much you hate. This open-mindedness has allowed them to flourish in a close-minded district. Capo Angelo Luposcelli runs the show here for the Finnigan family. He fits in with the locals, as he has quite a distaste for metahumans, and all of his soldatos are round-eared. In order to make up the physical gap that sometimes comes into play, Luposcelli has invested heavily in his men. Strength augmentations wires are common, but speed and accuracy are usually better to bring down a larger foe instead of going toe to toe. But this is the Mafia, and sometimes going mano a mano is just what's needed.

- Capo Lupo is not the mano-a-mano type. He's the you've-got-a-knife-I'll-bring-a-heavy-machine-gun type.
- Sounder
- The Chicago Way lives on.
- Fianchetto

The biggest money makers for the mob in Snohomish are guns, drugs, and bolt holes. The guns and drugs go mostly to the local Humanis goons, but a fair amount of the specialty arms get picked up by runners who can work within the rigid



system up there. The guns might be nice, but most runners come to see the Mafia in Snohomish so they can avoid the bang bangs, not buy them. Luposcelli has safehouses all over Snohomish, with everything from backwoods cabins to private hotel floors. He has a rep for being discreet and even holding up under internal pressure from Dona O'Malley. The drug trade runs the gamut, but BTLs are the hottest ticket in town, especially the new PCC-jacked Calhots—PCC coding with Cal-hot flare. No one is exactly sure where Luposcelli is getting his goods from.

- Even minds within his own organization. Dona O'Malley, who would have fed Luposcelli his own balls if he really defied her, is even getting a little hot and impatient with Luposcelli's exceptionally shy P-Cal supplier.
- Turbo Bunny
- Luposcelli has refused to tell the Dona when someone she's looking for is in one of his safehouses. She'd be even more pissed that he sold out to her. Honor among thieves and all that. Trick is, once they roll out or miss a payment, protection is done.
- Fianchetto
- Don't bring heat down on Lupo's safehouses or you're banned for life.
- Glitch

If you have a stretch of border and folks with the means to cross that border while garnering minimal attention, you're going to have smugglers. Recently, the volume of goods coming through/from Denver has increased drastically thanks to a dragon overlord with bigger fish (or should I say elves) to fry.

- Our side of the border is nice, but the Salish are not so keen on smugglers, no matter what they're smuggling. Rush clean-up jobs are common up here when a Salish missile takes a smuggler down and someone needs it to look a certain way. Sometimes it's about getting whatever goods can be salvaged, but other times it's stripping the contraband and planting bodies to make it look like an international incident.
- Hard Exit
- The latter have been on the rise of late. Even though Seattle is only as great as it is because of its strange status, the NAN are becoming bolder without a real treaty in place.
- Mika

The biggest change in the Snohomish crime scene is the rising tide of gangs. Having Redmond along its southern border has meant decades of keeping the filth from seeping north. Usually, the protections Snohomish has put in place, combined with the extreme poverty of northern Redmond, means success. Lately, thought, that's not the case, and several gangs have gotten a foothold in Snohomish, particularly the Monroe area near the Salish border and the area around Lord Hill Park. Two very dangerous sources have been suggested as possible supports for the gang's efforts: the Salish-Shidhe government and Urubia. The Salish-Shidhe could

be looking destabilize the border regions and create more strife between the NAN and the UCAS. Urubia could be looking to weaken anti-metahuman forces in the area, or he could be playing a game whose moves are just a single piece in a much larger plot.

- The gangs give as good as they get. Not every HP thug that rolls south makes it back.
- 2XL
- A great way to weed out the weak and make them stronger.
- Thorn

Four major gangs are playing a part; the First Nations, Rusted Stilletos, Crimson Crush, and the Ancients. The gangs have thus far avoided engaging each other, which seems to indicate some level of collusion, especially where the Crimson Crush and Ancients are involved.

- The Nations are definitely getting NAN support. Several of these gangers are awfully well trained. Either they're former (or current) NAN special operators or are getting trained by them.
- Stone

WHERE TO SHOP

One of the advantages of a reputation for being quiet and quaint is that no one expects any serious black-market operations in the area. A few well-connected entrepreneurs have benefitted from Snohomish's reputation, and there are a handful of longstanding businesses that know how to skirt the edge of legitimacy.

Black Fence Farms is a catch-all title for a series of properties spread across Snohomish. They have eight known locations where buyers can stop by and look at their virtual stock. When purchases are made, they're sent to another of the locations for pickup. They sell anything that requires a permit or is straight up illegal, and they've made a name for themselves in recent years as being a great place to get cyberdecks.

- Buck, the primary operator for Black Fence, is a skilled rigger, and his fleet of drones is always buzzing around Snohomish delivering goods. Even if everything on your shopping list was on site, they send it elsewhere to meet you. Big orders sometimes earn extra protection. These jobs get you on Buck's good side, and that's a great place to be.
- Rigger X

ArcAntiques is a legit business. Their marketing says they're sellers of antiquities with arcane properties. It could be a strong emotional signature or a genuine focus—doesn't matter to them. They cater to corp tourists who want magical stuff and pay exorbitant amounts for nothing special. This front keeps the real business going on behind the scenes, which is focus, artifact, reagent, and rare-material sales. Diamond, the owner, has connections all over the world who move rare arcana to her. The shop is only a few hundred meters from the SSC border, making smuggling relatively simple.



- Don't deal dirty with Diamond. She looks young, but that's only because spirits don't age. She's a spirit of the earth, and her straightforward personality often makes collectors and snobs think they can pull one over on her.
- Lyran

Aunt Clara's Antiques stopped selling many actual antiques back in the '40s when her business shifted almost entirely to magical goods. She's located in Woodinville and is an official member of the United Talismongers Association. She wasn't the most shadow-friendly operation until the recent dragon conflict snipped her connection to Mt. Shasta, and she was targeted by hate groups. She's not completely comfortable working with our kind, and she usually treats us like foolish children. Take the doddering old-granny routine with a grain of salt and accept her scoldings, because if you insult her she's done with you.

- Aunt Clara is initiated within the Sisterhood of Ariadne and was a strong friend to the Shasta Shamans. She's been manipulating mana since before most of us were born and understands plenty of higher mysteries.
- Winterhawk
- I hate to be the bearer of bad news, but some recent jobs are creating connections between Aunt Clara and the Black Lodge. Like membership connections, not oppositional ones.
- Frosty

WHERE TO SQUAT

Unlike much of Seattle, Snohomish chases out squatters and leaves very few places abandoned long enough for any low-class, unseemly types to hide out. You may not be able to find a hole in the wall to just crash in, but there are plenty of spots around Snohomish that will clear a spot for you and forget to put you on the books.

Aunt Louise's Secret is a well-known B & B in Woodinville near the southern border of Snohomish. It's been around for over one hundred years but still sports top-of-the-line modern amenities hidden within its quaint, late 1800s motif. It also happens to be one of the Finnigan family's oldest holdings in the region, and a bed can be picked up for a few hundred nuyen per night. Steep, but worth it to be on mob property, in a quiet district, where loose lips have been being buried out back for a century.

- That's no joke. Aunt Louise's is usually nicknamed The Boneyard when fixers talk about safehouses. Just make sure you're not really on the run from the mob, because they'll take your cash and then use you to fertilize the gardenias.
- Fianchetto

The Thunderhorse Ranch has been around since the late 1820s. It's older than the city itself, and after 250 years the place is still operated by a member of the Thunderhorse family, and they own quite a bit of the wilds around the ranch itself. They offer safehouse services at the various cabins around

the property where the ranchers used to stay while moving the horses around.

- The family has magic in their veins. Since the Awakening, half a dozen shamans have been born in the Thunderhorse family. Their property is aspected to shamanic magic, and members of the family who don't live their full time often come back for rituals.
- Lyran
- They also have zero tolerance for tech. No active commlinks or signal-producing gear. They explain that before offering a place, and if you bring anything with you, they keep the deposit and send you on your way.
- Mika
- Nothing *active*. You can bring tech, but don't think of turning it on. Teal, the current operator, has an old-school EMF scanner in the main house. Picks up any broadcasts on the property and can provide a heads-up about approaching troubles.
- Glitch

YOU WON'T FIND THIS ELSEWHERE

Agribusinesses galore. **Ingersoll-Berkeley**, **Aqua Arcana**, and **NatVat** all have massive properties in Snohomish. While Snohomish doesn't produce anywhere near enough food for the entire Seattle population, it provides plenty of fresh local produce so the rich can dine on real fruits and vegetables. The fresh crop doesn't even account for a tenth of a percent of the food produced by the big three, though.

I-B produces soy- and aquatic-based foods that they process locally and ship all over the world. Soy farms abut river tributaries stuffed with edible plant-life, steelhead salmon, trout, crab, and all manner of aquatic edibles. Engineers from a variety of fields work together to make sure the whole system generate the best possible edible-biomass-to-price ratio.

Aqua Arcana uses their patches of the river and its tributaries to grow all manner of parobotanical crops. Some are edible, but most are dried and smoked, sold as arcane ritual materials, or reused in experiments on cross pollination or osmotic infusion. They have research data galore and massive stockpiles of stuff any sane runner or talismonger would love to get their hands on.

- AA has done some interesting manasculpting. The astral around their primary growth sites have a serious aspect towards water magic. While this might seem normal since it's a river, it's far stronger than anywhere else I've ever seen.
- Lyran

The Snohomish NatVat location was just a single facility in the early '70s. In the past few years, their operations have expanded dramatically due to the attack on Borinquen. They pushed out dozens of smaller corp farms, then made a huge maneuver at the end of 2077 that shattered the Snohomish Society Farms collective. Now their former property at the center





of Snohomish is NatVat's primary headquarters and main processing facility for all their farms in the area.

The Coliseum may sound sophisticated, but it's nothing more than a warehouse in Cathcart with a caged ring and a mishmash of seating, from homemade benches to bleachers nicked from local parks to a makeshift skybox built inside the office above. It hosts fighting, gambling, and drinking; locals can come by and burn off some steam while watching trained animals and paranimals duke it out inside the cage.

- They host some two-legged true fighters, who are not in Matt Wrath's class but are not bad, but they get bigger crowds for critter fights. Fighters with heavy cyber sometimes take on critters, and plenty of people come to watch man bring the pain to nature.
- Matt Wrath
- Runner teams can make good money bringing in fighters of the critter kind. If that's not your cup of tea, the place is always looking for security on big fight nights. Spellslingers get an extra premium if they know tricks to handle critters if they get loose.
- Sounder

Purgatory is a private club in Lynnwood. The membership is quite exclusive, but access can be granted for a night for the right price. To be an official member you have to be Awakened, which is a dirty word in this part of town. It's a place to lay low behind some solid warding, surrounded by skilled spellslingers and adepts. Good spot to hire some help—or get hired if you're looking for work.

- I dropped a note about this place back in '72, and it's still kicking today. They've had some trouble recently with a few new Aztlaners in town looking for a mage bar to drink in and getting booted for their twisted views on magic. The place is regularly terrorized by some nasty spirits. It's hurting business and needs to be dealt with. I'm sure the owner would be happy to toss nuyen and free drinks your way if the problem was dealt with permanently.
- Ethernaut

Blackstone's Museum and Zoo of the Paranatural is the place to go if you want to see nature's newest wonders up close. The museum side houses a large collection of stuffed paranormal predators. The zoo side, which once borrowed heavily from other zoos in the metroplex, now has a large collection of their own. The biggest crowd can always be found at the hellhound enclosure at feeding time. Live prey being taken down is always a crowdpleaser.

- Those hellhounds can also be seen over at the Coliseum. What was once a rumor is now a profitable partnership, complete with advertising for Blackstone's on the front of the skybox.
- 2XL
- The zoo is targeted by TerraFirst! on a regular basis. Whenever they get wind of a threat, they hire on extra security. It's cushy if it's quiet, but if it gets ugly, it gets real ugly.
- Hard Exit



Thrashers Correctional Facility is a private prison you want to stay out of. That may sound obvious, but this place is exceptionally bad for anyone who isn't a vanilla smoothie. The guards are the ultimate collection of police rejects who all seem to have missed their calling as defensive tackles for the Seahawks. They're bitter and violent and take every opportunity they can to beat down anyone who isn't a poster-boy for the Humanis Policlub.

- The Matrix security at this place is a joke. They've barely updated anything, and what they *did* update runs off the cheapest hardware around. It was definitely done by the lowest bidder. The systems are so poorly secured the officers have their access IDs run on Meta Links slaved to the main host.
- Slamm-0!

OPPOSITION REPORT

Knight Errant precincts in Snohomish are predominantly human, though their rosters often contain a fair number of meta-humans currently on loan to other precincts, especially in Redmond. Precincts that service the border area with Redmond have most of the district's elf, dwarf, and ork officers. Those precincts near the Salish-Shidhe border get a slightly higher count of officers with Native blood. The rest of the district is filled with humans wearing their tin stars with pride.

Corporate security in the district is pretty cut and dry. NatVat uses in-house security that looks an awful lot like Aztechnology Corporate Security and former Aztlan military. They've kept their security forces top-notch by using a few of the farms as training facilities. The number of security staff and volume of equipment is significantly larger than necessary, and helicopters take off from up here headed towards other Aztechnology facilities on a regular basis.

I-B subcontracts their security through Lone Star. In 2072, when Lone Star lost the city contract, I-B snagged Allison Sehrheiss, a Lone Star Internal Affairs detective. She used her knowledge of Lone Star staff to snag top officers for I-B. She focused on those with something to prove, a little dirt in their jacket, and a firm hatred of Knight Errant. Trolls and orks were picked up in bulk, and every one of them gives up a little chunk of their pay to live in corporate housing. Most of the company's officers have cybergills or an internal air tank to offer options for aquatic security when needed, all of which is paid for by I-B.

NatVat isn't the only corp with training grounds up here. The metroplex, UCAS government, Ares, Mitsuhamma, and Renraku all have land where the actual farming is done by drones and yet they always have a large metahuman staff. The rural nature of most of the district lends well to "secret" training camps.

- Many a Seattle runner has gotten a little instruction at one of these camps. Payment for jobs is not always in nuyen.
- Bull
- Many a Seattle runner has also gotten worked over for info at one of these camps. They're perfect for a little quiet conversation and then a dump in the river or over the border.
- Thorn

HELP WANTED

Straight up work talk! Top three frequent work sources in Snohomish—here we go:

3) Dr. Charles Bethlehem is a genetics researcher at Aqua Arcana who goes through test specimens far faster than he can breed them and often prefers the more natural habits of wild specimens to validate many of his nature vs. nurture hypotheses. He usually hires teams out of Jay's Boathouse North. Expect to travel or visit wild chunks of the sprawl when hired by Bethlehem. Make sure you have someone trained in taking targets alive.

- Jay's Boathouse North deserves a little shout out. The previous owner, Francis Napalitano (RIP) was one of us. He left the place, and its troubles, to his daughter Francesca. Everyone expected her to fold under local hatemonger pressure, but instead she got herself a built-in security force by making this place available for discreet meetings. Johnsons pay a decent premium, and Frankie contracts a few runners each night to stick around while the place is closed.
- Sounder

2) Farshorn and The Green Nymph, his fairy tale-like lore store in the woods, were mentioned in the 2072 download, and he has since become one of the best sources of work in Snohomish. Already known for quality magical goods, services, instruction, and advice, Farshorn took a few serious hits during the recent dragon war, increasing his need for protection and forcing him to alter his collection methods. While powerful spirits provide most of his security, he still needs Matrix experts and the occasional driver on those rare occurrences where he leaves his shop. Most of the jobs he hires for are smuggling or talislegging related. His usual supply chain for goods was burnt up, quite literally, and so he's turned to educating runners and sending them out for the goods he needs. The pay is average, but the knowledge gained about arcane flora and fauna is priceless.

- Just be careful about mentioning Farshorn as an employer in the places he sends you. His rep got badly burnt along with his supply chain. In most places his name gets you spit on. In some it gets you shot at.
- Lyrn

1) Ash is a former ganger operating out of Monroe. He contracts runners, gangers, mercs, thugs, and malcontents of all varieties to head into Snohomish to bust skulls. The jobs come with some hard-and-fast criteria. One, the targets have to be recorded being complete loopholes. Two, the targets have to be beaten badly but not killed. Three, no collateral damage. Four, the beatings have to be recorded. The footage can be edited to remove the attackers but the beating has to be on record. Payments vary based on who gets a beatdown, but a night of martial exercise can pay off handsomely.

- Don't get caught doing an Ash job. Cops have been the victim of his missions, and they're not inclined to extend the same "no killing" courtesy to people working for him.
- Bull



FORT LEWIS

POSTED BY: SOUNDER

Do you know what Fort Lewis is? Fort Lewis is your chance to look at a totally different dystopia than the one we have. Sick and tired of living in a corporate-controlled dystopia? Then head on down to Fort Lewis for a chance to look at an authoritarian military dystopia! Vive la difference!

One advantage of the military dystopia? It's cleaner. The military puts up with far less crap than Knight Errant cops tolerate, and soldiers in general are pretty good at keeping the place neat and not throwing garbage around.

- Cleanliness and order have always been some of the hallmarks of an authoritarian regime. It's part of their appeal—whatever their faults, they can at least keep things orderly.
- Aufheben

It also is a lot prettier than most parts of Seattle, with its lush greenery and relative quiet. Honestly, it's downright eerie—go there some morning, when the fog is brushing the pines, and listen to the muffled quiet. A bird will chirp here and there, and then fly away as another sound slowly rises. You'll hear it before you see it, the sound of boots hitting the ground in unison as some patrol or another passes nearby. Freaks me out every time. And it's even worse in the evening, when they play "Taps."

- Man, do *you* ever have some weird problem with the army. It's pretty clear you never served.
- Hard Exit

Now, don't let me give you the wrong impression. Fort Lewis has a seedy side—it just does a lot better job than other places of keeping the criminality and debauchery behind closed doors. The place is populated with people, after all, and people are going to pursue their vices. It's what we do. The leaders of Fort Lewis would just rather such activities be kept in their proper place, out of the sight of children and the faint of heart.

And then, because nothing in the Sixth World is complete without a touch of the surreal, in the middle of this military state in miniature is one of the most popular family destinations in the sprawl, the Fort Lewis Zoological Gardens, with some of the most spectacular critters to be held in captivity on display in stunning replicas of their natural habitats. Of course, behind the scenes of the zoo, researchers are looking into how to tap into, alter, or even enhance the powers of the critters kept there, which means the friendliest part of Fort Lewis is also the one with perhaps the best odds of killing us all.

- Some of that depends on how much the military decides to share with others. Any general knows the value of having technology that the other side lacks, so any breakthroughs in critter-related research, especially when it comes to critter-based security, are likely to be kept under wraps instead of disseminated far and wide.
- Kay St. Irregular
- Yeah, so they won't sell their secrets, they'll just invent something so powerful that they'll lose control, break out, and start killing us in our sleep.
- Sounder
- That's how the chupacabra was created.
- Plan 9
- Stop it.
- Butch

SPECIAL OCCASIONS

Given that the military is not a wholly distinct culture or aliens or anything, most of the significant holidays are commemorated in Fort Lewis in fairly recognizable ways. Christmas is quieter than other days, UCAS Formation Day is louder than usual (especially directly on the base), and so on. But if you're going to move about Fort Lewis, you need to know about the **1st and 15th**. In the rest of the sprawl, the good citizens are on a wide variety of pay schedules—every week, every other week, whenever the boss feels like it, etc. But all military personnel are paid on the 1st and 15th of every month. That means stores and restaurants are more crowded, and the mood is more buoyant. Don't try to go shopping at a military commissary (assuming you have permission to do so) on these days—at the beginning, they are maddeningly crowded, and at the end they are stripped bare.

By contrast, the mood can get pretty dire just before the pay period. The 14th and the last day of the month are usually not too bad—by that point, the end is in sight, and people know that if they just hold on a little more, money will flow again. It's the few days before that point, where cash seems really short and payday seems way far off that the mood of the entire base takes a bit of a downturn. It's the kind of mood of a bunch of people who really, really would like a drink but are not certain they can afford one. That's not an image—that's a pretty literal descrip-



tion of what the base is like. On the plus side, the irritability can make people at the base more easily distracted, so you have a better chance of sneaking by them. On the downside, the irritability sometimes puts them in the mood for a fight, so a single unpleasant glance their way may make them come after you. Tread carefully and speak nicely.

- You need a military SIN to shop at a base commissary, and those are harder to come by than the run-of-the-mill fake SINs you purchase from Vinny in some dark alley. They require biometric updating annually, meaning you have to physically show up and prove that your retina print and DNA samples match what's listed in the record. So if you borrow the identity of some G.I. Joe, know that your fake identity has a built-in expiration date.
- Hard Exit

CRIME SCENE

There are plenty of people who will tell you that the crime scene in Fort Lewis does not really exist. The military may not pay great, but it pays enough to supply for the basic needs of soldiers and their families, and the MPs are dedicated to making sure that undesirable elements who are not supposed to be on the base are chased away. Thus the base is scoured of the professional criminals who make the rest of the sprawl so unpleasant.

These people are liars or delusional. Of *course* crime exists at Fort Lewis, because there are people, and wherever there are people, there is the desire to obtain what is not earned, or to circumvent ridiculous rules and social pressures in order to do whatever needs doing. Combine that basic tendency with the enhanced edge of aggression often found in the military, and you have a fine buffet of crime. Further combine that with the existence of the military police, who are seen as part of the same body to which soldiers tend to be loyal, and you push the crime underground. You're not going to find flamboyant nests of Halloweeners or any other gangs, and organized crime has limited reach into Fort Lewis. These are soldiers—if something is to be done, including crime, they are going to do it themselves.

There is the same basic demand for vices in Fort Lewis that there is in the rest of the sprawl, but organized crime outfits are usually not allowed to directly operate in the area. Plenty of entrepreneurial soldiers know, though, that if they open up a pipeline to the drugs and prostitution organized crime outfits are skilled at providing, they'll find customers. What arises in

FORT LEWIS AT A GLANCE

Population: 99,250

Human: 60%

Elf: 14%

Dwarf: 4%

Ork: 17%

Troll: 3%

Other: 2%

Population Density: 504 per square kilometer

Per Capita Income: 30,000¥

Corporate-Affiliated Population: 38%

Education:

Less Than 12 Years: 30%

High School Equivalency: 56%

College Equivalency: 13%

Advanced Degrees and Certificates: 1%

Fort Lewis is a series of middlemen, generally enlisted soldiers who accept the various goods from gangsters and then distribute them to the troops. Finding the right middlemen is not easy; soldier transfers and discharges keep personnel turning over, and the more permanent staff—meaning officers—generally are not the ones involved in running vices. There have been certain units that for a time had a reputation as the place to go for a quick score of novacoke or something, but once rumors of these activities reached the brass, they aggressively rooted out the cancers within each unit. In recent years, soldiers have been more careful of making sure no one unit gets a bad reputation.

Soldiers find out where to get the goods from conversations with each other, but soldier networks are difficult for outsiders to crack. The best way to get to know who is conducting illicit business inside Fort Lewis is through the organized criminals supplying the stuff, as they tend to have more stability in their ranks than enlisted soldiers do. As you might expect, the Fin-nigans have a significant chunk of the Fort Lewis drug business. Connie “Two Spikes” Dutchman, who operates out of Tacoma, has been the leading supplier of narcotics to Fort Lewis for about three years now.

- Two Spikes?
- Marcos





- She'd love for it to be a tough nickname, and it sounds like it should be, but it actually comes from her youth, when she had a pair of bulldogs, both named Spike.
- Cayman
- Why were both ... oh, forget it.
- Marcos

While the Mafia has drugs under their control, the Triad have always had an edge when it comes to human trafficking, so they lead the prostitution-supply business. Prostitution is a little trickier to deal with than drugs, because it helps to have fixed locations for that sort of thing, both so people can find you and so they have a place to go for the activities. The brass, however, is a little less vigilant about cracking down on prostitution than on drugs, as many have fond memories of using those services themselves. Or they remain active customers.

- Also, a recently laid solider is a lot easier to manage than a coked-up one.
- Hard Exit

Rather than having one permanent location, the soldiers who manage the sex traffic in Fort Lewis know of a number of empty rooms where they can set up curtains and a few cots and start accepting money. The fact that curtains are the only things separating the cots means privacy is minimal, but the customers generally understand the terms of the services they're purchasing, so they figure out how to deal.

Some of the more commonly used occasions are the North Fort Barracks (during renovation, there are always some buildings almost entirely unused), the back rooms of commissaries after midnight, and the upper rooms of the Drunken Non-Com. While people make assumptions that The Big "O" must house prostitution, it in fact does not. The owners keep it to stripping and private lap dances after getting in trouble following a colonel's dalliance in a back room in 2076 with several people who were not his wife.

Human traffick moving into Fort Lewis is handled by Tony Lee, who runs a number of brothels in Puyallup, giving him a regular supply of workers. He avoids the shackles-and-chains treatment that some people direct to their workers, but if they ever get to a point where they, say, feel comfortable enough to attempt to do something even slightly beyond the rules Lee



has handed down, they will be reminded that while they may be more comfortable than some of their peers, they are not free.

WHERE TO SHOP

The army base is the prime economic engine of the area, but it is not the only game in town. The district has a few options for stuff you might not be able to get anywhere else. Such as:

Parkland Mall: Ever dreamed about shopping in a wonderfully clean mall patrolled by military police? No? Well, you can do it anyway at the Parkland Mall! It's got a large Lordstrung's and more weapons than you usually find at a mall (the WeaponsWorld shop has more ability to get their hands on more restricted items than you'd expect), and a distinct aversion to anything lacy. There aren't too many smoky back rooms to meet in, but plenty of places to have a conversation while looking as casual and innocent as you can muster. Keep your voices low and use code phrases.

SSTs Plus: This is a massive used-vehicle dealership, including things the army is selling off, vehicles sold by and to soldiers, and more. You'll find more military-style mods on vehicles here than you'll see at most dealers, and the staff mechanics are quite good at making more mods if you slip them enough cash.

- Just don't bring them anything that seems the least bit hot. If they get connected to anything illicit, there's a good chance the army will stop using them to sell off unwanted vehicles, and that would be a significant loss of business.
- Traveler Jones

WHERE TO SQUAT

The Big "O": One of the most popular strip clubs in the area, this place has plenty of back rooms for lap dances, which means you can buy yourself a good amount of privacy. Just remember, it's not cheap—renting one of these rooms for fifteen minutes will run you around 100 nuyen, or about 250 for an hour.

- Don't be a sucker and just walk in renting rooms like some ordinary customer. Talk to the owner, Karl "Pain" Nelson, use a little bit of social skills, and get him to rent you a room without sending one of the dancers back with you. It's cheaper that way.
- Haze
- Pain hasn't retired from that racket yet? He's gotta be at least sixty, sixty-five.
- The Smiling Bandit
- Yeah, but he's the type of guy who would probably spend most of his retirement hanging out at strip clubs. This way he gets to do that but doesn't have to pay a cover charge.
- Haze

The Bunkers: Just west of the base and north of the military's Whispering Firs golf course is a field where the trees become more sparse and the grass more brown. A few straight

roads cut their way through concrete bunkers. These used to be used for training exercises, particularly training soldiers to respond to chemical attacks, but that particular form of training is obsolete and the bunkers have not been used by the military in decades. The commanders of the base have never thought that tearing up the bunkers and doing something with the field was among the most important things to do with limited resources, so there the field sits. The bunkers are locked with military hardware, but that hardware has sat there long enough that if someone were enterprising, they could learn how to open the locks without breaking them. That "someone" is a former sneak thief named Sidewinder who first used the bunkers to hide hot goods until they cooled off, then got the bright idea that she could do the same thing with people. She snuck in a few primitive furnishings—generally cots and lawn chairs—and charged a very reasonable rent for a place that is quite hidden.

- Thanks to the proximity to the base, Matrix access is solid, even through the concrete walls. There's no natural light, though, so if you like that kind of thing, be aware.
- Hardpoint

The Drunken Non-Com: Low-level enlisted soldiers make less than 20,000 nuyen a year, so when they go out, they tend to not have a lot of extra cash for liquor and other entertainment. They also often aren't in the mood for a lot of nonsense or fancy trimmings making their drinks more expensive. The Drunken Non-Com (with its bluntly direct name) is there for them, with the type of linoleum floor that no amount of scrubbing can fully clean and a bar that you would never slide drinks down because the number of bumps, chips, and gouges would spill the glass before it traveled half a meter. There are a few upper rooms and back rooms that are almost completely lacking in creature comforts, but they'll at least offer some privacy. Bring your own area jammer, though, because the place provides almost no security

- The Yak's prostitutes often find their way here, but not as much as they used to in previous years. The soldiers dealing drugs here got tired of the attention and distraction the prostitutes brought with them, so they started tipping off the authorities, which had the desired effect of making prostitutes more scarce.
- Turbo Bunny

Parkland Gala Inn: It's close to McChord Airfield and cheap, making it popular with families visiting soldiers. It's pretty easy to keep a low profile here. You won't get much in the way of extras, but it's safe and low key, though the bar can get raucous on the first and fifteenth of each month.

YOU WON'T FIND THIS ELSEWHERE

The **Fort Lewis Zoological Gardens** surpasses Snohomish's Blackstone Zoo (in fact, the Gardens were one of the places that used to supply most of Blackstone's living animals). The



vast size, the detailed AR displays, and the natural habitats make this one of the most popular family attractions in the city.

- Going critter hunting? About to run in a place that uses security critters? Run up to the Zoological Gardens first. Chances are they have the critter you might encounter on display, with up-to-date information that might give you the edge you need.
- DangerSensei

The **Urban Combat Simulator** is just what it sounds like, and it's astonishing. It has a detailed replica of Seattle Center, right down to security camera placement. If you can find a way to get access to it, the simulator is a great way to attempt a dry run on a city center target. Since the simulator is part of the base, you'll have to deal with army personnel in order to use it, but if you can figure out how to fake your way in, you can grab some valuable Intel and practice time.

- Just remember not to use live ammunition in there—if you fire a single regular shot, security will crash in on you from all directions. They use lasers attached to regular weapons and sensor vests to detect hits, so make sure you get some of that equipment if you want your practice to cover all the needed details.
- Cayman

OPPOSITION REPORT

Listen, the Military Police is a tremendous pain. They have checkpoints at the entrances to the district, which gives you a great chance to experience their humorless ways right off the bat. While they're not exactly incorruptible, they are less susceptible to bribes than a lot of law-enforcement types you'll run into. They also don't have a lot of patience for small talk, so your motor-mouthed con man type may have less success against them than they'd expect. They patrol frequently, are fast on the response, and tend to view soldiers as fellow combatants instead of as annoyances or parasites (contrasting to how Knight Errant sometimes views the residents of the city). This vigilance and dedication makes them extra annoying.

As a runner, the branch of the Military Police you're most likely to deal with is the Criminal Investigation Division, which performs the functions their name describes. Colonel Wayne Frank commands the Fort Lewis CID, and he has absolutely no use for runners. He has all manner of officers at his disposal—marshals, plain-clothes investigators, SWAT teams—and feels it is a betrayal of his personnel if he turns to outsiders. He also has to deal with regular runs involving the attempted theft of military secrets, and that has not made him any more kindly disposed to runners.

- Remember that while the MPs have most of the law-enforcement authority in the area, it still falls on Knight Errant to cover I-5. This is a source of plenty of tension—Knight Errant tends to view the MPs as overly stiff and regimented, while the MPs view Knight Errant as sloppy and undisciplined. In many cases, if a chase situation occurs, the first thing the MPs will do is block all highway access, because they don't want their quarry wandering into Knight Errant jurisdiction.
- Hard Exit

HELP WANTED

Britta Styk, head of the paracritters department of the Fort Lewis Zoological Gardens, is well aware of the pressure to keep her organization at the cutting edge of her field. If you can bring her a critter that will boost her organization's standing, she's paying.

Major Donald Dusenberg heads up counterintelligence in the Military Intelligence Brigade stationed at Fort Lewis, and he does not share the CID commander's reluctance when it comes to using shadowrunners. Espionage efforts from all directions are regularly targeting the base, and Major Dusenberg believes it would be an abdication of duty to not use every weapon at his disposal. He has skilled people at his disposal but not enough of them, so he has been known to reach out to shadowrunners to interfere with espionage efforts.

- When he was newer on the job, he would try to appeal to runners' patriotism to get them to work for him. He gave that up fast.
- Sunshine

While Tony Lee of the Yakuza is not based in Fort Lewis, he is very concerned about keeping prostitution there running smoothly, as he feels that the Big "O" offers a good cautionary example of what happens when things go wrong. He has been known to hire less scrupulous runners to help move people into and out of Fort Lewis, and also to interfere with investigations against him if they seem to be accumulating evidence. So if you're willing to earn money helping a pimp and human trafficker stay free, he's your man.



REDMOND

POSTED BY: BORDERLINE

If you've never lived in Redmond, you don't know Redmond. Wageslaves on day trips or rich thrill-seekers on weekend benders can never know what it's like here. Neither can runners who happen to have a safehouse here just to lay low for a while. Yeah, they see the same drek. They smell the same filth. The difference is, they get to leave. For those of us born into it and don't know anything else, it's not that easy to escape.

But sooner or later, every shadowrunner finds themselves in Redmond, where Seattle dreams come to die. Nothing thrives here. It's infertile. Unproductive. Toxic. That's why they call 'em Barrens. Once upon a time, Redmond was shiny. It was Seattle's new tech district, full of innovators and their money. But now, Redmond is like a perverse dreamcatcher, capturing and distilling the nightmares of the entire Seattle sprawl. After the tech crash of '29, Redmond lost everything. Eighty percent of its industry tanked overnight, along with its government. Everyone with means bolted. With no authorities to stop them, those who were left behind turned to rioting, looting, and every other form of lawlessness. Metahuman nature, chummers. The abandoned businesses and homes were irresistible to the addicted, destitute, and criminal from all over the sprawl, so while the rest of Seattle was getting cleaned up, Redmond was collecting society's detritus.

Even the "safe" areas of Redmond are more socially diseased than the worst parts of Seattle proper. Redmond is broken up into fiefdoms, separated by wastelands of decaying technology. Tribes of gangs, acting like warlords, each control their own slice of hell. What used to be high-density areas became the most sought-after real estate. The corp buildings and assets that remain are fortified with strong walls and heavy artillery. Most of the time, mercs or local gangers play security. Utilities like water, trash, sewage, and electricity don't function; anyone with those luxuries has jury-rigged their place to get them.

- The Matrix used to be nearly impossible to access in Redmond, but the new Matrix infrastructure has improved things a bit. Describing it as "spotty" is still generous, though.
- Slamm-0!
- You said it. The astral in the Barrens is fragged up pretty bad, too. Unless you have been raised there, slinging spells feels like swimming in jelly.
- Lyran

Astonishingly, Redmond has a government. Sonya Scholl is the mayor of Redmond. She's usually fighting with the corps

REDMOND AT A GLANCE

Population: 428,000 (estimated)

Human: 74%

Elf: 6%

Dwarf: 3%

Ork: 12%

Troll: 2%

Other: 3%

Population Density: 982 per square kilometer

Per Capita Income: 6,400¥

Corporate-Affiliated Population: 23%

Education:

Less Than 12 Years: 78%

High School Equivalency: 18%

College Equivalency: 3%

Advanced Degrees and Certificates: 1%

here, but she's managed to choose her battles wisely. And she's won some (it helps that the corps don't care enough about Redmond to put their full heart into the fight). Unfortunately, no amount of winning can make any real difference here.

- Sounds downbeat, but it's accurate. If the Barrens gets anything—a new business that's making money, a runner that made a big score—the first thought is to get out. In Redmond, success is defined by leaving.
- Haze
- Nothing gold can stay.
- Man-of-Many-Names

Hope is the rarest thing in Redmond, and that's good, because hope gets you killed. Makes you think about tomorrow. Distracts you from surviving right now. And that's all that's left in the Barrens—survival.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS

Only the most religious people in Redmond celebrate anything resembling holidays, but there are certain occasions that most everyone keeps track of.





Since the late 2040s, **Halloween** in the Barrens has been a night unlike any other. The Halloweeners make sure of that. Starting at the Jackal's Lantern, where the 'weeners gather *en masse* and get stoned, the chaos then radiates out towards the rest of Redmond. They alternate between large-scale mischief and impossible acts of violence, inflicted on whoever crosses their path. Folks mostly just stay indoors and hope that the roving bands pass them by. Other gangs have been using Halloween to prove themselves and protect their turf.

- The worst of the violence happened in the early 2050s, when on three consecutive Halloweens, the Crimson Crush gang pummeled wave after wave of coked-out costume-clad outsiders invading their hood.
- Butch

As the Halloweeners' ranks ebb and flow, so does the chaos on Halloween. For the last five years, though, the intensity has been cranked up to eleven, with normal folk coming out of their houses to join in the bedlam with increasing frequency.

The Anarchist Black Cross has been setting up shop in the Barrens on the third Monday of each month, which have been dubbed **Black Mondays**. They offer free medical assistance and distribute food to those who are in need, which is everyone. They never meet in the same place twice, in order to make it a bit more difficult for gangs to anticipate, but the Cross remains constantly vigilant against interference.

- Once upon a time, the Anarchist Black Star provided a security detail, but now, local gangs or shadowrunners are hired to guard the supply drops long enough for the hurting to be helped.
- Sticks

In order to get the word out to, they send up flares with black smoke in the sky above the chosen location.

CRIME SCENE

Organized crime exists in Redmond, particularly the Finnigan family and the Yakuza Shigeda clan, but the real power in Redmond is the gangs. They control what few utilities there are and play judge and jury within their turf.

BRAIN EATERS

TURF: TOURISTVILLE
COLORS ARE BLACK OVER WHITE.
DISTINCTIVE RED FEZZES.

If you want anything resembling Matrix access in the Barrens, the Brain Eaters might be your best bet. The Brain Eaters are electronics scavengers operating near Touristville. They've been at it for decades now and have become masters of adapting old and damaged junk into functional tech for sale in Redmond.

- Once upon a time, they enjoyed relative immunity from what little law enforcement presence there was in Redmond. Since Knight Errant came to town, law enforcement has been non-existent,



though, so other gangs are gaining ground while the Brain Eaters lose it.

- Slamm-0!

CRIMSON CRUSH

**TURF: CENTRAL REDMOND
COLORS ARE RED. ORKS ONLY.**

The Crimson Crush are one of the oldest gangs in Seattle. An all-ork gang emerging from the Night of Rage in 2039, the Crimson Crush defend their territory against any threats, especially human, whether it's from law enforcement or racist groups like Humanis. They're one of the most violent gangs in Redmond, but they ably protect their turf, which is among the largest in the Barrens. They provide for the residents of their neighborhoods, but not for free. They tax the people pretty hard and make bloody examples of those who don't pay. As a result, central Redmond is one of the more stable and stressed parts of the Barrens.

RED HOT NUKES

**TURF: EAST OF TOURISTVILLE
COLORS ARE GRAY AND RED.
DWARF-ONLY GO-GANG.**

An all-dwarf go-gang, the Red Hot Nukes have claimed Route 202 since the '50s. Their logo, a mushroom cloud, speaks to their passion for explosives—and their fiery tempers. They scam, terrorize, smuggle, and assassinate wherever their bikes take them. They're led by a dwarf named Grinder, who was an in-demand shadowrunner back in the '50s.

- Word is, Grinder's damaged goods. I heard he never stays in the same place for long. Almost like he's on the run from something.
- Rigger X

RUSTED STILETTOS

**TURF: GLOW CITY
COLORS ARE BLACK AND RUST-RED.
MOSTLY TROLLS AND ORKS.**

The Rusted Stilettoes are Glow City's dominant force. While the radiation from Glow City affects all of its inhabitants differently, the strongest metahumans among them are all but forced to join the Stilettoes.

- The radiation frags with all of 'em somehow, physically or mentally. They all look sick, but the worst of 'em are really messed up. You'll often see their trolls with huge dermal growths, way beyond the normal. Their orks typically grow troll-like horns or develop dense hair in bizarre colors over their entire bodies. As a result, the corps, organized crime, and other gangs want nothing to do with the Stilettoes, leaving Glow City to their irradiated overlords.
- Butch

BTL trafficking, smuggling, and protection provide the gang's funding, but they since no one wants to follow them back to Glow City, the Stilettoes have found raids on other settlements to be just as profitable.

DEATH HEADS

**TURF: 520 FREEWAY
COLORS ARE BLACK AND CHROME.
MIXED-RACE GO-GANG.**

A relatively new gang, the Death Heads have grown rapidly in the 2070s. The Death Heads started out as a team of shadowrunners specializing in smuggling and drug-running but have now broken into protection rackets along the 520 Freeway as well.

- Their leader is an ork gal named Fusion. They made a name for themselves a few years ago disrupting Ancients' cram operations downtown, but they hotfooted it to Redmond when they realized their mistake.
- Kincaid

Their bikes are their most prized possessions, and every Death Heads ganger would rather die than part with their bike, which most consider extensions of themselves. Their bikes are chromed all over and have extensive modifications, most of which are required as part of Death Head initiation trials.

SPIDERS

**TURF: CLAIM REDMOND, HQ IN BRAIN HEAVEN
COLORS ARE BLACK OR DARK BROWN,
WITH RED WEB PATTERNS. WEB TATTOOS.**

The Spiders became one of Redmond's largest gangs in the 2060s, following the Universal Brotherhood's downfall. The aftermath of the Brotherhood's attempted takeover left a trail of damaged, bitter people. Widow, a Spider shaman, brought them together and taught them how to hunt insect spirits. When their numbers begin to dwindle, the Spiders turn to kidnapping and brainwashing to build their ranks back up.

- I don't agree with their methods, but they work. Bugs don't seem to be much of a threat in Redmond these days, from what I've seen.
- Sticks
- Chip truth. But now that the other gangs don't see any bugs, they've started hunting the Spiders instead. The Spiders have gone underground for the time being. Their numbers are thinner, but you can bet Widow's plans are still moving forward.
- Borderline

WHERE TO SHOP

Just outside of Glow City is a former hospital now known as the **Body Mall**, which plays host to the riskiest and cheapest cyberware and body modifications in Seattle. You can get medical services as well, but the Mall is best known for its illegal cyberware operations. The street docs at the Body Mall don't require consent forms and don't ask questions.

In north Redmond, several square kilometers of plastic domes and tents house the **Plastic Jungle**. Before Redmond became nightmare fuel, wealthy residents created vast greenhouses, which in the years since have become self-contained



farming communities. Exotic and native plants grow everywhere—mostly cultivated, but some wild as well. The farmers trade extra harvests for guns, ammo, and other supplies, which, along with the plants, have made the Plastic Jungle a breath of fresh air in the Barrens.

Southeast of Touristville, the carcasses of what used to be the best apartments in Redmond now house the **Bargain Basement**. Gone are the apartments, but in their place stands a bazaar of the blackest of black-market vendors in Seattle. Illegal and illicit Mafia and Yakuza goods make their way through the mazes of shady dealers, and even corrupt Knight Errant officers make their way to central Redmond to offload “misplaced” evidence or contraband seized in raids. If you want illegal or immoral goods in Redmond, the Bargain Basement is your first and probably best option.

WHERE TO SQUAT

Everyone needs to sleep and in Redmond, not having to worry about getting geeked while you do it is worth its weight in novacoke. These places are as safe as you’re gonna get, but keep in mind, you are probably always better off sleeping somewhere other than the Barrens.

Novelty Hills is a converted warehouse in East Central Redmond. The **Novelty Hill Sleep & Eat** is nowhere near two stars, or even one star, or even a crumbled piece of moon rock, if such a rating existed, but in the Barrens, it is like a slice of heaven. Relatively secure sleeping cubicles and cafeteria-style food service make this the best place to crash if you are looking for what passes as normal.

- It used to be an unsightly pile of garbage, but after Kalanyr crushed the Redmond Center Hotel, Novelty Hill upgraded their facility and is enjoying a bit of a renaissance.
- Plan 9
- What? I didn’t hear that. Why would a dragon crush a midtown hotel?
- Borderline
- The Redmond Center Hotel was Yakuza-financed. Kalanyr has been cozying up with the Finnigan family. It was a favor. Take a guess who owns Novelty Hill.
- Plan 9

Stoker’s Coffin Motel has been the default place to sleep for squatters everywhere. For the price of a soyburger, you can sleep the night and if you’re lucky, you won’t even be bothered. No frills here, chummer, just a horizontal rectangle as big as you are, with what passes as a mattress and a box to put your drek in. The fact that it ain’t the street is all that it has going for it. But hey, in Redmond, that’s something.

If you absolutely need to be safe and don’t mind paying for it, **Finn’s Safehouse #4** is the place. Don’t ask what happened to the first three safehouses, though. Finn is an ex-runner who keeps this log cabin up for those still in the life. It’s on the James Lake, and while it looks like a rundown cabin, the walls are heavily reinforced. There’s even Matrix access.

- Finn’s is always well stocked with food, water, supplies, gas, and weapons. And as a bonus, if you are followed, the cabin would make for a beautiful spot for a last stand. You’ll find the rustic scenery relaxing as you shove your intestines back in your stomach and desperately try to remain conscious long enough for help to arrive.
- Thorn

YOU WON'T FIND THIS ELSEWHERE

There is some drek that is possible in Redmond that would never be tolerated anywhere else. There are parts of the Barrens that are still uncharted, too. But here are a few of the stranger sites you’ll see.

FUNHOUSE

The dragon Urubia lives in Redmond. She has interests all over Seattle and beyond, but her lair is in Central Redmond. It used to be four sixteen-story low-income apartment towers, but Urubia transformed them, along with neighborhood, into a neutral campus for Seattle’s criminal element. Three of the towers function as apartments and offices, with the top three floors of each being large, open space areas, reinforced to hold great weight.

- Some little birdies told me that each penthouse has its own unique eco-system with flora and fauna. Almost like the dragon is expecting friends ...
- Icarus

The fourth tower is the Funhouse. Urubia has her lair on the top four floors, and the lower ten floors house hundreds of metahumans, mostly Awakened. The two floors below Urubia’s lair and the apartments offer every form of wild, wicked, or wanton activity. Rumors suggest metahuman trafficking, but no one has ever objected to being in Urubia’s service. Even stranger, Urubia seems almost addicted to being around these metahumans she has collected.

- This place is always packed with gangers, and high-ranking gang leaders visit its top floors often.
- Mika
- I can verify that the Halloween leader Nightmare makes frequent visits.
- Borderline
- How do you know? You’ve actually seen this?
- Sunshine
- When you’re a Halloween, you’re a ‘weener all the way. From your first cigarette to your last dyin’ day.
- Borderline
- <sigh>
- Sunshine



Inter-gang violence has been almost non-existent in Uru-bia's territory since the early '70, mostly because of the dragon's vengeance on those who break her imposed truce.

- I've noticed. Gang violence outside the Funhouse has been on the decrease as well.
- Butch

The area around Beaver Lake is fragged up, even by Redmond standards. In 2013, the Trojan-Satsop nuclear power plant melted down and irradiated the whole place. Now it's called **Glow City**. It's home to too many people who can't or won't fit in anywhere else. Tons of Glow City's inhabitants have been mutated in some way, mostly in ways that makes their short lives even shorter. Some, though, have learned to think of their mutations as blessings, using them in defense of their toxic haven.

- Understanding why people live in Glow City helps you understand the Barrens. Yeah, there's a good chance Glow City will kill you, but not immediately. It's the same deal with WhompSnappers—we know they aren't helping us be healthy, but we don't really see the damage they're doing. Add to that the fact that everything *around* Glow City looks like it will kill you quick, and you can see why people opt to live there. If you understand that living in a heavily irradiated area can logically be your safest decision, you know more about the Barrens than you did before.
- Haze
- You'll know more, but you won't fully understand. You'll never fully get it if you haven't lived here.
- Borderline

Watch out for the Isotopes north of Beaver Lake. They're a group of toxic shaman who follow the dragon Kalanyr. The dragon has taken an interest in Redmond and has been buying cheap land stretching from Glow City to the Salish-Shidhe border. The Isotopes work for Kalanyr in exchange for gifts, not the least of which is the cleansing of their irradiated bodies.

Mana is a magical society that makes its headquarters in the Barrens, and lucky for you, they aren't picky about who joins. Most gangs don't have the resources to train their magically inclined members, so Mana has stepped in to fill that void. Started by a former Halloween mage named Argus, Mana's only requirement is that its members don't associate with cops. They don't charge membership dues and don't have rules, but they do have a headquarters in an abandoned office building in west Redmond.

The Jackal's Lantern is the unofficial bar of the Halloween gang. They provide most of the Lantern's security and patronage. The tables and chairs are mismatched and in disrepair, while the only light comes from strobes, plastic pumpkin lights, and flashing neon. Barbed wire, dismembered dolls, and outdated decorations float among the rafters, and the wait staff dresses in horror-themed costumes. Despite the poor service and its reputation as one of the more dangerous bars in Seattle, the Lantern always seems to have a steady flow of revelers who can't get enough.

- One of my favorite dives in Seattle. Still, has anyone else noticed that the surrounding neighborhoods are becoming, like, one sprawling extension of the bar?
- Cayman

- Yep. Parties start at the Lantern, then spill out onto the streets and last for days. It's a powerful recruiting tool.
- Borderline

OPPOSITION REPORT

Back when Lone Star ran security for the Sprawl, they at least made an effort to police the Barrens. Knight Errant doesn't even do that. Their cops fiercely patrol the border between Redmond and Bellevue, but that's it. The Barrens are simply no-man's land for the law. There is one exception, though.

HOLLYWOOD CORRECTIONAL FACILITY

As the largest prison by far in Redmond, Hollywood Correctional houses an overcrowded mass of criminals. As strange as it may sound, it's no joke that Redmond's inhabitants often commit crimes just so they will find themselves locked up. At least in HCF, you know you will have food and shelter. Security is pretty tight, and it's the one prison where getting in might actually be harder than getting out.

HELP WANTED

If you're looking for work in the Barrens, there are a few contacts I can throw your way. Keep in mind, I can't vouch for these fraggers. I just know they're hiring.

YUUMA SHIGEDA

Yuuma is the grandson of former Obayun of the Shigeda-gumi, Takeo Shigeda. Yuuma was an up-and-comer in Seattle's Yakuza, but his very flagrant addiction to cars, BTLs, and girls from the Ork Underground brought a good deal of shame—and publicity—to his family. So his father banished him to the Barrens to learn respect. Still, his money is good, and he is looking to earn his honor back, so he is motivated to further the Yakuza interest in Redmond.

CARN-EVIL

Carn-Evil is an old-school Halloween rager. He's been around long enough to have his own crew, and they have a rep as bloodthirsty and immoral. He dresses like a demonic clown and oversees most of the 'weener biz around the Jackal's Lantern. He always has runs to offer, from wetwork to large-scale vandalism. He's more than a bit crazy, though, so watch your back.

SONYA SCHOLL

Sonya Scholl is the mayor of Redmond. She ran, unopposed, as a Socialist candidate. Surprisingly, she is still alive after more than ten years in office, which should tell you that she is not your average politician. Scholl is tough like krill-jerky, and she isn't afraid to get her hands dirty to fix what needs fixing. She isn't corrupt, but she isn't above hiring shadowrunners to deal with troublesome gangs or to steal back government assets.



PUYALLUP

POSTED BY: JIMMY KINCAID

- *Hola, Mitch!*
- *Hard Exit*
- You know nobody else calls me that, right? I'd kinda like to keep it that way, doll.
- Jimmy Kincaid

"Barrens," they say, lumping us all together. Redmond, too, like we're next door neighbors, not sixty kilometers apart. Here in Puyallup, we're used to getting written off by outsiders. They figure we're just ashy gutters, Mafiosi and Yakuza thugs tearing each other apart, beetle dens and warehouses competing for desperate nuyen, elves and orks killing each other over table scraps and corner deals.

We are all those things, but those things ain't all we are.

People fuckin' live here, chummer. Always have, and always will. A hundred years ago this was farmland, wide-open spaces, blue skies, and green hills. Then came Rainier and refugees, ash and assholes, the Night of Rage and Tír Tairngire's leftovers. After that, we layered on a couple generations of corrupt politicians and parasitic crime families sucking the place dry. Sprinkle with desperation. Add a pinch of hatred. Season to taste.

So we ain't like Downtown, sure, but people are still just people. Over half a million souls—just by official count—are trying to get by, wanting to live their life, put a roof overhead, fill their belly, have some kids.

If the corps would give us half a chance, just a fair shake, they could make some real money here. We've got space. We've got nothing but room for improvement, we've got people with nothing but hunger for a better tomorrow. They could build here, instead of always being teased about it. They could invest, and we could work, buy, sell. Everyone would win.

But that ain't what Puyallup's for, if you ask our neighbors. Nope. They come here to hide from the law, to buy drugs or chips, to rent joyboys or cred-slots, to bash some keebler. They come here in tricked-out racers to compete, or souped-up rigs about to make the Route 7 smuggling run. They come here to slum it, to get a kick out of some real streets if Bellevue or Downtown are too safe for their liking.

Someone once said you don't pay a hooker for the sex, you pay 'em to leave you alone afterwards. To our neighbors, Puyallup's that working girl. They come here so they can leave again, and feel better about themselves for doing so.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS

First off, February 7th, the **anniversary of the Night of Rage**. Officially, up by the district hall, there's a vigil, some suit saying a couple words of remembrance, that sort of thing. Realistically? You'll see lots of bottles lifted in memory of the dead, lots of angry orks who've shouldered granddad's grief and rage, and lots of elves drinking or doping their memories away. Be careful, especially if you're not meta. Pay your respects, keep your head down, and don't crack a single goddamned joke.

On a lighter note, mid-April has a **Petrowski Farms appreciation** thing that's turned into a real party. They're a real local business run by a real local family, but over the years they've had some ups and downs, sometimes resentment, sometimes robberies. Every year they host a spring celebration, giving away fresh vegetables, supplementing their year-round soup kitchen work, that sort of thing. Other businesses have chimed in, and now it's a regular festival, a week-long shindig that does the place a lot of good. Just don't forget your filter-mask if you're swinging by—the whole thing's an outdoors affair.

Conversely, **August 17th** is a dark day every year. The assholes with Hell's Kitchen Tours like to talk about the haunting beauty of the lava fields or the mysterious aura we get from our cloak of ash, but fuck 'em. Mount Rainier kicked this joint in the teeth back in 2017, it hasn't let up since, and the clinging ash and threat of renewed eruptions have largely kept the megacorps from investing here. Folks around Puyallup have taken to decorating with black or grey ribbons, once a year, to commemorate the eruption and its continued economic devastation. We tie 'em to vacant warehouses, half-finished factories, empty office buildings, and whatever else will hold them. The more ribbons you see all hanging off a place, the longer it's been since that company let us down.

CRIME SCENE

The main thing you need to understand about the criminal underbelly of Puyallup is that it's alive, it's always changing, and anyone who claims to know everything about every gang is working a con.

Smaller outfits rise and fall based on luck, violence, and the charismatic leadership of opportunistic psychopaths. They come and go all the time, sometimes literally over a matter of days. They're small fish, but piranha aren't scary for their size, right? Even small gangs can be dangerous. If you run into a half-dozen assholes all dressed the same and flashing some



chrome, read the situation, not some file claiming to tell you their gang isn't worth worrying about.

There are some gangs who are getting long in the tooth—or tusk—and deserve special mention. The Chulos have been around forever, and that's in part because they welcome any metatype. They care about being Latino, not human. They're old school that way. The Reality Hackers, on the other hand, are totally new school. They're mostly a Matrix gang, integrating electronics into everything they do, including themselves. Their gang color's gold, but the skulls are big on cyber, so they're always going to flash a ton of chrome, too; implanted, if not worn.

- The Hackers still have beef with the Yakuza. If you need Matrix support going up against certain Japanacorps, you could do a lot worse.
- Pistons

You can't talk crime in Puyallup without talking elves. We've got two big groups to worry about—to say nothing of all the posur gangs that spring up like weeds—but of the two, the Laésa deserve less data. They come and go, they're smugglers, and they do a ton of the memory-wiping elven drug you've hopefully heard of by now. *They* don't know where their district headquarters are half the time, so why should you care?

They're more trouble than they're worth, and they care about smuggling profits far more than they do holding territory. They're an illegal business, heart and soul, not really a traditional gang with visible colors, flashy tags, and that particularly elven brand of brittle pride that demands constant ego-stroking and external affirmation.

- I swear, I think Jimmy forgets he's an elf sometimes.
- Turbo Bunny

Which brings us to the Ancients. Head counts vary. Most law enforcement agencies say there's three hundred or so green mohawks racing around Seattle. A few paranoid delusional types rant about there being thousands of Ancients and their supporters scattered around the megaplex, like they run the whole joint.

Truth is, they're headquartered here in Puyallup—down south, in Tarislar, naturally—but they do keep small sub-chapters operating all over the city. They're big fans of using small groups, operating independently, deep in hostile territory. And it works for 'em, too, or you wouldn't see “Ancients Forever” tagged from one end of Seattle to the other.

PUYALLUP AT A GLANCE

Population: 512,000

Human: 47%

Elf: 21%

Dwarf: 5%

Ork: 22%

Troll: 4%

Other: 1%

Population Density: 508 per square kilometer

Per Capita Income: 6,500¥

Corporate-Affiliated Population: 18%

Education:

Less Than 12 Years: 81%

High School Equivalency: 16%

College Equivalency: 3%

Advanced Degrees and Certificates: less than 1%

- Rather like a great many military and paramilitary units. There've been rumors for decades about the Ancients serving as the Seattle muscle for the Tír Princes and their ilk, and a great many Ancients may have earned their fair share of stripes and combat experience alike in the Tír Peace Force.
- Thorn
- “Rumors,” he says, and “may have.” Yeah, right. Pull the other one.
- Bull

The Grand Poobah of the Seattle Ancients is Belial, a flashy kid who took the reins a couple years after his old man, Green Lucifer, got promoted. Lucy's old lieutenant, Sting, is still around. She advises Belial, runs the old guard, and plays troubleshooter as needed. His other top bosses are Rook, a combat mage and downright elven-supremacist, and Bushido Blitz, a razorboy who's quicker'n spit and favors a katana.

- Rook's rumored to be their key Tír connection. Family, maybe, or a well-supported *milesaratish* of a high-ranking official.
- Thorn





- That’s a warrior-bondsman kind of a spy, according to my linguasoft. Nerd.
- /dev/grrl
- “Rumored” nothing. This one’s confirmed. Rook has name-dropped Prince Evan Parris a few too many times for it not to be true, and the resemblance is uncanny.
- Snopes

Moving up a notch on the criminal ladder, let’s talk mobsters. The Finnigan family runs the overall Mafia in Seattle in general, and Puyallup’s branch, the Gianellis, have been hanging onto the joint by their fingernails for years and don’t show any signs of letting go without a fight.

Don Joseph Gianelli runs the district, but he’s also got his hands full with Tacoma and Auburn. He leaves most of Puyallup’s day-to-day to his nephew, Capo Enzo Gianelli. Enzo’s influence in the neighborhood wanes and waxes pretty unpredictably, as does his level of individual activity. Enzo’s latest bodyguard is a spellslinger from the Order of Merlyn, Uranus. The kid’s no slouch.

- What Jimmy’s trying to say diplomatically is Enzo’s a novacoke fiend, with all the scattered mania that entails. It’s a secure doc, Jimmy. He’s not gonna read it. Let fly.
- Turbo Bunny
- Oh, yeah? Well, in that case, the skell’s a cokehead, a bully, and an idiot when he’s angry. He’s mean when he’s high, a bitter sack of crap when he crashes. Just remember that all makes him more dangerous, not less.
- Kincaid

The Finnigans and their associates aren’t stupid, as a general rule. They may be losing, but they ain’t losers, y’know? They’ve got magic, Matrix, and muscle aplenty, and Enzo’s uncle, Don Joseph, is no joke. There are plenty of resources that can be pulled in from neighboring districts if the Don thinks it’s necessary, and that level of manpower has turned their turf war with the Yakuza into a stalemate.

- If you’re wondering what sort of hackers the Gianellis can call on, Highball’s known to freelance for them, but they’ve got big names like Wendy Wyld and Two-Bit on retainer.
- Netcat

Speaking of which, the Kenran-Kai are their Yakuza rivals. There’s been an unsteady peace for the most part, but the two syndicates never stop jabbing at one another. Run by Kosuke Tomizawa—that’s oyabun to you—they’ve been slowly taking whatever turf the Gianellis have been letting them for years. He’s a class act and a straight shooter, in his way. Classy, for a murderous thug.

Maybe they’re more enlightened, maybe they’re more realistic about district demographics, but unlike some Yaks, Kenran-Kai’s opened their ranks to metahumans. There ain’t enough round-ears to recruit from down here, so it’s catch as catch can.



The *Oyabun*'s bodyguard provides him some combat mojo, too. Nishikawa Kenzo's no joke, and he likes the fire and flash. I know most palookas keep an eye out for certain types of tats where the Yakuza's concerned already, but this guy's got storms on his chest, dragons on his arms, and a love for elemental attack spells. Heads up. They've got Matrix assets, too, but those aren't really my bag.

- Top Hat, Ryoko Rabbit, and Kenshinzen are their biggest threats. Ken, especially, is sharp and fast.
- Netcat

Oh, and if you see some blue-haired punks zippin' around on racing bikes or souped-up coupes, it's the Blue Dragons go-gang. They're the lowest muscle that Tomizawa officially considers part of the operation. They aren't much one-on-one, but they travel in packs, and they're fans of overkill.

- Street racing's not the worst way to get an interview if you're looking to get work from the Kenran-Kai.
- Turbo Bunny

WHERE TO SHOP

You can't talk about the black market in Puyallup without mentioning the **Crime Mall**. Back in '29, this fancy shopping center went tits up, and ever since it's been used by the community, not the corps, to sell whatever folks are buying.

"The Management" is a sitting council of black marketeers who oversee the Mall, with five seats and all the backstabbing you'd expect. They take a flat tax from everyone who wants to deal in the Crime Mall, and they use that money for the good of the establishment as a whole (minus the expected corruption). Knight Errant gets a wild hair? Bribe money, Management fixed it. Power needs fixing? Management handles the splice. Water's out? Management.

- One problem that the Management has is the rampant barter economy. It's much easier to take five percent of nuyen or scrip transactions than five percent of freshly cooked dog on a stick.
- Sounder

Black Junk Yards is another neighborhood institution if you're a gearhead or a drone-diddler. They've got a maze of wrecked vehicles and parts to choose from, and they shoot straight when it comes to pricing. If you're looking to make a car disappear, trying to find some parts to fix up your wheels, or searching for neutral ground for a gig, you could do a lot worse.

- Puyallup being Puyallup, scavengers and ferals are real problems. High fences and monowire don't cut it any more—there's a regular swarm of drones keeping an eye on things now. The new junkyard dogs are cobbled-together combat rigs—just a gun, a camera, and a means of propulsion.
- Turbo Bunny

For those looking for a more physical experience, it's hard to beat Sticks and Stones, a street fighting school that's sprung up near one of the Ork Underground's main Puyallup entrances. Since the Underground went legit, they've had to clean things up a little, but underneath the AR glitz and glamour it's still a big hunk of mean that's halfway between a boxing gym and a concrete slab. Mixed martial artists, boxers, knife-fighters, wannabes—Sticks and Stones lets anyone in so long as they pay their hundred nuyen a month, don't cry if they get hurt, and don't try to geek anyone on the property. You could do a lot worse if you're looking to get some practical lessons and don't mind the taste of blood.

- Another rule of membership is that it's neutral turf where gangs are concerned. You leave your colors at the door.
- Sticks

WHERE TO SQUAT

My advice on safehouses in Puyallup? Don't. Half the Seattle shadow community thinks they can just dump some rent in advance on a little doss on 128th, stash a go-bag, ignore it all for months at a time, and come crash in their hidey-hole when Downtown gets too hot. Bullshit.

Don't drop off a purposefully transportable duffel bag full of highly illegal and expensive stuff, flash wealth by paying your rent up for six months at a go, and get mad at Puyallup when your shit gets jacked a half hour after you swagger out of the district. Folks in Loveland are desperate, not stupid.

If you want your stuff to be safe in Puyallup, just be here in Puyallup. Learn the neighborhoods. Make friends. Be a regular at the noodle joint on the corner, get the bartender at the local dive to know your favorite drink, get to where the local street punks'll give you a nod instead of a catcall when you walk by. We're not idiots. We know a shadowrunner when we see one, and once word gets out, enough folks will leave your stuff alone, even if you're gone for a while.

Just don't flash heat to try and intimidate us, okay? Trust me, pal, you ain't the only guy in Puyallup with a gun.

Now, if you're looking to lay low for a night—or an hour—at a time, you could do worse than the **Bump and Sleep**. I don't pass judgement on working girls (or boys), and their rates are pretty reasonable if you're there for the roof, not the company. It's a known Gianelli dive, so nobody starts any trouble.

- He doesn't mention the **Sleeping Dragon** bunraku parlor, but it's another option if that's your bag. Honestly, Puyallup's got plenty of this sort of establishment to choose from.
- Traveler Jones

For a shorter—but more pleasant—visit to our burg, swing by the **Spirit Focus**, down near Fort Lewis. If you like jazz, you'll love it. Brevik runs a classy joint, her boys know how to mix a drink, and you won't find better music anywhere in Seattle.

Don't start shit in the Spirit Focus, though. The Kenran-Kai oyabun himself likes to hang his hat here, and they're long-term contracted to keep an eye on the joint. Even if it weren't for the mobsters, though, you've got the bartenders to worry about.



Big Frankie's a dwarf, Little Frankie's a fomori, and the two've been buddies since they fought together in Desert Wars maybe a dozen seasons back. The place has plenty of muscle.

- Plus Jimmy's there as often as he's in his office.
- Hard Exit
- Damn straight.
- Jimmy Kincaid

YOU WON'T FIND THIS ELSEWHERE

Tarislar is a city within a city, separate from Puyallup every bit as much as Puyallup's separate from Seattle. Years ago, the Night of Rage made it clear to elves they weren't wanted in Seattle. Later, Tír Tairngire's secession startled the NAN-states into telling these refugee elves to go spit, too. Then, the Tír itself was either too snooty to let folks in or, depending on the decade, too busy chasing terrorists and going bankrupt for anyone to *want* in. So the elves were stuck in Tarislar.

Like most of the rest of the district, they're largely SINless, so good luck with a head count. Unlike the rest of the district, they're effectively ageless, so the population's been growing. Drugs, chips, starvation, and violence aren't healthy, sure, but death from natural causes isn't a problem. There are elves squatting in poverty in Tarislar who have been there—they, personally—since 2039. Chased by mobs and scarred by fire, loved ones torn apart in the streets, spat on by the NAN, unprotected by the law, officially unrecognized by the metroplex government, all this time. So yeah, they've got a fuckin' chip on their shoulder.

The Ancients aren't headquartered in Tarislar by accident; they get away with what they get away with because an awful lot of angry keeks are willing to sign on with them, or at least support them, decade after decade.

Now, it's not all bitterness and violence. The community's pulled together—not just the flashy psychos like the Ancients and the Laésa—and kept folks alive all this time. The community council got Knight Errant hired, for instance, but they do a lot more, too. Sanitation, water, power, food, it all comes from the people of the neighborhood. Good people, giving themselves a fighting chance.

There's no better example than the *Deireadh An Tuartheil*, an empty hospital that the first wave of refugees squatted in all those years ago. Ever since, it's been a community hub. They've cleaned it up, tapped power lines for electricity, relied on the community for volunteers, for supplies, for capital. If anyone else gets stabbed or shot in Puyallup, you drive north or west, fast as you can, to the nearest legit hospital. If it's an elf, you hurry 'em to *Deireadh* and get ready to trade.

- Many young elves that find themselves Awakening with talent will seek to use their gifts by volunteering to provide magical assistance to the *Deireadh*. It's their way of keeping the place afloat, and with it the entire community. Lots of kids grow up in Tarislar and want to give back. The ones that don't? They join the gangs.
- Frosty

OPPOSITION REPORT

Puyallup's easy when it comes to dodging the cops. You point your car south, and you occasionally hang a right. Once you get to Loveland, just go in circles for a while. Most of the time, the cops will realize where they are and go home. If not, someone'll get mad about the sirens and bust out an Aztechnology Striker or some Krime Cannon piece of shit, and you and the cop'll both wish you'd taken your problems somewhere else.

- He's not lying.
- Turbo Bunny

HELP WANTED

The two biggest employers for freelance criminals are probably going to be the two big syndicates I already discussed—just like corps, they like to use disposable assets to fuck with one another—so I think that angle's covered.

One other option here in Puyallup is Puyallup itself, though. The district hall's up north, in the respectable part of town, but people there are often light on basic resources—or, at least the ones not in the Mafia or Yakuza's pockets are—so you might be surprised at the jobs you can get. District hall has to deal with SINless problems while only collecting SINned votes, so their official authority's often stretched pretty thin, which can mean opportunities for freelancers. Ghouls, dealing with wards, bodyguard gigs, security, gang management, you name it. Brush up on your fake SINS and licenses, though, as most of the time they'll want something like a bounty hunter's credentials, minimum.



COUNCIL ISLAND

In the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, Council Island was known as Mercer Island, named for brothers Asa and Thomas Mercer who were the first white men to call it home. It grew into a thriving community, joining Seattle in 1960. With the signing of the First Treaty of Denver, the greater Seattle metroplex was retained as American territory, serving as the largest non-native reservation in North America, while Mercer Island was ceded to the Salish-Shidhe Council to serve as an ambassadorial residence and a general touchstone with other native nations. The Salish razed the modern buildings and stripped the roadways, spending over a decade restoring the land to a natural state while embedding power, water, and Matrix nodes well out of sight. Under the leadership of first Chief Jon Moses, then Chief James Grey Bear, the Salish ambassador to Seattle for decades, Council Island was turned into one of the prettiest areas of Seattle while also serving in a diplomatic capacity. The death of Grey Bear just before the negotiations for the third Treaty of Denver was devastating as his seasoned experience as a negotiator was missed and talks eventually collapsed. As Denver has retreated, Council Island has stepped up, and now stands as the primary ambassadorial region for the NAN. The island is still adapting to this new status, and new buildings are springing up rapidly.

- Council Island's groaning under the weight of the Salish-Shidhe Battalion that was assigned there in the wake of the collapse of the Third Treaty of Denver negotiations. On top of this they have the expanded NAN-corp presence on the island, but it's the soldiers who have really done a number on the demographics, particularly in terms of bringing down the average of pay and education. Three quarters of the troopers are orks, with more than five hundred being drawn from the Cascade Ork tribe, where you can enlist as young as sixteen and without a high school diploma. With soldiers come higher levels of carousing and prostitution.
 - SeaTac Sweetie
 - The SS-Council has never been clear about that "other" population of about a hundred and fifty sentients. Do they count spirits in this number or not? Artificial intelligences? We know that there are shapeshifters and wendigo in the mix, but what else? There are rumors of intelligent fresh-water merrow present, even draciforms. The only ones who know for certain are the Salish-Shidhe, and they aren't telling.
- > Elijah

Council Island is left in a natural state—or more accurately is guided into a natural-seeming state—as much as possible.

COUNCIL ISLAND AT A GLANCE

Population: 4,000

Human: 34%
 Dwarf: 3%
 Elf: 25%
 Ork: 31%
 Troll: 3%
 Other: 4%

Population Density: 160 per square kilometer

Per Capita Income: 56,175¥

Corporate-Affiliated Population: 2%

Education:

Less Than 12 Years: 14%
 High School Equivalency: 16%
 College Education: 49%
 Advanced Degrees and Certificates: 21%

Greenery is ever-present, most obviously in tree coverage and shrubbery, but in the spring and summer months, there's a colorful explosion from the widespread flowers in bloom. Buildings are constructed to resemble the traditional dwellings of the Pacific Northwest Natives but are made of modern materials with a thin wooden veneer, rather than being actual wooden structures. It should be reminded that, all across the island, this theme will be seen repeatedly; citizens in native garb who're using cutting-edge NeoNET commlinks, wireless support is drawn from unseen points hidden in artwork or fountains, and while you'll never see a hint of modern wiring strung through trees, the roots share the ground with an impressive array of circuitry and pipes. The NAN are quite proud of their technical adaptability but always give a nod to tradition, and if you think of them as primitive due to their wearing of facepaint and feathers, the failure's on you, not them. The majority of the population is composed of bureaucrats, diplomats, and their families, but there are quite a few scientists around as well, including botanists to parabiologists.

- We Seattleites can forget this often, thanks to the NAN tourism boards always pushing for "NearCations" in Salish territory, and we all know somebody who was broken by the rat race, sold everything they owned, and joined an ersatz "tribe" to get back to nature. The vast majority of NAN citizens live in cities (former





American cities at that!), drive cars, grumble about taxes, and check the news on their commlink, all before getting ready for today's meeting about the Running Deer account. There's a bit more environmentalism and the spiritual beliefs are different, but otherwise, they function in the city and share the same concerns, with same range of beliefs, as everyone else.

- Bull
- There are also those who fully walk the Old Path, but it is a choice that must be made, not an obligation to force upon another. It is a harder path, one fraught with danger, but what you see while walking it is glorious.
- Man-of-Many-Names
- While NAN drones and choppers can fly around, Council Island is officially NAN airspace and they are quite antsy about defending that airspace. If you aren't in a medivac chopper or on a pre-cleared diplomatic visit, expect spirits to land you gently in the lake.
- Kane

SPECIAL OCCASIONS

Long before the Native American Nations were formed, many indigenous people in the former United States took to cele-

brating **Indigenous Peoples Day** on the second Monday in October, the same day that traditionally had marked Columbus Day. Once they had nations to call their own, Native Americans were quick to make sure the informal movement to honor indigenous people became official, and Indigenous Peoples Day became a national holiday throughout the NAN. While the day originally had a grim tone to it, focusing on the hardship inflicted on Native peoples, the rise of the NAN has given it a more celebratory feel, and the day is more about triumphs and persistence through adversity than building an understanding of oppression. On Council Island, virtually every worker gets the day off, and activities focus on communal celebrations—this is not the sort of holiday you commemorate by watching eighteen straight hours of trid shows. The major lodges and buildings on the island host drumming, dancing, and of course eating on these days. There is usually a solemn speech or two, but for the most part the day is an opportunity to celebrate and perpetuate culture.

From a shadowrunner point of view, it's a day when lots of people are out of their houses.

CRIME SCENE

The crime scene on Council Island begins and ends with the First Nations gang. Other organized crime outfits are not toler-



ated, and the leader of the First Nations, Blood-of-the-Buffalo, worries enough about the powers that be on Council Island that he bases himself in Everett instead of dwelling on the island and essentially daring island authorities into a confrontation. The authorities don't exactly tolerate the First Nations, but as long as the gang is not too blatant about it, they don't go out of their way to interfere with them like they would the Mafia, Yakuza, or Triads if they tried to mess around on Council Island.

They also like to keep the First Nations within certain boundaries. They allow a minimal amount of prostitution, but the gang knows all such activities would be harshly curtailed if they started enlisting any island residents as workers. Protection rackets are also likely to bring down the wrath of the island authorities. Drugs, moodchips, BTLs, and other such products are tolerated and are the focus of most Council Island organized criminal activity. So if you want to pose as a Council Island criminal—or want to *be* a Council Island criminal—be careful what activities you advertise.

WHERE TO SHOP

While more expensive than any other flower shop in Seattle, **Marge's Flowers and Nursery** has been a staple for decades at every major event. Whenever the mayor, a corporate VP, or one of the glitterati have a wedding, funeral, or formal ball, expect Marge's to be the nursery on-site. They started offering drone-livery service eighteen months ago for floral emergencies (nothing says "I'm sorry honey" like airlifting a dozen roses), but the big money comes from event floristry.

- Like everyone else, Marge uses decorated Pelican drones for their deliveries. Make your own and stage a special delivery.
- Hard Exit

WHERE TO SQUAT

Formally used more for visiting diplomats than anyone else, the **Council Island Inn** is being remodeled at the same time as the Council Lodge is being expanded. Diplomats are expected to move to the Lodge, leaving the inn free to restructure over the next year and rise from three stories to five. As the diplomats move out, NAN corporate employees from Totem Tower (see below) should move in, allowing the inn to keep a reputation for luxurious long-term accommodation.

- Physical security is tighter here than in many places, due to the valuable art on display in nearly every room. Once you get past the entry checkpoint, know that each room has a distinct maglock and is being watched by cameras 24/7. If you can get inside a room, however, there's no monitoring whatsoever.
- Mika
- That might have been true for the diplomats, but the suits are more paranoid. I'd wager those renovations will include quite a sensor array on the inside as well. All the better to blackmail you with, my dear.
- SeaTac Sweetie

Jared Whirlwind isn't the chef his mom was, but the **Friendship Restaurant** is still the only place in Seattle to get natural food for only forty nuyen. (You can hit up the all-you-can-eat salad bar for half that, but trolls aren't allowed and there's never any meat.) That said, Jared still uses his mom's recipes for both trout and salmon, and they're worth every nuyen. Make sure to order the crab ice cream. It sounds insane, but it's actually quite good.

- It can't be as good as Hokkiado's own creation.
- Baka Dabora

YOU WON'T FIND THIS ELSEWHERE

Originally intended as a location for the Salish-Shidhe Council Ambassador and his immediate staff, the **Grand Council Lodge** is now being renovated, growing vertically to add room for more ambassadorial delegations. The Sioux and the Pueblo Corporate Council have announced their intent to place diplomatic offices here, as expected, but the Algonkian-Manitou Council and the Athabaskan Council have also asked for a presence, despite not having had one in Denver. If Tsimshian has asked for a floor, it has yet to be mentioned, while the Trans-Polar Aleut have rebuffed any offer. It's likely that a floor will be added for future expansion, where these, and any future Native American Nations, could share office space, but the space will be used as storage until that time. Aztlan, of course, has its own ambassadorial section in the city proper.

Before the renovations, the Lodge was a quiet, three-story affair. The grand lodge was a two-story room in and of itself, with the first floor being a cultural center and secretarial area, while the second contained assorted minor offices. The third floor was reserved for security and the living quarters of the Salish ambassador, while lesser diplomats lived elsewhere on the island. The grand lodge was rarely used for anything more than calling assorted city or corporate officials for environmental concerns, with most inter-tribal business being settled over tea and behind closed doors. The only reason anyone ever went was to watch either the Makah diplomat rant about war or the Cascade Ork representative deny any knowledge of smuggling. Didn't matter who the diplomats were; they all sang the same song. These days, actual reporters are starting to show up, and the big table's getting replaced by one that can handle more tribes. We don't know yet if more substantial matters will soon be having public debates, but there are those in the city nervous enough to start paying attention to what has traditionally been the most boring show in town.

- You have to show up live, by the way. Despite the technological leanings of the Council, they strictly prohibit any recording or rebroadcasting of Grand Council meetings.
- Sunshine
- It's an open secret that the Lodge has secret passages in it, but what they lead to is another matter. The most common rumor is that Jon Moses used them to slip out to meet with a mistress back in the day, but others suggest that the Lodge itself is built over



an advanced listening station that taps into communications of the city government and plucks megacorporate broadcasts for codebreaking and passing on to Sioux agents.

- Snopes
- Not even going to mention the dragon's cave, are you? The one where Dunklezahn's grandchild lairs, gathering magical energy for his eventual upgrade from lesser dragon to Great, where he can follow in grandpa's clawsteps?
- Plan 9
- Seriously Planners, where do you get this stuff?
- Pistons
- For what it's worth, the Lodge *is* placed on a cross-section of mana lines, including one that runs from Mt. Rainier.
- Elijah
- The proper name for the mountain is Tacoma.
- Man-of-Many-Names

Officially the James Grey Bear Memorial Building, the **Totem Tower** five story octagonal building is constructed of native wood and designed to emulate a totem pole. The actual tower is far too large and squat to truly embrace the effect, but the general sense of the building's story is evident. The base is the Bear, in honor of James Grey Bear's family, a two-story section largely given over to the entry hall, commissary, front desk, security lounge, and gift shop, with a large assortment of decorations and art on display. The third floor is Wolf, home to corporate offices outside of the Salish-Shidhe, including Colt, Tablelands Software, and the Cherokee *Phoenix* Seattle branch office. The fourth floor is Eagle, featuring assorted Salish-Shidhe corporations, while the fifth floor, Raven, is reserved for Geatronics and the main computer systems of the Tower.

- Karen Brown Otter is the editor at the *Phoenix*, with Dorothy Maynard and Jerome Gutierrez as her two reporters, backed by a half dozen Cu^3 drones for photography. Jerome mainly focuses on politics and military matters while Dorothy handles corporate and social. Both of them are honest muckrakers who are nearly untouchable due to their NAN status. If you get conclusive evidence of wrongdoing, they're who you should see to get it published. They also hire investigative runners now and then, to get to the bottom of something juicy.
- Sunshine
- The tower was placed at the crossroad of SE 40th street and Island Crest Way as a way of honoring Grey Bear's central position. That it's also a considerable distance from the Grand Council Lodge also shows the lack of influence that the corporate tenants have with the council. Corporate executives instead focus on financial affairs and business deals, staying out of politics. The NAN is weird.
- Traveler Jones

- Since it's so hard to get passes to the island, NAN corporate officials usually travel into downtown for meetings rather than having guests. The tower boasts two helipads along the roof structures to ensure that the demand for transportation is always met.
- Turbo Bunny
- Physical security is minimal here beyond passive sensors and lightweight guards, but the Matrix defenses are tight and the magical ones are obviously strong.
- Ma'Fan

The primary function of the **Aquaculture Lodge** is to preserve local fish population and study assorted lake-related wildlife, such as waterfowl and beaver. There's a small aquarium present, used mostly for scientific work but always popular with school visitors, with a diverse population of trout and salmon. The fish are raised with samples of local river water, in order to imprint them for a later return for spawning, while other fish are gathered for measuring and returned to the wild. A strong secondary focus of the "Q," as the researchers tend to call it, is pollution control, observing and measuring the waters around Seattle.

- They take it seriously, and corporations can't hide behind extraterritoriality when it comes to pollution crossing from their facilities to common ground. The SS-Council only has authority if it affects the lake, but measure every waterway of Seattle, bringing problematic findings to the city council for enforcement. They're singlehandedly responsible for Saeder-Krupp never bothering with a noticeable corporate presence in Seattle.
- Nephrine

Intended as a temporary home for the Salish 4th Battalion, **Camp Seagull** is slowly being turned into a more permanent military base just south of the Friendship Restaurant. The Council was insistent that the camp mesh with the island's décor, which explains the wooden walls that look more fitting for an old flatvid western than a modern compound, but those wood shells have a solid plasteel core that can take rocket fire. Seagull is constructed to overlook the I-90 bridge entrance, ending the threat of Seattle go-gangs crossing over once and for all, but the base sensors are actually split between the ACHE and Fort Lewis, as they try to keep an eye on Joint Task Force Seattle at all times. Technically a mechanized battalion, the 4th has little in the way of modern armor, let alone t-birds, backing the troopers with little more than armored personnel carriers, but the magical support staff outnumbered that of JTFS and the Seattle Guard combined.

- Most of the Council members aren't happy with the 4th being present. It was a respectful show of force at first, but their ongoing presence is stretching the island's resources, and bored soldiers tend to get rowdy. Fights are up, as are incidents of public drunkenness, prostitution, petty theft, and more.
- Glitch



- Bullshit. The *real* problem is that most of the 4th is composed of orks, while the rest are Makah. The Shidhe hate the orks, while the Salish always want the Makah pushed to one side. Blaming everything on the troops is a combination of racism, tribalism, and classism.
- Butch
- That being said, there's a booming market for "hostesses" for both officers and the enlisted and if you know, or are, the right girl, you can slip in at night without the usual passport troubles. It's nice to be an honored guest.
- SeaTac Sweetie

Calling it a "hospital" is generous due to how small the facilities are, but the **Council Island Hospital** is a modern facility with an operating room, several recovery rooms, and even a small prenatal ward but no ICU; dire emergency victims are airlifted to other facilities in Seattle proper. It's more notable for the presence of medicine men of the Salish-Shidhe, offering holistic treatments and at least one shaman trained in healing magics. Intended primarily for island residents, any visitor who gets injured will be treated free of charge.

- Keep in mind that this is for those who get hurt on the island, not for someone who gets a visitor pass, then dashes over to get cancer treatment. Every year they have to deal with morons who don't get that.
- Butch
- The background count here is minor but is aspected to shamanism in general and Bear in particular.
- Winterhawk
- Having all the rooms being round and hardwood instead of square white walls is weird. Also, they always keep incense burning in the recovery rooms. Supposed to be relaxing but gives me a pounding headache.
- Stone

While not as prominent as Bear and Raven, Eagle remains a major totem around Council Island and the Salish-Shidhe Council as a whole. **Eagle Lodge** is an aviary dedicated to eagles primarily, while also raising falcons, hawks, and osprey. There's a small wing (heh) for owls as well, with the baby owls being a perennial favorite of school tours. There are several mated pairs of bald eagles and golden eagles nesting here, while twice a year the Salish bring in a Phoenix for a week of displays. These weeks are mostly reserved for school trips months in advance, but a small number of smaller visits are open to the general public.

- At one point in time, there was an Eagle shifter on the staff, Leona Windwalker. She'd been wounded while in her natural form and nursed back to health. Once she was well enough, she revealed her true self to the facility and asked to stay on for a while to repay the debt. Very popular gal, but she left last year to start a family. Not sure when, or if, she'll be back.
- Bull

Museum Lodge is a lovely little museum dedicated to the history and culture of the natives of the Pacific Northwest. Native dress is a particular focus, as well as assorted tools and some cultural touchstones. You can tour the entire display in just over an hour.

- Great place to meet with a native Johnson. Seattle visitors are always coming and going, so your presence won't make a scene.
- Turbo Bunny
- Most of the gift shop is crap, but the totem pole pencils are great. They roll out with a new one every three months and now there's a small collectors market for them. The most valuable is the Kwakwaka'wakw of 2061. They had a short run as CometMania was breaking out, and of the ones made, most had the wings snap off. An intact one can fetch you close to five hundred nuyen right now. Not a bad return on a two nuyen investment.
- 2XL

The busiest bureaucratic building on the island, the **Passport Lodge** handles all applications for visitation of both the island and for passage to the surrounding Native American Nations, plus all manner of visas and immigration documentation. Most of the work is to generate day passes for Seattleites, but the occasional city dweller who wants to move into the NAN also goes through here.

- It takes three to six weeks to process a request that may well be rejected. As with all things bureaucratic, having someone on the inside who can do you some favors can really pay off.
- Netcat

OPPOSITION REPORT

Since the island is officially part of the Salish-Shidhe Council, the Knight Errant contract with Seattle is not in effect there. The island and its Council backers provide their own security, which means you have an honest-to-ghost public police force.

- Eagle Security would love to take over security there, using their connections with the NAN to move in, but they're finding out that being on friendly terms with the Sioux Nation does not automatically do you any favors with the Salish-Shidhe.
- Mika

Council Island is small, and the Salish-Shidhe want it peaceful and clean, so police response times are quite rapid. They also use a higher proportion of Awakened officers than many other police forces, and using spirits on patrol is commonplace. Nowhere else in Seattle is your aura more likely to get you in trouble than walking around Council Island.

It's also critical to remember that there is a no-fly zone over the island, and it is strictly enforced by spirits of air flying along the shoreline. They are unforgiving and unmerciful; you're not going to get by them with some fast talk over the comm.



OUTREMER

POSTED BY: PUGET POET

What folks call “Outremer” these days might as well speak French and actually be overseas for as disconnected as it feels from the Emerald City. Don’t get me wrong, Outremer is part of the Metroplex, but it is about as far as you can get from Seattle without actually leaving. This is both a blessing and a curse for those who work, live, or just visit any of the islands that compose Outremer.

For those outsiders giving this a read, Outremer isn’t one place—it’s the name given to the five major islands in the Puget Sound that are still considered part of the Seattle Metroplex. All of them are actually easier to reach from Salish-Shidhe lands, while two are linked by bridges, but hey, the land deal that set up the Seattle Metroplex was written by politicians, not geographers. From north to south the islands are Bainbridge, Vashon (yes, like the clothing line), Fox, McNeil, and Anderson. If you want to seem like a complete outsider, feel free to add “island” to the end of any of those names when referring to them in front of a native Seattleite. All five together are considered a single district, but no one ever really cares because Bainbridge runs the show thanks to their overwhelming population advantage and the unfair rules of democracy. Also, no one cares because anyone who calls the islands home would prefer their islands to have nothing to do with anything involving Metroplex politics. Even the politicians. This “outremer” attitude is the closest thing to a single connective principle for the islands.

The islands saw extensive growth during the beginnings of the metroplex after the United States was shattered. Refugees poured into Seattle and many were sent to the islands, assigned to government development teams, and set to build them up. The process gave them something to do, though their lack of skill meant it wasn’t done well, and their lack of money meant a failure in the local economy. The islands were too far and expensive to commute from for the refugees and while the construction was shoddy the distance attracted the rich and pushed the cost of living out of reach. Each island reacted a bit differently, and this is where I’ll split my words between the islands, as they grew much of their identities after this point.

BAINBRIDGE ISLAND

Bainbridge is one of those islands connected by a bridge to the Salish-Shidhe Council, but unlike its connected companion it has not become a refuge for NANophiles within the metroplex. Rather, Bainbridge has flourished, especially in recent years. In 2074, with the approaching Olympic games, Mitsuhamas cast

their eye upon the quiet suburban island. In only four short years Bainbridge has grown massive towers from which VTOLs and helicopters take off and land like bees in a busy hive to move the upper-echelon members of Seattle’s corporate, government, criminal, and social sets back and forth to the mainland metroplex.

The citizens of Bainbridge were already self-isolating and elitist to an extreme. They considered the island their own private nation, where they are safe from the filthy hordes of the metroplex, a viewpoint MCT played off of as they built the eastern coast of the island up towards the sky. Bainbridge is, in essence, a series of corporate housing facilities that offer exclusive clientele a place to live, high above and far away from the unwashed masses. Their towers are self-contained with everything one needs to live life without ever going below the sixth floor. Below the sixth is where the labor force toils away to keep those above them happy and content. Skywalks allow some access between buildings, but security checkpoints are common where megacorporate borders are being crossed.

The towers are located along the first kilometer or so of the east coast, facing Downtown, but the urban realm stretches out west for another kilometer with ever-smaller buildings until it runs into the meandering suburbs and wild stretches of nature along the western coast facing the Salish-Shidhe lands. While thought of now for its urban towers, more of the island still belongs to nature than man.

- More ground-level territory, but if you were to spread the square meterage of the towers out over the island, it wouldn’t fit. Also, don’t let the wilds fool you. Sat views will show you little circle clearings that are landing spots for VTOLs and helos from the towers. The urbanites love to be flown out to nature. And then flown back to safety.
- Turbo Bunny

SPECIAL OCCASIONS

There is no one time of year more special than any other on Bainbridge. Everyone here thinks every day they grace the planet with their presence is special. Parties and galas can be found in the towers every night of the weekends and out in the sprawls the locals are too busy trying to erase their pain with BTLs and drugs to gather for special occasions.

- I want to refute this so bad, but there’s nothing. Traditions from the island died off years ago and no one cares to bring them back. I will say the yearly Bainbridge Ball, held at Central Tower, located





out on the edge of Skiff Point, on the first Saturday of July, is the place to be that day, but it's only for Bainbridge towers residents and their guests.

- Sounder
- I got a job during that once. The tight security made the Johnson feel safe. Funny he didn't realize that if he could get passes for four non-Bainer thugs, so could anyone else.
- Sticks

CRIME SCENE

The underworld here consists of one group and one group only: the Yakuza. Pulled in and protected by Mitsuhama, which owns several of the towers, the Yakuza supply the towers and the slums with whatever illicit, illegal, or immoral bit they desire. Tario Matuki is the local wakagashira and he runs the island with a unique twist on tradition. Members of his branch live according to their status. Tario has his home on the 99th floor of Manitou Tower. His shategashira all have homes between the 98th and 70th floors of various towers. His wakegashira-hosa all live between the 69th and 10th floors, while the kumi-in are allowed to live no higher than the 49th and must prove their worth if they choose a home higher than a wakegashira-hosa. The system leads to a lot of infighting and frequent moves, but those who wish to rise live very simple lives until they reach their goal.

- All of the Yaks live in the towers, but many stay out in the sprawls frequently to run their many businesses on the island. A lot of Yakuza money is laundered through Bainbridge.
- DangerSensei

WHERE TO SHOP

The "where" isn't as important as the "what,"—or more precisely, the brand. MCT is all over this island. Any and everything that MCT produces can be bought here. If you have a solid SIN, hit up the MCT Direct shops located all over the towers and in the sprawl. You can hit up their Matrix shop, but it's not the same as stepping into a world of perfect product integration. If your SIN isn't so great, or non-existent, the Yakuza have access to all the best MCT merchandise straight from the warehouse.

- I hate megacorps. Clarifying up front. The MCT Direct experience is amazing. You walk in and they immediately start helping you set up an entire interconnected network of products that all work

OUTREMER AT A GLANCE

Population: 103,000

- Human: 42%
- Elf: 30%
- Dwarf: 5%
- Ork: 20%
- Troll: 2%
- Other: 1%

Population Density: 484 per square kilometer

Per Capita Income: 72,000¥

Corporate-Affiliated Population: 74%

Education:

- Less Than 12 Years: 21%
- High School Equivalency: 41%
- College Equivalency: 23%
- Advanced Degrees and Certificates: 15%

seamlessly together. It has got to be one of the best ways to promote brand loyalty I have ever seen.

- Tigger

WHERE TO SQUAT

Bainbridge has two major sets of squat spots: the sprawl and the towers. I can hear people pointing out that those are the only two environments on the island besides the wilds, but that's kind of the point. Bainbridge has safehouses for rent like most sprawls have Stuffer Shacks—about one on every corner. Out in the sprawls, the safehouses vary from garden apartments to shipping containers in abandoned warehouses. For a quiet little place to hide out, get in touch with Kappa, a local fixer with solid Yak connections. Up in the towers you need to connect with one of Matuki's men, who will get you in touch with The Landlord. The Landlord is the local codename for the hacker who handles property ownership data and site security and can get you a spot in almost any tower on the island, both long- and short-term.

- Puget Poet didn't state the obvious, but I will: Don't be on the run from the Yaks and hide out here.
- Mihoshi Oni



- Puget Poet did that on purpose. If you can get straight in with Kappa or The Landlord, you can get a place to hide from the Yaks here. As long as you stay inside and don't wander around in a place crawling with Yaks, you can hide right under their noses.
- Mika
- The Finnigans love coming after people on Bainbridge and making a ruckus for the Yaks. The only thing keeping Bainbridge in the Yaks' pocket is the lack of competition, which means opportunities for enterprising individuals who are willing to take the risk. The Finnigans have been supporting small-timers on Bainbridge for years, hoping one will get enough success to get them a foothold.
- Fianchetto

YOU WON'T FIND THIS ELSEWHERE

The Tunnel is a new success that is taking advantage of an old failure. Back in the '20s, as refugees flooded in and the islands started developing, the Metroplex had a bright idea to create a tunnel system that would run between the islands. The project intended to create a superhighway and mass transit rail system that ran from Bainbridge to Anderson. Using some new digging tech from a growing Saeder-Krupp, all of the tunnels were excavated. The new digging tech was quite expensive and the budget needed to be trimmed elsewhere, so unskilled laborers were hired to complete the work of shoring the tunnels and building the road and rail track. Since the tunnels ran down and under the waters between the islands, there was some serious engineering put into the plans, and while the team leaders could read and explain them until they were blue in the face, the workers' execution was fair at best. Within a week of the tunnel system opening, a series of factors ranging from water seepage to rail buckling shut the project down. An investigation revealed anti-UCASian elements, supported by the NAN, sabotaging the project from within, yet none of the dozens of highly active groups took credit for the effort.

The tunnels are still present but only passable on foot (usually with a little swimming involved), but a rather daring entrepreneur decided to rent the end of the Bainbridge tunnel from the Metroplex and build a nightclub now known as The Tunnel. As nightclubs go, it's one of the largest, going back into the tunnel over two hundred meters, with a lot of that space used to reinforce the structure and hold machinery used to keep the club dry.

- There are tunnels between every island and all of them are passable—you just need the right ride. Smugglers use them to move and hide product a lot these days. Rumor has it one of those smugglers even has a train car turned into a nice little pad in one of them.
- Sounder

OPPOSITION REPORT

Mitsuhamas are all over Bainbridge, and now that they're top dog, they're making sure everyone knows it by slapping their name on everything that's theirs. They're also keeping all of

their security in-house. Zomitsu Tower is home to a trio of MCT fast-response units that deal with problems all over the city but like to practice on Bainbridge.

Because of the amount of extraterritorial property on the island, the local Knight Errant precinct is small. This means they have gotten very good at herding their quarry onto MCT property and letting their Zero Zones take care of the rest.

- Don't forget the Yakuza. They take care of their own security and help deal with MCT problems that step out of the Zero Zone.
- Mika
- Some interesting work is happening on Bainbridge. The local pawns are hiring folks like us to deal with some Yakuza trouble. Seems their little precinct got pushed a little too far, and they need to re-establish some authority.
- Stone

HELP WANTED

Kappa not only helps people find nice comfy beds to sleep in, he also contracts work on Bainbridge and further out. Meets will usually bring you to the island, but ninety percent of the work is elsewhere. You'll probably be doing some kind of work for the Yakuza, just in case you worry a lot about who's giving you nuyen.

- Lance Gable is the man to know if you want to make nice with the local cops. He runs a pawn shop where cops dump off little bits here and there for some extra cash on the side. They've been using him for years as a fixer, and you can always tell when there's a meet going down because the streets near his place, Best Pawn in Town, are suddenly crawling with unmarked cruisers.
- Stone

VASHON ISLAND

Vashon is the most well-known island in Outremer, at least in name recognition, thanks to the fashion line. Problem is, if you ask anyone where Vashon Island is, most have no clue it's in Seattle. Those who *do* know where it is fall into two categories; geography buffs and rich corporate executives who enjoy the retreats. I don't include the locals because they won't talk to you about it. They just look down their noses and scoff at your ignorance.

It's actually the biggest island in Outremer. It was closing the gap for most populous until Bainbridge got their MCT influx. Vashon is still number one in property value and rich stiffs per square kilometer. It actually doesn't even have a real service population. The servants for the rich suits are paid more than most regular folks, and all of the menial work is handled via drones. The riggers behind those make some buku corporate scrip.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS

Fashion Week times four! Vashon has their own Fashion Week celebrations held just before each seasonal line of clothing is released. The spring launch is in the first week of February,



summer in May, fall in August, and winter in November. Each one is a week-long event for the “Vashonistas,” as well as fashion designers, wannabe designers, manufacturers, and rich corporate trophy wives (and mistresses).

- There’s at least one cat fight each year as some corporate sleazebag’s two worlds come colliding together during Fashion Week. It’s also a great place to get some dirt on those corporate sleazebags as they buy goodies for their side butts while the wife is back at home.
- Clockwork

CRIME SCENE

The most common criminals on Vashon are corporate embezzlers. The crime scene here is relatively dull in terms of organized crimes and gangs. The Finnigans have a few gambling parlors located in downtown Vashon. The Yakuza have some high-end bunraku houses where they dress the dolls in the latest fashions. The Yellow Lotus Triad operates several entertainment centers where drugs, chips, and joytoys can be enjoyed, most located in the southern patch of urban comfort near Camp Sealth. Most of the rest of the island is suburban, nature preserve, or corporate facility. The Finnigans and the Triad focus most of their activity around downtown Vashon and Camp Sealth, while the Yakuza actually does a brisk business dealing with many of the corporate wageslaves that work for Shiawase at their research facility.

- Those Yakuza bunraku parlors provide offsite services. Blended in with the Cherry Blossom Confidante service, offered by Personal Assistants Inc., customers can order a personal assistant who is quite a bit more and works by the hour.
- Thorn
- A great way to get some insider info on local corporate secrets if you can hack a backdoor into their wetware.
- Glitch
- There’s an innuendo in <0.01 Mp deleted>
- Slamm-0!
- Don’t.
- Glitch

WHERE TO SHOP

I’d be remiss if I didn’t mention the **Vashon Island storefront**. Here you can get any piece of the Vashon Island line custom-tailored to your exact measurements, all taken while you relax within their five-star spa. Folks like us can get a spot for the right size “privacy donation” (usually about ten to twenty percent of the product cost). This is important, especially with the new “SINitiative” and how rare quality fakes are becoming.

- Vashon knows who they make those armored specialty lines for, and it isn’t the rich simstars. They make them for runners with a sense of flair.
- Diamond Gun

- Poor kid. Do you really think that? We’re a minute population. They make those lines for all the wannabes and hangers-on who want to spend their corp scrip to look street. No one cares about us, or our relatively meager discretionary spending.
- Stone
- No offense, old-timer, but the SINless aren’t a minute population, and honestly, neither are runners. We just don’t socialize well. We have the numbers to be a true force of change—we just can’t get along well enough to really manage it. Too busy shooting folks in the face for money.
- Diamond Gun

Vashon does not have a monopoly on the fashion market, meaning there are also other shops here on Vashon Island for most of the other major brands. Ares has storefronts in downtown Vashon as well as by Camp Sealth. Armanté, Zoé, and Mortimer of London all have storefronts as well. I’m not as well versed, but I’ve heard rumors they take private appointments just like Vashon Island.

- During the various Fashion Weeks, these stores are common targets for runners. Jobs against these spots are usually failures since security is tight and smart runners know something about remote access, but it happens all the time.
- Stone
- Some of those attacks are distractions.
- Mika
- Speaking from experience?
- Ma’fan
- I don’t run and tell.
- Mika

WHERE TO SQUAT

The only place on Vashon you can go to squat and not have someone know you are there is the preserves. Grab a tent, head into the woods, and don’t get spotted by any of the forest patrol drones, aerial surveillance, or ... come to think of it, there is nowhere on Vashon to hide. Someone will always know. Safehouses and secondary dosses are available, but somewhere, someone is going to have you on their registry. Be it a fake SIN or just a codename, your presence is kept track of on Vashon.

With a facility on the island, Shiawase does have several of their own corporate safehouses. These are the places Shiawase execs can take their little slice of pie on the side; rising execs or scientists can be rewarded with a little R&R; falling execs or scientists with thoughts of departure can be snatched and spend a little time on the run to show them how good they really have it; or newly acquired assets can be kept until the heat dies down enough to move them over to the actual facility.

- The Finnigans had five places here until the Yakuza came along and cleared them all out. Burnt down three and left the last two so



riddled in bullet holes they collapsed. This at the same time they started expanding their operations on the island.

- Mihoshi Oni

YOU WON'T FIND THIS ELSEWHERE

Shiawase has one of their oldest cybernetics facilities in the metroplex on this island. At one time, this place was *the* runner hotspot, with almost daily runs to try to get their hands on the newest tech. Shiawase still has thousands of corporate citizens on Vashon who work at or are affiliated with the facility, and those corp wageslaves pour tons of nuyen into the local economy.

- This goes to show how good Shiawase's anti-intel structure has gotten. That facility is still operating light years past the cutting edge on new cyber and biotech. They just keep their work quiet.
- Fianchetto

The Island Tunnel Transit System, as mentioned back in the Bainbridge section, actually has a little history on Vashon. Since they were already making a rapid transit system using bedrock drilling, Vashon thought it would be nice to add an offshoot that cuts over to Maury Island, which is connected to Vashon and technically part of it. This little piece of the tunnel system actually worked, and it has seen extensive development since. In the late '60s, Aqua Arcana and Noble Development started developing some underwater venues, linked to the ITT system. There is currently a mall, four restaurants, a nightclub, and three bars in the system.

- Along with two research facilities. The entertainment stuff is to cover for people and products moving in and out.
- Butch

Vashon's ends of the standard tunnel project, one up on Point Vashon and the other down south, are both monitored by the Metroplex Guard. They run occasional training exercises in them, which helps remove any squatters who have somehow managed to sneak down into the tunnels.

- There's supposedly something worse than squatters in the south tunnel. The MG has been actively monitoring the entrance and preventing anyone from going in. Folks originally thought it was to cut off smuggling, but few smugglers use that tunnel since Camp Sealth is right there and the SSC is so close.
- Sounder
- The Point Vashon tunnel gets more smugglers. It's also rumored to have a connection to Blake Island.
- Turbo Bunny
- Speaking of Blake Island, is it part of Outremer?
- Goatfoot
- Blake Island was wholly owned by the UCAS government, and therefore the Metroplex government, up until 2074. Late in that year, the Metroplex sold the island to an investor to raise

money for Olympic construction. I don't know who the new owner is, but I know that people who go to the island to find out don't usually return.

- Kane
- It has no official residents, as it was a state park, so it isn't considered part of any district.
- Sounder
- I'm a newb, and I know no one will listen to me, but I was out near Blake on a babysitting job. I was keeping watch when I saw a big heat signature on thermal fly in low and land. I swear it was a dragon. Western. Big too.
- Longshot
- Seattle has two in residence already. Could be one of them.
- Sounder
- It is not.
- Orange Queen

OPPOSITION REPORT

Vashon has one Knight Errant precinct in Vashon proper, near the center of the island. It's quite a bit of ground to cover but the southern end of the island gets regular military patrols and they keep tight security around Camp Sealth. Knight Errant does have backup nearby. The corporation uses a defunct sand and gravel quarry on Maury as a training facility.

- The pawns train FireWatch teams at the quarry, in particular in the numerous caverns that have been dug out the side. They also train drone and VTOL pilots on operating in a confined space.
- Sticks

Camp Sealth was a kids summer camp up until the late '50s when the Metroplex Government took back the land, citing eminent domain based on the proximity of Camp Sealth to Salish-Shidhe lands. To keep the image of a summer camp rolling, the government started using the facility as a youth military training facility. It had steady growth until Brackhaven took office, when all of a sudden the enrollment numbers skyrocketed. The new recruits were all human. While in office Brackhaven has been training his own little Aryan youth army out at the camp.

HELP WANTED

Trinity West, Dulcimer, and Kinja Shotoro are the best sources of work on Vashon.

Trinity has set herself up as the fixer queen of Vashon. She runs all her operations out of a tiny boutique store called Trinity's Closet. The place is smaller than most of her customer's closets, but that's just the show floor. She chose the spot because of what's underneath. A sliding panel in the back reveals a staircase down to a small club. She doesn't run the place as a club, but she uses the space for private meetings.

- The wards on this place are like nothing I've ever seen.
- Goatfoot



Dulcimer operates out of a house at the end of SW Quartermaster Drive. It's right on the neck between Vashon and Maury. He's known to have boats nearby on both sides of the neck and up and down the shore. His paranoia is rivaled only by his skill in getting his hands on high-end tech, and his deck stuffed with incredibly valuable paydata.

- Dulcimer is also quite the rigger. He's kind of an electronics-savant. Wiz with tech, drek with personal skills.
- Sounder

Kinja is a Shiawase company man, but don't hold that against him. He acts as the front man for the megas and likes to work from the island. He uses the local atmosphere as a test on the runners. If you're strolling around Vashon like a bunch of two-bit thugs or trideo runners, he'll peg you for rank amateurs and either lowball the pay or send you on your way.

- Kinja has been known to send runners who really stick out on drek runs. Gigs that are likely to get them killed with no chance of success because the end target never existed in the first place.
- Mihoshi Oni

FOX ISLAND

The tribal troubles of Fox Island are back on the rise after a few decades of semi-stability. The lack of a ratified Treaty of Denver and this island's turbulent history are causing a stir. Locals have always had sympathies with the NAN. Even those Anglos who were displaced here when the NAN formed never seemed to harbor the bitterness that other displaced citizens did. Since then, Fox has developed as probably the most NAN-friendly area of the Metroplex. Migrant workers from the SSC come across the Fox Island Bridge on a daily basis, and having a local address makes movement across the border much easier.

- Don't try a dummy SIN with a local address. The border guys know just about everyone on the island. They'll make quick work of exposing your SIN as bogus if you have the same address as Mr. Jones, who heads over into the SSC every week for his horticulture supplies.
- Stone
- NAN-friendly is putting it mildly. While there are some Seattleites on Fox who like being part of the Metroplex, most would find it much easier if Fox just went over to the NAN. With the Treaty up in the air, that's a serious possibility that comes with a lot of job opportunities.
- Mika
- Be careful visiting and working there. The NAN-exaction movement is turning more and more violent.
- Lyran

SPECIAL OCCASIONS

Though the majority of the population is Anglo, the local festivals and celebrations tend to follow the native Salish tradi-

tions. As such, they have two main forms of celebrations—the First Foods and Potlatch—which are held at different times throughout the year, depending on current events. There are three traditional First Foods Festivals on Fox. The **Planting** festival is held in mid- to late spring (depending on weather and the divinations of the local shamans) and is intended to sow the land with great spirit energy for the coming crops. The **Fall-ing Apple** festival celebrates the apple harvest on Fox Island and occurs when the first ripe apple falls from the First Tree in the Sacred Orchard. The **Fisher's Fortune** festival is held in mid summer, again at the divining discretion of the local shamans. It's intended to bring great bounty to the fisherman for the season. The main events of the festival involve tossing fish bones that have been collected throughout the year back into the waterways.

- These fests are nothing to joke about. The locals, while Anglo as can be, are serious about these things. Outsiders have been known to stage things in their benefit by hiring runners to encourage the local shamans or help the first apple fall, and the local backlash has come awfully close to being fatal.
- Mika

Fox Island Potlatch events are intended to celebrate major life events such as births, coming of age, marriage, the building of a house (though buying is now the standard), and death. The event is meant to boost one's social status through bestowing gifts on the guests. The more important the status of the guest, the more lavish the gift. While this seems like a totally legit way to buy friends for most of us in the shadows, these gifts are often so lavish the person giving them away is destitute by the time they're done. Thing is, they now have so much social status, they don't stay down for long. You will find several of these parties going on each weekend, so keep an eye on the social nets if you're running on Fox to make sure you won't get jammed up near one of these.

- Extra security is often hired, as several gangs on Fox have taken to playing Robin Hood, minus the part about giving to the poor. The Sly Devils and Revving Injuns are both well known for hitting these parties to take the goodies for themselves.
- Mika

CRIME SCENE

As one would expect on an island with a strong Native leaning, their criminal organizations tend to match. The leading organized crime syndicate on the island is the Koshari. They've pushed in from the SSC, and none of the other syndicates consider Fox valuable enough to make a go of it.

Some of the smugglers who use their Native blood and mixed connections will occasionally bridge the gap between the Koshari and the Mafia or Yakuza, but it's a dangerous game. SSC border guards who have been paid off by the Koshari or have direct connections aren't likely to let things slip past if they know the goods have ties to some other organization.

Though their screamsheet moniker may make them sound like an AAA-League baseball team, the Puget Pirates have been making a name for themselves over the past few years after





they came on the scene during the Olympics ramp-up. Basically a go-gang on the water, the Puget Pirates are known to come ashore frequently on Fox. The entire group has Native blood and they also duck back into the SSC when they feel the heat in the Emerald City is too high.

- The pirates may seem like a go-gang, but they're really just Koshari smugglers with a different M.O.
- Rigger X
- They may do some work for the Koshari, but they aren't part of the organization. Check in with Freddie Two-Crows at Manitou Spirits on Fox. He can usually dig up some current events info for the right price.
- Mika

The last, but really largest, criminal nuisance on Fox are the Native gangs. The First Nations, Sly Devils, and Revving Injuns all operate on Fox and across the border in the SSC. The FN have a nice little chunk of turf near the Fox Bridge

where they run a few gambling dens and some herb shops. Their income is heavily supplemented by "taxing" smuggling that moves across the border over the bridge. They have a nose for valuable shipments, and if the tax isn't paid they usually just take the goods.

Opposing the FN are the Sly Devils. Their logo is an awesome amalgam of modern and Native, using a traditional native fox design with the addition of tribal devil horns, all done in silver and matte black. While the FN work the bridge, the SD control the docks. There aren't many real docks on the island, but the Sly Devils run all but the ones near the bridge. They have an unpleasant reputation as flesh peddlers, but stay clear of local authorities by avoiding trafficking in Natives.

- Actually, they stay clear by providing flesh for free to the local law.
- Sounder
- The SD have strong connections to the Puget Pirates. I've seen members drinking together at the harbor bars.
- Diamond Gun



Last of the local Fox Island gangs is the Revving Injuns. They're a go-gang with a lot of anger issues that they take out on anyone they don't think is Native enough. Their general style comes off as a cross between the Ancients and the Halloweeners. They're highly mobile and favor Thundercloud and Horizon-Doble bikes over faster racing bikes and most of them wear "warpaint" that is far more artistic than the classic lines. Their current leader, Kerrigan "Mustang" Blue-River-Deer, has strong connections to Warpath, and the gang has been pressing for the NAN to annex Fox now that the Treaty is defunct.

- These guys are a common sight rolling heavy across not only the Fox Island Bridge, but also the Tacoma Narrows Bridge that crosses from Gig Harbor in the the SSC into Tacoma.
- 2XL

WHERE TO SHOP

The place to know on Fox is **Grandma Caribou's Medicine Shop**. Most people on Fox know it as the place to get the best herbal remedies available, all imported from genuine NAN shamans. Alongside these herbs come shipments of rare reagents, well-crafted foci, and innovative spell formulae, all with a remarkably hazy paper trail.

- Grandma Caribou is a front for Koshari talisleggers. They run high-end Native goods through smugglers, legitimate dealers, and shadowrunners, into her shop, and she sells it out into the black market. Her connections are also good for getting anything you need, magical or not, up from anywhere in the NAN.
- Mika

WHERE TO SQUAT

Fox has all the usual types of spots for a runner to lie low if they have an in with the Koshari. Unique to Fox is a place called the **East Wall**. It was once one of the premier scuba diving sites in the Puget Sound. Geological events, most around the time of the Great Ghost Dance, caused some uplifting that exposed several caves and canyon fissures along the eastern coast of the island. These spots have become common duck-ins for riggers looking to lie low and several have taken to offering guide services for runners looking for a quiet spot to hide from authorities.

- Beware the pirates. They use these spots as well and most follow the classic pirate adage of "No Banter, No Barter, No Quarter."
- Kane

YOU WON'T FIND THIS ELSEWHERE

Thanks to the traditions and celebrations of the locals, the astral aspect of all of Fox Island has been shifted in favor of shamans. Due to this, Fox Island has a quiet patch of wooded land near its center that most would think is little more than a private preserve. Signs warn trespassers that it is private property and only authorized personnel are allowed, but they don't in-

dicating the true dangers of stepping into what locals refer to as "**The Forest Lodge**." This land belongs to a local collective of shamans. They don't have a name and refuse to be considered a magical society. They are simply a community of shamans trying to help each other. The Forest Lodge is a patch of land where any shaman can build a temporary lodge. The aspect of mana makes lodges here far more potent, meaning space and time here is highly coveted. The entire place is patrolled by spirits that have little time for polite trivialities. They ask a question—if you know the answer, you belong; if you don't, you're removed.

The **Metroplex Tunnel Project** was meant to connect Anderson, McNeil, and Fox to the mainland as well as their northern fellows. The residents of Fox were extremely opposed. They didn't want to be connected to the prison colony or, even worse in their eyes, the mainland. The project got as far as constructing a dig site, but constant delays prevented that from getting anywhere.

- That's a sham. There's tunnels. They just stopped saying they were doing it and started working underground. After the project was canceled, the tunnels were left. What occupies them now is anyone's guess.
- Sounder

OPPOSITION REPORT

Fox has such a close relationship with the NAN that almost every private security contract is held by Eagle Security. Knight Errant still operates the city contract, but their single station is really just for show. In fact, officers assigned to Fox are the company's near retirees. Since the work is so easy, they send all the old-timers here.

- Having a precinct full of geriatrics may sound like an ideal situation for a runner in his prime, but remember, they somehow survived the streets this long. You might get away clear, but they've got a lot of detectives with nothing to do with their time but solve cases. And they'll happily call in the youngsters to do the grunt work.
- Stone

HELP WANTED

If you want to work on Fox, you need to be Amerind friendly, and you need to talk to Sasequah. She operates out of Tribal Knot, a popular nightclub near the bridge. Her usual gigs on Fox are heavy on the data brokering and light on the violence, but that's just because she doesn't want to kick the hornet's nest right over her front door. When she brokers work off the island, it's not so pretty.

- Covalent also operates on Fox. He runs meets out of an old mansion on Pilchuck Heights that lost its great beachfront location when the island rose. The place is in shambles and no one knows if Covalent actually lives there but he treats the place with a strangely reverent level of respect. He offers the full spectrum of runs and doesn't give a whit whether you like Natives or not.
- Butch



- Do a little digging on that mansion. You'll find the results quite interesting.
- Slamm-0!

MCNEIL ISLAND

McNeil has been known for one thing and one thing only for the bulk of its American history: a prison. Founded in 1875, the prison was the only thing on the island for decades. They eventually added the Annex, a minimum security prison for those about to be released. Both are still in operation, run by Lone Star, but in the 2020s they gained some neighbors. The Metroplex needed more space for refugees after the Treaty of Denver and McNeil gained some non-felonious residents. Prisoners were used as labor to construct a small town on the jut of land east of Still Harbor that they named Reflection. The small town has grown to about two thousand residents, and another small town, Reflection's Edge, has grown up just outside the wall. Oh, wait, I'm sorry I forget to mention that. Reflection built a wall to cut off their little patch of land just in case the prisoners all escaped and came after them. Ridiculous, but it made them feel better.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS

Spring sees the largest number of prisoner releases, so that time of year is big around the two prisons. The Annex has ferries running prisoners back to the mainland, while the main prison has transports moving inmates over to the Annex on a daily basis.

In Reflection, they hold the **McNeil Regattas** in July and August. These are a series of highly popular boat races that circle the island, including everything from powerboat races that involve several laps around the island to rowing crews fighting currents to make the single loop.

- Prisoners at the Annex love racing season. They get to watch part of the races, and there's plenty of betting that goes on as the boats pass. Guards can make a nice percentage on the wagers if they're willing to bring in info on the winners.
- Fianchetto
- They can get even fatter pockets if they bring back the right results.
- Sticks

CRIME SCENE

Reflection has a small crime scene—mostly drugs, gambling, BTLs, and flesh-peddling—run by Nick “The Surgeon” Sasso. Sasso earned his name not by being a precision street thug but by actually being a neurosurgeon. His keen intellect helped him rise quickly to the top of the Finnigan family's operations on the island after a bar brawl left him with permanent nerve damage in his hands. His actions saved Eterina O'Malley and introduced him to the family. He deals with issues on the island in the exact same way he dealt with tumors in the brain: He cuts them out with precision.

- Sasso's top enforcer, Colette “Gillette” Kinsella, does most of his precision cutting. She's a street sam with some bleeding-edge neurowires thanks to Sasso's still-brilliant mind and the deep pockets and connections of the Finnigans.
- Butch
- It's important to point out that not a lot of violent crime occurs on an island where most of the residents are Lone Star Correctional staff. The stuff that *does* happen is often perpetrated by those officers and therefore covered up by the Star.
- Stone
- Another important point: Most of McNeil is owned or leased by Lone Star and therefore considered extraterritorial. The prison grounds themselves are considered UCAS property, but all of the support facilities and houses are built on LSCS property.
- 2XL

WHERE TO SHOP

Custom arms manufacturer—or should I say artist—Phoenix, of **Phoenix Arms**, set up shop on McNeil in 2057. He runs his entire operation, including all of his manufacturing, which is done by hand, from his shop on Gertrude Island in Still Harbor. How he gained ownership of the island is shrouded in mystery that likely involves some kind of shadowy past, but no one seems to know who he was. He sells his custom arms via the Matrix and a small shop built onto a houseboat that he brings over to Reflection about once a week.

- Phoenix is special, but don't forget about Catsiera. She has a small farm on the west side of the island where she grows a variety of crops, several of which are not entirely legal but are very well maintained and processed. She brings them over to Reflection every few weeks, and you can feel the pulse of the town based on the proximity to her last visit.
- Kat o' NineTales
- Cat has been a common pit stop for cons trying to escape, but none have managed to get by once they step into her web. Literally. She's a spider shaman who very sweetly offers escapees a little herbal relaxation, from which they recover in the prison infirmary. I don't know why any prisoner still goes there, but they keep doing it.
- Frosty

WHERE TO SQUAT

Reflection's Edge is the best bet for a runner trying to lie low. The UCAS operates several safe houses that they use for prisoner transport or important witnesses. When they aren't in use, the local Feds don't mind pocketing a little extra cash by handing over an address. Gaining entry is up to the runner, but a decent hacker can get you in with no problem.

Inside Reflection, Sasso offers short-term accommodations as long as the heat is low. The pads are nice too. He has a dozen different high-rise buildings where he keeps the “for sale” AROs



up on upper-floor condos. They're great for hosting parties, meetings, and runners on the lam.

YOU WON'T FIND THIS ELSEWHERE

Even though McNeil is still mostly a prison, the **Metroplex Tunnel Project** was trying to connect it with the other islands of Outremer. Though security was a concern, the island's residents, and Lone Star, were all for the project as it would mean increased revenue and easier travel to and from the prison. McNeil had two big obstacles, though they were quite willing to do the extra work needed to overcome them. First, their neighbor to the north was not near as keen on the idea, and the tunnel on Fox suffered repeated delays. Second, the portion of the Puget Sound between McNeil and Fox is deep.

The first issue they could do nothing about, but the second they went ahead and started to solve while waiting for Fox Island to get its shit together. The **McNeil North Tunnel** entry looks a lot like an entrance to an underground parking garage. It leads into a spiraling underground tunnel with a five-hundred-meter diameter that goes down thirty meters before entering the tunnel under the Carr Inlet headed straight for the southern tip of Fox. The tunnel was never opened to the public and I've never been down in this one, but I have heard it connects to some of the early exploratory tunnels from Fox.

- Another place shrouded in a darkness not caused by the absence of sunlight.
- Man-of-Many-Names
- Alright newbies. Go get the scoop and your application is accepted.
- Glitch

OPPOSITION REPORT

Lone Star, Lone Star, more Lone Star, and a tiny bit of Knight Errant. The Correctional Services guys have the prisons, the private contractors have the government leased land, Reflection's Edge is government land and therefore more security services, and Knight Errant has a precinct in Reflection where they dedicate themselves to giving Lone Star a hard time.

- The waters around the island are like a daily turf war waged with wakes and buoys. Lone Star can patrol the waters because of the prisons, but Knight Errant can patrol them due to their metro security contract. It makes for an overabundance of security craft on most days.
- Kane

HELP WANTED

Sergeant Elisa Seawind works for Lone Star Corrections and contracts bounties on former guests at the facility. She keeps track of those who get out, and when they violate parole she happily directs some contractors to their most likely whereabouts. She also hires runners with company funds when someone slips the fence and they'd like to keep it quiet.

While she has little trouble handling escaped cons, Catsiera knows better than to transport her goods unprotected. She contracts with off-duty Lone Star for the legal stuff but goes with runners for the valuables. She pays decent and offers a discount if you want some for yourself or to distribute on the mainland.

- It's a good market. Her stuff is solid, and its rarity keeps the street prices high.
- Diamond Gun

ANDERSON ISLAND

Anderson is as rich as Bainbridge, as snooty as Vashon, and as isolationist as Fox, the focus being on rich old people rather than Amerinds. The island saw a housing boom in the '20s, led by the rich who wanted a place away from the rabble flooding into Seattle. Several times since (about every ten years), they have had to rebuke attempts by the metroplex to move in a suburban element. The last round of pushing was being bolstered by operations in the shadows until the shadows got way too busy with a Crash and a Matrix rebuild. They're about due for another round, and both sides are going to be lining up shadow operatives for some of the strangest domestic terrorism you might ever find yourself involved in.

- No joke. On one side, the metroplex government trying to actually expand housing opportunities. Their motives aren't totally altruistic but they really seem to be the good guys here. On the other side is a bunch of geriatric billionaires who don't want their golf courses and forests suddenly flooded by "rowdy youngsters."
- Slamm-0!

SPECIAL OCCASIONS

When you're old and rich, you have the ability to throw a lavish and ridiculous party in celebration of making it another year above the dirt. When you're surrounded by lots of other people in the same position, your goal is to make your party bigger and better than theirs. These events are what passes for special occasions on Anderson. The parties draw the who's who of Seattle society and other jet setters from around the world. A lot of wealth all in one place makes for a lot of job ops from the hosts, guests, and interested third parties.

- Galway Marnes, the self-made billionaire who invented Skippy Cuddlebucket, actually hired a runner team to crash his party and let him fight them off. No one bought the wretched acting job by the half-metal troll getting taken down by the octogenarian, but a good time was had by all.
- Fianchetto

CRIME SCENE

Shadowrunners are the crime scene on Anderson. No organized crime syndicate has bothered moving in because it's too expensive to operate and the rich oldies don't care about what's legal or not, as they have plenty of money to spend on avoiding things like that. Why I say runners are the crime scene



is because of the constant “bickering” runs that go on between the Anderson residents. I’ve talked to several different runner teams that have all stolen the same statue from the same two guys a score of times. This stuff happens so often that when a runner team is hired for a real job, they often botch it because they aren’t taking it seriously.

- The TilDawns and WireScryers are a pair of gangs operating from Anderson. The TilDawns are an HMMVV-infected gang that makes Anderson their home. Since money is not their greatest interest, they keep all of the locals at a disadvantage. Exactly what they do want is a mystery, but they have been very active around the island. The WireScryers are a Matrix gang that is getting more adjusted to the new protocols and has adapted to be more mobile. The identities of these hackers remain a mystery, but most speculate they are rich old tech tycoons looking for a little thrill playing chicken with GOD.
- 2XL
- The TilDawns basically prey off the fear of death that slowly grows with each passing day for the aging population of Anderson. The tainted offer of immortality is always there for those willing to take it.
- Lyran

WHERE TO SHOP

The whole place is a great place to buy the cast-offs of the rich. The shops all over the island are the kinds that never mention a price and you insult them by even asking. Stupid amounts of money must damage the attention span, since people here throw away their latest toys on a daily basis. Even things as large as cars. The secondhand market for these items flows through the network of employees that service the rich and help to keep the economy stable and the peasants from revolting.

WHERE TO SQUAT

While the rich aren’t keen on people moving in, they usually don’t mind a little entertaining ruffraff stopping by for a week or two before returning to their shit-filled hovels. The island has a plethora of rental properties available to those with the appropriate connections and the right amount of cash for short-term stays. While places like this are usually handled by a top-tier fixer or the local crime syndicate, these properties are all handled through Reflections Realty, a shell no one has cracked yet.

- Not worth the reward. Maybe I get some addresses or current tenants, but I’m going to make a very big enemy if I’m tagged. The ratios just aren’t there for a worthwhile hack.
- Slamm-0!

YOU WON'T FIND THIS ELSEWHERE

Anderson has several beautiful golf courses. Seriously, other than golf courses, fancy stores, and preserve land, Anderson just isn’t that exciting. Their tunnel entrance never went past

the drawing stages because the people of Anderson wanted nothing to do with McNeil. They’re rich enough to keep the rabble away.

- McNeil is already close enough that a rowboat can cover the distance. They didn’t want the tunnel because it would have meant people from even farther away could get to their little enclave.
- Kane
- Anderson holds several research facilities—nice-looking ones that still can’t disguise their basic function. The primary focus is anti-aging and rejuvenation, and the funding is shared by all the people on the island.
- Butch

OPPOSITION REPORT

The money on Anderson hires the best personal security around. The Knight Errant precinct on the island is a prime spot for pawns looking for wires, and they always have the latest toys. The locals pitch in to keep their officers on the cutting edge. On the private side, the locals hire a lot of “Security Consultants,” but jobs on the island are often just petty disputes between rich executives.

- Anderson just had six brand-new 2078 Dodge Chargers delivered to the precinct. Considering the whole island is only about seven kilometers long, it’s a bit excessive.
- Turbo Bunny

HELP WANTED

Callus and Hayley Jackson are the two most common reasons you’ll find runners on Anderson. Callus operates out of an old lighthouse near Thompson Cove. He brokers jobs for the Finigan Family and most of the AAAs in the city. The quirk is that you come to him at the lighthouse for the meet, but it helps to keep nosey parties from butting in on conversations at crowded bars.

- It’s a smart quirk. He sees you, and any other interested parties, coming klicks away. If he sees trouble, he’s been known to beat feet and just let a job go.
- Stone

Hayley Jackson contracts extra assistance for local import/export operations around the Sound. She works primarily from her boat, the OneEyed Jack, that is usually parked in the waters off the northern tip of the island, up near Yoman. She’s not a smuggler but she has a large crew of them that use her as their point person for bringing on extra support for dangerous or valuable ops.

- The OneEyed Jack is a fifteen-meter monohull, but HayJack, as we of the waters call her, runs serious motors, so don’t let the mast fool you.
- Kane



THE SEATTLE UNDERGROUND

POSTED BY: KHAN-A-SAUR

- These numbers are wrong. Not a single one of them is connected to reality. They are made of lies.
- Butch
- These are the official numbers of the ongoing census (Headcount™ — Brought to you by Renraku, “How may we serve you?”). They only count the “tame” part of the underground. You might also notice that they took ork out of the name.
- Snopes
- That’s because they’re taking the orks out and bringing the dwarfs in.
- Plan 9
- Now, now, there’s no evidence of that. The dwarfs have paperwork, after all, with deeds and claims. Renraku has no choice but to approve them and remove the squatters from unlawfully occupied spaces.
- OrkCEO
- How do you sleep at night?
- Butch
- “How about you and him fight?” Classic Renraku! They don’t need to cause a problem, they just need to shake their heads sadly, show the papers off, and say with deep regret, “I’m so sorry, there’s nothing we can do. If you want legal aid, we can provide access to our lawyers at a discount to help you fight against this, but until the court says otherwise, our hands are tied.” This directs all the hate against the dwarfs rather than the corp. By stepping in to mediate, they come out smelling like roses.
- Haze
- Part of Renraku’s work down there is to hand out SINs. Under special dispensation for the Metroplex government, they had 44,000 non-criminal SINs to give out. They’re running out, so they will either lobby the next governor for permission to generate more or will start using more criminal SINs.
- Icarus
- The Skraacha worked on a census for a couple of years in service of the Ork Rights Committee. Taking into account the entire Underground, their numbers are around 200,000 with 83 percent

UNDERGROUND AT A GLANCE

Population: 40,000

- Human: 4%
- Dwarf: 5%
- Elf: 1%
- Ork: 82%
- Troll: 7%
- Other: 1%

Population Density: (unclear due to inexact censuses and surveying)

Per-Capita Income: 13,000¥

Corporate-Affiliated Population: 7%

Education:

- Less than 12 years: 68%
- High School Equivalency: 24%
- College Degree: 6%
- Advanced Degree and Certification: 2%

ork and 8 percent troll. Oh, and 94 percent SINless, though this is before the Renraku SINs started getting distributed.

- Bull

The Ork Underground has roots dating back to Seattle’s ancient history. After the Great Seattle Fire of 1889, they decreed that new buildings must be made of fire-resistant material rather than wood. Since the city was built on a floodplain, which often, you know, flooded, they decided to lift everything by two stories as well. The lower levels of older buildings were used mostly for storage, and eventually they were just sealed off and ignored. In the late twentieth century, there was some interest in exploring them again, revealing that in the years between the undercity had been expanded by bootleggers and red-light workers, then expanded again by the city for underground transit. Some areas were refurbished and cleaned up for tourism, while most were left untouched.

- The underground was initially sealed off due to fear of disease back in 1907.
- Nephrine

When Mt. Rainier shook Seattle in 2011, the underground was closed off again for fear of collapse and poison gas pockets (poi-



son is far more dangerous than lava in an eruption, but lava gets all the airtime). Desperate people gradually opened small pathways down below, first the homeless, then the goblinized, as society turned a blind eye. “Out of sight, out of mind,” after all. In 2039, Governor Victor Allenson rounded up every metahuman in Seattle and concentrated them into camps in the warehouse districts of Tacoma and downtown. On February 7, those warehouses all went up in flame. Thankfully, the goblins down below had already opened some passages for smuggling supplies up; those passages were then used to get thousands of people to safety. Not everyone, but a great many. If you ever wonder who’s getting burned in effigy during the Night of Rage remembrances, it’s Allenson.

- Rotting in Hell’s too good for him.
- Butch

The city woke up from the madness and most of the metahumans were brought back into society, but many couldn’t overcome the betrayal. They stayed below. Goblins and dwarfs worked together to expand the underground tunnels, shore them up, and establish places both large enough for a community to thrive and small enough to provide hiding places should they ever be needed again. They further discovered many tunnels created in the aftermath of the volcanic eruptions; science can’t explain how they came to be, but to the creators of the underground, they were a blessing no matter the source.

- Obviously magical. Similar tunnels have been found all over the world. We don’t know why or how they’re created, but we’re certain about the source.
- Ethernaut
- Alright Plan 9, let’s have it. Secret dragon conspiracy? Bug spirits? Immortal dwarfs?
- Snopes
- No, just reverberations along mana lines, freshly awoken earth spirits checking out the surrounding area, and good ol’ fashioned seismic activity.
- Plan 9
- I’m so confused.
- Sunshine

In the mid ’40s, there was a big falling out between the ork and dwarf communities. There’d been many arguments in the past, but the trolls had always managed to keep the peace, but this time? It was too much. The dwarfs, who’d had the majority of engineering lore and college education, gathered up for a mass exodus, turning the Seattle Underground into the Ork Underground. Details are sketchy about what caused it, but the dwarfs have carried a grudge about it ever since.

Which brings us to today. The Seattle Underground, rebranded now that it’s official, is the hottest property in the ’plex. Young artists and risk-taking investors are flocking to the area, marveling at the low cost of living and thriving local culture. Gentrification is a growing concern, but with it comes a massive overhaul of city services, with legitimate power and water lines instead of spotty, and illegal, taps. There was also work to im-

prove schools, and Renraku will soon break ground on the first hospital in the Underground’s history. Sanitation, police protection, and badly needed nuyen are flooding in.

- And orks are flooding out.
- OrkCEO
- When Prop 23 passed, making the Ork Underground an official city region, the dwarfs who’d left thirty years ago started streaming back, bringing with them documentation about ownership, hiring Hard Corps to toss hundreds of orks out of their homes. Women, children, families—it didn’t matter. Gimli Harris (third-oldest dwarf in Seattle—there are lots of first-generation names like that) is the angry face of the “Reclaimers,” driving a wedge through the heart of the Underground. They claim original ownership of great swaths of land, using strong-arm tactics to drive out the locals and establish settlements along prime territory. They claim it’s about heritage. The orks claim it’s hate.
- Sunshine
- Despite what you’ll see in corporate media, most orks down there are ordinary people, working two or three jobs, trying to raise money to raise a family in peace. They’re as worried about gang activity and crime as anyone else, but the dwarven incursion is agitating extremists to activity.
- Butch
- Of course, these counterattacks are recorded and rebroadcast by the media, who are all too happy to paint orks as violent brutes and savages. It keeps escalating and won’t end well.
- 2XL
- The Underground’s always been poor. Who’s paying for this massive level of reconstruction? Renraku has to be taking a huge loss on this one.
- Riot
- Nope! Now that the city’s made it official, Renraku’s being paid while the city runs up the debt. Brackhaven’ll be handing a giant pot of crap to any successor, and the budget crisis is being placed on the “uppity orks” rather than the corporation that’s “just doing what it was hired to do.” Telling you, those guys are artists.
- Haze

SPECIAL OCCASIONS

While **February 7** is known as the Night of Rage across Seattle, it’s the Night of Woe in the Underground. It’s a day punctuated by angry rants and powerful words, but when night falls, the whole Underground goes silent. It’s a time for families to gather, taking a quiet meal and expressing gratitude for one another. Those who have been lost are remembered, and while some families exchange gifts, most are simply content to share time. Nothing is more valuable than blood.

There’s a movement to create a holiday around the passage of Prop 23, but it’s tied to election season. There’ll likely be a decision made about exactly when “**Recognition Day**” will be placed on the calendar, and soon.



CRIME SCENE

For the most part, there's a guideline for criminals operating in the Underground ... "Take from above, not below." Ork-on-ork crime is shameful, with theft being seen as particularly bad; every ork knows what it's like to go to bed hungry, but forcing your kin to suffer that way is just cruel. Violence, by contrast, isn't as frowned upon, and many disagreements are settled with fist-cuffs or wrestling. The loser has to suck it up and shake hands when it's over, setting the issue aside and keeping the community whole. People on the surface are free game, however, and getting away with crime on the surface is a mark of pride for those born below. Smuggling is the primary "undercrime," with several pathways from the Cascade Ork to the Underground providing supplies, weapons, and drugs, the latter of which are marked up and passed on to Seattle proper. Unfortunately, there are leaks in every pipeline, and drugs, and to a lesser extent BTLs, continue to be a blight on the community.

The Mafia, the Triads, and the Yakuza have all failed to make headway into the Underground, but the Seoulpa Rings did quite well, bringing badly needed technical knowledge along with an acceptance of goblins. The Skraacha (Or'zet for Scorchers) are by far the largest gang, filling a role akin to an ethnic mafia, providing protection and foot soldiers to defend the community while preying on outsiders. The Bot'Kham are the next-largest, formed more of predators than protectors; they're the leading edge of resistance to the Seattleites that are invading the new district. Beyond this, there are dozens of small gangs scattered all across under-Seattle.

WHERE TO SHOP

The **Tourist Highway** is *the* place to shop down here and, in many ways, it's the heart of the Underground. Running from the primary Seattle Underground entrance in Lordstrung's Department Store's basement to the secondary entrance beneath the Big Rhino, the Tourist Highway is lined with small shops and individual craftsmen, with the great mass of metahumanity pushing through like rush hour in Mumbai. Where the north-south passage crosses with an east-west junction, you'll find The Biz.

- Originally "The Bizare," because the founder didn't know how to spell "bazaar," it was shortened to "The Biz" within a week.
- Butch

Full of open-air stalls, street vendors, and craftsmen, you never know what's going to be hawked at **The Biz**. Food, clothing, and pottery are always to be found, but beyond that, it changes every day. A common theme is recycling, as underground residents gather up castoff goods from the surface, repair them, and put them to brand new uses.

- I'm always amazed at how they can take old commlinks and make new(ish) cyberdecks out of them. Oh, they're not great, or even good, but that they're workable at all is miraculous.
- Hannibelle
- I need to talk about fashion for a moment. Society as a whole draws from ork culture on a regular basis (culminating in Orksploitation from a decade plus ago), but the orks, in turn, draw from our old

throwaways. The big trend down there is clothing from twenty-five years ago, as young orks find grandpa's old clothes, dust 'em off, and make 'em look *good*. Cowboy hats and dusters, high hair and facepaint, and if you aren't sporting at least three buttons, you're not even worth the time to talk to. Renraku coolhunters have taken note and I expect this year's fashion lines to be a big callback to the '50s.

- Plan 9
- Hey Bull! You're gonna be back in fashion, chummer!
- Slamm-0!
- The classics never go out of style, Fred.
- Bull
- The Highway is huge, just over a kilometer long and between thirty and forty meters wide along the entire path. It's mostly foot traffic, with a handful of bikes and even fewer mopeds, with most of those being TukTuks for cargo transport. With the arrival of topsiders, many of these are being converted into two-passenger models since there's no way to get a car down there. Ugh, walking.
- Turbo Bunny

WHERE TO SQUAT

The Tourist Highway is the only place you'll find anything akin to a traditional hotel, but they're all recent conversions and terribly over-priced. Traditionally, a family would take you in for a day as a favor and you'd be expected to pay the debt off somehow; the Underground operates on a lot more barter than an exchange of cash. This kind of thing was only extended to trusted people, of course, but there are always those who are mercenary enough to bring you in for nuyen. Keep in mind, these places are family dwellings, with a dozen orks squeezed into a three-meter-by-three-meter home where you get to curl up in a corner, not a room at the Carlton.

- This is as good a place as any to note that the Underground has no tall buildings as there's no room to go up. But down? Big buildings down here start at the ground floor, then count down. There aren't many deeper than two or three basements, but even the deepest use stairs instead of elevators. Power's not dependable to risk being trapped, and every ork here is used to long walks.
- Butch
- Sucks for dwarfs, let me tell you.
- Sounder

Homes around the Highway were costly before, but with the new money flooding in, the prices are going insane. The closer you are to it, the more expensive the house is, and the dwarfs are taking this area (with law enforcement help) by storm. The further away you get, the cheaper things get, with everything more than five clicks from the Highway being unchanged from before this all started. This gives rise to three levels of underground... the tamed and tourist-friendly Seattle Underground, the more wild Ork Underground, and the untouched Feral Underground. Good luck out *there*.





- The Ork Underground is settled, if not tame, and you can always find people around in large numbers. The feral tunnels, in contrast, are scary even for natives. Feral ghouls and vampires, free spirits, and who knows what else is out there.
- Goat Foot
- If you go there, try to hold your fire. Ghouls are more frightened of you than you are of them, and many of us are still dealing with ... recent developments. Some of the ferals you meet are only that way temporarily and will wake up if you leave them be.
- Hannibelle

YOU WON'T FIND THIS ELSEWHERE

The Big Rhino isn't technically in the Underground, but it serves as one of the primary gatekeepers, so it should get a nod here all the same, it should get a nod here. Everyone from Ares to Zeta Imp-Chem has tried to buy them out over the years, but to no avail. They simply like the job and the location too much.

- Today's odd note: While the manager of the Rhino, Big Pete, is well known, no one knows who actually owns the place.
- Turbo Bunny

The main Underground tunnels are, themselves, works of art. Graded smooth, then given elaborate carvings, they combine form with function. Interestingly, these chambers contain thin electrified strips embedded into the passages, each running at a different temperature. Those with thermographic vision can follow them as guides.

- They're all set at 120 centimeters from the ground. Fine for halfers, not so much for us bigger folk.
- Beaker
- Scrimshaw is a big thing in the Underground, originally just for troll horns, but it's spread in popularity to ork tusks as well. There're always a few places set up at the Biz, but make sure you ask the locals for suggestions. You can be casual about something as temporary as a tattoo, but a carving is forever.
- 2XL

Oh, and one last thing; while "traditional ork cooking" is little more than Southern or German food with staggering levels of gravy or sauce, the one true creation of the underground is rat-on-a-stick. It's best from a street vendor and served with dipping sauce. Ask for hot sauce, but make sure you get it no stronger than mild (or meek, if you're an elf—trust me on this



one). The stronger ones are made to burn an ork's mouth and can put you in the hospital, while the "Dunklezahn" will kill anything smaller than a troll.

OPPOSITION REPORT

Most of you will hit up the Tourist Highway, and there you'll find the Neo-PD in action. Light blue shirts, white gloves, and human as far as the eye can see, they stand out from the sea of brown all around. They're little more than glorified mall cops and are horribly outgunned out there, but their Matrix tech is topnotch and their information network is second to none.

- A short aside: Your mapsofts and GPS systems are useless in the Underground. If you need to go somewhere, and you aren't a native, get a guide. They're always floating round the Highway looking for work.
- Bull

The Hard Corps employees (I refuse to call them officers) that you see there are either A) protecting a dwarf-owned shop or B) evicting an ork family while Neo-PD officers look on helplessly and try to do crowd control. Hard Corps thugs are generally street-beaters too thuggish for either the Star or Knight Errant, and the few that aren't half chrome are topped up on Ghost only knows how many combat drugs. Heavy pistols, armored jackets, and helmets are the norm, but down here they all come with a combat shotgun as well. There're more orks in those uniforms than you'd think.

- Fucking race-traitors.
- Butch

As noted earlier, the **Skraacha** are the home-grown security force of choice. Sure, they don't have much in the way of gear, but they know the area and the people and have a pile of favors to trade when needed. Don't get on their bad side or the whole community will turn out against you.

- Not the whole community. They've only been legitimate for a little under ten years. Before that, they were just another group of thugs, like all the other gangs down there. The older residents who've seen too many kids and grandkids killed in useless violence and watched drugs wear down the community are disdainful of the Skraacha and desperately hope that the Neo-PD can bring normalcy to the Underground.
- OrkCEO

The official section government (Nicknamed the "UnderGov" by snarky reporters) is still in the early formation, taking over officially what the unofficial Underground government did for decades. A particular contention has been the mayoral slot; up until now, it was an unofficial title held by the ork with the most bruisers at his beck and call. Once you had enough strength to tell people what to do, you got power. When you could knock the previous mayor down and take his hat, the job was yours. Now they want to have elections? It'd be amusing if it wasn't so damn dumb. Still, eight candidates are putting their name in, hoping to be the first official UnderMayor (why Gimli Harris thinks he can win is anybody's guess).

TAKING SIDES

A good way to take advantage of the ongoing conflict in the Underground for campaigns is to use the Karma modifiers for "cold-hearted bastard" and "good feeling" from p. 372, *SR5*. Helping a widow and her five kids not be evicted vs. firebombing a school to make way for a new StufferShack is all part of the greater morality play. How much is your soul worth?

- Seven candidates now. Everybody loved Mongo the troll, who clearly had no business behind a podium, but he screwed up his paperwork and was disqualified. I should put together a dossier on the rest ...
- Clockwork

HELP WANTED

With the rush of new people and new money, hiring opportunities are everywhere. Keep in mind, you run under the dirt, you may wind up filthy.

Fungitech is the largest local employer, with fully a thousand hard-working orks taking care of fungi for food, beer, and, believe it or not, clothing. The environment's ideal, but water shortages can be a problem. Technically there are contracts out there to hit them (likely from Aztechnology), but any hostile move against them will have to overcome the support of the entire underground community. If you take one of those, make sure you get paid extra, and be sure to have some other city to hide in for at least a year.

Renraku is hiring coolhunters, extra security, and talent scouts, as well as keeping an eye on Evo.

Evo, the only megacorp that ever sat a toe down here before Prop 23, has gotten fat and lazy, and now is reacting slowly to the fact that there's another player in town. They're stirring, at least.

The Axegrinders are a bunch of dwarf supremacists who have no official connection to Gimli Harris, but they sure do seem to align with his thoughts. They pay higher than market norms, but you're going to be taking up some pretty awful work.

In contrast, the Ork Right Committee is working hard for the poor and disenfranchised, but as you might expect, they pay poorly if at all. If you want to earn your hooder badge, this is who you contact.

Wuxing, of all people, are also looking to hire freelancers. I'm guessing that they're either digging for more information about underground shamans, or, less likely, they're hunting for the legendary "Vault of Lore," a long-rumored, never-proven repository of hermetic studies that have been gathered by the trolls of the Underground, including a number of secret tomes that date to the Fourth World. Even Plan 9 doesn't give *those* rumors any credence!

- Oh, they have books all right, even a well-stocked magical library, but nothing written lasts for, what, 12,000 years? More?
- Plan 9
- Not on paper, true, but clay tablets don't rot.
- Elijah





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GOOD LUCK!



