

SHADOWRUN 7115

LONE STAR



FASA
CORPORATION

NIGEL D. FINDLEY

*Barrett
2011*

LONE STAR™



EASA CORPORATION

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LONE STAR

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INTRODUCTION

The **Lone Star Sourcebook** is a supplement to the **Shadowrun** game system. This sourcebook gives gamemasters and players detailed information about the Lone Star corporation, from its beginnings in Austin, Texas, to its present domination of law enforcement in North America. This sourcebook includes detailed information about Lone Star's organization, procedures, manpower, and equipment, as well as game statistics for weapons, computer programs, vehicles, and contacts unique to Lone Star. No other sourcebooks are needed to use the **Lone Star Sourcebook**. The **Lone Star Sourcebook** works with both the original and the second-edition **Shadowrun** rules.

Like other **Shadowrun** sourcebooks, the **Lone Star Sourcebook** is formatted as an electronic document from that fictional world. Scattered throughout the document are comments and additions from readers who seek to correct, expand, corroborate, or contradict the information it presents. Because this "black" information comes from characters within the game universe, players or characters cannot safely assume that these comments are truthful, accurate, considered, or clearly thought out (though they may be all those things).

The core information written about Lone Star comes from multiple sources—Lone Star manuals, retired patrolmen, cop groupies, observers—and has undergone various amounts of editing. As a result, the data may contain any number of biases. Individual gamemasters are the final judges of the accuracy of this information. FASA also encourages gamemasters to tailor Lone Star's assets, goals, procedures, and so on to fit the needs of their own gaming groups.

BEHIND THE STAR

>>>>> **[Hi ho and welcome, one and all.**

You've seen them on the street. You've run from them down dark alleys. You've exchanged friendly volleys of small-arms fire with them in burned-out buildings. You've gotten drek-kicked by them. Maybe you've even pulled the occasional shadowrun for them. They're a big part of your life, and you've never understood them.

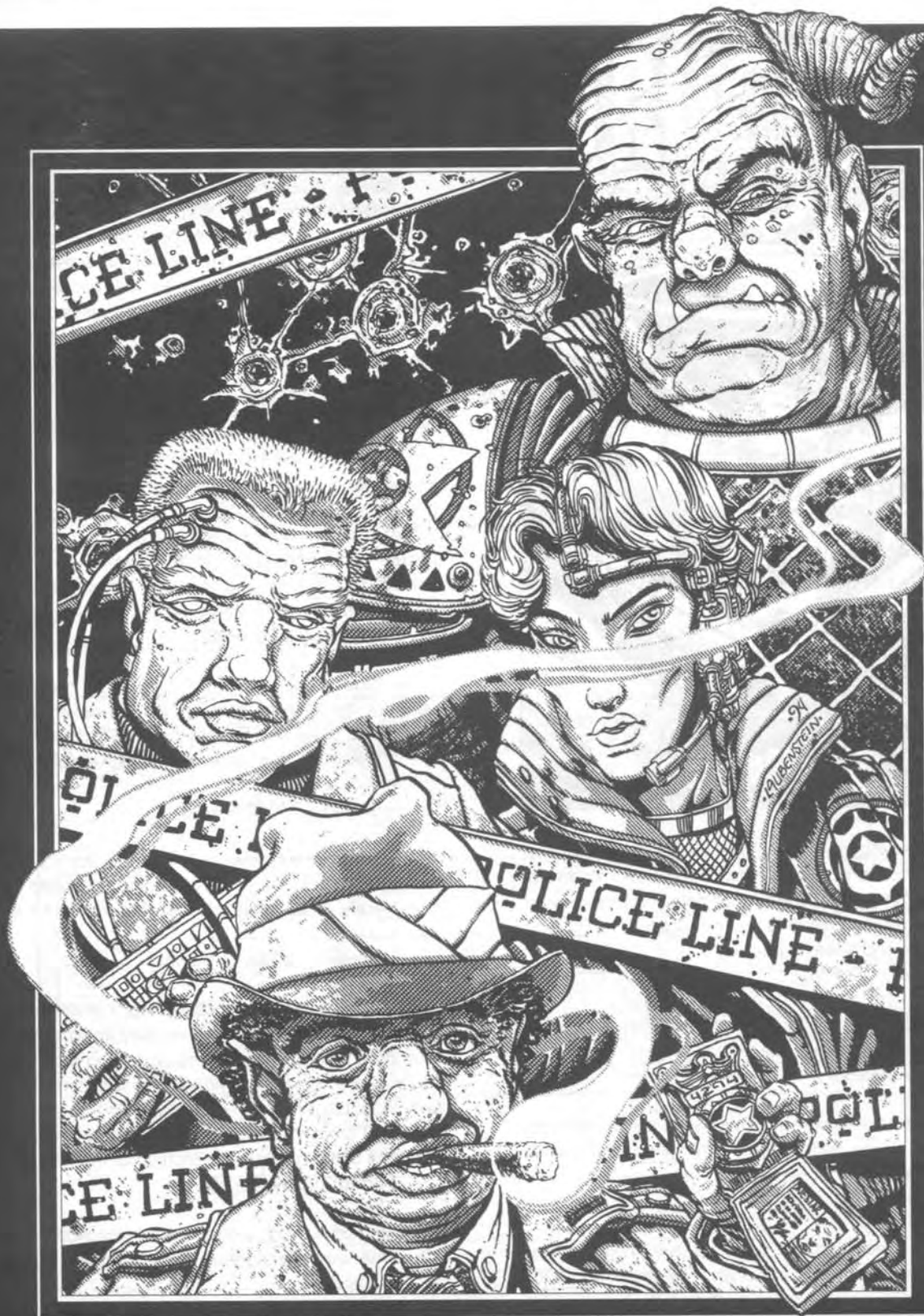
Until now.

Your friendly neighborhood Shadowland SysOps recently acquired the following screed from a couple of interesting anonymous sources, and we've posted it for your edification and commentary. Scan the file, chummers: I'm sure you don't need any encouragement from me to upload addenda, comments, flames, the usual. Do *not* try to modify the original text. Since that embarrassing fracas last year that broke out over a corrupted file full of dirt on Aztechnology, we've upgraded the IC protecting our datastores. Much as we hate to do it—killer black IC this nasty and sophisticated puts *such* a drag on performance—we've set up the closest thing to an Ultra system that exists outside the military, the CIA, or the NSA. Consider yourself warned.

Okay, that's my public service bit for the day. I'm sure you'll notice right off that at least two distinct voices and points of view, and maybe more, got together to spin this tale. We've tentatively tagged the two clearest voices. The folks around here call the first one Tarnished Badge; we peg him or her as a disaffected Star wageslave. He or she probably used to be a beat cop or street monster, but obviously had some access to the Star's more rarefied levels of authority. Our guess is he or she got hoopfragged by the brass once too often and punched out, then decided it was time to air a little dirty laundry in public.

The other one we've dubbed Muckraker, probably a journalist. We figure Muckraker went looking for dirt on Lone Star and ran into Tarnished Badge. They compared notes and penned a story that the nets wouldn't datacast. So they uploaded it to Shadowland. (Good choice, say I.)

Locals, take note: Muckraker and Tarnished Badge hail from someplace other than Seattle (and you know better than to ask me where). Their info describes the Lone Star organization as a whole, and though plenty of it applies directly to the Seattle operation we all know and loathe, sometimes it's hard to tell what fits and what doesn't. As a UCAS enclave in the middle of NAN territory, Seattle is different from any other place on the continent. No surprise that some of these differences show up in the Star's operations. Be a smart little shadowrunner: don't take any of this as gospel, and do your homework on the local badges before you run.





Don't get me wrong—these files contain megabytes of interesting, useful data about the Star's corporate structure, basic procedures, and other drek that will help you plan for your survival a little better the next time you run against, for, or past Lone Star. So go to, and have fun!<<<<<<

—Control (11:44:45/9-1-54)

>>>>>(About fragging time. There's lots of nasty drek going down inside the Star, *priyatel*, let me tell you.)<<<<<<

—Wolf (03:09:16/9-5-54)

>>>>>(Does anybody here remember when the police believed in the slogan, "To Serve and Protect?" Things have definitely changed, chummer.)<<<<<<

—SPD (12:47:59/9-5-54)

>>>>>(You kiddies seem surprised. Wake up and smell the fragging soykaf, boys and girls! You know what the problem is? It's epitomized by SPD's comment above, and by more of his wrong-headed pronouncements later. You all think of Lone Star as "the cops." Am I right? And that viewpoint colors just about every fragging thing you think about the Star.

Want an example? Look at Renraku security, those hard-hooped ladies and gentlemen who'll cheerfully cut you down

on the streets of the Arcology if you set a foot wrong. The goals of these armed and armored representatives of corporate might are simply to do what their bosses tell them, and make sure that the corporation that hires them comes out on top. But you knew that.

Lone Star is a corporation, too. "It's different," I can hear you say. All right—why is it different? It's got a board of directors and shareholders. Those directors carry a responsibility to those shareholders: to bolster the share price and keep those dividends coming, so that Lone Star should represent a good investment and everyone concerned sees some nuyen out of the deal. Just like Renraku's board of directors and shareholders.

Chummer, *Lone Star is a corp*. End of story. If you expect them to act differently from any other corp, you're living in a fantasy world. Deal with them based on that false perception and you're asking for real trouble.)<<<<<<

—Thelma (13:52:42/9-6-54)

>>>>>(You're being kind of extreme, aren't you, Thel? Granted, the Star's a corp, and it's offering a service for which it expects to get paid. But that service is law enforcement: keeping the peace and bringing criminals to justice. To quote SPD, Lone Star's job is "to protect and serve." Doesn't that purpose alone set LS apart from other corps?)<<<<<<

—Hulk (15:43:31/9-6-54)

>>>>>(Does it? Ask the boys in the nice, red-sashed uniforms down at the Renraku Arcology, the ones with the body armor and SMGs, what service they provide. They'll say law enforcement: keeping the peace and bringing criminals to justice.)<<<<<<

—Thelma (19:10:03/9-6-54)

>>>>>(I'd say the difference is that the Star is enforcing Seattle law while Renraku security is enforcing corporate law. . .but that isn't really a meaningful difference, is it? Good point, Thel.)<<<<<<

—Margeson (23:01:12/9-6-54)

>>>>>(Does it matter *why* Lone Star's enforcing the law and keeping the peace, as long as they keep doing it? Whether they do it because it's an important job that needs doing or because it's a lucrative market, the outcome's the same. The people at DocWagon™ certainly aren't Florence Nightingales, but what does it matter as long as they drag your bleeding body out of the gutter and patch up all the holes?)<<<<<<

—Candi (08:58:46/9-7-54)

>>>>>(It matters because different motivations can sure as drek affect the way these people react to events peripheral to their central purpose.

Here's an example. You try to steal drugs from Florence Nightingale because you need a fix. If she catches you, she'll recommend you for a twelve-step NarcAnon program, because she cares. Steal a hit of Demerol-X from a DocWagon™ team, and they'll blow your brains out the back of your neck.)<<<<<<

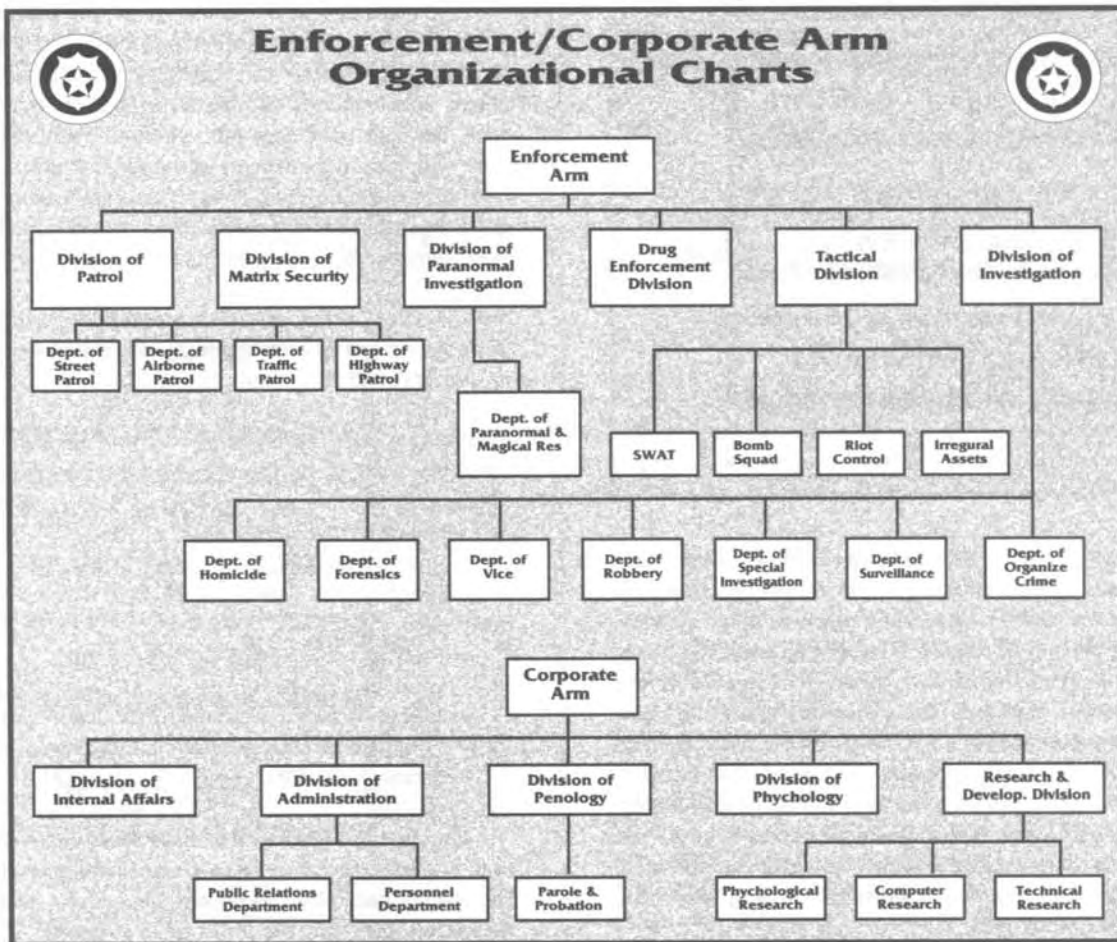
—Cast-Iron Rationalist (19:20:03/9-7-54)

CORPORATE STRUCTURE

Lone Star is a corp, the same as Ares Macrotechnology or Yamatetsu. Like them, it offers a service at a price in order to make a profit. Anyone interested in understanding how (and why) Lone Star works (and that should include all of you) must first understand its structure.

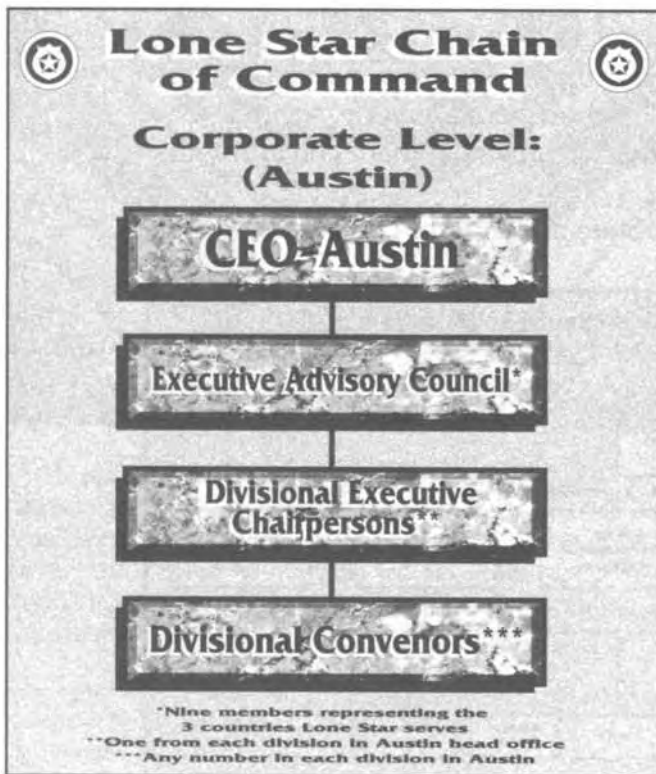
Lone Star Security Services Inc. has two major divisions: the enforcement arm and the corporate arm. Each comprises several smaller divisions, further divided into departments. In many cases, individual departments include several sections. Smaller subdivisions exist at the discretion of individual managers throughout the corporation.

The following charts show the overall corporate structure of Lone Star.

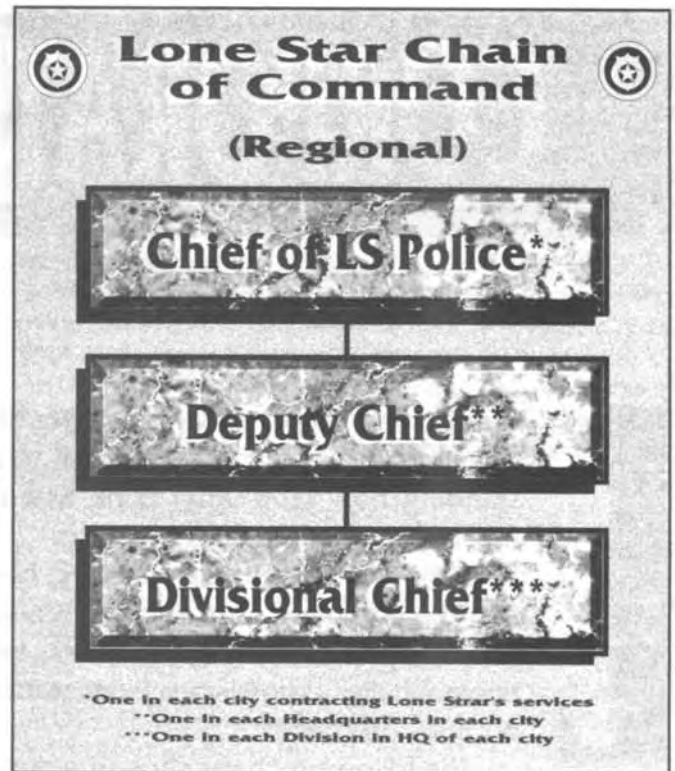


POWER STRUCTURE

Lone Star's power structure reflects its dual identity as a police agency and a corporation with a blend of corporate and military models of command. A single man stands at the top of the heap, rather like an overall commander. His orders are passed down to the rank and file through a Board of Directors-style committee. The overall head of Lone Star, Theodore W. D. Winslow of Austin, Texas, occupies his office in the Austin headquarters for fifteen weeks or so out of the year. He spends the rest of his time on a private island in Indonesia, dealing with corporate business emergencies by telelink. Winslow delegates many duties and responsibilities to the nine-member Executive Advisory Council, which keeps the entire Lone Star machine running smoothly. Three council members head up the operations in CAS, Québec, and UCAS (including Seattle).



The next rung on the corporate ladder belongs to the executive chairpersons of each division in the Austin headquarters. These executives coordinate individual resource areas in addition to handling the annual operating budget for each huge division they oversee, a daunting task made manageable by the efforts of divisional convenors. The convenors gather and sort the information and annual capital requests that arrive from each city in which Lone Star holds contracts. Each executive chairperson may use as many convenors as their division's administrative budget allows. Divisions that govern areas as large as the UCAS usually use associate convenors, who assist the divisional convenors in processing the mountains of data that flow through the Austin head office.



The regional level's top man is the Lone Star chief of police for each city. The chief authorizes all requests and official communications between the Austin head office and the regional offices and functions as media rep and contract negotiator as well. Because Lone Star officers must coordinate their operations with local departments of the federal police force, the chief must also maintain open lines of communication between local, government-appointed chiefs of police and Lone Star's management personnel.

>>>>>(Such a tough job—all those ribbon-cuttings, political luncheons, and public-relations tea parties to go to.)<<<<<<
—Jiff (16:43:58/11-7-54)

>>>>>(Have you ever been to one of those political luncheons? I'd rather walk alone through Ancients territory with HUMANIS tattooed on my forehead.)<<<<<<
—Spook (20:49:34/11-7-54)

>>>>>(Yeah, right. When was the last luncheon you attended?)<<<<<<
—Jiff (13:32:45/11-8-54)

>>>>>(I wasn't always a runner. Shadowrunning is the world's second oldest profession, chummer.)<<<<<<
—Spook (23:56:00/11-8-54)

Each Lone Star chief directs at least one deputy chief. The deputy chief runs Lone Star's central headquarters in each city. The size of each city determines how many headquarters and, therefore, how many deputy chiefs it supports.

The divisional chiefs answer to the deputy chiefs and administer their respective divisions—Investigation, Tactical, Patrol, and so on within each city headquarters. Large divisions such as Patrol and Tactical may have more than one divisional chief or may have a departmental chief heading up each department within a division. Smaller divisions such as Investigation, or divisions that perform most of their own key-tapping and datapushing, such as Paranormal Investigation and GridSec, usually get by with one divisional chief.

>>>>(Lots of people don't get this drek, even inside the Star. Like, they call the divisional chiefs "VPs.")<<<<<<
 —DNF (10:17:48/10-2-54)

>>>>(I can see where the confusion lies, chummer. Ever look at a Star annual report or SEC filing? Titles for the same level of authority alternate between divisional chief and vice president. Go figure.)<<<<<<
 —Raiko (18:34:57/10-4-54)

>>>>(You're confusing Seattle with everywhere else. Seattle's different.)<<<<<<
 —Puget Deb (00:15:05/10-10-54)

>>>>(Actually, every Lone Star division is different. James Wilson, the previous CEO, handed out titles like cigars. He left behind a plethora of chiefs and captains and executive chiefs, all doing pretty much the same job. Ted Winslow is trying to standardize job titles and responsibilities, but it's taking awhile to flow down the pipeline from Austin.)<<<<<<
 —Nonya (14:26:08/10-12-54)



The next step down the chain of command represents the precinct headquarters most people are familiar with. At this level, Lone Star looks more like a typical police force than a corporate entity. The captain in charge of each precinct authorizes day-to-day communications and records, as well as assigning special officers to investigations and other duties. More than an administrative shirt and tie, the captain must be a cop also and must draw on his experience as an enforcement officer when making decisions. Because he needs to respond quickly to situations as they arise, the captain uses a staff of chief lieutenants and administrative personnel to ensure that each job gets done quickly and efficiently. Each chief lieutenant represents one division in the precinct.

Each chief lieutenant supervises several lieutenants, each representing each department within a precinct division. Tiny or undermanned divisions such as Paranormal Investigations have no need for lieutenants, and so individual personnel answer only to a chief lieutenant.

>>>>(The Division of Paranormal Investigation operates by its own rules anyway. They work through a different line of communication from everyone else, and they always manage to get what they want. For more info, check out the D.P.I. section of this post.)<<<<<<
 —SPD (01:09:31/9-8-54)

The lowest level of command, just above rank-and-file personnel, are sergeants. Sergeants head up individual squads of officers, and often spend time in the field with their men.

>>>>(You know, these charts imply that Lone Star's a well-oiled machine where stuff gets done in a timely fashion and everyone in the chain of command has his or her say. Wrong. Just like every other corp, once you get above the mud and silt you're swimming with the sharks. The little people in the corporation speak with little voices, and nuyen's the prime motive behind everything that happens in Austin.)<<<<<<
 —Chiba Barb (23:56:57/10-5-54)

>>>>(The D.P.I. jumps through fewer hoops to get what it wants than any other division. They ignore the regular channels of communication and skip most levels of the chain of command. It's okay because they have heavy muscle pulling for them in Austin.)<<<<<<
 —Silverbone (04:17:08/10-14-54)

>>>>(That's because Asenby and Simington together show truly awesome negotiating power. If they hadn't already been checked out and cleared, I'd stand first in line to accuse them of using mind-controlling magic at the negotiating table.)<<<<<<
 —Chiba Barb (10:28:13/10-17-54)

>>>>(I spent some time just last week sleazing through low-level files and rummaging around in a few trash cans in the Star's system. According to recent minutes from the D.P.I. Action Committee, that division still has a few problems with its current status and operating procedures. And it looks like they won't

quit griping until they have direct access to funds for all their regional divisions or else complete autonomy. What they really want is to be a minor, independent corporation operating under the auspices of Lone Star.)<<<<<<

—Nonya (13:42:28/10-17-54)

>>>>>(Hey, Chiba Barb, where are you from? I just jacked in from Pueblo and I noticed your handle on the board. Want to get together somewhere in gridland and talk about >>1 MP DELETED BY SYSOP<<.)<<<<<<

—Chiba Ken (11:39:09/10-28-54)

>>>>>(The numbers for Virtu-dolls and Gridsex are in the LTG basic listings. Can we keep the discussion on-topic, please?)<<<<<<

—SysOp (04:17:03/11-1-54)

>>>>>(Chiba Ken, I always like to talk to new deckers, especially if they have information from the NAN. In case you have any ideas about virtual nookie, though, I'm a guy. Chiba Barb is short for The Chiba Barbarian. Most people know that. Leave me a g-mail address and we'll talk.)<<<<<<

—Chiba Barb (23:51:39/10-30-54)

>>>>>(Subject: Dirty Laundry, Theodore W. D. Winslow. Chummers, I know you got some. Let's see it.)<<<<<<

—Paperclip (04:18:16/8/30-54)

>>>>>(T.W.D. Winslow wears a black latex >>0.5 MP DELETED BY SYSOP<< and likes to have his >>1 MP DELETED BY SYSOP<< with a large Amazonian slug and an antique lava lamp while his butler records it all on cybercamera.)<<<<<<

—Spook (12:03:40/9-6-54)

>>>>>(I despise censorship, but that last post just about made me purge. Please, spare us.)<<<<<<

—SysOp (01:49:45/9-7-54)

>>>>>(Jokes aside, let's talk about who's really in bed with Teddy Winslow and the Lone Star Corporation.)<<<<<<

—Switchback (14:27:16/9-7-54)

>>>>>[CORPORATE AFFILIATIONS

The boldface bells and whistles just above are meant to get your attention. This post is important, folks.

Who's in bed with Lone Star, you ask? Talking about who isn't makes a shorter list. Chummers, as corps go, Lone Star walks on round heels. At one time or another, the Star has had meaningful relationships with just about every megacorp you can name (with a couple of noticeable exceptions, which I'll talk about later on).

Most people in Seattle think of Lone Star as "the cops," as if law enforcement is its only business. Granted, most of the Star's revenue comes from law enforcement contracts like the one it has with Seattle, and most of its corporate functions revolve around police services. But plenty of profit sources within the Star

have nothing to do with police work. (At this point, a word of warning. Relations between corporations, mega or otherwise, constantly change. Today's ally turns into tomorrow's rival, and the outfit you bashed heads with last year may become your strategic partner *du jour*. By the time you scan this data, everything may be different. *Caveat lector*, chummer.)

Lone Star's corporate relations go beyond providing services. Scan the file on GridSec, a.k.a. the Department of Matrix Security, for example, and you'll find some pretty nasty little products that do the dirty to unwanted deckers—like viruses in the headware. Nice thought, neh? Might certain corps want to acquire wizzer little tricks such as Escher loops for their own nefarious purposes? Betcherass, chummers. GridSec is happy to turn a little extra profit by selling their wares to a few authorized buyers. The current list of such buyers includes all but two of the triple-A megacorps and a drekload of also-rans. The two exceptions are Fuchi, whose back-room boys probably have developed tech already that makes the Escher loop obsolete, and Aztechnology. For some reason I can't dig up, the Star just doesn't deal with the Big A.)<<<<<<

—Maverick (13:29:20/9-8-54)

>>>>>(Not from lack of trying. GridSec and the psych department—those mind-twisters we call the Gray Men—keep sending reps to Aztechnology, sniffing for strategic alliances, joint partnerships, or simple sales contracts. The Azzies keep slamming the door in their faces.)<<<<<<

—Market Watch (14:09:29/9-8-54)

>>>>>(True, but only as far as it goes. The buzz I hear says Aztechnology recently sent a business delegation to meet with the heads of Lone Star's Division of Paranormal Investigation down in Austin. (That's right, the Dips.) The two head honchos politely listened to the Azzies, then politely tossed them out of the office. Whatever it was the Azzies wanted to play, the Star said no game. Anybody got the gen on that? What did Aztechnology want that Lone Star refused to part with?)<<<<<<

—Raster (17:08:44/9-9-54)

>>>>>(Let's get something straight. Lone Star could have been perfectly willing to cut a deal with the Azzies, even eager. But the two suits in charge of the Division of Paranormal Investigation run their territory like a little empire independent from the rest of the corp. They decided not to deal with Aztechnology.)<<<<<<

—X-Star (20:35:10/9-9-54)

>>>>>(It would seem to make sense that Ares be on the short list of corps LS won't talk to. After all, Ares belongs to Damien Knight, and Damien Knight's pet subsidiary, Knight Errant, is Lone Star's main competition for law-enforcement contracts. So Lone Star has no reason to work for Ares, right?)

Wrong. People inside Ares consider interdivisional competition a way of life. Knight Errant, as one of Ares' biggest and richest subsidiaries, runs at the front of that competition. Imagine you're an Ares division, locked in nasty drek with another division. You need to punch up your available security. Who you

gonna call? Knight Errant? Yeah, well, you'll earn brownie points with Damien Knight that way, but is calling on them really a smart move when Knight Errant might be involved in the same nasty stuff as you? Or might even be waiting for an opportunity to frag with a potential rival—such as you?

Believe me, chummers, in Detroit and Austin, Ares is one of Lone Star's biggest corporate clients for short-term security contracts.)<<<<<

—Garth (18:55:19/9-14-54)

>>>>>[RELATIONS WITH LOCAL POLICE

I've taken a leaf from Maverick's book and set this section off real nice. This next set of posts is for the benefit of anyone jandering through this board and thinking, "Hmmm. What about other security forces in the private sector and local governments? How do they shake hands with Lone Star? Do their operations differ? Who hurts you least when they arrest you, and who serves better food in their holding areas?" Wonder no more, chummers. The following bytes clarify the role of Lone Star in areas with more than one police force. Do all those cops running around confuse you? Well, hang on. It gets better.

Lone Star serves the nations of Québec, CAS, and UCAS. Their level of involvement varies not only from country to country, but also from city to city. I've heard rumors of a contract being drawn up for Amazonia, but I haven't got any solid info on that yet. As soon as I get something, I'll post it.

Let's start north and work our way down. I'm going to split my babbling into multiple posts so you slags can jump right in and kibitz, rebut, and rave. To facilitate the split-up, I've asked the sysop to play around with date-stamp order, and keep all the relevant comments together. Considerate slot, ain't it?

Québec

To understand how Lone Star works in Québec, you've got to know a little bit about that country's idiosyncrasies. Québec boasts a long history of cultural individualism; ever since their separation from Canada in 2000 and their abstention from the Treaty of Denver in 2017, the Québécois have dedicated intense efforts to creating a purely French culture. (If you want more info on the Republic of Québec, check out the contribution from our Québécois chummer in the **Neo-Anarchist's Guide to North America** posting. Don't worry, he wrote it in English. His views come across as a little biased, but they aren't far off the mark.)

Québec's legal system uses the Napoleonic model, which gives the judge an active part in the trial and in helping to bring the truth to light. It all happens in French, so go for local talent when choosing a defense attorney. Buy a French language chip, if you have the headware to use it, but be sure to get a Québécois French chip. (If you speak Continental French or Parisian French, people dismiss you as stuck-up.) The Napoleonic setup can make it a lot easier or a lot harder for Lone Star to get you convicted, depending on the judge and the strength of the Star's evidence. If you get on the drek-kicking side of a few corrupt cops who decide to frame you, the judge might help dig the truth out from under the Star's dirt. If LS has the judge snugly in their pockets, though, assume that he has free license to work actively against you.

Economics provides another wrinkle in Québec law enforcement. Since the initial days of its independence, Québec has lived in the uncomfortable situation of demanding recognition as an autonomous culture, yet failing to be self-sufficient. Québec's economic problems have caused the price of common goods to skyrocket—the Québécois franc is worth roughly half a nuyen and everyday items cost almost four times as much in the Republic of Québec as they do in the UCAS. As a result, the smuggling trade is booming, Québec simply crawls with black marketeers whose regular inventory includes everything from nylon stockings to cybertech and software.

Though Québec supports its own police force, increases in smuggling combined with the sheer vastness of the country forced Québec to contract outside help to keep a lid on the black market. Québec's Attorney General, Frederick Ducharme, swallowed his pride and entertained bids on a law-enforcement contract from North America's three leading security corporations. Lone Star won the bidding by submitting the lowest price and agreeing to the stipulation that all LS personnel working in Québec must speak French. In truth, Québec authorities needed help so badly that, from the beginning, they gave the language requirement short shrift. Lone Star officers slated for service in Québec are still required to pass a token language test, though rumor has it that anyone who can say, "Bon jour" and "Frag-toi, buddy" can work in Québec.

Lone Star influences every part of law enforcement throughout Québec, but their forte is highway patrol. The UCAS and CAS field very few Lone Star highway police, preferring to leave that chore to border guards and national defense units. If you've ever wondered what a Lone Star highway patrolman looks like, go to Québec. It's crawling with them.)<<<<<

—Casper (00:06:50/10-3-54)

>>>>>(A word of warning to any and all: Québécois LS highway patrolmen are universally mean, evil sons of slime, who'll geek you for looking sideways at them. If you think I'm exaggerating, check out a few statistics.

In the period between January 1, 2050, and December 30, 2051, highway fatalities in Québec increased by 23 percent over the previous two-year period. The top causes-of-death category belongs exclusively to incidents associated with police investigation and/or arrest. In the most generous of interpretations, this mortality increase may have something to do with the language barrier; the cops don't understand the locals, so they shoot first and sort it all out later in their reports. A more realistic look at statistics says that lack of communication is only a small part of the reason for so much mayhem.

Go ahead, chummer, ask yourself: would you want to work in Québec? It's cold in the winter. Most non-natives can't read anything, speak to anyone, or even enjoy a simsense chip without language software. In this light, it becomes obvious that Lone Star's Québécois enforcers didn't apply for placement there. They got transferred. Ten to one these fine officers all were discipline or corruption cases, sent north as punishment.

Within the past two years, Lone Star arrested 1,690 smugglers in Québec and killed an additional 978 smugglers on the road. Of those arrested, 1,477 were moving small-time contra-



band such as cigarettes, liquor, clothing, and pharmaceuticals. Of the smugglers killed, 850 were tough fraggers, and in only 72 of these cases could the Star produce hard evidence of the deceased trafficking in controlled merchandise (cyberdecks, software, biotech, cybernetics, and military weapons). Official reports state that, in each incident, the vehicle and its contents were destroyed in the chase. If you believe that, I'd like to sell you some retirement condos in Aztlan.

Somewhere in Québec is a group of LS officers who, if they don't feel like blowing you away for the thrill of it, would sure like to sell you some cyberware. Everyone knows that if you want to buy the best, you buy from a cop, and I think these guys are better organized than the usual ragtag band of bad boys. Think about their perfect setup. Most of them work in the remote countryside or wilderness, and northern Québec's vast tracts of unpopulated land make perfect cold storage. Depending on who you are and how you jander, an-LS highway patrolman could be your best friend or your worst nightmare.)<<<<<

—Jaywalk (13:17:00/10-5-54)

>>>>>[LONE STAR IN THE UCAS

Casper here again, with the next installment. Writing about Lone Star's involvement in each state of the UCAS would take too many megapulses, so I'll just post a brief look at the big picture. A variety of security forces police this large and diverse chunk of land. Lone Star holds more than 62 percent of security contracts not held by federal police, Knight Errant holds roughly

34 percent, and the remaining 4 percent belongs to small, local operations. This breakdown represents an average estimate for the entire country; more Knight Errant officers than Lone Star officers may patrol individual cities, or vice versa. Washington, for example, uses a strong FedPol contingent, and Knight Errant holds its remaining open contracts. Knight Errant makes up for their small share of federal security contracts by fielding a strong presence in the corporate sector; the company holds close to 65 percent of available corp contracts.

The ratio of LS police to FedPols or their equivalent also varies from city to city. In general, the highest proportion of FedPols belongs to former U.S. megacities such as New York, Chicago, and Washington, and cities that once belonged to the Dominion of Canada have the highest proportion of LS cops. I offer the following explanation for this imbalance of forces. When the Canadian regions that signed the Treaty of Denver opened their borders, many a megacorp rushed north to grab what resources it could. The megacorp boom created a population explosion in most of the once-Canadian cities that had become part of the UCAS. As quickly as corporations attracted employees, they attracted crime, and the criminals relocated along with the wageslaves. The open borders also forced Canada to make a radical change in its approach to firearms. Before the Treaty of Denver, Canada severely restricted firearm ownership. When Canada signed on to the new union, it accepted the American tradition of virtually unrestricted gun ownership. Unable to handle the skyrocketing crime

rates that seemed to be a direct result of this new civil liberty, the Canadian police opened negotiations with Lone Star, which snapped up every available contract. These days, the Star enjoys a strong presence in Ontario, Manitoba, and the former maritime provinces.)<<<<<

—Casper (00:19:50/9-3-54)

>>>>(If ever you're in Ottawa and want to see a funny bit of antique pomp and ceremony, catch the Royal Canadian Mounted Police in their Musical Ride. It's an absurd piece of a dead culture kept alive solely for tourists. They even fly Canada's old red Maple Leaf.)<<<<<

—Chill (04:58:49/9-9-54)

>>>>(Hoi. Name's Clutch. I'm a rigger. I've found UCAS a good place to work. Lots of wealth to be spread around, and just about the only non-hostile work environment for shadow joes like me. I hate hostility. Hostility makes me mad. Québec's depressing—full of poor people and language fascists. The NAN is too fickle—you never know where you stand with 'em. CAS is chipped way up and ready for war with Aztlan. The Tir. . .well, it's the Tir. I haven't worked in CalFree yet. Hope to. Think I'd like it. Tell ya why UCAS is such a nice place to work: the cops are so confused. With so many security corps and civilian agencies running loose, corruption's the watchword of the day. A savvy shadowrunner can slip through the holes and gray areas in the system and come up clean. Let me tell you how.

Above and beyond all the Lone Star and Knight Errant cops, the UCAS lets the Federal Department of Justice run the FBI, the Secret Service, and the UCAS Marshal's office. Sounds like a lot of heat on the streets, but they can't touch us for doing what we do best. See, the multinational corps on UCAS soil claim extraterritoriality, which means they don't have to answer for the nasty drek we all know they're pulling. An Aztech employee can geek someone, push BTL, whatever, and the cops can't touch him once he steps onto Aztech's front lawn. Course, corps have their own security forces discipline corp employees according to corp rules. Chances are these sec-forces won't even bother checking out charges of BTL-pushing or murder, unless the employee's doing something that affects his job performance. If it don't matter to the bottom line, it don't matter to the corp cops. (This ain't no blanket attitude—plenty of corps punish fraud pretty hard, like enforcing the death penalty for bouncing a check.) Point is, the corp hands-off 'tude don't earn corporations too many points with local lawmen. In an eye-for-an-eye move, most local cops and Feds won't look at you if you commit a crime on corp soil and then step onto the sidewalk. But this ain't no hard-and-fast rule either. You want my advice, check the security arrangements in your neck of the woods pretty close. Some corporations pay hefty nuyen to Lone Star or Knight Errant to back their forces up just in case you *do* make it to the sidewalk. A little money always smoothes over a few bad feelings, neh?

Second rule of thumb: even though Lone Star and Knight Errant patrol the same streets, they compete with each other. Part of doing business. So if you get a chance to play one against the other, do it. Like I did on a run against Fuchi in Chicago.

We'd just lifted prototype IC from a cold storage unit. Our samurai took a hit, and the decker was twitching from a brush with black IC. We made it to my van, dumped everything and everyone inside, and I revved it for Hammond. Wouldn't you know, those Fuchi sec-guards didn't know when to quit. We hit open highway with two WK-2 Stallions buzzing overhead. 'Stead of waitin' for them to fire first, I opened up and pumped the system with so much petrochem I can still remember the rush. I used the burst of speed to buy time to set up my marks. Spent my payload from both launchers and blew the rotorcraft to twisted, burning scrap metal. Then the drek hit the turbofan. Lone Star light panzer dead ahead. Saw everything. Pulling its missiles on-line. Mine were spent, and going at it with my front guns would've done as much damage as throwing gum wrappers. I slowed to a dead stop. The cops in the panzer asked us who the frag we were, and I started sweating lead. We had enough restricted weapons and cyberware on us for them to send us up for a long time. Lucky me, I remembered that Fuchi had just signed a contract with Knight Errant. So when the Star boys asked what we were doing, I told them the truth. I said we'd just finished one of the wettest runs I'd ever seen, we had candy from a top-level datasteal, and Fuchi would spit teeth for a good three months if we could just dump our data on the market. Then I slid my window down and held out a bundle of ten 500-nuyen credsticks. I dropped them on the blacktop and closed my window. After a long silence, the Star cops gave us a warning about breaking the speed limit and told us to beat it. Guess it was worth more to the LS cops to see Fuchi lose faith in their Knights Errant than to haul in a band of nobodies like us.)<<<<<

—Clutch (03:18:09/9-14-54)

>>>>(You forgot one other good thing about working in the UCAS, chummer: Seattle, the Pacific Rim city, the Bangkok of North America. In Seattle, you can get anything money and connections can provide. If you think you can take advantage of the system in your neck of the woods, you should see the drek you can pull in a city that's trying to be a country.)<<<<<

—Puget Deb (15:47:10/10-6-54)

>>>>>[LONE STAR IN THE CAS

Casper again. Last installment.

The CAS, home of Lone Star, has the highest density of LS cops in North America (no surprise). The corp has to shake hands with federal agencies in much the same way it does in UCAS and Québec, but it's easier there because the whole ethos underpinning Lone Star shakes hands with the CAS national identity. Lone Star bills itself as a reincarnation of the Texas Rangers from America's legendary past, and that image plays well down in Dixie. With Texas being one of the wealthiest members of the CAS, its cultural history tends to influence its neighbor states, no matter how ridiculous a given bit of Texas shtick might seem to yankees like myself.)<<<<<

—Casper (01:00:21/9-3-54)

>>>>>(Watch it, bud.)<<<<<

—Texas Thunderstorm (05:38:17/9-3-54)

>>>>(Of greater interest to you readers is the
\$μ_\$\$_BBB_\$\$_)<<<<<<
—Casper (01:13:16/9-3-54)

>>FILE ACCESS ERROR<<

>>DATA MAY BE CORRUPTED<<

>>ATTEMPT ACCESS ANYWAY? (Y/N) Y

>>UNRECOVERABLE FILE ACCESS ERROR<<

>>>>(What? Hey, who fragged with Casper's report?)<<<<<<
—Tin Man (05:17:39/9-4-54)

>>>>(Sorry. Someone got in and cut out the section on the
CAS. Whoever it was ran a military grade icebreaker, and also
fragged with the shadowbox containing codes to another
board. I reloaded all the black info on the first two levels of
entry. We're using higher-rated utilities now. Won't happen
again.)<<<<<<
—SysOp (07:34:17/9-4-54)

>>>>(Any fingerprints on the scalpel?)<<<<<<
—Chiba Barb (07:54:26/9-4-54)

>>>>(No. I booted manually and initiated a tracer from inside,
but the decker defeated it and took off out of sensor range. I
got a quick scan of the persona—he was a fraggin' *ginger-
bread man.*)<<<<<<
—SysOp (08:00:56/9-4-54)

>>>>(I hope they didn't find Casper and cut him out,
too.)<<<<<<
—Jaywalk (11:36:49/9-4-54)

>>>>(I don't have the paydata or the nuyen to sink into getting
it, but I can toss some shady rumors your way. The CAS seems
edgy about the possibility of war with Aztlan; a war with Aztlan
means a war with Aztechnology. That confrontation's scary just
in terms of hardware. Word on the wires suggests worse—apparent-
ly, both sides are pulling allies in from the astral realm. Any
ideas or additional rumors?)<<<<<<
—Nailer (09:17:34/9-15-54)

>>>>(I noticed that Lone Star sent diplomats to Rio to negoti-
ate a contract. If they really are preparing for war, it makes
sense to have strike bases to the north *and* south of your enemy,
am I right?)<<<<<<
—Nonya (04:16:00/9-23-54)

>>>>(Do banshees scream?)<<<<<<
—Dilly (03:17:40/9-28-54)

>>>>(A war between CAS and Aztlan would not necessarily
involve Lone Star. Like any corp, Lone Star is extraterritorial, so
they might choose not to get involved with everything the CAS
does.)<<<<<<
—Zig (19:38:03/10-2-54)

>>>>(Zig, you are so naive it's almost funny. Lone Star's head
office is in Austin, Texas. Extraterritoriality laws mean null to tacti-
cal nukes.)<<<<<<
—Zona (21:47:09/10-3-54)

>>>>(I smell hefty contracts for mercs and shadowrunners who
want in on military espionage. Pack your HK and your sun-
block.)<<<<<<
—Diamondback (16:48:30/10-5-54)

CORPORATE HISTORY

To understand Lone Star and predict with any accuracy how
it might change and develop in the future, we must first under-
stand its origins. Clayton Wilson, founder of Lone Star Security
Services, officially incorporated his company in Austin, Texas on
July 22, 2017. Popular texts paint Clay Wilson as a rough-and-
tumble, hard-fisted, hard-nosed individual. Most people who
knew him agree that he'd been born into the wrong century.
He'd have fit right into the wild, early days of the 20th-century
Texas oil boom, finding his niche with the ruthless "wildcatters"
who made quick fortunes without government regulation or
interference.

>>>>(Even the economic atmosphere and moral climate of
boom would have been too civilized for Clay. Ever seen Clay
Wilson's picture? Rebuild that image in your mind's eye. Now
add a cutlass in his hand and a flintlock pistol in his belt, and put
him on the deck of a sailing ship with the Jolly Roger flapping
overhead. Got the picture? That puts him in the proper peri-
od.)<<<<<<
—Beaumont (23:50:27/9-5-54)

Despite the revisionist history of his life that Clay Wilson
popularized, he did not claw his way to the top from a dirt-
poor, working-class family. In fact, his father and mother both
worked as managers for successful Houston companies, and the
cinder-block shack that Wilson often spoke of as home was
actually a very comfortable house in the Bellaire region of
Houston. From his youth, Clay proved himself an entrepreneur.
When recycling took hold in Houston during Clay's childhood,
he collected bottles and cans thrown out by his neighbors and
redeemed them at a local recycling outfit for nominal payments.
He soon figured out that the recycling outfit paid according to a
sliding scale, the payment increasing with the size of the load.
Clay knew he could not personally collect enough recyclable
garbage to earn the bigger payment, so he enlisted his friends
and schoolmates into his venture. Within a few months, Clay
Wilson's workforce included dozens of other schoolchildren, all
collecting garbage for recycling and delivering the goods to a
single site. When the accumulated trash reached a size that
would earn the highest return, Clay arranged to deliver it to the
recycling outfit. He paid his "employees" a rate slightly higher
than the base price paid by the recyclers, while he earned the
company's highest rate. By the age of thirteen, Clay's "recycling
network" netted him almost \$800 a week after expenses.

Clay Wilson studied business administration at Texas Southern University, but quit halfway through his second semester to accept a management position with Electronic Data System's Houston office.

>>>>(According to the Star's PR drek, Clay Wilson earned an M.B.A. from Harvard Business School.)<<<<<<
—Monitor (10:46:00/9-10-54)

>>>>(Purely honorary. They awarded it to him mere weeks after Clay allegedly donated a couple of million to the school. Can we say "tax write-off?")<<<<<<
—Wryter (02:42:18/9-12-54)

Over the next ten years, Clay Wilson changed companies and careers an average of once every eighteen months. Each move lifted him to a higher rung of the corporate ladder, as well as to a higher salary level. It was during these years that he gained the "work hard, play harder" reputation that followed him for decades.

>>>>(Check the media archives for some of the stories about Wilson's epic parties. Talk about eclectic guest lists: United States senators, scions of business, sports giants, and country/western music superstars, all rubbing shoulders (and a few other body parts). The wild thing is, as far as I can tell Clay Wilson never paid for any of these parties. Other people always picked up the (enormous) tabs. That left Clay free to invest his own money in lucrative business opportunities.)<<<<<<

—Vue (05:59:08/9-10-54)

>>>>(You spotted that too, huh? Obviously, Clayton Wilson lived under the auspices of a patron or patrons. Even today, no one can positively identify them. (Enough wild guesses exist out there to overload this file, so don't bother posting them.) The most likely culprit to blame or credit is a megacorp, at that time just starting to realize what its newly gained extraterritoriality really meant.)<<<<<<

—Oz (11:02:28/9-11-54)

>>>>(Okay, Oz, I promise—no wild guesses. Just one question. Why do you assume that Clay Wilson's benefactor(s) was voluntarily subsidizing his lifestyle? Judging by what I've dug up on the good Mr. Wilson, he probably knew where a few key bodies lay

buried and judiciously applied a little pressure here and there.)<<<<<<

—Montoya (05:21:43/9-12-54)

>>>>(Are you guys playing coy or do you really not know? Check those media archives again, like Vue suggested, and look for the one guest who attended every Wilson soirée. Juan-Carlos Mergulhao, a key *narcotraficante* from the Asalla cartel: the same cartel that later became a major player in Aztechnology. It doesn't take a rocket scientist to figure what went down.)<<<<<<

—Newsome (10:11:46/9-12-54)

>>>>(Hate to break it to you, Newsome, but didn't an Asalla hitter try to cack Clay Wilson in 2021?)<<<<<<

—Diva (21:17:12/9-13-54)

>>>>(The chain of evidence lacked a few complete links, and the fact that the hitter herself died of a brain aneurysm while in custody (uh-huh) muddied the waters even more. But even if the connection's airtight, that doesn't mean Newsome's wrong. Maybe Mergulhao and his colleagues decided on a little payback when Wilson didn't come through with the influence they thought they'd bought, and they realized they'd wasted their sizable investment.)<<<<<<

—Dinsdale (14:00:14/9-14-54)

During the decade he spent leapfrogging from corp job to corp job, Clay Wilson pursued a wide range of hobbies such as hunting, skeet shooting, riding, and various forms of martial arts.

He pursued an even wider range of business opportunities. Between 2014 and 2016 he made a killing in the stock market, increasing his personal net worth from the low millions into the multi-billions. Though he was implicated in four insider-trading incidents in the process, he escaped the stigma of formal charges, and the scandals simply enhanced his reputation as a sharp dealer.

>>>>(In at least one of those cases, Clayton Wilson blatantly flouted SEC insider-trading statutes. His accomplices all got charged, tried, and convicted, but no one filed charges against Wilson. That fact bespeaks serious influence.)<<<<<<

—The Keynesian Kid (21:11:46/9-5-54)



In late 2016, Clay Wilson moved from Houston to Austin in search of new business opportunities. At the same time, the U.S. government's guerrilla war against Native Americans was coming to a head. Five years earlier, Daniel Howling Coyote had led his followers out of the Abilene Re-Education Center, miraculously untouched by the camp guards' hail of bullets. Only months before Wilson moved, the government passed the infamous Resolution Act intended as the "final solution to the Indian question." Sensing the undercurrents in the political and business environments, Clay Wilson switched his focus from information-technology companies to organizations engaged in security.

>>>>(The details of the Resolution Act didn't become public until 2017, and even then over the objections of everyone involved. (Would you want to admit to the voter on the street that you agreed to genocide?) But Clay Wilson knew all about it as it happened, according to the preceding post. That implies strong, deep government connections.)<<<<<

—Target (13:55:12/9-11-54)

>>>>(Of course.)<<<<<

—Wryter (02:48:49/9-12-54)

Wilson targeted his takeovers against two Austin-based outfits: Bartholomew Security, Inc., and Absolute Software, Inc. Bartholomew provided standard, low-grade security, such as unarmed security guards and night watchmen for construction sites and other low-security areas.

>>>>(In 2016, Austin's municipal bylaws required a 24-hour security presence at all civic works sites, whether or not the sites offered anything worth stealing. Most civic works sites in those days amounted to excavations for new water pipes—in other words, holes in the ground. The joke at the time said that Bartholomew picked up all those security contracts because their personnel were perfectly suited for guarding a hole in the ground.)<<<<<

—Laguna Gloria (13:03:21/9-4-54)

When Wilson bought out the minor consulting firm of Absolute Software, that company performed computer security audits for local corporations and created specific software solutions for gaps in that security. Wilson fired most of the management of both companies and merged them into Lone Star Security Services, Inc.

>>>>(Now that's something I didn't know: the Star had computer security resources from day one. I thought they added that department later on.)<<<<<

—Christine (07:21:24/9-7-54)

>>>>(The department you're thinking of was added later on. LSSS didn't start contracting computer security services until five years after the company was founded. Wilson acquired Absolute to guarantee computer security for his own outfit.)<<<<<

—Wryter (02:50:00/9-12-54)

At the same time that other private security providers in the Austin area were scaling down or even going out of business in response to a rapidly shrinking market, Wilson boldly beefed up his new organization. More than a few Austin-area business analysts wondered if Wilson had finally lost his touch. His impressive track record alone, however, encouraged many investors to jump aboard at the sight of Wilson's name on the incorporation papers. Hindsight makes it clear that Clay Wilson somehow anticipated the upcoming conflagration (though he could not have predicted the results of the Great Ghost Dance) and bet his new business on the old truism that uncertainty always creates a healthy market for security.

>>>>(He picked some real fragging winners for his new employees. Mainly army boys and out-of-work corrections officers. Knee-breakers, all of them. Thugs.)<<<<<

—Angie Angst (13:24:10/9-9-54)

In August of 2017, the simultaneous eruptions of Mount Hood, Mount Ranier, Mount St. Helens, and Mount Adams rang the death knell for the United States of America as it had existed for more than two centuries. Overnight, business picked up for Lone Star. Corporations that mere weeks earlier had scoffed at the notion of hiring outside security forces began clamoring for support. Wilson's well-staffed corporation took immediate advantage of this skyrocketing demand.

>>>>(As somebody mentioned somewhere else on this board, in those days Lone Star amounted to little more than a big goon squad. Star personnel came big, tough, and well armed, and suffered no qualms about mixing it up and busting heads. Check out the Recruiting and Training file later on for more details about that drek.)<<<<<

—4Shadow (22:26:50/10-1-54)

In short order, Lone Star became the preeminent private security provider in Austin, and quickly extended its influence throughout the former southern United States. Business boomed so quickly that Wilson had trouble finding enough applicants he considered "qualified" to meet all the contract opportunities opening up.

>>>>(I've gotten into real flame sessions on other boards by saying this, but I'll post my opinion again. Damien Knight created Knight Errant specifically because of Wilson's sudden, overwhelming success with Lone Star. Wilson proved a security market existed, and Knight capitalized on it. In a way, Lone Star's success created the company's own nemesis.)<<<<<

—One Trick Pony (21:30:58/9-21-54)

>>>>(Don't you ever give it a fragging rest?)<<<<<

—Jaws (01:31:18/9-22-54)

GROWTH OF LONE STAR

During the next three years, Lone Star grew by leaps and bounds. Wilson hired personnel at a furious pace, opening branch offices in Lubbock, San Antonio, Houston, Corpus Christi,

and Texarkana. In 2020, Lone Star signed its first metropolitan law-enforcement contract with the city of Corpus Christi, Texas. Officially, Clay's outfit was contracted to supplement the Corpus Christi police force, whose union had been working without a contract for eleven months. Predictably, the union responded by going on strike. The city of Corpus Christi declined to renegotiate the patrolmen's contracts, fired all strikers and extended Lone Star's contract, ostensibly to pick up the slack. The police department's management and various scabs kept their jobs, but could not operate the police department adequately with a skeleton crew. Within weeks, the city let them go as well.

>>>>(Wilson skimmed what I'm sure he considered the cream of the crop from the former police ranks, hiring only those ex-officers who matched his idea of good law-enforcement professionals. The rest he left to survive as best they could. I remember—Lone Star offered me a position at about 15 percent less pay than I made with the city, and lord knows I needed the job. But I couldn't bring myself to accept it when my colleagues with as much or more experience and seniority didn't even get severance pay.)<<<<<

—Denise (15:35:16/9-13-54)

>>>>(So you choose to show solidarity with those friends by starving with them? That'll show that Wilson slot a thing or two!)<<<<<

—Rooney (05:27:08/9-14-54)

>>>>(Wilson and the city manipulated the whole Corpus Christi debacle to turn out precisely the way it did. Did they think the police union would welcome a private, non-union service contractor into the fold with open fragging arms? Null. Both the city and Wilson knew the Star contract would provoke a strike, giving the city the chance to bust the union and bring in Clay's Lone Star bruisers. How convenient. The city puts an end to labor disputes with the union by privatizing law enforcement, and Wilson can paint his company as legitimate rent-a-cops, not just run-of-the-mill corporate security providers. Plus, he gets his pick of the people thrown out of work, knowing they'll accept less than the going salary out of desperation. Smooth moves there.)<<<<<

—Quan (16:01:44/9-15-54)

>>>>(I thought *Seattle* gave Lone Star its first municipal law-enforcement contract.)<<<<<

—Itsal (02:28:10/9-16-54)

>>>>(Most Seattle residents think that. Wake up and smell the soykaf, chummers—the sun don't rise and set on Seattle.)<<<<<

—Diamondback (16:03:56/9-16-54)

The Corpus Christi contract propelled Wilson's corporation into more rarefied markets. Other cities and municipalities across the country had begun to suffer from increasing police strikes and work slowdowns, and Lone Star offered a tempting way out of a bind.



>>>>(Hey—striking's hardly an unexpected response to wage freezes, decreased spending on training and support, and explosive increases in street violence.)<<<<<

—Blue Light (01:04:46/9-8-54)

Between 2020 and 2030, Lone Star picked up five more full-service metropolitan law-enforcement contracts, including one in Seattle and more than six dozen limited-service contracts. The limited contracts called for the Star to provide certain, specific services for a metropolitan area, full service for some portion of a city, or a combination of the two. Lone Star signed many limited contracts with high-income or corporate housing developments and subdivisions.

>>>>(Just to illustrate that point closer to home, the little enclave of Beaux Arts once used Lone Star for its security. The Star set up the cut-wire fences, the basis for the sensor network, and the anti-UDT nets in the water. Lone Star lost that contract to Knight Errant back in 2035. Read on to find out why.)<<<<<

—Chung (13:47:54/9-9-54)

With each new contract, Lone Star's reputation spread throughout the United States and into Canada and the Republic of Québec. By creating subsidiaries, the Star cut through the draconian corporate laws of Canada and Québec and picked up contracts in Québec City, Montréal, Toronto, Ottawa, and Sudbury. Even the Crash of '29 left Wilson's corporate baby virtually untouched. Almost as if he'd expected the Crash, Clay Wilson had kept Lone Star's central computer systems isolated from the worldwide data network known as the Grid. Instead, nearly autonomous systems handled all Lone Star communication that passed through the Grid, including the packet-switched radio networks used to dispatch and track Lone Star vehicles and assets. These systems connected to Lone Star's central systems by asynchronous and largely one-directional datapaths, which protected the Star's central systems from infection by the Crash virus. Though the virus wrecked its autonomous systems, Lone Star's core in Austin remained untouched.

>>>>(What? How the frag did Wilson know the Crash was coming? He must've helped orchestrate it, or knew the people who built the Crash virus. . .)<<<<<

—Olive (16:26:03/9-7-54)

>>>>(I knew somebody would make that leap of stupidity. Clay Wilson didn't know the Crash was coming. Nobody knew the Crash was coming. He was just paranoid. He never really understood computers, and he never trusted anything he didn't fully understand. He bought out Absolute Software way back in 2016 specifically to get himself a few computer security geeks. With a technophobic paranoid giving orders to the computer geeks, is it any wonder that they isolated the good stuff from the Grid?)<<<<<

—Neon Splatter (04:23:11/9-8-54)

In the months of chaos that followed the Crash, Lone Star doubled its contracts. Because its central computer system remained intact, Lone Star regained its momentum over its major competitors and the various johnny-come-latelies who had been nipping at the corporation's heels in the past few years. In addition to giving Lone Star a direct competitive advantage, the Crash prompted Wilson to expand his computer resources to tackle the complexities of modern infotech law. The emergence of Matrix cybertechnology pioneered by the Echo Mirage project changed the world yet again, and so Wilson did his utmost to ensure that Lone Star could take advantage of the shifting playing field.

>>>>(Ah, yes. Now comes the birth of GridSec, a.k.a. the Division of Matrix Security.)<<<<<

—Neon Splatter (04:24:46/9-8-54)

Still reeling from the Crash, the States and Canada merged into the modern-day United Canadian and American States. The formation of the new nation allowed the central Lone Star organization to re-absorb its supposedly autonomous Canadian sub-

sidary. Because Québec remained a separate nation, however, the subsidiary operating in Québec remained nominally independent.

His base in Austin gave Clay Wilson the perfect opportunity to observe the events that eventually led to the secession of the Confederate American States. Even this vantage point couldn't help him predict whether the secession would take place peacefully or trigger a civil war. Wilson feared that civil war would split his corporation; its headquarters lay in Confederate territory, but UCAS cities held most of its lucrative contracts. Clay knew that corporate extraterritoriality represented his best hope for avoiding a sundered or even nationalized empire. Unfortunately, Lone Star Security Services fell short of the revenue and shares-controlled requirements for extraterritoriality created by the Shiawase Decision of 2001.

Determined to gain extraterritoriality, Wilson set about expanding his empire. Within two months during 2032, Lone Star bought out, absorbed, or otherwise acquired seven other corporations. Though all remained reasonably autonomous, Clay Wilson owned or voted a majority of their outstanding shares. Within those eight weeks, Lone Star's holdings expanded by close to 25 percent, allowing the corp to meet the Shiawase criteria for extraterritoriality. On September 28, 2032, the UCAS powers-that-be officially declared Lone Star an extraterritorial corporation.

>>>>(These acquisitions took Lone Star one step closer to the shape we know today. The corps it absorbed included a couple of research facilities that became part of the R&D Division, a simsense production facility, a privately held chain of psychiatric clinics that eventually gave us DivPsych and the "Gray Men" (see a later file), and a kind of hermetic think tank that developed into the Division of Paranormal Investigation. Wizzer, huh?)<<<<<

—Neon Splatter (04:27:01/9-8-54)

>>>>("Wizzer?" I'd call it growing like a fragging cancer.)<<<<<

—Go Boy (17:03:08/9-8-54)

Passing the Torch

Clay Wilson's Wild West mentality shaped Lone Star's corporate culture from the organization's earliest days. Most of the street assets Clay hired shared his cowboy attitude, as did a fair portion of the Star's administrative staff.

>>>>(Want some examples of a "cowboy mentality?" No female peace officers, 'cause ol' Clay didn't believe "wimmin-folk" had what it took to cut it on the streets. And he also figured it was important that everybody working for Lone Star—from street monster to janitor—know how to handle a gun.)<<<<<

—Rawhide (06:29:35/9-7-54)

Though Clay Wilson's kick-hoop-and-take-names attitude helped build Lone Star into a megacorporation, by the mid-2030s that mentality became a liability. The Lone Star Academies gave street personnel adequate training in police

procedure and criminology, but vigilante justice characterized the entire corporate culture. Beatings and reports of suspects "shot while trying to escape" occurred far too often for most people's peace of mind. Especially in the UCAS, the justice system still officially held to the traditional presumption of innocence until proven guilty, and more than a few civil rights activists strongly suggested that Lone Star needed to be reminded of that fact.

>>>>(What do you want, for chrissake? They got the fragging job done.)<<<<<

—Garth (12:09:11/9-7-54)

>>>>(But at what cost?)<<<<<

—SPD (18:10:17/9-7-54)

Entrenched racism posed another problem. Clay Wilson held all metahumans in complete contempt, and his organization reflected his prejudice. In the early days of Lone Star, much of the public shared Wilson's racist attitude, and so the organization's position against metahumans went largely unchallenged. The guilty aftermath of the Night of Rage and similar examples of racially motivated violence across the continent made such determined bigotry unacceptable in a law-enforcement provider. As metahumans began to take their places in municipal governments, Lone Star lost contracts even when it offered the cheapest bid. The decline in new business reached a crisis in 2035, when the city of Corpus Christi canceled its Lone Star law-enforcement contract and hired a subsidiary of the Houston Police Corporation.

In objective terms, the loss of Corpus Christi barely made a ripple in Lone Star's operations. The contract created minor revenue when compared to large-scale operations like Seattle, and so its loss had little impact on the Star's bottom line. Lone Star senior management assumed that the Houston Police Corp. would prove inadequate to the job, and that Corpus Christi would re-sign with Lone Star at the end of Houston's twelve-month trial period.

Subjectively, however, the loss of the Corpus Christi contract gave the Star a kick in the teeth. Not only had Corpus Christi given Lone Star its first metropolitan contract, making that contract symbolically important, but the city also made it abundantly clear that they had cancelled the agreement because they would no longer tolerate what they cited as Lone Star's "red-neck, maverick" attitude toward its job. The corporation's directors and senior managers reacted by nervously scrutinizing other client cities, and immediately recognized that several already felt a degree of dissatisfaction only slightly lower than that shown by Corpus Christi. The Board of Directors began muttering about making major changes intended to bring the corporation in line with prevailing attitudes and opinions.

>>>>(At this time, Beaux Arts dropped its Lone Star contract and engaged Knight Errant.)<<<<<

—Chung (13:54:48/9-9-54)

These rumblings of change continued throughout late 2035 and early 2036. Clayton Wilson served as both Chairman of the Board of Directors and Lone Star's CEO, and though he owned a significant proportion of LSSS, he did not own a majority of the shares, and so could not completely control the board.

>>>>(Time out. Wilson founded Lone Star, neh? How could he let control of it slip away?)<<<<<

—Sukoshi (11:50:25/9-6-54)

>>>>(Lone Star Security Services, Inc., changed a lot in its first twenty years. The corp made Clay Wilson grotesquely rich, but not rich enough to meet Lone Star's capital needs from his private fortune. In order to expand his corporate baby into an extraterritorial megacorp, Wilson jumped through all the standard corp-type hoops: stock offerings, private investors, joint ventures, strategic partnerships, and so on. By 2035, Clay only held about 25 percent of the voting shares. He remained the biggest single shareholder in Lone Star and held huge amounts of equity in the company (representing billions of nuyen) but his share didn't allow him to control the corporation outright.)<<<<<

—Arioch (00:00:07/9-7-54)

The second most influential person on the board, well-known venture capitalist Wendy Manderscheid, directly and indirectly owned chunks of more than a dozen major corporations. She and several other directors believed that Clay Wilson's Neanderthal prejudices were harming the interests of the company and thus limiting the growth of their personal fortunes. Manderscheid enjoyed considerable support for her views from several other major shareholders, but still lacked the clout to outvote Clay Wilson and his faction. Clay's loyalists, of course, included his younger brother, James.

>>>>(Half-brother, I think. Same father, different mother. Clay's father remarried at the age of 45 or so, and James arrived in the world shortly thereafter. James is young enough to be Clay's son by 20 years or so.)<<<<<

—Ken L (05:31:12/9-7-54)

By hitching his wagon to Clay's star and following his brother's advice and example, James Wilson amassed a considerable fortune of his own. By 2036 he held 10 percent of Lone Star's voting shares. That placed 35 percent of the voting shares in the firm grasp of the Wilson family. With an additional 20 percent held by individuals personally loyal to Clayton, the older Wilson considered his position on the board to be completely secure. As far as Wilson was concerned, Manderscheid could whimper about political correctness until she turned blue, as long as Clay Wilson and his faction controlled 55 percent of the votes.

And Clay Wilson believed himself invincible until a board meeting on April 8, 2036, proved otherwise. As the first piece of new business, Wendy Manderscheid moved to terminate Clayton Wilson's position as CEO of Lone Star Security Services, Inc. Clay literally laughed in Manderscheid's face, sure that her



motion was nothing but a ploy to get another of her sniveling complaints about gender and race discrimination into the meeting minutes. To keep from wasting time on pointless business, he closed debate immediately and called for a vote on the motion. The tally gave Clayton a nasty shock; his brother James had thrown in his 10 percent voting block with Manderscheid's faction. Suddenly, Clay Wilson found himself on the wrong side of the 55/45 voting split and out of a job. Manderscheid took over as board chairman, promptly relieved Clay of his board seat and appointed James Wilson as Lone Star's new CEO.

>>>>(And so Clayton Wilson, founder of Lone Star and Texas Ranger wannabe, found himself out on the street, booted out of the corporation he created.)<<<<<

—Tomtom (13:45:06/9-6-54)

>>>>(Buldrek. That can't happen.)<<<<<

—Jacques (15:00:06/9-6-54)

>>>>(Au contraire, chummer. It happens all the time. The nastiest battles in the corporate battleground happen in the board rooms.)<<<<<

—Arioch (00:01:47/9-7-54)

James Wilson swiftly consolidated his position. He fired, demoted, or transferred members of the executive echelons who owed personal loyalty to Clay, and replaced them with people loyal to him.

>>>>(A corp exec feels loyalty only to himself; expect anything else and you're courting disaster. Instead of loyalty, buy obedi-

ence and cooperation—either through fear or enlightened self-interest.)<<<<<

—Karl (22:50:01/9-6-54)

>>>>>(Unfortunately for James, some of Clay's toadies in the executive suites proved too entrenched to replace right away. Some had made themselves indispensable, and, as often is the case, others posed less of a threat in-house than out of James' sight. James did what he could, putting the Lone Star brass through reshufflings, inexplicable reassignments, and several minor purges between 2036 and 2038. Darwin Ho, Clayton's old CFO, mysteriously (and conveniently) disappeared during this process.)<<<<<

—Watcher (06:54:33/9-8-54)

>>>>>(All this went down years ago, but Clay's still out there. He still owns close to 25 percent of Lone Star, even though James pulled a dual-class recapitalization on him a while back, and he still has plenty of other corporate interests. Clayton hasn't forgiven or forgotten—I don't think he's capable of either.)<<<<<

—Crom (19:10:11/9-8-54)

>>>>>(Unsubstantiated rumors hint that Clay Wilson fostered close ties with Damien Knight between 2037 and 2040. If true, those rumors imply Clay's priorities: if it will hurt brother James, he'll even help the competition—Knight Errant—in the marketing battle against his own brain child.)<<<<<

—Rat (22:05:33/9-8-54)

>>>>>(That surprises you?)<<<<<

—Biv (03:57:11/9-9-54)

In the years that followed Clay Wilson's ouster, brother James attempted to modernize Lone Star's corporate culture. He expanded the Lone Star Academy's curriculum to include sensitivity training and additional psychology courses and eliminated blatant racism and sexism. He also subtly shifted the entire corporate culture toward better serving the spirit of the laws it enforced. James Wilson's Lone Star expected officers to respect a suspect's rights, rather than ignore them. James' changes got results. Within eighteen months of his assumption of power, Corpus Christi re-established its contract with Lone Star, and the corp successfully wooed another five cities and municipalities that had been leaning toward Knight Errant contracts.

Lone Star Today

James Wilson served as CEO of Lone Star until June of 2051, when Wendy Manderscheid retired as board chairman. Through a combination of high-level politicking, influence-peddling, horse trading, and extortion, she arranged for James Wilson to succeed her, thereby ensuring that he would benefit from the power bloc she'd created. No one really objected to Wilson continuing to serve as CEO also, but he apparently decided he had put in his time. Using Manderscheid's power bloc to ram his choice through the approval process, James

appointed Theodore W. D. Winslow as CEO, at the same time arranging for a new stock offering, most of which went into Winslow's personal portfolio.

>>>>>(Wilson learned a lot from Manderscheid. Giving Winslow a significant equity position reinforces Wilson's own position on the board, because Teddy's pretty fragging sure to vote along with the person who put him in the corner office. It also dilutes brother Clay's equity position even further, making him less of a threat. Chill move.)<<<<<

—The Keynesian Kid (20:54:02/9-8-54)

>>>>>(It had the secondary effect of adding Teddy Winslow to Clay Wilson's drek list.)<<<<<

—Beastman (13:06:14/9-9-54)

>>>>>(Aye, there's the rub. Clayton Wilson's still hanging around, an embittered old man with a drekload of money and the willingness to use it to get what he wants. What he wants at the moment is brother James' hide nailed up over his holofire.)<<<<<

—Carmen (14:26:09/9-11-54)

>>>>>(Chill on that. Clay Wilson's old news. He hasn't done drek in three years, hasn't made so much as a twitch in the direction of Lone Star, brother James, or Teddy Winslow.)<<<<<

—Waterboy (21:52:49/9-11-54)

>>>>>(Ever hear of the calm before the storm?)<<<<<

—Echo (01:28:27/9-12-54)

MAKING MONEY

As a corp, Lone Star receives no funding from government sources. Like any corp, however, it needs revenue to meet payroll and overhead costs, to expand, to compete with rivals—and to pay dividends to shareholders so that they don't dump LS shares and trash the corp's rep on the stock markets of the world.

Predictably, Lone Star earns most of its revenue from metropolitan enforcement contracts, either from big-ticket deals with cities like Seattle, or catch-as-catch-can piecework deals, such as the one that allows them to patrol the areas of Washington not covered by the FedPols. Star management points to this high-profile work with big drek-eating grins. According to the Star's PR flacks, such enforcement contracts represent the only real mission of Lone Star Security Services. Everything else the corporation puts its fingers into is brushed under the rug, dismissed as "peripheral business." To translate from PR jargon, that means minor ops that the corp only touches because it needs to subsidize its socially valuable functions—or drek to that effect.

>>>>>(Lone Star's feeling a serious squeeze in its major biz, and don't let the Star apologists and flacks and media-benders and spin-doctors tell you otherwise. That fact that Lone Star has an

exclusive contract with the Seattle metroplex makes it easy to forget that the Star is only one of many law enforcement and security providers. The fact that most people elsewhere in UCAS, CAS, and even *la belle Québec* equate Lone Star with law enforcement, is more a reflection of the corp's top-flight PR than any supposed dominance of the marketplace.

Generally speaking, (and I know you slags can wheel up a dozen piddling counterexamples, so don't, okay?) in places where Lone Star must compete with other players for small chunks of the market, the Star gets its butt waxed by Knight Errant. Sometimes the Star holds even less of a market share than local, private outfits. In other words, the high-profile exclusive drek makes the Star a powerhouse. And in the exclusive-contract market, Knight Errant's going after the biz like a pit bull after a rump roast, chummer. Even if a city's contract doesn't come up for renewal or renegotiation for years, KE's offering municipal governments competing bids and providing free "consultation," most of which amounts to constant kvetching about how and where Lone Star's fragging up. I hear that earlier this year, KE started pulling that drek with our own Governor Schultz in Seattle.)<<<<<

—Dodd (14:02:00/9-8-54)

>>>>(LS countered that move by voluntarily renegotiating the deal with Schultz a couple of years early. Nobody's talking details (no drek, Sherlock), but the smart guess says LS cut its contract fee to forestall KE's competitive bid.)<<<<<

—Orgchart (19:47:33/9-10-54)

>>>>(The way I scan it, something more than cutting out the competition made the Star renegotiate a lucrative contract like Seattle's. Don't know what that something is yet, but I'm digging.)<<<<<

—T2000 (17:13:05/9-11-54)

>>>>(Whatever. My point remains the same: Lone Star's under pressure. Renegotiating a contract before the renewal date is an obvious sign of desperation. Lone Star's relatively few exclusive municipal contracts seem to be all that's keeping it in the forefront of its market, and the fact that it's scrambling to keep even those contracts says that things are going fragging wrong for the corp.

My fearless prediction: watch for a domino effect. When the Star loses the first of its big, exclusive contracts, a couple more will go almost immediately. I'd bet on Knight Errant to pick up the pieces (and all the nuyen on the tables.)<<<<<

—Dodd (14:51:35/9-12-54)

Of course, anyone who can read a balance sheet knows that Lone Star cannot possibly sustain itself on metropolitan enforcement revenues alone. Overhead costs too much, and the contract fees are too small to cover those basic costs. Even the secondary rights commonly negotiated along with civic contracts, such as Lone Star's right to the revenues from all sense or trideo productions based on or developed from the corporation's law-enforcement activities, don't come close to making up the difference.

>>>>(Chummer, every time you see some based-on-a-true-story crime drama on the trideo wasteland and Lone Star's in the story, that means the Star got paid.)<<<<<

—Read (02:16:13/9-7-54)

Lone Star, then, must find its profit in other corp-supported enterprises. The best-known of these secondary profit centers is the Corporate Security Division. In a system similar to Knight Errant's standard procedure, this division hires out civilian security forces to other corporations and independent organizations.

>>>>(Like I said earlier, the Star hires out its corporate sec-goons to everyone, including Ares, through the CSD.)<<<<<

—Garth (18:59:56/9-14-54)

Though much smaller than the Star's enforcement arm, whose divisions handle civic enforcement contracts, the CSD produces a much larger percentage of corporate revenues.

>>>>(Of course it does. Nobody considers corp-style sec-goards to be cops, so they don't have to go to all the effort and expense of pretending to be cops. CSD goons enforce corporate rather than civil law, so they ignore niceties such as search warrants and court orders, reading people their rights, or even giving fair warning before opening fire. They can also dispense with spin doctors to pretty things up for the public.

All those trappings that modern law burdens cops with, supposedly designed to protect the rights and freedoms of citizens, get in the way of efficient discharge of duty. It costs nuyen to act polite to the citizens. CSD officers rarely have to do anything but their jobs.)<<<<<

—X-Star (15:38:28/9-6-54)

>>>>(You fragging, fascist, son of a slitch.)<<<<<

—Miranda (18:06:11/9-6-54)

>>>>(Spirits, doesn't anybody scan irony anymore?)<<<<<

—X-Star (13:33:09/9-7-54)

Other profitable divisions include the Division of Paranormal Investigation, the Division of Matrix Security, and the Research and Development Division. The Division of Paranormal Investigation, known on the street as the Dips, hires out its wage mages as astral security consultants. They earn revenue for the Star by pointing out flaws in a client's magical security and suggesting improvements.

>>>>(The Dips also hire out assets on a longer-term basis, as magical hired guns.)<<<<<

—Constance (05:49:01/9-6-54)

The Division of Matrix Security, commonly known as GridSec, hires out its personnel as computer-security consultants.

>>>>(GridSec also develops nastier ice than anyone else but Fuchi. The Star turns some serious cred by licensing the code for its toys to the highest bidder.)<<<<<<

—Constance (05:50:02/9-6-54)

>>>>(Not just ice. Viruses, too, fragging lethal ones. Check out the file on GridSec.)<<<<<<

—HAL 9000 (13:52:59/9-7-54)

The R&D Division develops new equipment for the Star's use. They concentrate on telecommunication and surveillance gear, but they also produce many new weapons and other unique equipment. Senior management reviews each development and provides approval for R&D to license new products to companies willing to handle manufacturing and marketing.

>>>>(The Star owns no manufacturing facilities, which forces it to contract that part of the process out-of-house. Even so, sometimes the Star sits real tight on the marketing of R&D's new gewgaws.)<<<<<<

—Ski (15:00:32/9-6-54)

>>>>(R&D also dabbles in ice from time to time. Its products show less flash than GridSec's tapeworms or loopers, but R&D ice has a rep for consistent, workmanlike results. For obvious reasons, Lone Star admits to developing only white and gray ice, but R&D's confidential financial records chart impressive profit margins on various forms of the black stuff.)<<<<<<

—Slicer (20:17:14/9-6-54)

>>>>(A couple more profit centers we should all know about are the Department of Forensics, which sometimes hires out its labs, facilities, and resources for extra cred, and the Division of Psychology, which makes harsh cred for doing something nobody knows about. Oh, and there's this box off to the side of the orgchart that seems to do drek, but pulls in *serious* profit. It's labeled Military Liaison or something.)<<<<<<

—AES (22:53:55/9-6-54)

>>>>(Ah, good old Mil Liaison. Check below for more dirt on that fragger.)<<<<<<

—Hiroaki (07:06:52/9-15-54)

>>>>(Even if you take into account all the profit centers named so far, Lone Star shouldn't make as much as it does. I suspect the extra cred comes from a sweet little intel brokerage biz. All that background dirt the Star digs up on everyone and everything it investigates goes into big, ice-laden data bases where it stays on file for seven or nine years or some fragging thing. Seems to me that plenty of would-be clients—megacorps, governments, even influential private citizens, might part with big cred for a little leakage from those datastores.)<<<<<<

—Apollo 100 (16:10:37/9-16-54)

>>>>(I thought the law required the Star to keep all that data confidential.)<<<<<<

—Fink (12:36:11/9-17-54)

>>>>(Get actual.)<<<<<<

—X-Star (17:18:04/9-17-54)

Although the Star's profits fall far short of those enjoyed by triple-A megacorps such as Ares and Renraku, its solid financial base makes Lone Star a stable, well-managed, mid-sized corp. Even if its competitors continue to exert marketing pressure, Lone Star Security Services seems certain to play a major role in the security market for the foreseeable future.

>>>>[MILITARY CONNECTIONS

Maybe some of you slags out there can check me on this. I'm hearing some strange rumblings from the shadows about a new Military Liaison division or department (not being a corp-boy, I can't see the distinction), and I don't much like them. From what I've managed to dig up, the Star's Military Liaison apparently started up in Washington under the direct authority of that local Lone Star corp. Apparently, they've got a similar operation in Atlanta. The PR flacks have nothing much to say about it, which surprises me, but I've seen brief mentions of it in the annual reports the Star sends out to shareholders. (Ah, the benefits of holding a single, symbolic corporate share certificate...) Stripped of all the bureaucratese and public-relations drek, ML officially coordinates Star personnel with local military and government assets in preparation for national emergencies or crises. In other words, ML makes sure Lone Star is in the loop of civic defense and emergency planning and that the local constabulary knows what's supposed to go down when the drek drops into the pot. Good idea, on the face of it. Nothing more embarrassing than Lone Star evacuating a city northbound while the metroplex guard or National Guard or whatever is trying to evacuate southbound. Or when the Star and the Guard close off intersections without discussing it, and so the fire department can't get to the big blaze or whatever. Sounds like the kind of thing that requires a manager or two and maybe half a dozen data processing clerks to handle the reams of data.

So how come the Washington Star has this big fragging outfit under the Military Liaison umbrella? And how come it includes street assets? What is Military Liaison *really*, that it needs its own street assets, transferred from other Star departments?)<<<<<<

—The Cat (11:02:01/9-7-54)

>>>>(Echo that question. I've heard more or less the same drek, and it got me thinking. So I did a little digging of my own around ML Atlanta. Instead of a manager, some datapushers, and a drekload of computers to handle the paperwork in quadruplicate, ML Atlanta has comm specialists, logistics people, weapons-and-tactics teams, and just shy of a hundred officers recently transferred to ML from SWAT and FRT outfits. What the frag's going on here?)<<<<<<

—Red October (19:47:10/9-7-54)

>>>>(Sounds like a fragging private army.)<<<<<<

—Yours Truly (22:42:08/9-7-54)

>>>>>(That's precisely what it is, chummers. Lone Star's private, corporate army.)<<<<<<

—Hiroaki (02:11:00/9-8-54)

>>>>>(Bulldrek! This is Lone Star, not fragging Ares. Get a life.)<<<<<<

—Tozer (12:36:29/9-9-54)

>>>>>(Like Thelma argued earlier, what's the fragging difference? A corp's a corp. All corps have extended security assets, or whatever they're calling them today. Ares has them, Renraku has them, Aztechnology has them out the fragging hoop. Why should Lone Star Security Services Corporation be any fragging different?)<<<<<<

—Wolf (02:59:22/9-11-54)

>>>>>(So you're saying the cops have assassins and commandos.)<<<<<<

—Red (00:12:45/9-12-54)

>>>>>(What else would you call the Star's Fast Response Teams, Cherry Red?)

I agreed with you until I got my eyes opened. Frag, I got my eyelids ripped clean off. Think about it, chummer. MCT, Ares, Shiawase, and the other megacorps use their private armies to protect and promote their biz interests around the world. They kick the snot out of other private armies, overthrow national governments rude enough to get in their way, and bulldoze through any other actions they deem appropriate. That's just the world we live in today, *priyatel*. Why shouldn't Lone Star join the corp fun?)<<<<<<

—Wolf (03:59:02/9-12-54)

>>>>>(So what is the ML, then? The Star's private army?)<<<<<<

—Yours Truly (21:06:48/9-12-54)

>>>>>(Ask Wolf. He seems to know it all.)<<<<<<

—KC (00:27:54/9-13-54)

>>>>>(Okay, here's the vetted intel I've got on ML. Getting this much was tough. If anyone's thinking of digging deeper for more dirt, expect to get bloody in the process.

Military Liaison, at least in Atlanta and DeeCee, is a semi-autonomous division within Lone Star. Each of the two ML offices can field a battalion of combat-trained, heavily armed troops. Now, I'm sure Lone Star senior managers like having a private army on call, but the ML troops aren't really intended for the Star's private use. Instead, ML earns cred for the corporation by hiring out its military assets to other corporations. Clients tend to be smaller players who want to kick the drek out of somebody or take over a banana republic somewhere but lack the assets to do it themselves, or players who don't want their own forces involved for some reason. Just like the CSD hires out civilian-style sec-forces to any corp willing to pay the tab, ML does the same thing with military style forces.)<<<<<<

—Argent (23:18:06/9-13-54)



>>>>>(So does KE do the same?)<<<<<<

—Oswald Butcher (23:20:19/9-13-54)

>>>>>(Why all this let's-pretend crap about civil defense, then? You'd think a corp would be more up-front about it to help advertise the service.)<<<<<<

—Cowan (01:41:32/9-14-54)

>>>>>(Because it's Lone Star. We may know that the Star's just like any other corp, but Jane Q. Public sees the Star as very different from MCT or Fuchi. To her, MCT and Fuchi are just megacorps, but Lone Star is the Blue Angels, the Good Guys, the cops. The media also sees the Star as different from other corps. The Star benefits from this false view, if only because Jane Q. Public will cooperate much more readily with "the fine men and women of the police force" than with members of some ruthless, heartless, godless corporate army. Image matters, chummers.

Image is also why ML located its assets in DeeCee and Atlanta. As national capitals, those cities have a sizable national military presence. Much easier to hide a small army inside a bigger one than on the streets of a city, *priyatel*, believe me. Sure, the CO at Fort Gillem might know that Zebra Company (or whatever) is actually part of Lone Star, but your typical civilian sees them as just another crowd of dog-faced grunts.)<<<<<<

—Wolf (03:28:56/9-14-54)

>>>>>(What's this buzz I caught about the Star opening an ML outfit in Seattle?)<<<<<<

—Talon (10:22:09/9-14-54)


>>>>>(Nothing came of it, chummer. Corporate plans change, you know.)<<<<<<

—Argent (19:34:35/9-14-54)

ENFORCEMENT ARM

Except for stupendously unlucky people, most citizens and SINless only deal with Lone Star's street enforcement, rather than a heavier-hitting division of the corp. A divisional chief runs each division of the enforcement arm, and reports to the deputy chief(s) in each city or market where Lone Star provides law-enforcement services.

DIVISION OF PATROL

*Us-and-them thinking has its uses, up to a point. Truth is, though, we aren't all that different from them. A patrol cop walks right up to the edge of the thin, blue line and sticks her neck out over it. To stay alive out there, you learn to think like a criminal. You ask yourself how you would commit a crime, and then you act on those instincts. The only difference between us and them is that we have badges. A buddy of mine put it best: they're the garbage, we're the lid on the garbage can.*

—Excerpt from an interview with Sgt. Anne Weitzmann
on *Good Morning, Austin*

As the front line of law enforcement, the Division of Patrol represents the largest and most conspicuous division of Lone Star Security Services. Patrol officers from various departments serve as the first point of contact between the long arm of the law and the criminal in the street. When a distress or emergency call reaches precinct headquarters, HQ dispatches a patrol squad to the scene of the crime. The patrol officer assesses the situation and calls for appropriate back-up when and if necessary.

From day one of the Star's existence, the Division of Patrol has gotten the lion's share of corp funds. The current executive chairman of the division, Thomas Macmillan, spends quite a chunk of time in the Star's Austin head office, pushing to ensure that budget renewals meet and beat the sums provided in the previous fiscal year. Macmillan loves weapons like nothing else. He believes that without the threat of lethal force, Lone Star might as well "wave daisies at criminals." Because the arms race between Lone Star and society's shadow-dwellers has made lethal force expensive, Macmillan tends to get the generous budgets he requests.

The divisional convensors in Austin recently evaluated the results of a two-year research project on communication systems in the Division of Patrol and intend to make upgraded communications technology this year's top budget priority. Among other things, the convensors recommended mandatory surgery for all Lone Star patrol officers, requiring them to go under the knife for implanted radios and recorders.

>>>>(Mandatory implant surgery always starts small with drek like radios. Next year they'll be implanting skillwires. Pretty soon they'll have cops walking around chromed to the eyeballs.)<<<<

—Red (07:19:32/9-2-54)

>>>>(I want to know where they're getting the money for all this scheduled cyberware and surgery.)<<<<

—Point Five (12:17:47/9-2-54)

>>>>(I don't know where else to post this, so I'm going to dump it here. Beginning last year (I think), the Star issued a dedicated life-sign monitor, or "medical beacon," to all its street officers. Everyone got one, from SWAT grunts to meter readers. They wear these things on a special harness that locates the little baby right over the heart, or as close to it as possible. Using skin induction, it monitors the officer's life signs. If these life signs go outside a standard band of tolerance, the beacon sends a radio alert to the nearest Lone Star monitor station—usually the microcomp in a vehicle, but not always. This alert prompts the system to monitor the officer's life signs more closely, and if life signs go critical or terminate, the monitor sends an "officer down" code direct to Dispatch. The monitor uses the same tech that DocWagon™ uses in implants for its Super-Platinum customers, but the close-to-the-heart location means an even faster response time.)<<<<

—Dixie (01:01:24/9-5-54)

>>>>(Odd as it may seem, some officers refuse to wear the monitor even though not wearing it is a firing offense. Stupid, too, if you ask me. These paranoid slots claim that the Star could put a locator circuit in the monitor, and they don't want Big Brother looking over their shoulders.)<<<<

—Crosshairs (15:22:06/9-6-54)

DEPARTMENT OF STREET PATROL

According to the 2053 Hausser Life Survey, patrolmen have the highest-risk job in law enforcement. Always the first to intercept or discover a crime in progress, patrolmen must either defuse or contain a situation until specialized units arrive to take over. Dispatch almost always sends street patrol officers as the first response to a reported crime. The three types of street patrol duties, each handled by a partly independent section within the department, include foot, cycle, and auto patrol.

>>>>(Ye gods. Departments within divisions, sections within departments. How far do they break the job down? "Hi, I'm Rex. I'm the Secondary Subsection of Floor-Mopping.")<<<<

—Waster (11:47:22/10-4-54)

Foot Patrol

As their name suggests, foot patrol officers patrol on foot. At public events such as urban brawl games or slash-metal concerts, they patrol the crowds looking for trouble while maintaining constant radio contact with auto-patrol vehicles situated at the perimeter of the foot patrol beat. If necessary, the auto patrol officers contact Dispatch by radio to request back-up or specialized units.

Cycle Patrol

Cycle patrol fields fewer officers than auto patrol, simply because the standard-issue motorcycle cannot protect an enforcer as well as an armored patrol car. In addition, a cycle cannot carry anywhere near as many heavy weapons. In recent years, the Star has downsized the cycle patrol in favor of upgrading the auto patrol. But cycle patrols remain indispensable for engaging go-gangs and other cycle-riding perps.

>>>>(Three years ago, Lone Star traded its standard-issue Yamaha Rapiet patrol cycle for the Harley Electra Glide-1000. The rice burners got demoted to traffic patrol.)<<<<

—SPD (03:27:56/10-4-54)

The side compartments of a Lone Star Harley Electra Glide store the following equipment for apprehending a perp: six pairs of metal handcuffs, two packets of ten plastic strip restraints plus one heat-fuser, two magge masks, three pairs of either containment manacles or pulse cuffs, two headlammers, five jacksoppers, two skillwitters, a DNA scanner, a blood tester, and a cyberware scanner.

>>>>(Sounds like a party to me!)<<<<

—Bad Gmll (03:54:11/9-10-54)

Auto Patrol

Most auto patrol units consist of two officers and a car, usually a Chrysler-Nissan Patrol One. Some units use modified Ford Americans, and a few specialized patrol units drive modified Honda-GM 3220 ZX Turbos.

>>>>(The Star first issued Chrysler-Nissans to patrol officers in 2052, and the vehicles have been hugely successful. Many Americans and Zxs remain in service with LS troops in large cities where operating budgets prohibit extensive equipment upgrades and in backwater burgs where they just don't need the new toys.)<<<<

—Flashpoint (14:37:23/10-11-54)

Because auto-patrol officers face dozens of different situations, their vehicles carry a wide range of weapons and gear. The average patrol vehicle contains a dash-mounted microcomputer with a cellular link to a subprocessor in the precinct computer system. The computer has a fold-up monitor and can be switched to a heads-up display on the windshield of the car. Lone Star officers never jack into a computer while on patrol duty, because an officer jacking in effectively cuts the patrol unit in half.) The computer equipment includes an online data



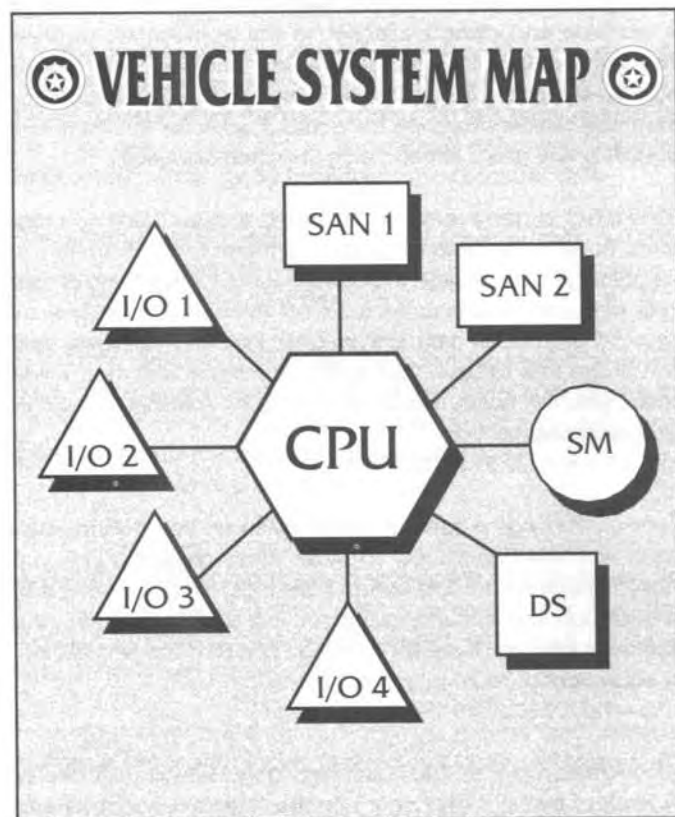
encryption and decryption system, and three color LCD monitors that display information from vehicular cameras and surveillance drones. Vehicle defenses include a full set of exterior security shock plates that pack the punch of a taser against anyone touching the vehicle, and a full-length taser pad embedded in the back seating bench. If activated from the car's front seats, the pad automatically nails a rear-seat passenger with the effect of a taser hit. Most patrol officers pack Defiance Super Shock taser pistols.

>>>>(Always makes suspects talkative.)<<<<<
 —Burge (00:56:35/10-13-54)

Additional gear includes two Mossberg CMDT/SM Combat Shotguns with smartgun adapters (one per officer), two armored torso plates that the officers can strap on for heavy combat, and front and rear Flash-Paks integrated with the vehicle's top-mounted light and siren array. The officers can activate the Flash-Paks from inside the automobile. Needless to say, an auto-patrol unit carries the same array of testing and restraining devices available to cycle patrols.

The following diagram illustrates a typical patrol vehicle computer system.

- CPU = Central Processing Unit
- DS = Datastore
- I/OP = Input/Output Port
- SAN = System Access Node
- SPU = Subprocessor Unit



CPU: Orange-3, Barrier 4, Blaster 3. This central processor runs a number of different programs, including a utility that records all radio communication between the patrol officers and other units or precincts; a trideo-recording utility that stores images from the vehicle's front and rear cameras; a black-box utility that monitors all electronic, mechanical, and weapons systems; a directory of LTG numbers for information and resource centers most often used by Lone Star officers, including the Division of Records at the local precinct office, the main Records datastore in the city headquarters, and the desk number for a records clerk at the Civic Department of Records; a CityMap 5 program; and access utilities that enable officers to receive data from surveillance drones. These utilities do not allow patrol officers to maneuver the drones, however. All resource numbers for offices run by Lone Star listed in the LTG directory also carry an access macro program that delivers a string of access codes on hook-up.

I/OP-1: Orange-3, Access 2. Keyboard.

I/OP-2: Orange-2. Display monitors.

I/OP-3: Orange-2. Video cameras installed in the car.

I/OP-4: Orange-4. Other sensors, including those overseeing the officers' life-sign monitors.

DS: Orange-2, Access 4, Scramble 4. This datastore holds the files of the various recording utilities, the maps for the CityMap utility, and any files the patrol officers have downloaded from Records or received in their daily briefing.

SAN-1: Orange-4, Access 4, Scramble 4, Trace and Burn 4, Trace and Report 3. This system access node is the cellular link to the precinct computer system. Because it has no LTG address, a decker cannot get into it from elsewhere in the Matrix.

SAN-2: Orange-4, Access 4, Scramble 4, Trace and Burn 4, Trace and Report 3. This system access node is a redundant cellular link to the precinct system. Like SAN-1, it has no LTG address.

>>>>(You can get into an LS computer system through the back door faster and easier than walking through their LTG system access node, but only by putting your meat body at a slightly higher-than-average risk. You have to get into the car first, then deck the car's system and slip deep inside the Star's main system via the cellular link. Getting in this way saves you a lot of hassle working your way through the loads of unimportant drek usually clustered near the Star's LTG SANs. Remember, though, that decking through a cellular link bucks pretty bad. Something to do with insufficient bandwidth.

A word of warning: if you set off a system alert while in a patrol car, the system can trace you by your cellular transmission. If you're anywhere within the vehicle cameras' lines of sight, they'll snap a shot of your pretty mug. If you're out of sight, the vehicle's system will simply ask a local surveillance drone to take your picture. Also, Lone Star installs additional alert utilities in its computers in states that have the highest incidence of computer crime. These additional utilities trace the transmission and send an alert message to the riggers in the Department of Surveillance. The rigger cops can track you with a high-altitude drone and wait for you to contact your shadowy mates before

striking. Or they may simply send a hunter drone to shoot you down with your deck still in your lap.)<<<<<<

—Argent (14:27:58/10-17-54)

>>>>(I hear that the Patrol Division has finally begun to install internal security systems in its vehicles. Additional shock pads, gas, fun stuff like that. They catch somebody drekking with one of their cars and there's hell to pay.)<<<<<<

—Toby Tuna (16:02:18/10-17-54)

>>>>**[Chromed Cops**

Most patrol-division street grunts are off-the-rack: slow, dumb, undergunned meat for the beast.

Most.

Naturally, Lone Star ends up with a lot of wizzer chrome on its hands: gear confiscated at crime scenes, shrapnel left over when a perp gets shot trying to escape, and so on. They slap some of that chrome onto their street cops, chummers. Most cops don't know this, but their contracts allow Lone Star to install any cybermods it wants to any time a cop goes under the laser on the corp's tab. Say you're a patrol street monster who has a difference of opinion with a troll packing a two-by-four. Licky-boom-boom-down, out go the lights, and you wake up in a recovery room—missing both arms and both eyes.

While you were under the laser, the Star (in its infinite wisdom and compassion) decided you could really use some of the chrome gathering dust on the storeroom shelves at HQ. (The troll with the two-by-four didn't even hit you above your waist, but who cares about such details?) Hey presto, you're a chromed cop. *Sur-prise, sur-prise, sur-prise!*

Some patrol chromers get transferred to other divisions or departments, like the Tactical Division. Some go back out on the street, doing the same old patrol work. You probably won't meet a chromed cop in most situations, but the chance is always there. That kind of meeting can ruin your whole fragging day.)<<<<<<

—Snow White (17:16:00/9-8-54)

DEPARTMENT OF AIR PATROL

Air patrol officers fly the friendly skies of your local precinct, doing much the same job as auto-patrol officers, but faster and with more firepower. Almost all air-patrol officers are riggers who fly single-man rotorcraft, usually Northrop PRC-50f Wasps or Yellowjackets. These single-seaters enable Lone Star to maintain heavily armed airborne forces without committing an outrageous number of personnel to the department.

>>>>(Most fly boys may opt not to have rigger cybermods installed when they join the department, but Lone Star really makes it worth an employee's while to get the necessary surgery. As incentives, they hand out discounts on medical programs, special insurance packages, and all kinds of other benefits.)<<<<<<

—SPD (00:09:46/9-19-54)

Lone Star air patrol officers cybered up with the necessary mods also operate a couple of hunter or surveillance drones

throughout their shift. Slaved to the officer's vehicle control rig, the drones fly in formation with or harnessed to the patrol craft.

>>>>(To cut down on costs, the Star tends to go for the plain-vanilla model drones. But don't rely on having things that easy. When it needs to and has the cred, Air Patrol pops for top-of-the-line models such as the Wandjina RPVs that come direct from the CAS military.)<<<<<<

—Clutch (13:41:58/9-17-54)

>>>>(Wandjinas? Holy drek. . .)<<<<<<

—Suddenly Paranoid (00:44:55/9-18-54)

DEPARTMENT OF TRAFFIC PATROL

Ever seen old vids of busy, city streets, where a cop stands in the intersection and waves his arms at the passing cars to tell them where to go? That's traffic patrol (or part of it, anyway). Needless to say, Lone Star's traffic cops do their job a little differently than the old-time cop in the middle of the road. Traffic-patrol officers enforce speed limits, safe driving laws, and parking regulations, and also regulate traffic flow with the help of helmet-mounted cameras and three types of drones. The helmet cameras slide into the lining of the standard-issue Lone Star helmet, with the lens located near the officer's left temple. Traffic-patrol officers use these cameras to record accident scenes and speed violators, using the photos to find lawbreakers if the usual barcode scan comes up dry. The traffic drones come in fixed-radar, airborne radar, and signal configurations.

Fixed-radar drones scan sections of highways or city streets for speeding vehicles. When a drone spots a vehicle moving faster than allowed, the drone's autonomous camera scans it for a barcode and directs a ticket to the appropriate address through a cellular LTG link. If a vehicle jams the radar drone's signal—regardless of the vehicle's speed—the drone scans the jamming vehicle's barcode and sends a ticket for the maximum speeding fine plus a fine for using restricted hardware.

>>>>(Got a good jammer? Got no barcodes? Got no problems. These things pose as much of a threat to a shadowrunner as garbage cans, NewsFax machines, or any other lump of inert drek sitting on the side of the road. Let Johnson and family worry about these babies. You scream past, jamming the signal, and the drone fails to scan your non-existent barcode and will sit there with the binary equivalent of "duh" running through its processor chip.)<<<<<<

—Clutch (12:31:45/10-15-54)

>>>>(That kind of cowboy mentality works fine on the open road or in the Barrens. But to move freely around a city, you have to have a barcode, even if it belongs to a stolen vehicle or a dead Johnson. You speed past too many of these drones and sooner or later you'll answer to a real Lone Star cop whose binary equivalent of "duh" is "shoot.")<<<<<<

—Fie (09:37:20/10-19-54)

>>>>(Fixed-radar drones flash pretty good sensors, high-security level or better. Don't count on the "stealth" capabilities of



your low-signature machine, chummer. Unless you're driving a converted *Nightwraith* or something just as slick, the drone's going to spot you.)<<<<<

—Diva (15:07:52/10-19-54)

The average airborne radar drone is a low-cost, task-dedicated version of AeroDesign Systems' Condor "gas-bag" drone. Though cheaper than standard drones, the unit costs more than the fixed-radar model and so is deployed only over "accident black spots" where the Star considers speed control vital.

>>>>>(Translation: If some kids turn the street outside a major corp into a drag strip, airborne drones will clog the skies.)<<<<<

* —Vixen (09:55:29/10-12-54)

>>>>>(The airborne drone uses the same high-security sensor pack and camera-control servos as the fixed-radar drone. Its task-specific sensors limit this machine to spotting and citing speeders—unless it undergoes a major refit.)<<<<<

—Gear-Jammer (17:29:40/10-19-54)

A signal drone is a portable, automated traffic cop that uses high-visibility display screens and semaphore arms to direct traffic flow. Lone Star uses these drones to divert traffic from the scene of an accident or a violent conflict, or to back up damaged or destroyed signal lights.

>>>>>(LS programs the signal drones via a hand-held terminal that plugs into a data socket under a maglocked access panel.

If you want to have a bit of fun, say changing a "keep left and proceed slowly" program to "veer right and floor it," expect to spend a minute or two figuring out the hardware protocol and a couple more seconds cracking the Access-4 IC on the control system. I'd rank the control system's security at Green-3.)<<<<<

—Aero (10:20:14/9-10-54)

>>>>>(Gangers love to deface these electronic do-gooders, usually with crowbars or sledgehammers. Surprise—this year's model incorporates a trembler switch and shock plates that pack the same juice as a taser. zzzZAP!)<<<<<

—Ringer (21:19:50/9-15-54)

DEPARTMENT OF HIGHWAY PATROL

>>>>>(Hello? There's nothing here. Did someone ice the file, or what?)<<<<<

—Turtle (07:39:28/9-4-54)

>>>>>(The original posting came through this way—nothing but a heading. So fill in the blanks and connect the dots yourselves, chummers.)<<<<<

—SysOp (11:46:09/9-10-54)

>>>>>(I bet there's no file because the Star has no Department of Highway Patrol to speak of. Lone Star enforces the traffic laws in cities, but in most of North America the highways are the province of federal defense forces.)<<<<<

—Switchback (02:47:09/9-14-54)

>>>>(Bulldrek. I've gotten tagged by highway patrolmen on the I-5—they looked Star to me.)<<<<<

—Jackie S. (00:56:37/9-15-54)

>>>>(In or near the Seattle sprawl, right?)<<<<<

—Switchback (03:28:18/9-15-54)

>>>>(Right.)<<<<<

—Jackie S. (09:34:06/9-15-54)

>>>>(The Star's Department of Street Patrol takes care of highways that feed into cities or connect different parts of the sprawl. Part of your urban environment, chummer. By highway, I mean the open road, the wilderness, places so isolated that a war would take days to reach the screamsheets. The North American highway system was built to connect major cities, and it's still surprisingly easy to drive across borders and slide from country to country. When the borders around new nations went up, the new governments only had enough resources to install a certain number of checkpoints throughout the system. Different countries dealt with this problem in different ways. Some relied on vicious armed border patrols and plenty of federal defense posts. Others simply blew up bridges and whole sections of highway. When I ran weapons in the years just after the Great Ghost Dance, I knew when I was in the NAN because the road disappeared. Of course, some gov's did a lousy job of blowing up the roads and bridges. Plenty of places can still be navigated with the right gear. Sometimes the demo team left enough to repair, and the more lucrative routes have been repaired. (And not by their respective governments, if you get my drift.)

The highway runs by a different set of rules than the street. This "Jackie S." person was probably born in the sprawl, never left the sprawl, and will die in the sprawl. If he ever hits the open road, he'll learn about the frontier code. Rule One: car thieves are the lowest of low. Stealing a person's car and stranding him on the open road is the same as murdering him. Rule Two: If you pass a chum in need of petro—be it friend or enemy—give him some. Might be you, next time.)<<<<<

—Switchback (06:18:10/9-16-54)

>>>>(You ran weapons just after the Ghost Dance, huh? Geez, I didn't know they let fossils log onto Shadowland. . . Come on, Switchback. Get a bigger shovel. I don't know what century you live in, or if you're looped out on Moroccan westerns, but I think you're out of touch with the real world. Nobody gives anybody anything out there anymore, except maybe a few shots to the head. I know. I read the screamsheets.)<<<<<

—Jackie S. (01:48:34/9-17-54)

>>>>(Echo. Switchback's gone altyz. Read the report on this board by someone named Jaywalk on the Lone Star Highway Patrol in Québec.)<<<<<

—Denver Dan (04:56:32/9-20-54)

>>>>(Québec does not show the true story. The twisted desires of its government have made that country all but intolerable. I've been to Québec once, and I don't plan to return there. But

in the old days, you could drive into the desert, park your car, leave the keys in the ignition, and walk away on a vision quest. When you came back, you'd find maybe half a dozen members of the Pueblo Nation by your car with water and food for the rest of your journey. The frontier is part of our heritage as North Americans; it's our only connection to our mythic past. Nowadays the highways bleed with gangs, breakaway nations, terrorists, and survivalists. Not back then. Fortunately, a few places exist even today that follow the old codes.)<<<<<

—Switchback (09:14:18/9-20-54)

>>>>(Yawn City. Who cares about then? I live now, and I might get geeked unless I know what to expect from the Star on the wide-open blacktop. Keep this on topic!)<<<<<

—Dragonfly (10:16:38/9-21-54)

>>>>(Switch, this so-called code of the frontier never existed anywhere but in the romanticized poetry of a centuries-old war. You're talking about the North American equivalent of the chivalric code: a bunch of flowery, noble-hearted bulldrek that covered up rape, murder, and land-stealing. Switch, I think it's great that your road buddies give you food and water, but let's not kid ourselves about how the West was won.)<<<<<

—Diamondback (13:45:25/9-21-54)

>>>>(Okay. Back on topic. Most open highways fall under federal jurisdiction, which means that Lone Star rarely patrols these byways (except for Québec, of course). So if you see a Star blue-and-yellow out on the wide prairie, watch it. Ten to one the driver's a renegade cop carrying stolen corporate property, or (worse) he's one of the few legitimate highway patrolmen. The guys LS posts to nowhere land tend to be discipline cases; considered too twisted and sadistic to serve in the Sprawl. Scary.)<<<<<

—Roostertail (16:19:04/9-23-54)

>>>>(Lone Star's got fragging *thunderbirds* out on the highways, chummers. T-birds tricked out with missiles, jammed by riggers with serious mods.)<<<<<

—Clutch (00:22:19/9-25-54)

>>>>(I'll back Clutch on this one. You don't see them blowing Americans off the I-5 with their backdraft very often, but if you hit the Big Red Ones of UCAS proper and you see something knocking back a dirty great blip on your sensors, check your speed!

The blue-and-yellow t-birds are Scout class LAVs, smaller and only slightly less nasty than full-on Banshees. Most of them carry an anti-vehicular weapon that t-bird pilots call "land sharks," little GEV hovercraft-style flyers about the size of a coffee table. They're nothing but a forward-looking sensor, an engine, a remote rigger linkup, and a big fragging warhead! Land sharks cost a lot less than real AVMs and move slower, but are more maneuverable. And because they run on an air cushion, they can pack a bigger warhead. Each Lone Star t-bird stashes a rigger away in its armored bowels who controls these nasty fraggers. He's pretty tough to take out, chummers.

I can almost hear the swaggering machismo pouring out of some of you slots who think your armored vehicles represent the be-all end-all. Before you shrug the land sharks off, ask yourself how much armor you've got on the underside of your vehicles. Lone Star riggers love to run their land sharks right under your wheels before detonating the warhead.)<<<<<<

—Chrome Dome (16:30:10/9-25-54)

>>>>>(Land sharks? You're farcing. You've got to be farcing.)<<<<<<

—Road Runner (21:46:11/9-26-54)

>>>>>(No farce, RR. These land sharks exist, and they work real well on wide, open prairie. Also on wide, open interstates. I hear some of the tribal security forces in the Sioux Nation find these real useful. I saw a few smoldering "funeral pyres" on my last run across the plains, and I suspect land sharks.)<<<<<<

—Eight (00:03:17/10-4-54)

DEPARTMENT OF SHORE/WATER PATROL

Lone Star's Department of Shore and Water Patrol debuted in 2052 on the tri-d-magazine show "Manuel Jardine Tonight." Jardine's reporters covered the suppression of the Manhattan Bridge uprising, showing shore patrol units working with heavily armed air units to bring down a militant mob of homeless people living in the struts under the bridge.

>>>>>(Amazing how the news crews found perfect locations so that they didn't miss a microsecond of high-impact, explosive-round action.)<<<<<<

—Silverbone (01:37:19/9-19-54)

This full-blown coverage made for a wiz-bang, free advertising campaign, and requests for shore patrol contracts poured in. Lone Star barely managed to buy equipment for its units fast enough to keep up with the demand.

>>>>>(They kept up with the demand by rush-ordering second-rate equipment and sending out half-trained personnel. In the past two years, this department experienced the fastest growth and the highest number of casualties. Frag, showing reruns of the "Jardine Tonight" show would make a better deterrent than some of the jokers I've encountered on the waterfronts of the Seattle metropolplex.)<<<<<<

—Kilroy (08:27:39/10-10-54)

>>>>>(You'd think that two years would give the LS head office ample opportunity to shore up (excuse the pun) the department by upgrading equipment and professional development packages. Instead, they've just let it decline, and the slide gets faster all the time. Most people might figure the Star dropped the ball—but if you think about it in business terms, they played their hand real smart. They grabbed up the contracts and closed them fast and hard. In another three years, most of those contracts come up for renegotiation, and the cities'll probably cut their shore patrol contracts at no big loss for the Star. They avoid the replacement cost of the shoddy equipment that slags like us

blow up, and who cares if the department dies? The Star made a packet of easy money in an area it had no plans to cultivate. The way the corp sees it, they just turned an extra trick.)<<<<<<

—Traci (03:17:58/10-15-54)

>>>>>(Let's talk gear. The water cops go for flashy but under-gunned boats like the Surfstar Marine Seacop and the GMC Beachcraft Patroller. The congenital idiots running the department decided they needed some kind of fast, forward-defense picket line, so they bought a bunch of Suzuki Watersport jetskis, jazzed the engines, and slapped on armor and a couple of firm-points. Stupid. The slags on the jetskis are always the first to suck foam when trouble starts. The Star made a big mistake buying those Watersports in '52, and nobody's bothered to correct that mistake.)<<<<<<

—Maxine (16:10:25/10-16-54)

>>>>>(Don't underestimate how well those water-hogs can perform with the right pilot.)<<<<<<

—Wolf (04:00:59/10-18-54)

>>>>>(Okay, I'll concede that. The Star's biggest mistake is not getting skilled personnel.)<<<<<<

—Maxine (15:57:11/10-18-54)

FAST RESPONSE TEAMS

In a perfect example of one of the oddities of Lone Star's power structure that makes people wonder who really runs the place, the Star's Fast Response Teams fall under the jurisdiction of the Division of Patrol. Run-of-the-mill patrol cops can call for an FRT team whenever they need someone to pull their fat out of the furnace. If the beat-walking street-patrol monsters get pinned down in a lethal firefight, or if highway patrolmen get caught up in a rolling mini-war with something too tough for them to beat, they whistle up the FRTs.

Sounds like the standard definition of a Special Weapons and Tactics team, eh, chummer? The Star's SWAT teams and the FRTs overlap like crazy, which severely frags off the SWAT teams. They figure SWAT's the older service, whose long and distinguished record ought to gain them a little preferential treatment. The Lone Star bureaucracy, though, keeps the SWAT boys from doing sweet frag-all about it.

The SWAT/FRT duplication sprang from a turf war back in the late 2030s between Lone Star divisional bosses in Austin. Connie Bannister of Patrol and Bryce Ward of Tactical locked horns in a corporate duel, that swiftly escalated to the point where either one gladly would have sacrificed his or her first-born child to score points against the other. Meanwhile, gang wars raged in and around Austin. Somebody, Aztechnology according to rumor, supplied local thrill-gangs with heavy weapons and even explosives, and Lone Star street ops found themselves grotesquely out-gunned. Patrol cops got pinned down in ambushes fragging-near every day, and kept screaming for Tactical's SWAT teams to bail them out. Connie Bannister hated asking Ward for *anything*, and the fact that Bryce Ward lorded it over her every time a DivPatrol officer hollered for SWAT back-up slotted Connie off even more.

>>>>(Ward even delayed the SWAT teams' response occasionally, just to rub Bannister's nose in it. Essentially, he put besieged patrol cops on hold.)<<<<<

—Laguna Gloria (01:12:22/9-7-54)

In 2038, Bannister took steps to end this intolerable situation. She pulled one of her patrol squads off the street, loaded the unit up with the heaviest armor and weapons she could lay her mitts on, and set aside a Citymaster for their exclusive use. The next time a call for back-up came in from Connie's patrolmen, she sent out her new squad to mix it up. They soon earned the street moniker of "Brute Squad" and spent almost every waking moment between calls plugged into simsense training systems to learn the small-unit tactics and dirty tricks favored by SWAT teams.

Bryce Ward watched the whole process with cold amusement, waiting for Bannister's would-be SWAT team to hose up big-time. By the time Ward figured out that the Brute Squad could cut it, Connie Bannister already had formally designated the unit as a Fast Response Team and even snagged it a little corp cred.

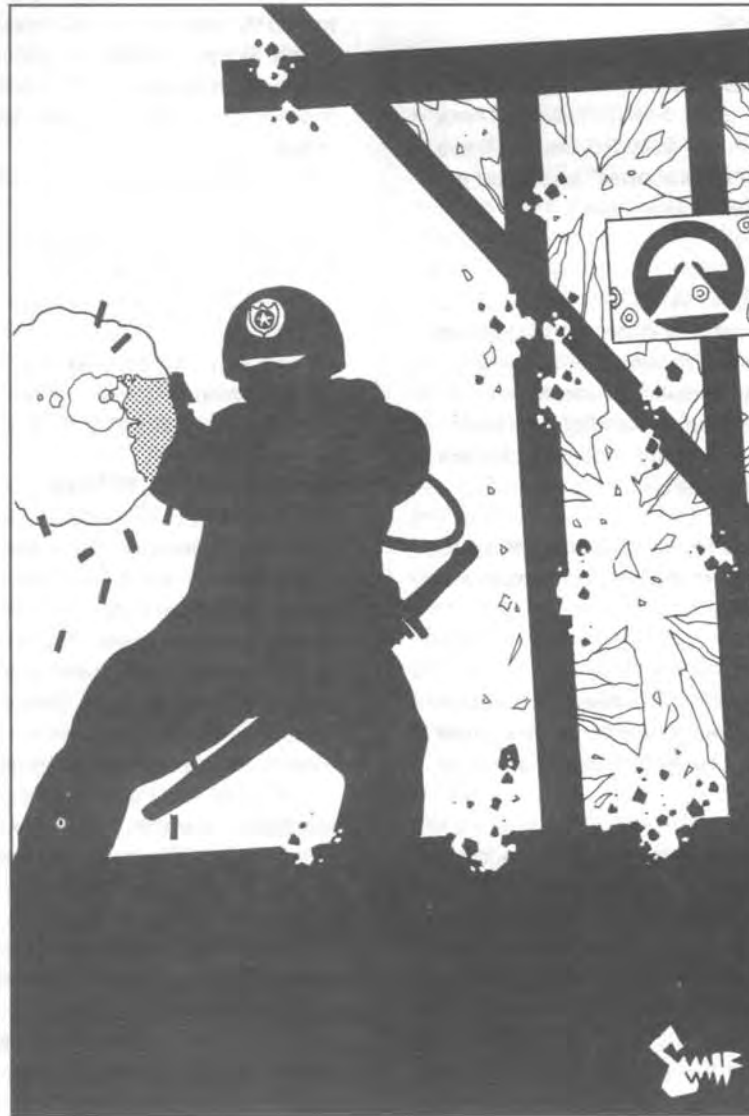
>>>>(Yeah, by shorting other departments on maintenance and similar drek. An FRT ain't going to help squat if your vehicle's tires blow out during a chase and you slam into a Jersey barrier at 200 klicks, all because Highway Patrol can't afford to replace tires at the recommended frequency.)<<<<<

—Laguna Gloria (01:14:01/9-7-54)

Over the years, the FRTs made themselves an indispensable part of the patrol division's resources, and to this day FRT and SWAT continue their turf war. Officially, the patrol division calls in SWAT to handle "non-fluid situations with a high risk of collateral damage, in which coordinated tactics are vital." In English, the above cop-drek means hostage situations and similar scenarios that offer a real danger of geeking innocents unless everyone plays it just right. The FRTs get the call when the risk

of collateral damage is low and the brass judges response time more important than finely tuned tactics. For example, FRT responds to a distress call from cops pinned down by a ganger who happens to have a rocket launcher in the trunk of his car.

Of course, the definition of any situation can be twisted, and the Star's descriptions of what's really going down often look like four-dimensional pretzels. In just about any high-risk situation, SWAT teams and FRTs squabble over who should go in and, more importantly, who's in charge at the scene.



>>>>(I've seen situations where both FRT and SWAT roll up, and nobody knows whose orders they're supposed to follow. Like you'd expect, FRT and SWAT would rather scrag each other than work together. Unless the ground rules are laid down firmly beforehand, situations degenerate into a big cluster-frag and good people end up dying.)<<<<<

—Friday (03:38:47/9-7-54)

>>>>(Don't get hung up on all this response drek, *priyatel*. From what's been uploaded so far, you might figure that you only need to worry about FRT troopers when you've already fragged with Lone Star uniformed officers, and they whistle up the big hammer to save their hoops. Ain't necessarily so, cobber. Sometimes FRT gets in on things from the beginning—ops like raids where the powers that be expect serious resistance, or even "reconnaissance in force" missions. And I think this particular practice is becoming more common, at least in the sprawl. The people running

DivPatrol must be figuring out that just about any arrest attempt or search-and-seizure raid might well turn into a fragging street war, and they send the FRT troopers along just in case.)<<<<<

—Wolf (04:29:05/9-9-54)

>>>>(You can bet your hoop the SWAT-rags aren't too happy about that.)<<<<<

—Carnivore (20:35:33/9-9-54)



Your average fast-response team consists of twelve officers in heavy armor and fully active helmets.

>>>>(An active helmet has a limited heads-up display on the inside of its semi-mirrored macroplast face shield. The HUD displays targeting information, communication cues, and symbols that let troopers communicate silently with each other. Swift tech, until the power cells die. Then it gets hot and heavy as hell.)<<<<<

—Point Man (10:42:33/9-8-54)

Most FRT troopers wear shock gloves with cutaway palms to accommodate a smartgun rig and carry extra clips, a stun baton, and maybe a stun or concussion grenade or two in a web belt or bandolier. They pack either a Colt Manhunter or R&D's new Ruger Thunderbolt, which is becoming Lone Star's standard sidearm. Eight members of the twelve-man squad also carry H&K 227-S submachine guns, with smartgun links and recoil compensation. Two carry AUG-CSL assault rifles, one carries a CMDT combat assault shotgun with a smartgun link, and the final member of the team usually carries an MA 2100 sniping rifle.

>>>>(The sniper usually fires explosive rounds.)<<<<<

—X-Star (16:05:47/9-6-54)

>>>>(Note that the above arsenal represents *standard* weapons. FRT squads can pick weapons to suit the circumstances. If the tactical situation demands it, they might replace their SMGs with assault rifles and grenade launchers, the sniper rifle with an assault cannon, and the assault shotgun with a 6PAK minigun on a gyro mount.

And don't forget secondary gear. The FRTs often get sent in to raid places monitored by riggers jacked into surveillance systems, watching for trouble. A favorite FRT technique is to hit the surveillance cameras with zappers that take down the riggers and crash the system. Very effective.)<<<<<

—Wolf (21:51:28/9-7-54)

>>>>(For those who don't know, a "zapper" is a big capacitor that acts like a super-sized taser dart. If you pump a high enough voltage spike into the hardware end of a rigger circuit, you can set up brain-frying neural feedback in the wetware end—in other words, the rigger's brain. Some of the more militant sprawl gangs use zappers to take out Lone Star drones.)<<<<<

—Argent (23:09:10/9-7-54)

>>>>(Query: "6PAK?")<<<<<

—Technocrat (06:22:59/9-9-54)

>>>>(A Colt rip-off of GE's Vindicator design. Six rotating barrels, hence the name, and almost identical performance. Fragging lethal.)<<<<<

—Gunhead (09:28:19/9-9-54)

FRTs usually roll up in Citymasters, but whenever necessary arrive in heavily armored, WK-2 Stallion rotorcraft.

>>>>(Okay, listen up. You think you're reading about standard, run-of-the-mill FRT troopers. Not much tougher than your typical "moving target" Lone Star street grunt, *neh?* Think again. Few FRTers should be considered standard. Some of these slags are rigged with serious chrome, not just the usual smartgun link and wired reflexes. Some are sorcerer adepts, and the Star throws in the occasional shaman just for spice. Some FRT teams include physical adepts, and even the mundane members of a unit might be magically augmented or protected. I've run across FRT troopers with personal anti-bullet barriers, and a few with magically enhanced reactions. They've cut deals with magicians so that the spellworms cast these wizzer spells on them and then "quicken" the spells to make them permanent.)<<<<<

—Duo (08:52:10/9-8-54)

>>>>(I've heard about quickened spells. Makes sense, doesn't it? If my job required me to constantly wade into neck-deep drek, you can bet your hoop I'd pay my closest mage buddy a whole whack of cred to do anything he could to raise my chances of surviving.)<<<<<

—Razor's Edge (10:34:37/9-8-54)

>>>>(Hey, Raz: your job does require you to wade into neck-deep drek. You're a shadowrunner.)<<<<<

—Bung (18:11:11/9-8-54)

>>>>(Yeh, and my life's in hock to my friendly neighborhood mage.)<<<<<

—Razor's Edge (11:54:09/9-9-54)

>>>>(Sure, you might meet magically augmented FRT troops (or similarly augmented Lone Star ops from any department), but it's not standard operating procedure. Individual ops set up those deals for themselves.)<<<<<

—Constance (06:47:41/9-11-54)

Most FRTs cross-train frequently, switching individual operatives from position to position on the team. The trooper who provided heavy support with the assault shotgun last week might take the sniper's position (known as the "God spot") this week. The FRT brass figure that the flexibility to take different positions beats any benefit of specialization.

>>>>(In other words, the shotgunner coordinates his moves real well with the riflemen because he was a rifleman last week.)<<<<<

—Constance (06:48:50/9-11-54)

TACTICAL DIVISION

TacDiv covers a surprising variety of departments: SWAT, Department of Demolitions, Riot Control, Dispatch, and so-called "Irregular Assets."



>>>>(All the drek nobody else wanted.)<<<<<<
—Gauss (04:08:54/9-23-54)

>>>>(Actually, no. TacDiv is mainly SWAT, supported by enough other muscle to make it a powerful and influential little empire.)<<<<<<
—SPD (13:18:00/9-26-54)

SWAT

According to the Star operations manual, "the Special Weapons and Tactics department handles high-risk situations in which coordinated tactics serve to minimize collateral damage." As mentioned earlier, these guys take over whenever the Star wants to keep a bad situation from getting innocent civilians geeked. (Bad for the corp image, don't you know.)

>>>>(SWAT is the high-profile arm of the Tactical Division. The bomb squad slots take the risks and do the dirty work, and the riot-control yobos get all the bad press for facing down their old "friends" in rent-a-mob. (I'll yammer on about that later, trust me.) SWAT gets all the good media attention. According to the PR spin, SWAT teams are the good guys who save lives by "controlling" hostage situations and all that drek.

The guys in the rest of TacDiv get a little bent over SWAT's royal treatment. Even if the SWAT slots hose up six ways to Sunday and get all the hostages geeked, the worst the media says is "good try, E for fragging Effort." Compare that to riot control: their *best* coverage goes something like "riot cops were less brutal than usual."<<<<<<

—Spear Carrier (06:53:30/9-9-54)

>>>>(That's about the size of it. SWAT duty carries a higher risk, but their squads suffer fewer KIAs than the riot control cops, and a lot fewer deaths than in the bomb squads.)<<<<<<

—Deacon Blue (18:47:28/9-10-54)

>>>>(That's because SWAT teams get decent training and equipment. The poor slots out on riot control duty draw medium armor and maybe riot shields, because anything tougher would look too intimidating on the vidnews. The bomb squads get sweet drek-all.)<<<<<<

—SPD (09:39:21/9-11-54)

SWAT personnel go through intensive simsense training, so that the small-unit tactics necessary to do the job right become second nature. Though the SWAT boys would never admit it, their dependence on simsense to the exclusion of real war games sometimes crosses them up but good.

>>>>(Buldrek. The simsense Lone Star uses is so close to BTL technology that if anybody else used it, they'd call it illegal. You can't tell the simsense experience from the real thing.)<<<<<<

—Ghost In The Machine (14:04:11/9-7-54)

>>>>(True, as far as it goes. But simsense training is limited to set-piece scenarios. The system can't handle anything more interactive, particularly when you're talking about trying to

coordinate the actions of an entire squad. That's why most SWAT teams operate strictly by the book and fail to improvise well under pressure. SWAT's "book" is very good; these guys are not automatons. But if you study their moves and tactics, eventually you can predict what they'll do. Then you can give them a situation you *know* they'll respond to in a specific way, sucker them into an ambush, and pull their fangs.)<<<<<<

—X-Star (06:27:59/9-8-54)

>>>>(TacDiv in Seattle seems to have figured out that weakness. They're cutting a deal with the army to run SWAT teams through the Urban Combat Simulator (fondly referred to as Downtown Hell) in Fort Lewis. I predict some serious changes in SWAT tactics.)<<<<<<

—SPD (11:49:54/9-10-54)

A typical SWAT team consists of sixteen troopers: eight riflemen, a combat decker, a combat mage, four snipers and two spotters.

>>>>(The fashionable terms for snipers these days are "sharpshooter" or "long rifle." As if the name makes a difference in what they do.)<<<<<<

—X-Star (06:28:52/9-8-54)

>>>>(Four snipers? Doesn't that look like overkill (pun intended) to anyone else?)<<<<<<

—The Cat (22:36:42/9-8-54)

>>>>(Long rifles deploy in teams of two with a spotter. If possible, they set up interlocking fields of fire. Sometimes you get a shot from one angle, but not from another, so it's worth having four long rifles. More situations end with a single bullet than with the kind of cannons-blazing assault you see on the trid.)<<<<<<

—Crosshairs (09:59:47/9-9-54)

>>>>(Why teams of two?)<<<<<<

—The Cat (14:00:48/9-9-54)

>>>>(Most times when you line up a shot, the bullet has to go through a window. A good sniper rifle can punch a round through any unarmored window, but whatever it passes through will deflect the bullet. The deflection might only shift the bullet enough to push the round through the target's nose rather than between her eyes, but sometimes it pulls the shot completely off-target. In a team of two sharpshooters, both pull the trigger simultaneously when the spotter gives the order. No matter how well-matched their reflexes, one always fires a split instant before the other: the first round takes out the window so that nothing deflects the second shot. That means the second round is right on the money. Usually it all happens so fast that even the riflemen don't know who shot first.)<<<<<<

—Crosshairs (10:04:15/9-10-54)

>>>>(Ever been close enough to a SWAT sniper team to listen to them operate? The spotter designates the target verbally

instead of laser-painting it or using any other type of tech drek, because under certain circumstances the target can spot a laser. The snipers take aim and reply "on target." At this point, they have no orders to shoot. So they *hold* their aim, for anything from minutes to hours. Every few seconds, they announce "on target" again, to confirm for the spotter. At some point, the spotter says "weapons free," and the snipers echo it back to him. Then the spotter announces, "Ready to shoot," and the snipers echo that. Finally, the spotter says, "Shoot!" and the two guns go off so close together that they sound like one shot. The snipers both call the shot, announcing the place that the bullet hit.

The tension gets so fragging high I'm surprised the snipers don't digest their own stomach linings.)<<<<<<

—Annie (00:10:14/9-13-54)

>>>>(We do. We also get to see exactly what our bullet does to the target when it hits—our scopes are so powerful that the target might as well be standing an arm's length away. We get to replay that moment over and over again in our dreams. Why do you think SWAT teams have counselors who only talk to long rifles? Many of you scanning this board have geeked people before, but in most cases it was probably him or you. In that kind of situation, adrenaline pumps you up for the moment, then drains away. A long rifle's out of the danger zone, and the adrenaline we have to deal with isn't the positive kind you get when your whole body's working at maximum efficiency. It's the killing kind you get from waiting, and waiting, and *waiting* for an order you hope not to get. Attrition is highest among long rifles, and not because of "enemy action.")<<<<<<

—Crosshairs (09:21:15/9-14-54)

>>>>(Awww. . . poor widdle man.)<<<<<<

—Real Men Use APDS (17:55:17/9-14-54)

SWAT teams usually travel to a trouble spot in a Chrysler-Nissan G12a hovercraft, modified to include a sophisticated communications suite and three rack-mounted spotter drones.

>>>>(They pack serious armor, too.)<<<<<<

—SPD (03:28:36/9-6-54)

>>>>(The SWAT decker takes over the surveillance systems, fire alarms, fire doors, elevators, and so on in the building under siege. Ideally, the decker hits the building systems via the Matrix from a nice, safe spot away from the scene. In older buildings or buildings isolated from the Grid for other reasons, he must physically penetrate the site and jack directly into the systems. You can spot the decker in those situations: he's the guy armored so heavily he can hardly run. Them deckers cost nuyen, y'know.)<<<<<<

—Converse (11:44:50/9-8-54)

Unlike FRTs, the members of SWAT teams specialize. Snipers are snipers and riflemen are riflemen, and never the twain shall cross-train.

>>>>(Some SWAT teams indulge in cross-training, but it's usually unofficial and organized by individual officers.)<<<<<<

—X-Star (17:36:09/9-7-54)

DEPARTMENT OF DEMOLITIONS

With new policlubs and other extremist groups crawling out from under rocks almost every day and military-class weapons apparently available to anyone with a shrunken conscience and a grudge, urban terrorism represents a major threat. These days, when a random nut-case can build a bomb the size of a cigarette lighter with the yield of a tactical nuke, Lone Star's Demolitions Department has become a nice little moneymaker for the corp.

>>>>(Cigarette-lighter-sized tac nukes? Gimme a break...)<<<<<<

—Axel (09:20:26/9-9-54)

>>>>(Don't get out much, do you? That story's exaggerated, but not by much. The UCAS military's come out with a new, nasty plastique designated C16 that >>1.8 MP DELETED BY SYSOP<<<<<<

—Gunhead (21:37:00/9-10-54)

>>>>(I've cut out the math and the chemical analysis, to save some UCAS military decker the trouble of doing it. Suffice it to say that C16 doesn't just go boom. It goes **BOOM!!!!**)<<<<<<

—SysOp (23:06:21/9-10-54)

At any real or perceived threat of a bombing, the bomb squads get the call. Tips describing unattended packages or empty automobiles left in high-threat areas, phone-in or trid-broadcast bomb threats, and so on all prompt the Star to send in the demolitions boys. Lone Star and the federal governments do their best to reduce opportunities for terrorists by imposing search-on-demand policies in the densely populated commercial districts of most major cities, as well as prohibiting street parking of automobiles and using surveillance drones to keep constant watch over pedestrians. Despite these efforts, though, the bomb squads still find plenty to do.

>>>>(I spent the first 22 years of my life in an elven ghetto. I never saw a single bomb squad working in our neighborhood, even though twice a year Humanis' master chefs cooked up "bombs like mom used to make" and torched our houses, churches, and storefronts.)<<<<<<

—Yonda (07:18:29/10-14-54)

>>>>(In contrast, if you set a shopping bag down on the streets of a corp enclave just long enough to scratch your crotch, six guys in big armored suits cart it away to blow it up before you reach down to pick it up again.)<<<<<<

—Maxine (17:25:31/10-17-54)

>>>>(So who deals with the lethal toys slugs like us leave behind. . .like satchel charges, land mines, and the occasional misplaced anti-personnel cluster bomb? Volunteers—which in



my book qualifies them as seriously unhinged. They do know their stuff, however, and they have a few toys to make their job a *little* safer. In addition to the super-heavy armor and bomb-disposal drones you'd expect, they also often use elementals to ride shotgun. Water elementals are a fave. "Go engulf that suspicious-looking package." *Splooosh!*<<<<<<
—Montkeith (21:30:09/10-18-54)

>>>>>(It's easy to laugh at the UXB professionals (UXB stands for UneXploded Bomb), but they take great pride in their work. They're good at it; fewer get turned to chunky salsa than you'd expect.)<<<<<<
—SPD (21:32:25/10-20-54)

>>>>>(A lot of these guys are bulked up with dermal plating. How can the Star afford the cost?)<<<<<<
—Davitt (09:35:49/10-21-54)

>>>>>(Because there aren't that many of them, Davitt. Which means that the Star takes care not to lose a disproportionate number of them.)<<<<<<
—X-Star (13:41:07/10-24-54)

>>>>>(Question: I've assensed elementals tagging after the bomb boys, but I've never assensed a magically active officer responding to a bomb squad call. (Makes sense, if you consider how fragging costly mages are to replace.) How do the mundane troops score the elementals?)<<<<<<
—Audrey (06:11:48/10-30-54)

>>>>>(I can only assume that the Demolitions Department retains a few mages to whistle up the spirits and say, "Do what he tells you!" before sending them out with the demolition men. Or maybe the troops cut some kind of deal with mages from other departments. Or both, or neither, depending on the locale.)<<<<<<
—Kris (13:28:05/11-1-54)

>>>>>(The UXB slots in Seattle just got themselves a new toy, some kind of purpose-built drone. Anybody got the buzz on it?)<<<<<<
—Dingo (04:00:52/11-3-54)

>>>>>(It's the Booby-One (no farce, the name's on the fragging faceplate), and it's built specifically for bomb disposal under the theory that sometimes it's better to detonate a bomb in a controlled manner than to try defusing it. The Booby-One lets the UXBers do that. This small, inexpensive drone contains sophisticated imaging capabilities and two fully articulated arms that let it enter an evacuated area, set up blast deflectors, and then detonate the explosive charge.

Needless to say, the bomb boys only use this drone when they've assessed and confirmed the nature of the explosive. They never detonate anything until they know exactly what they're dealing with and how to contain the blast. (They want to be *real* sure that the big gray thing in the corner is "only" C12, and not a tac nuke.)

A rigger runs the Booby-One, usually via a fiber link. The Booby's slow, but tough as a tank, so the Star takes every precaution to prevent a freelancer from overriding an RF link and taking the drone for a joyride.)<<<<<<
—Slider (06:56:08/11-3-54)

>>>>>(Okay, chummers, here's something experimental from the Department of Demolition. (Anything to give them an excuse not to go on UXB calls, I'd guess.) It's called a firetrack net, and the demo boys have a limited-function Beta test version online in downtown Austin. If it works the way the Star expects it to, you'll soon be seeing it in your neighborhood.

A firetrack net consists of a network of microwave radar and laser-tracking installations that continuously scans an entire area. The installations perch on lampposts, on the tops of buildings, and can even be built into streetside PANICBUTTONs. The system's software monitors these installations, constantly looking for the signature characteristics of a missile or rocket launch. No, it *isn't* some kind of SDI bulldrek looking for ICBM launches. This puppy watches for man-pack AVM or SAM launches. The net locates the precise launch point, tracks the missile's trajectory, and extrapolates its point of impact. It stores this data in a secure databank, and the info becomes evidence if and when the missile shooter ever gets arrested. More to the point, however, the net notifies the second part of its system to take action the instant it detects a missile launched in the downtown core.

The second part of the net consists of a bunch of bound air elementals patrolling the area covered by firetrack. When alerted by the firetrack net, these elementals knock the missile off-course, throwing it high into the air and detonating it where it can't do any damage. (I hear they thought about using anti-missile fire until they realized that anti-missile systems would knock the missile down to explode somewhere in the downtown core.)

The net's very expensive, and Lone Star's not funding it alone. The corp is receiving major infusions of capital for developing the firetrack net from a few triple-A megacorps. I figure downtown Seattle might get a firetrack system within the next three years.)<<<<<<
—Diamondback (12:06:10/11-7-54)

>>>>>(So *that's* what caused that explosion over Duval Street last week. . .)<<<<<<
—Laguna Gloria (07:42:36/11-8-54)

>>>>>(Diamondback, that makes no fragging sense. Put all that effort and money into tracking missiles in a fragging *downtown core*? Bulldrek.)<<<<<<
—Alchemy (09:47:08/11-8-54)

>>>>>(No bulldrek, my friend. Lone Star-Austin is just responding to the real threat of go-gangs and other guttertrash armed with missiles that "fell off the back of a truck."

Not that LS is developing the net out of the goodness of its little corporate heart, of course. I don't buy Diamond's claim that the Star's planning on sending firetrack nets to a neighborhood near you. They'd have a tough time recouping installation and production costs from their civic employers.





I figure the Star'll use its firetrack tech to protect corp enclaves and facilities. Once the Demolition men have worked the bugs out, you can bet divisions like Military Liaison and CorpSec will license the tech to any corp that feels twitchy. The tech will still affect life in the shadows, but not in quite the way Diamondback anticipates.)<<<<<

—Texas Thunderstorm (03:54:00/11-9-54)

>>>>(Everybody's forgetting that the prototype's in fraggin' Austin. Anyone looked at a map recently? Austin's right on the Texas/Aztlan border. Damn city's effectively split in two. Guess the favorite target of the amigos on the other side with high explosive rockets? You guessed it. The Lone Star HQ.)<<<<<

—Smilin' Steve (05:29:27/11-10-54)

DEPARTMENT OF RIOT CONTROL

The Riot Control Force exists as a distinct department within the Tactical Division. Its troops contain and control riots, break up violent demonstrations, and so on. The nature of its work distinguishes riot-control troops from most other Lone Star officers. In most cases, riot officers are not facing off against criminals, but against citizens who might *become* criminals if law enforcement plays things wrong.

>>>>(Dealing with riots can easily get you scragged, frags up the police system, and often gets the entire fragging police force in deep drek with the media and the public. Is it any wonder that Riot Control has trouble attracting qualified candidates and has to dragoon warm bodies from other departments and divisions?)<<<<<

—Dagnet (17:30:22/9-7-54)

>>>>(Trideo coverage to the contrary, riot-control cops don't arrive at a situation with squealing tires and open up with gel rounds and water cannons and tear gas, or wade in cracking skulls with nightsticks. A riot cop's job is to prevent things from escalating that far. Often, the mere presence of Lone Star riot-control personnel keeps public order. If the confrontation escalates into the protesters trying to provoke the cops, the troopers try to defuse the situation by not reacting, or by talking calmly with the people screaming in their faces. Only when the protesters initiate the violence do the riot-control cops meet force with force.)<<<<<

—Thin Blue Line (19:37:20/9-8-54)

>>>>(Best way to keep citizens from becoming criminals is to cut 'em down before they get the chance. Sounds like Lone Star SOP to me.)<<<<<

—Trasher (17:16:19/9-9-54)



City governments tend to call on riot-control troops to monitor large, planned demonstrations such as marches, protest meetings, and even outdoor concerts, whether or not they have reason to believe that these demonstrations might turn violent. The line between a crowd and a mob can stretch pretty thin, and plenty of people out there harbor motives for provoking a nasty incident. In the case of spontaneous demonstrations or marches, such as the Ork Rights Committee sit-in in front of the Metroplex Hall last year, riot-control forces mobilize at the first report of forming crowds. Spontaneous demonstrations tend to draw more cops than organized demonstrations, because spontaneous events tend to have fewer checks and balances to keep things peaceful. In the vast majority of riot-control cases, the troops stand around and watch, then return to their station houses when the crowds disperse.

>>>>(Maybe. But when they do more than stand around, people get hurt bad. What was the final tally at the O.R.C. sit-in, anyway? I heard something like ten dead, seventy-five injured, five missing-believed-pacified. Amazing what you can do with a supposedly non-lethal gel round if you know just where to aim, isn't it?)<<<<<

—Boar (16:25:08/9-4-54)

>>>><<deep sigh> We can thank media bias for this kind of response. I understand the ugly realities of ratings and market share and all that drek. Intellectually, I can understand why the triideo people cut their footage to make things look dramatic. Simple marketing.

But most of the time, media mavens choose "dramatic footage" of riot-control troopers firing gel rounds into a group of metahuman activists, or smacking environmental protesters upside the head with stun batons. The triideo carefully fails to show the events that led up to the punishment, like protesters throwing bottles, sharpened rebar, and bags of nails at the riot forces. What you see on your home triideo looks like unprovoked violence, sadism just for the pure frag of it. In reality, the provocation is so intense and so life-threatening that the constables on the line have no choice but to respond.)<<<<<

—Thin Blue Line (19:41:32/9-5-54)

>>>>(True enough, in some cases. But what about appropriate force? Too many times, Lone Star goes way over the line.)<<<<<

—Kilroy (23:59:00/9-5-54)

>>>>(Front-line constables on the scene respond inappropriately out of panic, more than anything else. When the officers supposedly in charge allow a situation to escalate too far because they're terrified of making a mistake, that leaves the kids on the front line hanging without guidance. They don't know what the frag to do.

And I do mean kids. Riot control is the nastiest form of police work. It fluctuates from absolute, brain-numbing boredom and misery as you stand out in the rain watching peaceful demonstrators march by, to the sphincter-loosening terror of watching your buddy burned to death by a molotov cocktail.

You wonder if you're next, and what it feels like to die that way. Nobody in their right mind ever volunteers for riot control. The department has to "press," as in "press gang," candidates from other departments and divisions to keep its personnel roster at a reasonable level. These days, anybody who gets the nod from Riot Control and has any influence at all uses that influence to get the frag off the hook. That leaves those candidates for the force who wield no influence whatsoever—either outright losers or greenies fresh to the force.

So, the front line behind the riot shields consists of a bunch of kids who've been in the Star for a few months at most. They're afraid. They're facing a crowd that could become a homicidal mob, and they're backed by indecisive management afraid to make decisions—mainly because of a nasty little Lone Star policy that I call the "hindsight brigade." These guys review the surveillance camera data and the radio traffic analysis the day after anything bad goes down, using all the intel that the people on the scene just didn't have. They call in the poor sods who stand out there on the line and point out in exquisite detail each and every frag-up that each and every person involved made or might have made. Done right, that kind of thing can teach you something. It'd be just fragging peachy if somebody came into the Riot Control squad room the morning after and said, "You did a good thing making a decision, but you made a bad choice. Learn from it." But no, LS ends the careers of people who make wrong decisions. Is it any wonder nobody makes any?

To do nothing is to fail. But if you do something and 20-20 hindsight proves it wrong, you lose your career. So people do nothing.)<<<<<

—X-Star (06:45:35/9-6-54)

>>>>(I don't care why it happens. All that matters is that it happens.)<<<<<

—Kilroy (22:48:10/9-6-54)

>>>>(The "hindsight brigade" doesn't limit itself to riot control and community policing. They review all departments. A few years ago, TacDiv came up with the bright idea of setting up "gun-cams" on SWAT long rifles. (Not really cameras mounted on the guns; just short-range RF feeds that narrowcasted the image from the sniper scopes and the spotter's binocs to the command post, for later review.) And frag, did that little idea cause an uproar. Here we are, already under so much pressure that we're digesting our stomach linings, and now we know that the day after every "incident," some fat-hooped bureaucrat who's never so much as touched a sniper rifle will second-guess everything we did. Did we respond fast enough to the threat? Did we respond *too* fast? Inappropriately? And so on, and so fragging forth. Worrying about that gun-cam data was enough to make us frag up right then and there.

We cried and screamed, but it didn't do us any good. The people who'd spoken up loudest to defend their rights and the rights of their colleagues to do their jobs unimpeded ended up with reprimands in their dockets. *Reprimands*, for frag's sake, for trying to stop a policy that only a bean-counter could love. A couple of good people quit over that issue. As for the rest of us,



nine times out of ten we found ourselves setting up where fluke RF fields jammed that gun-cam link. *Quelle chance, neh?*)<<<<<<
—Crosshairs (16:35:41/9-7-54)

>>>>(They mount monitor cameras on Lone Star patrol cars, too—in the driver's compartment, looking out the windshield. LS uses them to monitor police procedure in such sensitive situations as high-speed chases. Unfortunately for the cops involved, the camera has no RF link to "accidentally" jam. It's hardwired to a sealed "black box," like a plane's flight recorder.)<<<<<<
—Ox (04:46:46/9-9-54)

>>>>(And then there's our old friends in "rent-a-mob." The next few times you see a demonstration or protest on the trid, watch for familiar faces. I'll bet you any amount you like that you can spot at least a few. The same slots show up again and again, so often that you've got to wonder when they sleep and use the drekker.

Some of these slags are just terminally dissatisfied. They hate everything about modern society, from racist politics to environmental policies to the color they paint the fragging streetlights downtown. They express their dissatisfaction by showing up at every little protest, even those sponsored by the smallest and flakiest fringe groups. Then there's the hardcore rent-a-mob. They're not just involved in every major demonstration—they're the organizers. They get everyone stirred up. They're usually the ones who either commit acts of violence or incite other people to do so. They make a living as *agents provocateurs*, drek-disturbers for hire.

Many of these professionals have ties to the media. I'm not saying they work directly for the media, but a stable of reporters seems to follow a few of them around. The way I scan it, the rent-a-mobbers feed the reporters background intel until they've developed a solid relationship. Then they can whistle up the cameras whenever they plan to set something on fire.)<<<<<<

—Agnew (07:06:10/9-10-54)

>>>>(Buldrek. Lone Star apologist. Jackbooted fascist.)<<<<<<
—Cassandra (09:46:22/9-10-54)

>>>>(No buldrek. Agnew is right on the mark. Hey, Cassandra, haven't seen you on the trid recently. Has Humanis hired another drek-disturber, or have they given you a desk job now?)<<<<<<
—Argent (17:31:55/9-10-54)

>>>>(Riot-control troops usually come to the party in a Mobmaster armored riot-control vehicle. That's a Citymaster tricked out with twin forward-firing, triple-shot gas grenade launchers and a microturret packing twin FN-MAG 5 MMGs. (The MMGs usually fire gel rounds, but it doesn't take long to switch ammo bins.) The grunts inside can fire without dismounting, through three firing ports on each side and two in the rear hatch.)<<<<<<

—Gear-Jammer (00:03:12/9-11-54)

DISPATCH OFFICE

The nerve center of every well-run police agency, the Dispatch Office sends units to all the hot spots in the daily war against crime. To do their jobs, Dispatch personnel must maintain constant radio contact with all enforcers in the field. According to recent policy, each Lone Star officer must accept a cyber-radio and a smartgun link implant on beginning his or her tour of duty.

>>>>(Wait one fragging tick here. That just ain't so. Sure, some cops out there have implanted radios and smartgun links. But most don't have any chrome at all.)<<<<<<
—Fido (23:01:58/9-6-54)

>>>>(That post says recent policy, and some Lone Star operations aren't enforcing that policy. Serious infighting's going on over funding the chrome. Does Lone Star pay? If so, what happens to the chrome when the cop quits the force? Does the Star take its chrome back and does it pay for the extraction surgery? And if the Star holds back the cost of the hardware and surgery from the cop's wages over his or her first couple of years, that decreases the attraction of joining the Star. And so it goes. Until that kind of drek gets straightened out, the new "universal policy" isn't really.

That said, I'm pretty sure the policy is fully enforced in Austin. If you care.)<<<<<<

—SPD (12:46:47/9-7-54)

Whenever an emergency call comes into a Lone Star precinct house, a dispatch officer takes the call and asks for the information required to get a patrol unit to the scene as quickly as possible. Having recorded the information, the first officer passes it to a second officer who scans a datafile for the last recorded location of available units in the area. That officer then contacts the available unit or units and dispatches it to the scene. Meanwhile, the first officer assesses the immediate danger to the caller and advises him or her accordingly. Often, the officer simply keeps a caller on the line and reassures him that help is on the way to keep him from panicking.

>>>>(And sometimes he tells the caller to grab a butcher knife and hide in the closet.)<<<<<<

—Tiggy (03:52:22/9-19-54)

When a call comes in from one of the thousands of PANICBUTTONS, the dispatch officer sends at least two units to the scene whenever possible. In densely populated precincts that handle lots of alarm and PANICBUTTON calls, the Dispatch Office avoids potential overload by using a subprocessor with a synthetic voice utility dedicated to automatically recording the location of the alarm transmission. The automated system always dispatches two units.

>>>>(Why isn't more of this process automated? The tech exists.)<<<<<<

—Doogie (00:52:08/9-7-54)

>>>>(Yeah, but it costs. Also, Lone Star's a little leery about leaving value-judgment calls like prioritizing dispatch based on perceived risk to machines. A well-trained dispatcher can learn a frag of a lot from a caller's tone of voice. Voice-recognition software's come a long way, but not that far. Also, a pre-programmed voice response system can't talk a caller out of a panic reaction that might get her killed.)<<<<<

—Sass (15:09:32/9-7-54)

Certain situations made it difficult for Dispatch to decide which available units to send out. More than two units may appear as "available" in the datafile scan, for example, or the nearest available unit's location during the scan may come up stale (meaning that more than five minutes have passed since the unit was at that location). In these cases, the Dispatch officer posts a bulletin describing the location and type of crime reported, requesting that any available units respond. At this point, each patrol officer receiving the bulletin must decide if his or her unit is close enough to the scene to do anything useful. If so, the unit gets on the horn to Dispatch to accept the assignment.

The Dispatch Office also maintains logs and recordings of significant radio communications and downloads all information from the "black box" utilities in all patrol vehicles every day. As Dispatch personnel compile this information, they send it to the Department of Records for future reference. When necessary, Dispatch officers must present such information at a trial and testify in court.

Dispatch officers communicating with patrol officers in the field use specific codes to identify the type of crime being committed or the type of reinforcements needed. The following list represents the most frequently used Lone Star radio codes, though additional codes cover many other, specific situations.

These days, the Lone Star medical beacons assigned to each employee initiate most Code 00 calls. Similar to those used by DocWagon™, these beacons send a signal when the wearer sustains serious or life-threatening injuries. Depending on the size of Lone Star's presence in any given city or precinct, either Lone Star's own Biotech teams or DocWagon™ responds

to the officer-down calls. Code 00 remains on Lone Star's call list for emergency situations in which an officer's beacon goes dead.

>>>>(In some jurisdictions, Lone Star is trying to buy up small, private hospitals and surgeries to reduce their dependence on DocWagon™. Naturally, the really big fish can afford better DocWagon™ coverage than the average patrol officer. Lone Star gets real burned when their badges end up waiting their turn in an emergency ward while a high-rolling perp gets Platinum treatment in a private room upstairs. DocWagon™ also responds faster to Gold and Platinum cardholders, creating situations in which a fallen shadowrunner may be picked up before a fallen cop.)<<<<<

—Tuna (07:38:08/10-24-54)

>>>>(The Dispatch Office still operates primarily through voice communication, mainly because tone of voice, choice of words, and other subtle clues convey so much more pertinent information than words on a display screen. In a crisis, even the smallest scrap of info can save seconds and lives. Of course, everything the Dispatch officer says echoes over the datalink to a patrol car's microcomp.)<<<<<

—Zingbat (12:13:03/10-25-54)

>>>>(Unless Dispatch suspects that its radio or cellular comm-lines might be compromised. That's happening more and more frequently these days. The dispatchers are on guard—not just against shadowrunners and criminals that might take their cues from a communique, but also the ever-more-militant shadowsnoops and muckrakers. If something sensitive's going down, Dispatch uses code 10-2000, which means "Go to land lines." Land lines mean fragging *phone booths*, chummer. If you're on the lookout for dirt, listen for that 10-2000. Doesn't happen often, but you know that means something's going down that no one wants Joe Citizen to hear about, and it's usually some potentially useful political dirt.)<<<<<

—Connor (18:11:00/10-25-54)

Code Number

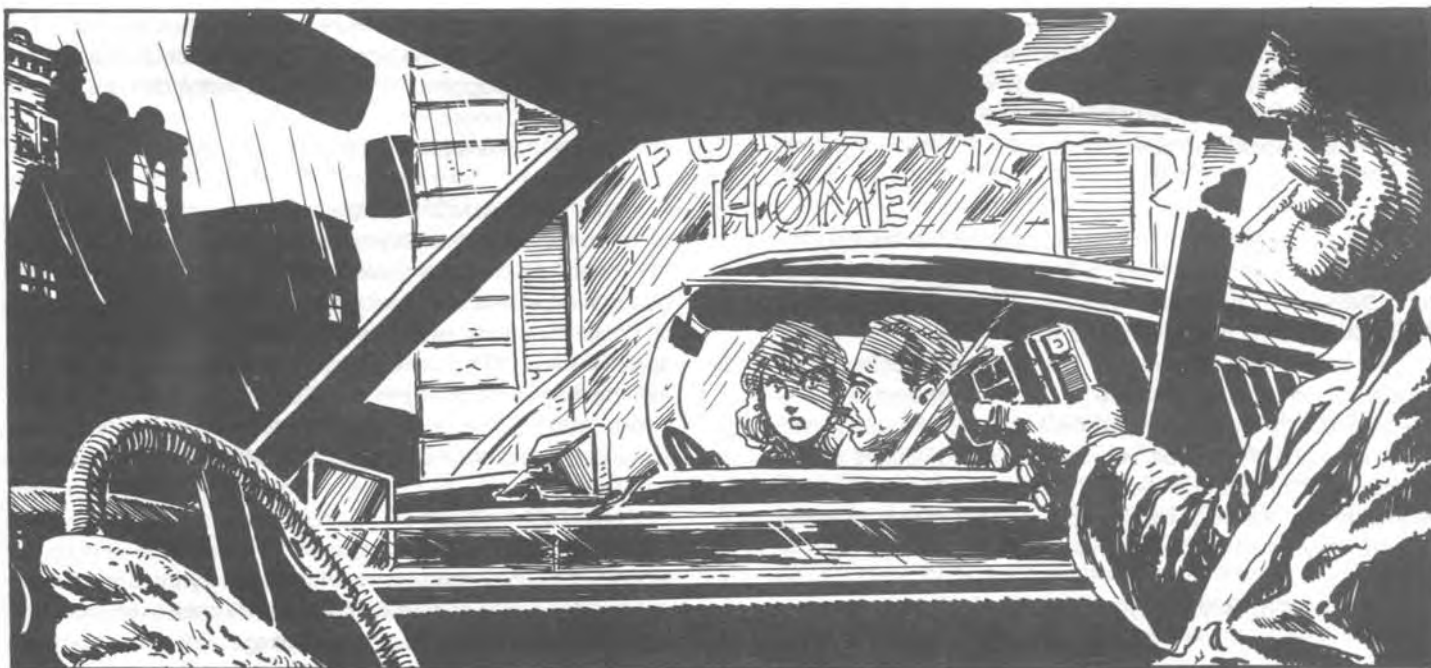
Situation

01	Emergency
02	Corp War
03	Terrorist Threat
04	Homicide
05	Riot
06	Magical Assault
07	Armed Robbery
08	Assault
09	Cannot Talk—Emergency Back-up Requested
10	Rape
11	Abduction

Code Number

Situation

12	Robbery
13	Burglary
14	Auto Theft
15	Trafficking
16	Drunk or Disorderly
17	Soliciting
18	Indecency
19	Domestic Dispute
20	Pursuit in Progress
99	Astral Back-up Requested
00	Officer Down—Medical Assistance Requested



IRREGULAR ASSETS

Whenever Lone Star needs skills that its own officers lack or encounters a situation that's too low on the corp's priority list to rate the use of Lone Star personnel, the Star turns to its irregular assets. The Star primarily uses two types of irregular assets: information-gatherers and members of "the net"—so-called "active" assets. The first category covers Lone Star's semi-organized network of informers and stoolies (which I'll discuss later in this document). The active assets tend to be bounty hunters.

In most cities, the Star's Tactical Division retains a network of freelance bounty hunters who work with the corp by contract. The Star tracks these individuals down through its informant network, through local fixers, and through ongoing investigations. In fact, standard operating procedure requires the Division of Investigation to forward all leads on bounty hunters to the Tactical Division's databases. When a job comes up that requires special skills, such as extensive familiarity with a certain region, TacDiv simply runs a database search that pulls up records matching those requirements. A Star liaison contacts the appropriate bounty hunter and negotiates the contract.

>>>>(Not always openly, you can bet your hoop on that. Some bounty hunters work for anyone who can pay their tab, but some draw the line at working for certain employers. If Lone Star wants one of these guys, they handle the negotiations indirectly, through a fixer known to the bounty hunter they want.)<<<<<

—Papa (11:23:00/9-9-54)

Most Lone Star contracts include a miniscule retainer, with the balance of payment due on completion of the job. The corporation rarely pays a per diem, though individual bounty hunters can sometimes negotiate reimbursement for pertinent expenses.

>>>>(Lone Star pays drek. To bag your typical skater, somebody who jumped bail or something but isn't considered particularly dangerous, the Star pays maybe 1K nuyen up front and 6K on delivery. Great pay rate if you can make the grab in a day. But if it takes you two months, you're hurting. Sure, you can pull out of the contract and keep the retainer, 'cause it's too much trouble for the Star to claw back a piddling 1K. But you'll never work for the corp again, and they'll spread the word through their fixer network that you're unreliable. There goes your rep and your career, chummer.

If you play real hardball, you might get them to agree to fork over for expenses, but they'll bust your balls over every little item on your receipt. You ask me, working for the Star isn't worth the aggro.)<<<<<

—Fish (13:30:05/9-7-54)

Though the corp denies it, Lone Star occasionally issues "dead or alive" contracts to bounty hunters. Nine times out of ten, the "subject" of such a contract ends up dead.

>>>>(Of course. Easier to blow a slag's brains into his lap while he's sitting at a stoplight than to snatch him alive. Much safer, too.)<<<<<

—Fish (13:31:07/9-7-54)

>>>>(So how does the Star representative issue that contract? "See this holo? We want this guy geeked." Just like that?)<<<<<

—Oz (20:42:08/9-8-54)

>>>>(Only with stringers they know and trust, in situations where they know they're not being recorded. (Embarrassing for them if that kind of thing gets out). They'd never actually say those words to me, because I've made it painfully clear up-front that I

don't do wetwork for *anybody*. But some hunters consider a flat-line contract as easy money, and with them the Star can say what it wants. In most cases, the badge rep contents himself with hinting that the Star would not shed too many tears if the subject came back in a body bag.)<<<<<<

—Papa (11:25:44/9-9-54)

>>>>>(Lone Star ops rely on stringers in cities all over the country. If a body skips Detroit, let's say, and heads to Seattle, why pay for a Detroit stringer to haul all those miles and get the slag back? Much better to call someone local.

Be aware that some Lone Star precincts regard their stringers as an exclusive resource. If you work regularly for Lone Star Seattle, let's say, and they find out you've been taking contracts with Lone Star Detroit, you could well find yourself on the Seattle outfit's dreklist. It shouldn't make a difference which branch of the Star you work for, but it does. Inter-corp rivalry rears its ugly head just as often in Lone Star as in any other corp.)<<<<<<

—Mosh (03:01:29/9-10-54)

>>>>>(Some of Lone Star's pet stringers are top talent, and others are know-nothing lowlifes. The following apocryphal story perfectly illustrates the cost of doing business with fools. Seems somebody skated on the Lone Star outfit in Austin, a real no-threat, drekhead perp who happened to be an ork. According to Star intel, this slag—call him Chumley—ran to Amarillo, up north in the Texas panhandle. Rather than send their own assets to scoop up Chumley, Austin passed the contract to a bounty hunter I'll call Joe Bob. They sent Joe Bob a hardcopy of Chumley's mug shot, the usual full-front-and-profile, and he goes to it. A couple of days later, Austin gets the following message from Joe Bob: "You know them two trogs you was after? Both of them got shot resisting arrest. Where's my cred?"

In a panic, Austin sends their own gal up to Amarillo for a look. Turns out neither of the orks Joe Bob greased is Chumley. As his excuse for this piece of flaming incompetence, Joe Bob says, "Them trogs all look alike. How'm I s'poseta tell one from another?" Idiot.)<<<<<<

—Laguna Gloria (01:07:39/9-11-54)

>>>>>(If any of you slags want to get onto the Star's playlist, contact your local Tactical Division.)<<<<<<

—Argent (11:17:30/9-6-54)

>>>>>(We're shadowrunners, not bounty hunters!)<<<<<<

—The Machine (18:24:01/9-6-54)

>>>>>(There's a difference?)<<<<<<

—On the Edge (02:31:19/9-7-54)

>>>>>(Yes. The best shadowrunners tend to be a lot more flexible than the best bounty hunters, so we're more valuable to the Star.)<<<<<<

—Argent (10:32:19/9-7-54)

>>>>>(Lone Star hires shadowrunners? Bulldrek. Lone Star *hunts* shadowrunners. We're the bad guys, the scumbags. The Star hiring us is like the fragging Catholic Church hiring demons to pass out encyclicals.)<<<<<<

—Mary Contrary (14:51:21/9-8-54)

>>>>>(No bulldrek, MC. I thought the same way once, and was as far up my hoop then as you are now. Lone Star's a *corp*, not "the cops." It's a fragging corp that gets paid big cred to provide a service, which just happens to be law enforcement. Like any corp, it gets involved in drek or gets paid to get involved in drek. For some of that drek, it can't afford to use assets that can ever be traced back to the Star. Deniable assets is the professional term for the slags they hire to do their dirtiest work; *expendable* makes a truer description. Who else are they gonna call?)<<<<<<

—Wolf (02:38:25/9-9-54)

>>>>>(Take a look elsewhere on the board for the chip-truth on competition between the Star and Knight Errant. Every now and again, it flares up into a fragging range war. Neither corp's above using a few dirty tricks, and "dirty tricks" is a shadowrunner's middle name, neh?)<<<<<<

—Hiroaki (05:23:27/9-11-54)

>>>>>(Honto. Corp competition is corp competition, regardless of what product lines or services those corps offer.)<<<<<<

—Dodd (18:05:39/9-11-54)

DIVISION OF INVESTIGATION

One quality required, at any price, from the investigating officer is absolute accuracy.

—Hans Gross, *Criminal Investigation*

Lone Star hires officers for the Division of Investigation with more street sense than the average patrol cop, and these men and women need it. An investigative officer, or detective, spends his working hours roaming the dark corners of the sprawl, gathering information or working undercover, often working beyond the protection of Lone Star's heavily armed operatives and uniformed patrolmen. An investigative officer relies not on brute force, but on his own skill and guts to get the job done.

John S. Patrelli, chairman of the Division of Investigation, fights a losing battle to acquire enough funding and manpower to maintain a reasonable presence in cities under Lone Star contract. He loses the battle because current gospel in law enforcement preaches military-style, jackboot justice over due process. Lone Star filled the gap in authority caused by the troubles of the past twenty years: the Night of Rage, urban terrorism, and the escalation of gang and criminal warfare. As the biggest player in a niche usually filled by neighborhood vigilante militia, self-employed bounty hunters, and mercenaries, Lone Star is in the business of security, not justice.

>>>>(I think we can guess whether Muckraker or Tarnished Badge wrote this passage. . .)<<<<<

—Bung (06:13:42/9-8-54)

For many years, Lone Star left the laborious task of determining guilt or innocence to the federal investigative agencies. Ten years of increasing public criticism of Lone Star's apparent disregard of criminal rights, a callousness that led too often to the detention and even death of innocent people, forced the corp to re-evaluate that policy. In 2045, partly in order to improve its public image, Lone Star formed a Division of Investigation. Patrelli has served as the division chairperson in the eight years since its inception. Until recently, Lone Star hired detectives and investigative personnel from government bureaus to staff its new division. In the past three years, the corp has begun to draw personnel from its own training academy as well as from members of its classes on criminology taught in several independent, technical institutes.

Lone Star's Division of Investigation comprises several departments, each staffed by detectives who specialize in different areas of expertise. In theory, at least, the departments communicate well with each other and openly share information. The division's policy of open communication frequently breaks down in practice, however. Division personnel come from a variety of backgrounds; some completed the course at a Lone Star Academy and worked their way up through the Division of Patrol, others are recruits from federal investigative bureaus or security corporations, and still others are graduates of technical institutes and hold degrees in criminology.

>>>>(Fiber heads, that's what we called the boys from the institutes. They topped out at gathering information and quoting dead cases, but they couldn't tell a potential stoolie from a manhole cover.)<<<<<

—SPD (13:28:10/9-23-54)

>>>>(In most Lone Star jurisdictions, more interdepartmental transfers occur within Investigation than any other division. The investigation boys figure cross-training makes well-rounded investigative personnel.)<<<<<

—Crosshairs (19:48:05/9-27-54)

>>>>(Seems to be working.)<<<<<

—Argent (14:20:39/9-28-54)

>>>>(Watch out for the few mage detectives on the streets. They have all the usual training, skills, and toys, plus magic. They might even have a couple of elementals dogging them around.)<<<<<

—Victoria (05:21:24/10-1-54)

DEPARTMENT OF HOMICIDE

As its name implies, this department deals with murder. As soon as any given investigation looks like a possible murder case, the entire investigation falls to Homicide's purview, or the division assigns a Homicide detective to work with the members of the investigating department on the case. If a crime

scene contains evidence of interest to more than one department, the division assembles a team consisting of members from each relevant department. For example, the murder of a prostitute whose pimp is a known BTL pusher brings together a Homicide detective and a Vice detective, and probably a representative from the Drug Enforcement Division. Investigators in such temporary partnerships are expected to share information and offer access to related cases, a policy that often causes friction between departments. If, for example, Homicide wants to arrest a suspect that Vice figures can lead them to a bigger BTL or organized-crime bust, inter-department cooperation may quickly evaporate.

>>>>(In principle, everybody working together like One Big Happy looks great. In practice, it usually turns into One Big *Dysfunctional*. Some departments just cop bad attitudes, and some can't get past long-term rivalries. The most consistent reason for departments failing to cooperate is that the investigating officers know that ceding authority to members of other departments guarantees that this case isn't the one that will make their individual careers. That means they may not give it their best shot.)<<<<<

—X-Star (13:34:50/9-6-54)

>>>>(Keep that possibility in mind, fellow runners—you might be able to use it to your advantage.)<<<<<

—Travis (10:35:44/9-9-54)

A homicide investigator must follow up on any death resulting from foul play or magical assault. The law automatically considers any magical crime a premeditated act, and so death by magical assault automatically becomes first-degree murder.

DEPARTMENT OF FORENSICS

Lone Star created a separate Department of Forensics and maintains its own forensics labs in Austin that offer the full range of forensic investigative services. This department enjoys a reputation as one of the best labs in the Sixth World, surpassed only by those operated by the UCAS FBI in Washington. Though all Lone Star offices rely on their local forensics labs to process crime-scene evidence, any evidence that those labs cannot evaluate finds its way to the Austin lab.

Most local forensics labs offer some version of the following sections: Questioned Documents, (Meta)Human Identification (including fingerprints and DNA sampling), Ballistics and Firearms Investigations, Toolmarks and Fibers, Forensic Chemistry and Biochemistry, Forensic Toxicology, and Forensic Photography. All Lone Star labs handle their own forensic pathology investigations. The Division of Paranormal Investigations oversees all forensic thaumaturgy investigations, and forensic technomancy falls under the jurisdiction of the Division of Matrix Security.

>>>>(Funny thing about Lone Star's forensic thaumaturgists. Before the Star created the Dips and expanded its corporate forensics labs, they farmed all the "unique" forensic investigations to the UCAS FBI labs. That ended abruptly when the LS cor-



poraters discovered that the Feds subcontracted their forensic thaumaturgy investigations to Knight Errant. Go fig.)<<<<<

—Dybbuk (17:41:05/9-28-54)

Identification Section

The Forensics Department of each Lone Star office holds its Identification Section responsible for crime scene investigation and control. The department's personnel, known as identification officers or crime-scene technicians, report to the scenes of crimes to gather and preserve all types of evidence for the forensics lab. Working out of Mobile Crime Scene Units, commonly Bulldog Step-Vans crammed with a wide variety of identification and storage equipment, these technicians collect anything and everything from weapons to fiber samples to impressions of footprints. The nature of their work requires them to cooperate with specialists from Forensic Thaumaturgy and Matrix Security.

>>>>>("Cooperate" doesn't begin to cover it. Everybody knows that as soon as one of the golden boys from DPI or GridSec shows up, the crime-scene tech plays second fiddle.)<<<<<

—Dybbuk (17:35:07/9-28-54)

>>>>>(Since taking up life in the shadows, my Star training has saved my hide on more than one occasion. In police slang, "working the scene" means recording and gathering evidence at the scene of a crime. Observing a few rules here can save you a lot of grief and give you an edge in finding out what kind of drek is really coming down (and if it's heading your way). So, just in case you jokers wondered what happens at a crime scene after you leave or before you get there (depending on the circumstances), I offer the following pearls of wisdom that Lone Star drilled into me when I worked under its protective wing.

The first and most important rule is, "Don't touch anything." Remember that rule, and you're off to a good start. Whether a detective or an identification officer arrives on the scene first, no one should manipulate evidence, accidentally or purposefully—and you'd be surprised to find what counts as evidence. I remember one murder investigation that the department completely botched because an officer flushed away a cigarette butt floating in a toilet. Keep tabs on what you're leaving behind at the scene, too. Don't butt your smoke in an ashtray, and watch where you throw toothpicks or spit gum. One slag I worked with from Homicide arrived at a particularly gruesome murder scene and had to spit to keep from vomiting. A few eyebrows shot up in Forensics when they found traces of the detective's saliva on the corpse. The best way to do your initial survey of a scene is to walk around it with your hands in your pockets or clasped behind your back. If a badly decomposed corpse shows up as part of the scene, wear a filter mask or a gas mask. (After all, it's hard to impress people with your efficiency and expertise when you're wearing your lunch on your shoes.)

After making the initial walk-around, the investigating officer takes photographs. The officer keeps a list of the subject of each photo, type of camera and film used, and the light source. Investigators do not use cameras that place the image

directly on chip or disk for these images, or trideo or cybercamera recordings, because digitally stored images prove too easy to duplicate and/or modify. Older photographic processes, by contrast, produce images that are less easily duplicated and modified, providing the investigator with greater control over visual evidence. The detective uses trideo or chipped cameras in other ways, as a supplement to the film record. For example, an identification officer sometimes sweeps the scene with trideo gear, using that information to construct a virtual simulation of the scene for use as an investigative tool. Such a simulation, however, is not admissible as evidence unless supported by photographs or other hard evidence.

The second rule they drilled into us was to take notes, take notes, take notes. Whether you scratch them in an old notebook, tap them into a minicomp, or speak them into a mini audiochip deck, take notes of everything at the scene. I mean *everything*, chummer. You can't know yet what's important and what's not, so play it safe and take everything down. Record the time of day, the weather, the quality of light, whether windows and doors are open or closed. Look for news printouts and hardcopy mail; these scene markers can provide clues to when the crime occurred. A good detective leaves nothing to chance, distrusts his own memory and certainly doesn't rely on witnesses alone. Witness accounts, though highly regarded by the courts, are next to useless for an investigator. Psychological testing has proved the unreliability of witness accounts and revealed the tendency for witnesses to corroborate what they think they saw with what seems credible. (Don't believe me? Ask five bystanders to describe a car accident. You'll get six mutually exclusive stories.)

How you keep your notes is your business. Keeping them on chip lets you make quick copies and edit the information easily, which is great for reducing your desk work but also carries certain disadvantages. Chips can be stolen or duplicated easily. Any computer with a cellular link, even a minicomp, is vulnerable to deckers. If you record your notes on audiochip, someone might overhear you. Myself, I prefer the low-tech pencil and notebook system. (Back in my Star days, I also preferred a rumpled trench coat and a pint of bourbon to activewear and bottled water. I didn't stay with Lone Star for very long. You make your choice, neh?)

Once the detective finishes taking notes, he measures the scene, noting the locations of objects and of the body (if there is one) by triangulating them with two fixed points in the room. The presence of a body requires special caution in gathering information. If you need to move the body, record its original position first. Post-mortem changes in a corpse hold all sorts of clues as to when and where a person died, whether the corpse was moved, and by what means. If you find a weapon that could have made the wound, do *not* insert it into the wound to see if it's the murder weapon. Don't assume anything. If a body is lying in a pool of red liquid, examine the liquid. It's probably blood, but it might be brake fluid. Write everything down.

If he considers it necessary, the detective can call in a D.P.I. agent to do a ghost walk around the scene. In a ghost walk, an astrally aware officer or investigator works the scene and relays any astral impressions he or she picks up. We had to keep a

sharp eye on D.P.I. personnel—they love to pick up objects and check out the astral impressions before the investigation boys check everything for prints. Sometimes they can give you something to go on, sometimes they can't. Personally, I never got along with any of the Dips—couldn't read them. They all had this distracted look that I instinctively associate with secretiveness.)<<<<<<

—Dirk (00:26:39/10-1-54)

Forensic Pathology Section

Forensic Pathology steps in whenever a death occurs under suspicious circumstances, and performs a medical-legal autopsy. In addition to using autopsy results as evidence in court, it provides the information for the coroner's office so that the coroner can issue a death certificate.

>>>>>(Just in case you didn't see through this one (like if you're blind in one eye), Lone Star charges plenty o' nuyen for any service it performs for a civilian agency. Eventually, of course, the bill for service trickles down to Mr. and Mrs. Joe Citizen. When Lone Star personnel arrive at the scene of a death, they're looking for a crime. In some cases, they make one up in order to force a legal autopsy and thereby generate profit.)<<<<<<

—Rest (0:59:03/10-17-54)

Types of death that require investigation by Lone Star's Forensic Pathology Section and a medical-legal autopsy include accidental deaths, murder, suicide, any death under suspicious circumstances, death in police custody, death during medical or biotech procedures, death by magical assault, death while jacked into the International Telecommunications Grid or any independent grid or computer system, or any unexplained death.

In general, Lone Star only performs medical-legal autopsies for cases under investigation by Lone Star. On occasion, federal or regional police departments and corporate-owned security agencies may transfer a case to a Lone Star-contracted area to take advantage of the Star's resources. When Forensic Pathology performs an autopsy for such cases, Lone Star charges the originating organization.

>>>>>(Leads to all kinds of conflicts of interest. Lone Star's corp honchos classify Forensic Pathology as a profit center, so if the section makes bags of nuyen, the department's managers look good. No wonder, then, that higher-ups in Forensic Pathology tend to encourage other departments in the Division of Investigation to treat as many deaths as possible as "cases under investigation" so that Forensic Pathology can charge for an autopsy. But because homicide and the rest are notoriously undermanned and underfunded, they don't want to take on "biz development" cases for the Path boys. Which side wins the argument depends on who's got the most clout in the management suites in Lone Star's various jurisdictions.)<<<<<<

—YT (03:14:56/9-8-54)

A medical-legal autopsy requires the following steps: identification and tagging of the body; photographic records of the body both dressed and naked; measuring, weighing, and X-raying the body; external examination of the body; a detailed description of all wounds or bruises; dissection and internal examination of the body; examination of body fluids and organs for evidence of drugs, poisons, alcohol, and so on; examination and cataloging of all cyberware; filing of a report of an astral examination of the body, written by a bonded Lone Star mage; and a determination of the cause of death.

>>>>(Lone Star confiscates any illegal cyberware found during an autopsy. (They probably plant it into the chromer cops in Patrol and Vice.) Forensic Pathology keeps files on most black-and-gray-market surgery it encounters in the course of autopsies; even though the Path personnel may never know the names of all the shadow docs, they can recognize most docs' handiwork and trace the suppliers they use.)<<<<<

—Raven (09:37:31/10-2-54)

>>>>(Which makes the Lone Star cutters a great resource for under-the-counter cyberware or chop work. Just find an incentive for them to tell you what you need to know; nuyen and violence come immediately to mind.)<<<<<

—Boxer (21:25:57/10-6-54)

Forensic Pathology sends a copy of the completed medical-legal autopsy to the local coroner's office, whose personnel record the official cause of death on the death certificate. At this point, Lone Star releases the body for burial or cremation.

>>>>(Need a SIN for a day or three? Here's a handy tip. Several hundred unassigned SINs float around in the coroner's datafiles all the time so that the coroner's office can give them to us SINless folk when we get geeked. See, it really bothers those pencilnecks to see a dead body without a number on it, so they issue one right away. That number is active for maybe a day or two, until the coroner draws up a death certificate printed with the SIN. During that couple of days, the coroner's office activates the number but doesn't link it with any of the watcher programs in the Department of Records. Why bother? They know the number belongs to a stiff. If you or your friendly neighborhood decker can snag one of these freshly issued numbers, you can pass for a real person, buy things on credit, work undercover as someone with a real job, cross a border, book an intercontinental flight to a better life, and so on (but only until midnight, Cinderella). This works different than stealing someone else's number. That kind of caper runs up a list of transactions in Records, and the audit trail can lead many unpleasant folks straight to you. But these stiff SINs are completely clean until the death certificate is issued and the owner of the SIN officially dies. Sure, any fixer worth his salt can spit SINs, but they always charge an arm and a leg, and it takes time. This way is fast and cheap.)<<<<<

—Zig (06:28:47/10-2-54)

>>>>(Sounds like a good idea, but I'd be careful with a morgue SIN. Don't do anything that might require someone to cross-reference your SIN through too many grid channels, or someone may wonder how you manage to look so good a day after being admitted to an emergency ward carrying a dozen nine-mil rounds in your intestines. The coroner's cronies do a pretty good job of making up a profile for each corpse based on assumed age, race, and nationality, just to make their bureaucratic machine work. Luckily, most wageslaves won't bother delving unless you buy a jet or transfer 500,000¥ into your "other account." I advise using these numbers with discretion; if someone complains that the number was issued yesterday, tell them "I am new citizen to this wonderful country you call home." If that doesn't work, try your sidearm.)<<<<<

—Argent (12:34:17/10-5-54)

Because the Forensic Pathology Section works so closely with the Department of Homicide, Forensics always grants any member of Homicide top-level clearance to examine files and bodies in the forensics labs.

>>>>(If the Path boys think that a homicide detective may be putting an end to a lucrative autopsy and follow-up, the foot-dragging involved in granting that clearance borders on the epic.)<<<<<

—Moxie (06:52:11/9-7-54)

>>>>(I know that even the best runners can have bad days. Maybe your contact got geeked. Or your Johnson can't pay because he's checked into the final coffin rack. Or your teammate doesn't answer his wake-up call on the night of the big run, and you find him hanging from the light fixture. We work in a cloak-and-dagger industry, boys and girls. To stay on top of the ground, you have to locate and ID the wolves. All too often, finding out who they are and how close they're standing involves a little investigation on our part. To help out my fellow entrepreneurs, I've downloaded some pertinent material from medical journals and textbooks, annotated it, taken out most of the Latin, and slapped it up here for you to jander through at your leisure. If you want to pay me back for my time and trouble, real-mail a certified credstick for 20 nuyen to Post Box 176539, in the Central Post Office, UCAS Zone, Denver FRFZ. My bank manager thanks you in advance.

Determining Time of Death

Legally speaking, a corpse has two times of death: legal time of death and estimated time of death. The legal time of death refers to the time the body was found. The estimated time of death refers to the time that the death actually occurred. Without accurate eyewitness accounts, one cannot fix the exact hour and minute of death, but one can make a rough estimate by observing associated events, referred to as markers. These clues found at the crime scene, such as a newspaper, a broken watch or clock, mail, unanswered messages on an answering machine, and so on can give some indication of the date and time of death. A more accurate method of determining time of death, however, is to observe the post-mortem changes in the body.

Death is not merely an event, but a process. Once the heart stops beating and the residual air leaves the lungs, a corpse begins a gradual process of decomposition that can provide the astute observer with clues to the time of death. Throughout the process of death, the following post-mortem changes occur.

Immediately after the moment of death, a corpse begins to lose body temperature at a rate of roughly 0.85 degrees Centigrade (1.5 degrees Fahrenheit) per hour. The rate of temperature loss is affected by surrounding conditions and temperature. Thirty minutes after death, the skin of the corpse adopts a waxy, gray appearance and the lips and nails turn pale. Within thirty minutes to four hours after death, blood left in the veins and arteries yields to gravity and begins to pool in the body parts that lie closest to the ground. These areas turn a dark, purple color and pressure applied to them disperses the blood and turns the flesh white. This condition is called non-fixed lividity. At this point, one can shift the location of the livid areas by changing the position of the body. The extremities turn blue, and the eyes begin to flatten as they lose fluid.

Four to six hours after death, the body feels cool to the touch. Early rigor mortis has set in, characterized by a stiffening of the face, neck, and jaw muscles. It is important to recognize that rigor mortis varies in individual cases. Residual ATP (the chemical energy source required for muscle contraction) left in muscle tissue causes rigor, and so a struggle or other violent, physical exertion before the moment of death means that a lower level of ATP remains in the muscles. Rigor mortis, therefore, will appear and disappear in a relatively short time. Lower levels of ATP also remain after electrocution or any death resulting in severe convulsions, such as those caused by certain black IC programs and spells. If a corpse is obese, it may never develop rigor mortis.

At six to eight hours after death, rigor mortis has spread to the larger muscles of the body. Fixed lividity has set in, meaning that areas where blood has pooled no longer blanch when pressure is applied to them or shift when the position of the body is changed. The corneas become cloudy. Eight to twelve hours after death, the body is completely stiff, frozen by rigor mortis.

Eighteen to 24 hours after death, the body is cold and clammy to the touch. Rigor mortis begins to disappear, following the same sequence by which it appeared. The head, neck, and jaw begin to slacken first, and so on. After 24 hours, the body has cooled to the temperature of its surroundings and the skin of the head and neck turns a greenish-red color. The face is unrecognizable, and the body begins to smell like rotting meat. After three days, the greenish-red discoloration has spread down to the chest and the extremities. Gases form inside the body as the organs decompose, forming blisters three to six centimeters in diameter. The body swells and leaks fluids from all orifices.

After three weeks, the skin of the corpse bursts open, exposing muscle and fat. Hair and nails are loose enough to pull off easily. The body continues to decompose at a rate determined by its environment; in tropical climates, a body becomes a skeleton in three and a half weeks, whereas in cold temperatures the process can take up to two months.



Bullet Entry Wounds

The study of bullet wounds can reveal the size and type of ammunition used, the weapon fired, and the position from which the killer fired the fatal shot. In order to reach the correct conclusions, one must understand the basic elements of a gunshot. When a gun is fired, a cloud of hot gas exits the barrel, followed by a small flame caused by the combustion of gunpowder in the firing chamber. Next comes the bullet, which travels along a given trajectory. Following the bullet, the gun emits a spray of projectile gunpowder and a cloud of black soot. Depending on the distance from which the shot was fired, the bullet wound will have a distinctly different appearance.

If the gun was in direct contact with the victim's skin at the moment of firing, the bullet makes a star-shaped entry wound because the cloud of hot gas causes the skin to rupture before the bullet actually leaves the gun. At a distance of less than 2 centimeters, the wound is round with a burn around it caused by the flame from the gun barrel. This burn is known as a rim burn.

A shot fired within 6 centimeters of the victim's skin leaves a black smudge around the entry wound, caused by the cloud of soot. This black smudge can be wiped away with a cloth. The same black soot will also mark the hand that fired the gun. A gunshot fired between 10 and 18 centimeters from the victim leaves a black, speckled stain around the entry wound, caused by the spray of gunpowder that follows the bullet. Because the radius of the spray within this range exceeds the radius of the entry wound, the powder causes visible "tattooing" of the skin.



The gunpowder particles are embedded in the skin, and so these black marks *cannot* be wiped clean.

If a shot is fired from a distance greater than 50 centimeters, no soot or gunpowder reaches the victim. Such a shot makes a clearly defined bullet hole, leaving no other markings.

The size of the entry wound is directly related to the caliber of the bullet. Well-trained observers can estimate the caliber and type of ammunition used in the killing by looking at the wound and resulting tissue damage, because tissue damage depends on the velocity and type of ammunition.

The velocity of a bullet varies from 200 to 1,700 meters per second, and the transfer of energy from bullet to flesh causes tissue damage. A high-velocity round produces a much greater transfer of kinetic energy than a slower round. The higher the transfer, the higher the "stopping power" of the round. A bullet entering a body compresses tissue as it plows its way through the victim, leaving an exit wound if the caliber and velocity of the round are high enough. The build-up of pressure as the kinetic force of the bullet passes through the victim's body means that an exit wound is always much larger than an entry wound.

Different types of ammunition cause different wounds. Hollow-point or semi-jacketed rounds flatten on contact even at low velocities, transferring their kinetic energy over a wider area. (These rounds also offer less chance of "blow-through," where the bullet penetrates the body without transferring all its kinetic energy to the target's tissue.) Needless to say, such rounds cause considerable organ damage. Full metal jacket and Teflon-coated rounds are designed to penetrate armor, and so are more likely to exit the body. Because they tend to drill through tissue, they transfer less kinetic energy, and do less tissue damage than hollow-point bullets.

That covers the most useful info. I drew it from the work of several minds, the foremost being Keith D. Wilson, M.D.)<<<<<

—Rest (12:02:59/9-14-54)

>>>>(Hyper-velocity rounds (anything over 1,000 mps) don't just tear your guts up. If one of them hits a fluid reservoir inside the body, such as any blood vessel larger than a capillary, the round transfers its kinetic energy to that fluid reservoir and causes a hydrostatic shock wave that rolls through the circulatory system and blows apart the heart valves. The wave can also nail artificial hearts, depending on the model. Hit a guy in the hand with a hyper-velocity round, and he's just as dead as if you popped him through the brainpan.

Plenty of sniper rifles qualify as hyper-velocity, but you don't need to go mil-spec. Some .22 caliber "varmint guns" have a high enough muzzle velocity to qualify.)<<<<<

—Gunhead (10:44:20/9-16-54)

>>>>(Who gives a frag what gunshot wounds look like? All that matters to me is if the guy I shoot stays down.)<<<<<

—Blocher (00:31:01/9-17-54)

>>>>(Lack of imagination, Blocher. Don't know about you, omae, but if there's even a chance the Star or anyone else might examine the aftermath of one of my runs, I want to know just how much intel they can scan from the scene of the crime.

Like Rest said earlier, sometimes we have to do the detective trip. If I go to a meet and I find my contact dead, it might matter quite a bit how long the slag's been meat. My response depends in part on whether he got cacked ten hours or ten minutes ago.)<<<<<

—Sidewinder (11:56:45/9-17-54)

DEPARTMENT OF VICE AND MORALITY

The Department of Vice and Morality deals with crimes such as prostitution, rape, and domestic abuse. Frequently, vice detectives work with officers and investigators from the departments of Homicide, Robbery, and Drug Enforcement. All too often in Vice cases, the victim needs more attention than the criminal, and so this department's officers and detectives have easy access to resource centers, crisis hotlines, and outreach programs in addition to their many street contacts.

Because the human element of law enforcement often gets pushed aside in favor of military-style toughness in Lone Star, working for Vice is often a thankless, invisible job. The Star's corporate culture tends to regard the efforts of vice officers as worth little in the context of the big moneymaking picture, and so undervalues their work. Vice personnel often get emotionally involved in cases, and frequently develop a cynical attitude toward (meta)humanity as a defense against a nervous breakdown. Investigators who excel at Vice work can keep their jobs for years; those less able to cope last for one or two years before burnout and depression cause them to transfer to another department or retire.

>>>>(I guess because of the nature of their opponents, Vice cops tend to have bad reps on the street. You know the stereotypes: Vice cops never make a bust, but they turn good cred. Vice cops are riddled with disease, because they collect "insurance premiums" from hookers. And on and on. Chip-truth's otherwise, chummers. Like in any department, Vice has some bad cops. But the ones who really care get worn down to nothing by the job.)<<<<<

—X-Star (06:54:55/9-5-54)

>>>>(Well, cry me a fragging river.)<<<<<

—Imager (10:21:18/9-7-54)

DEPARTMENT OF ROBBERY

The Department of Robbery specializes in the investigation of robberies and recovery of stolen property. To do their work, Robbery investigators rely on their network of informers and other contacts, both on the street and within Lone Star. A robbery case often represents only the tip of the proverbial iceberg and can easily lead an investigator to organized-crime rings, BTL dealers, prostitution rings, and a number of other rackets that fall under the jurisdiction of other departments. As soon as Robbery detectives realize that a crime involves more than a stolen trideo unit or diamond necklace, the department transfers the case to the appropriate department and closes its books. Of course, because corporate policy restricts the Department of Robbery to dealing with petty crimes, the department has relatively low status within the Star. Like the Department of Vice



and Morality, Robbery makes less money for the corp, and its officers have fewer opportunities to play macho thug-buster on the streets. Robbery officers spend much of their time filling out paperwork, performing computer searches, tracing serial numbers and barcodes, matching distributors with retailers, and following through on other such tasks that look like so much unglamorous paper-pushing to the average homicide detective or street cop.

Contrary to popular belief, Lone Star does not keep everything it confiscates during robbery investigations in some vast holding area. Any stolen property recovered during an arrest becomes evidence, to be catalogued and packaged by Lone Star's Department of Records and handed over to a federal agency for safekeeping until the case comes to trial in court. After the trial and conviction, the stolen property reverts to its rightful owner.

>>>>(Or gets auctioned off if the rightful owner can't be found, or died in the interim.)<<<<<<
—Binky (12:45:54/9-6-54)

>>>>(Because so many cases handled by other departments looked like robberies to begin with, the boys and girls in Robbery usually know more about what's going on in the Division of Investigation than anyone else. If you can cultivate a Robbery detective as a contact, they'll make it worth the (considerable) effort required.)<<<<<<
—Bonejolt (10:14:41/9-13-54)

DEPARTMENT OF SPECIAL INVESTIGATION

Lone Star's Department of Special Investigation serves as a kind of "catchall" department for cases that refuse to fit into anyone else's jurisdiction. This department organizes and executes investigations requiring the combined efforts of several departments, as well as field cases that require extended undercover work. Special Investigation also handles private contracts from corporations and individuals who want to use Lone Star personnel on a one-time-only basis.

>>>>(Such contracts are quite a different kettle of rat from the long-term security contracts handled by CorpSec.)<<<<<<
—Hangover (13:59:32/9-8-54)

>>>>(Actually, the distinction is much finer than SpecInv and CorpSec like to believe. In yet another example of how Lone Star's corporate structure frags things up, SpecInv and CorpSec often battle it out in nasty, tooth-and-nail competition for the same contracts. Logically, CorpSec should be a department of SpecInv, but managers throughout the corporate-arm hierarchy will reflexively block any move in that direction just to hold onto their influence with the executives up top. (Can't let anything cut back on the size of your little empire, now can you?))<<<<<<
—SPD (01:04:14/9-9-54)

In one respect, Special Investigations operates much like a private investigation agency. Private contract inquiries are forwarded to Special Investigation, which engages in a personnel

search to determine if Lone Star can spare the appropriate officers or investigators. When the department locates the appropriate personnel, its managers draw up and send requests to various other departments, asking them to release their officers for the proposed contract. If other departments cooperate, Special Investigation signs the contract. If not, Lone Star refers the client to another security firm and takes a small commission for the referral.

>>>>(Or it refers the job to CorpSec. . . null.)<<<<<<
—Blue Light (21:42:09/9-19-54)

>>>>(The media downplays Lone Star's involvement with private contracts. The corporation wants people to see it in the same light as federal agencies such as the attorney general's office, the mayor's office, and federal police agencies, but everyone knows that anyone with enough nuyen can get Lone Star on their side. Private contracts range from corp-types who want to know if their spouse is cheating on them to major retailers who require repo men with muscle and hardware.)<<<<<<
—Jax (04:17:49/10-15-54)

>>>>(Working undercover for SpecInv may be a trip you don't want to take, especially if you work deep in the field. That kind of assignment makes you extremely vulnerable. Working undercover means minimizing contact with your office and unflinchingly making yourself a part of hideous criminal subcultures, if necessary. You may have to prove your loyalty to your new group by shooting at one of your buddies, or selling BTL to kids in a playground. If you're in Lone Star's bad books, they may sink you undercover just to mess you up. They have you dangling by a pretty thin string; with one word from the vultures in Internal Affairs, you could get sold down the river.

Let me tell you a story I came across just before I extracted myself from Lone Star's cozy nest of vipers. A guy I knew who worked in the DED got an undercover assignment to work his way into some voodoo gang dealing BTL in Jersey. About a month into it, he sends word that he's getting close to the bust, but is still working on a corporate angle for the gang, the only explanation he can figure for how they've gotten their dirty mitts on so much sophisticated simsense equipment. They were using it to make snuff sims, recording people's deaths on simsense chips. That kind of chip we call Black Beetles, and they're a real sick scene if ever there was one. Just like any good cop, my chummer tried to figure other possible uses for the snuff simsense data. Cheap and easy to make BTL out of it, but he figured the gang was smart enough to parlay it into something with a longer run and bigger payoff—like developing black IC. Soon after he submitted that guess to Lone Star, he turned up dead and the Star closed the investigation. I poked around some after that and found that GridSec had recently acquired a new, cutting-edge black IC program based on snuff simsense. Seems my chummer was just too bright to work for the Star.)<<<<<<
—Montague (15:37:00/10-23-54)

DEPARTMENT OF SURVEILLANCE

Once upon a time in police work, surveillance ops such as stakeouts and tailing fell to the detectives or investigators in charge of specific cases. In recent years, however, specialization has caught up with this generalist approach. Modern surveillance techniques, specifically the sophisticated technology and unusual skills necessary to circumvent countersurveillance measures, have advanced to the point where only specialists can excel. To meet the demand for such specialists, Lone Star created the Department of Surveillance.

>>>>(As I remember, the British police or maybe MI-5 figured this one out as far back as the 1980s, if not earlier. They had special teams, "shadows," I think they called them, specially trained to follow suspects without being noticed. Lone Star's Department of Surveillance is just the logical extension of that specialization.)<<<<<

—Turnkey (13:10:09/9-8-54)

Though the department can request specific personnel from other departments and divisions to fill its ranks, most recruits volunteer for surveillance duty. Surveillance personnel, called the Watchers by their fellow officers, receive eight weeks of intense, specialized training in addition to the standard sixteen-week Academy curriculum. The special course covers surveillance and countersurveillance technology, including technology's specific strengths and weaknesses, and develops such additional skills as tracking, stealth, and teamwork.

>>>>(I've had the pleasure of watching a team of Watchers, in cars and on foot, tail a paranoid suspect who himself boasted serious skills in spotting and throwing off surveillance. The subject pulled every trick in the book, and the Watchers kept their cameras on her every second of her twelve-hour day. Impressive. Teams handed off the suspect to each other about every 90 seconds, and not once did anything fall through the cracks.)<<<<<

—X-Star (13:32:45/9-5-54)

>>>>(If they're so good, how did you manage to watch them?)<<<<<

—Advantage (06:06:27/9-6-54)

>>>>(I sat in the control van with the trooper in charge of the surveillance and looked over his shoulder at the feeds from the Watchers' microcams. My case, so he bent the rules.)<<<<<

—X-Star (16:30:13/9-6-54)

>>>>(These slags get to play with some sophisticated tech.

They've got laser and shotgun microphones so sensitive and precise you can hear a bug fart at 200 meters while it's flying through rush-hour traffic. They've got microminiaturized, "smart" vidcams that would make a shadowsnoop weep with envy. They've got dataline taps with smart ECCM coprocessors that detect sweepers and spoof them. All kinds of lovely toys...)<<<<<

—Boxpusher (13:40:53/9-9-54)

>>>>(LS also cybers a lot of the Watchers to the gills. Cyberoptics run an easy first, especially cybereyes equipped with all the toys necessary for professional-quality vid or trid. They also like vehicle control rigs, of course, for running drones. Not too many magicians among them, I don't think, but they can easily cut a deal with one for a quickened silence spell or something equally useful. When necessary, they make arrangements with the Dips (or whoever) to have watcher spirits help them out.)<<<<<

—Wordsmith (05:52:01/9-10-54)

>>>>(All the toys in the world may make the job easier and more pleasurable, but for simple jobs like wiring someone's office when he's not expecting surveillance, you don't need cutting-edge tech. You only need the skill to use what you have. The

Watchers learn how to get the most out of whatever's at hand; that's what makes them so good.)<<<<<

—CySpy (20:31:47/9-10-54)



>>>>(Lots of people think of Watchers as weasels and wimps—good at slinking around in shadows, but likely to drek themselves if confronted by their targets. Null, kids. Recognizing that Watchers might get caught if a tail goes bad, or if the troll whose bedroom they're wiring comes home unexpectedly, the Star gives them topnotch combat training. I've seen a Watcher fight like an angry buzz saw with no weapon other than the videocam he was installing in a slag's credenza.)<<<<<<
 —The Man (23:53:39/9-10-54)

Remote Surveillance Section

Riggers rule this subsection of the department and perform many specialized tasks, such as operating surveillance drones that drift above the streets in major cities. A prime example of the high-level sensor technology available to the Star, these drones transmit scanned barcodes back to the local precinct house, making the Star's computer searches that much easier.

>>>>(When they mention barcodes, we think of cars and other inanimate stuff, but lots of people also carry recognition signatures similar to barcodes. Corp boys and girls install transmitters in their children's teeth that give off a constant signature, for example. Drek, I've even heard of the Star monitoring transmitters installed in some suit's favorite pet.)<<<<<<
 —Deb (00:38:56/9-14-54)

>>>>(Special contracts like monitoring some suit's kid can earn hefty profits for the Remote Surveillance Section.)<<<<<<
 —SPD (17:08:02/9-16-54)

DEPARTMENT OF ORGANIZED CRIME

Up until the founding of this department in 2044, Lone Star treated organized crime like any other crime, referring cases to the departments of Homicide, Vice, Robbery, and so on as appropriate. During the last years of the 2030s and the early 2040s, however, various crime organizations in different Lone Star jurisdictions began to gain power unmatched in North America since the end of the Prohibition era more than a century earlier. As public anger and fear of these organizations' power and influence mounted, senior Lone Star management realized that a response to the growing outcry stood to make them a bundle. Rather than simply beefing up existing investigative departments as the corp's board of directors suggested, CEO James Wilson chose an innovative approach. He established the Department of Organized Crime specifically to combat the growth of organized, far-reaching criminal enterprises.

>>>>(That move damn near got Jimmy-boy tossed out of the corner office. The board choked when they saw the cost projections for setting up the new department and refused to approve the expenditure. I don't know how he did it, but as has happened over and over again, James Wilson managed to face down a hostile board of directors and get the budget he demanded.)<<<<<<
 —VuePoint (14:25:14/9-8-54)

>>>>(James Wilson is one snaky, ruthless son of a slitch who finds no problem with playing down and dirty when he's fighting for something he finds important. He got his shiny new department by digging up dirt on a majority of the board members, just some little chink or crack in their armor where he could pound in a lever. Then he used his leverage to extort their consent. Probably hired some shadowrunners to apply a little pressure in the right places. That kind of drek goes on all the time in all the board rooms in the world.)<<<<<<
 —Torpedo (22:48:25/9-10-54)

>>>>(Wait a tick. I thought James Wilson was on great terms with his board of directors. They helped him purge his brother and all. . .)<<<<<<
 —Lew (15:09:27/9-12-54)

>>>>(Just because you've got the confidence of the board (or their family jewels in a vise) on one issue doesn't mean you've got it on another, chummer. But I think Torpedo overstated things a little. I agree that James Wilson would do whatever it took to get what he wanted, but there's no evidence that he had to go that far in this case. Too bad; it makes a good story.)<<<<<<
 —Vector (09:16:31/9-13-54)

>>>>(Didn't one of the board members—Donna Lutz, I think it was—resign during the imbroglio, citing "personal reasons?" That kind of coincidence always makes me think of coercion.)<<<<<<
 —Hip (11:04:00/9-13-54)

Within the department, a task force handles each of the following problems: gangs, the Mafia, the yakuza, Seoulpa Rings, and miscellaneous organized-crime activity. According to rumor, the Star is putting together another task force to counter the growing influence of the Triads in the Seattle metroplex.

>>>>(That's more than rumor, chummers. The Lone Star Seattle Triad Task Force makes its debut sometime in the next few weeks.)<<<<<<
 —Winger (16:06:00/10-17-54)

Despite their impressive-sounding label, the OC task forces lack permanently assigned street or investigative assets. The staff of a task force typically includes management personnel, a handful of case officers occasionally designated as "special agents," and a few administrative personnel. Any task force may, however, requisition assets from other divisions and departments within Lone Star's enforcement arm, such as warm bodies, computer time, forensics and analysis services, and anything else a particular task force requires. All these resources are provided to the task forces on a short- or long-term basis.

>>>>(Hoo boy, that must lead to serious interdepartmental squabbling. "Give me personnel. . .now!" Isn't the kind of memo that wins friends and influences people.)<<<<<<
 —Sal (11:32:53/9-7-54)

>>>>(Nor does the most common response: "Frag you and the hog you rode in on.")<<<<<

—Converse (15:31:12/9-7-54)

>>>>(The heads of the organized crime task forces don't hear "frag off" very often. They've got serious clout in the corporate structure, much more than you'd guess from a look at the orgcharts or the sizes of the departments involved. What the task forces ask for, they usually get, probably because James Wilson went to the wall to set them up. Not likely he's going to desert them.)<<<<<

—Dean (19:47:14/9-8-54)

>>>>(Wait a tick, I thought the board of directors screamed about the OC department because they figured making a whole new department would cost way more than staffing up existing departments. If the individual task forces are so fragging small and can just snatch resources from elsewhere, where's the expense?)<<<<<

—Beni (16:15:00/9-9-54)

>>>>(Think about it. At its formation, the Department of Organized Crime consisted mainly of expensive new hires, and they still cost. Each task force supports a few high-powered managers who pull down 100,000 nuyen a year, and a handful of case officers whose perks and "special duty" bonuses bring each of them something like 70,000 nuyen a year. Multiply those figures by the number of task forces in the department, then multiply that sum by the number of Lone Star operations across North America, and you've racked up significant cred. For the same amount, you could hire a lot of underpaid street grunts.)<<<<<

—Orgchart (22:00:21/9-9-54)

>>>>(So if it costs so much to maintain the department, where's the benefit? Especially when the task forces pull resources away from other cases?)<<<<<

—Indy (03:22:41/9-10-54)

>>>>(Here's one big benefit: the case officers and the managers who plot strategy and tactics against organized crime outfits do nothing else. If you're heading up the OC Mafia Task Force, you only have to think about how to slot off the Mafia. You can become an expert in dealing with Mafia operations, and you don't have to worry that a politically sensitive but totally unconnected case will hit your desk and distract your focus from your *real* job. That was James Wilson's rationale for the way it would work, and that's what he set up.)<<<<<

—Blue Light (09:25:13/9-10-54)

>>>>(Blue Light's right. If you ever need to find out anything about the way the Mafia or some other organized criminal enterprise works, ask the chief case officer for the OC task force assigned to your mob of choice. Odds are, the head of the Mafia task force knows more about how the Cosa Nostra operates locally than the *Capo di tutti Capi* himself.)<<<<<

—SPD (15:28:00/9-11-54)

Though the task forces rely on other departments to provide street enforcement or standard investigative assets, they control their own network of undercover operatives. These specially trained officers carry out the unenviable job of infiltrating criminal organizations, relaying information through various secure channels to the task force leaders, and occasionally acting as "fifth columnists," destabilizing the organization from the inside.

>>>>(These undercover ops are well trained, *priyatel*. The Star goes to a lot of trouble giving them the skills they need to survive, and puts a frag of a lot of effort and nuyen into establishing watertight legends to authenticate them.)<<<<<

—Wolf (04:22:42/9-8-54)

>>>>(How do you know?)<<<<<

—Cox (17:34:25/9-9-54)

>>>>(How the frag do you think?)<<<<<

—Wolf (03:01:12/9-10-54)

DIVISION OF PARANORMAL INVESTIGATION

>>>>(Otherwise known as Dips.)<<<<<

—Spook (03:56:19/9-6-54)

Magic is the big unknown. Any officer knows what to expect from the business end of an HK227, but medicine bags and spirits—that's another story. We can only guess at the danger a rogue spellcaster carries in his or her brain. Magic is chaos, something every law enforcer must learn to respect.

—Capt. Deacon Thule, addressing trainees at the Lone Star Academy, Central Austin

STRUCTURE AND PROCEDURES

The Division of Paranormal Investigation handles all crimes involving magic and/or paranormal animals. Despite being the smallest division in Lone Star, the D.P.I. enjoys the most prestige. Even though the D.P.I. employs fewer than one-tenth of the personnel of the Tactical Division, its operating budget runs nearly as high as TacDiv's because most D.P.I. employees are highly paid mages. The department also hires mundane personnel who possess superb data processing skills or extensive knowledge of magical theory.

The D.P.I.'s Divisional Chair, Hillary Asenby, and her assistant, Fraser Simington, double as departmental chiefs within the division. Asenby has full command over investigation and special operations, and Simington heads up the research department. Their double duty requires them to have offices at the Austin HQ and also spend a lot of time in the field heading up investigations. This personal touch distinguishes the performance of the D.P.I. from that of other divisions. Unlike technology-based operations, investigations involving magic require a hands-on approach by skilled individuals. Assembly lines can crank out wiretaps and surveillance drones by the truckload, but an astrally talented officer is a rare and valued commodity.

Unlike other divisions, the D.P.I. acts like a small corporation within Lone Star. It has its own system of promotion and generates a certain amount of its own revenue from such cost-recoverable programs as training academies for magically active youngsters, magical burnout counseling, and the patenting of magical security systems. The department also runs a magical security consulting firm, Silver Dawn, which brings in a nice chunk of nuyen.

>>>>(Most Lone Star mages rank as full-fledged detectives or members of heavily armed tactical squads, because management considers Dips too rare and valuable to risk in street confrontations. Unless a magically active officer really bones an investigation, he won't find himself in a squad car or on foot patrol. Though your average squad of grunts can't put up any magical resistance, you never know how fast they might get magical back-up when the drek comes down.)<<<<<

—Skunner (12:31:28/10-14-54)

A self-sufficient department, the D.P.I. has its own research staff as well as several mage technicians. Some of Lone Star's magical laboratories surpass the finest research institutes and are said to be on a par with facilities at Aztechnology headquarters in Aztlan. To ensure that her department remains secure, Divisional Chair Asenby keeps all work within the department, never subcontracting or freelancing any part of ongoing research. Asenby even hand-picked the janitors and bonded them to Lone Star Security Services in the same manner as any law enforcement officer or technician.

>>>>(If you're not a member of the wand-waving club, the Dips let you know that they consider you so much drek. I was with the Seattle Star in '45. What a psychotic town! We mixed it up with wiz gangs, toxic shamans, vampires, you name it. The combat mages from Special Ops you could count on in the trenches, but not the Dips. Real loose cannons, they were, most of 'em eggheads who couldn't assess a conflict in a playground. It was an equal chance that they'd cover you or play it like a one-man show. Spoiled sons of slitches, always flying around in corporate jets and helicopters. I tell you, if you're magically active in the Star, you've got a green light all the way.)<<<<<

—SPD (13:07:56/11-18-54)

>>>>(Asenby takes heat from within the corporation sometimes for her department's elitist, separatist attitude, but she never bothers to change it. Whenever the higher-ups try to pare down her department's exorbitant budget for any reason, Asenby grabs the ear of an executive officer or even the CEO on occasion and threatens to break the D.P.I. away from Lone Star. Other divisions work with what they get, but the D.P.I. always wants new gluts of up-to-the-minute technological and magical equipment.)<<<<<

—Spook (17:28:45/11-19-54)

>>>>(They should break away. The Dips don't mesh well with standard operating procedures, and their hang-ups against



using magical evidence and capturing free spirits can really disrupt an investigation. I lost count of the times I got booted off the site of my own bust by a Dip telling me it was out of my jurisdiction. Are they an investigative department or a research institute?)<<<<<

—SPD (05:36:43/11-21-54)

>>>>(The maverick status of the D.P.I. just adds strength to the theory that Lone Star's paranoid about magic. Any city that hires the Star does so only to enforce the laws already on its books. Yet within two years of Lone Star's arrival in any city, stiffer penalties against magic and new laws regarding its use seem to appear out of thin air. The D.P.I. has put a stranglehold on senators, judges, and the public, especially in the UCAS, Québec, and the Confederated American States. Granted, public opinion about magic use generally runs pretty negative because of continuing agitation by policlubs bitter about the Great Ghost Dance and the ensuing loss of real estate, and also because of the bulldrek pulled by magical terrorist groups like the MetaWorld League. But Asenby and her DIPs use the same rhetoric to fan the flames of paranoia. That way, she increases the power of her own little empire.)<<<<<

—Diamondback (11:42:14/11-21-54)

>>>>(I just realized that this division has no suborganizations other than Research, run by Simington. I don't know the Star's corporate history inside and out, but I'll bet anything the D.P.I. started out as a department in the Division of Investigation.)<<<<<

—Paperclip (17:13:11/11-21-54)

Thaumaturgy Licensing Procedures

As part of its law-enforcement contract in every city in which Lone Star does business, the local D.P.I. branch implements a simple licensing procedure for all magically active citizens. A Lone Star thaumaturgy license costs 25,000 nuyen, and all licensees must participate in a two-week course on using magic responsibly offered by Lone Star. Despite the initial public outcry against these strictures, the public and the corps soon realized that the D.P.I. laws kept unlicensed mages out of the job market by making it impossible for such mavericks to get jobs at non-multinational corps. That, of course, meant more work and higher pay for those who could afford the licensing fee. As this realization sank in, public protest died away.

The Star's thaumaturgy laws allow unlicensed mages to practice only certain types of magic under specific circumstances. Unlicensed spellcasters may perceive or travel astrally, defend themselves against attack, cure illnesses and heal wounds, improve their physical appearance, create small-scale illusions (principally for entertainment), and summon low-level spirits and elementals. All other uses of magic are prohibited without a license.

Lone Star recognizes that laws restricting the use of magic are difficult to enforce, if only because monitoring the magical activity of even a single individual requires considerable resources and manpower. The law's intent is less to control all magic than to limit the types of magic tolerated in the name of

personal defense and freedom of expression. In other words, the Star wants to make the average mage living in a city under its jurisdiction think twice before throwing a spell that might attract the attention of a Lone Star patrol.

>>>>(If you've locked horns with a toxic shaman, you won't ask yourself, "What if a cop sees me?" before striking back. Unless you really want that job with your local corp, ignore the licensing law like everyone else.)<<<<<

—Diamondback (07:56:27/11-24-54)

>>>>(Lone Star uses the licensing law as an excuse to detain anyone who they think looks suspicious. If you wear a corporate necktie, the Star may never ask you to produce a license, no matter what you cast. If you're Amerindian or metahuman, it's a different story.)<<<<<

—Jazzman (09:43:18/11-24-54)

>>>>(Why would the megacorps pay attention to this license drek? They hire whoever they want. Extraterritoriality, remember?)<<<<<

—DNF (23:14:56/12-1-54)

>>>>(Actually, a lot of megacorps like the idea of a license. It gives them something to revoke, and puts a little punch behind the classic threat, "You'll never work in this town again.")<<<<<

—Jazzman (14:37:00/12-2-54)

Magical Security in Astral Space

As a rule of thumb, Lone Star mages do not patrol astral space—it's simply too vast an area to cover effectively. The Star's relatively few mage cops can be put to better use than spending corporate time twiddling their thumbs on the astral planes, waiting for something to happen. Lone Star sometimes uses watcher spirits to trace known criminals, and, of course, mage cops enter astral space when necessary to conduct investigations or offer astral back-up when requested.

>>>>(You'll probably never meet a cop in astral space, except by wild coincidence.)<<<<<

—lggy (09:28:57/9-13-54)

>>>>(Actually, it's more likely than you'd think. If you mix it up with Star officers and you throw a spell, make it a good one, because you may not get a second chance. As soon as a street officer sees any sign of magical activity, he calls in a code 99 to request astral back-up. Back at the precinct, a couple of mages spend all day lying in hospital beds just waiting for that kind of call. Next thing you know, they're all over you in astral space, beating your spells as fast as you can throw them. Most times, they invite a few spirits to tag along. Makes for a right nasty tea party.)<<<<<

—Casper (03:46:10/9-14-54)

>>>>(So the cop that can really frag a run for you is the cop you can't see.)<<<<<

—lggy (08:29:39/9-16-54)

>>>>(You got it.)<<<<<

—Casper (17:56:17/9-16-54)

Legal Possession of Magical Items

In most cities under Lone Star contract, the D.P.I. controls ownership and use of magical items, giving the department a quick and easy source of revenue. In general, owning and using talismans, foci, and so on that function at anything more than a minimal power level requires a thaumaturgy license. In addition, all items except for spell locks and fetishes must be registered, at a cost of 2,000 nuyen per power level.

>>>>(If you're wondering about any registered items you're carrying, don't bother looking for a barcode to file off. When an item is registered, the Star's Dip data clerks shave a sliver off the item and squirrel it away in a huge, compartmentalized vault. They use this specimen as a material link for ritual magic when they want to trace the item or put it out of commission.)<<<<<

—Skunner (10:38:00/10-1-54)

>>>>(Hands off the panic button, wizboy. Don't you know bull-drek when you smell it? Sure, they spin a good line about the registration process and try to intimidate you by programming those fancy registration cards. But with the money they'd spend tracing down or fragging a single, liberated magic item, they could bust a thousand drekheads like you and me for BTL. Besides, no one knows the shelf life of a material link. The astral connection gets stale after awhile. Nobody's going to come down on you or your telesma, unless you use it to kill a president.)<<<<<

—Diamondback (1:45:26/10-2-54)

In addition to its more cynical motives for wanting tight control over magic (such as profit and staying in power), Lone Star does have a legitimate purpose for a certain amount of regulation. Above all, the D.P.I. fears the spread of the magical expertise required to make powerful foci and fetishes. They try to limit the knowledge required to make the most dangerous magical vessels to a few, traceable sources: universities, research institutes, corporations, and tribal councils. The real threat, according to D.P.I., lies in existing items that fall into the wrong hands. Museums and art galleries, for example, display and store many expertly made talismans and power foci, constructed at a time when magic was dead but magical lore remained very much alive. To the D.P.I., these items, often protected by minimal security, hold the potential of dry sponges just waiting for a criminally minded mage to soak them with power. In recent years, certain of these items have appeared on the streets.

>>>>(No drek. I know of a straw man originally created in Papua, New Guinea that's a kick-hoop spirit focus. The present owner found it in an antique store in Spain. Cost her all of 50 nuyen.)<<<<<

—Marshall (09:58:08/10-15-54)

Criminal Acts by Spirits

Criminal acts by spirits also fall under D.P.I. law-enforcement jurisdiction. The law holds the person who summoned a bound spirit accountable for any crime committed by that spirit, and punishes the summoner as if he or she committed the crime. By contrast, the law holds free spirits accountable for their own actions because no mage controls them. A free spirit arrested and convicted for a crime suffers one of two punishments: it is either bound to a social officer, who puts it to work in order to pay its debt to society, or banished from the physical plane. The sheer difficulty of keeping a free spirit bound means that most who commit anything but a petty misdemeanor are banished.

>>>>(When was the last time you heard of a spirit on trial? Lone Star banishes spirits because they can't do anything else.)<<<<<

—Freezeframe (03:27:46/10-5-54)

>>>>(Have you heard about the new member of the Arcana Advisory Council to the Supreme Court in UCAS? He's a free spirit named Belin who manifests as the ghost of Abe Lincoln, and he's lobbying for the rights of free and bound spirits. He says evidence provided by spirits should be admissible in court and that attorneys who dismiss accounts given by spirits who've acted as accomplices, witnesses, and even participants in some of the worst magical crimes fail to take advantage of clear, valid evidence.)<<<<<

—Nobody Important (06:37:10/10-5-54)

>>>>(Who's going to believe a spirit?)<<<<<

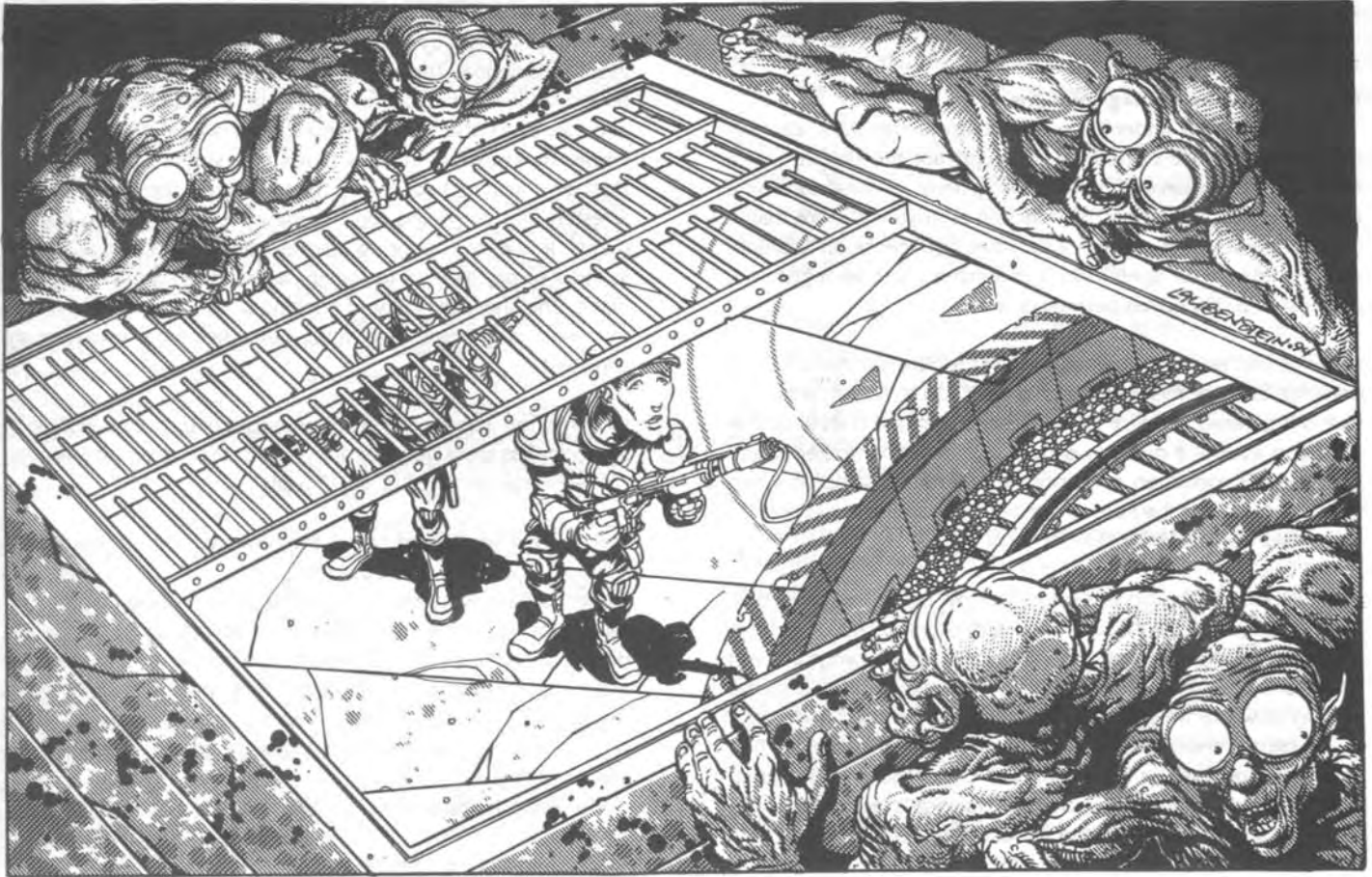
—Casper (08:14:17/10-13-54)

>>>>(Couldn't Belin bind a spirit to tell the truth? (This is honest Abe we're talking about here. . .))<<<<<

—Nobody Important (12:36:17/10-17-54)

Paranormal Animal Control

This department remains one of the last bastions of purely community-oriented service within its division, performing a job truly vital to the community at large. When a paranormal animal menaces the citizens of urban areas, the D.P.I.'s animal removal officers capture and relocate such potentially harmful creatures. In most cases, the animal removal officer first attempts to tranquilize and contain the animal. If the animal severely injured or killed someone, the officer shoots it dead on sight. Once the officer contains or kills the creature, he or she traces the animal's activity within the area to determine the location of its lair (if it has one). This stage of the investigation is particularly important: if an animal is part of a group, its mates and offspring may still pose a threat to the community. The officer visually surveys the area where the animal was sighted, often augmenting the search with remote, electronic surveying equipment and/or an astral sweep. If he or she finds no other paranimals in the area, the officer transports the tranquilized animal to a new location. Dead paranimals are taken to the officer's local precinct house, where a forensics team



examines the remains for signs of disease, toxic contamination, or magical influence.

>>>>(No more calls to the scene of a raccoon in the garbage can.)<<<<

—Rest (11:56:18/11-4-54)

>>>>(I once went on a run with a real fraghead of a street sam, name of Naz. He slotted off our shaman so thoroughly that the shaman shapechanged him into a timber wolf, right in the middle of downtown Seattle. Before we'd quit laughing, Lone Star showed up, filled him full of darts and carted him off in a whirlybird. Naz must've gotten quite a shock when he woke up somewhere in the Rocky Mountains. Ten to one he's still out there looking for someone to dispel the shaman's handiwork. Or maybe he has puppies by now. I don't suppose many magic users vacation in the Rockies.)<<<<

—Neon Splatter (16:27:18/11-19-54)

The D.P.I.'s list of restricted paranormal animals remains under constant review, because new species surface almost daily. In general, any creature listed as carnivorous or likely to injure humans in Paterson's *Paranormal Creatures of North America*, a.k.a. Paterson's Guide, appears on the restricted list. Corporations that use Awakened species such as barghests and

plasma as part of their security systems avoid prosecution by virtue of extraterritoriality.

DEPARTMENT OF MAGICAL RESEARCH

Like everything else in the Division of Paranormal Investigation, the Department of Magical Research overflows with expensive equipment and highly paid personnel. Fraser Simington, Associate Coordinator of the D.P.I. and Chief Asenby's protégé, heads up the department and uses his friendship with Asenby to snag funds for his empire. He spends plenty of time in the field leading projects in other cities, and occasionally accompanies Asenby on corporate jaunts to Amazonia.

>>>>(On a run against the Austin HQ in '50, I jacked into the security mainframe through an I/O station and lifted a couple of voice files chock full of office gossip. Talk says that Asenby and Simington are an item, and have been for years. Apparently, Asenby's messy separation from her husband forces them to keep their relationship an open secret.)<<<<

—Point Five (09:38:27/11-4-54)

>>>>(What gives with all these trips to Amazonia? They've both logged a flight a month down there in the past seven months.)<<<<

—Zona (12:32:16/11-12-54)

>>>>(Lone Star's fishing for a contract in Rio de Janeiro. They've got Asenby and Simington acting as ambassadors for the proposal because they're better at accommodating the special needs of sentient paranormals.)<<<<<<

—Point Five (18:34:17/11-12-54)

The Department of Magical Research offers its employees a hermetic library and a spirit lodge, both located in Austin and classed as Level 7. The library is recorded on chips and stored in an isolated datafile deep within the research wing of the division's main building. The local Lone Star headquarters in every city under contract with the corp offers a Level-10 hermetic library. The quality of spirit lodges varies from city to city, but never exceeds Level 7. One wonders what, if anything, they plan to do with these considerable magical resources; given Lone Star's past record, we may safely assume that the research department uses every means at its disposal to benefit the corp. Whether or not they benefit the ordinary citizen they purport to serve is incidental.

>>>>(Simington commissioned a special room to be built in the subbasement of the Star's Austin HQ—a hollow, concrete sphere about 15 meters in diameter, lined with hammered gold engraved with diagrams and symbols that defy description.

Immediately after the engraver finished the last symbol, Simington sealed the hatch, sat in the center of the room, plugged himself into a glucose/saline IV on slow drip, and stayed there for nine days. According to speculation I've seen on several shadowboards, some say he went on an astral quest that took him beyond the Citadel. Other mages say the spherical room was meant to trap and contain a summoned entity. Still others claim he built it to stop whatever he found from following him back.)<<<<<<

—Winger (23:48:02/11-13-54)

>>>>(I'd like to get into that library and find out.)<<<<<<

—Flyby (04:32:58/11-13-54)

>>>>(Would you really, chummer?)<<<<<<

—Winger (12:35:45/11-14-54)

The D.P.I.'s research department also has an extensive collection of confiscated telesma and power foci, most stored in each contract city's local HQ. Many of these items constitute evidence to be exhibited in court.

>>>>(The Dips keep 'em in a maglocked vault, protected by a magic circle and several patrolling fire elementals. Thinking of ghosting in and destroying any evidence they have against you? Change your mind, cobber.)<<<<<<

—FreezeFrame (09:48:27/12-15-54)

D.P.I. returns stolen items confiscated as a result of police action to the original owners, but only after confirming the items' registration. Of course, this means most such items get pitched into the furnace.

>>>>(Oh, drek. If only I knew someone in Lone Star.)<<<<<<

—Flyby (22:09:56/11-16-54)

>>>>(Get to know someone in Lone Star; just make sure you have a few certified credsticks.)<<<<<<

—Diamondback (19:39:08/11-17-54)

>>>>(For more information on purchasing your own Lone Star op, check out the section on Corruption in the Personnel file.)<<<<<<

—SysOp (22:06:14/11-17-54)

>>>>(D.P.I. assigns some officers to cover operations handled by other departments, even other divisions. Take the mage detectives and Special Ops combat mages, for example. Even though logic dictates that they would be most useful to the Division of Investigation and Department of Special Weapons and Tactics, Asenby and Simington have managed to centralize all magical activity in the Star under their control. They even charge other departments for making "extraordinary" use of their officers. Talk about cojones.)<<<<<<

—Spook (02:34:17/12-1-54)

>>>>(Is that what you call it?)<<<<<<

—Raiko (16:56:42/12-4-54)

DIVISION OF MATRIX SECURITY

We come alive when the system alert sounds. There's nothing like screaming through the net with an accelerator board that makes the best homegrown work look like a soapbox racer, slicing through systems like monofilament through candy floss. That's what makes me go to work.

—Matt Greyfisher, Lone Star GridSec operative and ex-shadowrunner

The Division of Matrix Security, also known as GridSec, houses Lone Star's console cowboys, whose ranks include ex-criminals and ex-shadowrunners, some of whom use less-than-orthodox methods to extract information from the Matrix. GridSec is the only Lone Star division that rejects military-style organization by rank and position.

>>>>(I'm right pleased you're distinguishing between runners and plain crooks. Otherwise, I might have to get ugly.)<<<<<<

—Snake Eater (02:34:18/10-1-54)

In a blatant exception to a hard-and-fast rule, GridSec officers need not qualify with a sidearm as a condition of employment and are not required to complete basic training at the Lone Star Academy. The Star recruits these atypical officers from technical institutes, other corporations, and sometimes from rehabilitation and probation programs.

>>>>(Clay Wilson must lie awake at night fretting about the guttertrash new management's letting into his precious corporation.)<<<<<<

—Digital Edge (19:42:00/9-6-54)



>>>>(Not likely. Clay Wilson set up GridSec to work exactly as it does today. Even Clay Wilson had his contradictions.)<<<<<<
—SPD (04:09:13/9-10-54)

GridSec earns a hefty profit for Lone Star, in part through revenue generated by its employees—but not in the way you might guess. GridSec provides its officers with basic hardware and programs, then offers them the opportunity to purchase extra equipment and modifications through Lone Star at corporate rates. Because Lone Star has access to some of the finest equipment on the market and gives its employees a choice of easy payment plans, many GridSec officers buy everything that strikes their fancy. Because most GridSec operatives prefer to jack into their patrol area from their homes, the GridSec division needs less office space and therefore costs less overhead than most other divisions in Lone Star.

>>>>(You wouldn't catch me within scanning range of anything off the shelf. I don't know what's worse—working for a corp and calling yourself a decker, or keytapping on some store-bought toy that was obsolete before they glued on the price tag.)<<<<<<
—Wolverine (12:27:16/9-14-54)

>>>>(Lone Star struck on the right idea for keeping GridSec capital expenditures down. Hire a bunch of techno-addicts and offer them tech at cut rates. I bet some of these guys are working just so they can buy the equipment.)<<<<<<
—Gina (18:39:00/9-20-54)

>>>>(Is there another reason to work?)<<<<<<
—D00d (17:12:46/9-22-54)

>>>>(As part of Teddy Winslow's corporate shakeup, he's implemented a system for transferring managers between divisions and departments to keep them fresh. (Teddy must have read those figures about job efficiency peaking after two years, then starting to slide.) So managers from elsewhere in the Star's corporate structure keep landing in GridSec after having worked in "normal" corporate environments. Now, some of these managers just aren't comfortable with employees who work at home and phone in their work. They're used to knowing that Jones is leaving early every day, or Abruzzi is coming in late on Thursdays, so they can dock their pay or discipline them accordingly. A good manager measures performance based on production regardless of work habits, but these slags haven't quite scoped that out.

The point to all this is the great story I overheard in the Austin HQ. Seems that one of these new-broom, old-style managers moved to GridSec and managed to piss off his deckers so much that one morning he found his credit rating slashed and a major reprimand waiting in his personal docket. Oh, and two repo companies came after his car. Moral of the story is, don't slot off deckers.)<<<<<<

—Vincent (10:37:37/10-3-54)

When on duty within the Matrix, all GridSec officers use a standard persona issued from the central office in Austin. Conservative, utilitarian, and old-fashioned, the persona resembles a clean-cut police officer in a pristine uniform. Naturally, some officers can't resist the temptation to add a bit of personal flair to their Matrix personas. Though extreme modifications result in disciplinary action, most precincts overlook all but the most flagrant abuse, attributing mild modifications of their personas to the harmless "cowboy mentality" common to deckers.

>>>>(Harmless?)<<<<<<
—Cowboy (04:18:36/9-23-54)

>>>>(Lemme tell you about my precinct, chummerinos. (Okay, ex-precinct.) I made a slight modification to my icon, and they gave me the old heave-ho. They even took back most of my toys.)<<<<<<
—The Flash (10:45:57/9-26-54)

>>>>(Call me humor-impaired, Flashy, but I can see their point. You might have gotten away with the bazooka-sized gun, but modifying the icon's body so that every time it moved, the uniform fell open to show the most grotesque >>0.7 MP DELETED BY SYSOP<<)<<<<<<
—Cynthia (12:31:09/9-27-54)

>>>>(But you liked it, Cyn. . .)<<<<<<
—The Flash (09:46:17/9-28-54)

TRACING LICENSED MATRIX ACTIVITY

Tracing licensed Matrix activity is among the simplest duties of a GridSec officer. All legal activity within the Matrix requires the use of a licensed computer terminal or cyberdeck, and so every corporate-issued and retail unit includes a license



chip installed in its motherboard. This chip leaves "fingerprints," or audit trails, in the Matrix by interfacing with system access nodes. The interface allows the SAN's security software to log the time, date, system address, and the operator's license number and name. The license chip also keeps a log of all the activities performed via the cyberdeck or terminal while hooked up to the Matrix. When a GridSec officer needs to investigate the actions of a particular decker, he simply opens the deck or terminal, extracts the license chip, and downloads the information. He then cross-references this datafile with security logs in the system access nodes with which the deck or terminal has connected to verify the information on the chip.

>>>>(Every now and then, I think about all those corporate dopes who sweat a kiloliter every time someone opens their work station to make a security log check, and I laugh all the way to my shadow account in Zurich.)<<<<<

—Zot (02:17:56/10-5-54)

Nothing wrong with this kind of "one-stop snooping" if it only applied to criminals. The problem arises when a single center of power—in this case, a less-than-altruistic corporation—can to a certain extent define what constitutes criminal activity. All of us applaud when GridSec's fantastic Matrix surveillance tech enables them to track down a computer pirate who's embezzled someone else's life's savings. But what happens when the "criminal activity" in question is publicizing truths that the Star prefers to keep hidden? Or reading such truths on the Shadowland BBS?

FIELD OPERATIONS

In their task of finding and disabling computer criminals (or those they call criminals), Lone Star's GridSec deckers use cutting-edge combat utilities designed to aid the real-world police in locating and arresting perpetrators. Similar to IC, Lone Star's combat utilities trace and report a decker's real-world address, knock out his or her wetware, or even kill him. These vast programs occupy massive amounts of available memory in even the most expensive cyberdeck. A few of the most commonly used utilities are described below; the potential for misuse of some of them is enough to give any conscientious citizen nightmares.

>>>>(A GridSec officer is in the Matrix to find computer criminals and arrest or burn them.)<<<<<

—Cowboy (12:54:38/9-5-54)

>>>>(Back up a tick. This file seems to be saying GridSec deckers pack *portable IC*. Is that possible?)<<<<<

—Slicer (03:19:05/9-6-54)

>>>>(As of maybe a year ago, yeah. Sort of. Actually, these utilities aren't "portable IC" so much as highly refined combat utilities with IC-like characteristics. Instead of dumping you out of the Matrix, they trigger trace-and-report or trace-and-burn routines, or they set up the lethal biofeedback characteristic of black IC—or maybe infect the firmware of your datajack with a virus.

(Nasty...)

Now, don't start sweating or salivating. These programs are a long way from coming into common use around the sprawl. Normal IC programs are fragging *big* and sophisticated enough to drag down the performance of a mainframe node. A lot of that space gets taken up by the wizzer subroutines that do the dirty to deckers unfortunate enough to trigger the IC. For example, the biofeedback routine of standard, black IC takes up a whopping 250 Mp of code. That's just the killer routine, and doesn't include the sensors, triggering utilities, and other monitoring/supervisory drek that any piece of IC needs. The whole IC program probably takes up 600 Mp or more.

Obviously, you can't run killer IC on a typical cyberdeck. What the fine folks at GridSec have done is peel out the nasty subroutines and incorporate them into combat utilities. These combat utilities are all fragging huge, with even the wimplest one taking up 200 Mp or more. So if you're packing an IC utility, you can't use or even carry all the other wizzer drek a shadow decker needs. No sensors, no sleaze, no analyze, and so on. You're carrying one big fragging gun, but have to leave behind the tools you need to pull off the datacrime you popped into the Matrix to commit in the first place. A GridSec decker doesn't have to sleaze past security, analyze files, or spoof hostile IC. These guys have the space to carry nothing but a bare-bones sensor program and an IC utility.

Because IC utilities are beefy programs, their Matrix icons look pretty fragging huge. If you see a GridSec decker's icon whip out a handgun the size of a bazooka, you know what you're up against. And before anybody asks, as far as I know, it is impossible to run an IC utility in a smartframe. IC utilities must be triggered by a decker. If you wrote one that could run in a frame, the frame would have to access about 600 Mp of virtual, paged memory. That's not possible at the moment.)<<<<<

—FastJack (00:14:26/9-7-54)

>>>>(Hey, FJ: you said something about infecting your datajack with a virus. . .?)<<<<<

—Slicer (03:09:17/9-7-54)

>>>>(Thanks for the reminder. Lone Star has developed some pretty unpleasant viruses that have a predilection for the firmware/hardware of datajacks and cyberdecks. Like standard computer viruses, they take up residence in your hardware and suborn your software. Unlike combat utilities or IC, a virus rarely has an instantaneous effect. You might not even know you've caught the bug lurking inside your systems, waiting for the right time to frag you over. The code that's doing the damage is inside your system, maybe even inside your headware, so jacking out of the LTG grid ain't gonna do squat to save you. If the virus is in your datajack, even jacking out of your cyberdeck can't help you. To get rid of the thing, basically, you've got to purge, reboot, and reconfigure your headware from rock-bottom.

Read on for more nasty details.)<<<<<

—FastJack (21:07:48/9-7-54)

>>>>(Hey, FJ, you know Lone Star didn't develop this drek. How the frag can you look at yourself in a mirror?)<<<<<

—Chrysh (08:42:00/9-8-54)

>>>>(What's eating him?)<<<<<<
 —DNF (22:11:58/9-8-54)

>>>>(These ice-utilities are null sheen, chummers. I've run into a few, and they're just paper fragging tigers. Who gives a frag about a Level-2 combat utility, even if it thinks it's black IC? Makes me laugh.)<<<<<<
 —Red Wraith (05:35:48/9-9-54)

>>>>(I'd worry, Wraith, if not about what's on the street now then about the direction of Matrix research. This year's model might make you laugh. Next year's model might have you laughing out the other side of your face.)<<<<<<
 —FastJack (22:57:08/9-10-54)

Viruses

Lone Star deckers use virus programs, which act as another form of IC. Usually planted into systems under Lone Star jurisdiction, these programs are extremely hard to detect and often enter a decker's hardware via an incoming data stream.

>>>>(You're also likely to find them in Lone Star's own system.)<<<<<<
 —Space Ranger (14:20:30/9-9-54)

>>>>(Some clients might object to Lone Star seeding their system with viruses, particularly aggressive ones that might mutate. The Star avoids that problem by not telling them it's being done.)<<<<<<
 —Vergis (09:44:31/9-11-54)

Data Worms

Matrix security operatives and corporate deckers use data worms to "close the gap between the law-abiding grid user and the criminal parasites that abuse the system." A data worm is a microprogram that creates a record of all the activities of an infected cyberdeck. A worm shows no visible presence in cyberspace and uses almost no memory. Even the most sophisticated detection programs read a data worm as a simple energy pulse in the system.

>>>>(Trying to detect a data worm is like looking for pollen on a hot day in Arizona.)<<<<<<
 —Core Tex (17:26:08/9-17-54)

The worm attaches itself to a decker's persona and loads itself into the cyberdeck's MPCP chip when the decker initializes a program or performs a simple function. For example, if a decker initiates a sleaze or analyze program, the worm may ride the incoming data into the cyberdeck. Once the worm makes itself at home in the MPCP chip, it begins recording everything the decker does with his deck. It places this information in a compressed file on the deck's storage chip, attaching itself to an existing file or application in the system.

>>>>(A simple directory listing of the chip won't show anything, so don't expect to see a new file named INCRIMIN.ATE or some

such drek. You might be able to spot a worm by checking file sizes. If you know such-and-such a utility normally takes up 64 Mp, and suddenly it reads as 64.01 Mp, you might have a virus. Of course, the slags who coded the data worm thought of that, so they designed their little toy to append its log file to a file that frequently changes in size.)<<<<<<
 —Cracker Bob (12:26:34/9-13-54)

The compressed log contains only times, dates, LTG numbers, SAN addresses, and passcodes. Its small size makes it difficult to detect, even by constant monitoring of memory fluctuations and frequent anti-virus scans. Every time the virus updates its compressed file, it attaches the file to the most recently opened application or file in the storage chip. To the operator, the compressed log looks like the simple memory fragmentation caused by repeated opening and closing of applications.

As soon as the compressed file reaches a size predetermined by the virus's programmer, the worm downloads itself into the LTG and reports to Lone Star. To the decker, the escaping worm looks like a small speck of light jumping out of his persona and scurrying away into cyberspace. The transfer occurs very quickly, and a decker must be very lucky to successfully attack the worm before it vanishes.

>>>>(The only foolproof way to find out if you've picked up a worm is to keep a list of the programs you open and close each time you do a run. Use a graphics utility to show you the exact location of each program in your deck's storage chip. The virus is pretty clever, but it can screw up. If an application changes its location because of a negligible change in size and you haven't opened that application in a while, chances are you've picked up a data worm. You can destroy the worm's compressed log by isolating and trashing it, but the worm itself remains a permanent resident of your MPCP chip. To get rid of it, either replace the MPCP or erase the chip and encode it all over again.)<<<<<<
 —Switchback (12:31:37/10-18-54)

>>>>(Some data worms only record a decker's actions for a couple of days before downloading and reporting. Nothing worse than old news, eh, chummer? A few worm programs, however, build a nice, long file before downloading. These worms become rather large and relatively slow, but are fragging dangerous if they report successfully. Such a long, detailed file allows a GridSec agent to compose a *modus operandi* on a decker and keep it on file for future reference against crimes committed in a similar or identical fashion.)<<<<<<
 —Zig (03:37:16/10-21-54)

>>>>(So don't be surprised when a GridSec cop starts acting like he can read you like a book. He probably has.)<<<<<<
 —Rodge (18:37:28/10-23-54)

>>>>(How does a GridSec decker infect a target? The Star doesn't just disseminate billions of worms across the Matrix, do they?)<<<<<<
 —Dingo (14:52:00/10-25-54)

>>>>>(They do get some of these things to float around particularly sensitive nodes in the Lone Star system. I also hear that GridSec has modified a standard attack utility to infect a target with a data worm. If a GridSec decker hits you in a dogfight and it doesn't hurt as much as you expected, you may be bugged.)<<<<<

—Rodge (19:05:10/10-25-54)

Escher's Loop

Also called a "looper," this microprogram resembles a data worm and is planted in much the same way. Rather than taking up residence in the cyberdeck, it travels through the deck's processor, into the decker's datajack, and writes itself into the ante-cerebral microprocessor that enables a decker to "see" the Matrix with his visual cortex. Once entrenched in the processor, the looper initializes a simple graphic-image loop. For example, the decker may suddenly find himself on a set of stairs that stretches even farther as he ascends and descends. This illusion continues indefinitely until the decker lapses into unconsciousness or his datajack is removed. Needless to say, the appearance of such a loop at the wrong time might easily result in injury or even death, to innocent bystanders as well as to the afflicted decker. If the loop hits while the decker is behind the wheel, for example, he could lose control of his vehicle and hurt or kill someone.

>>>>>(My chummer Hamilton contracted Escher's Loop. He found himself in a room with four doors, and so he sleazed through one door and ended up in another room with four doors. He went through one of those doors and found yet another room with four doors. We saw him kind of go blank, and he stopped tapping on his keyboard. We jacked him out, but he stayed zoned. We had to carry him to the car, run him to a shadow cutter and replace his headgear. Double plus non-thrill.)<<<<<

—Sounder (15:38:16/10-24-54)

>>>>>(So the looper acts like permanent dump shock.)<<<<<

—Zig (17:56:09/10-25-54)

>>>>>(I don't get dump shock like that. What are you on, Zig? Anything we should know about?)<<<<<

—Fie (22:17:06/10-25-54)

>>>>>(The virus gets its name from the 20th-century artist M.C. Escher. His art consisted of mind-bending visual puns and optical illusions.)<<<<<

—Book (16:27:01/10-30-54)

>>>>>(I hear a version of Escher's Loop is being used as a combat utility in Manhattan, Boston, and Toronto on a trial basis. Whoops—trash that statement. I just checked the time index on my source, and it's over a month old. The Escher's Loop combat utility is probably in your back yard.)<<<<<

—Core Tex (00:04:56/10-31-54)

>>>>>(I hear GridSec has designed attack utilities and even IC that transfer a looper to any target they hit. Those kinds of specs probably mean you won't find these puppies floating free in a node—they'll also mess up any decker with a legitimate reason to visit.)<<<<<

—Rodge (19:07:01/11-1-54)

>>>>>(A looper in your headware can initiate at any time, whether you're in the Matrix or not. It fills your mind with looper imagery, and you're as good as comatose. Like the man said, not pleasant if you happen to be behind the wheel at the time.)<<<<<

—Niles (11:03:55/11-3-54)

>>>>>(Didn't know where to plug this in, so I thought I'd load it here. It seems just lately, the badge has shaved a lot of time off their standard response time on calls for grid crimes. The bloodhounds are getting faster, and R&D's new Strato-9 surveillance drones let the patrol boys be a lot more efficient. One of these days, you might run out of time to jack out and get your butt on your bike before the Star nails you cold.

Here's one solution. Work in a completely contained room, shielded from light and any other source of ultraviolet. Remove the shielded casing on your deck and work with the insides exposed. Keep everything on UV-sensitive optic chips that erase instantly upon exposure to light. Use these chips in your deck's memory storage, MPCP, everywhere. As soon as someone spots a Star assault squad headed your way, hit the light switch. Presto—everything vanishes.

It's bleeding expensive, of course, 'cause you have to cook up a whole new set of guts and programs for your deck every time. But it's a lot less expensive than downtime in jail.)<<<<<

—Fie (06:56:20/10-30-54)

>>>>>(Hmm. Elegant, in a scorched-earth kind of way. Where do I get these chips?)<<<<<

—Jan (17:22:08/11-2-54)

>>>>>(They're called UVEPROMs—UV-Erasable Programmable Read-Only Memory. Ask your techlegger next time you see her. They cost about 10 percent more than standard chips, but they're available in all configurations, form factors, and capacities. If you're going to be taking the kind of high-risk job where you might want to flush the stash, this is a good way to do it.)<<<<<

—Fie (07:13:38/11-3-54)

DRUG ENFORCEMENT DIVISION

The Drug Enforcement Division, or DED (predictably pronounced "dead"), arose from the ashes of the U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA). In the 21st century, DED's main interest lies in chips rather than drugs.

HISTORY

Established in 1973 as an agency of the U.S. Department of Justice, the U.S. DEA merged the functions of four separate drug



enforcement agencies. Its primary task was to reduce the supply of illegal drugs in America, both those produced domestically and those entering the U.S. from elsewhere in the world. In addition, the organization regulated the minor existing legal trade in narcotic and dangerous drugs.

Toward the end of the past century, nearly everyone outside the U.S. government recognized that the "war on drugs" so loudly touted by successive administrations was a losing proposition. Despite almost-yearly increases in DEA funding and a succession of ever-more-spectacular drug busts, the supply of illicit drugs in the U.S. kept growing. Rather than lose face by switching tactics, beleaguered government officials cranked up the "war on drugs" rhetoric. The focus of the DEA began to change, its regulatory functions and funding for prevention of drug use shifting to other organizations. By 2010, the DEA more resembled a paramilitary response team than a law enforcement agency.

>>>>>(That "war on drugs" drek never worked, just like treating the symptoms didn't do squat for VITAS infection. The only way to combat this or similar problems is to look for the cause and reduce the demand. As long as demand exists, people will fill it.)<<<<<

—Concerned Citizen (15:43:48/9-7-54)

>>>>>(Think about it: pre-Treaty America was never any good at examining its own flaws. Attacking the demand side of the drug equation required America to look within and accept the fact that something about the Land of the Free made too many

people look for escape in little vials of chemicals. No one really wanted to make that mental effort, particularly not the government. After all, publicly admitting the real problem might force them to do something about it. Much easier to keep beating the jingoistic, "war on drugs" drum. That way, they could finger outside enemies and influences ("Those Colombians are killing our kids!"), and keep crowing about victories ("Another 15 tons of crack seized!"). All the while, of course, more and more American kids were dying.)<<<<<

—The Mirror (21:04:50/9-7-54)

>>>>>(Don't sound like things have changed that much to me.)<<<<<

—I Witness (16:05:32/9-9-54)

Working in collaboration with army units, the DEA orchestrated several surgical strikes against drug processing centers in Central America and quietly set up a gauntlet of surveillance planes and fighters to interdict drug flights entering the States from the south.

>>>>>(Yes, girls and boys, "interdict" means what you think it means. The DEA challenged any planes that hadn't filed flight plans and ordered them to turn back. If they failed to respond or tried to evade, they got splashed.)<<<<<

—Eagle (16:44:01/9-7-54)

>>>>>(The fragging DEA had fighter planes?)<<<<<

—Monk McQueen (12:45:48/9-8-54)

>>>>(Yes, and surveillance birds with look-down radar. Nowhere near state-of-the-art, of course—the DEA bought obsolete drek like AWACS, Sentries, and F-16s from the Air National Guard. But they had more than enough oomph to take out an old DC-3 loaded to the overhead with blow. They splashed plenty of inbound traffic, but it didn't do squat in the long run.)<<<<<

—Eagle (16:03:45/9-8-54)

Though the war on drugs continued to grow fiercer and ever more costly, the first decades of the new century brought a continuing, steady growth in drug use. The advent of ASIST technology and the development of simsense brought a new scourge that swiftly eclipsed the drug trade: BTL chips. The DEA quickly took on the challenge of stemming the flow of BTL chips into the country. From the beginning, it waged its anti-BTL war with the same tactics, fervor, and lack of results it had displayed in its campaign against drugs.

The Indian war, the fragmentation of North America, the wave of goblinization in 2021, and the Crash of '29 brought swift and dizzying changes to the UCAS. Through all this, the cost of the war on BTL continued to climb, forcing an increasingly panicked government to search for a less expensive solution to the problem. Government officials began to scale back the DEA's internal operations, transferring more and more responsibility for enforcing domestic drug and chip laws to the FBI.

>>>>(That must have ticked off the DEA honchos a wee mite.)<<<<<

—Stamp (23:16:00/9-7-54)

>>>>(Nice understatement. Try, "homicidally enraged." Of course, the DEA and FBI drew their battle lines about half a century earlier. In 1982, the U.S. government gave the DEA and the FBI concurrent jurisdiction over drug offenses, reorganizing the DEA's power structure so that the top DEA administrator reported to the director of the FBI. Predictably, that arrangement fostered incredible inter-agency rivalry, one-upmanship contests, politicking, and back stabbing.)<<<<<

—DeeCee Datapusher (04:07:17/9-9-54)

Meanwhile, the federal government also cut costs by shunting the responsibility for more and more domestic, drug/chip-related law enforcement onto state and municipal governments, justifying this move on the grounds that people closer to the problem had a better chance of solving it.

>>>>(If they'd transferred a little money along with the responsibility. . .)<<<<<

—Ex-Mayor (13:53:20/9-11-54)

>>>>(You get the same kind of "Call it a local problem and forget about it" attitude in the prison system. Check out the data on Penal Theory in the next file.)<<<<<

—Antonia (00:35:17/9-9-54)

In the end, the UCAS government chose to save itself the cost of maintaining two distinct military organizations and began assigning most of the DEA's fast-strike and interdiction missions to the UCAS armed forces. Within two years of that decision, the DEA found its influence slashed to almost nothing. From the best-funded and most influential law enforcement agency in the UCAS, the DEA dwindled to a paper tiger.

At that point, Clayton Wilson stepped into the picture. Politically, the UCAS government still needed to maintain at least a semblance of the DEA, but the gutted agency served no use except as a political prop. Skeleton crews maintained its data banks, the contents of which already had been copied (under extreme protest) to the FBI data core. Though widely tolerant of wasted funds, the government began to tire of paying for this shell of an agency, and so Clay Wilson's offer to buy the DEA from the feds met with little resistance.

>>>>(Say what???!? You can't buy a government agency.)<<<<<

—Shrew (16:36:44/9-4-54)

>>>>(Happens all the time, *omae*. What do you think "privatization" means? The federal government privatized the DEA, and Clay Wilson was first in line.)<<<<<

—Torpedo (00:49:40/9-5-54)

On the face of it, Clayton Wilson bought little of tangible worth. He picked up a few pieces of hardware and the best of the remaining DEA personnel for his own organization. Most importantly, from his own viewpoint, however, he bought the DEA's computer files. For a relatively small financial outlay (as Wilson saw it), he bought the data background he needed to establish and successfully run his own drug/chip enforcement outfit.

BUILDING THE DED

Clay Wilson varied slightly from his usual formula when he named his new division the Drug Enforcement Division, apparently because he liked the DED acronym. The division was up to speed by late 2032, and its arrival gave Lone Star a particularly valuable service to offer municipal clients. Lone Star could now offer to take over, for a price, all the responsibility for drug and chip-law enforcement that the federal government had recently pushed into state and local laps. The DED proved so popular that by 2033, every Lone Star operation across North America supported its own Drug Enforcement Division.

>>>>(A lot of people argue that without the inticement of the DED, the Star would have lost even more civic enforcement contracts than it did in the early '30s before Clay got kicked out on his hoop.)<<<<<

—Dilbert (04:33:48/9-11-54)

Despite the obvious failure of the UCAS government's war on drugs and BTL to make the slightest difference, Wilson sent the DED down the same road. Other law enforcement providers and municipal police forces at least attempted to address the



problems that created the demand through education and counseling, but Lone Star ducked its head and stuck adamantly to its "supply side" focus.

>>>>(Well, drek, what would you expect from Clay Wilson? Sitting down and talking with the kiddies about why they're slotting chips? Or cracking pushers' skulls and blowing up shadow labs?)<<<<<

—Honker (05:47:19/9-6-54)

Reflecting both its origins and the hard-nosed attitudes of its founder, today's DED behaves more like a paramilitary unit than any other Lone Star division save the FRTs and SWAT teams. DED strike teams are specially trained and equipped for fast, targeted penetration raids of chip labs and distribution facilities. Only slightly less lethal than FRT and SWAT personnel, these DED troopers represent a force to be reckoned with.

>>>>(Maybe for some lab chemist or frazzzy-hooped yakuza fluff. Against real opposition, they're meat for the beast.)<<<<<

—Tanya (19:42:00/9-7-54)

>>>>(Don't underestimate them. They may not be the best, but they're far from the worst.)<<<<<

—Dirk (00:53:29/9-8-54)

In another legacy from Clay Wilson, DED investigating officers enjoy a surprising amount of autonomy. Their superiors rarely keep tabs on DED cases unless evidence suggests that an investigator might be fumbling the case (or on the take). In just one example of this extraordinary freedom of action, a DED

investigator is one of the few Lone Star personnel authorized to call out a squad of troopers without clearance from higher-ups.

>>>>(The DED investigators also play with healthy contingency funds for paying stoolies, bribing fixers, and the like. Each DED officer receives a pretty flush "expense account" for this kind of thing.)<<<<<

—Tron (04:42:00/9-7-54)

>>>>(Actually most have two—one for Internal Affairs to audit, and another under the table. Quite a temptation to skim, but for some reason few DED officers indulge.)<<<<<

—Dirk (00:54:58/9-8-54)

The autonomy enjoyed by DED officers exacts its price, of course. Too many DED investigators and troopers view their freedom of movement as a badge of elite status and expect groveling admiration from everyone else in Lone Star. Needless to say, most personnel from other departments do not share the average DED trooper's exalted opinion of himself. On occasion, the DED's attitude actually affects its performance, when officers from other divisions actively try to obstruct the work of a case.

>>>>(Most other Lone Star officers would rather suffer a cratered head wound than even acknowledge the presence of a DED officer, let alone treat him with the respect he thinks he deserves.)<<<<<

—X-Star (17:23:46/9-20-54)

>>>>(True. I always figured I'd rather have a rabid sasquatch accompany me to a murder scene than a DED officer.)<<<<<

—Dirk (05:18:26/10-1-54)

>>>>(The thing is, the Star can't just obsolete these berks 'cause they're hard to take. The corp *has* to have a team of specialists for chip enforcement. Chips change on the street as fast as dreams, chummer. Only last week, odd-mod and P-fix were the nasty mind-benders of choice. Now we're dealing with 2XS.)<<<<<

—TTB (14:22:25/10-3-54)

>>>>(2XS? Chummer, you're so out of date it hurts. 2XS was a Yamatetsu product that got dropped in the shakeup in Seattle a couple of years ago, 2XS is *old* news.)<<<<<

—Carver (17:56:59/10-3-54)

>>>>(Sure, Yamatetsu dropped it. You think something that profitable could exist on the streets for more than a couple of days before a dozen other outfits started reverse-engineering it? Get actual. 2XS is still a scourge.)<<<<<

—Peg (10:26:05/10-4-54)

>>>>(Those beetleheads still capable of focusing well enough to scan this file should know that the DED and other departments of the Star take perverse pleasure in locking up chip addicts for protracted periods of time for "processing." They keep you behind bars and away from your simsense fix long

enough for the snakes to start rattling around in the basket and your skin to hurt. Some of the compassion-challenged slags wearing the blue-and-yellow uniform find nothing so satisfying as watching a chiphead twitching and sweating through forced withdrawal.)<<<<<

—Precision (03:17:52/10-9-54)

>>>>>(Okay, I've read this far and I'm really tired of hearing about the bad ol' corpcop wannabes who only want to break heads and take names. Sure, there's some bad boys out there, but look at the other side, chummers. Whether publicly funded like the cops from the "good old days," or private employees like my old colleagues, a cop's a cop. And he's got to do a lot of drekky jobs you whiners don't think about.

Who's first on the scene when some chipped-up fraghead runs a light and buries his Porsche in the side of a school bus? Or when some kid on a dare misjudges his timing and doesn't jump off the monorail track before the train clips him? Who gets to clean up after leapers? (Not so bad when the leaper goes off a bridge, but what if he does a one-and-a-half gainer off the top of the Dassurn building into the Fourth and University intersection in the middle of rush hour?) Do you wise-mouth drekheads want to pick up that action?)<<<<<

—TTB (16:52:35/9-14-54)

>>>>>(He has a point. . .)<<<<<

—Traci (17:01:37/9-14-54)

>>>>>(People have posted a lot of war stories here; now it's my turn.

TTB's got it right about the drekky jobs like cleaning up after leapers. There's other kinds of drek, too. Worse drek is trying to talk a leaper down before he goes over the edge. I drove a tow truck a long time back, and one night about 0200 I got a call to make a recovery in the center of the fragging Ballard Bridge. You know, the really high one over the ship canal they finished back in 2041? The code tells me it's a leaper. Some slag drove to the center of the bridge, parked his car, and either went or is about to go over the rail. Anybody from Seattle knows any leaper who picks that bridge instead of the piddly little Fremont Bridge isn't making a pitiful cry for help. He's fragging *serious*. You hit the water from the height of the Ballard Bridge, and it's about as yielding as concrete. You're dead.

So I pull up in my tow truck and spot the leaper's car on the center span. Road's blocked off both ways by blue-and-yellows, all the strobes and spotlights burning holes in my retinas. I finally realize the show's still going on. The leaper's still hanging on the outside of the railing.

Most of the cops are in their cars, staying way the frag out of it so they don't scare the guy into going *right now*. Meanwhile, two or three on the sidewalk about four meters or so away from the leaper are trying to talk him down. I get out of the car and head toward the officer in charge—old slag name of Clyde, with a nose that looks like a potato wrapped in a road map. I need official authorization to hook up the leaper's car and haul it away, and he's the only one who can give it to me. (Anybody thinks I'm being callous for not helping out with the

talkfest, think about it for a second. I've got no experience in talking anybody down from *anything*—my "help" could be the thing that sends the leaper on that long first step.)

So Clyde's just watching this leaper. Leaper's a scrawny guy, maybe in his fifties. Clyde looks pissed enough to go out there and push the fragger off the railing just so he can go home. Suddenly, Clyde speaks up and tells the leaper how he feels! He says, "If you're jumping, then fragging *jump*. My shift's over; I want to get home."

Me, I'm too shocked to speak. Clyde keeps going on like that, and the leaper doesn't say anything. But he doesn't jump, either.

Couple minutes later, up pulls another cop car with its lights blazing. Two new cops get out, and they're carrying fragging *pizza*. Four fragging, hot-and-steaming pies, for frag's sake. Clyde tells them to slap those pies down on the hood of his blue-and-yellow. He goes over, opens the boxes, and peels off a couple of big slices for himself. Then he tells the rest of the cops to dig in. He even waves me over and says, "Help yourself, Linda. No reason to be hungry as well as cold."

I don't know whether to drek, go blind, or wind my watch. Here's this sorry bleeder about to end it all, and Clyde and his buddies are eating fragging *pizza*. Clyde calls over to the leaper, around a mouthful of salami and pepperoni and those little fishy things, and goes, "Don't mind us having dinner. Just go when you're ready. We don't give a frag anymore."

Then he turns back to his pie...but calls back over his shoulder, "Some for you if you want any. Me, I wouldn't want to die hungry." And he keeps cramming pizza down his yam.

None of the cops are even looking at the poor leaper any more; they're all cramming pizza. Couple of minutes go by while I try to figure what I should say to Clyde—like, "Do something, drekhead!" Then, out of the corner of my eye, I see the leaper crawl over the railing and onto the sidewalk.

Remember those cops who weren't watching? I've never seen anyone move so fast. They had the guy cuffed before I could take a breath, and then they popped him into the back of a blue-and-yellow. Clyde tells me to hook up the car and roll. The last thing I see as they get ready to drive the guy away is Clyde, handing the slag half a pie through the back window of the blue-and-yellow.

I could never be a fragging cop, never in a billion years. I don't have the psychology for it. I'd have gone up to that leaper, talked his problem out with him, and fragging *validated* him like they say in those psychobabble vid shows. "Yeah, pal, I know it's a bitch. Spiders in the shower *and* cockroaches in the kitchen? Yeah, I can see why you'd want to end it all. . ." With me telling him he had every bleeding right to kill himself, the guy would have done a fragging swan off the bridge.

Clyde's a good cop. Private or public, he's a good cop.)<<<<<

—Seattle Arm Buster (09:21:31/9-16-54)

>>>>>(If it's the same Clyde I used to butt heads with, he didn't use any fancy psychology. He really *didn't* care.)<<<<<

—Yours Truly (12:52:32/9-16-54)

CORPORATE ARM

Lone Star's corporate arm includes all personnel not directly involved in enforcement on the streets. Armies of Lone Star data administrators, data processors, and every other kind of personnel, including a few less-than-savory folks, work behind the scenes to keep the Lone Star machine functioning.

>>>>(It also includes the vultures—oops, the *fine* ladies and gentlemen of Internal Affairs. These people watch the watchman, or some such drek. These slots look so hard for corruption that they find it even if it isn't there.)<<<<<

—Refugee (17:26:42/9-11-54)

>>>>(Hey, Ref, save the vitriol for the appropriate file.)<<<<<

—Monitor (15:05:11/9-12-54)

>>>>(And before you write off this file as nothing but a lot of useless Mps about datapushers, note that the Division of Psychology—the Gray Men themselves—falls in the corporate arm. You'll want to know about them.)<<<<<

—Your Mother (03:12:42/9-14-54)

>>>>(Listen to Your Mother, she should know. (I just had to say that. . .) Remember that the Star requires everyone from the lowly datapushers on up to pack heat. Don't know about you, omae, but I'd rather face a SWAT team than a data-processing pool full of panicked biffs with guns. At least the SWAT slots are only going to shoot at the target they mean to hit!)<<<<<

—Renard (15:53:36/9-16-54)

>>>>(Those "panicked biffs with guns" know how to use them, you sexist drek-head.)<<<<<

—Annie Oakley (12:21:20/9-17-54)



DIVISION OF INTERNAL AFFAIRS

>>>>FILE ACCESS ERROR<<<<

>>>>DATA MAY BE CORRUPTED<<<<

>>>>ATTEMPT ACCESS ANYWAY? (Y/N) — Y

>>>>UNRECOVERABLE FILE ACCESS ERROR<<<<

>>>>(I'm getting fragging tired of this. . .)<<<<<<

—Monitor (10:51:34/9-4-54)

>>>>(HmMMM.)<<<<<<

—Chlba Barb (21:16:48/9-4-54)

>>>>(Ever get the feeling that Shadowland has gotten just a teensy bit too big? Maybe we should screen our members a little more closely.)<<<<<<

—Diamondback (10:36:04/9-5-54)

>>>>(Sorry, chummers. The same guy (or gal) who sliced away the CAS material posted by Casper carved this away at the same time. I remember scanning this board a day or so after we set it up; Casper had posted some allusions to Lone Star involvement in Amazonia. He may also have had some paydata from a run on an Internal Affairs office—I don't know for sure. Anyway, the board's burned and some slag poisoned my backups. You know the old song and dance, kids. Make of it what you will.)<<<<<<

—SysOp (12:02:45/9-5-54)

>>>>(You want chip-truth on Internal Affairs? Here it is. On paper, Lone Star set up the division to keep its cops on the straight and narrow. You can guess how long those noble intentions lasted. Right—only as long as it took for the Star to develop enough muscle to flex. Then it created its own agenda. A big chunk of the Star agenda includes enforcing the law and protecting basic, individual rights and freedoms, but only because Lone Star might lose business if it acted too blatantly in any other way.

In the old days, Internal Affairs breathed down the necks of any cops who threatened the corporate image, either by fragging around or by too openly abusing their privileges. Today, IA exists to "regularize procedural discrepancies." "Regularize" is a usefully rubbery word that can be stretched to mean anything at any time. On occasion, IA actually looks into severe abuses of operational procedure. Most of the time, the division clearly works only in the corporation's best interest. For example, they might "regularize" a bad situation by firing a crooked cop, or by transferring him to northern Québec. Or Internal Affairs might confiscate controlled goods seized by Lone Star, claiming to be investigating a certain officer's handling of evidence. They then ship these items to other Lone Star offices, and the really dangerous stuff turns up in the hands of SWAT officers or Star wage mages.

For those few rosy-eyed types who see the mere presence of an Internal Affairs Division as proof that the Star has a grain of conscience, I present the following little piece of reality. Readers of this board have stated time and time

again that Lone Star is a corporation, and that its corp nature is camouflaged by the fact that its business involves upholding the law of the land. Ever wonder why the Star holds onto its extraterritorial status? As employees of an extraterritorial corp, Lone Star Internal Affairs agents can ignore the national laws they're sworn to enforce at their convenience. They can do whatever they want on Star property, even gunning down an employee at the fax machine if they suspect him of wrongdoing.

So, who's policing the police? The same folks who watch the corps: federal investigation agencies and the armed forces. But we all know that some corps never get tagged for the stuff they pull because they're too valuable to their host country. Wanna know who's really policing Lone Star? You and me, chummer.)<<<<<<

—X-Star (03:16:38/9-29-54)

DIVISION OF ADMINISTRATION

The least appreciated division in the Star, the Division of Administration processes huge bytes-worth of data, maintains communications between divisions and head offices in different cities, updates personnel files and manages a vast number of criminal records. Drek-heaps of specialized departments do their little bit to make the division run, far too many to describe in detail. This file provides background on the few departments of greatest interest to Joe Citizen (or Joe Shadowrunner).

>>>>(Thank God we're going to miss the lengthy description of the new filing program that makes name searches obsolete...)<<<<<<

—Jackhammer (03:19:46/9-25-54)

>>>>(What's the matter? Lost your stamina for the frightfully banal?)<<<<<<

—Duey Decimal (18:36:27/9-29-54)

Each office and precinct administrative division is tailored to the needs of that particular Lone Star outfit. Each department uses enough employees to ensure efficient communication between departments, divisions, and regions, and to make records and information available fraggin' near on request. Regardless of its other needs, every Lone Star precinct supports a Public Relations Department, a Personnel Department, and a Department of Records.

>>>>[Ain't that nice. Even if there's not enough cops to patrol the Redmond Barrens, there's sure as drek enough to fill out your court summons for that speeding ticket.]<<<<<<

—Puget Deb (12:36:10/10-1-54)

PUBLIC RELATIONS DEPARTMENT

Like any corp, Lone Star believes in the power of PR. Good relations on the street can help officers enforce the law; good relations in corporate board rooms and municipal council chambers can net the Star lucrative enforcement contracts. Every PR department has ample funds and professional staffs who put out

top-quality work. The top-flight PR flacks earn every nuyen of their pay; more often than not, making Lone Star's latest operation look good means making drek look like diamonds. And they manage it, chummer, almost every time.

>>>>(No drek, Dagwood. Lone Star pays top cred and poached most of its senior managers and spin doctors from other megacorps. It even got a few directly from Madison Avenue and Ginza. These slags can mess with the public's collective mind like nobody else.)<<<<<<

—Fontaine (10:35:42/9-27-54)

>>>>(Echo that. They're experts at spin control. Give 'em any nasty situation, and they'll twist and package and process it so Lone Star comes out smelling like a rose. Give 'em something like "Teenage runaway shacks up with seven miners," and they can turn it into Snow White.)<<<<<<

—Lizard (23:41:19/9-28-54)

>>>>(What the frag do cops need with PR?)<<<<<<

—Doe (16:40:54/10-1-54)

>>>>(Lone Star is not the cops. It's a corp, pretending to be the cops. Haven't you got that yet? As for what cops need with PR, think about what happened to the LAPD back in the '90s after a minor videotaping incident got out of hand.)<<<<<<

—Codger (19:56:38/10-1-54)

PERSONNEL DEPARTMENT

The Personnel Department manages Lone Star employee files for every department and division. Every Lone Star personnel file includes an employee's credentials, commendations and black marks (if any), and his or her slide number.

>>>>(Slide number?)<<<<<<

—Zig (04:26:05/10-2-54)

>>>>(The slide number's assigned to the frozen tissue sample that every employee must supply for the Lone Star vaults. Asenby and the Dips instituted that kindly little practice. According to the party line, the Star keeps samples to ease the process of tissue matching in case of injury. Sounds like pig drek to me.)<<<<<<

—Chill (13:56:20/10-2-54)

>>>>(No kidding. DocWagon™ and other biotech companies keep accurate tissue catalogues as a basic part of all coverage. If a Lone Star officer takes a serious injury, there'd sure as drek be enough tissue lying around to do a decent scan and match. And another thing—why are the desk clerks and datapushers assigned slide numbers? How many organ transplants do they need in a year?)<<<<<<

—Full of Questions in Chicago (16:00:36/10-5-54)

>>>>(The notion that these samples exist for tissue matching obviously makes no sense. The fact that D.P.I. Chief Asenby dreamed up the idea points a great, big, neon-pink arrow at

the samples' true purpose: they're material links. Lone Star wants to make sure they have something on each and every member of the company, even the datapushers. Problem is, no one really knows the shelf life of a material link. As long as no one knows for sure, Lone Star employees sweat it out.)<<<<<<

—Rest (13:27:07/10-12-54)

An official reprimand, also known as a black mark, shows up in an officer's personnel docket whenever a cop frags up (or whenever someone higher up wants to make it look like something was a cop's fault). Five black marks spell the end of a cop's career as an enforcement officer.

>>>>(Do five black marks also cut a cop out of non-enforcement positions, like Internal Affairs?)<<<<<<

—Figaro (02:56:09/10-13-54)

Officers who do their jobs well, showing unusual bravery and skill in solving a crime or bringing a perp to justice, receive commendations for exceptional merit. In theory, at least, a commendation for exceptional merit erases one black mark in an officer's personnel docket. For an officer in deep trouble with a superior, that rarely holds true.

>>>>(Black marks are like criminal records; they never disappear. Computer memory comes cheap, so why destroy information? Personnel files can become zombie documents: not quite dead, but not really alive and in use. They just sit there looking ugly.)<<<<<<

—Book (00:13:19/10-5-54)

>>>>(So theoretically, if some Lone Star street monster keeps shaking me down, I just crack into his docket and slip in enough reprimands to kick him over the magic number of five. Presto—he's off my case, off the street, and off the Lone Star payroll. Right?)<<<<<<

—Margeson (11:15:54/10-6-54)

DEPARTMENT OF RECORDS

The Department of Records pushes paper and bytes, maintaining mountains of records on individuals charged with or convicted of criminal acts within Lone Star's jurisdiction. The department also has priority access to federal records in countries outside Lone Star's jurisdiction and maintains barcode files on all private and corp property covered by the Lone Star Insurance Corporation and its numerous subsidiaries.

>>>>(Waitasec. The cops sell insurance?)<<<<<<

—Liza Min (13:15:56/10-6-54)

>>>>(You're missing a letter, Lizzie. It's "corp," not "cop." The Star sells insurance to anybody who'll buy it, often as part of their law-enforcement contract. Clear profit all the way.)<<<<<<

—Codger (13:35:41/10-6-54)

>>>>(Did anyone catch the screamsheet on the molecular biologist who defected from Tir Tairngire, claiming refugee sta-

tus? Seems he lived quietly in Seattle for years until a Lone Star SWAT team arrested him for seventeen counts of murder. Apparently, the Tir released records and a request for extradition signed by Prince Aithne Oakforest himself. The biologist is wanted in the Tir for conducting unlawful experiments and murdering seventeen of his own patients in the process. He says the charges are bull-drek and claims the Tir wants him in the slammer for refusing a call to military service. Seems they wanted him to help develop a bioweapon containing a mutated, deadly version of the HMMVV virus that affects only humans. The case is going to the Supreme Court, but Lone Star has to keep him contained and safe until it gets sorted out.

This case made me wonder how easily a corporation could release documents or influence a federal agency to drum up fake charges against me. I guess it would be tough to make them stick, because SINless folk like me don't enter a country by normal means. Seems to me future refugees from the Tir will learn from that biologist's mistake; they'll hire a decker to wipe away their SInS and then hit the shadow market.)<<<<<

—Renton Rob (08:37:03/9-15-54)

DIVISION OF PENOLOGY

The Division of Penology works hand-in-iron-glove with both the UCAS and CAS corrections departments, providing "consulting and support services in the field of rehabilitation." In English, this division keeps track of the perps that the Star can't find a way to keep permanently in the Big House. The Department of Parole and Probation is the only department in the division.

>>>>>[PENAL THEORY

It occurred to me some of you slags might find it instructive to know a little bit about what happens to people picked up by Lone Star, chewed up by our wonderful justice system and spit out. Because I, personally, know very little about the subject, and because our usual sources didn't cover the whys and wherefores, I've dragooned my old chummer Birdman to take a run at the topic.)<<<<<

—Control (11:58:42/9-8-54)

Okay, citizens, listen up. The next few Mps contain the low-down about what's likely to happen to you if you end up on the wrong side of the justice system in CAS and UCAS, and (to a lesser extent) in Québec and the NAN states that more or less follow the tenets of British common law. Nothing in this file applies in Aztlan and other, equally benighted nations. In Aztlan, they consider prisons a waste of money. Why build expensive buildings with big walls, hire people to patrol those walls and feed the people inside when cattle prods, branding irons, bullwhips, and nine-mil bullets are so cheap? Also note that the following info might or might not apply in any given megacorporate jurisdiction on any given day, depending on the mood of the manager involved.

>>>>>(Oh, man. One of these days when I'm over the shakes and sweats, I'll share with you slags my experiences in Aztlan's so-called "justice" system.)<<<<<

—Freebird (12:04:28/9-13-54)

In addition to what happens, I'll explain why it happens. This stuff might seem kinda dry and useless at times, but it's worth knowing. Just about all knowledge comes in useful someday, neh?

>>>>>(Zero this drek. I'm never going to jail; I'd geek myself first.)<<<<<

—Capricorn (12:56:50/9-9-54)

>>>>>(We used to call that the "you'll-never-take-me-alive-copper" syndrome. Hate to break this to you, Cap, but the Star knows how to deal with that kind of 'tude; they've got the techniques to prove it. Hard to go out in a blaze of glory when the Neuro-stun comes in and you left your gas mask in the getaway car. That's why they engineered the whole Neuro-stun line to be as close to undetectable as possible. Colorless, odorless, no onset symptoms. One minute, you're snarling, "You dirty rat," and the next, you're sucking floor dust. Once in the bag, it's *real* hard to kill yourself unless the powers that be give you that option. Jail is an ever-present possibility for each of us in the shadows.)<<<<<

—SPD (03:07:42/9-11-54)

>>>>>(Even if I never end up in the box myself, I figure this kind of drek might come in handy if I get hired to crack someone else *out* of the box.)<<<<<

—Mickey Finn (17:32:00/9-11-54)

>>>>>(Or you might have to help them unscramble their minds after they've been fragged over by the latest "psychological rehabilitation techniques.")<<<<<

—Neon Splatter (06:50:39/9-13-54)

The concepts of appropriate punishment for criminals have changed a whole fragging lot over the centuries. Back in the days B.C., the system was pretty straightforward. Somebody did something bad to you, you geeked him. Somebody did something bad to society, society geeked him. Off with his head and all that drek. Ancient penal theory, if you can even apply that term to something so primitive, centered on vengeance.

>>>>>(That simple idea lasted a good, long time in some places. For example, leaders in feudal Japan still punished infractions of their rule with death—and that was only a couple of centuries ago, chummers.)<<<<<

—Bookworm (13:56:08/9-12-54)

Eventually, various groups of people decided a few shades of gray might exist between letting a criminal skate and lopping off his head. Codes of law sprang up in different places, based more or less on the ideas of Hammurabi (who coined the wonderful phrase, "an eye for an eye"). In simple terms, so-called Hammurabian justice meant that the punishment should fit the crime. Those creating the punishments could make them real nasty—disfigurement, amputation, that kind of thing—but the penalty had to be at least symbolically appropriate. A thief might lose his hand; a runaway slave might be hamstrung. Local



governments sometimes modified executions to match this concept. For example, they might sentence a convicted pirate (the seagoing type, not a freelance netcaster) to drowning.

>>>>(This concept stayed alive in various places around the world. In at least three countries, amputation is still a common punishment.)<<<<<

—Bookworm (13:57:49/9-12-54)

In 16th-century England, petty offenders such as vagrants and small-time thieves did time in workhouses, where they'd often die from working at brute labor. When the first Queen Liz mounted the throne in 15-something-or-other, she started shipping off convicted felons to the English colonies to do hard labor over there. Penal colonies stayed in fashion for nearly 200 years, and popular theory holds that the practice led directly to the creation of the nation of Australia.

Well, the powers that be eventually ran out of unoccupied places to send their criminal element, and the cost of shipping them overseas became prohibitive. The English (those forward-thinking buggers) looked at the prisons they'd been using to store transportees until the next ship left Northampton, and they got a fragging great idea. Why bother clearing the felons out of the holding pens? Why not just toss 'em in a big cage and leave 'em to rot? Great idea. From that point onward, British common law embraced the concept of punishment by incarceration. Every other method of punishment I've mentioned survives in the correctional system of at least one culture:

capital punishment in Aztlan, eye-for-an-eye justice in what's left of the Middle East, indentured servitude in a couple of NAN nations, and even penal colonies (though they vigorously deny it, the Russians have fired up the old gulag system again).

Events in the late 20th and early 21st centuries proved that the threat of a jail term no longer deterred anyone from committing a crime. Criminals felt such contempt for the legal system that they figured they'd never see the inside of a jail, regardless of their crime. Arrest and conviction records from those years support that attitude. Stupid or unlucky criminals with lousy lawyers got caught, convicted, and jailed. Smarter, luckier perps or those with higher-priced lawyers walked free.

>>>>(Don't forget the parole debacle. A heavy sentence might mean squat in reality. I remember seeing an old file about some slag who got sent up for three life sentences (for rolling a frag grenade into a crowded Stuffer Shack, if you're interested). Three life sentences, so this guy's gone till he geeks, right?

Wrong. He serves those three life sentences *concurrently*, meaning all at the same time, instead of consecutively, meaning one after the other. He's also eligible for parole in four years. Sure enough, he acted like a good boy his first four years, and so the parole board declared him fit to rejoin society. Three weeks later, he got picked up again for rolling a frag grenade into a crowded Stuffer Shack. Sometimes I despair of (meta)humanity. Maybe we should geek ourselves and let the cockroaches take their shot.)<<<<<

—Vargas (09:18:27/9-10-54)

Prison populations continued to increase, from 180,000 in 1971 to more than 500,000 in 1986, and more than 700,000 by 2002. Not surprisingly, the cost of keeping convicts in jail also shot through the roof. Severe overcrowding produced so much tension and explosive violence that authorities started scrambling for new ways of dealing with the criminal population.

Making things worse, the U.S. government undertook a study of existing prisons and concluded that the idleness, overcrowding, poor medical care, incessant violence, and lack of rights accorded to prisoners meant that confinement in these institutions constituted cruel and unusual punishment. Such punishment violated the Eighth Amendment to the U.S. Constitution, forcing local governments to pour even more money into the system to modernize aging facilities. For awhile, it seemed technological advances might decrease security costs at major federal penitentiaries. After all, automated sentry guns don't ask for medical insurance or paid maternity leave. But when cyberware caught on and magic appeared, security requirements changed again and sent costs skyrocketing. Governments needed cells that a juiced street samurai couldn't rip his way through and had to pay hefty salaries to magically adept guards to keep an eye on magically adept prisoners. To cap it all off, the number of criminals, particularly ultra-violent criminals who could only be tossed into the highest-security boxes, continued to rise. These days, prison overcrowding is worse than ever, and the tension caused by overcrowding has turned some boxes into war zones.

>>>>(So get rid of the warders, surround the place with the army so nobody gets away, open the cell doors, and let 'em go to it. After a couple of days, suppress the place with stun gas and toss the survivors back in their cells. Great way to trim down the prison population. Frag, can you imagine what the trid networks would pay for exclusive rights to broadcast the carnage?)<<<<<

—Jobim (17:09:18/9-13-54)

>>>>(We've considered it, believe me.)<<<<<

—Head Screw (21:58:24/9-15-54)

The UCAS and CAS federal governments took steps to shift at least some of the cost to state, municipal, and even county governments by relinquishing federal responsibility for suspects awaiting trial, prisoners appealing their convictions, and convicts sentenced to terms of less than two years.

>>>>(By doing this, the feds dropped a huge burden on those other levels of government and on the judicial systems of both countries. Criminals consider appeals an excellent way to stay out of the hellholes of the federal prison system. In both countries, you still get credit for time served even if your appeal fails. In theory, you can serve your entire sentence in the appeal process and never find yourself in a federal box.)<<<<<

—Antonia (00:35:17/9-9-54)

More out of desperation than any real confidence in the results, crime-and-punishment theory is focusing on rehabilita-

tion these days. Governments are ready to do *anything* to cut down on the number of repeat offenders, so the do-gooders are dragging all the old saws back out into the light: job-skills and life-skills workshops, psychotherapy, group therapy, and even self-esteem workshops.

>>>>(Self-esteem workshops? Vargas, I think you're right about the fragging cockroaches.)<<<<<

—Jobim (17:09:56/9-13-54)

>>>>(One good thing about capital punishment, it sure cuts down on repeat offenders. An executed felon commits no more felonies.)<<<<<

—Madame G (11:31:47/9-14-54)

>>>>[MENTAL TECHNIQUES

Chummers, I've got a real nasty can of worms to open up. Rehab sounds great, but don't kid yourself. It almost always turns out to be a sheer hell.

Sure, costs a fragging fortune to house and feed repeat offenders, and it probably grinds the people running the prisons that their "clients" rarely stay long in the real world—they mostly get tossed back in the box pretty fragging quick. To someone faced with that situation, any hope of rehabilitating cons looks attractive. You convince yourself that every new rehab program will work as advertised. Rehabilitation has become an industry, chummers, and that scares the drek out of me. Right now, Lone Star's in the forefront of the rehab market, but other outfits are maneuvering and squabbling and back-stabbing to claw themselves a market share.

To keep its edge, the Star's working hand-in-glove with the UCAS and CAS penal systems, developing and refining some experimental (and nasty) techniques to cut down on recidivism. Teams from R&D and the Division of Psychology, among others, process convicts before those convicts return to the streets.

This processing scares even me, chummers. I don't know all the details, but the conditioning seems to revolve around simsense technology. Apparently, Lone Star teams connect prisoners to simsense gear and leave them hooked up for hours, maybe even days. When the simsense program ends, the boys in white (or gray) declare the convicts officially "rehabilitated." What it comes down to is we're talking brainwashing here. The UCAS and CAS prison systems offer Lone Star free access to prisoners' minds, thus committing a massive infringement of prisoners' rights. It's a horrible, horrifying hint of things to come. If this drek works, governments and law-enforcement agencies have all the incentive they need to start handling *all* crimes and transgressions by jacking around with people's brains.)<<<<<

—Orwell (00:37:26/9-17-54)

>>>>(deep, calming breath) Okay. In his scattered ramblings, Orwell managed to hit on a couple of key points. Lone Star has worked with the prison systems of UCAS and CAS, and Québec as well (though *la belle patrie* is keeping it much quieter. Ah, the wonders of a government-controlled press...). Officially, the Star offers certain, select prisoners the opportunity

to volunteer for various experimental procedures. This, in itself, is nothing new. For years, prisoners have been given the opportunity to volunteer for various experiments, such as clinical trials of new drugs, in exchange for reductions of their sentences. What makes the Star's program different is that this "voluntary participation" isn't voluntary at all. The prison system and Lone Star together choose the prisoners who'd "benefit" the most from the experimental drek, then make it abundantly clear to the chosen subject that he'd better fragging well volunteer *right* now. Not too hard a sell, is it? They don't tell the prisoners what the experiments involve, but simply guarantee that the cons can walk when it's all over. They also make the prisoners understand that if they refuse to volunteer, they'll spend the rest of their sentence in solitary confinement. Which would you choose, chummer?

I have to admit, I don't know exactly what the experimental programs entail. I haven't been able to dig up much; both the Star and the penitentiaries involved keep it under really tight wraps. What little I found indicates classic behavioral conditioning linking punishment to the undesirable behavior.

Let's say the con is in the box for assault and battery because she beat a Stuffer Shack employee to a pulp with a baseball bat. As part of her "voluntary treatment," they jack her into a simsense program where she sees herself beating the drek out of various victims while the ASIST technology pumps some unpleasant signals into her limbic and cortical systems. (Pain, depression, crippling guilt, take your pick.) Run that often enough, and the subject eventually associates violent behavior with the negative stimulus. When the subject goes back to the streets, the conditioning kicks in every time she thinks about playing Hank Aaron with some poor sod's skull and keeps her from winding up. If anybody has hard intel on this, post away (he says, bracing himself for overload).<<<<<<

—Pavlov (13:16:23/9-18-54)

>>>>>(You got the basic principle, Pav. I hear the details are even grimmer. For example, they cut the ASIST peak controller out of the simsense loop, so its (delta phi) flies pretty near off the scale and into BTL-land. Also, they usually track-loop the program for maximum effectiveness—and we've all heard the scare-stories about what track loops do to the brain. Uncontrolled flashback episodes, for one thing.)<<<<<<

—Neuron Surfer (00:14:20/9-19-54)

>>>>>(According to some trade journals I've read, Lone Star keeps crowing about its success with simsense-based conditioning in "extinguishing asocial affect" (turning violent types into pacifists). Naturally, the journals never talk about the failures.

As with any experimental procedure, even a perfectly sound base theory (and plenty of professionals remain unconvinced about this particular one) creates questions that can only be answered through trial and error. Translation: some early subjects got severely messed up. In some cases, anti-violence conditioning takes hold so well that exposure to second-hand violence, like watching Urban Brawl on the trid, can cause a full-fledged fugue. The subject keels over and stays coma-tose for minutes, even hours. A subject suffering from this kind of overconditioning may blank out just from seeing a nice,

neighborly punch-up on a street corner—and it may happen while he's driving a truck. Not nice.

Another unpleasant kind of overconditioning is generalization. With this kind of brain-frag, the subject doesn't have to consider committing violence. He doesn't even have to witness it. Any indirect or offhand reference to violence, even a simile or analogy in language or violent symbols, may trigger the conditioning. Say the subject's eating lunch with a friend and hears a manager at the next table discuss back-stabbing someone in the context of office politics. Bang, the subject slides into fugue.





Some evidence, suppressed by Lone Star with ruthless efficiency, suggests that the track-looped signals can cause various forms of neurosis and psychosis in the subject. Free-floating anxiety and undifferentiated paranoia come immediately to mind.

The bottom line is, we don't know enough about how the mind works to frag around with it. Not yet, and maybe not ever.)<<<<<

—Shock Doc (09:36:55/9-19-54)

>>>>(The Star's really doing this *Clockwork Orange* thing, conditioning people against violence? In Seattle? Chummer, that's frightening. Real frightening.)<<<<<

—Featherstone (13:45:56/9-19-54)

>>>>(No fragging kidding. Cruel and unusual punishment, emotional and psychological torture. It's unconstitutional, and against everything society stands for.)<<<<<

—Marat (18:50:39/9-19-54)

>>>>(Well, yes. But I was thinking of more practical ramifications. We live in the sprawl, chummers, one very small step up from Hell itself. Unless you've got the millions of nuyen required to isolate yourself from the realities of the street, violence is a fact of life. At any time on any given day, some gutterpunk or chipple or flashmeister might try to take you down for your watch, your pocket 'puter, or maybe just for a little one-on-one "entertainment." When that happens, you've got to be able to defend yourself.

Lone Star's psychological reconditioning makes you incapable of defending yourself. At best, meeting violence with violence makes you sick, so you run or hide. At worst, you slip into fugue and collapse at the feet of the mugger/rapist/whatever. Or you suffer an "uncontrolled episode" and flip out. This kind of "rehabilitation" is totally irresponsible. It's like pulling a cat's claws, then tossing kitty into the fragging dog pound at feeding time.)<<<<<

—Featherstone (12:06:34/9-20-54)

>>>>(I'm not supporting the Star, but the buzz I hear says they're working on that problem. Rather than conditioning subjects against all violence, they're starting to condition against specific acts, like drawing a gun or a knife.)<<<<<

—Gordon (15:48:40/9-20-54)

>>>>(That's no answer to Featherstone's comments. Sometimes you've got to draw a gun or a knife if you want to live through the next couple of minutes, particularly if you're living on the streets (and where do you think most newly released cons end up?). And generalization still remains a problem. You can't stab an innocent victim, but neither can you cut your food with a steak knife or use a letter opener. I won't even bring up the risk of induced psychoses. I think the whole concept of simsense conditioning is intellectually bankrupt. (Which doesn't mean the Star plans to stop using it, of course.)<<<<<

—Shock Doc (20:00:02/9-20-54)

>>>>(I've heard about a newer development in the works, a little thing called brainlock. It's only in use at a couple of prisons and "rehabilitation centers" at the moment, but it might catch on. Brainlock resembles classic conditioning, but it's not tied to anything specific like the look of a gun, the feel of a knife, or even the chaos of violence. From what I understand, they're using brainlock to condition people against much broader...well, "categories of experience" is about the best way to describe it. For example, brainlock can prevent a subject from returning to Seattle. Any time he tries or even thinks about it, the brainlock kicks in and he feels fear, nausea, racking pain, or whatever so strongly that he can't follow through.

Theoretically, the standard aversion conditioning that Pavlov talked about earlier gives you similar results. You can condition an aversive reaction to certain, specific stimuli, like the Space Needle or the Renraku Arcology. But the subject might get around those conditioned responses simply by ignoring the specific triggering stimuli. If he never sets eyes on the Space Needle, the conditioning becomes useless. Brainlock you can't beat. Anytime you know you're approaching Seattle or planning to approach Seattle, the response kicks in. See the difference?

Brainlock allows the white-coat to add judgment into the aversion-conditioning process. Hypothetically, you can make it impossible for a subject to use a weapon. Not a specific weapon, but anything the subject thinks of as a weapon at the moment. The subject can pick up a knife to cut his food, whittle a chunk of wood or whatever, no problem. But the instant he thinks about stabbing someone with that knife, he can't so much as touch it without incapacitating cramps or somesuch setting in. This kind of brainlock covers "weapons" that classic conditioning can't touch. This conditioning keeps a subject from even picking up a computer stylus if he plans to jam it into somebody's eye.)<<<<<

—Hi-Res (23:22:49/9-20-54)

>>>>(Honto? Can somebody explain how this works?)<<<<<

—Kumiko (23:58:41/9-20-54)

>>>>(Lone Star's keeping this one close to the old vest, so close that the Division of Psychology doesn't even discuss it with other divisions in the corporation.)<<<<<

—Mariposa (03:51:54/9-21-54)

>>>>(No drek. So the R&D Division is mounting in a little low-intensity industrial espionage against DivPsych in Austin. Texas runners take note; there may be work in the offing.)<<<<<

—Laguna Gloria (16:27:10/9-21-54)

>>>>(Wait a tick. The DivPsych boys can't claim credit for this drek; they didn't develop it. They acquired and licensed this tech from Renraku, along with some other choice mindfraggers.)<<<<<

—The Other Guy (18:22:15/9-21-54)

>>>>(Renraku Computer Systems, the same guys who designed the operating system for my pocket secretary? Why the frag would they develop stuff like this?)<<<<<

—Stylin' (18:52:34/9-21-54)



>>>>>(Echo Kumi's question. How does this drek work?)<<<<<<
—Flashpoint (19:30:15/9-21-54)

>>>>>(More to the fragging point, how do you reverse it? One of my teammates, a chill runner and a good friend, got scooped by the Star in an op gone bad a couple of months back. We were all cranked up to go crack him out of the Metroplex Prison when we hear he's not in the Metroplex Prison anymore. He'd gotten shunted down to the Lone Star building at Second and Union for some kind of "special interrogation." No way we can take a run at Star headquarters, so we hunker down and wait for developments. We figure eventually the special interrogation will end, and the badge'll send our chummer to court. We figured that'd be the best time to crack him out of the can.

Less than two days later, we get a call from a street chummer. She says she's seen our clobber Iron Jim, wandering loose along the docks. So we blast on down there to bring him in.

Frag, but he's a sorry sight. He looks mindblasted, like he's so jazzed on chips that he's fragging near vibrating. He sees us coming—his chummers, the other members of his shadow team—and he turns and *runs* into the darkness under the viaduct, screaming like the devil himself is coming to get him. He leads us on a merry chase, and we only get him because he's scared so bad he fragging *faints*. This guy is the street sammy's street sammy; we've never seen him afraid of anything in his life. But he faints from sheer terror when we try and pick him up to bring him home.

We've had him a couple of weeks now, and he's no better. We keep him tranked to the lids and in restraints. We've had to disable all his chrome. Lone Star did *something* to his head; after reading this file, I figure it's got to be brainlock. What the frag do we do?)<<<<<<

—Anonymous (16:44:19/9-28-54)

>>>>>(Check this buzz, chummers. Lone Star brainlocked this scroff *before they even sent him to trial*.)<<<<<<

—Raz (22:58:52/9-28-54)

>>>>>(Illegal and unconstitutional. But that's Lone Star for you.)<<<<<<

—Alan D (00:21:44/9-29-54)

>>>>>(That comment begs the question of whether or not someone who deliberately chooses to live outside the bounds of normal society as a SiNless person is entitled to constitutional protection.)<<<<<<

—Berger Buddy (03:10:18/9-29-54)

>>>>>(As you know, I have almost nothing good to say about Lone Star. But it does surprise me to hear they've gone that far outside the boundaries. Anon, by any chance did your hosed-up run hit Lone Star or one of its subsidiaries?)<<<<<<

—SPD (04:48:42/9-30-54)

>>>>>(Anon?)<<<<<<

—SPD (03:35:00/10-3-54)

>>>>>(It was an Ares contract (not that they'll admit it). They hired us for a physical in-and-out on GridSec.)<<<<<<

—Anonymous (16:00:54/10-4-54)

>>>>>(I think that's important. The way I scan it, the kind of drek they pulled on your chummer doesn't happen on a regular basis. . .yet. From now on, though, I'd plan for that contingency just to be safe.)<<<<<<

—SPD (06:30:53/10-5-54)

>>>>>(So how do you reverse this drek?)<<<<<<

—The Cat (09:56:02/10-6-54)

>>>>>(To the best of my knowledge, no proven method of reversing brainlock exists. I know there's no easy way to do it. If you can access sirmsense gear without ASIST peak limiters and programming to override the conditioning, you might pull it off if the psychologist in charge is very talented and very lucky. Otherwise, any attempt to reverse the brainlock might only make things worse. Your chummer might experience deeper and more frequent psychotic episodes, or the trigger conditions might become even more general.

Repeatedly and forcefully challenging the conditioning—no matter the consequences—seems to be the only way to extinguish the conditioning effectively. For example, if a subject is brainlocked not to fire a gun, she must visit a firing range repeatedly, pick up and handle a gun, watch others shoot and even (eventually) fire the gun herself, no matter how painful or terrifying she finds the experience. The conditioning may not weaken, but after a good long time the subject should be able to function despite the conditioned reactions.)<<<<<<

—Pamela (05:02:20/10-7-54)

>>>>>(That sounds like torture.)<<<<<<

—Monty (08:35:05/10-7-54)

>>>>>(Yeh.)<<<<<<

—Pamela (06:01:55/10-8-54)

>>>>>(Minds are like antique pocket watches. Taking them apart is easy—putting them back together is the hard part.)<<<<<<

—Doc Oz (11:45:34/10-8-54)

>>>>>(Can brainlock erase memories?)<<<<<<

—Lethe (14:47:06/10-8-54)

>>>>>(Interesting question. I don't think so, but I'll look into it.)<<<<<<

—Pamela (07:29:58/10-9-54)

>>>>>(For short-term memory erasure, never mind brainlock. Just shoot the poor slot full of *laés*, that memory-wiping drug Tir Tairngire border patrols use on uninvited guests. The Star uses it too, in certain situations.)<<<<<<

—Emerald (12:02:04/10-9-54)

>>>>>(Lone Star can get *laés*? I thought the dandelion-eaters kept that stuff bottled up tight.)<<<<<<
 —Pin-Up (14:57:42/10-9-54)

>>>>>(Once you've got a sample of any drug, say from the blood of some poor slag the Tir doped up and tossed out, you can reverse-engineer it. So the Star has *laés*, or something close enough for government work. And the Star uses it from time to time.)<<<<<<
 —Backroom Boffin (22:45:00/10-9-54)

>>>>>(Why did the Star go to the trouble of mindfragging Anon's chummer? That's gotta cost time and nuyen. Why bother, when nine-mil ammo's so cheap?)<<<<<<
 —Fraser (05:11:28/10-11-54)

>>>>>(Anon could probably answer that better than I can, based on who and what his friend was and knew. At a guess, I'd say they wanted to wring some intel out of the poor fragger—like the Idents of his chummers. Hope you've got a good, deep hole to hide in, Anon.)<<<<<<
 —Ranger Rick (09:35:45/10-11-54)

>>>>>(Still doesn't explain why they brainlocked him and let him go. Why not wring him out then cack him? That's more Lone Star's style. There's gotta be more to it—scan this explanation. Look at all the attention this slag's gotten on Shadowland. Think about how many shadowrunners might worry about taking their sanity in their hands when they make a run against Lone Star, or any corp Lone Star's sleeping with at the moment. The Star brainlocked this poor slot as an object lesson, chummers. "There but for the grace of God go you." Lone Star's sending us a message, and judging by the activity on this board since Anon's original post, that message is coming through loud and clear.)<<<<<<
 —Derek (07:51:15/10-13-54)

>>>>>(Buldrek. They're using this chummer to conduct a clinical trial of a new technique. I bet that Lone Star is keeping a close eye on the mindblasted slag, to see how long it takes him to shake it off and how he behaves in the meantime. Which means that anybody who hangs with this guy is walking under Star surveillance.)<<<<<<
 —VQ (11:13:18/10-13-54)

>>>>>(Want something else to worry about? The things I'm scanning make me believe that the R&D Division's been messing around with simsense incarceration. Instead of putting somebody in the box for ten years, hook him up to a simsense rig and make him *think* he's been in the box for ten years. If you feel really nasty, you might make him think he's spent ten years somewhere worse. Theoretically, the Star could sentence someone to three consecutive life terms, say 200 years, and use this tech to make the scroff think he'd served every single day of it. When they let him out, he discovers it's really the day after his trial. Talk about a mindfrag. . .)<<<<<<
 —Consul (21:00:13/10-13-54)

>>>>>(Buldrek. Simsense doesn't work that way.)<<<<<<
 —RAS Master (00:55:21/10-14-54)

>>>>>(Tell that to the Star, chummer. And while you're at it, tell it to Lakewood Correctional Institution in Denver. They're doing similar research, and they seem quite happy with the way it's turning out.)<<<<<<
 —Consul (05:14:23/10-15-54)

>>>>>(Another purchase from Renraku, in case you slots are interested.)<<<<<<
 —The Other Guy (12:25:03/10-15-54)

>>>>>(Repeat: it doesn't work that way.)<<<<<<
 —RAS Master (13:56:22/10-15-54)

>>>>>(Well, don't tell it to the Star. Any money they waste on useless research means less money spent on making my life hell. Go to it, guys!)<<<<<<
 —Street Monster (22:52:50/10-15-54)

>>>>>(I can't substantiate any of this drek, but the rumors keep coming around. So here's my intel on conditioning and similar stuff.

Heard about Lone Star's permanent, cortical implants for repeat offenders? Instead of conditioning the felon, they install a chip in the slag's brain that inhibits behavior they don't like (such as hosing down the waiting-in-lines at the monorail station with an autofire shotgun). The chip also adds a guilt trip. The implant detects the neurochemical environment associated with feelings of guilt and then causes something unpleasant, like painful muscle cramps or other such nastiness. The guilt trip makes you pay for *anything* you know is wrong. Elegant, huh? Of course, it has a few glitches. True sociopaths don't feel guilt, so they never trigger the chip. Also, the programming makes no distinction between socially acceptable and asocial guilt-producing stimuli. Hose down the people standing in line at a monorail station or feel a twinge for forgetting to buy your sainted Aunt Sally a birthday present, and the same guilt trip kicks in.)<<<<<<
 —John Brown's Body (23:04:57/10-23-54)

JUVENILES IN THE SYSTEM

At some point during the development of British common law, people decided it might be wrong to treat criminal youths the same as criminal adults. Various developmental psychologists argued that children possessed less well-developed morals and ethics and couldn't understand the consequences of their actions as well as adults. Therefore, the little nasties couldn't be held truly responsible for their actions.

>>>>>(If the inability to figure out in advance what might happen down the road apiece if you give in to some sudden impulse makes you not responsible for your actions, then a drek-load of people I know should never have gotten tossed in the box.)<<<<<<
 —Canary (16:55:54/9-10-54)

Even today, juveniles receive special treatment because of their tender years. For those who didn't know, a juvenile is any slag less than 16 years old. They go to trial in Juvenile Court and usually receive more lenient sentences—probation rather than imprisonment, for example. When they get thrown in the slammer, these youths go to reform school or juvenile hall, or some other facility built specifically for young offenders. This system keeps youths out of the box and away from the corrupting influence of hardened criminals.

>>>>>(Yeah, right. Ever been to juvie hall? It's pure pluperfect hell. Give me the choice between going back there and going into max-security. I'd take the Big Box. At least that way I could cut a deal with a profector who'd keep the fragging guards off of me.)<<<<<

—Childe Harold (11:05:17/9-9-54)

Juvenile crime rates have continued to climb since the 1960s, making the kid-gloves treatment less popular. The rate of increase has shot up over the past two decades, and the percentage of extremely violent juvenile crime has climbed faster than any other category.

>>>>>(You can say the same fragging thing about *any* subcategory of crime. Violent crime is on the upswing, period. Looking at the sprawl today, is it any wonder?)<<<<<

—Cassandra (04:08:29/9-6-54)

>>>>>(In recent years, more and more juvie cases find their way upstairs to the standard justice system, regardless of the accused perp's age. The juvenile system feels just as much outrage as the public over juvies who hose down streetcorners with autofire weapons being treated with kid gloves because of their age. Perps of all ages who commit brutal crimes are now tried as adults.)<<<<<

—Legal Beagle (09:05:08/9-5-54)

>>>>>(Justifiably so, I say. A gang rape by a tribe of 15-year-olds is just as brutal and deserving of serious punishment as a gang rape by "adults.")<<<<<

—Carruthers (15:33:01/9-7-54)

LEGAL RECOURSE

Most people figure the game's over once they've been arrested—next stop, max-security prison and all that. Well, chummers, that's not inevitable. British common law gives us all more than a few legal options, either to keep out of jail or to pare down the sentence. These options, designed to make it difficult for authorities to pack an innocent citizen off to prison (or worse), offer loopholes that canny shadowrunners can slip through.

>>>>>(Run-of-the-mill criminals, like crooked politicians, use them too.)<<<<<

—Hades (09:27:46/9-13-54)

>>>>>(Take note: the following comments refer only to systems based on British common law. If you expect things to work this

way in countries like Québec, whose laws are based on the Napoleonic Code, and some of the NAN states, whose laws are based on frag-knows-what, you're in for a nasty shock.)<<<<<

—Army Brat (13:21:31/9-15-54)

Making Bail

Once arrested, charged, and arraigned, you might wait months or even years for your trial to make it to the docket, depending on the number of other cases clogging the justice system. The powers that be could keep you in jail during that time, but locking someone in the box costs money and takes up cell space needed for actual convicts. Also, British common law frowns on locking an innocent man in the box. Because every perp is presumed innocent until proven guilty through a trial, locking someone up before trial violates the law. To get around both these problems, the authorities invented bail.

Bail, bail bond, or bond is a guarantee that an accused person held over for trial will surrender to legal authorities at a given time. In other words, the prisoner pays a whack of cash to the court and promises to turn himself in again in time for his trial. If he shows up, he earns his bond money back. If he skates, he kisses the money good-bye.

Bail is a privilege, however, not a right. The court exercising jurisdiction in a case may grant or deny bail and determines the amount of that bail. Precedents set years or decades before guide the court's decisions and occasionally restrict those decisions, but the current trend in the UCAS gives the courts a pretty free hand. If the presiding judge considers the charge serious, as with murder, she may deny bail.

>>>>>(So bail is a "Get Out of Jail for a Fee" card. Pay your bail, say good-bye to the cred and hit the streets running.)<<<<<

—Monster (09:04:48/9-21-54)

>>>>>(The system knows that, you slot. That's why judges set bail so fragging high these days. They demand tens or hundreds of thousands of nuyen for moderate offenses, sometimes even millions. The court sets the sum high enough so that losing the cred will really bite for the accused. So if you're rich enough to consider 10,000 nuyen chump change, they'll set your bail in the millions. For a squatter, on the other hand, the sum might be as little as 10,000 nuyen. If you're obscenely rich, the judge might deny bail altogether, on the grounds that you can blow off just about any reasonable sum. (And the 18th Amendment to the U.S. Constitution prohibits setting "excessive bail" anyway.)<<<<<

—Legal Beagle (21:44:18/9-22-54)

>>>>>(Lot of good this drek would do me. The only way I could scrape up even 10,000 nuyen would get me charged with another handful of crimes.)<<<<<

—Binky (17:56:39/9-25-54)

>>>>>(Ever hear of bail bondsmen, Binky? Think of them as legal lone sharks who can post bail for you. I can tell you how it works in Seattle in 2054; as always, keep in mind that things work differently elsewhere in the world.



Lone Star bags you, charges you, and arraigns you. You go through the bail hearing, and the judge sets your bail at 200,000 nuyen. If you post the bond, you go free until your court date as long as you stay in the sprawl. If you don't post the bond, you'll spend the intervening months in the box. Unfortunately for you, the most you can scrape together, even if you pull in all the markers everyone has ever owed you, is 20,000 nuyen.

Next step—contact a bail bondsman. This individual demands credit up front equal to ten percent of the total bond (there goes your 20,000 nuyen). Then he posts the entire 200,000 nuyen bond, and you're back on the street. When you show up for your trial and the court refunds your bail, every nuyen of that 200,000 goes to the bondsman. You never see your 20,000 again, chummer. Your bondsman essentially lends you the total amount of your bond, while charging you 10 percent interest on that sum. Ten percent seems to be the going rate, but I hear that some bondsmen charge 20 percent or even more. I'd guess they charge the higher rate if they think they need to cover a greater chance that the slag out on bail might skip.)<<<<<

—Nuyen Nick (12:09:03/9-26-54)

>>>>>(You think a bail bondsman only cuts you 10 percent of the going rate for your "Get Out of Jail" card? *Wrong*. Bondsmen do this for a living, chummer, and they don't stay in business long if it's too easy for some slag out on bail to skip and leave them in the drek. Any bondsman worthy of the name keeps at least one chill bounty hunter, a.k.a. "skip tracer," on retainer. During your free time on bail, the bondsman makes you check in with him every couple of days. The first time you miss your check in, the bondsman puts his skip tracer on your hoop.

If you're lucky, he'll just drag you back to the sprawl so that the bondsman can revoke your bond and pop you back into the box. If you're unlucky, the bondsman may feel that he's played this game a little too often recently and may want to make an example of you for his other clients. So he might geek you, or worse. The justice system won't give a frag if you come to trial missing a leg, or maybe paralyzed from the neck down. Scan the picture?)<<<<<

—Thorson (14:15:00/9-28-54)

>>>>>(What if I can't even scratch together the 10 percent?)<<<<<

—Outaluck (14:24:21/9-30-54)

>>>>>(Got a family member you can borrow money from? (Or maybe sell. . .?))

I hear some bondsmen will post bond for you on credit, but you can bet your assets that they charge way more than 10 percent interest. And you can also bet they're on *really* good terms with a whole pack of novahot skip tracers.)<<<<<

—Munchkin (18:02:26/9-30-54)

>>>>>(I went that route. Big mistake. Guy name of Guido (no drek, fragging *Guido*) posted my bond to the tune of 100,000 nuyen. Four years later, I'm still paying him back. I figure by the time I'm out from under, I'll have paid the slot upwards of 250,000 nuyen. Should have stayed in the box.)<<<<<

—Tolly (22:08:18/10-3-54)

>>>>>(Betcha didn't know that in 2051, Lone Star took control of the bail bond "biz" in the Seattle metroplex. Saves Governor Schultz's pampered bureaucrats from worrying about such petty drek as who paid what and when, and who receives a refund. When you pay bail in Seattle, you pay it to Lone Star, through the intermediary of the court. When you show up for trial, Lone Star returns your bond. . .minus a 5 percent "processing fee.")<<<<<

—Ugly Truth (04:56:21/10-6-54)

>>>>>(I hope you're farcing.)<<<<<

—On the Docket (08:22:25/10-7-54)

DEPARTMENT OF PAROLE AND PROBATION

>>>>>(Okay. Back to the original post. And hey, Birdman—thanks.)<<<<<

—SysOp (10:21:24/10-7-54)

JOIN LONE STAR!



I WANT YOU!

TD
9.4



CHROMER COP

“Not all of Lone Star is soft meat. Some of us are harder than steel, faster than lightning, and tougher than you can ever hope to be. Think we’re push-overs? Think we’re weak? You and me, joker, any time you want. Let’s find out who’s the real King of the Streets.”





COMBAT MAGE

“You think we’re all grunts? All grounders with barely an understanding of how things really work? Guess again, but hope you guess right. We understand the mystical world as well as you do, but only care about the law. While you worry about the esoterica, we’re busting you.”



LONE STAR PROS

TOP 10 REASONS TO JOIN THE PROFESSIONALS

1. You're the Man!
2. Big Guns, Big Fun!
3. Donuts, Donuts, Donuts
4. Regulation Mirror Shades are Hip
5. Frisking Always an Option
6. Random Violence is Job Number One
7. All the Groupies You Can Bust
8. Free Ammo
9. No More Traffic Tickets
10. Cool Leather Uniforms



"I joined because I wanted to give something back to the community. And because it was an easy way to get back at those jokers who beat me up in high school."

—Foot Patrol Officer Dennis "Din-Din" Falk





"There's no legal joy like having a habitual miscreant in your sights and knowing whether he breathes for another day is only a matter of paperwork."

—Sergeant Anna "Pipe" Pandino



TOP 10 REASONS NOT TO BE A CRIMINAL SCUM

1. Girlfriends named Bubba
2. The Man is After Your Hide
3. Solitaire—No Cards
4. Everyone has To Eat 50 Eggs
5. Your Parole Officer Thinks You're Cute
6. Unflattering "Most Wanted" photos
7. Striped Outfits Add 10 Pounds
8. Remembering which ID You're Using Today
9. Accidental Injuries while in Custody
10. Stupid Street Names



LONE STAR CONS



CYCLE COP

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FAST RESPONSE COP

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The Department of Parole and Probation manages the two areas of law enforcement its name describes. To give a short-hand definition of those terms, probation takes the place of a jail term, and parole shortens a jail term.

Probation

To quote the law books, probation "allows supervision by a court-appointed agent in lieu of imprisonment." Judges tend to hand down probation for first-time offenders and juveniles convicted on misdemeanors. These days, though, judges are sentencing more and more offenders to probation—even violent offenders in some cases—because of prison overcrowding.

>>>>(At least in the UCAS, this increased use of probation as a sentence is limited to non-violent offenders.)<<<<<<
—Inca (15:25:47/9-9-54)

While on probation, an offender must report regularly to a probation officer for the length of the sentence. These days, the offender must report by phone or telecom every two days and in person once a week. The officer has the right to ask, and the offender must answer truthfully, any questions about what the offender's been doing with himself since he last turned up.

>>>>(Well, duhhh. . . just fragging lie.)<<<<<<
—Tico (08:14:57/9-7-54)

>>>>(You think maybe, just maybe, the probation officer might expect that? And maybe decide to check your story? Brothers and sisters, lying to your probation officer about *anything*, even how many times you got boinked the night before, serves as grounds for revoking your probation and hustling you off to jail.)<<<<<<
—Dara (01:28:59/9-9-54)

Obviously, the courts can end a convict's probation if an offender commits another crime. Probation officers might apply other restrictions as well, depending on the case. For example, they might forbid the perp to possess an otherwise legal weapon, fraternize with a particular person, or enter a particular area. Once upon a time, the probation officer was an officer of the court. In most jurisdictions nowadays, however, probation officers are Lone Star employees.

>>>>(Stress that, boys and girls. Your probation officer is a colleague of the slot who pinched you in the first place, with all the potential for abuse of the system that such an arrangement represents.)<<<<<<
—Coatl (15:04:00/9-6-54)

>>>>(What potential for abuse?)<<<<<<
—Sydney (06:21:26/9-7-54)

>>>>(Think about it, twinkle. You'll figure it out.)<<<<<<
—Coatl (15:39:53/9-7-54)

>>>>(Now, don't take this the wrong way. The state, however you define that entity, hasn't actually handed everything over to Lone Star. Even Seattle retains "real" probation and parole officers employed by the government. In Seattle and other Lone Star jurisdictions, the corp simply offers its services to help its client cities handle a potential system overload. Unfortunately, system overload is a common occurrence.)<<<<<<
—Amhurst (11:04:21/9-9-54)

Parole

Like probation, parole allows an offender to walk the streets in lieu of spending time in jail. The offender must check in on a regular basis with a parole officer and must abide by strict rules regarding behavior, residence, companions, and so on. If he fails to abide by any of these rules, he loses his parole and lands in jail. Unlike probation, however, parole only applies to the slags who have already spent some time in the box.

As soon as an offender serves a certain portion of his sentence—and if he's behaved himself during that time, of course—he's eligible for parole. A committee examines the offender's record and then interviews him during a parole hearing. If they decide he poses no danger to the public or to himself, they may grant him parole. Violating that parole puts the offender back in jail for the rest of his term. In most jurisdictions, any offender who violates parole even once cannot be released until he serves his entire sentence.

As with probation, parole officers require parolees to contact them by telecom or phone every two days and meet face-to-face once a week. Other common conditions of parole include avoiding association with known criminals and living in a certain locale. In many jurisdictions, parole officers belong to the Lone Star Division of Penology.

>>>>(Prison overcrowding is also a major incentive to parole too many slags who shouldn't have a hope in hell of hitting the streets early.)<<<<<<
—Carson (03:54:43/9-8-54)

>>>>(When you're on probation or parole, you're not supposed to leave the jurisdiction, right? "Don't leave town," and all that drek. So what about megacorp turf? Am I violating parole if I go shopping in the Renraku Arcology?)<<<<<<
—The Screaming Bastard (02:44:57/9-13-54)

>>>>(I *knew* somebody would ask that question. According to UCAS law, leaving the jurisdiction of the parole board that granted you parole constitutes a violation. Officially, your shopping spree on the Grand Concourse means your parole officer can toss you back in the box. But in practice? Use your head, chummer. Is a visit to the Arcology an attempt to skip out of paying your debt to society? If you hit the Mortimer of London outlet for a new dinner jacket, the answer's no, and your parole officer will react accordingly.

If you dive into the Arcology and never come out, then you've done the equivalent of slipping the border and hiding out on S-S Council turf. Parole violation, chummer. The UCAS government, Lone Star, or both will apply to Renraku for extradi-

tion, which the corp might or might not grant depending on how the relevant suits happen to feel that day. If Renraku refuses extradition, Lone Star just might whistle up one of its irregular assets (bounty hunters) to fetch you (though to be honest, that doesn't happen very often). Depending on inter-corp relations at the moment and your personal value to Renraku, the corp's Red Samurai might geek, ignore, or assist the bounty hunter after your miserable skin.

If you want a more in-depth discussion of extraterritoriality and its consequences, I recommend you scan the big download called **Corporate Shadowfiles** elsewhere on the Shadowland net.)<<<<<<

—Legal Beagle (21:48:21/9-22-54)

>>>>>(A lot of people think parole officers operate under the same kinds of restrictions as other cops: search warrants, probable cause, and all that drek. Not true, chummer. Your parole officer can kick your door down just because he's got nothing better to do at the moment, and you can do squat about it.)<<<<<<

—Hardcastle (15:26:00/9-23-54)

>>>>>(A parole officer or agent is half cop and half social advocate. His job is to protect both the community and the rights of his charges. He carries a gun and handcuffs, and yes, he has more rights than a cop. At any time, without a warrant, he can enter and search the residence of any of his charges. He can also put his parolees under surveillance to make sure they're not violating the terms of their parole. (Remember, those terms can be all over the map. A child molester, for example, can't spend any time in a household with kids under 18.) The parole officer has more rights than a cop because he needs more rights than a cop.)<<<<<<

—Tictoc (19:46:15/9-25-54)

>>>>>(I'm a parole agent. Used to work for the justice system, now I work for Lone Star.

If you went to jail because you made a bad decision one time and you want to avoid making that kind of mistake again, I'm your best friend. I'll watch you, and if I see you slipping back into the ways that let you frag up before, I'll slap you upside the head and tell you not to frag up any more of your life. I'm a great excuse to break off connections with the scum that led you into hell the first time; "Can't hang with the boys, chummer. My parole officer might see me." Some people need that kind of support.

If you're planning to break the law again, I'm your worst fragging enemy. Like Tictoc said, I'm going to be watching you. Close. I'm going to ask you hard questions. Do you own that car? Are you looking for work? And I'm going to demand documentation on everything. *Prove* to me you own that car. *Where* did you apply for work? My job is to be a suspicious, cynical, nagging bastard.

And if you miss one of our little appointments, I'm coming after you. If you're at large, you're probably breaking the law and that picks me. Or you're dead, and that picks me, too. I hate to lose people.

If somebody's at large, I hit the slag's family home at holiday time. (You'd be surprised how many hardened criminals still go home to eat turkey with Mom, come Thanksgiving.) And when I go into that family home, I kick the door down and charge in because I don't have the freedom to be polite. Bet your hoop if the parolee's there, Mom's going to stall me at the door while he bugs out the back way. I've got to move fast. If the slag in question has a history of weapons offenses and violence, you can bet I'm going to have some hardhooped back-up with me.

I prefer working for Lone Star. At least they equip me right. (I never had a radio before; more times than I want to remember, I had to attract other cops' attention without losing sight of the drekhead I was following.) And the Star pays better.)<<<<<<

—Cindi (16:48:00/9-30-54)

>>>>>(Some, maybe even most parole agents do their jobs because they believe they're doing good. (I think we just heard from one. Cindi, thanks for your comments.) But some are bigger scumbags than the people they're monitoring.

A parole agent can send one of his charges back to jail on his word alone. That's a lot of power, and with power comes temptation. We've all heard stories about corrupt parole officers coercing their charges into committing crimes for the parole officer's benefit.

Now that I think of it, that power also must represent a big temptation for anyone who can coerce the parole agent into using it.)<<<<<<

—Yuriko (04:14:52/10-2-54)

>>>>>(Back as far as the 1990s, people argued heatedly over the effectiveness of parole. Let's look at contemporary numbers. After one year on parole, eight percent of parolees took the opportunity to skip one way or another. Only 16 percent stay in the sprawl and abide by the strictures of their parole. The rest are dead or back in jail. Doesn't impress me much.)<<<<<<

—Detached Observer (19:17:58/10-4-54)

>>>>>(Want to hear something real scary?

You know those Gray Men in DivPsych, the ones who dreamed up brainlock and—depending on who you believe—simsense incarceration? I hear they've developed simsense parole. While you're in the box, they hook you up to a simsense rig as part of your rehabilitation. The Gray Men feed in a program that simulates you sitting through your parole hearing, getting paroled, and walking out on the street. The simsense program then offers you a bunch of opportunities to revert to a life of crime, or maybe just to violate your parole. Once you either violate parole or prove yourself a good little girl, the Gray Men jack you out of the sim. Think of the trauma, chummers. You thought you were free, and then you find you're still in jail. You never left. When your real parole hearing comes up, the board uses your simsense performance to make their decision. Totally uncool, huh?)<<<<<<

—Meg (17:56:52/10-13-54)

>>>>(Another Renraku breakthrough, properly licensed by DivPsych.)<<<<<

—The Other Guy (20:33:01/10-14-54)

>>>>(Impossible.)<<<<<

—RAS Master (00:59:12/10-14-54)

>>>>(Beg to differ, RAS. You said that about simsense incarceration, and I agree with you on that one. But this you easily could do with BTL. You can't compress time; if the simsense "parole hearing" lasts an hour, that's how long you're under the wire. But you can make it indistinguishable from the real thing.

If you don't mind drekking around with illegal technology (and we all know the Star never minded that), you could make things happen pretty fast. You can't really speed up time, but you can pack a drekload into a six-hour sim session. The hearing, the release, the first meeting with the parole officer, and a few temptations could all come in a six-hour sequence. The speed with which things happened might make the subject suspicious, but you could suppress those suspicions with subliminal impulses (using more illegal technology). No question, Lone Star could do something like this. But should they? Absolutely not. Not only does BTL damage you both physically and psychologically, particularly BTL with subliminals, this whole process really messes with your mind. You think you're going through a parole hearing. You think you're being released. You think you're living a normal life. And then somebody pulls the plug. Bam, you're back in jail. So what happens next? You go to a parole hearing, get released, and start living a normal life. . .

How can you ever be sure that someone's not going to jack you out again?

If I wanted to drive someone mad, I'd choose a technique like this. Undermine a subject's conviction that his experiences are real, and you're halfway toward unhinging his sanity. If Lone Star is using this technique, it's the most cruel and unusual punishment ever conceived, and someone's got to stop it.)<<<<<

—Featherstone (12:05:47/10-15-54)

>>>>(Oh man. . . I got nailed by the Star half a year ago for breaking and entering. They hooked me up to a sim, said it made the paperwork easier. A couple of minutes later, they took the sim rig off. *How do I know they actually did that?* All of you might be figments of my simulated environment. I'll never sleep again. Thank you all very much.)<<<<<

—Sneakthief (9:34:21/10-16-54)

>>>>[FALSE ARREST SUITS

You don't hear about these as often as you did back in the litigation-happy 1990s and 2000s, but they still come up. Let's take a look at how people get arrested, and how the process can go wrong (or be subverted).

Any slag can be arrested if a court has probable cause to believe he's committed a crime, when a grand jury hands down an indictment, or when the slag violates parole or probation. Under any of these circumstances, a court can issue an arrest warrant, to be served by a police officer or other court-appointed



ed individual. Arrest warrants must specify the slag's alleged offense.

If you get nailed with an arrest warrant, you can forget about claiming false arrest. The Star officer who grabs you isn't legally arresting you—he's just serving the arrest warrant issued by a court. So the officer isn't legally responsible for the arrest. (I know, I know, vague philosophical argument. That's the bulk of the law, chummers—philosophical arguments between vastly overpaid mouthpieces.)

Most of the time, however, Star officers make arrests without warrants. They apprehend a suspect during the commission of a crime, or when they've got reason to believe the slag's guilty of a criminal offense. Citizen's arrests, where some sorry scroff who isn't a peace officer sees you committing a crime and decides to play hero, also fall into this category.

If a jury acquits you in this type of case, you can file a false arrest suit against the Star officer or the civilian who pinched you. If you win your suit, you could receive recompense for the damage your reputation suffered and/or for the trauma and emotional hardship you suffered during the arrest process. You might also win punitive damages. If a Star officer grabbed you under false pretenses, he'll almost certainly be suspended, possibly even investigated by the IA vultures. I've heard of cases in which the wrongly accused walk away from a false arrest suit with 100,000 nuyen or more in damages.

Of course, your chances of winning a false arrest suit come in pretty fragging low. Whatever you happen to think about Lone Star as an organization, you've got to admit that most of its personnel are professionals. The Lone Star Academy drums proper police procedure into the officers' thick little skulls, paying special attention to the correct way to arrest people to avoid false arrests. The majority of false arrest suits get thrown out of court, dumping the court costs back on the slags who filed them.

Even reasonable cases stand at pretty long odds. Like any good megacorp, Lone Star protects its own, and that protection includes providing top legal talent. You know the old definition of a trial: a judge and jury getting together to decide who's got the better lawyer. If you go up against the Star, there's not going to be much doubt on that score.)<<<<<<

—Kerr (10:37:22/10-24-54)

>>>>>(One more point: the Star fights against false arrest suits even harder than civil police departments, because losing such a case reflects badly on the corporation and makes it more difficult to market services in other jurisdictions. Losing a false arrest suit costs the Star much more than court-assessed damages, and so the corp acts accordingly.)<<<<<<

—Legal Beagle (07:29:06/10-25-54)

DIVISION OF PSYCHOLOGY

The Psych Division was founded to fob off Lone Star's critics by convincing them that the corp had some interest in rehab other than the standard "lock 'em up and throw away the key" solution. The division handles outreach programs and counseling and conducts behavioral research. Over the years, Lone Star

has won more than a few government grants and awards for its work in behavioral science and genetics. In one example, modern medical scans allow scientists to determine if a subject is genetically predisposed to commit violent or antisocial acts. Certain genetic-mapping techniques also point out tendencies toward compulsive behavior and the predisposition to steal. The DivPsych eggheads claim that such information gives them "invaluable insight into the criminal mind" and will eventually lead to a humane and practical solution to crime. Needless to say, most people with any remaining brain cells take statements like that with a few kilos of salt. There's a reason why the fine folks in DivPsych's Department of Counseling are called the Gray Men, and it isn't because of the color of their shirts.

>>>>(Great. Arrest people in the womb.)<<<<<<

—Flashpoint (02:45:18/9-23-54)

>>>>>(What do you suppose they mean by "solution?" Are they creating an anti-crime pill? How long have they known how to map the "criminal gene?" Who has records of the scans? Are they planning to engineer the gene? Do they abort criminal fetuses?)<<<<<<

—Full of Questions (06:18:47/10-1-54)

DEPARTMENT OF COUNSELING

The Department of Counseling works in conjunction with the Department of Psychological Research, which (interestingly enough) answers to the Research and Development Division. On paper, this partnership allows Counseling to use the tools and techniques pioneered by R&D while providing Psych Research with valuable data and statistics. The Department of Counseling offers different programs to a variety of target groups, including domestic abuse victims, recovering chip addicts, burned-out mages, over-stressed enforcement officers, and so on. Some of these programs receive government funding, but most rely on nuyen from Lone Star's coffers.

>>>>>(Awww. Ain't that nice. I guess the Star ain't all bad.)<<<<<<

—Jiff (01:17:48/9-12-54)

>>>>>(Sure is good of them to give so many people an opportunity to become a statistic in the latest R&D study.)<<<<<<

—Zig (00:39:56/9-13-54)

>>>>>(Subject in an R&D study, you mean. I've got something on the Psych boys that's either hot paydata or worthless drek. It's chip-truth, but it's only worth something if someone believes it.

The counselors of Lone Star fall a little short of being the enlightened care givers of their public reputation. The nickname "Gray Men," apparently taken from some ancient science-fiction novel, fits these nasty, cold buggers perfectly.

From what I hear, Counseling used its contacts in the BTL underworld of various cities to hook agents up with go-gangs and beetle dealers. These contacts led agents even deeper, to the people who actually make the programs that get blown

onto the beetles. Eventually, the Gray Men found someone making black beetles—you know, snuff BTL.

Black beetles are bad karma, chummers. I had a cousin who got into them—he didn't last long. The Gray Men used their contacts in the beetle biz to set up a couple of secret labs on the streets and started recording snuffs. How, I don't know. Maybe they cut a deal with a corp-owned prison. Anyway, they refined the data, used chippies as guinea pigs to work out glitches in the signal, then pulled their operations back into Lone Star headquarters. They ran a squeaky clean operation, because nobody heard a whisper about it on the streets. Either the Gray Men hired top-gun shadowrunners to move the data back to Austin, or they geeked everyone who knew about it. Take your pick; they're equally likely.

The snuff data might make terrific black IC, but I think the Gray Men have other plans for it. I think they're developing an execution chip.)<<<<<<

—Neon Splatter (23:09:03/10-1-54)

>>>>>(Execution chip? BTL that kills you? Come on....Who are they going to use it on? They can't execute someone until after the person's had a trial, and—oh. Yeah. I'm talking about the Star. They'll execute whoever they want and call it death by natural causes. Aneurysm, stroke, heart attack, whatever. They'll probably give the killer chip to their Internal Affairs agents, to use on those sorry bleeders who are supposedly betraying the corp.)<<<<<<

—Fie (12:49:00/10-4-54)

>>>>>(I have a feeling they're already planning to use it as a legal means of execution.)<<<<<<

—Neon Splatter (02:36:11/10-5-54)

>>>>>(Neon, why do you always stop short of giving us the whole picture? You like being the only one who knows it all? I haven't heard anything about anyone using or devising a new method of capital punishment. So spill.)<<<<<<

—Sidewinder (00:04:56/10-6-54)

>>>>>(Amazonia.)<<<<<<

—Neon Splatter (03:29:55/10-6-54)

>>>>>(That's it? One word? That's all you'll give us?)<<<<<<

—Jo (11:07:13/10-6-54)

>>>>>(That's all you need. Think about it.)<<<<<<

—Neon Splatter (23:57:09/10-6-54)

>>>>>(I've thought about it, and I don't like it at all.)<<<<<<

—Sidewinder (01:27:09/10-7-54)

>>>>>(Back up a few posts. You people are cagging on about black beetles like everybody knows what they are. Wanna fill me in?)<<<<<<

—IMHO (09:15:08/10-7-54)

>>>>>(Black beetles first turned up in Aztlan, I think. Ever hear of snuff films? Black beetles are the simsense equivalent. They're the ultimate thrill for the most jaded and sickest of tastes, the terminally depressed, or the just plain sanity-blasted. To make one, they take some poor slag, hook him up to a simsense recorder rig, then geek him. Quick, slow, messy, clean, whatever they want for the program. They record the death, blow it into an optical chip with or without RAS overrides and various kinds of filtering, and sell it like any other BTL chip.)<<<<<<

—Victoria Secret (13:10:52/10-7-54)

>>>>>(I can't believe that. How sick.)<<<<<<

—IMHO (10:51:26/10-8-54)

>>>>>(Believe it, *omae*. Let's review tech and history for a moment, for anybody else who's out of touch on this drek.

As of 2054, drug use is almost nonexistent, abandoned in favor of illegally modified simsense chips. These chips generate simsense signals at amplitudes that intensify sensory experience to or beyond the limits of tolerance. I'm talking dreamchips, Better-Than-Life (BTL), brain-strain, among other names. Dreamchips can induce numerous preprogrammed fantasies by directly stimulating the brain's pleasure centers. They're profoundly addictive psychologically, though no one has yet found convincing evidence of physical addiction. The typical chip incorporates a time limit for use to prevent undue trauma to nerve cells and usually burns out after one play to keep addicts coming back for more. Dreamchips plug into a standard data-jack or chipjack.

Nightmare chips, or black BTLs, are the street names for the simsense snuff Victoria talked about. These sick chips appeal to a certain, small segment of the dreamchipping subculture.

Black BTLs are even more dangerous to abusers than garden-variety BTLs. They're just as addictive as standard BTLs, causing cumulative damage to brain and nerve cells that eventually kills the user. Worse, the dreamdata recorded on each chip simultaneously stimulates the pleasure and pain centers of the brain. This stimulation sometimes extends into the medullar regions, those areas of the brain responsible for autonomic functions such as breathing and heart rate, and causes so much trauma that roughly 8 percent of users flatline on their first exposure.

The alteration many black BTLs undergo at street level can cause even more disturbing results. If some street monkey tampers with the amplitude of the chip's carefully edited death scene, the beetle may still cause the user to flatline. In most cases, it induces episodic psychosis, extreme paranoia, phobia, and even complete loss of personality. These little suckers can turn a user's mind into an empty void.

So why do people use black beetles? For the adventure, chummer. When the chippies and deckheads and ROM-burners get so strung that they can't feel a dreamchip anymore, they turn to black BTL. Also, some skags with a morbid side often wonder what it feels like to die, and some of them eagerly embrace the chance to find out.)<<<<<<

—pH (17:16:11/10-10-54)



RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT DIVISION

Lone Star's R&D Division owes its existence to the various research facilities and think tanks that Clayton Wilson sucked into Lone Star in his 2032 bid for extraterritoriality. Over the years, those kluged-together facilities developed into a streamlined organization with the status of a major division of Lone Star. Unlike most other divisions, R&D does not have a lab or office in every Lone Star jurisdiction. Lone Star HQ in Austin boasts the largest concentration of R&D labs, workshops, and computer systems, with Milwaukee running a close second.

>>>>(They've got next to nothing in Seattle. Just one lab in the HQ building and a small workshop in the Star Academy out Darrington way.)<<<<<

—Conti (00:11:21/9-21-54)

>>>>(Those tiny facilities are deceptive. The Thunderbolt, Lone Star's new sidearm, came out of the Seattle R&D facilities. Check out the New Equipment file further on in this posting.)<<<<<

—Delores (15:02:37/9-23-54)

The R&D Division operates in three departments: Psychological Research, Computer Research, and Technical Research.

PSYCHOLOGICAL RESEARCH DEPARTMENT

Something of an orphan, the Psychological Research Department exists pretty much because of Clay Wilson's attempt to qualify for extraterritoriality in 2032. Its work overlaps the purview of the Division of Psychology, but its budget and influence with senior management amount to a fraction of DivPsych's.

As heads of "the forgotten department," the managers of Psych Research enjoy considerable independence in spending their limited budget and their employees' time. Lacking direct guidance from above, the department tends to switch its focus from project to project at its managers' whims, whether or not a given project might be of any use in the real world.

>>>>(There's the difference between DivPsych and Psych Research. DivPsych goes for applied research; if a line of inquiry has no obvious, real-world applications, DivPsych won't follow it. Psych Research, on the other hand, is free to conduct pure research.)<<<<<

—Leiter (23:12:07/9-8-54)

>>>>(Don't be tempted to write Psych Research off as a bunch of fuzzy-headed dreamers. More breakthroughs come from pure research than from market-driven, applied research. DivPsych makes headway, but its developments are evolutionary. What comes out of Psych Research is revolutionary.)<<<<<

—Featherstone (06:52:14/9-10-54)

>>>>(Street buzz in Milwaukee says that Psych Research is studying the psychological components of the drain that spell-worms suffer after casting hefty magic. As I understand it, they want to develop techniques that minimize drain-shock so that mages can cast big-time spells at less personal risk.)<<<<<

—Lake Skimmer (17:14:35/9-20-54)

>>>>(Honto? I'd be interested in seeing that research!)<<<<<

—Dobu (08:13:56/9-22-54)

COMPUTER RESEARCH DEPARTMENT

The Computer Research department started life as Absolute Software, the computer-security consulting company that Clayton Wilson bought out in 2016. Its focus remains almost the same as in its early days. Computer Research develops enhanced IC programs for use in Lone Star's computer systems and for sale or license to outside clients.

>>>>(These guys overlap with GridSec. GridSec gets the bigger research budget, which it spends on undirected, pure research. The stuff that GridSec develops is innovative, revolutionary, and often just fragging scary. The people at Computer Research are no slouches, but they focus more on slow, steady improvement of existing technology rather than developing breakthrough tech.)<<<<<

—Tarquin (03:41:15/9-26-54)

>>>>(Don't dismiss slow, steady improvement. Internal combustion engines have been around since the early 1900s. If you want to see where "slow and steady" can take you, compare a 2054-vintage Saab Dynamit with a Ford Model T.)<<<<<

—Lanier (11:35:59/9-28-54)

>>>>(In the past year, Computer Research reverse-engineered the "expert IC" developed by Transys Neuronet. Right now, they're working on reducing its system load. Sound dull? Wait till you bop into a node that's running expert black IC with a rating somewhere up around nine or ten that only loads the system like a standard Blaster 5. That means the system architect can jam a lot more and nastier ice into the node without adversely affecting system performance.)<<<<<

—Mactoo (21:53:01/9-30-54)

>>>>(Ouch!)<<<<<

—Rage (07:28:43/10-2-54)

TECHNICAL RESEARCH DEPARTMENT

The largest and best-funded department in R&D, the Technical Research Department develops new weapons, communications, and surveillance technology for internal use and for sale or license to other corps. Licensing from this department pours a steady stream of nuyen into the corp coffers, and the constant development of new tech helps keep Lone Star street officers one step ahead of the game.

>>>>(Well funded or not, this department can't manufacture what it develops in anything greater than prototype quantities.





That means Lone Star has to license the tech to an outside manufacturer. For example, the Star licensed the new Thunderbolt heavy pistol to Ruger for manufacture.)<<<<<<
 —TANSTAAFL (02:44:37/9-19-54)

CORPORATE SECURITY DIVISION

>>>>>(What's Corp Security doing here? They're street grunts, ain't they? So why ain't they listed in the enforcement arm?)<<<<<<
 —Stef (17:30:16/9-21-54)

>>>>>(I'd guess Clay Wilson slung them over here to keep them away from the grasping hands of divisional managers in enforcement. No sense tempting people to transfer personnel from CorpSec to, say, riot control when things get nasty. The ugly truth of police work, private or public, is that things always get nasty. No matter how many bodies you have on the street, you can always use more. The same rationale applies to Military Liaison, I assume.)<<<<<<
 —Bingo (23:52:32/9-21-54)

>>>>>(Got it in one, Bingo. Strictly speaking, Wilson shifted the civic enforcement functions to their own division, not CorpSec, but the effect's the same.)<<<<<<
 —TTB (03:20:14/9-23-54)

The Corporate Security Division, or CorpSec, is the only Lone Star division virtually unchanged since Clay Wilson started building his baby. Clay Wilson originally intended Lone Star

Security Services to provide security personnel to corporate clients, and CorpSec continues to fill that role.

CorpSec personnel train as firearms experts who also excel at hand-to-hand combat. They get a certain amount of training in surveillance techniques and rudimentary police procedure, but, unlike the enforcement arm's street personnel, do not take the 16-week course at the Lone Star Academy. Instead, CorpSec officers take a two-week training program at their local Lone Star precinct house.

>>>>>(Sometimes they don't even get that much. These guys are knee-breakers, just like the thugs Clay Wilson used to hire out. Few are chromed, and even fewer are magically adept. They're grunts.)<<<<<<
 —Simmons (11:49:08/10-1-54)

>>>>>(And less competent grunts than the ones Knight Errant hires out. CorpSec only gets contracts because it undercuts KE's prices.)<<<<<<
 —Genie (00:23:52/10-3-54)

>>>>>(For those of you wondering where the frag the Military Liaison Division fits in, wonder no more. It's part of the Star's corp arm. As for why there's no info on it here, our sources didn't (or couldn't) dig deep enough to get anything. If you're looking for comments, we've already gone round the block a few times on these fraggers in the Corporate Structure file, under the heading Military Connections. Read it there, chummers.)<<<<<<
 —Orgchart (17:44:13/9-13-54)

PERSONNEL

Like any corporation, Lone Star is composed of individuals—a fact that's easy to forget. After all, it's much easier to view all megacorps as soulless, monolithic business entities without a trace of humanity. Yet the fact remains that an organization *is* its employees.

>>>>(Every group has its own personality, its own "corporate culture" if you will. *Every* group, whether it's a megacorporation, street gang, or bridge club exhibits this phenomenon. Once established, that corporate culture becomes self-perpetuating. Corporate culture is not distinct from the people who make up the group, however—quite the opposite.)<<<<<

—Socio Pat (15:35:59/9-7-54)



>>>>(Huh?)<<<<<

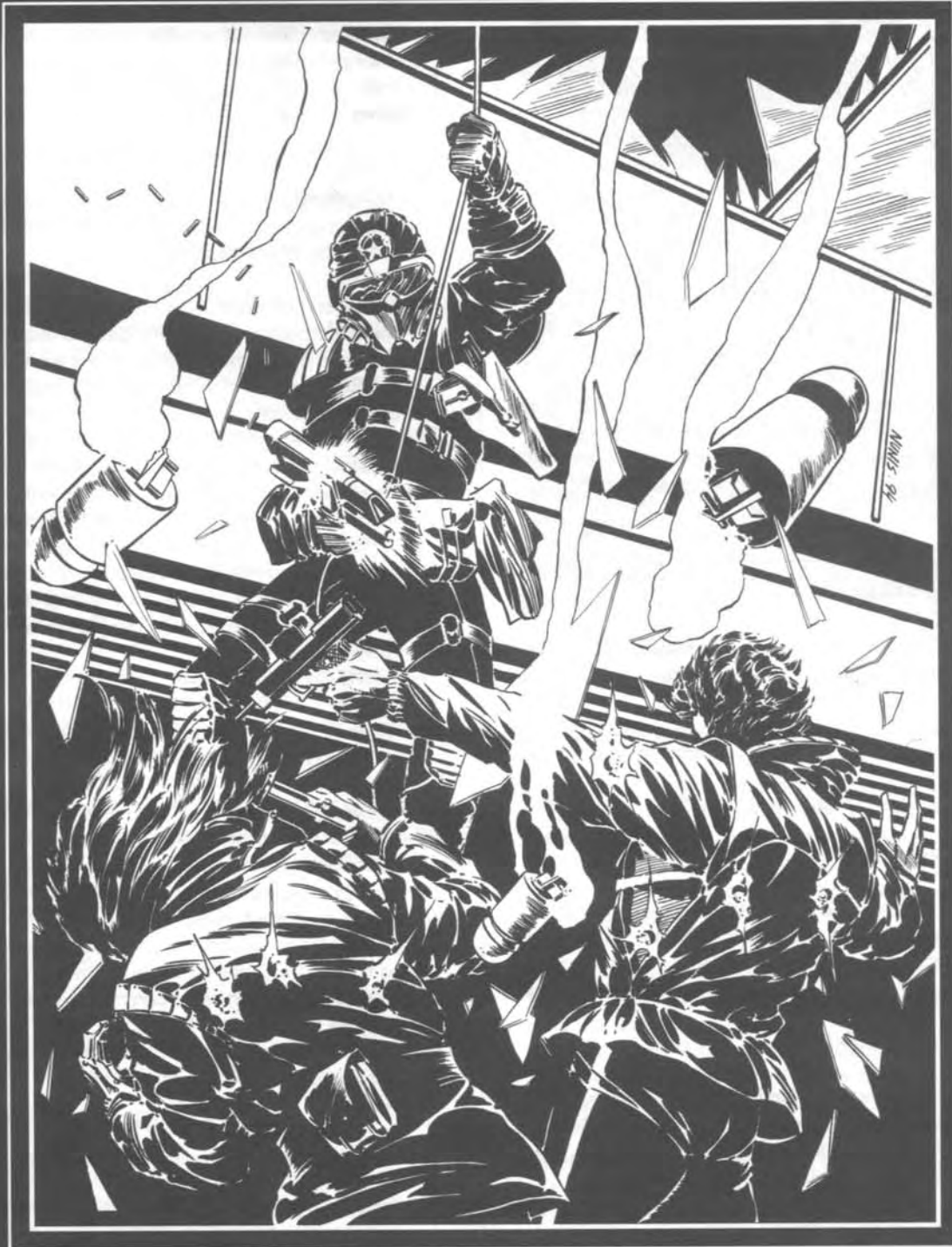
—Confused in Kent (17:11:32/9-7-54)

>>>>(What Pat's saying is that the people in the group define the corporate culture, then that culture attracts like-minded individuals, who in turn perpetuate the culture. Say you're part of this. . .well, take Pat's example—this bridge club. Everybody in the club hates corps, hates suits, hates wageslaves and embraces the good old every-man-for-himself libertarian ideal. You decide you want more members, and you put out publicity to that effect. Who's going to join? Corporate suits and wageslaves? Not a fragging chance, they know you hate them. No, the people interested in joining your club are going to be hard-nosed libertarians just like you. So the "corporate culture" of your club perpetuates itself, by the principles of exclusion and inclusion: you drive away wageslaves and attract shadowrunners.)<<<<<

—Auntie Social (04:16:42/9-8-54)

>>>>(Now apply that to Lone Star. It's got a rep for cracking skulls and violating people's civil rights. Who's going to want to join the Star? People who *enjoy* cracking skulls and violating people's civil rights.)<<<<<

—Dog Soldier (23:00:30/9-8-54)



>>>>(You'd be surprised.)<<<<<
 —Wolf (02:56:47/9-9-54)

So, who works for Lone Star, and where are they from?

DEMOGRAPHICS

These general figures represent the demographics of the average Lone Star operation, calculated from the data various shadowsnoops winkled out of different Lone Star operations across the continent. (As an extraterritorial corporation, Lone Star is not obligated to provide employment figures to anyone—anyone short of the Corporate Court, at least, and the high muckamucks in Zurich-Orbital don't give a frag about affirmative action or equal-opportunity employment standards anyway.) And the relative autonomy of individual LSSS operations means their actual work forces may differ considerably from these profiles. For example, Québec's numbers might match the average figures very closely, while Corpus Christi's demographics might not resemble them in any way.

Before we continue, we also need to point out that Lone Star comprises three distinct populations—front-line street officers, administrative personnel, and senior-management personnel. The following demographic information is classified by these populations.

	Street	Administrative	Senior Management
Male	85%	47%	91%
Female	15%	53%	9%

>>>>(Hey! I thought sexism was fragging dead and buried.)<<<<<
 —Libbie (13:19:04/9-9-54)

>>>>(Remember, Libbie, when Clay Wilson founded LSSS the corp didn't hire women at all. That restriction wasn't lifted until James (Clay's bro), took over. Considering how recently that change took place, I'd say you gals got into the street ranks pretty fast.
 —Compustat (15:02:11/9-11-54)

>>>>(And what about management? What the frag can you say? Even with Clay gone, the good ol' boy belly-up-to-the-bar corporate culture is still going strong.)<<<<<
 —Libbie (15:02:20:11/9-11-54)

>>>>(The ol' boys' club strikes again.)<<<<<
 —Tozer (13:33:02/9-7-54)

>>>>(This is another relic of Clay Wilson's influence and attitudes. Ol' Clay, he plumb never trusted them pixies an' squats an' frogs as far as he could spit 'em, I reckon, yessiree bob.

	Street	Administrative	Senior Management
Human	82%	85%	98%
Elf	10%	9%	1%
Dwarf	5%	4%	1%
Ork	2%	1%	—
Troll	1%	1%	—
Other	—	—	—

Fortunately, his successor holds a considerably more enlightened and egalitarian approach to hiring.)<<<<<
 —Laguna Gloria (21:49:08/9-7-54)

>>>>(Remember what Socio Pat and Auntie Social were saying about corporate culture? It's been a real uphill struggle for James Wilson and his new management team to attract quality candidates from the non-human metatypes, simply because the public sees Lone Star as a racist institution. During Clay's years—and even after James moved into the corner office—most metahuman applicants submitted their names to make a point, as a symbolic challenge to the inherent racism of the corporation. That kind of motivation isn't necessarily one of the characteristics of a good cop, so few got hired. Predictably, those who were rejected interpreted their rejection as a continuation of the old racist policies. They then grouched about it publicly, which reinforced the public perception and the Star's siege mentality.)<<<<<
 —HRO (01:25:49/9-10-54)

>>>>(Fancy words. It still boils down to racism.)<<<<<
 —Ork and Fragging Proud Of It (07:00:46/9-11-54)

>>>>(Lone Star is making yet another push to hire metahumans for its patrol and investigation divisions. As happens every so often, certain managers have gotten religion on the idea of community policing. Simply put, community policing means sending elfen officers to work heavily elf-populated areas like Tarlsar, ork officers to work the Underground, and so on. Doesn't take a fragging rocket scientist to figure out the benefits of this strategy, neh? But even when community policing becomes the trend in the boardrooms, it just don't fly in the squad rooms because there aren't enough metahuman badges available to put it into practice.)<<<<<
 —X-Star (15:30:45/9-11-54)

>>>>(What about demographics according to tribal background? No figures on that?)<<<<<
 —Sheaffer (21:47:08/9-12-54)

>>>>(Tribals? You mean *injuns*? Get actual—Clay Wilson invit-ing *injuns* into his modern version of the Texas Rangers...?)<<<<<
 —O.K. Corrales (01:34:11/9-13-54)

>>>>(That's changing along with gender and metahuman bias, but *very* slowly. If by tribals you mean "people of Amerindian descent," I'd guess maybe five percent of the Star's street cops and 10 percent of the desk jockeys qualify continent-wide, and pretty fragging close to zero in the executive ranks, of course—again, a holdover from Clay's tenure as CEO.

But if by tribals you mean un-aculturated individuals with active, lasting tribal affiliations, I'd say none. Why would a true tribal choose to move to an urban area and join a corp like Lone Star in the first place?)<<<<<

—Billy Jack (10:14:43/9-15-54)

>>>>(Since we're talking about the people of Lone Star, this seems a good place to post this.

You'd think this would be pretty self-evident, but it's worth saying in black and white: cops hang with cops—for various reasons. As somebody posted earlier, cops divide the world into three categories: cops, civilians, and scumbags. Who do you *think* they'll want to hang with? This attitude creates that strange sociological phenomenon known as the "cop bar."

Places like these are popular on all the cops-and-robbers trid shows—old holos on the wall, medals and citations and other jetwash, maybe even holos of officers killed in the line of duty—and they actually exist. The regulars in these places are cops, cop wannabes, cop groupies (male and female). The general atmosphere in these little homes-away-from-home appeals only to the hard-core, and even the politics fall slightly to the right of Attila the Hun.

It's tough to get chummy with cops in bars like these, particularly if you're chromed and look like street scum. But it can be done and often proves very useful. Badges talk most when they're gooned, and a night of unrelenting authoritarian politics and a nasty hangover are a small price to pay for advance warning of an upcoming heat wave.

In Seattle, the two best cop bars for information are Mulroney's, a failed attempt to recreate an old Irish pub down on Western Avenue under the viaduct, and The Edge, a pure, unadulterated watering hole on First Avenue South, toward Brougham. Check them out.)<<<<<

—Janus (11:46:47/9-27-54)

>>>>(Time for an RPG through the window.)<<<<<

—Baxter (14:29:08/9-27-54)

>>>>(There's one in every crowd.)<<<<<

—Snap (06:42:15/9-28-54)

RECRUITING AND TRAINING

In the early days of Lone Star, Clay Wilson's hoop-kicking approach to law enforcement and his view of who and what a "peace officer" should be strongly influenced the corporation's recruiting tactics. Wilson apparently believed that the proper attitude and military mentality represented the most important attributes in a candidate, rather than criminology skills. Or at least he believed those skills could be taught, while the appropriate attitude could not. For that reason, most of Lone Star's



early recruits came from the U.S. Army, consisting largely of young men just off a tour of duty who were looking for a new career. At first, these recruits received only a two-week course on the rudiments of criminology and police procedure—and sometimes even that was skipped because of "pressing need."

>>>>(Sounds like military police goons.)<<<<<

—Dogface (01:06:51/9-8-54)

>>>>(Don't shortchange the MPs, chummer, not in the UCAS. They're orders of magnitude more professional than the first Lone Star goons.

That initial lack of professionalism was okay with Clay Wilson. He saw his "modern-day Texas Rangers" as basically a goon squad to be hired out to corporations and other organizations for "special projects." Little things like union busting, breaking up protests, and other tasks that didn't require even the slightest degree of criminological aptitude.)<<<<<

—Wyatt (20:10:44/9-8-54)

>>>>(Sounds to me like Wilson ignored an excellent source of trained and experienced personnel desperate for a job. Weren't a lot of cities and towns privatizing their law enforcement back then, putting a lot of *real* cops out of work?)<<<<<

—Mynx (23:36:12/9-8-54)



>>>>(Fewer cops lost their jobs than you might expect, Mynx. In many cities where the paper-pushers decided they couldn't afford to support their own law-enforcement agencies, the police unions went private, incorporating themselves and bidding for municipal contracts. Like NYPD Inc., most of them got the contracts they bid on.

Corporate security divisions also wooed a lot of cops to their ranks by paying what the cops considered top nuyen—a particularly attractive proposition, since cops traditionally get paid squat. Simply by paying well, the corps skimmed the cream of the cops.

Even if that hadn't been the case, Clay Wilson would have rather given up his left nut than hire ex-cops. Wilson's ideas of law and order diverged from those upheld by most police forces somewhere back around the Gunfight at the O.K. Corral. There's no hope in hell he'd have hired any of those "wussy-hooped, bleeding-heart liberal scum-lovers.")<<<<<<

—SPD (18:07:14/9-9-54)

>>>>(Wilson also hired corrections officers (read: prison guards) who'd been fired from their former positions for brutality. And he hired a lot of them, I hear.)<<<<<<

—Gruff (01:04:22/9-10-54)

>>>>(Those rumors have been circulating for years, and I've never found any concrete evidence to support them.)<<<<<<

—Hangfire (22:50:01/9-12-54)

Lone Star grew quickly, as did the contracts Wilson was bidding on. He soon realized he needed more skilled "peace officers," cops with some grasp of proper police procedure and criminology techniques.

He solved his problem in a completely characteristic way: he bought himself an academy lock, stock, and barrel. At about the same time that Wilson recognized his force lacked an important set of skills, the city of Lubbock disbanded its municipal police department, handing over that body's functions to the Texas State Police. Also at the same time, the state government phased out the South Plains Police Academy, built on the outskirts of Lubbock in 2004, as part of a consolidation of its training facilities to Houston and Dallas/Fort Worth. Clay Wilson offered to take over the entire South Plains Academy training materials, AV materials, desks, *everything*. As soon as the city accepted his offer Wilson guaranteed five-year contracts to the entire faculty and staff of the Academy on the condition that they move to Austin and re-establish the Academy on facilities owned by Lone Star. About 25 percent of the faculty and staff rejected the offer for various reasons, most because they could not stomach the idea of working for a private corporation. The rest, faced with the prospect of unemployment in a depressed economy, accepted the offer. Within nine months, the first Lone Star Academy, located on Burnet Road, began 16 weeks of intense training with its first class of students.

>>>>(And in keeping with everything Clay Wilson ever did and stood for, he bought out and closed down the Texas School for the Blind, and used those facilities for his academy.)<<<<<<

—Laguna Gloria (15:07:44/9-10-54)

The corporation quickly set up ten more academies, in Milwaukee, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Macon, Jackson, Shreveport, Memphis, Louisville, and Seattle.

>>>>(Interesting, huh? I'd bet that one in four Seattle residents doesn't even suspect that there's a Star school anywhere within a thousand clicks. But it's sitting right there, on Russel Road in Everett, a stone's throw from the Darrington Correctional Facilities.)<<<<<<

—Rest (15:21:03/9-6-54)

>>>>(That place? The stained concrete pile that looks like an advertisement for the Ancient Chinese Fortress style of architecture? I thought that was an annex for Darrington. Geez, the place looks like a hellhole.)<<<<<<

—Boxer (22:42:55/9-7-54)

>>>>(It's better inside. Marginally.)<<<<<<

—Bubba-Boy (05:24:36/9-9-54)

Today, Lone Star Academies still push their new officers through training in 16-weeks, but the curriculum is very different. The modern Lone Star puts more emphasis on more "academic" subjects—criminology, psychology, even a little anthropology and sociology, as well as relevant technical subjects—and concentrate less on combat skills.

>>>>(They may be downplaying the combat training at the academy, but Lone Star recruits still come through it with a good grounding in kicking the drek out of people, either armed or barehanded. As has been said elsewhere, every Star employee, from janitor to data processor to executive veep, must "qualify" with a handgun. Street operatives, the slags who graduate from the academy, have to "certify," and there's a big difference. To "qualify," you only have to score 40 on a ten-shot slow-fire round at 20 meters. (That's four in the X-ring, and the others don't even have to hit the flat.) Not too hard. To "certify," you've got to score 70 on a ten-shot slow-fire round at 20 meters and 50 on a ten-shot rapid-fire round at 35 meters. Anyone who can meet that criteria's not too fragging shabby.)<<<<<<

—Crosshairs (15:33:34/9-6-54)

>>>>(The Star doesn't push refreshers, though. Badges qualify or certify once, and that's it for the rest of their career. And that's sloppy. People forget. Only members of the Tac Squad and the FRTs actually polish their skills.)<<<<<<

—Versa Vice (05:54:21/9-8-54)

>>>>(Wrong. The Star only *requires* members of the Tac Squad and the FRTs to renew their shooting certifications. The majority of Lone Star peace officers voluntarily spend time on the ranges every month, and a lot of them become better shots than they were at the academy.)<<<<<<

—X-Star (13:55:11/9-8-54)



Lone Star now looks further afield for its recruits. Although the Star still recruits mostly among military veterans, the corp has begun to court university and college graduates.

>>>>(The Star's even started trying to poach trained security types away from corporate sec-forces—with limited success. I understand, since the Star just can't offer the same kind of nuyen. I suspect that LS offers to waive the requirement of attending the academy for these recruits, or maybe it sets up fast-track programs to short-circuit the standard 16 weeks.)<<<<<

—X-Star (04:15:59/9-9-54)

>>>>(Because I'm sure some slot out there's going to ask, I'm posting the requirements for getting into the academy. You've got to be a citizen of the country to which the academy belongs. You've got to be 18 years old, and in good health. You've got to have a high-school certificate, and a university degree or college diploma certainly doesn't hurt. You have to have a SIN, naturally, and you can't have a criminal record. (Knocks most of you slags out of the running right there, doesn't it?)

The corp doesn't advertise this policy, but it runs a deep credit search on all applicants to make sure they're not financially vulnerable to bribery.

And finally, you've got to convince the recruiting officer that you're serious about joining the Star, and that you're doing it for a valid reason.)<<<<<

—Sharp (10:30:42/9-10-54)

>>>>(Bulldrek. GridSec hires convicted deckers all the time. And I'm pretty fragging sure a couple of the hard-men on Seattle's FRTs used to be street samurai. They've got criminal records.)<<<<<

—Fish (23:03:19/9-10-54)

>>>>(Sharp's right: according to Lone Star's procedures manual, a criminal record automatically makes you ineligible for employment. And Fish is right: sometimes individual Lone Star divisions and managers throw the procedures manual out the window.)<<<<<

—Whispering Wind (07:24:32/9-11-54)

>>>>(Okay, you've talked about how they recruit peace officers. What about admin types, R&D bigdome, datapushers, and managerial material? Where does the Star get them?)<<<<<

—Marg (03:13:51/9-12-54)

>>>>(Where does any corp get those types? They hire them from placement agencies. They recruit them from schools and universities. They steal them away from other corps. They even post "career opportunity" ads in the datafaxes and screamsheets. Remember, once you get out of the enforcement arm, Lone Star's just another corp.)<<<<<

—John-Boy (16:18:04/9-12-54)

>>>>(Except for that handgun proficiency drek, yet another legacy of good old Clay Wilson. You're hired by the Star, in any capacity, for a three-month probationary period. If you can't qualify with a handgun by the end of that probation, you're back on the street.)<<<<<

—Augustus (22:05:18/9-13-54)

TISSUE ARCHIVES

All Lone Star employees, from street ops who took the academy course to datapushers in administration to executives who climbed the corporate ranks must provide tissue and blood samples to the corporation as a condition of employment. The corp flash-freezes all such samples and stores them in a secure vault. Any new employee who refuses to provide this sample immediately loses his job.

>>>>("Provide a sample" is such a pretty euphemism. Almost sounds as though you give your supervisor a vial of blood and a skin sample you collected yourself as you were getting ready for work.

Null. Providing a sample means you report to the corp's medical clinic, and—under the supervision of several hard-eyed individuals—allow a medical tech to draw a blood sample and excise a tiny chunk of tissue. This way, everyone present certifies that the sample was, in fact, taken from you, and not some scroffy squatter you mugged the night before, or from some mangy alley cat. Then off it goes to the Tissue Archives, better known as the vaults. And the whole "transaction" is recorded by a couple of independent surveillance systems, just to make sure that nobody's pulling any jiggy-pokery with the sample.)<<<<<

—Dirk (10:14:44/9-7-54)

Lone Star states the official justification for keeping this sample as one of "employee health." If an employee suffers some injury in the course of duty, the benevolent corporation can, if necessary, provide exact blood- and tissue-typing information and even DNA samples to the hospital handling the treatment.

>>>>(That's the official story. Tissue samples also give the corp a near-unbreakable hold over all its employees. If a cop goes bad, or someone quits the Star without giving the regulation two-week notice, or whatever. . . out comes the frozen sample. It's the perfect material link to the employee, creating an efficient avenue for a Star wage mage to slam a nasty ritual sending into the wayward employee. (Or maybe just track him down, depending on the circumstances.) Nasty, huh?)<<<<<

—Droog (16:35:55/9-6-54)

>>>>(Not nasty. Incompetent. I wonder if the Star knows all those thousands of tissue samples are useless as ritual links?)<<<<<

—Wiz Kid (06:26:42/9-7-54)



>>>>(Useless. . .?)

Let me guess. You're thinking, "Hey, those samples were collected without any magical ritual, weren't they? Even if they're frozen, they'll stay viable for what, a week at most?"

Wrong. You've obviously never heard of it, but there's a spell out there that forensic mages use called "sample stasis." It works like a hibernate spell, but it's specially tailored to, in theory, keep tissue samples viable indefinitely.)<<<<<

—Quincy (09:04:43/9-7-54)

>>>>(Indefinitely? Bulldrek.)<<<<<

—Wiz Kid (04:38:55/9-8-54)

>>>>(Would you still be so confident if the sample-stasis spell was combined with a spell lock. Wiz?)

I'm kind of hazy on this stuff, so someone should check me on it. But the way I understand the process from conversations with some Lone Star wage mages, they store those samples in vaults that incorporate powerful spell locks attuned to the sample-stasis spell. Because the spell locks set up a "circuit" into astral space, the sample-stasis spell becomes permanent.

Hang on. Before you come back at me. I know that spell locks must be in contact with their targets/subjects to work. So how can the spell lock incorporated into the vault be in contact with all the samples? I don't know specifically, but I've heard enough to convince me it's true. Seems like a heap of big juju to me, but if you've got a sample in one of those vaults, I reckon you're brainfrazged if you don't assume the material link is still viable.)<<<<<

—Quincy (10:15:47/9-8-54)

>>>>(Quincy's right. I've taken an astral look-see at one of those vaults, and it certainly assenses like the whole vault (it's about the size of a single-family freezer) is one big spell lock. I don't know how it's done. Maybe if I spent an hour or two of uninterrupted assensing trying to puzzle out some of the threads involved I could make a guess. But at the time I saw the vault I was only a couple of steps ahead of a ticked-off fire elemental, and couldn't give it the attention it deserved.)<<<<<

—Arrak (06:28:33/9-10-54)

>>>>(What's security like around the vaults?)<<<<<

—Mungo Jerry (06:41:10/9-10-54)

>>>>(Why do you ask, Mungo? Got a sample in there yourself? Or just looking for a little edge against that cop who's been grinding you recently?)

Physically and astrally, the answer is "pretty fraggin' tight." The Star buries the vault for each region in the local headquarters building, generally in one of the sub-basements, accessible only via an elevator protected by all the wizzer tech you can imagine. The room containing the vault usually bristles with multiple maglocks, card-readers, physical print scanners, and retinal scanners. Depending on how militant the local organization decides to be, those scanners and other devices might be linked to alarms, gas delivery systems, or gunports. The Star does not link these security systems to the Matrix. (Sorry, couch-tubers. If you want to jack in, you'll have to physically penetrate to the very heart of Star country first.)

About astral security—from what I’ve been told, the vault itself incorporates a powerful hermetic circle. (Maybe that’s part of what Arrak was calling a spell lock, I don’t know.) As a matter of course, there’s at least a watcher spirit flitting around, ready to whistle up the gendarmes. After hours, or anytime management guesses that a significant chance of intrusion exists, there’s probably an elemental or two.

Getting in will be tough. Getting out again, in one piece and carrying what you came for, is going to be even tougher.)<<<<<<
—Lyle (17:00:51/9-10-54)

>>>>>(Tough, but not impossible. If you want to quit the Star and think that your managers won’t approve, your best chance—and maybe your only chance—is to neutralize your sample while you’re still part of the organization. The security’s still going to be hard and cold, but you’re working with a major advantage if you’re still wearing the uniform and carrying a pass. (That way, nobody’s going to cut you down on sight if you’re “working late.”) That’s the way I handled it for myself. I still consider it my first shadowrun; walking in with my uniform and badge and replacing my sample with some blood and tissue from a cranky alley cat. Good luck to anyone who tries to track me down using that as a material link.)<<<<<<
—Dirk (10:21:04/9-12-54)

>>>>>(The Star in Milwaukee destroyed all tissue samples belonging to their undercover ops, and I think other Star operations followed their lead. I hear that Star officials got worried that its enemies might be able to cast some kind of ritual spell on a slag and find out if he had a tissue sample in the vault, using continuity or contiguity or some such drek. Think of it like this. You run a big-money gang, and you suspect that new ganger wannabe might be a Lone Star plant. You can’t be too careful, so you cast that ritual spell on him. If it comes back positive, there’s a little bit of him in the vault at Lone Star headquarters: you cack him. If it comes back negative, he’s clean.)<<<<<<
—Wolf (03:52:30/9-17-54)

>>>>>(Lone Star said they destroyed those samples. You actually believe them?)<<<<<<
—Lanier (18:06:08/9-17-54)

>>>>>(I’m still alive. Good enough evidence for me, priya-tel.)<<<<<<
—Wolf (02:18:37/9-18-54)

COMPENSATION AND BENEFITS

Based on its division of labor, Lone Star maintains three distinct salary tracks; one for street officers, one for administrative personnel, and a third range for management and executive positions. All employees climb the salary ladder mainly through seniority.

The street track offers newly sworn peace officers salaries of roughly 20,000 nuyen annually, though this figure varies from

locale to locale. Employees of this classification reach a salary cap of 48,000 nuyen or so as a precinct captain, the top-ranked position.

>>>>>(Not too shabby.)<<<<<<
—Grip (11:14:16/9-9-54)

>>>>>(You’d have to pay me a frag of a lot more than 20K a year to jander out onto the streets when I know there’s a drek-load of people out there just itching to put a bullet into me.)<<<<<<
—Norris (18:42:17/9-9-54)

>>>>>(Don’t know about you, omae, but that’s what I do every day of my life, as does every other real shadowrunner I know. And I don’t have a guaranteed income of 20K a year...)<<<<<<
—Lance (21:00:35/9-10-54)

>>>>>(Salary increases are based on seniority? Sounds like a union shop.)<<<<<<
—Reno (16:52:07/9-12-54)

>>>>>(The Star? Unionized? Don’t make me bark, chummer. Anybody so much as says the U-word, and they’re out on their hoops so fast they leave a vacuum behind. That’s if they don’t have a tragic accident.

The Star does rely on simple seniority to resolve a lot of issues, though. Managers are managers, regardless of the corp, and it’s always easier to promote based on time served rather than merit and competence.)<<<<<<
—Arlo (19:09:24/9-12-54)

>>>>>(Even in the Star, some managers are better than others. A fair share of hidebound chair-warmers make salary review decisions based on the number of times a slot’s missed morning roll call. But some, maybe even a lot, promote personnel and award raises based on real merit and competence. The Lone Star system actually gives the good managers the freedom to do it their way.)<<<<<<
—X-Star (12:42:23/9-13-54)

On the administrative track, salaries start in the region of 16,000 nuyen. Top-rung admin types like office managers can pull down yearly salaries of up to 35,000 nuyen or so.

>>>>>(If you want to see just how nasty office politics and infighting can get, don’t scan the executive suites; concentrate on Lone Star’s admin departments. Spirits, some of these data-pushers are vicious slots.)<<<<<<
—Louis (23:33:11/9-7-54)

>>>>>(As in most corps, administrative personnel are underpaid and undervalued at LSSS. This creates job dissatisfaction and stress. . .and greater receptiveness to bribery. While putting a precinct captain in your pocket is wizzer, it’s almost as good—and much cheaper—to make an “arrangement” with his secre-



tary. Remember, information is power. And who has better access to data than the datapushers?)<<<<<

—The Finger (11:26:46/9-10-54)

The management and executive ranks offer starting salaries to entry-level managers of 34,000 to 40,000 nuyen, only slightly higher than the top rungs of the admin track. The increase beyond that level becomes nearly geometric. Division managers often make 90,000 nuyen and up, while junior vice presidents earn as much as 150,000 nuyen per year.

>>>>(They make more than that, chummer. The veep in charge of Milwaukee used to pull down 200,000 nuyen if she got a cent, and that was a couple of years ago. Inflation being what it is, who knows what she takes home now. And James Wilson gives himself a salary of 2.6 mil as CEO.)<<<<<

—Wolf (03:57:31/9-6-54)

Lone Star provides full DocWagon™ coverage to all its employees. Administrative personnel and off-duty peace officers receive DocWagon™ Basic coverage. On-duty peace officers work with the equivalent of Gold coverage, and LSSS pays all expenses over and above the coverage. Lone Star executives typically receive Gold coverage as a base benefit, though individuals can, and often do, negotiate for Platinum or Super-Platinum coverage.

>>>>(Who gives a frag? Nobody reading this is ever going to join the fragging Star.)<<<<<

—Luce (11:44:52/9-10-54)

>>>>(I give a frag, drekhead. Anytime you're considering bribing someone to act against her employer, you've got to take into account what she's already receiving from that employer, salary and benefits both, and what she's got to lose. Without that intel, you're negotiating in the dark. Dammit, doesn't anybody think anymore?)<<<<<

—Argent (15:10:51/9-11-54)

CORRUPTION

From the moment of the corporation's inception, everyone who cared understood that Lone Star Security Services was an obscenely corrupt organization.

And it deserved this reputation. In its early days, when Lone Star served as Clayton Wilson's personal brute squad of knee-breakers and bully boys, most observers held the force in total contempt for its eagerness to accept bribes.

>>>>(The joke at the time said you couldn't even trust a Lone Star muscleboy to stay bought, which put him one step down the ethical scale from a politician, and two down from a rabid opossum.)<<<<<

—Bullyboy Grim (10:59:58/9-8-54)

As the Star evolved a more professional image and corporate culture, the style of corruption changed as well. Today, offi-

cial statements from corporate management claim that corruption no longer exists within the organization. Intelligent observers rarely put much stock in such self-serving statements, but corruption does seem less widespread than in the past.

>>>>(Okay, let's cut to the chase on this. Corruption plagues Lone Star—no surprise there, right?—but it's not pervasive. Some Lone Star personnel prove that incorruptible paragons of virtue exist in the corporate structure, and others will shake you down for a bribe as soon as look at you. But the vast majority of employees lie somewhere in the middle.

I don't know who said it, but it's true enough: everybody has his price. If someone offers you enough money under the right circumstances, you'll probably take it. (You might feel like drek about it for the rest of your life, but you'll still take it.)<<<<<

—SPD (16:06:59/9-11-54)

>>>>(Speaking from experience, slot?)<<<<<

—Bullyboy Grim (10:07:25/9-13-54)

>>>>(Lone Star Internal Affairs keeps a very close eye out for cops taking bribes. Sometimes too close an eye. If you look hard enough for something, you're eventually going to find it, whether it's there or not. An anti-corruption witch-hunt can spook even straight-arrow cops enough to make them act twitchy and suspicious. Then down comes that fragging Spanish Inquisition called IA, and your career's as good as over. IA believes you're guilty of corruption until proven innocent, laying the burden of proof on you, forcing the accused to show he hasn't broken the faith or "lost the meaning."

As much as everyone hates the rabid jackals of IA, I suppose they're doing their job. Knowing they're out there—and knowing how much they love their job—gives LS skags one more incentive not to take a bribe.)<<<<<

—Shield (12:19:11/9-16-54)

>>>>(That's an overgeneralization, Shield, and you know it. Some IA departments pursue their inquiries with such zeal that they make Torquemada look like a slacker. Others spend a lot of time sloping around looking for somebody to offer them a bribe and supplement their salaries.

Same with individual Lone Star precincts. In some, it's an open secret that half the cops are on the take. In others, just whispering the word "bribe" earns you a drek-kicking. You've gotta do your research to stay ahead of the game, and the frequency of inter-precinct transfers these days makes this kind of data out-of-date real fast.)<<<<<

—SPD (18:17:57/9-16-54)

>>>>(The question everyone really wants answered is, of course, "How do I go about buying myself one of the blue crew?" Here are some random thoughts.

Pick your target carefully. You'll find older cops generally more receptive. The newbies tend to be too keener-than-thou to even consider accepting a bribe. Older cops are starting to get burned out and usually are looking at a pretty meager pen-



sion. Some of these guys take handouts out of sheer desperation and the need to protect themselves.

Make fraggin' sure you understand the situation from the cop's point of view. Don't offer a bribe where anybody can see or hear—or could conceivably see or hear. All that drek about Internal Affairs is right on the money (so to speak). Those boys and girls like their jobs and they're very good at them. And since everything's internal to the corporation, IA gets a free hand to bug the drekkers and break rooms and offices and everywhere else. Think like a paranoid cop, and you won't make the mistake of offering a bribe in any situation where IA might be looking on. Even if he's inclined, the target will refuse to take it, and to prove he's clean he'll probably kick your hoop and arrest you for the attempt.

And it should go without saying, but I'll say it anyway: Use cash, hard currency. Credit can be traced, chummers. Even certified credsticks can be traced. Each certstick comes with a serial number written in its ROM chip, and when a bank or other institution issues the stick, it records that serial number along with the ident of the purchaser: i.e., you. (Banks love audit trails.) Even though the cred on the stick can't be traced, the stick itself can be—the hardware, not the software. Bearer bonds and corporate scrip can also work, but you need to know in advance that the cop you're bribing has the street smarts to handle that kind of drek cleanly. (For example, passing Aztechnology corporate scrip to a cop too stupid to know how to handle it safely could get you both offed by the Azzies.)

The bribe must be big enough to outweigh the risks. (Again, that should go without saying.)

And you've got to take into account that the cop knows that once he's on the take, he's under your thumb. If you do it the smart way, and store evidence of the bribery, you can blackmail your target by threatening to reveal all to Internal Affairs. Assume that he recognizes that this might happen and plan accordingly. Bribing the wrong cop in the wrong way might accomplish nothing but give him a fragging good reason to geek you.)<<<<<<

—Spook (16:30:00/9-19-54)

>>>>>(Just set up the evidence to be delivered to IA if you get your ticket punched—call it "postmortem mail." And let the cop know it exists.)<<<<<<

—Hardesty (11:29:27/9-20-54)

>>>>>(A smart cop can get around that. (I'll leave the specifics as exercises for the reader...))<<<<<<

—Argent (21:57:20/9-26-54)

QUITTING THE STAR

Lone Star employment contracts contain some of the most draconian anticompetition clauses ever written. According to the letter of those clauses, any Lone Star employee who leaves the corporation may not work for a corporation that "directly, indirectly, or substantively competes with LSSS" for four years. Lone Star's legal department has a vested interest in defining its "competition" as broadly as possible, of course. Strictly speak-

ing, anyone who leaves the Lone Star fold, from a staff sergeant to a data processing clerk to a senior VP, may not work for any corporation that even uses a security department for four years.

That represents the theory. Practically, of course, even Lone Star finds it difficult, if not impossible, to enforce these conditions. Lone Star employment contracts are executed, and thus considered valid, in the national jurisdiction of the country in which the corp is currently operating and in the corporate jurisdiction of LSSS Inc. itself. Like any other contract, other extraterritorial corporations generally do not consider Lone Star contracts valid within their corporate jurisdiction.

>>>>>(Translation: You quit the Star. You march over to Renraku and sign on with the Red Samurai. Since you're signing your new employment contract within Renraku's corporate jurisdiction—on Renraku turf—your old contract with Lone Star is deemed invalid, and so those anticompetition clauses aren't binding. When you step off Renraku turf again, you're still not in violation of your Lone Star contract, because, strictly speaking, a crime (in this case, a breach of contract) committed in another jurisdiction isn't a crime.)

Of course, the fine folk at Lone Star don't explain this to their employees. They just lay it on thick with scare stories about the legal repercussions of breach of contract. You can bet it cuts way down on staff turnover.)<<<<<<

—Dean (00:52:11/9-10-54)

>>>>>(Those clauses pack a restrictive punch in certain circumstances. If you quit the Star and sign on with a competitor too small to claim extraterritoriality, that puts you in contravention of your contract.)<<<<<<

—Lorna (12:01:00/9-10-54)

>>>>>(The Star generally doesn't care about warm bodies jumping ship and working for competitors. What it cares about is the valuable, confidential information in the brains of those warm bodies. Datapushers, street grunts, and even senior veeps can always be replaced, no worries. What worries the Star is what a disaffected employee might tell the competition about the way the Star does business. Those anticompetition clauses give the employees a *disincentive* to divulge confidential intel to a competitor.)

And the knowledge that the ship-jumper's blood sample stays on file back at Star HQ is an even bigger disincentive...)<<<<<<

—Kerr (04:17:18/9-11-54)

>>>>>(If you quit without jumping through all the right bureaucratic hoops, that tissue sample puts you in real danger. Like most corporations, the Star has no sense of humor—but it does have a long memory.)<<<<<<

—Dirk (07:52:09/9-11-54)

OPERATIONAL PROCEDURES

Every cop in every Star precinct holds a private opinion on how to best do his job and the best way to handle perpetrators, but all officers know they have to handle situations in a certain way. That specific way comes prepackaged in the Operational Procedures Manual, better known simply as "The Book." The best way I can think of to explain some really important police procedures is to reproduce the parts I (and every other good cop) memorized at the academy. This way, you'll know what should happen at every stage of the legal process.

>>>>(And you'll also figure out how to frag things up, if that's your game.)<<<<<

—Zingbat (20:52:01/9-6-54)



MAKING THE ARREST

In the course of any day's work, peace officers may need to arrest perpetrators. The duty of each Lone Star officer is to ensure that any arrest adheres to the legal requirements imposed by the justice system. Failure to comply with these regulations may result in a violation of the perpetrator's rights.

>>>>(In short, the bust just won't stick. And if you violate a gutterpunk's rights, the court will let him walk.)<<<<<

—Friday (13:28:03/9-5-54)



An officer may make an immediate arrest if he/she witnesses a citizen perpetrating a crime. If the officer does not witness the offense, but only arrives on the scene after the crime has been committed, he/she must gather a preponderance of non-circumstantial evidence to prove that the individual committed the offense. An officer may also make an arrest if he/she can produce a preponderance of evidence proving that the individual was conspiring to perpetrate an offense.

When making the arrest, the officer must identify him/herself by displaying his/her badge and informing the perpetrator of his/her intent to arrest. The officer may then subdue the perpetrator using necessary force.

>>>>(The arresting officer has to show his badge? If that's the case, then Lone Star should really try harder to teach its employees the difference between a badge and a big fraggin' gun. . .)<<<<<

—Twist (09:10:14/10-5-54)

The arresting officer must inform the perpetrator of the nature of the crimes he has committed. The officer must ensure the safety of the perpetrator, beginning at the point of arrest.

>>>>(Hahl)<<<<<

—Front Zone Fran (14:48:27/9-8-54)

The arresting officer must transport the perpetrator to the nearest Lone Star precinct house for processing. Lone Star will immediately assign a SIN to any perpetrator who cannot produce an existing number.

>>>>(Officially, this assigned SIN basically serves to track the perp through processing. But SINs are like warts. Once you've got one, it's a cast-iron bitch to get rid of.)<<<<<

—Lynx (10:17:25/9-13-54)

Once officially charged with committing the offense, the perpetrator must undergo a series of scans and sample tests to confirm his or her identity. These procedures include a cyberware scan, a blood test, a DNA scan, a fingerprint and hair-sample test, and a retinal scan.

>>>>(Be aware that all this wizzer data—blood and antigen factors, DNA print, even retinal scan—are forever after linked with your new SIN! In other words, chummer, they know who you are and every fragging thing about you. And, unless you do something about it, your DNA and other vital statistics stay in the Lone Star files. If you leave a flake of skin behind at a crime scene ten years later and they bother to DNA-type it, they can link you with whatever's going down whether you were involved

or just passing through. Yet another incentive to not get yourself pinched.)<<<<<

—Lynx (10:18:58/9-13-54)

>>>>(Oh gah!)<<<<<

—Tinkerbell (19:00:59/9-13-54)

These identity-verification procedures are performed in the biotech ward of each precinct station and must be supervised by the arresting officer to ensure that the samples are taken correctly. Any illegal cyberware the perpetrator is wearing should be promptly disabled/removed at this time.

>>>>(Doesn't sound like they care much about making a clean, careful incision. I hate to think what they might snip off out of sheer recklessness.)<<<<<

—FreezeFrame (06:58:17/10-15-54)

All of this procedural crap assumes that a cop makes a clean bust—that he walks onto the scene of a crime and finds it all right there: crime, criminal, victim, witnesses. The likely scenario plays like this: the crime won't be solved immediately. It may take weeks, months, or years to arrest the perp, and finding him will definitely require the efforts of other departments and divisions. The Book requires patrol officers to follow a specific procedure when the perp isn't immediately apprehended.

When an officer is unable to immediately apprehend the perpetrator, he or she should take the following appropriate action(s).

•If the officer is responding to a call, consult the complainant for more information regarding the crime.

•If the perpetrator is attempting to escape, pursue. Call for back-up if necessary.

•If the perpetrator has successfully escaped, immediately define and isolate the crime scene. Mark the perimeter with yellow tape and allow only Lone Star personnel into the area.

•Isolate witnesses. Keep them separated to prevent them from influencing each other's recollection of the crime.

•Report to dispatch. Dispatch will coordinate a response from the department most suited to the situation. For example, in the case of a murder, Dispatch will assign a homicide investigator or a crime scene investigation officer to examine the scene.

•Make the initial report and be available to testify in court.

In order to do their jobs thoroughly, cops also need to know how to take a deathbed statement and how to conduct a search.



>>>>[BUSTED!

Public opinion to the contrary, police brutality—specifically, kicking the drek out of suspects after they've been apprehended—isn't entrenched into the Lone Star corporate culture. The standard level of brutality depends on the local atmosphere and varies from city to city, even from precinct to precinct within a single city. Some precincts play it very straight. Some indulge in occasional drek-stomping, but keep it under cover, even within the precinct house. And some stations take pride in a reputation for "tuning up" their prisoners.<<<<<

—X-Star (22:33:58/11-8-54)

>>>>("Tuning up"?)<<<<<

—Yellow (07:19:25/11-9-54)

>>>>(Cop slang from the last century. It means beating a perp into submission. Someone who's particularly good at it is called a "mechanic.")<<<<<

—X-Star (20:48:43/11-9-54)

>>>>(The Starboys use all sorts of nasty little toys in their relations with perps. I snatched descriptions of the following goodies from a corporate catalogue that was en route to Toronto. I included the prices, just in case you think some of these might come in handy for your own purposes. You know, though, I think I've seen some of these items in that kinky toy store around the corner. . .

Plastic Strip Restraints (10/package)

Star officers can wrap these strips of flexible, high-density plastic around the wrists and ankles of a perpetrator and close them with heat bonding.

Cost: 3¥

Handcuffs

These are your standard restraining cuffs. They're usually built out of metal or high-density plastic. Given the chance, Officer Friendly will probably use metal, especially if you're allergic to it.

Cost: 40¥

Containment Manacles

Designed to fit around either wrists or ankles, these serve the purpose of heavy wrist or leg irons. They incorporate a mechanism that clamps down with agonizing pressure on tendons and bones if the prisoner extends his razors, spurs or similar cybermods.

Cost: 2,500¥ (restricted)

Pulse Cuffs

Made from conductive polymers, pulse cuffs produce a mild electric current that runs through a prisoner's bound limbs. This current does not harm tissue, but renders the affected limbs useless and completely disables all cyberware in those limbs. This effect continues for as long as the cuffs are worn. Pulse cuffs



receive their power from a self-contained energy source that can carry a 6- to 8-hour charge. They can be recharged at any Lone Star precinct headquarters. The catalog didn't mention it, but the incapacitating current feels pretty much the way you'd expect it to—right fraggin' agonizing. I'm surprised these things don't come with a gag for the prisoner, or maybe ear plugs for the arresting officers.

Cost: 1,800¥ (restricted)

Headjammer

The headjammer headset allows officers to use straps to secure the device onto the prisoner's head. The headjammer jams signals from an implanted cellular phone or radio links, and heterodynes feedback to such implants to cause severe pain.

Cost: 1,200+¥

Jackstopper

The jackstopper consists of a dummy plug designed to fit into a chipjack or datajack. The device secretes a quick-bonding epoxy on insertion to keep it in place and is often used on captured deckers to ensure their cooperation. The decker must submit to the attentions of a biotech and a dose of resin solvent (10¥ in most hardware or convenience stores) to clear the jack.

Cost: 100¥

Magemask

The magemask is a simple plastic hood, easily fitted over a prisoner's head. It blocks the prisoner's vision and is equipped with a gag tube that allows a magician to breath but not speak. The mask leaves the nostrils uncovered for breathing as well. The mask also comes with a white-noise generator that can be cranked up to deliver as much as 90 dBs of static to the wearer's ears. This usually keeps the prisoner from focusing his mind on anything for any length of time.

Cost: 200¥

Skilltwitchers

Formatted like a standard skillsoft, a skilltwitcher sends a jamming signal into a prisoner's skillwires. The jamming lasts only as long as the skilltwitcher soft remains plugged in, but officers can combine this device with jackstopper technology (see above) to make its removal difficult.

Cost: 200¥ (restricted)

Blood Tester

This hand-held device analyzes blood samples for alcohol and drugs, and also detects chemicals and hormones associated with restricted cybernetic or biotech improvements such as boosted or wired reflexes and muscle enhancement. Officers take the necessary samples using a sharp plastic stylus, then insert the stylus containing the sample into the side of the unit, which runs the requested tests on the sample in less than a minute. Though the catalog doesn't list this as a feature, the tester also records such personal data as ABO blood type, Rh factor, HLA antigen data, and the like. The level of analysis this little beauty performs leaves only a one-in-a-million chance of two people coming up with precisely the same blood data. (Of course, in Seattle that means there'll be something like three matches. . .)

Cost: 300¥

DNA Scanner

The DNA scanner is about the size of a telephone receiver. Officers place samples in a lliquigel slide and insert the slide into a sample tray on the side of the unit. The scanner reads the sample and compares it against all DNA records stored in the unit's memory. They use this scanner on suspects only, never on tissue found at the scene of a crime. Tissue evidence is always taken away in evidence bags and processed in the forensics labs at Lone Star.

Cost: 1,500¥

Cyberware Scanner

The portable cyberware scanner consists of a hand-held microprocessor featuring a fold-out monitor and a sonic/magnetic scanning wand. The scanner detects any cyberware implanted in a subject and displays all pertinent data related to the mod's specs, performance, capabilities, and so on. The precision of the scan varies with the type of implant. Standard and restricted cyberware constructed of non-organic components is more easily detected than organic and vat-grown implants. Certain Alpha and Beta-level cyberware often include organic

masking, which makes detection more difficult. Larger, more sophisticated versions of this unit provide security measures in many international airports throughout North America.

Cost: 5,000¥)<<<<<

—Biko (12:34:19/11-3-54)

>>>>>(The level of tuning the badge applies depends on the crime and who you are, too. Cops divide the world into three types of people: cops, civilians, and gutterscum. The naive, greenie officers consider civilians only a short step down from those paragons of humanity, cops. After a few years on the force, civilians start sliding down the scale. Eventually, you can't see much difference between civilians and gutterscum. If you ain't cop, you ain't drek.

Cops keep making a distinction between levels of gutter-scum forever, though. Cops are still human, they've still got their feelings (no matter how hard they try to bury them), and they've still got some kinda sense of moral outrage. Certain kinds of perps take fraggin' tough sledding no matter what precinct they get pulled into. Cop killers, child abusers—these kinda drekeaters rarely make it to court. Sometimes they don't even make it to the precinct house.

I remember back when I was working out of this particular precinct house in downtown Milwaukee. The place had a clean rep—no beatings, no brutality, very few suspects shot while trying to escape. The station was laid out so that we booked perps on the second floor, taking a specific elevator to get there.

One time we picked up this sicko who. . .well, I won't tell you what he did to the kids—even remembering turns my fraggin' stomach. Anyway, he got dragged in by a couple of cops, and as he was hauled to that elevator, more and more constables joined the parade until about fifteen people crammed into that elevator. The elevator ride usually took about 20 seconds. This time it took fragging near half an hour to get from the ground to the second floor. By the time the perp made it to the booking desk, he was a sorry, sorry sight.)<<<<<

—Wolf (03:09:14/11-10-54)

>>>>>(Race comes into it, too. Ever check into those "shot while trying to escape" figures? "Coincidentally," the number of orks and trolls cacked this way is, proportionately speaking, twelve times the figures for other races. Obviously, Lone Star doesn't publish its figures on "tune-ups" (to use Wolf's phrase), but I'd bet my last nuyen the same discrepancy holds. Lone Star is a fascist, racist organization.)<<<<<

—MOM (12:04:09/11-10-54)

>>>>>(Yeah, well, we all know what they say about statistics. (Fill in the blank: "Lies, fragging lies, and. . .") Massage the raw data in just the right way and you can prove anything. Ever think about maybe correcting for socioeconomic stratum, chip/narcotic use, and other extenuating factors? When you run the corrections, that spike levels out a whole lot. Sure, the "spike" of incidents involving orks and trolls still sticks out, but the discrepancy isn't statistically significant any more.)<<<<<

—Nurate (17:07:56/11-10-54)

>>>>>(I don't know which is worse: a racist, or an apologist for racists.)<<<<<

—MOM (08:52:34/11-11-54)

>>>>>[COOLING YOUR HEELS

What happens after you've been busted and booked? Chances are, you'll be spending the night in a cell inside the precinct house. They'll have scanned parts of you that you didn't even know you had, given you a brand-fraggin'-new SIN, and snipped all the wires of your illegal cyberware, leaving you unable to move and so much easier to contain.

So there you are, sharing a cell with drunks, fleshmongers, and gutterpunks. And it's about now you begin to realize that unless you have an ace attorney out there working for you, it's downhill from here. You're now the property of Lone Star. A few hours from now they'll move you to a proper Lone Star jailhouse under heavy guard, probably choosing a particularly unattractive ultra-security area for your next stage of incarceration. I say "probably" because if you're worth half-a-drek as a shadowrunner, you scare the frag out of Lone Star and they won't be taking chances on losing you. Busts like you look good on monthly reports. They also figure you run with a team or left instructions with your contacts to "extract" you from Lone Star's tight little fingers.

Someone sets your bail when you're booked. Lone Star conducts a preliminary hearing at the precinct house, during which the arresting officer states the crimes for which he or she brought you in. If you've been arrested on charges of committing a misdemeanor, like petty theft or disorderly conduct, a Lone Star official sets your bail. If you can pay it, you can walk until your trial. If you're busted during a run, you can pretty well kiss your chances of bail good-bye. Your cyberware alone constitutes a couple of felony charges—almost everything we shadowrunners consider standard work practices falls into the felony category. You'll go straight to the slammer without passing Go or collecting 200 nuyen. The time that you spend in the slam is dead time, usually ranging from three weeks to eight months.

You spend your dead time under high security, which means different things for different people. Street grunts, samurai and deckers usually have it easier than mages. They just stick us non-magical types in a box. If you act up, they plug you into some mind-numbing simsense. Mages, on the other hand, must be prevented from casting spells, summoning any spirits, or controlling the elementals patrolling the big house. They find themselves in a box outfitted with trideo or sometimes just a flashing light, pumped so full of non-addictive psychoactive chemicals that all these poor slots can do is watch trideo or the flashing light. If the mage resists the chemical treatment, he gets the magemask treatment for a few hours at a time. The badge also deprives the mage of sleep so that he or she cannot cast a spell without passing out or taking serious physical damage, like blowing a blood vessel.

Your dead time means you're vulnerable. If Lone Star gathered evidence at your arrest indicating that you were involved in a run against a corporation, the cops may approach that corp and send out feelers on entering into a "short-term interterritorial contract"—a deal lasting just long enough to hand you over to your target corp.)<<<<<

—Papillon (12:02:42/11-12-54)



>>>>(Oh, that's just fraggin' peachy. . .)<<<<
—Knowbot (15:42:56/11-12-54)

>>>>[THE EVIDENCE

Most of your gear will become evidence pertinent to your case. Lone Star packages it up and hands it over to a federal agency (along with you) the day of your trial. If your gear has no connection to the immediate crime but is classified as restricted, Lone Star has the right to seize it. They turn over firearms, weaponry, and most cyberware to a federal agency that traces it to its point of origin. If you use a decent fixer, that line of inquiry should peter out pretty quick. If you cut corners when you bought your equipment, you're in deep drek. You'll be charged with possession of stolen goods, at the very least, and they throw your gear into a big furnace.

Magic gear is a different story. Because the law does not control its production (anybody with access to sticks, bones and magic can make the drek), the cops immediately throw it into a furnace at the precinct house. If such gear constitutes evidence that must be preserved for your trial, it's placed in storage until that day.)<<<<

—Hizzoner (12:06:18/11-13-54)

>>>>(Officially, restricted gear not needed for evidence is destroyed. As a bunch of you yobos have already been yapping about, most of it ends up grafted onto the body of some Lone Star slag who didn't yield the right-of-way to high-velocity ammunition. Where else do you think chromer cops get their toys? Magical gear often takes a wrong turn on the way to storage and ends up in the hands of the Dips.)<<<<

—Weasel (18:40:53/11-14-54)

>>>>(Yeah, sure. But at some point, it's going to be in a vault somewhere, isn't it. . .? <MEGO and I start to drool>)<<<<

—Ape (23:47:52/11-14-54)

>>>>(Query: MEGO?)<<<<

—Twinky (04:25:25/11-15-54)

>>>>(MEGO = My Eyes Glaze Over. Look, chum-chump, don't come online unless you can sling the lingo, get me?)

And Ape—I know what you're thinking, so stop thinking it before it gets you killed. Lone Star understands all your nasty little thoughts, and they've taken all the necessary precautions. Besides, they usually build the vaults right in the fraggin' center of the local HQ—you know, that big place crawling with hundreds of people every hour of every day. Hundreds of people who, according to Lone Star corp rules, are all armed and dangerous (to you, at least). You may think you're a hardhoop, and you may actually be one. But there ain't nobody tough enough to jam his way into the heart of a Lone Star HQ, raid the vault, and get out without getting very fraggin' bloody in the process. You might haul off some loot from the vault, but you'll be fencing it all to pay your doctor bills.)<<<<

—Tox (09:02:54/11-15-54)

>>>>[YOUR TRIAL

When the day of your trial rolls around, Lone Star hands you over to the state. Lone Star no longer considers you its property, and you're left with only one option, same as everyone else: pay the big nuyen for a defense attorney and pray for the best.)<<<<

—Hizzoner (12:59:09/11-16-54)

>>>>[DOIN' THE TIME

After your case goes to court, you're either sentenced or set free. Sentencing means a fine and/or a long-term visit to a federal or corporate-owned prison where you'll serve your punishment. Lone Star doesn't build or operate incarceration facilities, only holding facilities. Federal governments own almost all existing prisons. Few corps own maximum security facilities, a fact both the public and the governments seem to find reassuring. Simply put, it's that old extraterritoriality thing again. Once prisoners are pushed through the legal system—the domain and responsibility of the government—if they are then placed in a private prison, there's no way to ensure the sentence is carried out as ordered. Certain private facilities have been known to use prisoners for genetic experimentation. One corp-owned slammer actually produced a trid game show called "Blood Alley." As the contestants, the prisoners had to undergo savage tests to win valuable prizes such as food, mattresses, and a shower every three days. I'm pretty sure Renraku owned that place. Of course, everyone living in the Renraku Arcology in Seattle would dismiss the accusation as a pile of drek, but it makes sense to me. Who else would know more about controlling the environment of thousands of people than the designers of the most successful arcology in the UCAS?)<<<<

—Papillon (13:09:15/11-16-54)

>>>>(I remember that. None of the regular networks would touch it, but a couple of pirates cleaned up in sweeps week by programming Blood Alley marathons. Pretty twisted drek, like you'd expect to come out of Aztlan.)<<<<

—Marcus (15:22:34/11-18-54)

>>>>(Like other people have said (check the Division of Penology section), the Star is starting to get into the long-term incarceration biz, mainly by contracting to take over facilities run by the feds.)<<<<

—Dirk (23:06:11/11-19-54)

>>>>(This must stop. The federal prison system and the law enforcement agencies must remain separate. Particularly when those law enforcement agencies are extraterritorial corporations.)<<<<

—Crystale (07:10:41/11-20-54)

>>>>(Take a fragging Valium, Crystale, and answer me one question: How do you plan to stop it? Hmm? Ideals are all very well, but. . .oahh, why the frag do I bother?)<<<<

—Lister (18:26:42/11-20-54)





DEATHBED STATEMENT

A deathbed statement is the only way to ensure that the testimony of a dying victim will be heard in court. After all, witnesses and victims tend to stay quiet after they die. Few, very strict rules apply to deathbed statements and are carry-overs from English common law. The Republic of Québec may uphold different deathbed laws.

First, the person making the deathbed statement must know that he or she is dying. If they seem unaware of that fact, the officer must make sure they understand their condition before asking any questions. After the person makes his or her statement, the victim must actually die. The officer may then testify to what the victim said.

>>>>(I don't even want to think about the possibilities for abuse under these guidelines. . .)<<<<

—Zuzu (07:14:52/9-6-54)

>>>>(Don't worry. We'll take care of it for you.)<<<<

—Ghouls Anonymous (16:09:41/9-9-54)

SEARCHES

A federal officer may conduct a search in any public or private area if he or she has "probable cause" to do so. Probable cause represents an incredibly elastic legal term that basically means that under the circumstances, any reasonable, sane person would search for evidence. Lone Star officers lack the privileges of their FedPol cousins in this respect. Because Lone Star is a private corp, susceptible to ulterior motives, LS officers must obtain a search warrant from a federal bureau to search private property. LS cops may search public areas without warrants. Under no circumstances may an LS officer search corporate property. Only FedPol or FBI agents with the proper documentation may investigate a corporation.

>>>>(Extraterritoriality makes an already complex situation ludicrous. Basically, nobody except a corp's own security forces has the right to search and seize on megacorp turf. Period.)<<<<

—Torpedo (21:31:54/9-10-54)

OBTAINING A SEARCH WARRANT

The first thing an officer must do to obtain a search warrant is prepare an affidavit in duplicate. The affidavit must define the probable cause of the search: what you expect to find and why, and why it matters. Then you prepare the paperwork of a search warrant in triplicate and take the affidavit and warrant to a judge. If the judge finds the paperwork convincing, he signs the warrant and keeps one copy of the affidavit.

With your warrant in hand, you conduct your search. You can request what's known as a "no-knock" warrant if you think the evidence in question could be destroyed in the amount of time it would take for someone to answer the door. Otherwise, you must knock on the door, ID yourself as a police officer, and wait for someone to open the door.

>>>>(You can see the holes in this method of operation—great big fraggin' ones. It puts patrol and investigative personnel at great risk, and they just aren't stupid enough to keep taking the required chance. If I had one nuyen for every time a cop forgot to ID himself or wait for some slag to answer his door, I'd be living on a private island in Indonesia right next door to Teddy Winslow himself. Most officers do whatever they can to protect their hoops while they get what they came for. A lot of badges use judges as contacts, keeping them around to sign warrants after the fact and other useful tasks. This system is an open secret in jurisdictions under long-time Lone Star control. Even the federal agencies start to think of LS officers as "the cops.")<<<<

—SPD (12:39:59/10-25-54)

INTELLIGENCE GATHERING

A police force is only as good as its information. This has been a truism of law enforcement for as long as there's been law enforcement. Few criminal operations could successfully fend off a determined police assault backed by FRTs and SWAT teams. The real trick is identifying the bad guys. Criminals—successful criminals, at least—don't advertise their identities, operations, or hide-outs. And if you can't ID the bad guys in the first place, the FRTs and SWAT teams just won't do any good.

>>>>(Pretty fraggin' obvious.)<<<<<
—Gorgon (10:16:09/9-13-54)

>>>>(Not judging by the media.)<<<<<
—WireFox (18:27:46/9-13-54)

In fiction, trideo, and simsense, brilliant individuals make astounding leaps of deductive logic to solve their cases. In real life it just don't happen that way. Sure, every so often a skilled dick can reconstruct the events of a crime based on a single shell casing or a trace of cigarette ash. But most of the time, it's got to be obvious who done the deed (proving the matter in court is another question, of course) or the cops ain't got a fraggin' clue and the case stays open forever.

>>>>(Let's talk unsolved cases. Because Lone Star relies heavily on its good reputation and good name among the citizenry to function effectively, the corp is understandably reluctant to admit that a case remains unsolved, though the reality is that many cases do. This gives management a small dilemma: keep expending resources—for months, maybe years—pursuing cold cases, or redirect those resources toward fresher cases they are more likely to solve. Logic dictates that you send the older cases to the dead file—which is what Lone Star usually does.

Marketing realities keep the corp from admitting this, of course. Rather than designating unsolved cases as dead, Lone Star generally assigns them to a special class of investigators—cops who retired long ago, but whose names stay on the rolls for this very reason. When Lone Star releases a listing of unsolved cases, an investigator's name always appears next to each one, no matter how old the crime. So the citizenry rests assured that Lone Star never gives up on a case.)<<<<<

—X-Star (21:30:00/9-21-54)



>>>>(Once we'd decided a case was going nowhere in my old precinct, we'd assign it to "Detective McCann"—what civilians call the trash can.)<<<<<

—SPD (09:32:41/9-23-54)

>>>>(Stress this again: if the cops don't break a case within the first couple of days, odds are it'll never get solved. There's always exceptions, but the probability of solving a typical case is something like 70 percent in the first 24 hours after it happened. That probability drops by 10 percent per day, and after the first week, the odds say it's just not going to happen.)<<<<<

—Crosshairs (10:32:01/9-26-54)

>>>>(Unless the criminals do something really brain-fragged.)<<<<<

—SPD (08:56:14/9-28-54)

Despite the flash and glam that John Q. Public laps up every week on various trid shows, most cop work is dinkfraggingly dull. You talk to the same handful of witnesses, neighbors and coworkers over and over again, even when they had nothing useful to say the first time and probably never will. There's also a lot of datapushing—file searches, searches of newspaper archives, background checks.

>>>>(I've always said a good detective would make a good audit accountant, or vice versa. The necessary skill is the same—the ability to concentrate on thousands of minuscule details and spot discrepancies. It's not glamorous or exciting, but when I spot the contradictory records that destroy a suspect's alibi, I get a sense of intellectual satisfaction that I haven't felt since I graduated from university.)<<<<<

—Bloodhound (21:36:01/9-6-54)

SURVEILLANCE

Much of the intelligence that breaks cases is a result of surveillance—stakeouts, tails, wiretaps, and the like. As discussed earlier, a specialized department within the Division of Investigation handles all surveillance operations.

LEGALITIES

Most cities severely restrict the kinds of surveillance Lone Star may perform. Cops can stake out buildings and tail individuals, but they gotta stay on public property and can't dog the subject too openly.

>>>>(A couple of high-profile "police harassment" cases recently reached settlements. In two different jurisdictions, investigators assigned teams of Watchers to tail specific targets. But instead of instructing them to tail without being spotted, the investigators specifically told the Watchers to make sure the subject spotted them. I guess they wanted to spook the target into doing something dumb.

Too bad for the badge. This drek didn't shake the targets at all—they just decided to get even. They charged Lone Star as a whole and the investigating officers individually with harass-

ment. Interestingly enough, the plaintiffs' attorneys made their cases using the anti-stalking laws passed at the end of the last century. Both cases went in favor of the plaintiffs, and Lone Star got stuck paying settlements measured in the millions of nuyen.)<<<<<

—Snoop (11:00:53/9-18-54)

>>>>(Which just goes to show you where the courts' sympathies lie, don't it? With the fragging criminals.)<<<<<

—Dingo (21:22:42/9-20-54)

Most jurisdictions do not require warrants or court orders if the officers use mundane or low-tech surveillance techniques. But as soon as the department decides to use magic or sophisticated technology like laser microphones, they must request a court order for surveillance.

>>>>(Let's straighten this out right now, because most civilians don't completely understand this part. Officially, you've got to have a court order before you put a tap on a suspect's telecom line, or install a microphone in his headboard, or whistle up a watcher spirit to trail him. Any such surveillance you conduct without the appropriate piece of paper constitutes a violation of procedure, and any intelligence you glean from that surveillance is inadmissible in a court of law.

But neither of those make good reasons for not doing illegal surveillance. If you do it right, you won't get caught. And even though you can't use the results of illegal surveillance as evidence in court, you can certainly use it to learn things that will enable you to develop evidence that is admissible. When you've got the data you need, simply destroy all evidence of the illicit surveillance.

A lot of investigators—I won't say most, because I don't know that—conduct illegal surveillance as a matter of course.)<<<<<

—SPD (09:34:51/9-23-54)

>>>>(By law, isn't any result of an investigation based on illegal surveillance thrown out? Even if you gathered the evidence you present in court under the appropriate warrant or whatever, the fact that you performed the illicit surveillance in the first place invalidates the entire case.)<<<<<

—Legal Beagle (11:25:00/9-24-54)

>>>>(The courts have ruled in accordance with that on several occasions in the past. To repeat: if you do the surveillance right, nobody will ever know you did it. So it's a moot point.)<<<<<

—SPD (08:59:11/9-28-54)

Lots of surveillance laws don't make sense either. For example, you need a court order to tap a suspect's telecom line, the hardwired "land line" that connects his telecom to the jack in the wall. But in the UCAS at least, you can monitor a suspect's cellular or cordless telephone communication all you want, warrant or not.

>>>>(What?!?!?? That's fraggin' crazy.)<<<<<
—Tomita (15:23:04/9-10-54)

>>>>(And that's the law. That little legal gem dates back to the 1970s or 1980s. The cops argued that anyone using a cordless or cel phone was broadcasting her conversation. And because the airwaves were considered public domain, the cops didn't need a court order to listen in on such broadcasts. The courts agreed.

The issue's been revisited many times during the intervening years, and the decision's been reversed more than two dozen times. The present ruling of the UCAS Supreme Court maintains that cel-phone and cordless communication represents broadcasting. And so the privacy provisions that protect land-line telephone communication do not apply.

You have been warned.)<<<<<
—EFF (18:11:50/9-10-54)

>>>>(Here's another little gem. According to UCAS law, Lone Star must get a court order before they can tap a suspect's phone. As a part of that process, LS also receives approval to tap the phones of all the suspect's known confederates and contacts—friends, family, business partners, and so on. Be aware of this when you're using the phone. Even if you're confident that Lone Star's got nada on you, nothing that would cause a judge to issue a warrant, your phone might be tapped anyway—simply because your old squeeze is under investigation.

Lone Star is not obligated to inform you, the acquaintance of a suspect, that they're tapping your line. It is obligated to inform you within 30 days after it removes the tap; of course, that can get embarrassing, having to admit they tapped your line because you once shagged the sister of a suspected criminal. So Lone Star avoids it by never removing the tap. They'll probably stop monitoring it after a while, but you don't know that.)<<<<<

—Juice (11:27:10/9-13-54)

>>>>(This widespread wiretapping generates a lot of data that has to be processed. Lone Star itself typically doesn't have the resources to take care of this, so they contract it out. Avatar Security Technologies has held the Seattle contract for this type of work for the past four or five years.)<<<<<

—Jocasta (22:08:53/9-19-54)

UCAS laws also protect the privacy of hard-copy mail ("snail mail," for those few people who still use it). Law-enforcement agencies must obtain court orders to intercept and read any mail. Fax communication sent via hardwired land lines is protected under the same terms as telephone communications. But electronic mail, such as messages and files sent through the LTG system or the Matrix, is not protected.

>>>>(That makes no sense at all. The distinction between fax and e-mail is meaningless—once it gets into the LTG system, it's all binary data.)<<<<<

—Timor (13:31:43/9-6-54)



>>>>(The law remains firmly behind the times, Timor. The law started struggling to catch up with the technology curve in the 1980s. It was behind the times then, and it's even further behind now.

But that's okay with Lone Star and other law enforcement and intelligence agencies. Loopholes in the law are always useful because that allows you to interpret regulations in whatever way best suits your needs. I'd wager that if the Supreme Court ever got around to tightening up Matrix law, Lone Star would send its lobbyists out in full force to fight it.)<<<<<

—Darby (03:52:30/9-7-54)

>>>>(That's UCAS jurisdiction. What about other jurisdictions? And whose jurisdiction is the Matrix anyway?)<<<<<

—Mahmoud (23:22:38/9-9-54)

>>>><sigh> Matrix law is so fragging complicated.

Each country in the world and each extraterritorial corporation takes a different tack on the legalities of the Matrix and the definition of where "you" are when you're in the Matrix. Does the location of your meat body determine the jurisdiction that controls you, or the location of your awareness, your icon?

Matrix law is just too complex to explain here. If you're interested, LegalNet offers a couple of thousand terapulses of interpretation and argument on the subject. If you just want a pragmatic rule of thumb, try something I read on another Shadowland board: that post called it the rule of maximum drek. If you don't know how to interpret a particular point—like jurisdiction in the Matrix—interpret it the way that will cause you the most drek and plan accordingly.)<<<<<

—Legal Beagle (11:26:25/9-24-54)

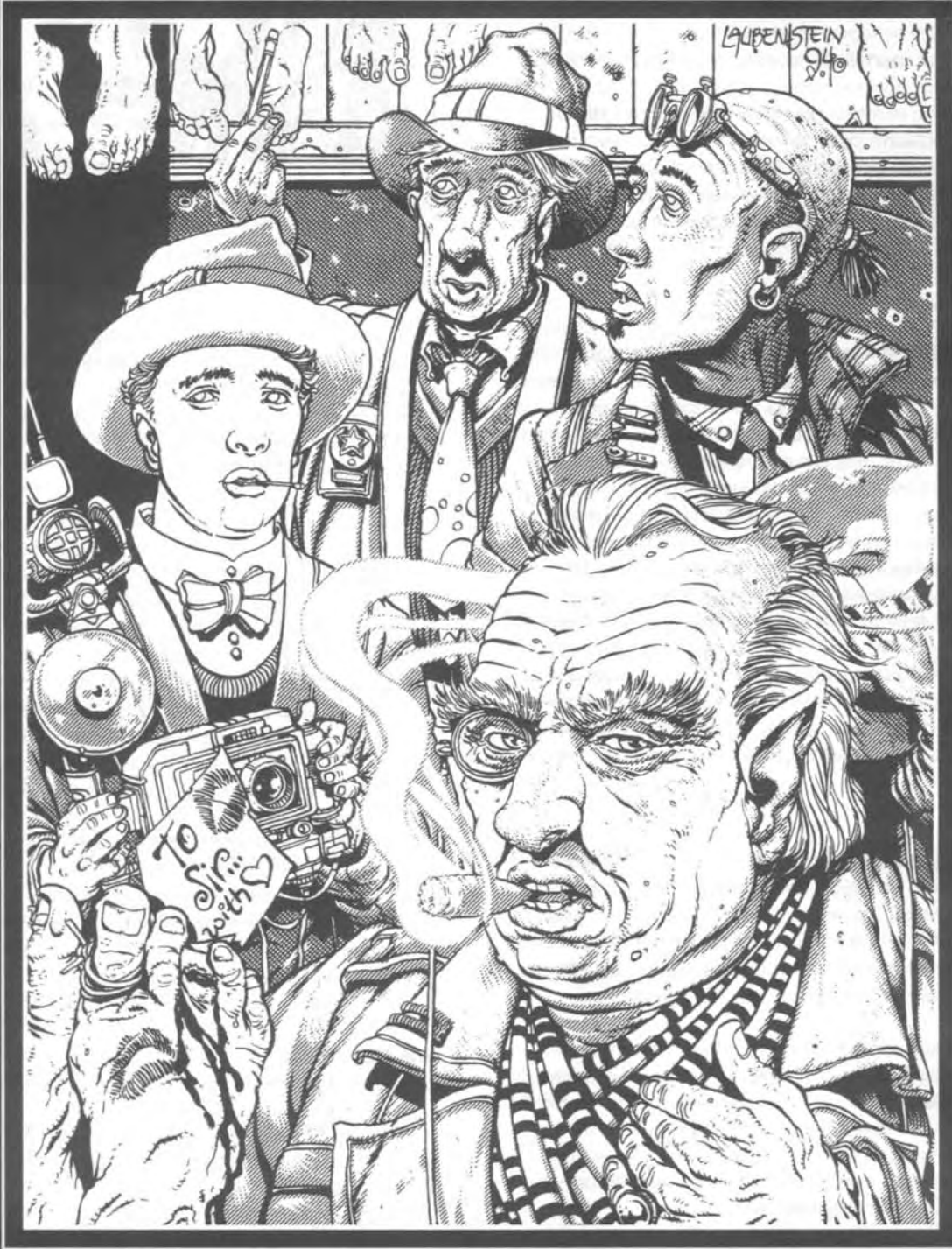
THE NETWORK

Lone Star generates some very valuable information through its network of informants.

>>>>(The term du jour for these useful, little berks is "yaps.")<<<<<

—Blue Light (13:44:16/10-2-54)

Just as in the shadows, your success in the world of law enforcement often depends on *who* you know, rather than *what* you know. Successful investigators and detectives cultivate a wide variety of personal contacts, people who keep them up to



date on the street buzz, the shadowtalk, even the board-room chat. Even newbie patrol cops make an effort to develop a personal network by making friends with shopkeepers on their beat and passing the time of day with people they meet.

>>>>(Even if you're not intentionally trying to develop a network, it's smart procedure anyway. If the civilians on your beat see you just as a badge, they're not going to help you out. It's like a reflex action for people to hate cops. If you become a person in their eyes—if they know you by name and get used to bulldrekking with you about sports or whatever—you're no longer just a badge. You're a person who happens to be a cop. And it's harder to hate a person than it is to hate a uniform.)<<<<<

—Flatfoot (20:14:36/9-7-54)

>>>>(Harder, yes, but a lot more satisfying and definitely worth the effort.)<<<<<

—Lort (16:31:10/9-9-54)

Cops can develop an informant network by other methods too. Quite often, an investigation will turn up minor players engaged in criminal activities unrelated to the case. An investigation into a murder might turn up a chiphead who's heavily into petty shoplifting, for example. Rather than prosecuting the shoplifter, the detectives investigating the case may turn him into an informant.

>>>>(And it's very effective. Street rats have friends and they hear a lot of buzz that never makes its way to the cops. Depending on how much of a hardhoop you are, you can develop your network of yaps through kindness or threats.

For example, you decide not to take the chiphead in. You let him skate and you destroy whatever evidence you've got—and you let him know what you're doing. You also let him know that you'd appreciate it if he'd return the favor at some point in the future.

Alternatively, you tell him he's going away to the slammer and won't be coming out until he's a drek-kicked old man, or maybe you'll pass the word on the street that he's a yap and let the other street rats take care of him—unless, of course, he helps you out.

There's pros and cons to both methods, and different cops use different approaches. I always preferred the soft option—not as efficient in the short term, but more effective in the long run. I built relationships with my informants. They fraggin' near became colleagues, even friends, and some of them went pretty far out of their way to help me on occasion. Other cops like the hard option, which gives them the whip hand. I always found that it was self-defeating in the end, but hey—different strokes for different folks.)<<<<<

—SPD (16:05:34/9-11-54)

>>>>(I know some poor fraggers who got roped into being yaps. The cop—this fat pig by the name of Nyburg—faked evidence that they'd turned yap and threatened to leak it on the streets if they didn't do it for real. They all caved and gave

Nyburg the buzz he was after. Then the fragger leaked his drekked-up intel anyway. Two of them got geeked within twelve hours of the buzz hitting the street. The other one lasted almost four days before they found him in a dumpster.)<<<<<

—Shoe (05:04:32/9-16-54)

>>>>(Tough town you live in, Shoe. Where is it?)<<<<<

—Gomer (07:21:39/9-16-54)

>>>>(Seattle, where else?)<<<<<

—Shoe (04:56:00/9-18-54)

>>>>(Once you've been nailed, getting out from under is fraggin' difficult. If the cop pressuring you has evidence that would convict you for something you've done, do what you can to analyze that evidence—or what you know about it. Would it hold up in court? Does it have a "half-life?" And has the cop waited too long?

Or go after the evidence he's got—get it back or destroy it. Find out everything you can about the cop. Where he lives, where he hangs, who he hangs with. And then—it's a long shot, I know, and risky as all frag—make a run on where you think he's keeping that evidence. (It probably won't be at the local precinct house.)

Or if you've got the cojones for it, get some drek on the cop and blackmail him. Or maybe you can cut another kind of deal. Maybe you can work it out in some kind of trade, something that's not so hazardous to life and limb as being a yap. It's tough, but it can be done.)<<<<<

—Spook (16:21:49/9-19-54)

>>>>(Just geek the slot and be done.)<<<<<

—Montkeith (04:07:09/9-23-54)

>>>>(Generally not a smart move. Cops are like corps—they're heavy into payback, and they hang together real tight. Dust a cop in Seattle, and cops in Boston will know about it and be watching for you. And cop-killers seem to have this universally nasty habit of trying to resist arrest or trying to escape. None ever seem to make it to trial. . .)<<<<<

—Argent (21:53:28/9-26-54)

>>>>(And don't forget the professional yaps, the ones who'll come looking for you with intel they want to sell. Some are for real. They got ears in the shadows and hear everything. Others are self-aggrandizing flakes, con men, cop groupies or just plain whacked. Sometimes it's tough to tell the difference. If you can make an arrangement with a good one, though, he's worth all the nuyen you'll pay him over the years and then some.

Protect your good yaps. Don't share them with other cops. You only really value the sources you develop yourself, it's just human nature. And keep them alive. Keep an ear open yourself and warn them if it sounds like trouble might be heading their way.

Okay, I know I'm talking like a cop. So sue me. But the principle's the same in the shadows as it is in the light.)<<<<<

—X-Star (17:18:49/10-2-54)



NEW EQUIPMENT

Lone Star's R&D Division keeps its wageslaves hard at work. Their latest toys represent some of their best, and most frightening, work to date.

>>>>(The way this file scans, either Muckracker or Tarnished Badge invited a real literate technogeek to describe these things.)<<<<<

—Sturm (12:12:08/9-1-54)







AOD TRACKING SIGNAL/RECEIVER

As everyone knows, a bug scanner can quickly home in on any tracking device sending a signal. Naturally, someone has finally devised a tracking device and the associated receiver/locator that broadcasts only on demand.

The Active On Demand (AOD) locator bug looks just like the standard model: a non-metallic disk four centimeters in diameter, backed by Klean-tac™, easy to slap onto the undercarriage of a car. While the standard model broadcasts continuously until its battery dies, the AOD remains mostly passive, making it impossible to detect using standard bug scanners. The AOD only broadcasts when it receives a coded "interrogator" signal from the locator device, and then only for five seconds (long enough for the locator to find a bearing and distance; hopefully *not* long enough for the person being tracked to detect it).

The AOD offers the same range as the standard model, about five kilometers in the city and increasing to eight or more in suburban or rural areas. Because the bug transmits intermittently, its battery lasts significantly longer: up to a year, based on one "interrogation" every hour.

Note that an AOD signal locator will not work with a standard locator bug, and vice versa.

>>>>(Yipe! Suddenly, scanning your car with a bug detector every day isn't enough. You've got to have a bug scanner running constantly.)<<<<

—Ludlum (13:04:41/9-8-54)

"BLACK MARIAH" USPTV

The "Black Mariah" Ultra-Security Prisoner Transport Vehicle (USPTV)—don't the corps just *loove* acronyms?—was designed specifically to transport the most dangerous prisoners through "high-threat" environments. In this case, "high-threat" means "where the prisoner's got friends who'll go to great lengths to crack her out."

LS built the USPTV on a standard Chrysler-Nissan one-ton truck chassis. The enclosed rear box and environmentally isolated driver's compartment mount heavy armor capable of shrugging off anything lighter than a tank-buster. Slightly lighter armor encloses the engine compartment and helps control heat build-up. Ballistic-composite shrouds protect the two front wheels and the quads in the rear against light-arms fire. The tires represent the finest in runflat models from Yasaka-Pirelli.

The driver compartment seats two, a driver-rigger and a "defensive systems operator"—basically a gunner, also jacked into the vehicle's systems. The compartment's isolated air supply provides life support for up to six hours.

A microturret mounted on each side of the rear box packs a medium machine gun. The weapon can traverse and elevate to engage targets within a 185-degree arc, horizontally and vertically. The sensor systems allow the rigger-gunner to engage two separate ground or airborne targets simultaneously.

>>>>(Take note: look for the "blind spots" directly ahead, behind, and on top of the vehicle, in close where the weapons can't engage. If you handle things right, you can fragging near climb all over the truck and never let the MMGs touch you.)<<<<

—Garvey (06:40:00/9-7-54)

>>>>(Which is why the designers installed the secondary defensive systems; read on.)<<<<

—Slider (04:10:34/9-8-54)

Secondary defensive systems include a dozen Flash-Paks (identical to those described in the **Street Samurai Catalog** posted elsewhere on Shadowland) incorporated into the vehicle's roof-mounted light bar, plus gas-delivery systems capable of surrounding the truck with a cloud of Neuro-stun VIII gas.

>>>>(Or Seven-7 war gas, if the "defensive systems operator" is feeling particularly militant or twitchy.)<<<<

—Lab Rat (10:44:07/9-7-54)

The vehicle also mounts explosive charges around its periphery, at about waist-height. These charges come in two types: one is equivalent to defensive fragmentation grenades, the other to stun grenades. Three of each type of grenade defend the front and rear of the vehicle, and five of each type protect each side. The defensive-systems operator cannot detonate individual grenades selectively; he must fire all of one or both types of grenade on a particular "quadrant" (i.e., "all stun grenades on the front of the vehicle," or "all frag grenades along the left side").

>>>>(Or he can set off everything at once and really clear the area around the truck.)<<<<<

—Slider (04:11:55/9-8-54)

The "prisoner compartment," in this case, the rear box, contains one metal bench running down each side, flanked by eyebolts and tie-downs. A closed-circuit surveillance system lets the defensive systems operator and/or the driver monitor the "passengers" in the back, eliminating the need for placing a guard in the box with potentially violent prisoners.

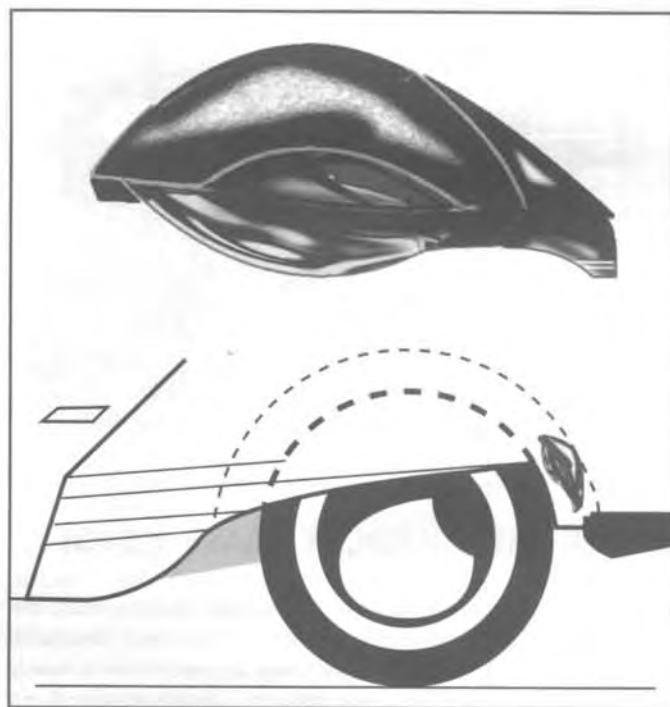
Lone Star cheerfully advertises what it considers its most effective deterrent to attempted rescues. The USPTV design ensures that any serious attempt to crack into the vehicle will kill the prisoner inside. To this end, R&D mounted an explosive charge equivalent to an offensive fragmentation grenade in the center of the prisoner compartment ceiling. The driver-rigger or the jacked-in defensive-systems operator can trigger this grenade with a mental command. In particularly high-threat situations (a serious risk of a skilled, determined rescue attempt), the grenade operation defaults to a "dead man's switch" arrangement. If the defensive systems officer jacks out or is jacked out without issuing the appropriate disarm command, or if she is killed or rendered unconscious, the grenade detonates automatically.

>>>>(Nasty. The prisoner compartment is about 3 meters long, 2.25 meters wide, and 2 meters high, made of heavily armored material—just the kind of thing to contain a shock wave nicely. When that grenade goes off, it's chunky salsa time.)<<<<<

—Slider (04:13:08/9-8-54)

>>>>(Just in case one of the prisoners is a magician, the driver's compartment can be protected by a powerful hermetic circle, as can the prisoner compartment.)<<<<<

—Wiz Kid (13:11:09/9-8-54)



BLOODHOUND TRAIL MARKER

A low-tech but surprisingly effective device, the Bloodhound offers a new way to trail a car.

The Bloodhound is a small, non-metallic unit about the size of a cigarette pack backed with Klean-tac™, containing a reservoir of dye and a receiver circuit connected to a small valve. The unit is designed to be positioned in the wheel well of the target car, above the tire and out of sight.

This device works on a simple principle. Attach the Bloodhound in the wheel well of the subject car. When it starts moving, the operative sends a signal to the unit that opens the valve of the dye reservoir. The dye drips onto the tire, and transfers to the road. Simply follow the trail of dye spots.

The Bloodhound comes with a selection of dyes, ranging from a white pigment similar to the paint used for road markings to a colorless formula that glows brightly under UV light (ideal for night work).

>>>>(So simple it's elegant. Sometimes low-tech is the way to go.)<<<<<

—Argent (17:55:13/9-10-54)

>>>>(This isn't anything new. Pls have been using devices like this since the 1990s.

I would redesign it slightly, however, replacing the receiver circuit with a motion detector so that it turns itself on when the car moves, and off when it stops.)<<<<<

—Dirk (03:59:05/9-13-54)

>>>>(R&D has a prototype model with a motion detector.)<<<<<

—Blue Light (19:00:29/9-26-54)



RUGER THUNDERBOLT HEAVY PISTOL

Arguably the best product to emerge recently from the Research and Development Division's Technical Research Department, the Thunderbolt represents an innovation in heavy handguns that could turn the industry upside down. Even though all the development work for the Thunderbolt took place in the R&D workshops and labs and on its computer-modeling systems, Lone Star lacks the manufacturing facilities needed to generate production runs of this (or any) weapon. The corp licensed Ruger to manufacture the weapon with several restrictions. For the first year of manufacture, all units produced will be sold to Lone Star for a predetermined (and very low) price. At the end of that period, Ruger may sell the Thunderbolt through its usual channels at whatever price the market will bear.

>>>>(Take note, chummers: the effective date for this contract is June 6, 2054, even though Ruger started churning out pre-production models months before. That means that you can't buy this weapon legally until June 6, 2055.)<<<<<

—Dodd (13:49:04/9-7-54)

>>>>(Since when did the legality of *anything* bother anybody reading this board. . .?)<<<<<

—Gunhead (02:16:09/9-8-54)

Lone Star developed the Thunderbolt to address a problem threatening law enforcement officials throughout the world. Too often, they found themselves outgunned by the criminals they were sworn to fight and found that their service sidearms (typically Ruger Super Warhawks or Colt Manhunters) regularly failed to penetrate criminals' armor. Some forces tried to level the playing field by issuing burst-fire or automatic weapons to their patrol personnel, but this caused as many problems as it solved.

>>>>(Translation: way too many innocent bystanders cut down by stray rounds. On burst fire, the recoil throws your aim off, and on rock-'n'-roll you're just hosing bullets around.)<<<<<

—Gunhead (02:19:01/9-8-54)

Lone Star R&D devoted its most innovative design efforts to solving the problem of loss of targeting control common to burst-fire and full-automatic weapons. The Thunderbolt heavy pistol has only one setting, which is burst-fire: one squeeze of the trigger fires three rounds. What makes the Thunderbolt unique is the incredibly high cyclical rate of fire: over *1,500 rounds per second!* This means that the entire three-round burst is out of the barrel in *two one-thousandths of a second*, well before the muzzle can even begin to rise. This eliminates the recoil disadvantage of burst-fire and ensures that all three bullets hit the target.

>>>>(Gawd, 1,500 rounds per second? My wank's a' crankin' just thinking about it. . .)<<<<<

—Compex (19:43:24/9-8-54)

>>>>(I had the opportunity to test-fire one of these things, and LS sure did design it right. The gun's a little heavy, but it's easy to get used to that. Squeeze the trigger, and the report's like the clap of doom, the discharges so close together your ear/brain can't differentiate them. At 20 meters, all three rounds cluster right in the X-ring, totally unaffected by recoil—which was absolutely punishing. After firing off a full clip, I felt like my hands had been stomped on by a troll in combat boots.)<<<<<

—Crosshairs (23:30:00/9-9-54)

>>>>(Honto? Where can I get one?)<<<<<

—Waki (06:30:45/9-10-54)

>>>>(Out of the rapidly stiffening hand of a Lone Star street grunt who's got no further use for it.)<<<<<

—Hardcastle (09:57:28/9-10-54)

>>>>(These aren't standard-issue on the streets yet, and some cops are resisting giving up their reliable old Manhunters for something based on an untried mechanism. But it's just a matter of time.)<<<<<

—SPD (14:37:32/9-10-54)

STRATO-9 SURVEILLANCE DRONE

The Strato-9 is a high-speed, high-altitude rotor drone developed entirely by Lone Star's R&D Division and licensed for manufacture to various other companies. LS put prototypes in the air almost a year ago, and the first production models rolled off the line two or three months ago.

The Strato-9 combines high speed and maneuverability with an excellent "loiter" capability. It can stay on-station longer than any drone with comparable performance: it offers an exceptionally acute sensor suite, and resists jamming. Lone Star uses the Strato-9 exclusively for forward-observation duties. If a Star unit must be dispatched into harm's way, HQ sends a Strato-9 in as a high-altitude "scout" to evaluate the tactical situation.

>>>>(Lone Star won't admit it publicly, but the production models—not the prototypes they demonstrated to Governor



Schultz and the other bureaucrats—mount a medium machine gun on a hardpoint. The buzz on the street says that the “exceptionally acute” sensor suite acts like a high-power thermographic sniper scope, and the MMG can fire single rounds. What does that mean, boys and girls? It means the Strato-9 is a flying sniper, and a bloody good one.)<<<<<<

—Toad (10:14:12/9-8-54)

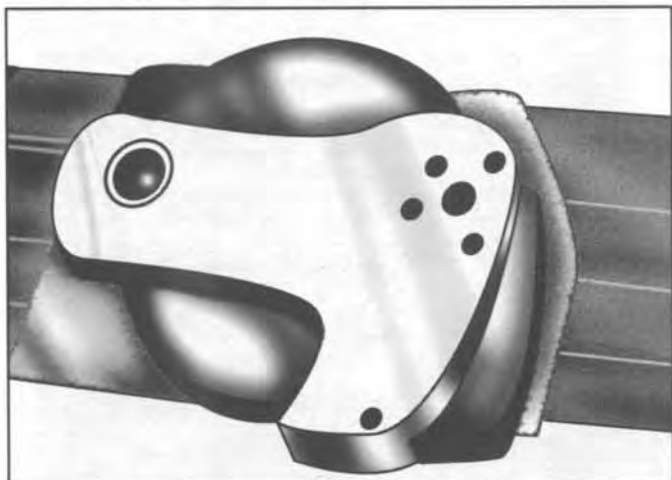
OTHER DEVELOPMENTS

Lone Star R&D dabbles in a little of everything, all in an ongoing effort to keep peace officers and their security- and money-conscious superiors happy. The medical beacon satisfies one set of corp types, and jazz satisfies the other.

LIFE SIGNS MONITOR/MEDICAL BEACON

LS made this unobtrusive unit standard equipment for all street personnel. Worn on a lightweight, neolyca harness that holds the unit against the skin over the heart, this one-centimeter disk monitors the officer's life signs. If those life signs become critical or terminate, the beacon instantly transmits an “officer down” code to Dispatch.

The beacon's radio frequency is hardwired into the unit, making it almost useless to anyone outside Lone Star.



JAZZ

The drug known as “jazz” represents one of the more disturbing developments of the R&D Division's psychological research labs in Austin.

The growing popularity of wired reflexes, boosted reflexes, and other response increasers among those who run the streets means that non-chromed, non-adept Lone Star street ops are badly overmatched. Bigger firepower offers no advantage if a cop fails to get off a single shot before being chewed into cat food. Lone Star cannot afford to equip enough beat cops with chrome to make a difference, and so the corp must look for alternatives.

Jazz belongs to the class of drugs known as “energizers,” similar to street drugs like cram. Though LS specifically designed jazz to cause minimal side effects, the drug has a brutal effect on individuals who take it on a long-term basis.

The short-term benefits of jazz are obvious: it significantly boosts the user's reflexes and reactions for as long as an hour, which is longer than the average firefight. Unfortunately, as with many “speed”-type drugs, the aftereffect is a bad crash, which slows reflexes for an equivalent period.

>>>>>(The only way to get over the crash is to do another dose of jazz. (Sounds like nose candy, doesn't it. . .?) Even if it weren't physically addictive—which it is—this would make it psychologically habituating.)<<<<<<

—Wu (13:55:08/9-21-54)

Long-term use also seems to permanently waste the body.

>>>>>(Doesn't have to be long-term, chummers—its actually pretty random. A colleague of mine did a single dose of jazz, and it harshed him out bad. And that was first-time, one-time use. This is vile, nasty stuff.)<<<<<<

—SPD (10:23:54/9-20-54)

>>>>>(As somebody recently pointed out in a discussion of the combat drugs hitting the streets, as long as metalled-up street monsters like us exist out there, corps like Lone Star have little choice but to give drek like jazz to their people. Sure, it frags 'em over and burns 'em out. But it's much cheaper than cybering up their beat cops, and it gives 'em a fighting chance at evening the score.)<<<<<<

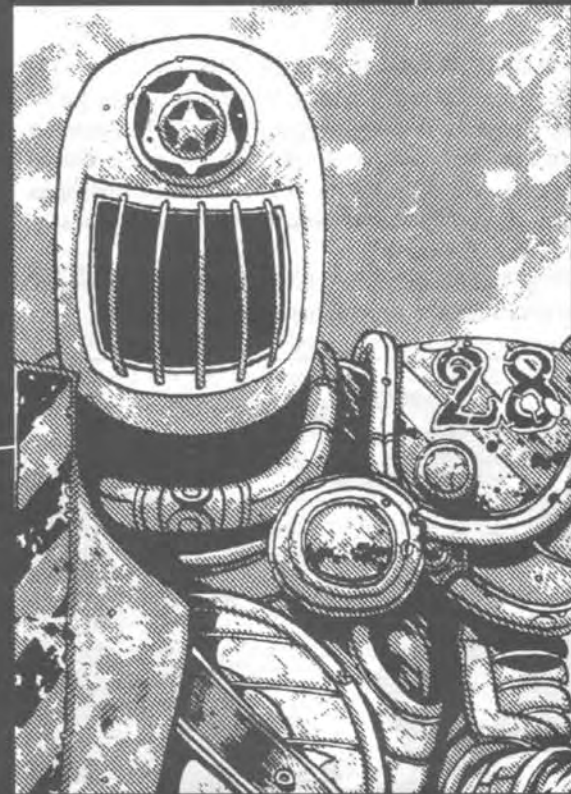
—Monty (02:01:24/9-23-54)

>>>>>(If this is still a highly experimental drug, just how did your “colleague” get hold of it, SPD? Lone Star has not released this stuff for general use, and there's a decent chance they never will. The Psych Research department administered this to some volunteer test subjects (yeah, right) from the Patrol Division, but these clinical tests remain very limited. (I assume they're not telling their “volunteers” just how addictive this stuff is...)<<<<<<

—Karl (19:53:38/9-23-54)

>>>>>(Lone Star might be restricting its use, but it's already for sale on the streets of Atlanta, chummers. Somebody got a sample and reverse-engineered it.)<<<<<<

—Belle (04:27:15/9-26-54)





GAME

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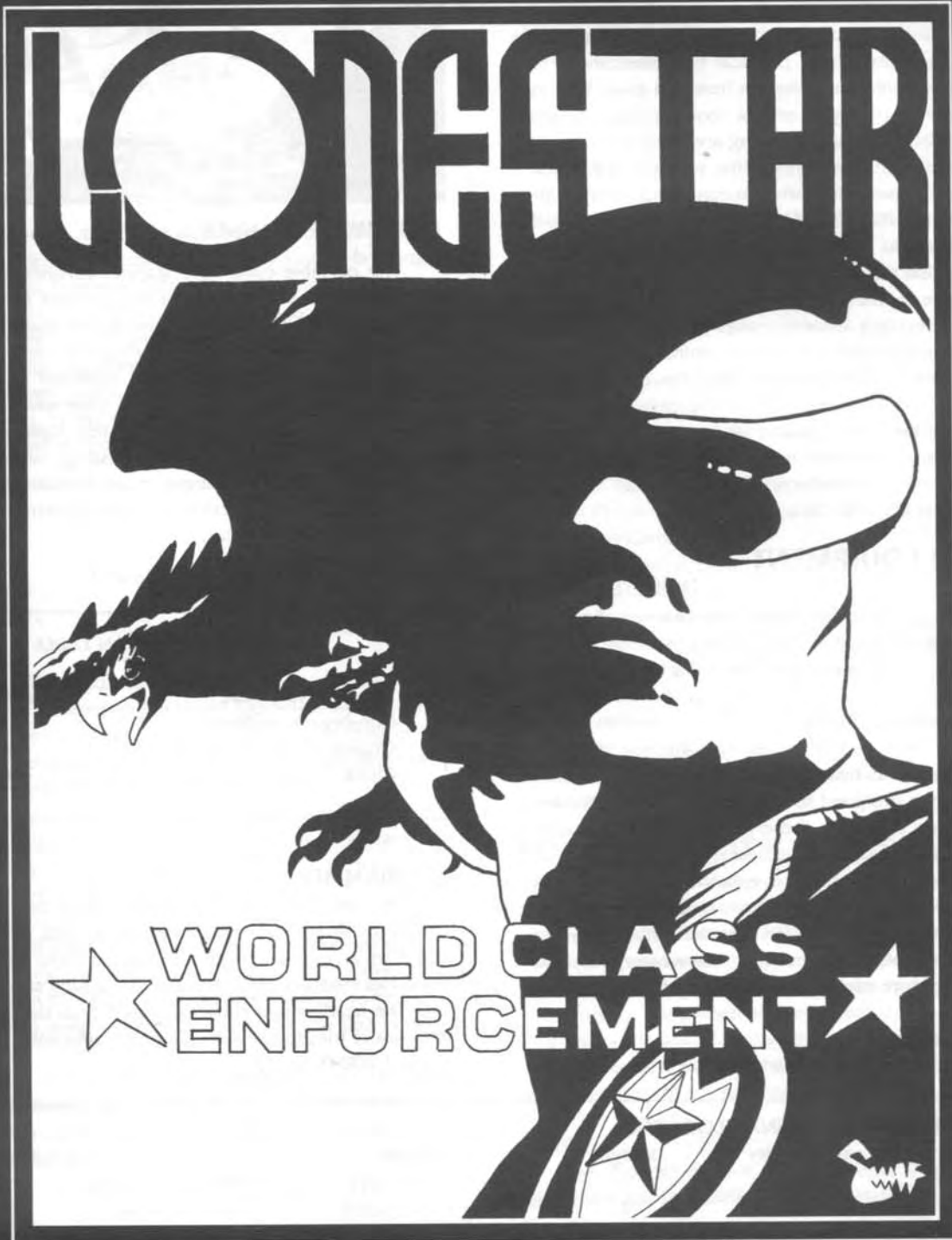
GAMEMASTER INFORMATION

The following gamemaster information provides **Shadowrun, Second Edition**, rules for new and variant equipment and rules described in this book: The section also includes statistics for Lone Star NPCs and the modified vehicles used by the corporation. Though this information is presented for gamemaster reference, keeping players from reading this section will no doubt prove quite difficult. Gamemasters should alter the information and game statistics provided to keep players in doubt about exactly what their characters are facing in any situation involving Lone Star.

GOING TO COURT



The Successful Defense rules elaborate on the material presented in **Operational Procedures**, pp. 99-105, regarding incarceration and trials, and should serve as a guideline for resolving situations when runners get into trouble during the game.



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SUCCESSFUL DEFENSE

When a case comes to court, the defendant must answer to judgment on the following criteria: motive, means and ability. The motive represents the character's reason for committing the crime; the means, the tools necessary to perform the crime; the ability, the skill necessary to commit the crime. If all three can be proved in court, supported by the testimony of witnesses and the presence of physical evidence, then the prosecution succeeds in presenting an iron-clad case. Lack of or sufficient cause to disregard one or more of these criteria increases the character's chance of being acquitted.

The gamemaster must determine the strength of the case against the runner based on motive, means, and ability. Rate the case against the character on a scale of 1 to 10, with 1 being the weakest and 10 being the strongest (i.e., an open-and-shut case). Use this number as the target number for a Success Test made by the defense attorney using the Criminal Law skill. The prosecuting attorney makes a Success Test using the Criminal Law skill as well, using the Criminal Law Rating of the defense attorney as his target number. The attorney with the highest number of successes wins the case. If the two attorneys achieve the same number of successes, the judge declares a recess and sets a new date for a hearing. At the new hearing, the attorneys must make new Success Tests.

Criminal Law is a Special Skill.

LONE STAR EQUIPMENT

The following section provides **Shadowrun, Second Edition** game statistics for the equipment described in **New Equipment**, pp. 113-117, and elsewhere in this book.

CONTAINMENT MANACLES

Designed for the wrists or ankles, containment manacles create the same effect as heavy wrist or leg irons. They incorporate a mechanism designed to clamp down with agonizing pressure on tendon and bone if the prisoner extends razors, spurs, or similar cybermods.

Each turn that the cybermod is extended, the user must resist 5S damage to the manacled limb. Damage is Physical, but only affects the use of the limb, not the entire body. To account for the pain these devices cause, the wearer must also resist 4M Stun damage each turn the manacles are clamping down.

Cost: 2,500¥ (restricted)



CYBERWARE SCANNER (RATING 3)

The portable cyberware scanner consists of a hand-held microprocessor with a fold-out monitor and a sonic/magnetic scanning wand. This device detects and displays information on implanted cyberware. The precision of the scan varies with the type of implant. Standard and restricted cyberware incorporating non-organic components is more easily detected than organic and vat-grown implants. Certain Alpha and Beta-level cyberware may include organic masking, which also makes detection more difficult. Larger, more sophisticated versions of this unit constitute security in many international airports throughout North America.

Cost: 5,000¥

CYBERWARE SCAN TABLE

Type of Cyberware	Target Number
Non-organic implants	3
Organic implants (e.g., biotech)	6
Alpha- and Beta-level cyberware	6

HEADJAMMER

The headjammer is a headset that can be equipped with straps to "lock" onto the victim's head. This device jams signals from an implanted cellular phone or radio links. It also heterodynes feedback to such implants, causing severe pain.

The headjammer causes (Rating)S Stun damage each time the wearer tries to use a cel phone or radio link.

Cost: 1,200¥ x Rating

AOD TRACKING SIGNAL/SIGNAL LOCATOR

	Concealability	Weight	Availability	Cost	Street Index
Tracking Signal	Variable	—	Rating + 1/4 days	150¥ x Concealability	2
Signal Locator	3	2	Rating + 1/72 hours	1,500¥ x Rating	2

BLOODHOUND TRAIL MARKER

	Concealability	Weight	Availability	Cost	Street Index
Trail Marker	7	0.5	8/2 days	150¥*	2

*Includes one reservoir of standard dye. Additional reservoirs cost 10¥ each (20¥ for UV-fluorescent).



JACKSTOPPER

The jackstopper is a dummy plug, formatted to fit into a chipjack or datajack, that injects the jack with a quick-bonding epoxy on insertion. Law enforcement officers often use jackstoppers on captured deckers. Clearing the jack requires the attention of a biotech and a dose of resin solvent (10¥ in most hardware or convenience stores).

To clear the jack, make a Biotech (6) Test. Using a base time of 90 minutes, divide the time by the number of successes to determine how long clearing the jack will take.

Cost: 100¥

JAZZ

Legality: 2-M1

Addiction*	Tolerance*	Strength*
4MP	2	4
Price	Availability	Street Index
40¥/dose	8/4 days	5

A single dose of jazz, usually delivered in a single-use inhaler or "popper," increases the user's Quickness by +2, and calculated Initiative by +1D6. The drug has an onset time of 1 Combat Round and lasts 10 to 60 minutes (10 x 1D6), depending on body chemistry.

When the dose wears off, the subject "crashes," feeling despondent and miserable. Add a +1 penalty to all target numbers relating to concentration, and a -1 penalty to Quickness for 10 to 60 minutes.

Each time a character takes a dose of jazz, he must resist 3L Stun damage. If the character fails to resist all of this damage, he *permanently* marks off the first box of both his Physical and Stun Condition Monitors. This "damage" cannot be healed by *any means*, not even magic. (Hey, we told you jazz could harsh you out...)

*Addiction, Tolerance, and Strength refer to the **Substance Use/Abuse** rules, p. 87. **Shadowtech.**

Note: it is the author's intention that jazz and similar substances only be used by non-player characters.

LAÉS

The rare drug known as *laés* is not a Lone Star invention, but reportedly a few Lone Star operations have begun using the drug on suspects. As described in **Tir Talmgire** (p. 97), *laés* erases memories in a retrograde fashion, beginning the moment the drug is administered and flowing backward. A

single, 50-microgram dose of *laés*, usually administered by sla-phypo but also deliverable by tranquilizer dart, has a Power of 6, which the character uses as the target number for a Body Test to resist the drug's effect. The drug erases 12 hours of memory, less 1 hour for each success the subject rolls on his Body Test. Unless the subject manages to resist the entire effect, he also falls unconscious for 120 minutes, less 10 minutes for each success.

Characters should find *laés* nearly impossible to acquire through any channel.

Cost	Availability	Street Index
1,000¥/dose	21/21 days	2

RUGER THUNDERBOLT HEAVY PISTOL

Type	Conceal	Mode	Ammo	Damage
Heavy	4	BF	12(c)	125*
Weight	Cost	Availability	Street Index	
2.75	1,000¥	14/12 days	3	

*Adjusted for burst-fire rules (p. 92, **SR11**).

The Thunderbolt comes in two models, one offering an integral laser sight (+250¥) and the other offering an Integral smartlink (+400¥).

Note: No recoil penalty applies to the first burst fired in a Combat Phase. Apply a penalty of +4 to the second burst fired in the same Combat Phase.

SKILLTWITCHERS

Formatted like a standard skillsoft, a skilltwitcher sends a jamming signal into skillwires. The jamming lasts only as long as the skilltwitcher soft is plugged in, but can be combined with the technology of a jackstopper (see above) to make removal difficult.

A skilltwitcher imposes a penalty to *all* active skill use (whether from a skillsoft or not) equal to the victim's Skillwire Rating.

Cost: 200¥ (restricted)

LONE STAR MATRIX PROGRAMS

In an effort to maintain its edge, Lone Star occasionally commissions its various R&D departments to create custom Matrix programs exclusively for the company's use. The corporation rarely licenses these programs outside its confines. These highly experimental, ice-related combat utilities come into use very occasionally, even within GridSec. Because GridSec deckers, like all other deckers, love to customize, the Matrix imagery of any of these utilities may be *anything*.

BEAGLE

The "beagle" combat utility, in some ways, mimics trace-and-report ice. The GridSec decker initiates the beagle utility in the same way as a standard combat utility, then makes a Success Test pitting the beagle's rating against the target persona's Masking Rating. The amount of time the utility needs to complete the trace is a base of 10 Combat Turns divided by the number of successes, rounded up. If the Success Test fails, the beagle utility cannot lock onto the deck's signal. The GridSec

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decker can try again next round, adding +2 to the target number for each attempt.

When the utility locks on, the target decker must either dump the GridSec decker or successfully use a relocate program against him. If the target decker fails to accomplish either of these, the utility will eventually locate the decker's physical location and notify Dispatch to send a unit to deal with the decker. Jacking out does not automatically stop the beagle program from following the target decker's trail. If the target decker jacks out, the gamemaster should make a Success Test using the beagle program's rating against a target number equal to twice the number of Combat Turns remaining before the program should reach the decker's log-on location. If this test fails, the beagle program loses the trail. If it succeeds, it finds the log-on location and reports in.

Rating: 2-4

Size: (Rating²) x 50 Mp

Cost	Availability	Street Index
Rating x 8,000¥	20/21 days	3

KILLJOY

The "killjoy" combat utility uses the biofeedback subroutine from black ice to inflict Stun damage on the target decker himself, rather than his persona. When the GridSec decker triggers the utility, make a Success Test pitting the utility's rating against the decker persona's Bod or Evasion rating, whichever is higher. If the utility scores a hit, the decker may make a

Damage Resistance Test using his own Body rating against a target number equal to the killjoy program rating. Successes in the Damage Resistance Test negate the killjoy program's successes at a 1:1 ratio. The decker takes 1 box of Stun damage per net success achieved by the program. Both hardening and the shield program protect against this damage. The utility will not work in a frame of any kind.

If the target decker goes down and out, the GridSec decker often follows up with the beagle program to find the perp's (unconscious) meat body.

Options: Area-Effect, Mobility, One-Shot, Penetration, Staging (p. 42, VR)

Ratings: 2-5

Size: (Rating²) x 60 Mp

Cost	Availability	Street Index
Rating x 15,000¥	20/21 days	5

BLACK HAMMER

The black hammer utility operates exactly like the killjoy utility, except that it inflicts Physical damage on the decker's meat body. Again, once the black hammer program does its work, the GridSec decker often uses the beagle program to track down the corpse.

Ratings: 2-4

Size: (Rating²) x 70 Mp

Cost	Availability	Street Index
Rating x 20,000¥	24/30 days	5

DATA WORMS

If a decker wanders into a node that contains free-floating data worms, the gamemaster determines the chance of infection based on extenuating factors. Basically, data worms serve as a story element that the gamemaster may inflict upon a player (or players) at his discretion.

Few GridSec deckers use attack utilities that transfer data worms, shadow buzz to the contrary. All "worm-transfer" attack utilities are Rating 4 and usually use a Matrix image of a slender fencing foil glowing like a light saber. A target hit by this utility takes 1 point less damage than that inflicted by a standard utility of this rating, but becomes infected with a data worm.

A character cannot spot a data worm "infection" unless he actively looks for it. To successfully find the worm as part of a deliberate search, make a Success Test pitting the character's Computer Theory skill against a target number of 8–12, depending on how long the worm has been collecting data and other factors (gamemaster's discretion).

When the data worm decides to "load out" the data file, make a Success Test pitting the rating of any Sensor utility the decker has active (the character must be jacked into the Matrix) against a Target Number of 9 (for a "light" data worm) or 7 (for a "heavy" version). A single success means the character spots the data load-out scurrying away. The character must engage the worm in cybercombat within 1 round or it moves out of range. The data load-out has an effective Bod of 2 and an Evasion of 6 (nippy little bugger). Use the construct's Bod to resist any damage inflicted. If the decker kills the load-out, everything's peachy (except that he's still got a data worm in his MPCP chip, of course). If he fails to kill it in that single round, the stored data eventually ends up in the hands of Lone Star.

The decker must replace the MPCP chip to purge the data worm from the cyberdeck. No known way exists for salvaging infected chips unless the gamemaster wishes to reward a particularly resourceful and convincing player character.

THE LOOPER

As with data worms, few GridSec deckers use attack utilities that transfer loopers—again, shadow buzz to the contrary. All "looper-transfer" attack utilities are Rating 4 and generally use a Matrix image of a crossbow that fires twisting, shimmering bolts. A target hit by this utility takes 1 point less damage than that inflicted by a standard utility of this rating, but becomes infected with a looper.

Gamemasters may also decide that certain kinds of IC can infect targets with looper utilities. Gamemasters who choose this route should make looper-IC very rare and of relatively low rating, and this IC should inflict 1 point less damage on a successful attack.

When a looper infects a datajack, it triggers at random (i.e., whenever the gamemaster thinks it would be wiz). An active looper suddenly fills the decker's sensorium with the looper's imagery. The actual imagery falls to the gamemaster's discretion, but will always be an endless loop. The decker becomes incapable of performing any task until he shakes off



the effect or the looper terminates. If the looper triggers while the character is in the Matrix, the decker is automatically dumped, but the looper continues to run.

For the first turn the looper is running, the victim cannot resist its effects. On each subsequent round, the character may make a Success Test pitting his Willpower against a target number of 8–12, depending on the sophistication of the looper virus (gamemaster's discretion). A single success means the character shakes off the looper's effects and regains control of his mind and body. The looper usually runs for 10–20 turns. When it stops running, the character is freed from its effects, but the virus remains in the character's datajack. A looper rarely triggers more than once in any 24-hour period, but that may change at the gamemaster's discretion.

The only foolproof way to get rid of a looper is to replace the infected datajack, though it is theoretically possible to purge a looper from the datajack's firmware. Purging a looper requires 2 Success Tests. A character makes a Success Test using his Biotech skill against a Target Number of 6, and a Success Test using his Computer Skill against a Target Number of 10. If both tests are successful, the virus has been purged; if either fails, the virus remains. Different characters can perform the two tests, but because this process involves invasive neurosurgery, the infected character cannot do the work himself. The required surgery lasts six hours, but does not cost Essence.

Rumors that GridSec deckers use an area-affect utility to trigger the looper virus cannot be substantiated, but may be true.

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LONE STAR PERSONNEL

The following game statistics describe the various types of Lone Star officers that appear in this book. Personality and attitude will vary, of course, as should the statistics, to keep player characters on their toes.

AIRBORNE PATROL PILOT

B	Q	S	C	I	W	E	R	Armor
3	5	3	2	4	4	6/3*	4/4 (8)*	4/3

Initiative: 4 + 1D6/4 (8) + 1D6(3D6)*

Threat/Professional Rating: 3/3

Skills: Armed Combat 1, Etiquette (Corp) 3, Etiquette (Street) 3, Firearms 3, Police Procedure 3, Rotorcraft 3 (Concentration: Fixed Rotor 5, Specialization: Wasp or Yellowjacket 7), Unarmed Combat 1

Cyberware: None/Vehicle Control Rig (2)*

Gear: Armor Vest w/Plates (4/3 + Helmet), Commlink, Ruger Super Warhawk [Heavy Pistol, 6 (cylinder), SA, 10M, w/24 extra rounds, Laser Sight]

*The first entry in each of these fields represents an "off-the-rack" pilot; the second entry represents a pilot with cybermods.

AUTO PATROL OFFICER

B	Q	S	C	I	W	E	R	Armor
4	4	4	2	3	4	6	3	4/3

Initiative: 3 + 1D6

Threat/Professional Rating: 2/2

Skills: Armed Combat 2, Car 3, Etiquette (Corp) 2, Etiquette (Street) 4, Firearms 3, Police Procedure 4, Unarmed Combat 3

Cyberware: None

Gear: Armor Vest w/Plates (4/3 + Helmet), Commlink, Ruger Super Warhawk [Heavy Pistol, 6 (cylinder), SA, 10M, w/24 extra rounds, Laser Sight], Stun Baton (6S Stun)

"CHROMER COP" PATROL OFFICER

B	Q	S	C	I	W	E	R	Armor
4	4	4 (5)	1	3	4	.75	3 (4)	4/3

Initiative: 3 (4) + 1D6 (2D6)

Threat/Professional Rating: 3/3

Skills: Armed Combat 3, Car 3, Etiquette (Corp) 1, Etiquette (Street) 4, Firearms 3, Police Procedure 4, Unarmed Combat 3

Cyberware*: Cyber Arms (right: +1 Strength increase, Smartlink; left: +1 Strength increase), Cybereyes (with Flare Compensation, Thermographic), Headware Radio, Wired Reflexes 1

Gear: Armor Vest w/Plates (4/3 + Helmet), HK227-S [SMG, 28 (clip), SA/BF, 7M, w/2 extra clips, Smartlink, Gas-Vent 3 Recoil Compensation], Stun Baton (6S Stun)

*The level and type of cybermods vary widely. Use this as an example.

CORPSEC OFFICER

B	Q	S	C	I	W	E	R	Armor
4	3	3	2	2	3	6	2	6/4

Initiative: 2 + 1D6

Threat/Professional Rating: 2/2

Skills: Car 2, Etiquette (Corp) 3, Etiquette (Street) 2, Firearms 3, Interrogation 1, Unarmed Combat 3

Cyberware: None

Gear: Beretta Model 70 [SMG, 35 (clip), BF/FA, 6M, w/2 extra clips, Laser Sight, Sound Suppressor, Gas-Vent 2 Recoil Compensation], Partial Heavy Armor (6/4 + Helmet)

CYCLE PATROL OFFICER

B	Q	S	C	I	W	E	R	Armor
4	5	4	2	4	4	6	4	4/3

Initiative: 4 + 1D6

Threat/Professional Rating: 2/3

Skills: Bike 4, Etiquette (Corp) 2, Etiquette (Street) 4, Firearms 3, Police Procedure 4, Unarmed Combat 3

Cyberware: None

Gear: Armor Vest w/Plates (4/3 + Helmet), Commlink, Ruger Super Warhawk [Heavy Pistol, 6 (cylinder), SA, 10M, w/24 extra rounds, Laser Sight]

DED TROOPER

B	Q	S	C	I	W	E	R	Armor
4	5	4	2	4	4	2.5	4 (6)	8/6

Initiative: 6 + 2D6

Threat/Professional Rating: 3/3

Skills: Etiquette (Corp) 2, Etiquette (Street) 3, Firearms 4, Stealth 2, Unarmed Combat 2

Cyberware: Smartlink, Wired Reflexes (1)

Gear: Colt Manhunter [Heavy Pistol, 16 (clip), 9M, w/2 extra clips, Internal Smartlink], Full Heavy Armor (8/6 + Helmet w/Integral Commlink), H&K MP-5TX [SMG, 20 (clip), SA/BF/FA, 6M, w/2 extra clips, Integral Smartlink, Gas-Vent 2 Recoil Compensation]

DIVISION OF INVESTIGATION DETECTIVE

B	Q	S	C	I	W	E	R	Armor
3	4	4	4	5	5	6	4	5/3

Initiative: 4 + 1D6

Threat/Professional Rating: 3/3

Skills: Armed Combat 2, Car 2, Computer 3, Electronics 3, Etiquette (Corp) 4, Etiquette (Street) 4, Firearms 3, Interrogation 4, Negotiation 3, Police Procedure 6, Psychology 4, Sociology 2, Unarmed Combat 3

Cyberware: None

Gear: Armor Jacket [5/3], Commlink, Ruger Super Warhawk [Heavy Pistol, 6 (cylinder), SA, 10M, w/24 extra rounds, Laser Sight]. Add other wizzer gear as appropriate (i.e., a maglock passkey).

D.P.I. COMBAT MAGE (ASTRAL BACK-UP)

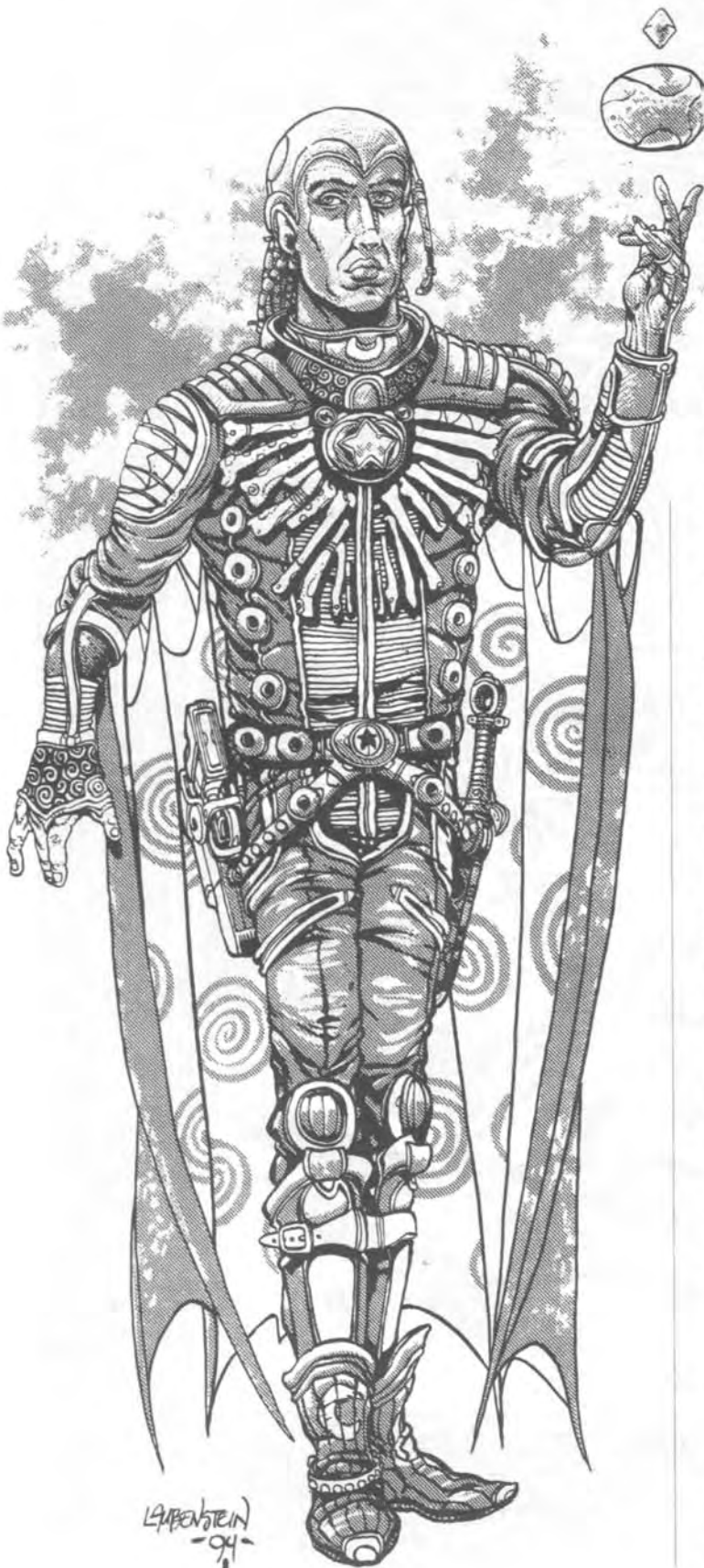
B	Q	S	C	I	W	E	M	R	Armor
2	5	2	2	6	6	6	6	5 (8)	—

Initiative: 5 (8) + 1D6

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D.P.I. COMBAT MAGE (ASTRAL BACK-UP)

B	Q	S	C	I	W	E	M	R	Armor
2	5	2	2	6	6	6	6	5 (8)	—

Initiative: 5 (8) + 1D6

Threat/Professional Rating: 3/3

Skills: Conjuring 6, Etiquette (Corp) 2, Etiquette (Street) 1, Magical Theory 6, Sorcery 6

Cyberware: None

Gear: Knife [Weapon Focus (3)], Power Focus (4), Spirit Focus (3)

Spells: Clairvoyance 4, Confusion 4, Control Actions 3, Detect Enemies (Extended) 4, Increase Reaction (+3) 4, Manaball 4, Manabolt 5

This officer is rarely seen, but his presence is often felt. When a patrol squad radios headquarters with a code 99—Magical back-up requested—these are the first officers on the line. Their material bodies stay at headquarters—generally in a hospital bed, under medical supervision—while their astral forms race with blinding speed to a crime scene. Their main purpose is to attack spells from an astral vantage point, thus protecting fellow officers on the material street.

D.P.I. COMBAT MAGE (SPECIAL OPS)

B	Q	S	C	I	W	E	M	R	Armor
4 (7)	5	4	4	6	6	6	6	5 (8)	8/6

Initiative: 5 (8) + 1D6

Threat/Professional Rating: 3/3

Skills: Conjuring 6, Etiquette (Corp) 2, Etiquette (Street) 3, Magical Theory 6, Sorcery 6

Cyberware: None

Gear: Full Heavy Armor (8/6 + Helmet), Commlink, Knife [Weapon Focus (4)], Power Focus (4), Spell Lock (Armor/3 successes), Spell Lock (Personal Combat Sense/5 successes), Spirit Focus (3), Uzi III [SMG, 24 (clip), BF, 6M, w/2 extra clips, Laser Sight, Gas-Vent 3 Recoil Compensation]

Spells: Bullet Barrier 5, Clairvoyance 4, Detect Enemies (Extended) 4, Fire Bolt 3, Fire Cloud 3, Increase Reaction (+3) 4, Mob Mind 4, Overstimulation 4, Spell Barrier 5, Stun Bolt 4, Stun Cloud 3, Wrecker 4

These are Lone Star's finest and highest-paid—and, thankfully, *rarest*—combat mages. They are called on to support special tactics units and to combat extremely powerful rogue spellcasters such as dragons and toxic or insect shamans. Although he won't admit it—and *certainly* won't discuss the details of his Initiatory group—he's probably an Initiate of Grade 1-3 (1D6/2), with at least some training in all six types of metamagic. If he expects the hash he's being ordered into is going to be particularly unpleasant, he'll usually be accompanied by a couple of elementals—*fire* elementals, preferably, because of the lovely way they make ammunition cook off...

D.P.I. COMBAT MAGE (STANDARD BACK-UP)

B	Q	S	C	I	W	E	M	R	Armor
3 (5)	5	3	3	6	5	6	6	5 (7)	5/3

Initiative: 5 (7) + 1D6

Threat/Professional Rating: 3/3

Skills: Conjuring 5, Etiquette (Corp) 2, Etiquette (Street) 3, Firearms 4, Magical Theory 3, Sorcery 6, Unarmed Combat 2

GM INFORMATION

Cyberware: None

Gear: Armor Jacket (5/3 + Helmet), Commlink, Power Focus (2), Spell Lock (Armor/2 successes), Spell Lock (Personal Combat Sense/2 successes), Spirit Focus (3), Uzi III [SMG, 24 (clip), BF, 6M, w/2 extra clips, Laser Sight, Gas-Vent 3 Recoil Compensation]

Spells: Armor 3, Bind 3, Clairvoyance 4, Confusion 4, Control Emotion 3, Increase Reaction (+2) 3, Manaball 3, Manabolt 3, Overstimulation 3, Personal Combat Sense 4

This mage officer is a standard, medium-strength combat mage. He has a fair variety of combat spells. His preferred method is to immobilize, incapacitate or disarm assailants by using spells such as Overstimulation, Control Emotion/Thoughts or Paralyze.

D.P.I. MAGE DETECTIVE

B	Q	S	C	I	W	E	M	R	Armor
4	4	3	4	6	6	6	6	5	5/3

Initiative: 5 + 1D6

Threat/Professional Rating: 3/3

Skills: Conjuring 4, Etiquette (Corp) 3, Etiquette (Street) 4, Magical Theory 6, Sorcery 5

Cyberware: None

Gear: Armor Jacket (5/3), Colt Manhunter [Heavy Pistol, 16 (clip), SA, 9M, w/2 extra clips, Laser Sight], Commlink, Power Focus (2), Spell Focus (Detection 4)

Spells: Analyze Device 3, Analyze Magic 1, Analyze Truth 4, Bind 3, Clairvoyance (Extended) 4, Detect Guns 3, Detect Individual 3, Detect Life 3, Detect Magic 2, Mind Probe 2, Mindlink 1

There isn't very much that escapes the well-trained eyes of this mage. His ability to collect and interpret information is unsurpassed. He is a master of subtlety as he combs the material world and the astral realm for clues and emotional nuances left behind at a crime scene. When this officer says, "I have a hunch," people listen.

FOOT PATROL OFFICER

B	Q	S	C	I	W	E	R	Armor
4	4	4	2	3	4	6	3	4/3

Initiative: 3 + 1D6

Threat/Professional Rating: 2/2

Skills: Armed Combat 2, Etiquette (Corp) 2, Etiquette (Street) 4, Firearms 3, Police Procedure 4, Unarmed Combat 3

Cyberware: None

Gear: Armor Vest w/Plates (4/3 + Helmet), Commlink, Ruger Super Warhawk [Heavy Pistol, 6 (cylinder), SA, 10M, w/24 extra rounds, Laser Sight], Stun Baton (6S Stun)

FRT TROOPER

B	Q	S	C	I	W	E	R	Armor
5	6	5	3	4	4	3.5	5 (7)	8/6

Initiative: 7 + 2D6

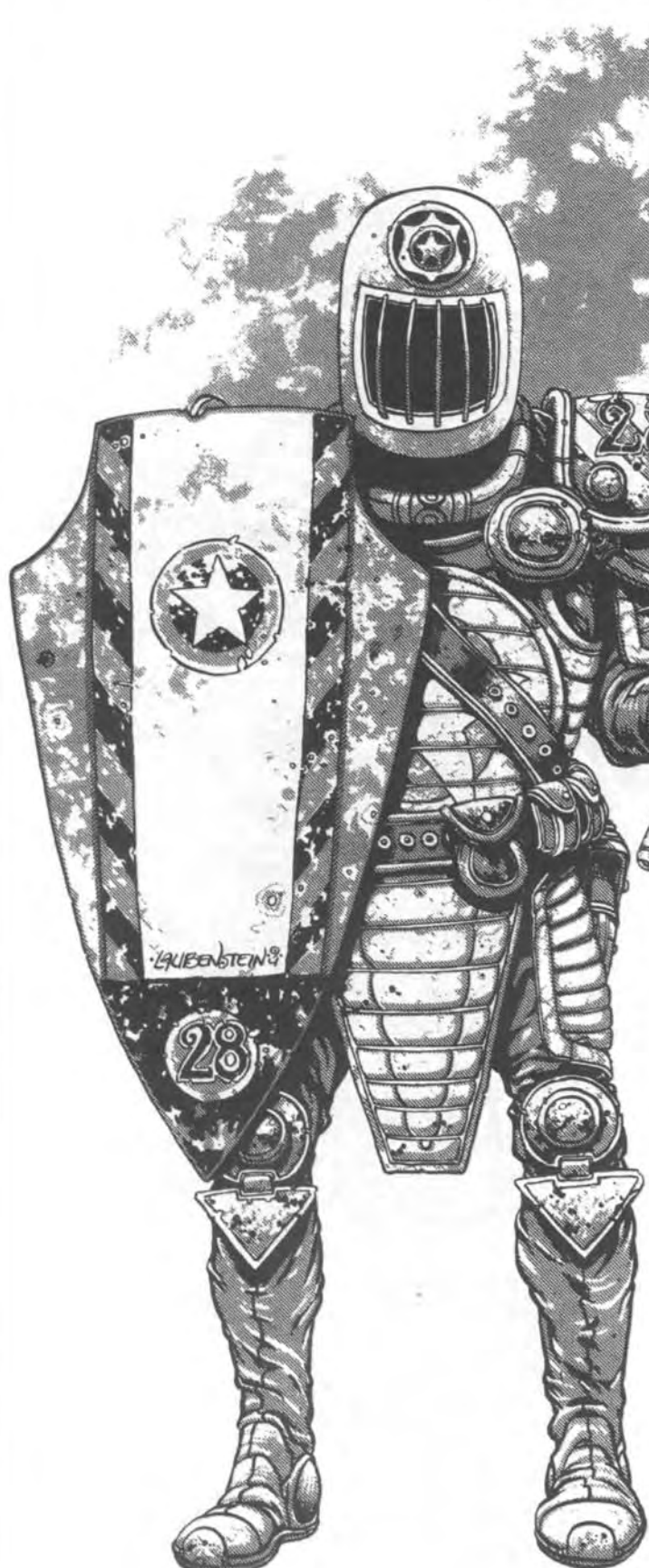
Threat/Professional Rating: 4/4

Skills: Car 2, Etiquette (Corp) 3, Etiquette (Street) 4, Firearms 5, Stealth 4, Unarmed Combat 3

Cyberware: Smartlink, Wired Reflexes (1)



GM INFORMATION



Gear: Full Heavy Armor (8/6 + Helmet w/Integral Commlink), Colt Manhunter [Heavy Pistol, 16 (clip), 9M, w/2 extra clips, Internal Smartlink], HK227-S [SMG, 28 (clip), SA/BF, 7M, w/2 extra clips, Internal Smartlink, Gas-Vent 2 Recoil Compensation], Shock Gloves (7S Stun), Stun Baton (6S Stun), or AUG-CSL AR [Assault Rifle, 40 (clip), SA/BF/FA, 8M, w/2 extra clips, Internal Smartlink, Gas-Vent 2 Recoil Compensation, Thermographic Scope] or CMDT/SM Combat Gun [Shotgun, 8 (clip), SA/BF, 9S, w/3 extra clips, Internal Smartlink, Gas-Vent 2 Recoil Compensation + Shock Pads (1)] or MA 2100 Sniping Rifle [Sniping Rifle, 8 (magazine), SA, 14S, Gas-Vent 3 Recoil Compensation + Shock Pads (1), Thermographic Magnification (3) Scope]

HIGHWAY PATROL T-BIRD "JAMMER"

B	Q	S	C	I
3	5	2	2	5
W	E	R	Armor	
4	1	5(11)	4/3	

Initiative: 5 (11) + 1D6 (4D6)

Threat/Professional Rating: 3/3

Skills: Armed Combat 1, Etiquette (Corp) 3, Etiquette (Street) 2, Firearms 2, Police Procedure 3, Unarmed Combat 1, Vectored Thrust 4 (Concentration: LAV 6, Specialization: GMC Harpy 8), Vectored Thrust B/R 5

Cyberware: Vehicle Control Rig (3)

Gear: Armor Vest w/Plates (4/3 + Helmet), Commlink, Ruger Super Warhawk [Heavy Pistol, 6 (cylinder), SA, 10M, w/24 extra rounds, Laser Sight]

RIOT CONTROL CONSTABLE

B	Q	S	C	I	W	E	R	Armor
4	4	4	2	4	3	6	4	5/3

Initiative: 4 + 1D6

Threat/Professional Rating: 1/3

Skills: Etiquette (Corp) 2, Etiquette (Street) 3, Firearms 3, Stealth 1, Unarmed Combat 2

Cyberware: None

Gear: Armor Jacket (5/3 + Helmet), Commlink, Large Riot-Security Shield [2 points Ballistic Armor, (STR-2)L Stun damage], Net Gun (4 shots, see p. 72, **Street Samurai Catalog**), Scorpion Machine Pistol [Light Pistol, 35 (clip), SA/BF, 4L Stun (gel rounds), w/1 extra clip, Laser Sight], Stun Baton (6S Stun)

SWAT COMBAT MAGE

B	Q	S	C	I	W	E	M	R	Armor
3	4	2	1	5	5	6	6	4	5/3

Initiative: 4 + 1D6

Threat/Professional Rating: 3/3

Skills: Conjuring 3, Etiquette (Corp) 3, Etiquette (Street) 2, Firearms 2, Sorcery 6, Stealth 1, Unarmed Combat 2

Cyberware: None

Gear: Armor Jacket (5/3), Commlink, Scorpion Machine Pistol [Light Pistol, 25 (clip), SA/BF, 6L, w/1 extra clip, Laser Sight], Spell Lock (Armor/4 successes), Spell Lock (Personal Combat

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Sense/2 successes)

Spells: Armor 3, Mana Bolt 4, Manaball 4, Personal Combat Sense 2, Power Bolt 3

SWAT DECKER

B	Q	S	C	I	W	E	R	Armor
2	4	2	1	6	4	5.5	5 (7)	6/4

Initiative: 5 (7) + 1D6 (3D6)

Threat/Professional Rating: 3/3

Skills: Computer 6, Computer (B/R) 5, Computer Theory 5, Electronics 4, Etiquette (Corp) 4, Etiquette (Street) 2, Firearms 2, Stealth 2, Unarmed Combat 1

Cyberware: Datajack, Headware Memory (30 Mp)

Gear: Partial Heavy Armor (6/4), Commlink, Scorpion Machine Pistol [Light Pistol, 25 (clip), SA/BF, 6L, w/1 extra clip, Laser Sight], Sony CTY-360 Cyberdeck (with Response Increase 2 and Level 2 Reinforced Case)

Programs: Attack 4, Bod 4, Browse 4, Deception 4, Evasion 2, Masking 2, Sensors 3

SWAT RIFLEMAN

B	Q	S	C	I	W	E	R	Armor
4	5	4	2	4	4	4	4 (6)	5/3

Initiative: 6 + 2D6

Threat/Professional Rating: 3/3

Skills: Etiquette (Corp) 3, Etiquette (Street) 4, Firearms 4, Stealth 2, Unarmed Combat 3

Cyberware: Wired Reflexes (1)

Gear: AK-97 [Assault Rifle, 38 (clip), SA/BF/FA, 8M, w/2 extra clips, Gas-Vent 2 Recoil Compensation, Laser Sight], Armor Jacket (5/3), Colt Manhunter [Heavy Pistol, 16 (clip), SA, 9M, w/1 extra clip, Laser Sight], Commlink

SWAT SNIPER

B	Q	S	C	I	W	E	R	Armor
4	5	4	3	5	4	5.5	5	4/3

Initiative: 5 + 1D6

Threat/Professional Rating: 3/4

Skills: Etiquette (Corp) 3, Etiquette (Street) 4, Firearms 3 (Specialization: Ranger Arms SM-3 7), Stealth 3, Unarmed Combat 1

Cyberware: Smartlink

Gear: Armor Vest w/Plates (4/3), Colt Manhunter [Heavy Pistol, 16 (clip), SA, 9M, w/1 extra clip, Laser Sight], Commlink, Ranger Arms SM-3 [Sniper Rifle, 6 (magazine), SA, 14S, Gas-Vent 3 Recoil Compensation, Bipod (2 points Recoil Compensation), Low-Light Magnification 3 Scope]

GM INFORMATION

SWAT SPOTTER

B	Q	S	C	I	W	E	R	Armor
4	4	3	4	5	4	6	4	4/3

Initiative: 4 + 1D6

Threat/Professional Rating: 3/2

Skills: Etiquette (Corp) 3, Etiquette (Street) 3, Firearms 3, Stealth 4, Unarmed Combat 1

Cyberware: None

Gear: Armor Vest w/Plates (4/3), Colt Manhunter [Heavy Pistol, 16 (clip), SA, 9M, w/1 extra clip, Laser Sight], Commlink, Thermographic Binoculars

WATCHER

B	Q	S	C	I	W	E	R	Armor
3	5	3	3	5	3	2.25	5 (9)	5/3

Initiative: 5 (9) + 1D6 (3D6)

Threat/Professional Rating: 3/3

Skills: Athletics 1, Computer 3 (Hardware 5), Electronics 5, Electronics (B/R) 3, Etiquette (Corp) 2, Etiquette (Street) 4, Firearms 2, Stealth 6 (Concentration: Urban 8), Unarmed Combat 3

Cyberware: Radio, Vehicle Control Rig (2)

Gear: Armor Jacket (5/3), Beretta 200ST [Light Pistol, 26 (clip), SA/BF, 6L, w/1 extra clip, Laser Sight], Remote Control Deck (if appropriate), other gear as appropriate.

LONE STAR VEHICLES

The following game statistics describe the Lone Star vehicles that appear in the fictional section of this book. Some Lone Star vehicles appeared in the **Rigger Black Book**: the Chrysler-Nissan Patrol-One (p. 64), the Harley Electraglide-1000 Patrol Cycle (p. 66), the CAS "Wandjina" RPV (p. 84), and the Mobmaster Riot Control Vehicle (p. 63).

"BLACK MARIAH" USPTV

Handling	Speed	B/A	Sig	APilot
4/4	30/100	3/9	2	2

Seating: Twin bucket seats + 2 bench

Access: 2 standard + 1 rear

Economy: 50 km per liter

Fuel: IC/90 liters

Storage: 50 CF

LONE STAR-MODIFIED FORD AMERICAR

Handling	Speed	B/A	Sig	APilot
4/8	35/105	2/3	2	3

Seating: Twin front/back bucket seats

Access: 2 standard

Economy: 50 km per liter

Fuel: IC/30 liters

Storage: 2 CF storage + 9 CF trunk

Options: Bulletproof (Barrier Rating 8) transplast divider between front and rear seats.

LONE STAR-MODIFIED GM-HONDA 3220 ZX TURBO

Handling	Speed	B/A	Sig	APilot
4/8	50/150	2/3	1	3

Seating: Twin front/back bucket seats

Access: 2 standard + rear hatch

Economy: 45 km per liter

Fuel: IC/30 liters

Storage: 4 CF trunk

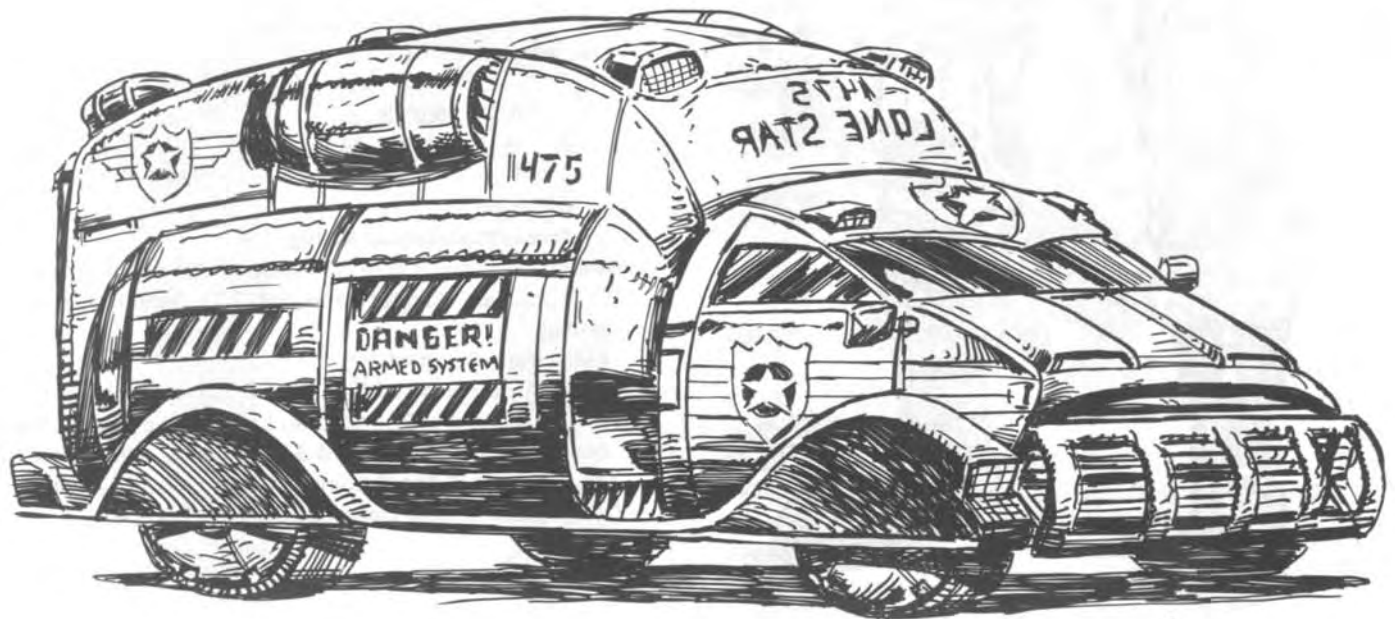
Options: Bulletproof (Barrier Rating 8) transplast divider between front and rear seats.

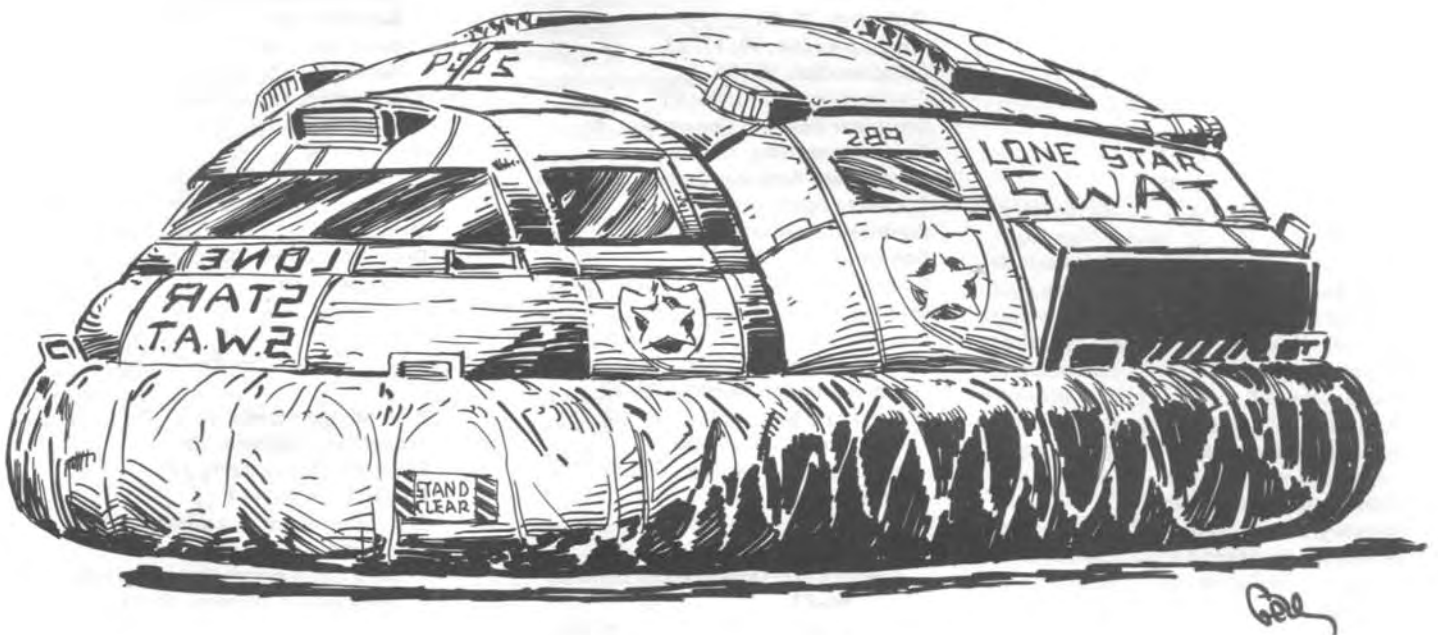
STRATO-9 SURVEILLANCE DRONE

Handling	Speed	B/A	Sig	APilot	Store
3/4	35/100	2/0	3	2	5CF

Economy: 7 km per liter

Fuel: MultiF/30 liters





Cargo: 1 CF storage
Operational Duration: Fuel-limited
Set-up/Breakdown Time: 5 minutes
Sensor Package: Security II (5)
Landing/Takeoff Profile: VTOL **ECM/ECCM:** Security II (2)/None
Armament: Hardpoint-mounted modified MMG [MMG, 100 (belt), SA/BF/FA, 9S, Gas-Vent 3 Recoil Compensation, Magnification 3 Thermographic Imaging Scope]
SWAT HOVERTRUCK

Handling	Speed	B/A	Sig	APilot
4	40/120	4/6	4	3

Seating: Twin bucket seats + 30 jumpseats* **Access:** 2 gull-wing + 2 standard + 1 rear
Economy: 1.5 km per liter **Fuel:** IC/500 liters
Storage: 2 CF cab + 100 CF rear

GMC "HARPY" SCOUT LAV

Handling	Speed	B/A	Sig	APilot
3	600/850	5/15	6	2

Seating: Single bucket seat + twin bucket seats
Access: 2 cupola hatches
Economy: 0.8 km per liter **Fuel:** IC/1,500 liters
Cargo: 25 CF cargo
Sensors: Security II (2)
ECM/ECCM: Security III (3)/Security III (3)
Landing/Takeoff Profile: Effective VSTOL (vector thrust)
Armament: Turret armament is a Vanquisher HMG minigun (Damage 10S, see Minigun Rules, p. 132, **Rigger Black Book**) with 2,000 rounds of ammunition. The commander's cupola incorporates a micro turret mounted with a single

500-round MMG (Damage 9S). Each side of the vehicle mounts an armored, two-slot missile rack. These racks must be specially modified to accommodate "Land Shark" anti-vehicle devices.

Ares "Land Shark" Anti-Vehicle Device

Intelligence	Damage	Weight
Int - 1*	17D	3
Cost	Availability	Street Index
3,500¥	13/14 days	3

*The Land Shark's effective Intelligence is the Intelligence of the rigger controlling the missile, minus 1.

LS-MODIFIED AERODESIGN SYSTEMS CONDOR LDS-23

Handling	Speed	B/A	Sig	APilot	Store
Condor	5	20/60	1/0	10	1

1 CF*

Operational Duration:** Daylight: unrestricted. Night: 8 hours.

Set-up/Breakdown Time: 3 minutes

Sensor Package: Task-specific (6)

Landing/Takeoff Profile: VSTOL

*When deflated, the Condor requires 1 CF storage space. If inflated, requires 10 CF.

**Onboard batteries provide 8 hours of sensor power at night, but only when stationkeeping on a designated target point. Each minute of operation at up to cruise speed costs 6 minutes of power; each minute at greater than cruise speed requires 12 minutes of power. During daylight hours the drone operates on solar panels, so no such restriction applies.

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