

SHADOWRUN SEATTLE 2072

CATALYST
game labs™

THE DEFINITIVE SEATTLE SOURCEBOOK

WELCOME HOME

It's a screwed up city. Isolated from the rest of the UCAS, it's haven for criminals—smugglers, syndicates, gangers. Legal criminals, too—megacorporations, governments, politicians.

As beautiful as she is dysfunctional, Seattle is urban sprawl amid rolling hills and forests nestled up to man-made wonders next door to natural and man-made disasters. Whether you're a native or not, Seattle will draw you in like no other.

You can run for a lifetime and never leave Seattle, but some say you can't run for a lifetime without entering.

Seattle 2072 is compatible with all *Shadowrun* books.



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SEATTLE 2072



CATALYST GAME LABS

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KABOOM, KA-BYE

Seattle. Marie loved it already.

Would Seattle love her back? That was the question. All she had to do was kill someone—well, kill someone *and* not get caught—and it would be a very good stay indeed.

She didn't mind that it aspired to be the Emerald City. She was in a good section of town in the midst of the lunchtime bustle. Almost everyone else was more intent than she on a destination. She was taking in the sights. Or so it should seem. The crush of people swirling around her were mostly human, but now and then, she detected an elf. And she did see one troll who stood out like a beacon—or a blight, depending on whom one asked.

Marie loved the December gloom and rain. The more blustery the weather, the higher her spirits rose. Cold rain, thick gray-black clouds, a stiff wind coming in off the water. It surprised her that she liked it that much. She was in her glory.

Until, just at the edge of her field of vision, she caught sight of the cops. And even worse, they appeared to catch sight of her. They were still about two blocks away, but uphill from her, so she could see them plainly as their formerly-relaxed gait turned purposeful and accelerated.

They shouldn't have had any interest in her. Her last run hadn't been anywhere near Seattle. Knight Errant shouldn't be paying any attention to her at all. Why would they? She'd never been to Seattle before. She wasn't on any watchlists. Her sources would tell her if that changed. The cops should have looked right past her.

Except they hadn't.

Fuck.

Closer. The cops weren't just getting closer, they were walking directly toward her. Walking fast. Marie held her breath and counted on her tech to do its job. Hands in her light jacket pockets, she automatically—but especially now—kept one hand on her credsticks and the other on her temporary commlink as she pretended to be fascinated by the latest styles in the store window before her. She might look like a customer of NetMart, but nothing to stop her from coveting Lordstrungs, right?

She forced herself to breathe. Her commlink should be broadcasting perfectly nondescript identification, nothing that would flag the cops' attention—borrowed, of course, from someone who looked an awful lot like her: average. Average height, average build, average appearance—easy on the eyes, but not eye-catching, with thick wavy brown hair that just brushed her shoulders.

As long as the cops weren't augmented enough to hear her heart pounding in her chest, or smell her sweat, she should be good.

If she'd had any sense, she would have passed on this particular run. She almost had. Until her partner Ralph convinced her that the generous paycheck was worth the "minimal" risk. So far she was glad he had. Or had been, until the KE zeroed in on her.

She chuckled and forced a smile, as if reacting to the AR of some sale offer the clothing shop had beamed to her comm. Marie made herself stay still, stay relaxed. She was good at bluffing—*really* good. If they stopped her, her best bet was acting innocent and talking.

After all, she hadn't done anything illegal.

Yet.

Well, not in Seattle anyway.

She and Ralph the Elf were getting a decent reputation ... other places. That's how he'd scooped the inside information on this particular run.

Shiawase was on the verge of a breakthrough—allegedly. They had two separate R&D labs working on ... something big. Marie didn't know what. According to rumor, whatever it was was *major*. But now in order to complete the project they needed to share data between the labs—between two hard-wired, off-the-grid labs, both totally isolated from the Matrix.

Couldn't afford to let any hacker discover the secret, after all. No matter how good their encryption and other security measures and countermeasures, Shiawase didn't want the data transmitted.

It should have been a simple enough courier job, except that the news leaked and Shiawase had found out about the leak. The corporate honchos weren't about to back down, not even if they could afford to. So they were making a huge show of the transfer, pulling out all the stops for protection, every contingency covered: magical, hardware, software, and plain old mundane street muscle in the form of the best private security money could buy. They'd hired an army to escort their "packages"—five of them—across town.

Four were decoys. One was the real thing. No one, not even the couriers, knew which was which.

It was a good plan.

Except for Ralph being astronomically lucky in ferreting out information that no one else seemed to find—at least not in time to do anything with it. See, Ralph had found out that all five were decoys, not just four. Marie grinned at the memory of his glee when the lanky, fair elf had told her. His delicately-pointed ears had practically twitched with excitement.

She and Ralph the Elf made a perfect team: she a hacker extraordinaire and he a highly skilled mage as subtle as he was strong. They'd teamed up several years ago and had yet to fail on a run, partially because they were *good* but also because they knew their limitations and didn't accept jobs they knew they couldn't yet handle.

He'd had to persuade her about this one; it was on the cusp, in her opinion. Marie had found it hard to believe that all five were decoys. There was a sixth, one most spies didn't know about.

The sixth courier, totally oblivious, would be transporting the actual data.

Marie couldn't imagine what excuse the person would have been given. In this age of instant communication via the Matrix or courtesy of VR workplaces, business meetings were virtual if they happened at all. It wasn't as if any employee *needed* to see another worker face to face. Email, texting, videophone: all were much more immediate and therefore more efficient.

The hacker shrugged, still pretending interest in the store even as she watched the cops get closer.

She debated the merits of further perusing the colorful merchandise in the window or strolling into the store itself. She watched the cops weave their way through the lunch crowd of wage slaves out despite the wet weather. People sensed their intensity and got out of their way, allowing them to move even more swiftly.

Then a movement in the periphery to her left was abrupt enough to make Marie turn and look, along with everyone else.

A kid broke into a sprint, shoving people roughly out of the way and leaving angry screams and annoyed shouts in his wake as he vanished around the next corner. The KE dashed past, quickly making up the distance. They were augmented, judging by how swiftly they disappeared around the same corner.

Marie wondered what the kid had done. He'd been tall and lanky, dressed all in black and scruffy-looking—but expensive scruffy—so as not to stand out much. Rebel chic. She felt like rolling her eyes in disdain at the pretender but stopped herself just in time. Whatever it was he'd done she wished him luck. It was the least she could do, she thought, as she thanked him for drawing the cops away. She loved false alarms and distractions.

A false alarm was better than being the real target.

Yes, Marie loved Seattle.

For how long? Well, she'd have to see.

She had her own target to find.

Their client didn't care about intercepting the information. That would have been a tall order indeed. All she and Ralph had contracted to do was to *stop* the transfer. It would only delay Shiawase for a short time, but that time was all the client—one of Shiawase's rivals, no doubt—wanted. Whatever delay, whatever chaos, was good enough.

There.

She'd spotted her target, an older man who somehow managed to look both weary and distinguished. Tall and broad, thick white hair. There was no urgency to his step as he emerged from the restaurant and turned to go up the hill, moving against traffic.

Marie believed he had no clue he was being watched. Why should he, when he had no idea what he was carrying? She almost felt bad for him. Almost.

But it wasn't her fault any more than it was his that Shiawase had planted the microchip on him. His blood was on corporate hands, not hers.

Marie and Ralph had considered various options but had rejected all of them as too uncertain of success. The datachip needed to be destroyed. That's what they were being paid for: a guarantee. They hadn't been able to think of a fail-safe way to do that without also taking out the man.

Mindful of traffic, she crossed to the other side of the road so she was moving with the flow of people. Just because she didn't think he was aware of her didn't mean she'd get careless. Plus, it allowed her to move faster and catch him that much more easily.

She fingered the credsticks again, easily finding the notched one that she needed to slip into his pocket.

To any sensor or scanner, as well as to the naked, magical, or augmented eye, it would appear perfectly normal. Ralph the Elf had confirmed it for her. Aside from the initial contact being his—major aside—that was the one thing he'd done on this very unmagical run.

Marie would slip it into the mark's pocket. Once she had, her commlink would text some innocuous message over the Matrix to some random restaurant or store. It would be spam—background noise.

The credstick would pick it up. And once it got the signal the device would detonate. Oh, there would be an EMP. Just in case. Marie believed in covering all bases—overkill, Ralph always said. So the heatflash would burn up the unwitting courier, the chip, and the incriminating credstick. Kaboom.

Marie just needed to catch him.

So intent was she that she almost didn't see his escort.

They were good. She counted seven, two flanking him close and the other five forming a discreet perimeter. They looked human, without visible implants, but there was a hardness about them, an edge that aroused Marie's instinctive self-preservation. She didn't doubt surveillance cams were keyed in as well. The cams didn't matter, she matched her fake ID.

But the seven ...

Fuck.

Now what?

They weren't keeping a buffer zone around him empty, but they studied anyone who got that close. Any approach wouldn't get past them. They certainly wouldn't miss a bump, even though she wasn't picking his pocket, but slipping something into it.

She stayed the course as she tried to think of something. She got in front of him and stopped in front of a high-end electronics store—everything anyone could possibly need for her PAN or LAN and then some—made as if to go in, then stopped, then started again, then stopped, turned abruptly, and careened right into the hapless carrier.

She sensed the tension from his companions skyrocket, but they held back as she burst into tears and apologized profusely.

"I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. It's my husband's birthday in three days," she said as if that explained everything. "Can you help me, please? Maybe? It would only take five minutes?"

Understandably, the man looked baffled but not alarmed. "Pardon me?"

"It's my husband's birthday, and I want to surprise him with his present. But he's, well, he's in private security so he is really, really cautious. He doesn't just track his electronic imprint, he tracks mine. It doesn't matter how anonymous I try to be. He's that good. I can never surprise him." She made a show of bringing her sobs under control and looking very sheepish. She withdrew a credstick from her pocket. "Please? Here's the money. It's good. I can even wait while you confirm it. I'm not trying to rush you or anything."

Marie looked even more sheepish. "I know how strange this must seem. But if you'd take this, it's more than enough to cover that," she pointed at random to one of the best new router/interfaces with a state-of-the-art firewall to protect privacy. Thank heavens her cover ID was really married. No doubt the escort was busy checking. Just so they didn't look too closely at where the real person was at the moment. The hack Marie had set up wouldn't stand up

to really close scrutiny. In fact, in two hours time, it would suddenly appear as if the borrowed persona were in ten places at once.

The man relaxed and she could see the tension leave his shoulders, and the worry lines in his face transform into a deep smile. "All right, I'll help. That's really sweet of you. I can see my wife trying something like this."

Marie privately doubted it even as she beamed at him and offered effusive thanks.

And that was that. He paid with the credstick, not even noticing as she slipped the special one into his pocket.

It seemed to take forever for the instantaneous transaction to go through. And then just to vex her, the clerk took forever to retrieve the item. Then the faux goth punk didn't like the packaging, noticing damage and thinking something was wrong with the product, and checked no fewer than ten of them with painstaking slowness.

Three of the seven shadows had drifted into the store. Marie saw two more through the window. She didn't know where the last two had gone, perhaps to cover the back or something just in case.

Inwardly pleading for the clerk to hurry, Marie kept a grateful smile plastered to her face. She'd stopped showering him with thanks, so as not to overdo it, but she continued to glow with happiness and satisfaction. She hoped, anyway.



Of course the moment she got clear, she needed to change her hair color and style, maybe even skin color and build. Changing her flats for spiked heels would add five inches to her stature, and she'd need a change of clothes. It was amazing the difference snug leather made, instead of loose denim.

She should settle in for at least a week or two stay in Seattle. Once this run was complete anyone leaving the city would be subjected to scrutiny.

As Marie accepted the package from him, she glowed with joy and made as if to kiss him on the cheek in her gratitude, then acted as if she'd thought better of it. He was a perfect stranger, after all.

The Shiawase employee graciously wished her a good day and her husband a happy birthday, then ambled out of the store.

She loitered a few moments longer to peruse the sales, then meandered out and set off in the opposite direction.

The brisk wind blew rain into her face, and she sent a general IM, to no one in particular, about how she was soooooo very tired of the rain already, and it was only December.

It took great awareness and restraint for Marie not to quicken her pace, but to continue to browse.

A few friendly replies—none from Ralph, of course—heartily agreed with her so she knew her message was out there.

Nothing happened.

Marie moved further away but not in haste. Either the incendiary device would detonate, or it wouldn't. Her job was done. Ralph was her backup. If the bomb didn't work, it was up to him to finish the job via a magical attack. They'd already laid contingency plans.

And still nothing happened.

She resisted the urge to turn and look. Hell, with her luck, the ill-fated man was rushing after her for some reason and would blow up the both of them together. In which case, Ralph wouldn't have to split the payment.

With anyone else, that would have worried her. A lot.

But she and Ralph had the kind of history where she knew they had each other's backs.

And ... nothing. Nothing at all.

The noisy crowd surged around her, beginning to thin now that lunchtime was almost over and the rains were coming down even harder.

A blinding flash reflected off the buildings all around her, followed almost simultaneously by a short, sharp "boom." Marie screamed and make sure her reaction mimicked that of everyone around her then began running with people for cover.

Inside she was gloating.

Mission accomplished.

She loved Seattle.



THE CITY ON THE SOUND

Seattle: the Emerald City, premier metropolis, the western port and outpost of the United Canadian and American States, an urban locale of culture, history, and vibrant activity nestled amidst the Native American Nations and the thriving ecosystem of the Pacific Northwest. Seattle is a prime destination for travelers: for business, an urban sight-seeing vacation, or an extended visit to the the surrounding wilderness.

POPULATION: 3,000,000+

Human: 66%

Elf: 13%

Dwarf: 2%

Ork: 16%

Troll: 2%

Other: 1%

Population Density: 750+ per square kilometer

Per Capita Income: 56,000¥

Corporate-Affiliated Population: 59%

Hospitals: 88

DocWagon Clinics: 25

MEANS OF COMMUTING TO WORK:

Internal Combustion Vehicle: 2%

GridGuide Electric Vehicles, Individual: 39%

GridGuide Electric Vehicles, Group: 22%

Monorail Ring Riders: 22%

On-site Workers: 12%

Other: 3%

EDUCATION:

Less than 12 years: 42%

High School Equivalency: 34%

College Equivalency: 17%

Advanced Degrees and Certificates: 7%

Felonious Crime Rate: 18 per 1,000 per annum

- The “other” in demographics includes anything the UCAS legally recognizes as a sapient being that is not one of the aforementioned metatypes, such as: ghouls, vampires, and other metahumans infected with various strains of HMHVV; critters like sasquatch, nagas, and munchkins; and even more exotic things like free spirits and the occasional dragon. The government estimate is some 30,000 “others” in the metroplex, but the figures are even less accurate than the census of the SINless and the actual number could be anywhere from 20,000 to 50,000 or more.
- Baka Dabora
- The population demographics also do not include changelings, since the SURGE tended to cut across metatypes, but it’s a fair estimate that least 10% of Seattle’s population—or some 300,000—are changelings of some variety. That number has been steadily rising, too, as changelings from the surrounding areas and elsewhere in the UCAS migrate to the Emerald City, which has had a reputation as a haven for freaks and weirdos, or at least did, up until recently. We’ll see how Brackhaven’s administration changes things (not for the better, I suspect).
- Mad Tom



SEASOURCE FAST FACTS: SEATTLE DEMOGRAPHICS

This Guide looks at the things you should know when planning your next trip to Seattle, the City on the Sound!

- Seattle, city in the shadows. Welcome to *our* version of the popular *Living Planet™ Guide to Seattle*, where we make the *Guide* a little more “living” than the publishers originally intended by stripping out much of the oh-so-helpful commentary on tourist attractions, family-friendly places to eat, and top ten lists of the Most Romantic or Most Reasonably Priced establishments in town. Instead, we focus on the *real* Seattle Metroplex: the crazy, mixed-up, fucked-up place that has been and continues to be one of the great havens for shadow-runners and edge societies in the world. If you want the tourist stuff, buy (or pirate) an original copy of *Living Planet’s Guide* for yourself. If you want the real skinny on what’s going on in the Seattle shadows, then you’ve come to the right place. We’ve got intel from the usual suspects along with some local experts I’ve invited onboard. Enjoy, and use it well.
- Fastjack

TRAVELING TO SEATTLE

Seattle is the largest non-contiguous part of the UCAS, so travel to the metroplex can be more involved than visiting other parts of the country, even for UCAS citizens. For citizens of other nations, visiting Seattle is much like travel to the UCAS proper, and travelers should observe the same rules and restrictions provided by the UCAS State Department. UCAS citizens visiting Seattle still need proper documentation, and it is recommended that you update your travel information and check any travel advisories put out by the UCAS government before booking your trip.

AIR

The main air traffic hub for the metroplex is Seattle-Tacoma International Airport, known locally as “Sea-Tac.” Flights arrive there from all over the world. The metroplex also has numerous smaller airports, many of them privately owned and operated. In particular, Federated-Boeing operates its own airfield just north of Sea-Tac, and the UCAS military maintains an airfield for VTOL, VSTOL, and cargo-lifting aircraft in Fort Lewis.

LAND

The Native American Nations sanction three major traffic routes into and out of Seattle, known as the North, South, and East Roads. The North and South Roads follow the track of the old U.S. Interstate Highway 5. The East Road is the old I-90 and leads to the Yakima Trading Center Complex at Ellensburg, where it joins up with I-82/84. Vehicles must pass through a security checkpoint to enter or leave the metroplex borders, so have your identification and passport information online and accessible when you approach!

A sealed-tube, high-speed maglev train runs from San Francisco to Seattle through Tir Tairngire and the Salish-Shidhe Council. It is the only passenger rail-service into the metroplex. The trip takes about two hours and is primarily used by tourists and employees of corporations with interests in both cities. The maglev-tube is opaque and large portions of it are underground, so sightseeing opportunities are limited to departure and arrival points, as the maglev makes no stops along its route.

- At least, it's not *supposed* to make any stops, but there are provisions for it to do so in case of emergency.
- Traveler Jones

SEA

The Port of Seattle remains one of the most active on the Pacific coast of North America, and various passenger and commercial vessels dock in the harbor every day. Visitors to the metroplex must report to the Port of Entry Complex to have their transit information checked and updated before entering the city proper.

- If you're planning on slipping into Seattle unnoticed, the sea and land routes are your best options. Some smugglers bring people ashore in out-of-the-way spots where it's a fairly simple matter to meet up with a connection in the 'plex or acquire some ground transport. The southern borders are the most porous, with areas like the Verge: broad lava flats patrolled primarily by drones and automated systems. Coyotes who know the area can guide you through for a price.
- Rigger X
- One of the best connections for getting in and out of Seattle is the Ancients; they still have ties of sorts with Tir Tairngire, and are known to smuggle people and goods across the border and maintain a "pipeline" to the elven homeland. Provided you meet with their approval—and can put up with their arrogance and arcane etiquette—the A's are a useful resource for the shadowrunner on the go.
- Tarlan

LANGUAGES

Like the UCAS, Seattle has no official language, although the common local language is English. Seattle's cosmopolitan character makes it more multilingual, however, and you can regularly expect to hear Japanese and several Native American languages spoken here, along with Russian, Cantonese, Spanish, and even Elvish (Sperethiel) and Orkish (Or'zet)! Translator agents or chips are recommended for travelers visiting some of Seattle's different ethnic neighborhoods and districts.

CURRENCY

Although the official currency of the Seattle Metroplex is the UCAS Dollar (\$), the international Nuyen (¥) has largely supplanted the dollar in the local economy, and most prices in Seattle are given in nuyen, with some AR pricing menus having optional currency conversions. It's a good idea to check the current dollar-nuyen exchange rates before entering the metroplex and converting some currency for your visit.

Additionally, Seattle makes greater use of hardcopy currency—nuyen, dollars, and corporate scrip—than most of the UCAS. This is due to potential communication issues with other UCAS banks and financial institutions; you do not want to be caught without access to your finances! Some small businesses prefer, or even require, payment in hardcopy because of this.

WEATHER

Contrary to popular opinion, it doesn't rain all the time in Seattle. Annual precipitation is actually around 90 centimeters, a little over the average for most of the northeastern UCAS. It rains more in the winter months, less in the summer. Rainstorms are shorter in the warmer months and longer in the winter, when you get the sustained periods of overcast skies and steady rain synonymous with Seattle.



SEASOURCE SEARCH: SEATTLE CITY SERVICES

SERVICE	PROVIDER
Fire Safety	Franklin Associates
GridGuide	Mitsuhamma Computer Technologies
Healthcare	City Health Services
Matrix Service	NeoNET
Police	Knight Errant
Power	Gaeatronics
Prisons	Lone Star Security Services
Public Works	Shiwase Envirotech
Sanitation	Eta Engineering

Average annual temperature is around 21° C, up to 31° C in the summer, and down to around 4.5° C in the winter. Winter temperatures rarely drop below freezing and weather is usually mild, with occasional thunderstorms during spring and summer and windstorms in autumn.

- Seattle's relatively mild weather (it rarely snows along the Sound, even in the winter) has led to a long-standing homeless and SINless population. Municipal projects like the ACHE, intended to provide low-cost housing and get the homeless population under control, have largely failed to do so and only given more reason for SINless indigents to move into the metroplex. It's a largely unspoken truth that ecologies relying on an abundance of metahuman prey—from ghouls and vampires to organized crime and organleggers—thrive in Seattle because of the large number of transients and unaccounted for.
- Hannibelle

Due to eruptions from Mt. Rainier, southern parts of the metroplex often experience significant ashfall, and deposits of volcanic ash are frequently disturbed by high winds, so it's a good idea to consult Seattle air quality alerts and to have a personal breathing mask if you are planning to visit areas south of Lake Union, particularly during the high wind periods in autumn. Fortunately, steady ocean winds in the Puget Sound area tend to improve air quality in downtown Seattle, which suffers from fewer stage-one smog alerts than any other major UCAS city.

GETTING AROUND SEATTLE

While downtown Seattle is fairly pedestrian-friendly, outlying areas are heavily dependent on public transportation and on-road vehicles. Unlike many UCAS cities, particularly in the northeast, Seattle has no subway system, although it does have a robust public transportation network. So once you arrive, here's how you get around the metroplex.

PEDESTRIAN

The first thing to know about walking in Seattle is: be prepared for hills! Much of the metroplex is hilly terrain, sometimes quite steep, so you should wear comfortable shoes if you plan to walk a lot, and be aware that maps and directions to your destination might not show topographical details, so what looks like an easy few blocks might actually be quite a climb! Make sure to use street-level views of your route to get a feel for the terrain before you decide to walk it.



SEATTLE IN SOURCEBOOKS

As the primary setting for *Shadowrun*, Seattle has been covered in dozens of sourcebooks and adventures. The four most important records of Seattle are the following:

Seattle Sourcebook (1989): One of the first *Shadowrun* sourcebooks and the first detailed look at Seattle, Seattle Sourcebook included an extensive look at all the metroplexes' districts as of 2050, including maps of each district.

New Seattle (1998): *Shadowrun, Third Edition* and *New Seattle* brought Seattle into 2060; this treatment of New Seattle spent more time on corporations, crime, and law enforcement, with less of a focus on each district and their individual locations.

Runner Havens (2005): This title covered Seattle in 2070, after the second Matrix crash, including updates to the Seattle Matrix, criminal underworld and, most notably, the Seattle Govenor situation.

Seattle 2072: To celebrate the 20th Anniversary of *Shadowrun*, the book you're reading now pushes the Seattle plotlines into 2072 and includes maps, district descriptions, and more evolution to politics, the criminal landscape, and a look towards Seattle's future.



- One common way of getting around the 'plex the Guide doesn't mention is by pedaling: bicyclists are still quite common in the crowded downtown area, and there's a thriving bike courier business for small packages that can't be entrusted to virtual transmission over the Matrix. Naturally, there's also a thriving shadow business in intercepting the occasional bike courier, although the really sensitive stuff gets entrusted to delivery options more heavily armored than a carbon-fiber-frame 18-speed.

- Traveler Jones

- Speaking of bikes, various breeds of motorcycles, scoots, and other small motor-vehicles are also common in Seattle, since they're more maneuverable than full-size cars, easier to park and conceal, and able to go some places cars cannot, including between some vehicular barricades. No surprise that they're popular with gangers and shadowrunners alike, and Knight Errant has been increasing the number of motorcycle officers because of it.

- Rigger X

PUBLIC TRANSIT

The Metro Transit Company—majority-owned by the metroplex government—runs Seattle's public transit system. Bus routes run throughout the metroplex, with schedules available from the public Grid. There is no charge to ride the bus in the downtown "free zone." Trips outside downtown cost 2¥.

Seattle also has a monorail system, updated and expanded several times in its hundred-plus-year history. The monorail loops around the downtown district on elevated tracks, with stops at Seattle Center, the ACHE, King Street Station, and many other places along the way. Riding the monorail costs 1¥.

CAR

Seattle's main streets and highways are gridded for electric cars, which make up the bulk of the traffic. The GridGuide™ system provides safe traffic flow management. You can cross the metroplex (from Everett in the north to southern Puyallup) in about three hours if traffic is light. During rush hour (which actually lasts closer to two or three hours, morning and evening) traffic is stop-and-go along the main routes.

Electric cars are not recommended in the Barrens, since the GridGuide system is often damaged or non-existent, making navigating tricky. Travel on the major highways or any section of the Barrens late at night is potentially dangerous, and travelers should check local GridGuide and metroplex warnings before embarking on any such trips.

- The main danger being the various go-gangs looking to protect "their" section of road and charging "tolls" to pass safely, or simply chasing down trespassers for sport (and the profit of chopping up and selling both vehicles and passengers). The GridGuide provides some warnings about known ganger activity, but usually too late to make much of a difference, as the 'plex tries to downplay this problem as much as possible.
- Traveler Jones

Several taxi services operate in Seattle, including Emerald City Cabs, Yellow Cabs, and GridCab, with its remote and GPS-piloted vehicles. A number of private limo services are also available for one-way, round-trip, or multi-day rentals. WP Express operates two simply limo routes from the airport, and their brands A2D (Airport to Downtown) and A2B (Airport to Bellevue) are quickly becoming well-known by frequent travellers.

Seattle is home to a thriving KeyCar™ franchise, and members can find KeyCars throughout the downtown and surrounding districts. Just wave your KeyCar-enabled commlink over the dash or touch the virtual switch hovering outside and over the driver's side door to unlock the car. Charges are automatically made to your account, with usage rounded up to the nearest half-hour. If you just need transportation for an hour or a day, it's a convenient option when public transportation might not serve, especially for shopping or heading off the regular bus routes.

- Although KeyCar regularly updates their security protocols, firewalls, etc., hackers keep finding ways around them to get unauthorized access to the cars. Actually, getting into a KeyCar isn't the hard part; it's disabling or spoofing the onboard tracking system without also shutting down the GridGuide navigation or the car's entire electrical system. Of course, with a little finesse, you can convince the KeyCar you *are*

an authorized user rather than the brute-force approach of just overriding the lockouts. Just be aware that the company may be watching—and passing info to the Knights—if you're not careful.

- Pistons

FERRY

The Seattle Ferry System runs boats of varying sizes up and down the waterfront and to and from the islands in Puget Sound, with Pier 66 downtown as the hub of the system. Ferries leave on the hour from 6 a.m. to 9 p.m. daily for Tacoma, Everett, and the islands, costing 5¥ for a passenger trip and 12¥ to take a vehicle on board. Large vehicle ferries are equipped with mobile Matrix nodes, allowing passengers to remain online during the trip. Small passenger ferries cost 2¥, or 5¥ for the express hydrofoil. A trip by ferry usually takes about 40 minutes to or from downtown, or 15 minutes by hydrofoil.

AIR

Many corporate and government facilities in Seattle have landing pads for helicopters, tilt-rotor aircraft, and small lighter-than-air vehicles. Five main air-taxi services operate in the metroplex: Emerald City Air, Renraku Air, Sea-Tac Express, Quetzal Shuttle Services, and Federated-Boeing Air Carriers. They fly tilt-rotor and VTOL aircraft to and from Sea-Tac Airport and the major corporate traffic centers. Travel by air-taxi is expensive, costing around 100¥ for a short hop to the airport or 150¥ for a cross-town flight, but affords a spectacular view of the metroplex. Tour packages are also available for 150¥ to 200¥ per person, with stops at several points around Seattle.

- Like all air traffic, commuter flights have to file flight plans with Seattle Metroplex Air Traffic Control and are monitored by government and corporate

radar systems. Any deviation from the filed flight plan gets you a warning to correct your course, then a visit from a Knight Errant interceptor and a warning backed up by a weapons-lock.

- Danger Sensei

- Urban legend. Not even Knight Errant is gung-ho enough to shoot down an aircraft over a densely populated area, unless they feel there is absolutely no choice. Most mid-air intercepts over the metroplex are likely to be KE drones, able to track the offending aircraft and scramble ground-forces to its landing-point (or, if necessary, provide a weapons-lock for direct interdiction). The drone itself is a weapon, able to mag-lock to the target's hull and detonate on command to disable it.

- Hard Exit

- Some mid-air intercepts are accompanied by astral support (a magician and one or more spirits) to check out the target and, if possible, use other means to correct its course.

- Ethernaut

LAW ENFORCEMENT

Local law enforcement in the Seattle Metroplex is contracted to Knight Errant, a private security company. Uniformed officers patrol the streets and are available to answer emergency calls via the PANICBUTTON™ system from your commlink or public terminals located throughout the metroplex. Make sure your PANICBUTTON™ information is up-to-date before visiting, as surcharges may apply for emergency calls the system registers as false alarms.



- Ah, yes, hidden charges and emergency call billing, another way the Knights pad their profit margin to squeeze a few extra nuyen out of their new contract with Seattle.
- Star Loner
- The Guide doesn't get into it, but Knight Errant's contract with Seattle is relatively new. After years of trying to oust the metroplex's long-standing security provider, Lone Star Security Services, KE finally succeeded after Governor Brackhaven's election and the latest Lone Star fuck-up and scandal over Tempo. So he brought the Knights in on a promise to "clean up crime," and the usual law-and-order promises. That means Knight Errant is eager to show the metroplex they're getting things done, so they're more willing than usual to make examples (and press releases) out of criminals in Seattle.
- Hard Exit

PRIVATE SECURITY

A number of other private security providers operate in the Seattle Metroplex, mostly handling corporate properties and private communities. In accordance with UCAS and metroplex law, the jurisdiction of these security providers is clearly posted, most often with AR tags and signs to indicate off-limits areas or additional restrictions that may apply. Visitors should comply with all such posted signs in order to avoid legal penalties. If any questions of security jurisdiction arise, contact Knight Errant Seattle Customer Service.

- What the Guide soft-pedals is some of those signs you're supposed to comply with include KEEP OUT, NO TRESPASSING, and, my favorite, WARNING: CORPORATE INTERDICTION ZONE, which essentially means "if you come in here, we have the legal right to shoot you and dump your body somewhere." Also note that the law permits notification solely in AR, but inability to read or even *see* the signs due to, say, being too poor, SINless, or ignorant to have AR access, is not considered an excuse to "ignore" them. Corps often use this as an opportunity to treat squatters as skeet-shoots, or to retroactively change the contents of their security tags to fit whatever it is they just did, claiming they "always" said that. After all, how many violators record their AR feeds and have the ability to dispute the claim in corporate court?
- Danger Sensei
- Another thing they don't mention is that Lone Star is still active in the metroplex, but largely banished to the Barrens and some small fiefdoms (and oh so bitter about it). See my commentary there and in the Corporations section of the document for more.
- Hard Exit

MEDICAL FACILITIES

Seattle has state-of-the-art medical facilities, with a total of eighty-eight hospitals and clinics throughout the greater metroplex area. Seattle is number one in the UCAS in trauma and emergency care, with some of the finest doctors and medical care in the entire nation.

Downtown Seattle has twelve hospitals and clinics, including Harborview, Seattle Health Maintenance Organization, Seattle General, MCT Public Health, and University Hospital. There are also a number of body shops like Executive Body Enhancements, Nightengale's Body Parts, and Body+Tech boutiques. DocWagon™ also maintains a clinic downtown for its clients.

- Fast Freddie's Surgery on the docks is still *the* place to go downtown if you need some quick and discreet patching-up. Fast Freddie's is hidden in the basement of Freddie's Salmon Eatery on Pier 59. "Fast Freddie" is the owner, Fred Tschida, and the doc who runs the place is named Bruce McKittrick. They've been there for a quarter century, and the place has a good reputation. Fast Freddie's has connections too, meaning they're well supplied with drugs, instruments, and spare body parts.
- Nephrine

Bellevue has eleven hospitals and private clinics, including Overlake Medical Research Center and Cougar Mountain Hospital.

Six major hospitals and clinics operate in Tacoma, including Doctor's Hospital of Tacoma, Humana Hospital, Margaret Bridge Child Health Hospital, and Tacoma Charity General. MBCH Hospital is well known for its research into the effects of childhood diseases on metahuman children, along with the mural in the hospital's main lobby commemorating the victims of the Night of Rage.

- Overlake and Cougar Mountain both have black-market organlegging operations, selling "loose" body parts to Tamanous and the Seoulpa Rings. The First Nations filter some of those parts to black clinics in the 'plex, including Fast Freddie's.
- Butch

Everett has fifteen hospitals and clinics, including Billing's Medical Services, Everett General, Travis Memorial (using an innovative mix of medical science and holistic healing magic), and Everett Naval Hospital, which has been open to the public since 2040. The district also has a DocWagon™ clinic serving the HMO's customers.

Renton's thirteen hospitals and clinics include Auburn General, City Health South and Maple Valley General. Most of the clinics in the district are corporate-owned, including a DocWagon™ clinic.

- Renton has more than its share of illegal chop shops and street docs. Several of the district's hospitals supply biomaterials to the black market, which was largely run by the Yakuza, but the Seoulpa Rings have taken over a majority of that business lately.
- Butch

Auburn has seven hospitals and clinics. They include Algona Community Hospital, Community General, and Lake Wilderness Hospital. Community General sees numerous emergency cases from Puyallup, and their trauma teams are some of the best in the entire metroplex. Lake Wilderness is located in a secluded, wooded area near the lake, and specializes in rehabilitation and reconstruction work.

Snohomish's eight hospitals and clinics include Mountlake Veterans Memorial, Snohomish Medical Center and the Turner Clinic.

Fort Lewis' four hospital include McChord Hospital and Madigan Army Hospital.

Although Redmond and Puyallup have six functioning hospitals and clinics each, visitors are recommended not to go to either area without a DocWagon™ or other long-range HMO contract to ensure continuity of care.

- This paragraph brought to you by DocWagon™ — What the corporate double-speak is saying is the Barrens' still-functioning hospitals and clinics

are understaffed, overworked, and under-funded. Most support themselves with illegal operations on the side, including the sale of body parts. With so many “non-persons,” there is never any lack of “harvests” for the organ-selling machine. Tamananous has controlled the illegal organ biz in Redmond for years. The Yaks never took the organ-market seriously, so they lost control over it. The Seoupa Rings have made strides in controlling organ-legging in Puyallup and, for the moment, are cooperating with the ghouls.

- Butch
- Old news, I'm afraid. With shakeups in the Seattle underworld, it's pretty much a free-for-all when it comes to grabbing pieces of the organlegging biz. At some times, there's such a glut of illegal parts being moved, you can drive some hard bargains if the sellers are worried about their expiration dates. On the other hand, you should carefully check the quality of any merchandise for the same reasons.
- Hannibelle

MEDIA

Physically isolated from the rest of the UCAS, Seattle remains connected through the Matrix. In fact, Seattle is the most connected urban area on the west coast of North America, and one of the most connected in the UCAS. So you can expect to find all the online resources you are used to—and more—in the Emerald City.

NEWSNETS

Seattle is a place where news is made, so it should come as no surprise that there's a thriving newsnet business in the metroplex. A number of providers offer news and information content on the Matrix twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, ensuring you'll always be up-to-date on the latest happenings.

Major newsnets in Seattle include the Independent Information Network (IIN), NewsNet, Inc., and KSAF, Inc. Subscribers should update their commlink preferences for delivery of local news and information and alerts for breaking stories. We recommend newsfeeds to monitor local news, coming events, and traffic updates if you are planning to drive while you're in the metroplex.

- Quietly downplayed is the prime reason to have an active newsfeed if you're visiting: namely being alerted to, say, the gang-war that has suddenly broken out on the I-5 before you're scheduled to head down to Tacoma for dinner, for example, or the closing of a popular club due to a police bust. The most current, up-to-date, and (relatively) ad-free news goes out to subscribers, of course, but there are ways around that for those who know what they're doing.
- Glitch

ENTERTAINMENT

Seattle is alive 24/7, with bountiful entertainment options and a vibrant nightlife for visitors and locals alike. Whatever your interests, you're sure to find something to satisfy them in the metroplex!

ARTS

The Seattle arts scene is strongly influenced by tribal, elven, and Asian artistic styles, and features a vibrant range of styles and media, from traditional woodcarvings, paintings, and sculpture to modern digital and virtual art. Various galleries and artistic co-ops can be found throughout the metroplex by consulting *SeattleArts* and local directories.

Performance art in the metroplex includes theatre ranging from Shakespearean plays to traditional Japanese *kabuki*, dance from ballet to modern choreography, and a variety of live and virtual poetry and dramatic readings, popular with the kaf-house crowd. Be sure to check out some of the “emotive” performances by Awakened artists on *EtheRealNet* for a truly magical experience!

MUSIC

Seattle has a thriving local music scene, featuring an eclectic blend of solo coffeehouse artists, elven jazz and rock fusion, shag and speed metal, ork beats, and First Nation-influenced chant and dance, to name a few. Live acts can be seen at various clubs and venues around the metroplex; a quick scan through *SeattleArts*, *SeaSounds*, and *RockNet* can show you what's available on any given night.

NIGHTLIFE

Seattle is well known for its bustling nightlife, with a wide variety of bars, dance clubs, and nightspots. Take in some of the *glitterati* at a downtown nightspot like Dante's Inferno or, for a walk on the wild side, visit one of the clubs on the edge—the edge of Redmond or Puyallup, that is! Places like Underworld 93 are long-time Seattle fixtures, not to be missed.

- Where the straights and the touristas are getting entertained, you can often find biz going on in the shadows, especially at the 'plex's big nightspots. The arts scene also offers its share of business opportunities: where there's nuyen, there are people willing to spend some to make some, either protecting their own interests or cutting out the competition.
- Kat o' Nine Tales

SPORTS

The Seattle Kingdome hosts the Seahawks (football), Supersonics (basketball), and the Mariners (baseball). The metroplex also has two minor-league baseball teams, the Tacoma Tigers and the Everett Giants. Be aware that the Portland Lords from Tir Tairngire have a long-running rivalry with the Mariners, and grudge-match games between the Lords and the Mariners are often sell-out events. Wearing Lords paraphernalia around Seattle is not a way to endear yourself to most locals!

The Tacoma Dome hosts the Tacoma Timberwolves combat biker team and the Seattle Screammers urban brawl team.

- Seattle, like the rest of the UCAS, is nuts for baseball for some (to me) unfathomable reason. While Seattle lacks some of the mainstream UCAS fervor, they make up for it with imported Japanese enthusiasm. If anything, the Guide downplays the dislike for the Portland Lords; Seattleites talk all



LOCAL SEATTLE BANDS

GENRE

Trog Rock
Jazz
20th Century Rock
Ambient
Techno
Coffin Club
Punk

BAND

3 Meter (Puyallup)
Charmed (Downtown)
Full Century Flashback (Renton)
Sound of the Pacific (Downtown)
ARO Dreams (Bellevue)
Suzie T. (Bellevue)
POTC (Redmond)





too seriously about the Lords using “elven juju” to cheat (although games are monitored by a neutral third party for any magical influences) and game nights frequently feature violence directed at elves or anyone dumb enough to sport Lords logos or green and silver/white colors.

- Khan-A-Saur

CULTURE

Seattle is home to a diverse and multifaceted culture, arising from the unique crossroads where UCAS, Native America, Elven, and Asian peoples meet and blend with numerous others from all around the world.

Seattle’s original culture is strongly rooted in the old United States, with Anglo-American values and traditions forming the backbone of the metroplex community. Still, decades of isolation from the main body of the UCAS, along with a blending of elements from other foreign cultures, have led to many changes in Seattle’s overall social character, so visitors from “the mother country” may be in for a bit of a culture shock.

SEATTLE’S NEIGHBORS

Seattle is unique in that, although it is part of the United Canadian and American States, it is located in the middle of the Salish-Shidhe Council. This makes Seattle’s good relations with its international neighbors vital to the metroplex’s existence, and presents travel opportunities to Seattle residents and visitors: foreign travel is right next door!

THE SALISH-SHIDHE COUNCIL

In the Treaty of Denver in 2016, the land surrounding Seattle was ceded to the Native American Nations, particularly the newly founded Salish-Shidhe Council; “Salish” from the majority Salish tribe of the Pacific Northwest, and “Shidhe” from the large number of elven tribal members at that time, many of whom went on to form the elven nation of Tir Tairngire. The treaty reserved Seattle as a United States, and later UCAS, territory and port.

For more than fifty years, Seattle has maintained friendly relations with the Council and the NAN, and this relationship is reflected in the undercurrent of Native culture visible in the metroplex today. The Salish-Shidhe Council maintains a diplomatic mission on Council Island, and visitor visas are available there for day-trips and other short visits into NAN territory to enjoy the spectacular natural wilderness and local culture.



AETHERPEDIA SEARCH KEYWORD: KAF CULTURE

The social and economic structures around the preparation and consumption of caffeinated beverages, mainly coffee and coffee-substitutes such as soykaf but also including various teas and other caffeinated soft drinks. Kaf culture not only focuses on a broad variety of different beverages—often with flavor additives, sweeteners, and dairy or dairy substitutes—but also an aesthetic focused around the café, ranging from a quiet retreat in the Zen style of “being alone in a crowd” to a place for public debate or performance, particularly music or readings of poetry or literature.

Beyond these shared aesthetics, Kaf culture varies widely and has diverged numerous times. So-called “commercial” Kaf culture is primarily focused on economic transactions, namely providing Kaf products to consumers. “Indie” Kaf culture focuses more on the experience, and often does not seek to make a profit at all. The consumption is secondary or just part of a larger overall experience.

Kaf culture tends to be more popular in urban centers, and is strongly associated with the Seattle Metroplex, where many believe 21st century Kaf culture originated.



Seattle features many of the major retail chains found throughout the UCAS and North America. Visitors to the Metroplex can expect to find many familiar things amongst the area's vibrant local color and unique shopping, eating, and hospital-ity offerings.

BODY SHOPS

Luxury: Executive Body Enhancements, Red Star
First-Class: A Whole New You, Inc., Body+Tech
Family Style: NuYou2, The Body Pagoda
No Frills: Cyborgs 'R' Us

COMPUTERS AND ELECTRONICS

Luxury: Nybbles & Bytes, Gate's Computer Showcase
First-Class: Hardware, Etc., Blood Monies Software
Family Style: Software Sellers, Microdeck, DeGear's Electronics
No Frills: Computer Exchange, Hacker's Delight, Kennedy's Used Electronics

DEPARTMENT STORES

Luxury: Lordstrungs, Lacy's
First-Class: Fallon and Nelson, The Beaux
Family Style: Wordsworth, Lears and Mervins, Meyer's Superstores
No Frills: Kong-Wal Mart, Saver's Central, WeaponsWorld (guns)

GROCERIES AND CONVENIENCE

Luxury: Society Grocers
First-Class: Meyers Groceries, Natural Vat Foods
Family Style: Allenson's Groceries, Carry&Save, Quickway
No Frills: Stuffer Shack, Loco Foods, MiniMart, Buy-Low Foods

HOTELS

Luxury: TripleTree, Lucas, Hilton, Sheraton,
Silver Cloud
First-Class: Westin, Gold Lion Inn

Family Style: Renton Inn, Wylie's Gala
No Frills: Rent & Rest, Comfy Cubicle, Aston's Money-makers

RESTAURANTS

Luxury: Azteca International, The Edge, Takuri's, Trattoria Pagliacci's
First-Class: Green Village, The Gravity Bar, La Galleria, Kau Kau's, Purple Haze
Family Style: Gracie's for Ribs, Bosco's, McKraken's Seafood, Bangkok Hut, Maximillion's
No Frills: Cap'n Beef, McHugh's, Nacho Mama, Nukit Burgers, Street Pizza, Teriyaki Boy, You Should Not Eat So Much!

TAXI COMPANIES

Luxury: WP Express, Metroplex Transport
First-Class: Round Trip Taxi, Seattle Star
Family Style: Emerald City Cabs, Yellow Cabs
No Frills: GridCab, AutoTaxi

- Or to, say, make a quick run to smuggle something in or out of the S-S Council, although there are better ways to do it than applying for a visitor's permit.
- Traveler Jones
- True, but there are worse cover stories than "Seattle tourist." Tourism is a huge part of the S-S Council's economy, and Seattle is the primary source for foreign tourists, since it provides a "safe" place to get away from all that nature and genuine Native culture, which, once you get beyond the museums and tourist shops, turns out to be pretty mundane. So the tribals have to balance national security against keeping the UCAS dollars flowing in.
- Milka
- In spite of the whole "hands across North America" rhetoric, relations between Seattle and the NAN have always been a little crazy. On the one hand, some Native factions view Seattle as a massive, festering sore on the NAN's backside; immune to their regulations on pollution emissions, power conservation, and pretty much anything else in spite of how those things tend to ignore lines on a map. Seattle's also something of a modern Sodom and Gomorrah for the NAN, drawing young tribals to the bright-lights-big-city, chewing them up, and spitting them back out into NAN hospitals and graveyards. On the other hand, Seattle has played a coy game of "well, if we were to secede, then you, dear S-S Council, would *definitely* be our very good friends, wouldn't you?" pretty much since the Treaty of Denver was signed, and some of the Sovereign Tribal Council are just waiting for the day Seattle invites NAN "peacekeepers" in, although most are smart enough to know the actual chance of that is pretty remote.
- Kay St. Irregular
- Seattle/S-S Council tension over environmental regs also makes the metroplex a prime target for eco-terrorists. In their usual "turn a deficit into an asset" approach, the local corps find ways to aim these ecological nutjobs at each other, often ignoring the potential (possibly even quite literal) fallout from doing so.
- Lyran

TIR TAIRNGIRE

Seattle's other neighbor to the south is the elven nation of Tir Tairngire, a valued trading partner of the metroplex. Seattle is the premier place in North America to find genuine elven crafts, artwork, and other imports, and the close proximity of Tir Tairngire contributes to the metroplex's cultural life: If you want to try elven cuisine or experience a walk through an elven memory garden, Seattle is the place to find both and more, especially since trips to Tir Tairngire can involve lengthy delays and difficult-to-navigate entry requirements.

- Polite fairy-tales aside, Tir Tairngire finds Seattle useful on a number of levels: First, the metroplex serves as a kind of "buffer" between the Tir and the outside world. That "valued trading partner" status is because a lot of shipments to and from Portland go through Seattle, allowing the elves to minimize the amount of unchecked cargo and goods that come into their port. Second, their trade agreements with Seattle pour meganuyen into the metroplex, which gives the Council of Princes serious negotiating power in dealing with the Governor and the United Corporate Council, and Tir Tairngire is smart enough to play oh-so-reasonable "good cop" to the Salish-Shidhe's strident and demanding "bad cop." Third, and perhaps most important, Seattle is a convenient dumping-ground; more than a few of the Ancients, Laésa, and other elves living in Tarislar are exiles from the "Land of Promise" who either didn't fit in or torqued off the higher-ups in some arcane elven way.
- Kay St. Irregular
- Not just exiles, a decent number of Seattle elves are also runaways from Tir Tairngire. Something about the grit and grime of the metroplex attracts kids from fairyland like moths to a flame, a fact the pimps, flesh-peddlers, and clubs are all too happy to exploit.
- Pistons



MILK RUN

Nowadays you got to specialize, know what I'm saying, *omae*? I mean sure, be ready to take just about any job that comes up, but you also need to get the word out that you're something special, that you can do something no one else can. That way specialized business will find you, instead of you chasing it.

Like this job I got last month. I rig vehicles for pilotless activity—taking people around who don't like other people knowing where they're going or what they're doing. That doesn't mean I *don't* keep track, but the point being when Johnsons who know need quick transport without another pair of eyes seeing what's going down, I'm the wheelman they call.

Anyway, couple months ago one of my regulars lets me know there's a milk run coming up—escort duty, no combat and good pay. Do I want it?

This Johnson's always been on the level—well, as much as any Johnson *can* be—and I peep the specs he shares. Seems easy enough; drive an out-of-towner to four stops and get him back to Sea-Tac in time for his early-morning flight. The locations ran the gamut from Bellevue to Redmond, but all fairly close together. Null sweat. And—of course—the Johnson wanted this done *quiet*—no muss, no fuss.

I looked at what was ready in my inventory and went with the Westwind 3000 LX. It's got the standard Eurocar amenities—real leather seats, tri-dee projector, the works—along with a few custom upgrades that ensure it's gonna drive away from just about any situation.

On op night, I was at SeaTac early, ready to squire Mr. Out-of-Town around. I had the code to ping him when he's in the terminal, and within ten minutes of his sub-orbital flight touching down, the airport cameras let me know he's approaching the doors. I ping him with a pic of my car, and he strolls right over.

This guy was anything but the standard *shachiku*, or even mid-level corpexecutive. No, what climbed into my front seat was like something out of a *holo-manga* or tri-dee. He was an ork, but unlike any I'd ever seen. Dark-blue skin, bulging, bone-white eyes, tusks sprouting from his bottom lip that'd open a bottle as easily as a throat, and a matching pair of horns, one on each temple. He wore a dark gray kimono and had on those strange Japanese split-toed shoes. The only luggage he carried was a small attaché case. I was starting to see why whoever was footing the bill didn't want a live driver. After all, there are foreigners, and there are *foreigners*. This guy, tagged as an *oni* by my AR, certainly fell into the latter category.

"Destination?" my synthesized, female pilot voice asked once he'd made himself comfortable.

He said the first in flawless English; a shabby business neighborhood on the border between Snohomish and Redmond. I had to admit, my curiosity was piqued, but I knew better than to make any conversation. My mystery passenger stared straight ahead as I navigated onto the Pacific South Highway to the 405 Interchange, heading north through Bellevue, feeling like a sleek, armored panther prowling the city streets.

I gave him a one-minute warning as we approached, and he asked to be let out two blocks away. The neighborhood definitely wasn't the best, but he looked like he could take care of himself—hell, his face would make the average go-ganger think twice.

I pulled over, let him out, and set the anti-theft system on high alert. Figured a car like mine wasn't seen too often around these parts, and I was right. My scanners picked up someone lurking in the alley across the street, but he didn't move closer—looked like he was scoping the store instead.

My passenger returned to the car in less than two minutes, carrying a long, thin, black wooden case. Sliding inside, he set the box down next to him as my pilot prompted him for the next destination. It was a few seconds before he spoke, giving an address on the outskirts of Redmond. The Barrens.

I opaqued the windows, and darkened the chameleon paint job to match the night. I also activated the first of several spoof chips and morphed the license plate, scrambling the letters and numbers into alphabet soup.

The neighborhood had been shitty in Snoho and got worse with every block we passed. With every block, the buildings turned from more-or-less intact to windowless, decaying ruins, most missing doors, windows, and sometimes entire walls. Barrel fires dotted the landscape, adding a haze of harsh black smoke as people burned whatever they could find. My scanners picked up several humanoid forms on the edge of my range, skulking in the shadows, pacing us, looking for their opportunity.

We stopped at the second address; a run-down building that had been a three-story brownstone a lifetime ago. Now it was a haven to gangbangers and cycle jockeys. Several heavily modified bikes were lined up outside, daring anyone to mess with them. A green "A" in a circle was spray-painted on the battered wooden door. An Ancients hideout—great. Two elves in synthleather and denim chrome-eyed the sleek import as it pulled up, their jaws dropping.

While I scoped the scene—already planning our exit routes—my passenger had been busy as well. He'd turned his kimono inside out, transforming it into a long suit jacket that fell to his knees. Opening the case, he removed an ancient-looking katana in a polished, black wood scabbard and slipped it inside his jacket, then reached for the door.

I felt a slight twinge—after all, it was this guy's business if he wanted to commit suicide the moment he stepped outside, but still—"Sir?"

He paused, one hand on the handle. "Yes?"

"How long do you expect to be?"

"My business will not take long. Perhaps five minutes at the most."

"Very well. There is a link on your PAN to the vehicle's private channel. Just activate it if you need the car for any reason." Service was spotty here, but he wasn't going far, so he'd be able to stay in touch if need be.

"Thank you." He exited and walked to the door. The two doorkeepers intercepted him at the bottom of the steps. There was a brief conversation, then the ork did something I couldn't see, and the two elves just—fell over. My sensors indicated they wouldn't be getting up again, ever. He looked up at the building, almost as if he was looking *through* it, then opened the door and went inside.

I followed right behind him, so to speak. Using the Westwind's thermal scanners, I watched him walk into the room. There were six gangers inside, all clustering on my passenger. For a moment, no one moved. Then one of the elves reached inside his jacket for a gun, but before he could pull it the *oni* blurred into motion, faster than even the camera could follow. In a blink

the pistol-drawing elf was on his knees, clutching his stump of an arm, and the two flanking him went down one right after the other, both twitching on the floor.

The other three rushed the *oni*, but he sprang forward, flipping into the air. He took out one's throat with a flick of his wrist as he passed overhead, and another when he landed, stabbing the unlucky ganger through the stomach. The sixth member beat feet out of there, falling down the concrete steps over his lifeless buddies and running for his life into the darkness.

The *oni* addressed the handless wonder, and after a brief conversation, sliced the elf's head off and was out the door before the body hit the floor. I saw more Ancients charging down from the upper floors, and figured we'd have company in about three seconds.

He reached the already-open passenger door and slid in just as the first elf burst out of the building. The *oni's* ass barely hit the seat before I burned rubber out of there. As parting gifts, I hit the smokescreen and ejected an EMP mine near the cycles. There was no flash or bang, but the electromagnetic wave would turn their custom bikes into powerless wheeled sculptures. The Westwind was shielded, of course—expensive as hell, but worth every single nuyen.

The thick cloud of smoke was almost lost in the general gray-black haze, but it let us get away with only a couple scattered gunshots ringing out behind us. The *oni* leaned back in his seat as I found the nearest paved street and joined the light traffic streaming west toward more civilized neighborhoods.

"Thank you."

His voice caught me by surprise. "For what?"

"The smoke and—other distraction. It was not part of the arrangement."

"My owner does not like bullet holes." I'd already planned to bill for the extra materials, but he didn't need to know that.

"I understand. The next address, if you please."

This one I knew well—a hot nightclub in the heart of downtown. We cruised along the north side of the wall separating Redmond from Bellevue until I could get on the 405 and cut around the lakes. Within thirty minutes, we were in the heart of Seattle.

The Emerald City was on display in all its glory—glittering skyscrapers with holo-displays covering entire sides of buildings, showing the latest offerings for a jaded society. Glittering simsense stars smiled out at the populace, promising to erase their worries for a half-hour, or give them a thrill they'd never experience anywhere else. Rotating ads guaranteed to solve all of your problems if you drank the right whiskey, used the right anti-perspirant, or drove the right car.

We pulled up to Infinity—which was packed, as it had been every night since opening—with a long line of glittergirls and raveboys around the block. I checked my passenger, who had modified his appearance yet again. Nanoweave fibers had changed the color and weave of his jacket to a bright silver-gray synthsilik. The *oni* capped his short horns with matching chrome tips and set a pair of the latest EvoWare reactive sunglasses over his unnerving eyes.

He slipped out and strolled to the entrance, heading straight for the largest bouncer at the door, a well-dressed, well-cut ork. After a brief conversation, he was admitted over the protests of several impatient wannabe

club-goers. The exchange gave me enough time to release my newest toy—a Parashield Roachdrone UM-10—and send it after my passenger. Whatever my biodrone recorded could prove very useful later. Like I said, just 'cause they don't like people watching doesn't mean people don't.

The *oni* ghosted through the club—no mean feat in the crush of people. My insectile spy followed right behind him. I turned the audio sensors down before they were blown out by the latest buzzhit from Freak and the Bullyboys. Spotting him heading toward the private rooms at the back, my biodrone flitted through the flashing lights and strobes interspersed with holographic and sonic projection systems, creating the illusions Infinity was famous for. The clubbers ate up the show, shrieking with delight as they danced in and out of the tri-dee illusions.

The *oni* stopped at a booth where a well-dressed dwarven woman sat with a mohawked man in a sleeveless sport coat and camo pants. Drinks arrived, and the pair took in their visitor without reaction as he sat, placing his hands on the table. The drone flew as close as it could get, but they either had a sonic jammer or were magically shielded—my living bug couldn't hear a word. They spoke for a few minutes, then the three clinked glasses, and the *oni* bowed slightly. Flames sprang out of the tops of the glasses as they drank—they'd ordered the specialty of the house—the RaveFire.

My passenger nodded again and rose, weaving through the crowd. The pair celebrated with another round—their transaction must have been very lucrative indeed. The *oni* reached the front door when I noticed the woman rubbing her upper chest, her mouth opening and closing before she grabbed the drink and tossed it down her throat.

Big mistake.

Fire exploded out of her mouth, coalescing into a ball of red and orange flame. Several patrons, thinking it was part of the show, applauded in delight. Only when her mouth and nose kept leaking flames as she and her companion gasped for breath did people realize it wasn't an illusion. By then it was too late. Writhing in agony, the pair stumbled away from the table, flesh blackening as they tried to beat out the fire consuming them from within. They staggered a few steps before collapsing amid shrieks from nearby clubgoers.

I kept the BioRoach recording, knowing exactly what he had used. Surtr; a nasty, airborne, hard nanoweapon that made its victims burn from the inside out. Whoever this guy was, his backers had deep pockets and long arms.

The excitement of two people spontaneously combusting was just reaching the front door when my passenger exited, nodding to the bouncer. I told my BioRoach to leave the club and conceal itself outside for pickup later.

He crossed the street and got in without looking back. Once settled, he gave the final address—an exclusive, gated community in Bellevue. I hit the chameleon skin again, turning the Westwind's paint to a burnished, dark cherry-red, and the mimetic license plate to a special combination of letters and numbers this time.

The traffic fell away as we left the glittering downtown behind and drove into the heavily guarded enclave of Hunts Point. A few turns later, we pulled onto a deserted block and drove past an ivy-covered, faux-brick wall. I rolled up to the ceramic anti-threat gate with a flashing red light at one side. Idling



the car, I waited for the sensor suite in the electronic guard post to scan the vehicle, which, if I had done my homework, should now be registering as an exact replica of the homeowner's own Westwind.

The light turned green, and a message appeared on my heads-up display: *Welcome home, Mr. Danviers*. We drove up the driveway to the modern, sprawling steel-and-plasglass home, accentuated with ground lights that cast selected areas into bright relief against the darkness. Light rain lent the home an insubstantial air as I stopped the car in front of the large double doors, turning the Westwind around first.

Mr. Danviers was already home—but his car wasn't. His wife was shopping downtown. Meanwhile, hubby was entertaining a very close "friend" tonight.

Once again, my passenger had changed his look. His jacket had turned night-black and now sported a hood and full face-mask, perhaps previously hidden in the collar, that he pulled over his face. He left the sword in its case, his hands empty as he prepared to enter the house.

"The window between guard sweeps is two minutes. The entry code is preprogrammed at the door, along with the retina scan."

"Understood." The *oni* got out and walked to the door. I opened a back-door into the mansion's sec system to watch him work. He hit the entry button and submitted to the scan, sure that his retina wasn't being examined, since an exact copy of Mr. Danviers' eyeball was being used instead.

The door clicked open and he crept inside. I followed him on the cameras as he moved silently through the house. At the end of a corridor a soft light flickered, and the breathy, sighing sounds of a couple enjoying a flesh session could be heard.

The *oni* extended his arm, and a small pistol popped out of his sleeve into his hand. Creeping down the hallway, he paused at the door, his eyes getting that strange, unfocused look again. I'd already hacked into the bedroom camera, so I was ready when he moved.

He didn't bust in, but simply eased the door open and glided forward until the muzzle was a meter from the man's head. A small *chuff* erupted from the pistol, and the man slumped over on his mistress, dead as Dunkelzahn. Apparently mistaking her lover's collapse for exhaustion, the woman stroked his head, only to scream when her hands came away sticky with blood.

My passenger was coming down the steps by the time her terrified shriek echoed through the house. He had just gotten into the car when a pair of sec men rounded the corner and ordered at us to stop, which I had no intention of doing.

The Westwind leaped toward the front gate, which had closed behind us. I activated the security override and experienced my first heart-stopping moment of unease when nothing happened. The unopened gate grew larger in my screen as we sped toward it—50 meters—25 meters—



I hadn't wanted to use plan B, but it was either that or turn my passenger into a flesh-and-steel sandwich. "Brace yourself." Holding my breath, I slapped the bright red flashing button near my right hand when the car was ten meters away from destroying itself on the gate.

Rocket boosters sprang out on both sides and ignited, lifting the vehicle five meters into the air. The Westwind soared over the gate and plopped down on the street with a bone-jarring crash. Several sensors around me flashed yellow and red, letting me know the heavy-duty suspension had taken the landing hard. Other than that, the system had worked flawlessly. Wrenching the front wheels hard right, we sped into the night as alarm sirens erupted behind us.

I changed the Westwind's paint to bright, shiny white and scrambled the license plate again. We merged onto the 405 one last time, and while heading south, the *oni* disassembled the light pistol and pitched the parts out the window.

Forty minutes later, we pulled up to his departure gate. He opened the door and paused. "Thank you for the excellent service. The balance of your payment is being transmitted into your account, along with a bonus for your assistance."

With the narrow case under his arm, he got out and headed toward the door—leaving the attaché case behind. I tried to contact him about it, but got no answer before he disappeared into the airport. With a sinking feeling,

I checked the balance in my numbered account. The agreed-upon amount was there—along with the exact cost of a new Westwind Eurocar.

I drove the car away from the airport and ran through my options as the beep of an incoming message sounded on my AR. With a sigh, I played it.

"One more thing—my employers know exactly how good you are, and that you occasionally observe things that should not come to your attention. Right now a tailored virus is removing all evidence of my appearance in the metroplex this evening, and your car will be similarly removed in approximately eight minutes. The device used is not subject to your particular skills, so I suggest that you drive it to a suitable location so that no innocent bystanders will be hurt by its destruction. And in case you think about trying to exact any payback, it would behoove you to remember that you are, in fact, still alive after this evening is over. Good night."

A quick scan of the attaché proved him correct—a simple brick of C-12 with a mechanical timer ticking away. There was no way I could get it back to my garage in time to defuse it, so I found a deserted field in Puyallup and got it there just before the car was blown to atoms. When I checked my files, he was right—there was no evidence of my passenger ever being in Seattle—my records were gone, and my BioRoach's memory had been wiped clean.

The moral of the story? I guess it's that there is such a thing as specializing *too* much—and also sticking your nose where it doesn't belong.

Expect to spend a day exploring Bellevue's elegant shopping and business district. Lovers of electronics will enjoy all it has to offer, since Bellevue's main industry remains Matrix hardware and software, with boutiques selling the latest commlinks, AR wearables, and grid-gear. You can also expect to find some fine designer fashions, primarily for the business-conscious consumer. In the evening, visit the district's many fine restaurants and nightspots to wind things down with a nightcap or to kick off the evening with *haute cuisine* appetizers and top-shelf cocktails.

- Bellevue bills itself on its "everything is fine, everything is lovely" atmosphere, and goes to great lengths to maintain it. After all, the district shares a long border with the Redmond Barrens, with plenty of ferrocrete barriers, monowire, and patrol drones ensuring that the have-nots remain on their side of the line: outside looking in. Everywhere you look in Bellevue is some part of the façade: gated communities with biofabric domes to filter toxins out of the air and absorb some of that acid rain, quiet drones crawling along the carefully clipped green lawns or scooping up trash while keeping an electronic eye out for anyone or anything that doesn't belong. The whole thing is like a real-life sim of what pleasant suburban life should be.
- Glitch
- That's the key to dealing with Bellevue: use the illusion to your advantage. So long as you look like you fit in, you do, since everybody is invested in not scratching too deeply beneath the surface. Of course, if you're anything other than some flavor of human (or maybe elf or dwarf looking to pass), chances are you don't fit in. But dress and act like a Straight Citizen and you might as well be invisible.
- Danger Sensei

TACOMA

The Green Heart of the Emerald City

Tacoma was once considered Seattle's poorer southern cousin, and its heavy industry often led to jokes about "the Tacoma aroma." Since the formation of the metroplex, however, Tacoma has seen considerable technological and economic development, while preserving its charming, turn-of-the-century downtown area. Visitors can see the district's busy docks and new corporate business centers, but the main attraction is its downtown and various shopping centers, including the Tacoma Mall and Villa Plaza.

If you are arriving in the metroplex via bullet train, you will disembark at Charles Royer Station and can easily plan to spend an afternoon exploring Tacoma before you move on to other destinations in Seattle. Likewise, you can catch the train south to San Francisco, or an air-taxi ride to SeaTac Airport or other points in the metroplex.

Visitors interested in history can enjoy the district's downtown area, and may want to visit the Crying Wall, a monument to metahuman victims of the infamous Night of Rage, created by ork and dwarf sculptors.

- What the Guide doesn't tell you is that Tacoma's economic prosperity, on the rise in the first half of the century, has been in a long, slow decline since the late 2050s. The Nicaragua Canal has diverted shipping from the area, and corporations have found greener pastures, leaving some newly minted office parks largely vacant (except for whatever squatters that have moved in). The district focuses on pouring money and effort into keeping that "charming" downtown area charming for the tourists, while trouble brews in the more industrialized parts of Tacoma.
- Riser



EVERETT

Ships, Planes, and Stormy Weather

The northernmost district of Seattle has long been known for “ships, planes, and stormy weather,” as Everett is located along the northern part of Puget Sound, bordering rural Snohomish and the Salish-Shidhe Council lands. It is famous as the home of both the Everett Naval Shipyard (UCAS Navy) and Federated Boeing’s aircraft construction facility. With the Snohomish River cutting through the district’s northeastern sector, Everett is also an area of natural beauty, close to hiking trails and rainforest vistas.

- Like Tacoma, Everett was on an upswing through the 2050s as the local government encouraged corporate exploitation of the area, but the Crash of ‘64 completely fucked them: wiping out records of land ownership and creating a bureaucratic nightmare that’s still being sorted out almost ten years later. The UCAS military solved some of the problem by seizing “disputed” properties by eminent domain, backed by the metroplex government, and mollifying some of the corps that complained by redistributing some of the wealth to them. The small fry often abandoned properties in the area, letting squatters move in and claim them. Right behind them came the Triads to carve up the booming market in drugs, chips, and illicit sex while providing protection for the various “massage parlors” and strip joints that sprang up.
- Riser

RENTON

A Place to Call Home

Although Renton has a reputation as a sleepy bedroom suburb of the metroplex, the discerning visitor should not write it off. Renton offers both a pleasant environment, combining natural beauty with modern architecture and communities, and wonderful retail opportunities, with shopping centers, specialty boutiques, and high-end stores. It features a spur of green hills and ridges, including Cougar Mountain and Tiger Mountain, along with a chain of small mountain lakes.

- The bedroom communities of Renton are among the most conservative parts of the metroplex, alongside Fort Lewis and some of Snohomish. This district is the heart of Governor Brackhaven’s social support (as opposed to his support from business, centered in Downtown and Everett). Humanis types may not be wearing white hoods and whipping up torch-wielding mobs (at least, not much anymore), but that doesn’t mean they’re gone. Instead, they’ve traded white sheets for business suits and lynch mobs for comprehensive mailing lists, public referenda, and social networks. If anything, that makes them more dangerous than ever. Personally, I feel safer on the streets of Redmond late at night; at least there, you know where you stand.
- Butch

AUBURN

Building Seattle’s Future

Auburn is Seattle’s industrial heart, home to many of the metroplex’s factories, refineries, and other manufacturing plants. It’s a blue-collar district, but don’t think that means it has nothing to offer! Auburn is home to plenty of local attractions and entertainment, including the district’s minor league baseball and urban brawl teams (the Auburn Cardinals and the Auburn Rumlbers), and a day at the races at the Seattle International Raceway. In the evenings, the district’s restaurants, bars, and nightclubs offer a wide range of nightlife.

- In spite of efforts to brush Auburn with “blue-collar charm,” urban brawl is rapidly outpacing baseball as the entertainment of choice in the district, and no wonder; life in Auburn is crushingly routine. The people living in the district lucky enough to still have jobs work in the various factories doing things better suited to robots, but meat is still cheaper than metal in a lot of cases, and easier to replace. Nights are spent knocking a few back in the local watering holes watching something mindless on the trid (or slotting chips at home), maybe the occasional bar-brawl and bed-partner for the night, then back the next morning to start the whole thing over again.
- Khan-A-Saur
- Auburn’s also got a lot of the ‘plex’s working-class orks and trolls, which leads to a fair amount of racial tension, further inflamed by a few drinks after work or a shouting match over some dumbass sports thing. Lone Star completely bollixed race relations in the district. Knight Errant has a whole new “outreach” program designed to convince the locals things will be different with them, but it remains to be seen if it’s actually anything other than corporate PR and spin. Any bets?
- Ethernaut

SNOHOMISH

Rural Seattle

Although known for urban sprawl, Seattle is not without its greener pastures. Snohomish is the metroplex’s breadbasket, with numerous aquaculture and agribusiness farms along the Snohomish River and in the surrounding countryside. This makes Seattle farm country the ideal place to visit for a quick getaway from the hustle and bustle of the metroplex. You can take a picnic lunch or purchase one at many of the fine local restaurants and food co-ops. There are also plentiful opportunities for dining in and shopping for gourmands.

If you do take some time to experience Snohomish, don’t miss out on Blackstone’s Museum and Zoo, a privately owned attraction with a variety of paranormal animals, most of them in free-range natural habitats, providing fun for children and adults alike.

- Snohomish is a hotbed of conflict between the back-to-the-land types and small farmers versus Big Agribusiness. More than three-quarters of the farms in the district are owned by agricorps, whether you can tell just by looking or not, and most of the aquaculture along the river is done by companies like Ingersoll, Berkley, and Farm-the-Sea. Of course, you do get some crossover, with businesses like Aqua Arcana, combining ecological and capitalist priorities. Still, don’t think that “farm country” means you’re dealing with hicks, or that there’s no biz to be had here.
- Lyran
- Actually, you are dealing with hicks in Snohomish, the kind that tote shotguns and slip on the white hoods when too many of “those people” come into the area, looking to work the land or, worse yet, protect it. There have been plenty of incidents of violence against metahumans and the Awakened in Snohomish over the years and, in spite of efforts by activists, no sign of it getting any better, either. Be careful who you talk to and even who you look at around there if your ears aren’t rounded.
- Tarlan
- While Snohomish does produce a large quantity of food products, it comes nowhere near to satisfying the metroplex’s needs. Seattle still imports the vast majority of its food, something the Native American Nations and the metroplex government both keep in mind, should trouble ever arise.
- Mr. Bonds

FORT LEWIS

Military and Magic

Although treated as just another district of the greater Seattle Metroplex, Fort Lewis is a UCAS Military Reservation, housing the Seattle Metroplex Guard, McChord Airfield, and the UCAS Army Pacific Command, Joint Task Force Seattle. This means much of the area is restricted, although tours of some of the military facilities are available. Contact the *Fort Lewis Public Relations Center* for information and times.

The main attraction for visitors, however, is the Fort Lewis Zoological Gardens—acres of managed wilderness with well-established trails and habitats for a wide variety of paranormal animals. Invisible ultrasonic fences and AR tags keep the animals in their established habitats and allow visitors to see them in their natural environment. You can easily spend a day or more walking the trails of the Gardens and seeing their impressive collection, which changes slightly year-round. The Zoological Gardens work cooperatively with Blackstone's Zoo in Snohomish as well, loaning out parts of their collection.

- While not as interesting to the tourists, Fort Lewis is naturally part of the 'plex where the shadows run deep and dark. Military black ops happen in and around the reservation, and plenty of international intrigue, as NAN, Tir, Japan, and other factions maintain surveillance on what's going on with the UCAS soldier-boys and Pacific Command. You can find work in Fort Lewis, but it is rarely ever a milk run, since the military types play for keeps.
- Pistons
- Of course, one should not underestimate the potential value of the Zoological Gardens as both resource and target. They started out as a UCAS military installation for the study of paranormal and Awakened life forms, and they still collect a lot of research data that is valuable to the right people, to say nothing of the value of certain rare specimens themselves.
- Axis Mundi
- You want to talk about the value of the specimens; I know of at least one run on the Zoological Gardens aimed at stealing a rare Imperial Eagle and getting it outside the perimeter fence alive and well. The team made it to their rendezvous, expecting to meet up with some eccentric wizard or corporate R&D Johnson, or even TerraFirst! patron with an expense account, only to have the Eagle thank them for their help, leave them a few feathers, and fly off! Seems it was some kind of spirit trapped in that form and held prisoner, but able to magically contact some middleman on the outside. I guess those feathers fetched some nice cred, too.
- Lyran

REDMOND

Life on the Wild Side

Looking for something a little different from your Seattle experience? Head down the 405 and get off the exit at Redmond for a walk on the wild side. While local authorities and UCAS travel advisories warn against going too far off the beaten track in this district of the metroplex, along the 405 bordering Bellevue you can find some of the most exciting nightspots in Seattle, and other cooperative businesses run by local residents, some dating back thirty years. Just be sure to check in with Knight Errant traffic and activity updates on *KnightWatch* before you make your plans.

- Of course, the Guide is talking about what most Seattleites refer to as "Touristville," the only part of Redmond outsiders generally get to see, the place to go for a taste of "life on the wild side" without getting too wild or too real. For the actual scoop on the Redmond Barrens, check out the details added to this document.
- Butch
- That "dating back thirty years" figure? That's the Guide's way of mentioning the displacement of metahumans during the Night of Rage without, you know, actually mentioning it in such a fashion as to upset or remind anyone. Redmond has a pretty big population of orks and trolls, and some dwarfs, who provide a lot of those "quaint local crafts."
- Sounder

PUYALLUP

Splendid Desolation

The eruption of Mt. Rainier in 2017 devastated much of what is now the Puyallup district of the Seattle Metroplex; lava flows and heavy ashfall from the volcano changed the course of the Puyallup River, wiped out real estate, and created the vast lava plains that now cover the area. Even today, Puyallup is subject to occasional tremors, geysers, and ashfalls from the still-active volcano and "Smokin' Rainier" looms large over the horizon.

Hiking and even camping is permitted on the lava flats of Puyallup, but visitors must sign a special waiver due to the dangers associated with geysers, boiling mud, and similar hazards. For the less adventurous of us, businesses like Hell's Kitchen Tours and Ashland Air offer spectacular aerial tours of the lava fields and geysers, with a view (on clear days) of Rainier and Salish-Shidhe territory to the south.

- "Splendid desolation" is a pretty apt description for Puyallup, although the Guide makes it sound like nothing but endless lava plains and mud flats. In fact, the district is some thousand square kilometers and home to half a million people, most of them SINless, many of them metahumans displaced by the Night of Rage, all living in the shadow of an active volcano that could erupt again any day, spilling tons of ash and rivers of molten fire across the area. But, of course, none of those harsh realities are "reasons to visit," so who cares?
- Riser

COUNCIL ISLAND

Tribal Wilderness and Diplomacy

You don't have to leave the metroplex borders to get a taste of the culture and history of the Native American Nations; it's available right in the heart of Seattle on Council Island, situated in Lake Washington. The Treaty of Denver ceded the island to the newly formed Native American Nations in 2018, and it now serves as an embassy and tribal enclave in the Seattle Metroplex. The Salish-Shidhe Council also maintains the island as a nature preserve, allowing visitors to enjoy the unspoiled wilderness alongside displays of Native American culture. Visitors' passes and tour information are available through the Grand Council Lodge.

- Visiting Council Island may not be as involved as getting a blue ticket to go into Salish-Shidhe territory, but don't make the mistake of thinking you can just waltz in and out and go wherever you want. The whole island is a foreign embassy, and tribal law applies there. The Council personnel take security seriously; as an enclave in the midst of a potentially hostile foreign power, they don't have much choice.
- Mika



Considering its current role as the center of economic and cultural life of the Pacific Northwest and its strategic importance of the UCAS, Seattle's beginnings were surprisingly ... muddy. Flooded out of its first location on Alki Beach in the 1850s, the small logging community built houses on stilts over the soggy ground where the Arcology Community Housing Enclave is now located. The settlement was first called "Duwamps," but later changed its name to "Seattle" in honor of Native American Chief Sealth. Both the name and the settlement survived the Puget Sound War of 1855–56, a conflict that ended with the local natives consigned to reservations.

California). This gave Seattle a considerable corporate presence leading to the expanding power of the multinational corporations in the final years of the century.

The other major force in the region was Seattle's long history as a center for labor and worker's rights, which came into conflict with the rise of corporate power and influence. The last years of the 20th century saw a variety of protests and demonstrations against growing corporate power, the very same corporations that provided much of the region's economic prosperity and growth. The violent outcome of some of these protests contributed to local and national court rulings

HISTORY

The Klondike Gold Rush of 1897 put Seattle firmly on the American map and boosted its shipbuilding trade. The city became a large industrial center, with a significant place in US and later UCAS labor history. Trade unions grew strong and the Industrial Workers of the World or "Wobblies" made Seattle a main base, coordinating the country's first general strike in 1919 during the period of high unemployment following the end of World War I.

World War II brought a new impetus to growth, and the post-war decades saw Seattle prosper as the economic center of the Pacific Northwest. By the second half of the twentieth century, Seattle was the largest city in the region. The lure of cheap land, plentiful resources, and healthy profits continued to attract industry and corporations, making the area's future look bright.

- Remember, kids: sometimes history doesn't repeat herself. Sometimes she just screams "Do you listen to nothing that I say?" and lets fly with a club. Kind of like me in that way, actually.
- Fastjack

TURN OF THE CENTURY

Towards the end of the 20th century, two forces were at work in the Seattle area. The first was the growing high-tech industry; Seattle had long been home to industry, but mechanics, engineering, and building. In the last decades of the 1900s, it added computers, software, and telecommunications, becoming one of the centers of digital development on the west coast of North America (the other being Silicon Valley in

like the Shiawase Decision of 1999, which allowed multinational corporate entities to defend their own interests, property, and personnel against outside threats. The labor movements also incorporated various other social agendas, particularly environmental groups and the burgeoning Sovereign American Indian Movement (SAIM).

- The Guide is not (quite) as megacorporate-apologist as it sounds: a lot of those late 20th-century protests did provide the corps with pretext for "protecting their assets" and linking corporate interest with public interest. In fact, there's inconclusive evidence of corporate infiltration of some of the labor and environmentalist movements at the time, designed to provoke just this sort of reaction, although mostly it was a matter of smart public relations and taking advantage of an existing situation.
- Snopes

THE AWAKENING

In 2010, in response to the Lone Eagle incident and an attack by SAIM terrorists, the U.S. Federal government seized Native American reservations and forced the inhabitants into "re-education centers" including some in the Pacific Northwest.

At the same time, the deadly Virally-Induced Toxic Allergy Syndrome (VITAS) plague affected nearly a quarter of the world's population, while the Pacific Northwest was heading for a calamity uniquely its own. On January 13, 2011, a massive earthquake rocked the Olympic Peninsula. Among the toppled buildings were those of the main Indian re-education centers. Mass breakouts occurred, with



AETHERPEDIA SEARCH KEYWORD: THUNDER TYEE

Thunder Tyee was a Native American revolutionary and military commander during the Ghost Dance War. Born into the Squamish tribe in 1984, he enlisted in the United States Army at age 18, where he became an officer in the infantry. (Some say he graduated from West Point, but no evidence supports this claim). His career was cut short when he was sent to a re-education center in the Pacific Northwest for refusing to an order to round up fellow Native Americans in Colorado.

He did not become known as "Thunder Tyee" until he assumed control of military activities for the Salish Council. His skill as a commander and tactician led to early successes against the United States Army. Some reports also indicate he was responsible for atrocities committed by Council forces against U.S. citizens. However, he also ordered his Salish warriors to help save non-Natives threatened by the eruptions of Mount Rainier near the end of the war.

Thunder Tyee's fate after the Ghost Dance War remains unknown. Salish-Shidhe Council records claim he resigned after the ratification of the Treaty of Denver, retiring to a quiet life with his wife and children somewhere on the Olympic Peninsula. Other stories claim he was killed by a U.S. Army sniper, or that one of his own officers killed Tyee after he ordered his Salish warriors to lay down their weapons and assist in evacuating their former enemies from the volcano threatened areas. The Sovereign Tribal Council denies these rumors, but has not provided evidence to the contrary, claiming a desire to protect the former commander's privacy, even decades later. Formal records of Thunder Tyee's birth, education, and military service were lost in the Crash of 2029.

HISTORY: AWAKENING

Someone was coming. Ripper heard the crunch of boots wading through the trash-covered asphalt. The young man held his breath beneath a thin camocloth, willing himself to remain still even as he mentally clicked on his ultrasound vision. The result was blurry.

Ripper knew who it must be. He'd tracked him here, timed his movements. In the crime-ridden streets of Puyallup, at midnight—few people came here, especially now, with all the craziness. VITAS was everywhere. Babies were being born stunted or with strange eyes and pointed ears. Monsters out of myth roamed the wild places. Still, he had to be sure. So Ripper waited, and listened.

A single human. Thin. Gangly. Cautious, but not furtive. Every movement and gesture scurrilous. From a meter away Ripper made out the beak of a nose, the familiar skull that flared out around the eye sockets. He knew who it was.

Blackie.

Distant sirens sang through the city, a wall of high-pitched noise that made Ripper's ultrasound vision jump and skitter for a moment. Blackie had stopped at a fallen lamppost to get his bearings, one hand idly rubbing a rat-skull tied to his jacket with a piece of twine. The old faker was muttering under his breath—whether one of his “spells” or just talking to himself, Ripper wasn't sure. After a moment the man moved with a purpose, past where Ripper was hiding, to the corner of an old wall.

When Blackie's back was turned Ripper rose up, dropping the wet, trash-covered sheet that'd made him just one more pile of grey-black grime. With quiet purpose Ripper brought up the soot-stained pipe and smashed it down on the bastard's head, nearly tearing off his left ear. The gangly figure crumpled to the ground. “Blackie,” Ripper said “you should have left well enough alone.” In the distance, more police sirens howled, and another subsonic ripple skittered across Ripper's ultrasound vision. He ripped the goggles off. The old man looked up at him, holding his ear to his head.

“Ripper?” Blackie said

Ripper slammed the bar back down. The blow was slow enough that Blackie tried to block it with his left arm—Ripper broke his ulna neatly and Blackie squealed in pain.

“Rip, wait!” the faker shouted, scuttling back, trying to get some distance. “You don't know how important it is!”

Ripper sent a piece of Blackie's right kneecap sailing off into the ash. Shots rang out in the dark city—a major firefight. Blackie muttered to himself, eyes fixed on Ripper.

“It's Jack's, Blackie.” Ripper caught the old faker across the jaw, breaking teeth. He stepped on Blackie's broken arm, grinding the wound into the street.

Blackie looked at him and screamed a painful syllable, spitting bloody froth. For a second Ripper thought he saw the face of a giant rat laid over Blackie's features.

Then Ripper heard them, all around him. The chittering whine of rodent voices, the swish as sleek black furry bodies swam and hopped through the alley trash.

Ripper set about the furry horde with the pipe, each swing breaking little bodies as they swarmed toward him, drawn by the old man's *spell* or whatever it had been. Blackie was digging into the trash where he'd knelt before, hand clawing past the loose newsheet to uncover the off-white crystal of an optical chip.

Blackie raised the chip with his good hand, but Ripper's pipe smashed right through it, knocking it from his grasp.

“Ripper ...” Blackie began.

“Shut up, Blackie.” Ripper smacked the last of the rats away. “Jack!”

A young boy limped into view, no older than twelve. One eye was swollen shut, and dark purple bruises scrawled down his face and neck. “Check it,” Ripper told him, tossing the boy the chip.

With his one good hand, the boy plugged the chip into a portable datareader, the backlit screen lighting up the alley:

DATE/TIME: 00:00:01/12-24-11

AUTHOR: >>STRUCTURE ERROR 0208<<

ROUTING: >>ROUTING ERROR B092<<

SUBJECT: <unknown>

MESSAGE:

Good morning world. Welcome back. Play nice.

—Saeletra



HISTORY: GHOST DANCE

Fools-the-Wolf glared at Howling Coyote. Inside the dimly lit command tent, the Prophet of the Great Ghost Dance refused to meet his friend's gaze.

"What have you done, Daniel?"

"I made the peace, Jonathan."

Both Amerindians were dressed in a combination of combat fatigues and the native garb of their tribes. Sioux-style war shirts on top of desert camouflage pants; modern web gear on top of that, with war feathers denoting rank. Their hair was tied in long braids; Howling Coyote's was dyed a dull brownish red.

"You compromised!" Fools-the-Wolf hissed. "Denver, Seattle, California ... after everything—*everyone*—we sacrificed in the Dance!"

"Before the Anglos came, the people had no concept of owning the land." Howling Wolf replied. "You want me to quibble over lines on a map? We remade this world, fighting and bleeding all the way against the Anglos and against our own people, who squabbled over the territories before they were even won."

"We have the Ghost Dance."

"The Dance is too costly to maintain," replied the Prophet. "Do you have the will to continue it? Because I do not."

"Yes," Fools-the-Wolf said, opening the tent flap. "I do."

Howling Coyote did not watch as his friend was swallowed by the night.

Alone in the kiva, Fools-the-Wolf took out his drum and began to tap. An old beat, arrhythmic, slipping in and out of synch with his heart. Having found the beat, he began to dance.

Fools-the-Wolf rode a skeletal steed through dark plains of night, along the path of the dead. A mangy coyote kept pace alongside him. The shaman's heart echoed the beat of the dance, his flesh left behind in the kiva, dancing in his sleep.

The AmerInd looked at the landscape passing beneath him and saw the continent spread out before him. His steed galloped past the Denver plateau, a coiled dragon surrounding the city. He trod over the desert lately given to the descendents of the Pueblo, and the new blood-slicked temples being raised by the Latinos in their new Aztlan. The coyote loped alongside him as they crested the ridge of the

mountains and followed the spine of the world to dark forests and fiery peaks. At the borders of the new metroplex of Seattle they halted. Small cities, growing together—dirty, crowded with the Anglo exodus. Burnt by the fires of the mountain.

Takirixki-tuhats, you call yourself. Fools-the-Wolf.

Fools-the-Wolf heard the totem-voice, but the ragged coyote next to him only whined and licked a cut on its forepaw. The shaman looked around but only saw the metroplex, the lands of the Pacific Northwest around him. He looked up.

The Wolf Star shined bright, brighter than he had ever seen it, and as he watched it descended in front of him: a skeletal canine, as big as his horse, as bright as a star in the sky. The coyote growled. Fools-the-Wolf made the sign of his people, the sign of the wolf.

Can you fool me?

The Wolf Star snapped its jaws at him. Fools-the-Wolf raised his knife and cut himself as he sang a war-song, the power flowing from his veins. The Wolf Star was the guardian of the other realms, where Coyote would teach him the steps of the Ghost Dance, as he had done for Howling Coyote. Fools-the-Wolf knew if he passed this challenge he could be the new Prophet of the Great Ghost Dance ... a Dance that would sweep away the Anglos, the elves, the changed, all of them but the people.

"Stop this madness, Jonathan," the coyote said. It reared onto its hind legs and assumed a familiar shape. Howling Coyote appeared exactly as he did in the tent, except every color burned brighter than the stars, every shadow was the dark abyss between them. "You don't know the forces you are playing with. They will consume you."

"You cannot stop me, Daniel."

"Jonathan," Howling Coyote said, grabbing Fools-the-Wolf by the arm. "I am sorry." The Prophet threw his fellow shaman into the waiting maw of the Wolf Star.

Alone in the kiva, Fools-the-Wolf awoke, shivering in the chill night. The cut on his arm had finally stopped bleeding, but blood was matted all around where he had fallen. Alone with his failure, the shaman howled his frustration at the moonless sky.



thousands of Native Americans fleeing into the nearby mountain ranges. Under the leadership of Thunder Tye, a Salish chief and close friend of Daniel Howling Coyote, members of the Salish, Makah, Crow, and Haida tribes began to wage a guerrilla war against the United States government.

- The apocryphal story in the NAN is that Howling Coyote asked for the aid of the spirits and they shook the earth to free him and his people from imprisonment. The 2034 sim Howl in the Wilderness depicted it in over-the-top glory compared to The Ten Commandments. Of course, nobody at the time knew enough about magic to know if Howling Coyote did it one way or another, but that's the official NAN story, and they stick to it like gospel.
- Snopes

On December 24, 2011, passengers on a Japanese bullet train speeding past Mount Fuji took the first pictures of the great dragon Ryumyo. Not long after, the first reported births of "mutant" children worldwide marked the appearance of the first elves and dwarfs. The sudden emergence of magic and the first metahumans heightened the climate of fear among the general population. They turned on anyone who was different, and racial and political incidents soon escalated into violence.

THE GHOST DANCE WAR

Fighting between Native Americans and the United States government continued for six years. Gradually, the Salish War Council (a confederation of Native American tribes and shamans) won the upper hand. Aided by the power of magic and a growing Anglo sympathy movement, the guerrilla war changed to a military offensive on all fronts. In 2015, Salish forces, led by Thunder Tye, captured the Trident submarine base at Bangor. Two months later, they captured the Puget Sound Naval Shipyard at Bremerton. Across the Sound, Council forces were poised for a final showdown as their now superior forces surrounded McChord Air Force Base and Fort Lewis.

Then Mother Nature played her part. On August 17, 2017, at precisely 10:32, Pacific Time, Mount Hood, Mount St. Helens, Mount Rainier, and Mount Adams all erupted simultaneously. Even skeptics of the supernatural could not ignore that the event occurred at the precise moment Daniel Howling Coyote led his followers in the ritual of the Great Ghost Dance. Throughout the Pacific Northwest, thousands of tons of ash, smoke, and burning rocks instantly turned day into night. Panic erupted in the streets, and the entire social structure tottered on the verge of collapse.

Urged by U.S. President William Jarman, the governments of the United States, Canada, and Mexico agreed to negotiate with the Native forces. In April 2018, both sides signed the Treaty of Denver, giving full recognition to the sovereignty of the new Native American Nations and ceding most of western North America to them. Only California and the western cities of Seattle, Everett, Tacoma, and Denver remained under U.S. control.

- A commonly asked question by kids who did not live through the (literally) earth-shattering events of the Ghost Dance War is "Why?" With all their power, including their vast army and arsenal, why would the United States, much less the three major North American powers at the time, surrender to a rag-tag force of Native American terrorists and hand over nearly half their territory to them, and why would the people there agree to it?

To understand the reasons, you have to try and imagine a world where magic was *not* a daily reality, but a sheer impossibility. What Howling Coyote and the Ghost Dancers did was considered flat-out impossible (and note that magical theorists today *still* don't know exactly how they pulled it off), and yet, they did it. The governments—already battered by VITAS and crippling economic troubles—were faced with having to fight Nature itself, and their massive strategic weapons were all but useless. They couldn't nuke a force too small to pinpoint, couldn't risk the kind of casualties or collateral damage that would cause. Add the fact that the rebels held at least one Trident submarine base (and its arsenal), public sympathies for the Native cause, and the unknown degree of what else the Ghost Dancers could bring to bear, and they had little choice.

- FastJack
- Additional factors that surfaced years later include widespread concern among military advisors about whether or not nuclear weapons would work at all. Some speculated the Lone Eagle incident demonstrated that conventional fission and fusion weapons were non-functional in the wake of the strangeness of the Awakening, or that the Ghost Dancers had some sort of "hoodoo countermeasures." It later became clear that nukes still work (although there are some magical repercussions, just ask Chicagoans) but they didn't know that then, and it was a gamble they couldn't afford to take.
Additionally, there are plenty who wonder just what drove President Jarman to the negotiating table and influenced his decision-making process. After all, if the Ghost Dance shamans could set off multiple simultaneous volcanic eruptions, some kind of subtle mental or emotional manipulation would be child's play by comparison. By the time the US had the capability and expertise to check it out, it would have been far too late.
- Axis Mundi

THE INFLUX OF 2019

With the signing of the Treaty of Denver, thousands of U.S. citizens living in what was now NAN territory had to give up all rights to land ownership and move back within the new U.S. borders or remain on Native American land as minority citizens. The Sovereign Tribal Council passed a resolution outlawing reprisals against people who chose to stay, and made citizenship available to anyone who could prove any Native American ancestry, and was willing to follow tribal laws and customs. But the Council did not deny plans to relocate non-Natives onto reservations. So a flood of refugees poured out of the new Tribal lands, many of them to Seattle.

The eastern United States and California had enough resources to cope (barely) with the sudden influx of displaced people, but Seattle and its neighboring cities did not. More than a quarter-million refugees arrived in the Seattle area in 2019. Pictures of the highways, backed up for kilometers with gridlocked traffic for days on end, spread across the media. Refugee camps filled any and all available space. Before long, Seattle was fighting with Tacoma, Everett, and the smaller suburban cities over every scrap of aid. The Federal government, meanwhile, had its hands full with a nationwide economic crisis.

- This is the beginning of the transformation of Seattle as it was in the early 21st century into the overcrowded metroplex it is today. Imagine the population of an area like Seattle almost doubling overnight. The city and surrounding area suffered a lot worse from the influx of refugees than it ever did during the Ghost Dance War. Things got ugly really fast.
- FastJack



BIRTH OF THE METROPLEX

Charles C. Lindstrom, elected mayor of Seattle in 2018, was a man with a penchant for fiery speeches and daring action. His greatest wish was to make “The Emerald City” the economic capitol of the West Coast by annexing the small towns surrounding it. Critics dubbed him “Lindstrom the Conqueror,” and watched gleefully as every unification attempt for his “metropolitan complex” initiative failed miserably.

After the Treaty of Denver and the onslaught of refugees coming into the region, many began to reconsider Mayor Lindstrom’s radical new ideas. With suburban infrastructure too weak to handle the problem, it seemed only logical to band together. So in 2019, Bellevue, Renton, and Kent voted overwhelmingly to become part of greater Seattle. By summer’s end, Seattle grew to include all of King County and most of neighboring Pierce and Snohomish Counties as well.

Refugees still continued to pour into the area, swelling the population so dramatically that the mayors of Everett and Tacoma realized their cities had no hope of remaining independent. On September 6, 2019, the citizens of Everett and Tacoma also voted overwhelmingly in favor of joining with Seattle.

The Seattle city government now controlled all of the land the Native American Nations had ceded to the U.S. government in the Pacific Northwest. On November 16, 2020, U.S. President William Jarman signed a resolution officially dissolving the state of Washington and recognizing the creation of the Seattle Metroplex, with Charles C. Lindstrom as its first governor.

used to hold Native Americans. By the end of the year, however, scientists proved goblinization—the name the popular media gave the transformation—was not contagious. In August of 2022, fifteen months after Goblinization Day, Lindstrom ordered all metahumans released from quarantine, and spoke of a united people living together in peace. But it was not to be.

Race riots erupted all over the metroplex in late 2022, with Seattle’s harried police force bearing the brunt of both sides’ anger. In February 2023, the Seattle Police Department (SPD) went on strike to protest the government’s lack of support for their needs and inaction regarding the crisis. A furious Governor Lindstrom declared the strike illegal and summarily fired all members of the SPD.

The governor then hired Lone Star Security Services, a private corporation, to take over law enforcement in the metroplex. Officials at Lone Star promised to bring the city back under control and restore law and order. Members of the defunct SPD had no choice but to apply to work for Lone Star (losing their seniority in the process) or hire on with one of the many other private security firms in the metroplex.

- More than a few people have noted how well this all worked out for the then fairly-new Lone Star Security Services, and there have been accusations that Lindstrom was on the take to ignore the Seattle PD’s problems so they would be forced to strike, giving him pretext to fire them and hire Lone Star instead. Nothing has ever been proven, but lovers of irony and schadenfreude have enjoyed Lone Star’s ouster from the top of the law-and-order heap in the metroplex in much the same manner decades later.
- Danger Sensei

Lone Star did bring some semblance of law and order to the streets, but it was a second wave of VITAS that truly forced Seattleites—and people everywhere—to put aside their differences, as the disease claimed easily as many lives as goblinization touched. All major religions denounced racism as a hateful and ignorant thing of the past and only the hard-core elements on both sides of the racial divide continued to fan the flames of conflict to keep them alive.

Governor Lindstrom retired in 2028. Media personality Charles S. Kross replaced him, continuing most of his predecessor’s policies. A few months into Governor Kross’s first term, a mysterious computer virus all but destroyed the global telecommunications network in what has become known as the Crash of ‘29. Government deckers finally isolated and destroyed the Crash Virus, but not before much of Seattle’s economic infrastructure was wiped out. The chain reaction to local businesses was swift and devastating. Companies and corporations collapsed by the hundreds, and local economies began to plunge into a terrible depression. The high-tech Redmond district was particularly hard-hit and never recovered from the Crash.

- Terrible and humiliating war? Check. Radical social change without adequate time to adapt? Check. Plagues leading to economic uncertainty and collapse? Check and check. The stage was well set for what almost inevitably followed.
- Elijah
- You really do have a cynical view of humanity, don’t you?
- Mika
- Just realistic and experienced.
- Elijah

SEASOURCE FAST FACTS: METROPLEX DAY

November 16th is celebrated in Seattle as Metroplex Day, the anniversary of the official formation of the Seattle Metroplex by resolution of the United States Congress. Federal and Metroplex offices are closed, along with some businesses, and festivities include a parade and speeches by the governor and other political officials.

- Lindstrom couldn’t have pulled off his metroplex initiative without the support of the major corporations, which saw it was in their interest to have a united Seattle they could deal with as a single entity, rather than a patchwork of cities and municipalities still reeling from the dissolution of most of the state. They threw their weight behind the idea, giving the governor the leverage he needed to finally push it through.
- Elijah

GOBLINIZATION DAY

The new metroplex government faced its first crisis on April 30, 2021, when one out of every ten people began transforming into what later came to be known as orks and trolls. Having emerged ten years earlier, elf and dwarf children had gained some measure of acceptance, but lost it with the emergence of these new “goblins.” Many humans felt threatened by these new races, with their twisted appearance and their behavior often violent and unpredictable because of the terrible pain of their transformation.

Acting on rumors that the transformation might be contagious, Governor Lindstrom ordered the Metroplex Guard to round up all metahumans and their families and detain them in the camps once



BY ROBERT DERIE

HISTORY: NIGHT OF RAGE

A gunshot cracked and Julius Strouthers ducked behind the nearest car, eyes and ears alert for the shooter. After a few minutes, he heard more—at least a few blocks away, and none landing towards him. The dwarf scanned the street with worried eyes, hoping he hadn't embarrassed himself too badly. Old instincts, like old shadowrunners, tend to die hard.

This part of the Ave was nearly dead so early in the morning. Most of the University District was already asleep, or settled in for a long night. The former mayor of Seattle didn't feel quite the same number of eyes upon him when he went out at this hour, and he'd always felt more at home in the dark, where his dwarf vision could pick out warm bodies much more quickly and easily. He was old, and he knew it. As old as the Awakening.

When he turned the corner on 43rd Street, fire lit up the sky of the University District. The street in front of him was covered in shattered glass and broken mannequins that sported horns and pointed ears. Strouthers tried to clear his head, but his brain was on fire with the twenty-three-year-old memories.

There were sirens, but no police cars. He had been a student then, living in an off-campus apartment. The mayor at the time—what was his name?—was on the trideo, telling people to clear off the streets to avoid “metahuman reprisals.” As if we had started the riots. It was the detention centers that had done it, locking us up like animals—ork and elf, dwarf and troll, and no one knew what was going on until they smelled smoke and the word went up “Fire! Fire!”

But that was then. Now, Jules was just trying to get home. There were gangs roaming the streets, breaking windows and looking for people that did not want to be found. Jules kept his eyes peeled and his ears pricked. Sometimes you heard them coming down the street before you rounded the corner, angry muttering or racist shouts, or just the movement of a mass of bodies.

The crash of a window breaking came from ahead, and the sound of running feet. Jules ducked into an alley, then peeked around the corner to look.

A troll girl, maybe seven years old but already taller than Jules would ever be, was running. Behind her were two more trolls, a man and a woman—her parents, probably—backing away from a crowd of humans, hands raised. The humans—fifteen or twenty of them—were edging in on the troll couple. Two or three had broken open a store window and were dragging the metahuman mannequins out into the street and dismembering them. All of them were carrying something—chunks of masonry, stun batons, broken bottles; one was even whipping a chain around, edging closer to the big male troll, who was shouting invectives at the breeders.

Jules tripped the troll girl as she ran past, then grabbed her and dragged her into the alley, one hand clapped over her mouth. She bit him, her little tusks drawing blood, but he wouldn't let her go. Still struggling with her, the dwarf turned to see how her parents were faring.

The humans had finally gotten within reach, anger and resentment warring with fear as they saw the size of the trolls up close. Unfamiliar hands gone sweaty and tingly gripped their impromptu weapons, waiting for someone to make the first move. It was the male troll that decided it for them: the chain-whipper had finally gotten within reach and the troll's hand seemed to engulf the human's entire head as he picked the breeder up and smashed him down against the ground.

That set off the general melee. Half a dozen humans swarmed each troll, weapons raised. The two metahumans had the edge, but sheer numbers were against them, and the humans were relentless, two or three hanging on each leg and arm, weapons rising and falling. When six of them had pinned the female troll down and a human woman had taken up a rock and begun to methodically smash her face in, Jules knew it was time to go.

Julius Strouthers shook himself out of the reverie. He wondered what had happened to that troll girl he'd rescued on the Night of Rage.

THE NIGHT OF RAGE

Governor Kross retired in 2036, succeeded by Victor Allenson, known as “Vic the Quick,” a former combat biker for the Tacoma Timberwolves. During the election campaign, he made clear his low opinion of metahumans and rode a wave of “human conservatism” into office. In one of his first trideo interviews, Governor Allenson said, “Orks and trolls make great offensive combat bikers, but they haven’t got the brains for much else.” Allenson’s election sparked riots in parts of Seattle with a high metahuman population, leading to crackdowns from Lone Star on the governor’s orders, which led to further incidents of violence and racially-motivated terrorism on both sides, fueling the cycle.

The night of February 7, 2039, the Seattle Metroplex Guard, under orders from Governor Allenson, rounded up all metahumans in Seattle and transported them under armed guard to a series of warehouses along the waterfront. They were told that this was the final processing site before they were sent to deportation camps in San Francisco—part of the governor’s plan for “improved racial harmony” in the metroplex.

Exactly what happened next remains unclear. With the majority of the city’s metahumans herded into these cavernous buildings, anger and fear became hysteria. From one of the buildings came a series of screams. Then sounds of gunfire. Explosions. Panic swept the scene. A series of explosions went off, and flames erupted through the old warehouses. The death toll was staggering, even though many metahumans escaped through the sewer system. The violence triggered other similar incidents throughout the metroplex, and in the days to come, throughout the world, becoming known as “the Night of Rage.”

News of the holocaust stunned and appalled the public, provoking a massive outcry against Governor Allenson and demands for an investigation. Mobs of protestors gathered in front of police stations and government buildings, calling for the resignation of every Metroplex Guardsman who had stood by and refused to act while so many perished. The media used every opportunity to show disapproval of the governor’s administration. Rumors surfaced that Governor Allenson was actually a member of the Hands of Five, a humanist policlub. Local politicians, with heavy prodding from the United Corporate Council, demanded that the governor resign. Allenson refused, denying any wrongdoing. On February 11th, he was found shot to death in his office. The mystery surrounding his death has never been resolved.

- “Who Killed Governor Allenson?” is a popular topic for the conspiracy theorists (or it used to be, before more recent and sexier conspiracies displaced it ... man, I’m getting old). Most believe it was Lone Star, acting with the knowledge and consent of the Corporate Council, that did the deed and then covered it up, since the UCC had decided Allenson was a liability they couldn’t afford. Others think it was retribution by metahuman terrorists or some “lone gunman,” but the job was too professional for that. If it wasn’t Lone Star personnel, then it was shadowrunners working for them or the UCC.
- Snopes

Marilyn Schultz, mayor of Bellevue, won the special election to choose Governor Allenson’s successor by a surprisingly large margin. What apparently clinched her nomination were reports that she had been one of the first city officials to appeal to the UCC for help during the Night of Rage.

The new governor immediately gave Lone Star an ultimatum: arrest the leaders of the Hands of Five or face a breach of contract

lawsuit for their criminal refusal to stop a crime in progress during the Night of Rage. Lone Star turned out in force to hunt down the terrorists. The next seven days became known as the “Week of Sirens” because of the countless raids conducted by Lone Star forces. Within a few days, the Hands of Five leaders were all either dead or behind bars.

- Governor Schultz’s election, her “ultimatum” to Lone Star, and the ‘Star’s campaign against the Hands of Five were all for show: the UCC rigged everything behind the scenes to put their mouthpiece into office and to allow Lone Star to cover their tails with the public over the elimination of Allenson and their criminal negligence in standing by and letting the Night of Rage happen in the first place.
- Hard Exit
- More than that: the Hands of Five manhunt didn’t net all the people involved, just the ones the Corporate Council found inconvenient. Others were just quietly shuffled aside and reminded who they owed their lives to from then on. One of them was Charles Brackhaven of Brackhaven Investments. Yeah, that Brackhaven. Charles’ brother Karl was involved up to his Aryan eyebrows in the Humanis Policlub, and the Hand of Five before that.
- Riser
- Tarislar in Puyallup was born in the Night of Rage, where elven survivors of the roundups and the purge escaped and found shelter. Elven lives and memories are very long, and some of those who lived through the Night of Rage remain holed-up in their ghettos some thirty years later, as though it were yesterday. They say to everyone—human and metahuman—born since that terrible night: *Imirint, imirya-ha*, “Never forget, never again.”
- Tarlen

▶ THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD

In 2045, a charitable organization known as the Universal Brotherhood opened their first chapterhouse in Seattle, following their first chapterhouses in California two years earlier. The Brotherhood claimed to follow precepts laid down by sociologist Caitlin O’Connal, who discovered equations proving the “universal brotherhood” of all metahumanity in her research.

With their humanitarian work in the Barrens, the Brotherhood’s membership grew quickly. They offered food, shelter, and medical care to people in need and attracted others looking to do some good or find some meaning in their lives. In the following years, the Brotherhood included corporate and government officials and celebrities among its ranks.

In 2051 two reporters, Frederick Davitt and Zebediah Wanderly, began an exposé on the Universal Brotherhood that revealed a conspiracy of staggering proportions: the Brotherhood was actually a cover for the work of different insect spirits and insect shamans to capture human and metahuman hosts for their growing hives. Davitt and Wanderly were both killed for what they learned, but much of their research survived. It revealed the scope of the Brotherhood’s true operation for the first time.

The truth about the Universal Brotherhood was kept from the public for several years. The Brotherhood ruthlessly killed anyone who discovered or threatened to expose their secret. Still, the information made its way into the hands of people in some of the megacorporations like Aztechnology and Ares Macrotech. Ares began covert operations against the insect spirits, particularly Knight Errant’s “Firewatch Teams,” many of which became “bughunters” charged to locate and sterilize insect spirit hives (best known to the public from the hit simsense *Firewatch One*).

The truth about the Universal Brotherhood reached the UCAS government in 2054 when a UCAS Federal agent helped expose the charitable organization

HISTORY: UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD

He almost died choking on vomit.

Despite malaise, he gnashed his teeth until he could spit out the vile substance gumming his mouth. A wracking cough followed; spewing vomit. Yet he hardly moved; the chunky bile from his last meal dribbled through his bedraggled beard. He tried blinking and fought blurriness and strange flickering shadows worse than any binge in his life.

Who am I? Where am I? He wasn't alarmed yet. After long years of deadening senses with every synthetic and electronic drug available, such questions always follow consciousness. Memories spurred and flickered, like a trideo with a cracked crystal display.

Father James. Found me in the garbage off ... No, no street names. He'd crashed in so many alleys and abandoned structures it all became a blur after a while.

After several more blinks he realized the blurriness came from more than just the horrible hangover. Soysyrup? Had he stuck his face into a leftover breakfast plate while dumpster diving?

A low hum sparked. He tried to turn his head to follow the sound, and couldn't. He tried to shift position. Tried to raise his arms. Couldn't. What?

Father James. The helping hand around my shoulder as he pulled me in from the freezing downpour, my duster—a relic from the Desert Wars—useless against rain with its myriad ragged holes. Cooked food shooting tendrils of mouthwatering scents up nostrils to replace an age of putrescence. The dirty, timid, yet non-hostile faces—pretty blues, despite the broken tusk—peering up from bowls of soup; quick snatches of humanity from far too many robbed of that basic right.

The hum changed pitch. Yet the sound was more vibration ... he realized he *felt* it more than heard it. He tried to move again and failed. Something squirreled in the back of his mind. He reached for deep reserves and thrashed. His head beat hard back and forth; a lance of pain announced the wound around the botched data-jack implant had re-opened (the festering wound never really closed).

Father James. The painfully colorful clothing, face too young for the world of the destitute he helped, speeches short but absurdly filled with the

hope of the metahuman potential. The ability of all—elf or dwarf or troll or even human—to overcome. He didn't care what words Father James blathered. Only that the Universal Brotherhood fed him. Clothed him. Kept him warm.

He stopped, heavy breathing loud in his ears. Far louder than it should be. He was covered. Tight. Head-to-toe. Why he couldn't move. The hum tingled past his lethargy as it emerged into a cadence. The sound was familiar. His eyes began to discern the moving shadows. Something horrendous bound his face, but his thrashing stretched it until it tore enough and he could see, though he hardly comprehended. The squirreling in his head bloomed to alarm, his stomach heaved.

A darkened room lit by hellish lights. A shadowed man in the center, chanting and swaying with the eldritch power pulsing from a pinprick of scintillating light hovering in midair. The man's eyes glowed with madness at his crescendo and the pinprick sank toward a sack of ethereal, spun whiteness.

The pinprick merged with the sack and it glowed incandescent, an x-ray of the contents. Naked body of a female. A broken tusk. The chanting became a horrific, guttural scream and

the body writhed, mutated; the woman's scream heard despite the cacophony of arcane energies. A soul-scream pierced his brain as the alien energy raped the woman's body and soul and stole it for its own ravenous hunger and existence. His alarm flashed to terror.

Scrabbling, chitinous sounds erupted as the mutated body thrashed into its new form, claws tearing the sack open. Antennae quivered with excitement, blood-rent eyes against a mouthless alabaster face. Its upper body glistened with birthing liquid. Monstrous mantis legs flowered from the desecrated ork woman's crotch, thrashing for purchase, rising to a towering height.

The shaman's voice fell into whisper, face triumphant as he dropped to his knees before his newly summoned master. As the man raised his eyes to the monster, he became visible.

Father James.

The memories spilled in a torrent. The kind Father ... the madman plumbing the detritus of humanity for hosts of insect spirits. He knew he was in a sack just like the woman. A larvae sack. Waiting to host an alien spirit.

He died choking on his vomit. Willing.



HISTORY: MOB WAR

Miko Ishikawa knelt gracefully, slippers barely whispering against the sandalwood floor. “*Shitsurei shimasta.*” She breathed her most obsequious request for entrance against the cherry wood and paper screen door occluding the room beyond the Spartan hallway.

“*Hairu.*”

Miko started, her lips pinched to white at the speed of the response. Oyabun Hanzo Shotozumi let his subordinates know their place.

With a lifetime of muscle memory she snaked through the door, the screen easing shut without a sound, staying in a crouch. The rasp of her silk kimono against her skin was the only announcement of her entrance.

You likely heard that rasp, *so ka?* She blinked rapidly several times to calm her heart. Could he know?

A soft whir from her left reminded her to keep her eyes downcast as the Barghest patrol drone appeared for a full spectrum scan. Despite the situation, a smile tugged at her lips. Years ago she'd secretly mocked the oyabun for such security. After all, to reach this room on the estate would require almost-inhuman skill and luck. She'd come to respect such paranoia.

“Miko,” Hanzo spoke, his voice deceptively soft, cultivated. Sword oil.

Miko flowed into a standing position. Her coal-black, short-cut hair was a fan of motion she knew distracted any male in the vicinity—except Hanzo. She took four steps and eased onto the tatami mat placed with surgical precision in the center of his private quarters. She avoided looking at the small table at the edge of the mat. Almost.

“The death of Don O'Malley is the proverbial Chinese curse,” Hanzo continued, thumbing off the computer screen he'd been studying. The deep lines of his aged face vanished as harsh lighting gave way to darker ambiance. The outline of the cord plugged into the datajack behind his ear remained.

Now engaged, her dark eyes met the older man's pools of malachite serenity. Your flesh eyes were every bit as dead as those chrome, *so ka?* She just managed not to lick her lips. “*Hai.*” Short and simple. You never lied to this man. Not directly.

“Yet you overstepped your bounds. Despite making you *wakagashira-hosa*, you still answer to me. I'll answer the Mafia families truthfully. Our fingers did not pull any triggers. Despite the advantages the coming mob war brings, your indiscretion with our intelligence directly led to Don's assassination by a Chimera. A cloud

of danger surrounds these advantages. A cloud you've brought. Atone.”

Without hesitation she undid the crisp, white cloth around her throat as she inched forward to the edge of the mat. Miko quickly twisted the cloth into a binding around the pinky finger of her left hand, one corner fold loose. She forced aside trepidation and clenching muscles with the memory of past hardships, pain, and shame to reach this point. Hesitation would hurt far worse.

Miko placed her pinky firmly on the cool, smooth stone table. Her right hand hefted the short blade as she mentally fortified against the coming pain and slashed the blade across her finger, just in front of the knuckle. Before the bloom of crimson could bruise her white skin she bent her hand forward savagely as she pressed with strength and skill, snapping the bone with a sound like porcelain trod under a troll's boot.

The tourniquet kept blood flow to a minimum; the pain stanchied with equal force. Miko folded the corner flap over the stub and tucked it into place, a bandage as effective as any DocWagon compress. She cleaned the blade on the white cloth already on the stool, then wrapped the fingertip in the linen. Easing forward, head bowed, she placed the gift of atonement on the edge of the oyabun's desk before retreating.

“*Saru.*”

Miko bowed deeply, her forehead kissing the mat, before she eased from the room. She didn't breathe until she reached her own office, one hundred and twenty-two steps away. Even there, she knew not to smile, but knelt in the corner by an altar, her proximity lighting an incense candle. Her head bowed as though in prayer, but her eyes lit with the fire of her ambition.

She'd been stupid and paid the price. The datachip meant for Shotozumi's boss, Akira Watada, about her oyabun's disloyal activities fell into the wrong hands. But she'd taken care of the assassin, and retrieved the chip, no one the wiser.

There was no greater glass ceiling than the tradition-bound yakuza. And despite the cut of the glass, she would ascend one day to control the Shotozumi-gumi.



known as "Project Hope" as a front for the Brotherhood to recruit the homeless for conversion into insect spirits. Once they knew the truth, the UCAS government quickly moved to destroy the insect spirit hive in Seattle and outlawed the Brotherhood.

For a time, it seemed the public would be spared the truth. The government and corporate forces had the situation under control, systematically shutting down Brotherhood chapterhouses and clearing out insect spirit nests. That was until a Knight Errant Firewatch Team discovered a hive of massive proportions underneath Chicago. An attack on the hive failed and the thousands of insect spirits boiled out of the ruins and spread across the city. The UCAS government declared martial law and sealed off the contaminated area. Soon, information leaked out of the Chicago Containment Zone revealed the reason why: the city was under the control of a swarm of insect spirits. The possibility of spraying the contaminated area with a powerful insecticide was considered, even though it would also result in the deaths of all the people trapped in the area.

Before the decision could be made, an Ares-owned tacnuke was detonated inside the central hive, destroying the insect queens and forcing most of the spirits into a state of torpor. The UCAS government and Ares Macrotechnology maintained the Wall around the Containment Zone to keep the remaining insect spirits from spreading while they worked to clear them out.

The process of "decontaminating" Chicago took years, involving no small amount of corporate and legal wrangling and jockeying for power and position. Eventually, Ares sprayed the Containment Zone with an astrally-active bacteria, which eliminated many (but not all) of the insect spirits, and probably also did irreparable damage to astral space in the area. See the **Feral Cities** file for details on Chicago's fate ... and be thankful that Seattle was spared from the worst of the Brotherhood.

- Axis Mundi
- The legacy of the Universal Brotherhood is still felt in Seattle. See the Magical Groups sub-section for more.
- Ethernaut

ELECTION 2057

Despite low poll results, UCAS President James Booth won the election of 2056 by a landslide. Then it was revealed the "remote vote" system had been compromised and the election results were fraudulent. The election was declared null and void and Speaker of the House Betty-Jo Pritchard was appointed pro-tem President while Congress conducted an investigation and a special election was scheduled for August of 2057.

The election scandal polarized the already agitated UCAS political spectrum and brought many new candidates out to compete for the office of President. The most surprising was the great dragon Dunkelzahn, who declared his candidacy on an episode of his semi-regular talk show "Wyrms Talk."

Seattle's own candidate was one of the forerunners in the race. Kenneth Brackhaven, a prominent local businessman, ran on a platform of "traditional values." Even when it was revealed in the media that the actual son of Charles Brackhaven had perished after Goblinization Day and was replaced by an impostor, Brackhaven's campaign barely faltered. A tearful televised confession by the candidate embracing his true past sent his approval ratings soaring.

The campaign was further shook when Republican candidate Franklin Yates was murdered in a Seattle hotel room by an insect spirit possessing an FBI agent. The killing increased public concern over the crisis in Chicago and the infiltration of insect spirits. Yates' running

mate Anne Penchyk chose to run in her friend's place and made a valiant, but ultimately futile, showing in the polls.

In August, the great dragon Dunkelzahn was elected President of the UCAS. The dragon was sworn in and just as quickly perished when his limousine was destroyed in an explosion outside the Watergate hotel on Inauguration Night. The media reported the news to a stunned nation that the fantastic being they had invested their hopes and dreams in was no more. Vice President Kyle Haeffner was quickly sworn in as President.

The death of President Dunkelzahn triggered riots across the nation, including Seattle. The UCAS government declared martial law and moved in military forces, aided by corporate security forces, to reestablish order. In Seattle, the Metroplex Guard was mobilized to quell the riots throughout the metroplex, aided by additional forces from the regular UCAS military. President Haeffner and new Vice President Nadja Daviar calmed an angered nation by promising to carry on Dunkelzahn's dreams for a peaceful and prosperous UCAS.

- I hardly know where to begin when it comes to dissecting this pithy summary, so I'll refrain and direct interested parties to a more detailed discussion of '57 and its fallout elsewhere. Sufficient to say, this is pretty much what most people believe, especially a generation raised on the legend of the first non-human UCAS President, who were only children when he perished. It is also noteworthy as the start of Brackhaven's political ambitions, which I am certain do not end with Seattle.
- Snopes
- Let's not overlook the effect of Dunkelzahn's will, either. The ol' wyrm set more plans in motion with his Last Testament than most schemers manage in an entire lifetime, things that are still unfolding to this day. The dragon's bequests elevated corporations and toppled governments, shifted the balances of power around the world, and made things very busy in the shadows for years after his death.
- Pistons

MOB WAR

On New Year's Day 2058, Don James O'Malley of the Seattle Mafia was killed outside his home by an unknown assassin. The Don's successor was his daughter, Rowena, a woman in her 20s. Although Rowena made clear her intention to claim leadership of the Finnigan Family and of the Seattle Mafia, the Commissione was not so sure about having an untried "girl" in charge of an important *regime* facing enemies like Hanzo Shotozumi of the Seattle Yakuza. They decided to wait and see how the dust settled in the metroplex before handing down any kind of decision. In essence, they threw Rowena O'Malley to the wolves to see if she could survive.

Don O'Malley's death touched off a power-struggle within the Seattle Mafia, pitting the three major families of the metroplex against each other. In the confusion, the other syndicates made grabs for power. Old scores were settled left and right and new grudges created by the truckload.

The mob war went on for the better part of a year before the Commissione finally decided the possibility of the Yakuza seizing complete control of operations in Seattle was just too great to risk and stepped in. They chose Maurice "the Butcher" Bigio as the new Don of Seattle and charged him with keeping Mafia operations out of the hands of the Yakuza, the same as James O'Malley and his brother Brian before him. Rowena O'Malley was recognized as the *capo* of the Finnigan family and circled the wagons to regroup and plan her next move.

- Riser



► CORPORATE CONFLICT

Just as the Mafia conflict in Seattle was cooling down, another was heating up. Renraku Computer Systems was tearing up the market, climbing the megacorporate ladder, and closing in on the number three spot of their closest rival, Fuchi Industrial Electronics. Part of Renraku's rapid climb was due to Miles Lanier, former head of internal security for Fuchi, taking a position on the Renraku board of directors.

Fuchi was split between three main factions: Villiers, Yamana, and Nakatomi. Richard Villiers was president and CEO of Fuchi, but the loss of market share to Renraku had the Japanese factions uniting against him to try and take control of Fuchi away. The CEO was fighting a war on two fronts: externally against Renraku and internally against the factions looking to seize control of his company.

Externally, Fuchi had an ace-in-the-hole: Miles Lanier. Although he ostensibly left Fuchi under a cloud to take a position on the Renraku board, Lanier later turned around and sold his Renraku stock to the Zurich-Orbital Gemienchaft Bank for under market value, divesting himself of all interest in Renraku and taking a position as Vice-President of Operations with Fuchi North America, answering directly to Richard Villiers. The sale of Lanier's stock at a rock-bottom price sent Renraku's value plunging on the stock market. Renraku's advancement ground to a halt and shadowruns between Renraku and Fuchi stepped up.

Villier's victory in slowing the advance of Renraku did not provide him much breathing room. Events involving the Japanese had progressed, and they were devoted to removing him from power regardless. Villiers controlled Fuchi America and was too influential along the East Coast. Yamana controlled Fuchi Pan-Europa and Nakatomi Fuchi Asia. With each side too firmly entrenched, the conflict tore the company apart. Yamana and Nakatomi allied and arranged mergers with other megacorps, leaving Villiers with what remained of Fuchi, which formed the core of his new company, Novatech.

- Mr. Bonds
- The spaceplane crash in Redmond in the summer of '59 was almost certainly connected to the Renraku-Fuchi conflict. Although Fuchi's Corporate Court representative David Hague was publically said to have been killed in the crash, the truth is his body was found in an abandoned building in Redmond kilometers from the crash site.
- Snopes

THE RENRAKU SHUTDOWN

In 2059, Renraku scored a minor public relations coup in the corporate conflict that turned into a nightmare for the corp. The Renraku Arcology Project in Seattle, a vast-money pit for years, was finally completed. The corp made a major media event out of the official unveiling of the ambitious project.

A few weeks after the completion ceremonies, the arcology went into complete lockdown. The designers created it to be able to exist independent of the rest of the metroplex. The arcology was built to grow its own food, process its own waste, generate its own power and provide for the daily needs of its nearly 100,000 inhabitants. One morning, the arcology's systems severed all connections with the outside world, blast doors closed off all entrances and exits, and the Renraku intranet and host went offline. Magical wards sprang up around the outside of the building and no one was able to get in or out. Over 100,000 were sealed inside the arcology, among them was Governor Schultz herself, who was meeting with Renraku Seattle President Sherman Huang at the time.

- The governor's presence inside the arcology when the shutdown occurred is a popular point of debate among conspiracy theorists, especially given Schultz's history and ties with the United Corporate Council. Could it really have been coincidence, or was Schultz set-up? Did the AI Deus intend to delay a government

response by taking the governor off the gameboard? There are a lot of theories, but very few answers.

- Snopes

The shutdown initially elicited confusion and frustration. Friends, family, and businesses wanted to know what the problem was and why so many people were inconvenienced or couldn't be reached. Renraku stonewalled for as long as they could but within hours it became clear they had no idea what was going on, and even they had lost contact with everyone inside the arcology. The place had been hijacked, taken over by an unknown force. That's when the media and the public interest exploded.

As Mayor of Downtown Seattle, Ivar Lindstrom called on emergency powers to mobilize the Metroplex Guard. They surrounded the arcology and began looking for a way inside as Renraku mobilized their own troops to "assist" in the operation. Mayor Lindstrom refused Renraku's offers of aid and made it clear no corporate troops were to land in Seattle. Renraku protested, and tensions rose as everyone waited to see what the megacorporation would do. Renraku finally agreed to limit their personnel to technical, support, and "advisory" roles to aid Seattle forces in rescue operations.

- There was quite a standoff between Renraku and Lindstrom. The "assistance" of the corporate troops was meant to keep outsiders out of the arcology and to desperately try and contain what was already a public relations catastrophe. Lindstrom and the rest of the metroplex government were probably worried about Renraku using the incident as a prelude to an invasion and occupation, turning Seattle into another San Francisco. The Mayor's refusals included a promise that any Renraku troops operating outside corporation's extralegal territory, including right outside the arcology, would be considered an act of war and fired upon. Renraku blinked because Lindstrom was smart enough to secure the backing of the majority of the United Corporate Council.
- Kay St. Irregular

The Guard could not find a way into the arcology. All the building's main systems, built to withstand a small-scale nuclear war, were on full alert, and automated defense systems forced them to keep their distance. All of the arcology's passcodes and overrides were changed. There was simply no means to reach the people trapped inside, or even to communicate with them. Mayor Lindstrom and the United Corporate Council declared the arcology off-limits and the Metroplex Guard set up a cordon around it while experts worked on penetrating the building's security measures. The media set up camp outside, and coverage of the Renraku Lockdown appeared daily on all the major newsnets.

THE LINDSTROM ADMINISTRATION

With the loss of Governor Schultz, an emergency election was scheduled to choose a new governor for the metroplex. All of the district mayors were eligible, and it came as no great surprise when the people of Seattle rallied around Ivar Lindstrom, mayor of Downtown Seattle and the son of Governor Charles Lindstrom, seen by many as "the father of the Seattle Metroplex." Considered the "hero of the hour" for his swift action concerning the arcology shutdown, Governor Lindstrom was sworn in immediately and promised to the people of the metroplex to do everything in his power to ensure the safety of the people trapped within the arcology and to protect the security and prosperity of the Seattle Metroplex.

Governor Lindstrom had his work cut out for him, however. It took nearly two years for UCAS military forces, under the command of Joint Task Force Seattle, to reclaim the arcology from the rogue artificial intel-

HISTORY: RENRAKU SHUTDOWN

"We have incoming. Protect the civilians!"

Before he finished barking out the order, the other four Red Samurai formed a protective circle. A terrified group of people huddled in their midst, clutching each other for comfort. Overhead, dim lights flickered, providing inconsistent lighting and making it difficult to focus. The shopping mall had once been a bright and happy place. Like so many other places in the Renraku Arcology, it was now a twisted parody of what it once was. The mall had become a grim wasteland where people struggled desperately to stay alive. Osi and his men were some of the last Red Samurai that had not been subverted. It was their duty to protect these people. The red-clad officer tensed as he heard the creak of metallic, armored hides; the scrape of razor claws on the floor; the flick of tails against the walls. They were coming.

The next instant they burst from everywhere. Quick as lightning they came, bounding like the large predatory cats they resembled. The metal monsters flicked their two tails in anticipation of the kill. They flexed their sharpened claws at the end of each of their four legs, and stared with their soulless electronic eyes. Medusas, they called them. Red Samurai were well trained and no strangers to combat. Bullets lanced out, sending sparks flying from the hides of the mechanical terrors. As one of the monsters dropped, skidding forward with its momentum, another leapt forward. Osi squeezed his own trigger, letting his smartgun system guide his aim from one creature to the next. They were fast, faster than any drone Osi had ever seen. Dr. Cliber had warned them that her "creation" had a devious intelligence, but the Samurai officer had never anticipated it could create machines of such ruthless efficiency as the Medusa. Behind him he heard a long burst of fire end in a horrid scream of pain. He snuck a peek over his left shoulder and fired a volley of rounds at the creature mauling his man. Metal predators were upon them on all sides now. Osi knew his men couldn't hold out much longer. A Medusa lunged over him and landed on Haruo to his right. He spun and took aim. With a quick mental flick Osi switched his assault rifle to full

auto and squeezed the trigger. Rounds flew out and sprayed the creature with lead. The thing rose up, twitching violently in its death throes as Osi poured gunfire into it, then slumped back.

"Behind you!" screamed one of the civilians, a grubby teenage girl. Osi spun on his heels, ready to bring his rifle to bear when he noticed the ammo readout in the corner of his cybereye display. Empty. Acting with a speed that only his wired reflexes gave him he dropped his gun and drew the katana at his waist. The killer drone lunged toward him, extending its arms for a deadly embrace. Dropping down to avoid contact with the claws, the Samurai thrust upward, clutching the sword handle in an iron grip. His cybernetically enhanced muscles strained as the blade made contact with the beast's underbelly. Osi prayed his blade would find a weak spot as he felt it scrape and slide along the metal armor. Finally, the blade found a crack and sank into the creature's inner circuitry. Lurching awkwardly as its control systems ruptured, the Medusa fell hard on him.

Darkness enveloped the officer and it seemed like an eternity before something happened. Slowly, he felt the creature start to roll off to his left as he heard the strained grunting of someone above him. Rallying his strength, Osi pushed hard and rolled the hulk of the felled predator off of him. Standing above him was the teenage girl that had warned him.

"Are you okay?" she asked.

"Yeah," he croaked, sheathing his sword and recovering his rifle. He surveyed the casualties. One of his team was dead, another badly wounded. "Let's get the civilians out of here," he said to the rest of his team. The girl jogged at his side as they made their way to the safety of the stairs.

"What's your name, kid?" Osi asked.

"Peregrine Matthews. My friends call me Perri."

"Well, Perri, welcome to the Resistance."





BY ROB BOYLE

HISTORY: CRASH 2.0

Gary Cline laughed as his bodyguards battled valiantly on the air hockey table. The redheaded troll scored a goal on her opponent, but Gary was distracted by an AR icon indicating an urgent call. "Be right back, guys. Keep playing, I'll be fine."

He stepped around the corner and walked down the hall. The Horizon Creative Resort was still being built, but Horizon staff were already taking to the completed parts. He took the call—a time-sensitive affair involving Horizon's petition for a Corporate Court seat—in his temporary office. He finished, poured himself a scotch, and was headed back to the door when two men burst in, armed and wearing armored black infiltration outfits. One of them held Gary's personal assistant, Leon, with a gun to his head.

The other intruder stepped forward. "Mr. Cline, I hope you don't mind, but you're a difficult man to reach, so we made our own appointment."

Gary leaned back against the wet bar and took another drink. "Well, let's see. You are Randall Coleman, deniable assets manager for NeoNET. You're probably here to discuss Global Technologies. And your goon here holding Leon would be Ivan Garner, AKA Crackpot, freelance security specialist. Can I offer you gentlemen a drink?"

"How'd you know my name?" asked Crackpot, menace in his voice.

Gary smiled. "I have a very sophisticated image recognition system at my disposal. It's managed by some, ah, more-than-expert systems, and tied directly into our consumer intelligence databanks. I can tell both of you gentlemen what you had for lunch today and many interesting things about your purchasing habits." He flashed a grin. "It makes for great small

talk openers at parties. Ivan, you may be interested to know that you're paying too much for those male enhancement pills. Our Whole New You clinics offer a drug that's just as effective and 25 percent cheaper."

"Cut the crap!" Coleman yelled, his face livid. "We're here to talk about Global all right. I've had plans in place for years to force that bastard Manes to sell. He was on the verge of cracking when you waltzed in and snatched the deal out from under us." He motioned towards Crackpot and the hostage. "I'm not going to let this slide. You're going to get on the phone and do whatever it takes to get this deal canceled, or Leon's brains become part of your décor."

Gary sipped his scotch and looked sad. "I'm afraid I can't do that. It's not my decision to make. The Consensus wants Global Technologies."

Crackpot put the gun to Leon's head. "Last chance. And after he goes, you're next."

Gary sighed, and looked at Leon. "Leon. I'm afraid your HIP score has been tanking lately. Your recommendations on the Hisato deal were all way off the mean. The timing is very unfortunate." Leon's eyes widened, and he struggled in Crackpot's grip. "I'm sorry," Gary continued. "Resort, please fire Leon. With prejudice."

An armed sentry drone dropped out of the ceiling, targeted Leon, and fired three rounds into his heart.

Crackpot spun away, dropping Leon's body, and raised his SMG. Armor-piercing autofire ripped the sentry gun to shreds.

Gary casually waved his hand through the smoke, sipped his scotch, and looked at the destroyed drone. "That's going to be a bit of a mess to clean up. And here I told Roberto he could have tomorrow off for a personal day."

Coleman regained his composure, anger smeared across his face. "Crackpot, I'm through with this guy. Waste him."

Crackpot approached Gary, raising his SMG. Gary smiled and asked him, "Does your wife know about your mistress yet?"

Crackpot paused, his face stony.

"It's amazing the things you can glean from people's purchasing records. All those dinners and hotel rooms, all at times your wife was working." Gary leaned forward. "I bet you didn't know she was pregnant, yet, either."

Crackpot's eyes narrowed.

"Pregnancy test purchased 3 weeks ago. Ice cream, pickles, and NERPS purchased yesterday. And she's been perusing maternity bras online." He looked Crackpot right in the eye. "I've already dead-letter-dropped the data. Kill me now, and your wife will know."

Crackpot cursed.

"Fuck this." Coleman strode forward, raising his own gun.

"Randall, before you kill me, there's something you should know."

"Oh yeah, what's that?" Coleman put the gun to Gary's head.

"The Consensus has instructed me to offer you a job. NeoNET has already decided to terminate you, given your failure to acquire Global Technologies. Horizon is a growing family. We are in need of people with your particular skill sets and go-getter attitude. All you need to do is be a team player."

Coleman stared Gary hard in the eyes for a long moment, the gun never wavering.

"How's the vacation plan?" he asked.

ligence that seized control of it, with considerable loss of life. No sooner had the arcology project been declared complete, then the Lindstrom administration, the metroplex, and the world, faced a new challenge.

- Yeah, leave it up to a tourist guide to sum up the entire Renraku Arcology disaster, where tens of thousands of people lost their lives, in just a few sentences. Savvy searchers looking for the real story can find it easily enough (start here) but, still, how quickly people forget... or try to anyway.
- Plan 9

THE RETURN OF THE COMET

The return of Halley's Comet in 2061 coincided with a series of Awakened events around the world, perhaps the most significant of which was dubbed Sudden Unexplained Recessive Genetic Expression (SURGE). A small percentage of the population underwent physical transformations into what the media called "changelings." The winds of change fanned the embers of racial resentment, with violence erupting in communities around the world. In Seattle, many feared a repeat of the Night of Rage. Fortunately, the presence of the UCAS military Joint Task Force and increased vigilance on the part of Lone Star and the Metroplex Guard helped to contain any outbreaks of violence.

- Those outbreaks did happen, though. Violence against changelings hasn't been as virulent or widespread as it was (and still is) towards many metahumans, but that's largely due to a combination of the newness to the changeling phenomenon and decades of experience dealing with metahuman prejudice. Of course, acceptance of changelings is also not progressing terribly fast either. There's considerable debate over whether they even constitute a "race" or protected class, or if they are a "natural" expression of the Awakening or the "mutant freaks" many believe them to be. The latter category includes some otherwise pro-Awakened people, by the way, who think changelings are a warning of some kind of "imbalance" in the world's mystical forces.
- Lyran

CRASH 2.0

With the Matrix its lifeline to the rest of the UCAS, Seattle was hard hit by Crash 2.0 in 2063. The catastrophic collapse of computer networks in the metroplex brought down GridGuide™ traffic management systems, air-traffic control systems, and resulted in the loss of considerable amount of data. The Lindstrom Administration declared martial law and activated the Metroplex Guard to assist Lone Star and Joint Task Force Seattle in maintaining order over a panicked and largely cut-off populace. Fortunately, the Crash's effects were felt everywhere, so no one was able to exploit the staggering vulnerabilities created by the loss of the metroplex's early-warning systems and patrol drones.

- The Guide grossly overstates the matter, as many did take full advantage of the chaos, including quite a few looters, but it's true the big government and corporate entities were caught off-guard enough, and busy enough, that they didn't have time to take full advantage of their rivals' weaknesses.
- Kay St. Irregular

In cooperation with NeoNET, Seattle became the ideal test-bed for the Wireless Matrix Initiative. Governor Lindstrom announced the replacement network would be brought online in only a matter of months, and, in spite of some initial bumps in the launch, the initiative proved a complete success. Seattle embraced the promise of Matrix 2.0 like nowhere else, and served as an example to the rest of the world of

the potential of the WMI, making it the global standard for reconstruction following the Crash.

- Again, although the Guide glosses over the whole event, Crash 2.0 had massive repercussions still being felt throughout the metroplex and the world: people lost records, their entire legal identities, while individuals and businesses lost money and clear ownership of property. Legal cases are still pending regarding ownership of some properties in Seattle, and there's a brisk business in insurance fraud and strong-arming others involved in such cases to get them to swing a particular party's way.
- Danger Sensei
- The shutdown of the Shiawase Atomics plant in Glow City has also impacted the 'plex by depriving an even more power-hungry urban area of much-needed electricity. Gaeatronics has been stepping-up efforts to meet the demand, and cutting corners and safety checks in order to do so, from what I've heard.
- Sounder
- Seattle remains a truly "online" community, more so than just about anywhere else. The Emerald City AR has become an integral part of daily life in the metroplex, so much so that locals don't think of it as just an interface, but the way the 'plex looks. It has created a whole new level of social interaction, as Seattlites exchange information on a level that would have previously been considered almost psychic. Social activity seems to come in sudden, spontaneous microbursts as word travels at the speed of light, and everyone is connected to "the scene," however their individual preferences and filters may define it.
- Glitch

ELECTION 2070

One of the many aftereffects of Crash 2.0 was AIPS (Artificially Induced Psychotropic Schizophrenia Syndrome) attributed to the trauma many suffered while jacked-in to a collapsing virtual reality. Traumatized victims of the Crash led to numerous stories about strange phenomena related to the Matrix: sightings of electronic and virtual "ghosts," unexplained malfunctions, and claims of people with supernatural powers over machines and virtual reality. We now know some of these claims can be traced back to the emergence of technomancers among the general population, their latent abilities unlocked by the destruction and subsequent recreation of the Matrix.

AIPS played a role in Seattle's recent gubernatorial election, when candidate Josephine Dzhugashvili was forced to withdraw from the race after rumors surfaced of her suffering from AIPS following a dumpshock-induced stroke in 2064. This cleared the way for Seattle businessman (and former Archconservative UCAS presidential candidate) Kenneth Brackhaven to attain the governor's office, running on the Republican Party ticket.

In his inaugural address, Governor Brackhaven called upon the citizens of Seattle "to bravely face the challenges awaiting us and the first generation that will see the dawn of the 22nd century, and make the Emerald City into a shining beacon of hope and opportunity in the world."

- ... "Just so long as you have round ears." Brackhaven's election, given his ties with the Humanis Policlub and other radical pro-human groups, truly stunned the metahuman and Awakened communities of Seattle in a "it could never happen here" kind of way. Although it hasn't materialized (yet) people are still talking about a replay of Vic the Quick's administration and the lead-up to the Night of Rage, and say it is only a matter of time before Brackhaven and his cronies concoct some excuse for rounding up metahumans and putting them in camps (or burning warehouses, for that matter) "for the public good".
- Butch



THE GHOST CARTELS

If it's been awhile since you've ventured into Seattle, some of the changes to the city—and the events that brought about those changes—will be unfamiliar to you. If you want to make an impact and not just go with the flow, you'll want to run through the events in the **Ghost Cartels (2008)** campaign, which can take a runner team from Seattle to Los Angeles to Hong Kong, and then all the way to South America.

Seattle was—or is, if you'd like to go back in time—one of the five primary destinations of the drug Tempo in North America; if you're running a campaign outside of Seattle, the Tempo influx and the cartel activity around it can provide a reason for them to travel to the metroplex to investigate.

Going back even further, you can use the **Emergence** campaign frameworks to explore the scene in Seattle as Technomancers begin to make their mark on the city and the entire world.



- Knight Errant has suppressed some anti-administration demonstrations, and the Brackhaven spin-machine has used the incidents as “proof” that metahuman = poor, violent, and dangerous, especially when it comes to orks, trolls, and changelings, although elves and dwarfs tend to get lumped in there, too. Sound familiar?
- Elijah
- And that's where the “official” history (per the Guide) ends, but other recent events have influenced the Seattle shadows in various ways. Let's look at them, shall we? Brought to you by yours truly, so be kind.
- Fastjack

▶ TEMPO FUGIT

Seattle's underworld has seen some shakeups in recent years (scan the Seattle Underworld file for all the details). The Yakuza have become more traditionalist and conservative, with their attacks on the Korean Seoulpa rings and the assassination of “New Way” Oyabun Shigeda. On the Mafia side, Don Maurice “The Butcher” Bigio bought it beside his own wife's grave, with Rowena O'Malley taking the reins of the Seattle Families, and Joey Gianelli taking control of what was left of the Bigio family business.

A lot of the syndicate violence has been settling old scores, which isn't exactly news in Seattle, but the spark that lit the flames of a new mob war was *tempo*, the newest and biggest street drug to come along since the BTL chip supposedly rendered biochemical brain-benders “obsolete.” Thing is, tempo wasn't technically illegal, but demand for it became so high the gangs and crime-bosses couldn't smuggle enough of it across borders to satisfy the growing demand. The higher the price climbed, the more syndicates and others fought to control supplies coming out of South America.

On the law enforcement side of things, Lone Star suffered some initial difficulties in Seattle due to increasing accusations of racial prejudice, particularly against the metroplex's ork population. An infamous incident of Lone Star officers beating some ork suspects turned into a firestorm of controversy, adding fuel to accusations that the security company was lax in pursuing the “Mayan Cutter” serial killer because most of the victims were orks (mostly poor, many SINless). Lone Star was already none too popular when street violence in Seattle began to skyrocket and the administration, the citizenry, and the Corporate Council all called for them to restore order. The unclear legal status of tempo and its use further tied their hands, since they couldn't arrest anyone for possession or use, just things they did under the influence.

The mob violence and the troubles over tempo had Seattleites in an uproar, so naturally the Brackhaven administration, brought into office to provide order and stability, threw Lone Star under the bus, laying most of the blame for the debacle at their feet and using it as a reason to cancel the metroplex's contract with them. In the same press conference, Governor Brackhaven proudly announced Seattle's new security contract with Knight Errant, and the Knights moved into police stations and facilities all over the metroplex as soon as Lone Star vacated.

- Sunshine
- The effects of tempo extend far past the borders of Seattle, but in the metroplex itself, the primary damage done by the drug can be found in the shake-ups among the syndicates and the ouster of Lone Star and the installation of Knight Errant. Of course, tempo also did quite a number on the Seattle shadows in a lot of places, turning otherwise honorable people into addicts and users. I'd like to say everyone has wised-up to the dangers of tempo (and various other brain-benders and party-drugs) but people are people, so it's just joined the ranks of the various forms of “recreation” making the rounds.
- Butch



AETHERPEDIA KEYWORD SEARCH: TEMPO (DRUG)

Also known as “flipside,” tempo is a BAD (bioengineered awakened drug) derived from a hybrid of angel's trumpets (*Burgmansia*) and an Awakened variant of the *gameleira* (or strangler fig) tree, primarily the bark. The refined drug is a crystalline powder that has an oily rainbow shimmer to it. The name “tempo” comes from the Afro-Brazilian religion Umbanda, the name of one of its *orixás*, also known as *Gran Bwa*, or “Great Tree.” The name also reflects the drug's associations with the music and club scene. Its popular nickname “flipside,” comes from the drug's effect of allowing users to perceive the magical side of life. Taking tempo is often known as “flipping,” while unusual behavior while on the drug is known as “flipping out.”

Tempo produces a euphoric feeling, an increased sensitivity to the emotions of others, along with mild hallucinations, making users somewhat disoriented and suggestible. Users often perceive glimpses or flashes of astral phenomena, which vary

depending on the environment, and tempo use increases dopamine levels, leading to a greater sense of well being, overconfidence, and resistance to pain.

Tempo is highly addictive, creating both a physical dependence on increased dopamine levels and psychological addiction to the drug's other effects. Addicts typically develop a tolerance to the drug's effects, requiring greater dosages, and looking for stronger forms of stimulation, which can lead to extremely risky behavior. “Down-side” effects include insomnia, apathy, depression, loss of appetite, and a general inability to enjoy the mundane world. Severe and long-term side effects include blackouts and memory loss, often coupled with personality changes and severe psychotic behavior.

Tempo is illegal in many, but not all nations, and its import and sale is regulated even in places where it is legal to sell and use.



BY ADAM JURY

HISTORY: LONE STAR

Seattle is my town.

In some respects, I was lucky. I had a new beat, an easy one in Snohomish. I'd aced Knight Errant's re-training school for displaced Lone Star officers. My hours had been cut, of course, but the commute was short and easy. What's a girl to do with some extra time on her hands? Her job, of course.

And that's why I was pulling up to an abandoned building somewhere North of Green Lake, 2300 on a Thursday. Knight Errant wouldn't have inherited any casefiles for this project—there weren't any. Keeping Downtown clean required a lot of off-the-record work, and the Knights were soon going to learn that. Their bluster would die when the reality of the situation sunk in.

Of course, I want them to crash and burn. I want the Governor to apologize to us when he gives us back the Seattle contract. I want my Downtown beat back. And I wouldn't mind a fuckin' raise, but just going back to fulltime and being proud to wear the colors would be a nice start. All in good time.

Within the Star, we had shielded the public's eye from some of the worst things that happened in the 'plex, and from the ugly things that they wanted to pretend didn't exist in their nice neighborhoods. Truth is, you can't go anywhere in the city without finding something that the public would rather not see, and would rather pretend only existed in the Barrens. "Why, I still don't think Puyallup is part of the city, with all the crime and awful things happening there," they might say, while ignoring that next-door to their business is an illegal chop-shop, making more money in a day than their legitimate business does in a week.

So when a few people went missing in this neighborhood, late last year, we went into investigation mode as normal. Good thing that we were on top of things, because it turned out to be something that people don't really like Downtown. Yeah, best not tell the residents about that ... let them think that there's some sort of kidnapper on the loose, instead.

I left the engine in my Comet running. The biometrics on the steering wheel wouldn't let anyone else manually pilot it unless they held my hands to the wheel, and the intrusion security would hold it for a few minutes, long enough for my dropoff. I knocked three times on the door leading down to the building's basement, and then went back to the car, hefting the first bag out of the trunk. By the time I was back to the door it had opened from the inside, and I took the tall flight of stairs all the way down, depositing the bag with a solid whump.

Two more trips back to the car and down the stairs. By the time I got back, the previous bag had disappeared from its resting spot, to be replaced with each full one. Last week's empty bags were lying on the table now, and I paused before picking them up. The wet sounds of feeding had already begun; fangs and claws tearing through gristle, the smacking of thin lips, and the unmistakable noise of a muscle being ripped clear from the bone. I flicked my light on to get a momentary look at them. They glanced up, briefly, their eyes a gauze of milky-white cataracts. I flashed them a thumbs up anyway.

Not everyone that keeps the chop-shops in business is getting stitched up. Some just need delivery service.

Seattle is my town. All of it, and all of its denizens.

DOWNTOWN

Downtown Seattle—what was once the city of Seattle—is still the heart of the modern metroplex. The Downtown district is responsible for the majority of the area's economy, home of its central government, and at the center of its culture and activities. While there is much to see and do in other parts of the metroplex, none encompass the whole of the Seattle experience as well as the Downtown area.

DOWNTOWN AT A GLANCE

- Size:** 468 square kilometers
- Population:** 545,000
 - Human:** 63%
 - Elf:** 13%
 - Dwarf:** 2%
 - Ork:** 19%
 - Troll:** 2%
 - Other:** 1%
- Population Density:** 1,165 per square kilometer
- Per Capita Income:** 130,000¥
- Corporate-Affiliated Population:** 89%
- Hospitals and Clinics:** 12
- Voting Precincts:** 11
- Education:**
 - Less Than 12 Years:** 25%
 - High School Equivalency:** 45%
 - College Equivalency:** 18%
 - Advanced Degrees and Certificates:** 12%

- ◊ Major Corp Facilities: Aztechnology, Brackhaven Investments, Federated-Boeing, Ingersoll and Berkeley, Mitsuhamma Computer Technologies, NeoNET, Renraku Computer Systems, Wuxing, Inc.
- ◊ Major Gangs: Bloody Screammers, Disassemblers, First Nations, Halloweeners, Troll Killers

DISTRICTS

The following are the major neighborhoods and divisions Downtown.

ARCOLOGY COMMERCIAL AND HOUSING ENCLAVE (ACHE)

Can a building be an entire neighborhood unto itself? It can if it's the size of the Arcology Commercial and Housing Enclave in Downtown Seattle, a structure nearly a kilometer tall, with more than three hundred floors, home to more than one hundred thousand residents.

Originally built by the Renraku Computer Systems corporation, the arcology was intended to be a self-sufficient living environment for company employees. Disaster struck in 2059 when the newly completed Arcology was sealed off by a rogue artificial intelligence in the Renraku computer system. Eventually liberated by UCAS military forces, the structure was seized by the government. Now the majority of its housing and office areas have been converted into low-income housing for metroplex residents, while the UCAS government maintains control over the building's more sensitive areas.



LOCALE: DOWNTOWN

“Pistons, did you know there are 2,398 coffee shops in downtown Seattle?”

The nighttime light show of Seattle was framed by the floor-to-sky windows of the Eye of the Needle. I'd been trying not to ogle the view, the other patrons, or the polished waitstaff in their black suits—each of which were worth more than a year's rent for me. My AR camera-contacts were busy storing up pictures so I could rub my admittance into the exclusive restaurant in a few faces. Mr. Johnson leaned over the table to pour me a cup of coffee from a silver pot. The cup was white porcelain so thin and fine it was almost translucent. I took a polite sip. The flavor ... liquid gold. My eyes didn't *quite* close, but a slight moan might have escaped.

Mr. Johnson smiled. “Hawaiian beans. The volcanic ash, the altitude, the rainfall, and the climate—all in all, an excellent place to grow beans. Small harvests. The farmers coddle each plant, roast the beans by hand. A single pound sells for over a thousand nuyen at auction.”

“Liquid gold,” I said. But I set the coffee down, carefully.

“Exactly. I won't bore you with the little details, but suffice it to say, I have a coffee problem. I'm told you solve problems.”

“For a fee.”

“Of course.” He waived away the credit issue with considerably more nonchalance than I felt. Anyone who could get a table in the posh Eye of the Needle probably didn't think my fees were significant. “One of my competitors has reportedly gotten a shipment of a particularly rare crop from Amazonia. Fazenda Mantiqueira beans. I wish you to either confirm or deny this rumor. If it is true, prevent them from selling the coffee. I don't care how, but I don't want a single cup sold.”

“And your competition?”

“Mayflower Park Hotel. The Andaluca restaurant.”

Nodding, I sent out a quick search. The hotel info popped up on my AR almost immediately, at least quickly enough that I could act like I knew about the place. Far outside my budget. Along with the basics, there were half-a-dozen rumors posted on ShadowSea that the place was owned by some retired runners. Well, well. Sounded like fun.

“I've heard of it,” I said. “I'll take the job.” I sent him my standard rate and my preferred escrow service information and, a second later, a second AR window popped into view with a confirmation of funds placed in the escrow account.

“I'll get started now.” I left Mr. Johnson at the table, looking out over the Azzie pyramid, shining blood-red tonight, sipping his liquid gold.

The night air was a bit brisk, the wind carrying in the smell of the Sound. An AR ad for local taxis was flashing neon green, and I tripped the call. The drone-operated cab arrived a few minutes later, painted green and white. Once inside I made a quick call to my favorite local smuggler.

Her rather-ugly mug filled my view. “Pistons, cerril!”

“Sounder,” I said, then shook my head. “Please tell me the blue hair is temporary.”

“I thought you swore off Seattle,” the female ork replied.

“I've got a job. I was hoping you might have heard something.” I gave her the details, and she not only confirmed the rumor, she was able to point me toward where the coffee was being stored: in a smuggler's cache down in the Underground beneath the Pike Street Market. I forwarded her a key for the info, along with the name of a much better hairstylist.

This time of night the market was closed. It'd be open again in a few hours, as the early morning fish catch was offloaded. It only took me a few minutes to hack a security cam and find the smuggler's access door. A trio of trolls were standing outside, trying to look nonchalant. I sighed.

Time to make a few more phone calls. I wasn't too worried, though. Considering this was Seattle, I had a hunch I'd be able to find some runners who were willing to kill for the perfect cup of coffee ...



The Arcology remains one of the architectural marvels of Seattle (and the world), and its silvery-green silhouette dominates the downtown skyline. The first five levels are a commercial mall open to the public, including a small museum of the Arcology's history and development.

- The "low-income housing" offered by the ACHE (get the irony of that government-assigned acronym) is little more than a prison storehouse for nearly 150,000 "undesirables" to get them off the metroplex streets.

Inside, between the public mall level and the uppermost executive levels (still held by the UCAS Army), you have hundreds of floors where the inmates all but run the asylum. They live in assigned housing units, eat government-issue soy and distilled water with a small selection of flavorings, wear government-provided flats for clothing, and watch government-approved trideo and sims. Some manage to find work doing menial support tasks, but most have little or nothing to do except revert to baseline savagery for all intents and purposes.

When you sign the contract to get into housing at the ACHE, you effectively sign away all your rights and you're not allowed to leave the "self-contained" living environment of the arcology. What better way for Seattle to deal with its homeless and poverty problems? Out of sight, out of mind, as they say. The whole place is a nightmare.

- Glitch
- It may be a hellhole, but it's also a potential gold mine. There's cred to be made in smuggling, of course, both contraband and getting people in and out of the place (mostly out), but the big scores are in the areas off-limits to the rezzies (as the full-time residents are known). After all, Renraku built this place as their crown jewel, and there's still some gems left over. The basement and sub-basement levels contain the arcology's primary reactors (that's right, reactors) along with a lot of high-tech equipment, while the executive levels have the most security computer systems and whatever data and tech both Renraku and Deus (the AI who usurped the place) left behind. The UCAS military has been sifting through both for years, but it's slow and painstaking work, given the security protocols and potential traps left behind. I know various parties who would be happy to take some of that work off their hands, and pay handsomely for the privilege.
- Pistons

BALLARD

Just north of the Lake Washington Ship Canal, Ballard is a middle-to-upper-class neighborhood centered on Market Street. Its citizens celebrate their proud Scandinavian heritage in various local festivals and events, including their kinship with their "sister" community Poulsboro in the Salish-Shidhe Council and the celebration of Norwegian Constitution Day on the 17th of May. It is home to the Nordic Heritage Museum and the Hiram M. Chittenden Locks, known simply as "the Ballard Locks," on the Ship Canal.

- The Ballard Locks are an occasional target of political- or eco-terrorism in spite of them having little political value and more positive ecological impact than negative. Still, the Metroplex Guard maintains security there under the auspices of the UCAS Army Corps of Engineers.
- Hard Exit
- Ballard has long been at the heart of the Seattle Independence Movement; the disgruntled locals who are tired of the metroplex being the red-headed stepchild of the UCAS and want Seattle to go it alone as an independent city-state, pursuing alliances with other nations and free to do its own business and politics. Most consider the movement naïve, particularly given San Francisco's

history with Japan and the fact that the Salish-Shidhe Council surrounds the metroplex on all sides. Nevertheless, the hard-core independents think Seattle is better off following its own course rather than wearing the yoke of the Eastern Oppressors, and continue pursuing political reforms towards that end.

- Kay St. Irregular

CAPITOL HILL

Capitol Hill was originally known as Broadway Hill, and even after being renamed in 1901 was still frequently known as "Catholic Hill" due to the large Catholic population and number of churches in the area. The neighborhood is also home to Seattle's "Millionaire's Row" along 14th Avenue E. and has many luxury apartment buildings and condominiums.

The most *avant-garde* of Downtown's neighborhoods, Capitol Hill is where you can find independent cafés, second-hand and vintage clothiers, occult and specialty bookshops, galleries, and chic boutiques. It has also long been the center of Seattle's alternative sexuality subcultures, including several neighborhood bars, nightclubs, and hangouts.

- I guess "hangouts" includes sex-clubs and such (kind of apropos, if so). Of course, some of the "A-gays" have lost interest in Capitol Hill and moved on to the Elven District, Queen Anne, or even right out of downtown, but the Hill still manages to hang on to its rep as "bohemian."
- Kat o' Nine Tales

THE ELVEN DISTRICT

Following the events of the Night of Rage in 2039, many of Seattle's elves and dwarfs settled in this area just west of Seattle Center near the southern end of Lake Union. In the decades since, they've transformed the neighborhood now known as the "Elven District" into a unique metahuman community reflecting their particular tastes, talents, and needs. Ordinary middle-class housing has been converted into ivy-covered townhouses, often with fine sculptures in wood or stone, and small parks and gardens have sprung up in the area, many surrounded by wrought-iron or stonework fences (some designed to look like rings of standing stones).

The Elven District is home to many of the metroplex's magically active population (of various races) and over the past decade has increasingly become home to a great many changelings as well.

- Interesting to watch the transitions as the "old guard" metas in the District deal with newcomers like the changelings and reenact many of the same behaviors that drove them to settle in the district (and in places like Tarislar and the Underground) in the first place. Just (meta)human nature, I suppose.
- Tarlan

THE INTERNATIONAL DISTRICT

Seattle's International District is unique in that it is a blend of several Asian cultures that have settled here over the years. After the Seattle Fire of 1889 destroyed the city's Chinatown, Chinese-American residents established a new community centered on King Street, which became the heart of the current International District. Since then, waves of new Asian immigrants have settled in the area, including Japanese, Filipinos, Vietnamese, Koreans, Thai, Laotian, Cambodian, and Burmese. According to the most recent census, the neighborhood is 59% Asian, 17% Caucasian, 14% Latino, and 10% African.

The district is home to numerous Asian cultural festivals (notably Chinese New Year in February) and also contains the Wing Luke Asian Museum on King Street.

- The International District is also the heart of Yakuza power in Seattle, despite the years-long struggle for control over the district with the Chinese Triads. Although the Triads find some cooperation among the ethnic Chinese residents, they have not been able to loosen the Yakuza's iron grip on their stronghold. It does mean some of those charming Asian eateries are sites of mob violence as a hit by one faction against another catches innocent bystanders in the crossfire.
- Mihoshi Oni

THE ORK UNDERGROUND

Following the Great Seattle Fire of 1889, which destroyed some 33 city blocks in the Downtown area, the city decided not only to require new buildings to be constructed of more fire-resistant stone or brick rather than wood, but also to regrade the streets of the area one or two stories above the then-present level. This led to the network of underground basements and tunnels, even sidewalks, which became known as the Seattle Underground. The Underground was abandoned for many years until a revival as a tourist attraction in the mid-20th century led to its refurbishment and expansion.

Although it is commonly believed that metahumans, mainly dwarfs and orks, moved into the Underground following the events of the Night of Rage, in fact several groups already occupied the area well before, although the violence in the streets above led to an influx of new metahumans seeking shelter. By the 2040s, the Underground was well established as a haven for metahumans and became known as the "Ork Underground."

- Still a sore spot for some dwarfs, too, let me tell you. After all, although orks are the most numerous of the Underground inhabitants by far, they're by no means the only ones, and the dwarfs did (and still do) a lot of the work in expanding and maintaining the place. The majority of dwarfs left the Underground after disputes with the ork population, which has continued to grow over the years.
- Hannibelle
- Some of the, shall we say, less pretty changelings have found their way down into the Underground, some accepted into the community, others driven out to the fringes or even back to the surface. After all, some of the SURGE transformations are better suited to life underground, while others just prefer not to be seen in the light of day, which usually suits the norms on the streets just fine.
- Baka Dabora

The Underground has seen a series of expansions and renovations over the years, with much of the initial structure and bracing work from more than a hundred and fifty years ago still in place. This includes brick support archways and glass blocks that filter in sunlight from the street level, tinted purple over the years by impurities in the glass. The ork inhabitants have cleared out and expanded many sections of the Underground, creating an entire community beneath the Downtown streets.

Tours of the Ork Underground are available; inquire at the Big Rhino Restaurant or in the basement of Lordstrungs downtown. If you are in the market for ork craft items and unique gifts, as well as shops that cater specifically to metahumans, be sure to check out the Underground's bazaar area.

- I recommend Tusk, near the Lordstrung's entrance, for ork- and troll-sized clothing, from casual to formal wear, and expert tailoring that includes alterations to armor-cloth and body armor designs to fit larger metahumans.
- Butch

- More than that, the Goblin Market in the Underground is home to a lot of smuggling that goes on in the tunnels, so you can find a lot more there than just quaint arts and crafts, if you know the right places to look and the right people to talk to.
- Traveler Jones
- The Underground is more than just a tourist trap and metahuman shopping mecca, it's a thriving community in its own right and in recent years has been developing other aspects of its economy. Take Fungitek, for example, a corporate start-up in Snohomish specializing in mycocultures. They struck a deal with the Underground to set up a fungus farm down there for some of their new experimental strains, not only bringing more credit into the community, but also a potentially valuable new food source.
- Baka Dabora
- The Ork Underground is in for a rocky future with Governor Brackhaven in office. For decades, the community has existed under a kind of "gentlemen's understanding" with the Metroplex Government. Much like the Barrens and other areas that do not much interest the straight citizens of Seattle, the place has been left alone. That's all well and good so long as the filthy goblins are grubbing in the dirt under the streets, but another matter entirely when they've got not only a thriving economy but also a potent and growing sense of pride and identity, to say nothing of a burgeoning population, right under the streets. Brackhaven has already said the "Underground question" is due for some "serious consideration" from his administration, and that likely means legal hassles and restrictions imposed on the ork community intended to strangle it, or at least curtail its expansion and development. Of course, that will lead to protests by angry metahumans, perhaps even some violent incident, right? Perfect pretext for the governor to declare the Underground a "haven for terrorists" and send in the Guard to start checking SINS and root out those dangerous elements. Don't think it'll happen? Just watch.
- Elijah

QUEEN ANNE, INTERBAY, AND MAGNOLIA

The peninsula northwest of the downtown core includes the Queen Anne, Interbay, and Magnolia neighborhoods, some of Downtown's largest bedroom communities.

Queen Anne Hill is divided into Upper and Lower Queen Anne. The lower neighborhood, near the base of the hill and Seattle Center, is a mix of middle- and upper-class apartment buildings and condominiums, corporate offices, and shopping centers. Upper Queen Anne is more residential and upper-class, including some lovely homes dating back a century or more and listed on the Metroplex Registry of Historic Buildings.

The Interbay area lies along the valley between Queen Anne Hill and Magnolia, with the southern end of the Ballard Bridge crossing the Lake Washington Ship Canal north to Ballard. Most of Interbay is taken up with the Burlington Northern Train Yards and their supporting maintenance shops and buildings. Interbay is known for its politically active community, including a strong metahuman rights movement with connections with local labor.

Magnolia, at the end of the peninsula, is connected to Seattle proper by only three bridges that cross the railway tracks in Interbay. It is home to large areas of parkland, particularly Discovery Park, and West Point, the westernmost point of Seattle, including the historic West Point Lighthouse. The remainder of Magnolia is largely suburban, save for the central Magnolia Village shopping area.



- Several archeological digs in West Point show it has been home to human habitation for at least 5,000 years. The digs and their finds are minor sources of friction with the Salish-Shidhe Council, which lays claim to all native artifacts discovered in the metroplex as part of its cultural heritage. Factions within the Council are sometimes willing to use other means to “recover” said artifacts rather than pursuing official channels (and the stonewalling almost sure to follow).
- Elijah
- They’re apparently not the only ones. I heard the recent removal of several artifacts from a dig in West Point was actually initiated by a Johnson in Tir Tairngire, meaning the SSC’s protests of innocence in the matter are actually true.
- Snopes

The Magnolia area features many spectacular homes, including the Governor’s Mansion, located on West Blaine Street.

- As well as the O’Malley home currently owned by Rowena O’Malley of the Seattle Mafia. Her estate has even better security than the Governor’s Mansion, not surprising, given there have been more attempts on her life than on the governor’s, although I suspect Brackhaven may be the one the shatter that record.
- Star Loner

SEATTLE CENTER

In 1962, Seattle hosted a World’s Fair, the Century 21 Exposition, and Seattle Center was built to host it, leading to the creation of some of the metroplex’s most famous landmarks, most notably the Space Needle. The 74-acre campus is located in Lower Queen Anne, but makes up a neighborhood unto itself. It includes a monorail terminus, the International Fountain, and numerous pavilions, amphitheatres, athletic stadiums, and other event sites, including the Pacific Science Center.

For more than a century, Seattle Center has hosted various special events and annual festivals, including Heritage Week during the last week in May, celebrating the metroplex’s diverse cultural background, and the annual Bumbershoot music and arts festival in September, the last major outdoor festival before the start of Seattle’s rainy season.

Seattle Center has seen renovation several times in its one-hundred-and-ten-year history and it is maintained and protected as a metroplex historic site.

- The Center is also home to the Kobe Bell, a gift to Seattle from its “sister city” of Kobe, Japan, as a symbol of friendship and peace. The one-ton metal bell is housed in its own roofed enclosure, and members of the Awakened community report that it puts out a palpable “vibe” on the astral, even more potent when it rings.
- Mika

THE UNIVERSITY DISTRICT

Known locally as the “U-District” and home to the University of Washington (or “U-Dub”), Downtown Seattle’s University District is, in many regards, a typical “college town” contained within the larger metroplex. The area is still home to numerous UW students and businesses catering to their needs and interests, including the University Village shopping center and the Northgate Mall, as well as various brewpubs, cafés, and a local farmer’s market.

- The U-District is also known for lore-stores, both established and “informal,” ranging from somebody with wares laid out on a brightly colored blanket on the street to an operation set up in an alleyway or alcove. With the popularity of UW’s magical studies program, there’s always somebody hawking something “magical” around there, although, more often than not, they’re scammers selling worthless trinkets to the gullible. The “magic” comes when the sellers disappear as soon as they have the cred in hand.
- Khan-A-Saur

PLACES OF INTEREST

Whatever you may be looking for, from lodgings and dining, to entertainment, shopping, and much more, you can find it in Downtown Seattle. We recommend making full use of resources like this Guide and SeaSource to help you narrow down your options and find just what you’re looking for.

A LITTLE BIT O’ SAIGON

South Jackson Street & Broadway

Voted “Best Vietnamese Restaurant in Seattle” four years in a row, this small restaurant and bar serves Vietnamese cuisine with a French accent and flair. Seating is somewhat limited, so check in advance for a waiting list, especially on weekends. Also be sure to try some of the excellent appetizers, because your entrees might take a bit of time getting to the table. Still, it’s well worth the wait. Some of their dishes are surprisingly hot, so be sure to ask your server to go easy on the spices, if that’s what you prefer.

- The Nguyen family that owns the restaurant is in fairly tight with the Red and Yellow Seoulpa Ring, having paid off a considerable debt to them for assistance in immigrating to Seattle in the first place. Now, of course, the Nguyens owe the Ring to keep quiet about their connections and pay for this silence (and the Red and Yellows’ protection) by providing small favors from time to time.
- Khan-A-Saur

THE ALABASTER MAIDEN

East Mercer Street & 12th Avenue

One of Seattle’s many oddities stands outside the entrance to the nightclub named after it. The life-size white stone statue of a beautiful, mysterious woman is said to be all that remains of Gabriella Dematto, one of the area’s first magicians. As the tale goes, Ms. Dematto, menaced by a gang, overreached her magical talents and the resulting backlash left her petrified. Her statue passed through various owners before it ended up outside the club, where it has remained for decades. Visitors to the club regularly touch the statue on their way in and on their way out for good luck.

- This story has been proven to be nothing more than an urban legend; there are no records of a woman named Gabriella Dematto in Seattle after the Awakening, although a lot of information was lost in the Crash of ’29. Astral examination of the statue shows a faint magical aura, but not that of a human being who has been calcified through sorcery. It’s something else, but no one has been able to unravel exactly what as yet.
- Snopes
- There are a number of stories about the Maiden moving from time to time, while no one is looking. Interestingly, there is even some photographic evidence of this, very slight shifts in position, posture and such. The more fanciful stories talk about her granting wishes to people in need, while the more lurid ones talk about her feeding on the blood or souls of the living.
- Ethernaut

- If you stare at the Maiden long enough, you can see her move. You just have to be very patient.
- Pistons
- Or really plastered.
- Snopes

Inside, the Alabaster Maiden is a high-class nightclub with the latest in dance music and holographic light shows. Magical acts sometimes appear on weekends; be sure to get tickets for such shows in advance; the ticket line is no place to be seen the night of a show!

- The Maiden's current owner is an elf named Cheri Ostler, who has no apparent magical talent of her own, although she does have a grey cat with an unusual aura. Patrons claim to have seen a similar, but much larger, animal prowling the area near the club late at night.
- Lyran

AURORA VILLAGE

1100 North 200th Street

With more than 200 different stores, restaurants, and entertainment centers on five levels, Aurora Village is one of the downtown area's best shopping centers.

- The mall has two body shops, a Body+Tech and A Whole New You, but they cater more to the urban professional crowd and the teen-scene, respectively. Don't expect to get the latest milspec hardware from either one, or to walk in for quickie elective surgery without a SIN or proper account. Still, if you've got the cred and the documentation, and the mods you're looking for are legal, they're a decent option. Body+Tech is a little more high-end.
- Khan-A-Saur

THE AZTECHNOLOGY PYRAMID

Broadway Avenue East & East Harrison Street (main entrance)

Although not the largest corporate buildings in downtown Seattle, the structures of the Aztechnology North America Complex are some of the most distinctive and well known in the metropolis. The massive central pyramid measures 195 meters along each side of its base and stands 300 meters tall, encompassing 72 floors.

The exterior design is inspired by ancient Aztec and Mayan step-pyramids, but with a modern twist. The massive slabs of rock covering the outer walls of the pyramid are made of artificially grown quartz crystal, half a meter thick. Computer-guided industrial lasers were used to carve images out of Aztec and Mayan mythology into the crystal, and the eighty slabs were fitted into a special framework around the outer structure of the building, fixed in place with special adhesives that blend seamlessly with the stone. During the daytime, the wall friezes look like ordinary grey stone but, at night, powerful banks of lights shine from underneath the slabs, illuminating them from within and creating one of the most spectacular sights of the Seattle skyline. Recent AR enhancements make the carved images seem to move and shift color within the depths of the crystal, adding to the overall effect.

- Although the lights of the Aztechnology Pyramid are usually white, they can be tuned to different color frequencies, and on some Aztec holy days, the Pyramid is bathed in red—a little unspoken reminder to Seattleites about just whom they're dealing with.
- Hard Exit

The street level of the pyramid is open to the public and features a shopping mall, where you can find excellent bargains on Aztechnology-made products, and a number of fine Aztec-Mex restaurants. The upper floors of the building are office space, housing for on-site employees (including employee-only shopping areas), and the executive offices for Aztechnology North America in the uppermost floors.

- The upper levels also have VTOL landing platforms for company aircraft. Everyone else is kept away by concealed anti-aircraft and surface-to-air missile batteries, although they'll get at least one warning from pyramid air-traffic control before they get shot down.
- Hard Exit





- Like other corporate structures of its type, the Aztechnology Pyramid is like a self-contained world: employees on the upper floors can live, work, and shop in almost complete isolation, without having to see the outside world at all. This is just as management prefers it, since inside they can keep careful control over both security and the environment. Naturally, getting into those employee-only areas requires a special RFID tag showing you're authorized to be there, and keyed to the areas where you have security clearance. They change the security key once a week or so, fairly often, but not so often that stolen information isn't useful, if you don't wait around to use it.
- Danger Sensei
- A full battalion of the Fifth Leopard Guards, around a thousand strong, is stationed at the Aztechnology complex. That's in addition to the Pyramid's own internal security staff and personnel (about another 250). The Leopard Guards are permitted on-site by Aztechnology's extraterritorial status, but they're only supposed to operate on company-owned property. The corp has a number of tracts in the Barrens it uses for training exercises in urban warfare. They also make convenient places for people to disappear, if necessary.
- Riser
- Aztechnology's magical security is some of the best in Seattle. The higher levels of the pyramid are warded, which is probably a good thing, because even with the heavy magical shielding some of the spillage off the pyramid is enough to make nearby astral space ... unpleasant. Bound guardian spirits patrolling the "aetherspace" around the pyramid provide the main security, warning off intruders first, then attacking anyone who doesn't get the message.
- Ethernaut
- Although it may not have literally spilled as much blood as the ancient Aztec pyramids, make no mistake, this pyramid has claimed as least as many lives as its forbearers, if not more.
- Axis Mundi

BAGLEY WRIGHT THEATER & THE PLAYHOUSE

Boren Avenue & West Thomas Street

The Bagley Wright Theater is home to the acclaimed Seattle Repertory Theater. The smaller Playhouse is used primarily by the Kerensky Comedy Troupe. Both offer regular live shows, so be sure to check the schedule. The Repertory Theater has won rave reviews (and drawn some criticism from theater purists) for their incorporation of AR elements to enhance performances. It is well worth checking out.

THE BIG RHINO

Seneca Street & First Avenue

Looking for something different for your next night out in Seattle? Then plan a visit to the Ork Underground, starting with dinner at the metroplex's first and best restaurant serving authentic ork cuisine, located right at the entrance to the Underground. The Big Rhino is a Seattle landmark, known for its food, entertainment (particularly "Goblin Rock" bands that play here on the weekends), and for its sense of fun. Be sure to bring your appetite, since the portions are ork-sized and served "family style." Have along some antacids just to be on the safe side, since the cuisine is often scorchingly spicy. Plan on getting to know your neighbors, since the seating is old-style trestle tables and benches, and you might want to pick up a word or two of *or'zet* before you visit ("thank you" is *todo*, for example).

- And "fuck you" is hodo. Don't get them confused, kids.
- Butch
- The "authentic ork cuisine" served at the Big Rhino is an eclectic fusion of soul food, barbeque (particularly the odd pig roast), Creole, and Germano-Slavic styles of cooking. I'm especially fond of the paprikash fried chicken with collard greens (sautéed in bacon fat), the hot-pepper biscuits with gravy and sour cream, and spiced pulled pork with seven-beans. The beer list is impressive, but if you get anything other than a Big Rhino Cider the first time, I'm afraid we can no longer be friends. Be warned, however, they also come "ork-sized" and pack quite a kick.
- Sounder
- Although the Rhino has become a thriving tourist trap with the interest in "ork culture," it is still also a good connection with the Underground and a place for anyone looking to hire some ork or troll talent, provided they're respectful and in good with the regulars.
- Hard Exit

THE BLUE MOON LORE STORE

16th Avenue & University Street

This small but well-stocked lore store is a Seattle institution, located in the U-District and popular with students from the University of Washington's magical studies program.

- The Blue Moon is also the headquarters for the Hermetic Order of the Auric Aurora, one of Seattle's oldest magical orders, and owned by Dylan Pike, the order's Grand Master. Attitudes at the Blue Moon can be a bit snobbish, but the store's excellent reputation is largely deserved.
- Ethernaut

BOSCO'S

Roy Street & Ninth Avenue

When you hear “elven restaurant” you probably do not think “bar and grill” much less “sports bar and grill,” but that’s what Bosco’s is: a family-style restaurant with a primarily elven clientele who enjoy sports. The games are shown on widescreens set up throughout the bar area, and the imported beers are excellent.

- If you’re not an elf, I recommend not ordering beer, or apple juice, or, well, anything the waitstaff might piss in, frankly. Oh, and by all that’s holy, stay away from the place during a Seattle/Tir Tairngire game of almost any sort. It can get ugly.
- Riser

CAFE SPORT

Virginia Street & Western Avenue

A first-class restaurant offering local Salish and seafood dishes in a cozy, lodge-style environment. Try the cedar-plank salmon or the prawn salad, for starters.

CENTER HOUSE

Roy Street & Fourth Avenue

This towering ten-story mall features stores and restaurants from around the world as well as a great pedestrian core that makes it a fun place to walk, window-shop, and people-watch while enjoying an ice cream cone or a bag of the local roasted almonds or peanuts.

- Oh, how wholesome. Of course, Center House is a big mall, so they regularly have trouble with teen thrillergangs, chip-heads who can’t tell they’re not in a sim, and AR hackers who like to mess with the mall’s displays, signage, and security systems.
- Pistons

CHEZ OGINO

First Avenue & Stewart Street

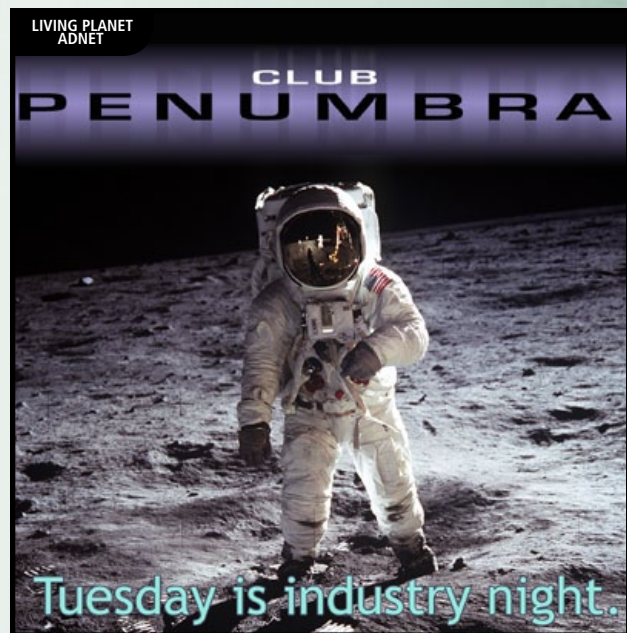
This family-owned, mid-range hotel in the downtown area is a popular destination for tourists and business travelers. Try the “ork-style” fish and chips in the hotel’s small restaurant, if you like your food spicy.

- Chez Ogino was the site of a notorious robbery in 2046 by a metahuman gang that resulted in a violent showdown with Lone Star and the deaths of twenty guests and hotel employees. Ever since then, the Ricciardi family that owns the place has become increasingly sympathetic with the Humanis Policlub, even to the point of hosting meetings and quiet get-togethers, and anti-metahuman bias has grown. Not a good place to visit if your ears aren’t rounded.
- Snopes

CLUB PENUMBRA

Fifth Avenue & Yesler Way

The venerable Club Penumbra is a living part of Seattle history, one of the longest-running nightclubs still operating in the metroplex, having weathered events like the shutdown of the nearby Renraku Arcology and the Crash. Its design is largely unchanged from back when it opened decades ago, with an industrial moonscape style accented with neon and trideo screens; small, intimate tables and shadowy nooks for privacy; all overlooking a sunken central dance floor. The Club has taken advantage of its seniority in Seattle scene with weekly “retro-nights” on “Flashback Fridays” for those who want to party like it’s 2049.



- “Living history...” Ouch. Still, it’s true. The Penumbra is something of a relic of the Seattle shadows, refusing to call it quits in spite of the changing times. It stubbornly kept its doors open through the Arcology Shutdown, the Crash, and everything else that has happened in Seattle for the past thirty years or so. Its clientele is largely made up now of equally stubborn old-timers and a smattering of new kids who like the retro-style of it.
- FastJack
- The Penumbra nearly went under for good a couple years ago, when the then-owners were trying to unload it and fronts for both the Mafia and the Yakuza seemed interested, leading to a bidding war that nearly turned into a gang war. Things turned around at the eleventh hour, however, when a mysterious co-op bought the place out from under both sides and declared that the Penumbra’s tradition as “neutral ground” would continue. Rumor has it the buyers were former shadowrunners who spent their retirement nest egg on the place. Here’s hoping they don’t regret their decision; few enough runners manage to live to enjoy their retirement as it is.
- Glitch

THE CUTTING EDGE

Maynard Avenue & South Lane Street

The Cutting Edge (not to be confused with the Edge on Ninth Ave.) is a bar and strip joint near the International District. They get a fair number of customers from both the local Japanese corps as well as the Yakuza, and some of the girls have contracts with the Yaks, providing “hostess services” along with their performance skills. Yak recruiters have kept a lookout for potential recruits for some of the puppet-parlors they run, too. Not a bad place to meet up with a mark (sorry, “client”) as long as you stay on the good side of the management and the Yakuza.

- Riser

DAMIAN'S

Bell Street & Second Avenue

Like the ads say, Damian’s is “the best all-American family restaurant in Seattle!” If you like meat-and-potatoes (and plenty of them), then you’ll enjoy the menu at this down-home establishment, decorated with memorabilia of the mid-20th Century. The beef is all real,



LOCALE: ORK UNDERGROUND

Max paused again, and put his fingers to his nose, bringing up the ARO for his nasal filtration system and slinging his rifle. As he did, he subvocalized, “Biter, hold up.” His partner paused, and looked rapidly up and down the passageway, stretching his thermographic vision to its limits. He held an AK-98 at ready position.

“What’s wrong?” popped up on his AR as he kept trying to adjust the filters. The smells of decay, stale urine, and black mold were all creeping through and overwhelming his senses. Max felt his throat swelling and his gorge rising in reaction to the stench. His eyes had been watering for what seemed like hours and he was afraid his AR goggles might fog up.

He sent a quick message to Biter’s commlink. “My filter system isn’t working right—one size fits all doesn’t mean dwarves—and now this place smells like ork.”

Biter snorted back at him as Max, in exasperation, rebooted the filters. Moments later his commlink chimed that a new device had been added to his PAN—the nasal filters. Max relaxed his brow as he realized he couldn’t smell anything. He unslung his rifle and nodded towards Biter.

They resumed their slow trek through the tunnels. When Max came up to his knees in yet another puddle, he grumbled, “I don’t know why the damned orks can’t get some decent airflow down here.”

Biter paused to fix him with a glare. “You expect an ork to do a decent job of engineering? I told you not to trust Butch on those filters. She’d rather sell you cyber.”

Max nodded and shook of his head, then paused to check the tunnel map ARO—obtained

from a friend in the Stonecutters Guild. So far the map had been accurate. They’d made it safely through the drainage pipes at the Sound and were approaching the outer edges of the Underground, just a few hundred meters from where their contact had agreed to meet them.

Biter raised his left hand in a fist, then raised his assault rifle. They stopped.

“Movement ahead, probably rats.” Max knelt and aimed his rifle forward, double checking that his audio dampers were engaged—gunfire in the tunnels would be deafening. He barely made out the small heat signatures ahead.

After a few moments, Biter lowered his rifle sent. “I didn’t get a good look at ‘em. Might be devil rats. They headed down the cross tunnel. Looks clear now.”

The two continued forward for a few more minutes and around several turns. The map showed the meeting site should be just ahead, and a dim light reflected around the corner.

With rifles at the ready, the pair crept around the corner. Their contact—an ork in his well worn fatigues—lowered a bottle from his lips. “Nish of joo to shew up,” he slurred at them. It seemed he’d been sampling the wares. “One crate, sheven bottlesh.” He set down the bottle

to hold up fingers. “25 year hurlg right from the Black Foresht dishtillery.”

The dwarves lowered their weapons, too shocked at the wobbly ork’s state to even respond.

He went on, “Figgered ja’d wanna tesht it firsh,” then held the open bottle out to them. When they didn’t take it, he said, “Useta be eight, but ...” He trailed off with a shrug.

Max yanked the filters out of his nose and grabbed the bottle. A quick sniff confirmed that the stuff was genuine—and completely overpowered all of the other smells of the underground. Between the alcohol, the nutmeg, and the hops, there was no mistaking it.

“We sent payment for eight bottles.” Biter fixed the ork with a glare and gestured with his assault rifle.

“Had eight. Waited an hour. Had to do shumthing to pash the time—no shignal down here.” The smuggler gestured with his commlink. The rifle pointed at his chest didn’t seem to bother him. Judging from the way he wobbled, it seemed unlikely anything would bother him.

Max grabbed the cork off the crate, carefully plugged the bottle, and put it back in the padded crate with the seven others. The two dwarves each grabbed a side of the box, turned their back on the ork, and began to retrace their route.



although mostly vat-grown, but keep in mind that at Damian's "well-done" tends to mean "charred enough to shatter if dropped" and order a shade or two rarer than you usually do.

- I guess once Royce Stoddard, the owner of Damian's, lights something on fire, he has trouble putting it out: you know, steaks, crosses... Ol' Royce has been involved with the Humanis Policlub almost as long as there has been one in Seattle, and has spread his racist poison to his whole family. In his misspent youth, he racked up quite a list of charges of assault, vandalism, and incitement to riot. These days he mainly spends his time treating metahumans who come into his place like shit, funneling money to Humanis causes, and talking about how proud he is of Governor Brackhaven and how he's going to "clean up" Seattle.
- Sounder
- RJ (that's "Royce Junior") Stoddard is a bitter ex-Lone-Star cop who refused to sign on with Knight Errant, but instead started up Stoddard Security, a small-time private security firm that's backed up with some money from Big Daddy Royce's fiends. Stoddard Security (you gotta love them initials) is basically made up of professional legbreakers who take any and all opportunities to hassle metahumans on behalf of their clients.
- Star Loner

DANTE'S INFERNO

Fifth Avenue & Madison Street

Perhaps *the* premier nightclub in Seattle, Dante's Inferno has earned its place at the very top with a long history of devotion to the motto "nothing succeeds like excess." One of three sister-nightclubs (the other two in London and Hong Kong), the Inferno takes the theme of "Nine Circles of Sin" quite literally, having nine levels. The first seven are associated with the Seven Deadly Sins; guests enter at the topmost level and descend to the increasingly select and rarified depths, weeded out by the Inferno's door-staff and the wishes of the club's manager and its owner, Dante Passini.

At the lowest levels are Purgatory ("where there's a promise of getting into Heaven") and Hell ("where you forget all about Heaven"). These are invitation-only, open to Dante's favored few and the rich and famous of the Seattle nightlife scene. A ticket into Hell is a sure sign you have truly arrived in the Emerald City. With fantastic AR displays complementing transpex floors and spiral staircases, and full-service bars and menus on each level, there's more than enough sin at Dante's to go around, so pace yourself!

- You have to hand it to Dante. The Inferno—like a snooty French restaurant—makes being discriminated against part of the experience, but they do it in style. For example, a fantastic wrought-iron staircase spirals around the outside of the club so guests enter from the top floor and make their way down, meaning the lowest floors are the most exclusive. So, if you have to stand in line for hours, you might as well do it with a great view, right? The stairs have a canopy, so Dante's can accommodate much longer lines than other clubs, and people are willing to go there just to be seen waiting in line!
- Khan-A-Saur
- Dante himself is an increasingly rare sight at the Seattle Inferno, as he prefers his townhouse in London and spends more of his time there. The nightly affairs are in the well-manicured hands of the manager, an elf named Alessio; always dressed sharp enough to cut you in the latest designer suits, his bald head covered with animated tattoos of hellish

torments and delights and his solid black cybereyes reflecting the hot glimmer of flames, even when there are none present.

- Ethernaut
- The Inferno sometimes rents out Purgatory and Hell for private parties, which include a very nice security package, making them ideal for those get-togethers where nobody wants to be disturbed, or have their image captured.
- Danger Sensei

BRACKHAVEN INVESTMENTS

3rd Avenue & Union Street

It's not on the local tours, but the downtown offices of Brackhaven Investments are tied in with the lifeblood of the metroplex: namely financial data. BI manages a wide range of investment portfolios and provides financial information to its clients. The place often seems a bit out of sync with the rest of the city just because it is so attuned to the activities of the world markets, with so many people working literally in different time zones for most of the business day.

- Mr. Bonds
- BI's location puts them close to some other downtown skyscrapers and high-rise hotels (in which they often put up visiting clients and consultants). Those high hotel windows provide a great vantage point for the BI offices (and vice versa, so watch out).
- Pistons

THE EDGE

Ninth Avenue & Denny Way

This first-class elven restaurant offers an exotic mix of vegetarian Asian, Native American, and fusion cuisine in an open, airy atmosphere with lots of planters and terrariums providing a feel like a forest glen. Outdoor patio seating is available in good weather, and an extensive wine list is available.

- The all-elf waitstaff is also renowned for a surly attitude that would be the envy of any high-class French restaurant. This is the place to come if you want to have elves both wait on you and look down their noses at you all at the same time.
- Khan-A-Saur
- The Edge used to be fairly in, but that hasn't been the case for several years now. Efforts to get them back on the map have fared poorly due to a declining interest in all things elven.
- Tarlan

ELLIOT'S

Pier 60

A first-class French restaurant on the waterfront, known for its choices of both soy and meat items. Don't overlook the soy choices, some are so expertly prepared, you may like them better than the real thing! The views of the waterfront and the Sound are spectacular, particularly at night, with the tables lit by candlelight, making this a great spot for a romantic dinner.

- Pier 60's fortunes improved considerably after Tom Cantrelli bought the place a few years ago and brought in chef Sooki Dulane, who works wonders in the kitchen. Cantrelli also replaced a lot of the staff, and their undeserved snobbery, making his establishment considerably more inviting.
- Khan-A-Saur



- Cantrelli achieved his dream with financial assistance from the Gianelli Family, something they don't let him forget, even though he's successfully paid his debts. Members of the family are known to dine here, and Cantrelli can't turn them away, particularly since their presence has thus far kept away other influences like the Seoulpa Rings. Still, it remains to be seen how long that will last.
- Hard Exit

EVERGREEN KINGDOM

West Thomas Street & Second Avenue

This amusement park in Seattle Center is operated by the Disney Corporation in conjunction with the Seattle Metroplex, offering a range of exciting rides and attractions, including some new augmented reality installations. Some of the outdoor rides are closed during inclement weather, so be sure to check in advance.

- This place (a Pacific Northwest/Salish Indian theme park) has been headed steadily downhill for years. A number of the rides are in disrepair. A couple years ago there was an incident where the "Spinning Dervish" ride went out of control and nearly flung itself and a couple dozen patrons into the perimeter fence. Word is the owners are looking to unload the place or, if that's not possible, arrange for a suitable "insurance incident" to recoup some of their losses.
- Khan-A-Saur
- Urban brawl producer Stan Harrison is interested in getting hold of Evergreen Kingdom to turn it into a new Brawl arena, but he's playing hard-to-get until the sellers get particularly desperate. Wouldn't be surprised if something were to happen to encourage the sale at a bargain-basement price.
- Mr. Bonds

EXECUTIVE BODY ENHANCEMENTS

501 South Jackson Street

A private cyber-clinic in the International District and part of the Executive Body Enhancements chain, this place caters primarily to local and visiting Japanese suits looking for minor upgrades, from eyes and data to a "downstairs elevator" for the older gentlemen ("all night, every night"), but they also do a fair amount of business with the Yakuza, which makes them a potential source of information as well as a target. Dr. Eji Komatsu is the head surgeon and a skilled cutter with over fifteen years experience. They've got a rep for quality work, but you can expect to pay accordingly, and keep a close eye out to make sure whatever work you're having done doesn't get reported back to the Yaks (if you're worried about that kind of thing).

- Pistons

EXHIBITION HALL

538 West Harrison Street

The site of numerous conventions, trade shows, and consumer fairs, the Exhibition Hall consists of a cavernous central hall with numerous smaller, adjoining modular rooms. It is just blocks from a selection of downtown hotels and restaurants.

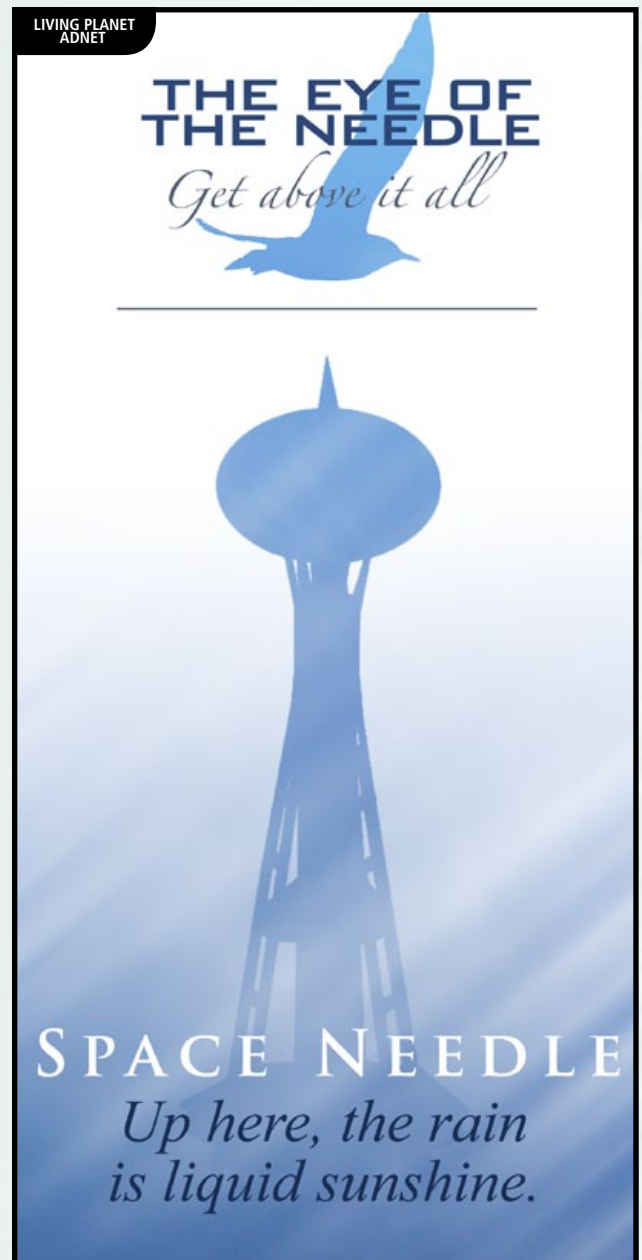
- The Exhibition Hall has also served as an emergency shelter in a number of instances, and I know of at least one occasion when someone hid something in the Hall during a crisis, thinking they would be able to go back for it later. Said item is no longer there, of course, but who knows what other things people may have squirreled away in the various nooks and crannies of the place over the years?
- Riser

THE EYE OF THE NEEDLE

410 West Thomas Street

Take the elevator up to the top of the 185-meter tall Space Needle, and you arrive at one of Seattle's most elegant and famous restaurants. The service is impeccable, the food delicious, and the view of the downtown skyline through the broad windows is unparalleled. Check out the "interactive zoom" feature on the windows' touch-sensitive surfaces, allowing you to shift, focus, and filter your view as you see fit! Be sure to book a reservation well in advance and to check the limit on your credit before you go, however; tables at the Eye of the Needle fill quickly, and the prices are not cheap. Still, it is a Seattle experience not to be missed.

- The Eye has a long-standing history as an "in" place in Seattle, where the moneyed bring people they want to impress, and where you go to see and be seen. It is the kind of place Mr. Johnsons have used to show off to their clients, so much so that some consider it passé.
- Khan-A-Saur



- On the practical side, the Eye of the Needle has top-flight security, from their (regularly updated) network to their (regularly reinforced) magical wards. Their ability to ensure privacy (as much as it can be assured these days) is one of the primary reasons why the shadow-types keep going back.
- Glitch
- In spite of the showy nature of the place, when it comes to “business meetings” the Eye of the Needle is all about subtlety: plan on security screenings, leave the heavy hardware at home, and keep in mind that proper dress is not optional. Think I’m joking? Try getting past one of the Eye’s stone-cold maitr s d. They’ve scrubbed more shadowruns than all the corporate security in Seattle, and probably saved a lot of Mr. Johnsons from dealing with amateurs.
- Riser

FEDERATED BOEING FIELD

Airport Way South

This airfield is used for some of Federated Boeing’s smaller aircraft projects, particularly VTOL tilt-rotors and remote-piloted drones. Aircraft built at other facilities are also painted, maintained, and tested here before they are delivered to buyers worldwide. Federated Boeing gives tours of the public areas of the airfield as well as the Museum of Flight, providing a history of the corporation’s involvement in the development of aircraft over the years.

- Boeing Field was officially designated “King County International Airport” for decades, until the corporation bought the field and facilities from the Seattle Metroplex. It had been called “Boeing Field” for years before that, however, and most don’t know that Boeing has only owned the airfield for a fraction of the time they’ve been using it.
- Rigger X

FEDERATED BOEING OFFICES

Corson Avenue & East Marginal Way

This 70-story skyscraper contains the main business offices of Federated Boeing, which coordinate the company’s other facilities throughout the metroplex area and around the world.

FEDERATED BOEING SHIPYARDS

SW Florida Street & Twenty-sixth Avenue SW

These shipyards construct and test Federated Boeing’s hydroplanes and hovercraft for both military and commercial clients. The main factory and business offices are located in the 20-story building at the edge of the west waterway.

- The shipyards span the Duwamish Waterway and include FB’s facilities on Harbor Island on the far side. The rail-lines still bring in parts and supplies to the cargo area to the west of the shipyard, and the place is a virtual maze of structures, shipping containers, and the like.
- Sounder

FREDDIE’S SALMON EATERY

Pier 59

This waterfront dive may not look like much, with its decor of old fishing nets and floaters, but as soon as you walk through the door and smell their grilled salmon and delicious pastries, you won’t care about how it looks. Freddie’s specializes in seafood, particularly northwest salmon, but offers a variety of classic and Salish dishes.

FAST FREDDIE’S SURGERY

More important, Freddie’s Eatery provides cover for the chop shop hidden underneath, which has been providing covert medical services for years. Fred Tschida owns both places, but makes most of his money off the body shop. He has a great eye for picking the right docs to work there, and an unusual amount of concern with patients’ health compared to most chop shops. Back during the whole mess with the Arcology, Fast Freddie’s took in a lot of people with some pretty serious injuries and got them patched up. It nearly cost them, too, when at least one guy went nuts in there.

- Butch
- Dr. Bruce McKittrick is Fast Freddie’s top surgeon. He oversees two others, Dr. Daniel Kim and Dr. Sarasa Salman, both of them skilled doctors. Their work isn’t cheap, but they’re the best underground clinic in downtown, maybe all of the ’plex.
- Hard Exit

GATES UNDERSOUND HOTEL

Pier 69

The twenty-story Gates Undersound Hotel attracts guests and visitors with the lowest six of its floors built *under* Puget Sound. Five have guest rooms with specially reinforced floor-to-ceiling windows, affording an unobstructed aquatic view. The lowest floor is a mall with transporex walls and ceiling panels to allow for a view of the seabed, enhanced with artificial reefs and daily feedings to encourage schools of fish. The best view is available from the Gates Seaview Restaurant at the far end of the mall.

- The big draw is the hope of spotting some exotic underwater paranormals, which show up once in a blue moon, or used to, until the hotel wised up to the idea of hiring an on-staff illusionist to magically create images of frolicking merrow, sea lions, and whatnot from time to time to entertain the guests. Funny thing is, all the added magical activity in the area seems to be attracting more real paranormal sea life around the hotel.
- Sounder

GRACIE’S FOR RIBS

Olive Street & Belmont Avenue

The striped awning and broad front window of this Seattle establishment are landmarks to local barbeque lovers. Gracie’s declares that all of its meats are 100% real, with no soy substitutes or fillers, and their menu is priced accordingly, but if you want some of the best ribs, sausage, and barbecued chicken around, be sure to check it out. Food is served family-style on large platters, with plenty of sides like cole slaw and Gracie’s famous honey corn bread.

- This place has been popular with orks for quite some time, although not quite as much as the Big Rhino. Still, Mama Gracie (yes, she still runs the place) greets everybody like a guest in her own home and will feed you until you’re ready to burst.
- Butch

THE GRAVITY BAR

Stewart Street & First Avenue

This Manhattan-style singles bar is known for its stylish decor and somewhat expensive cocktails, and is a popular nightspot for locals and visitors alike. Try one of the bar’s broad selection of specialty martinis.

- A transparent effort to recreate the New York martini bar in Seattle, this place is still popular with suits and straight-citizens looking to blow off



some steam (and maybe find a new “friend” for the night). That makes it a suitable hunting ground for anyone looking to prey upon the aforementioned shaikujin.

- Khan-A-Saur
- There’s an entrance to the Ork Underground in the building’s basement. It was put in by a—now closed—illegal chop-shop next door, and it’s now covered with a locked hatch, but Gary McCain, who manages the Gravity Bar, has a key, and so too might a few others. Plus who here hasn’t had to bypass a lock or two to get where you need to go?
- Mika

THE GRAY LINE

Pier 63

Located out past and below the pier, this restaurant sits in Puget Sound, so that at high tide the water covers the glass-walled lower dining area completely. Buried spotlights provide a soft glow, making various marine animals, like sea lions and otters, visible through the windows. Naturally, the Gray Line specializes in seafood. Try the oysters and the king crab legs in particular.

- The Gray Line is infamous for an armed robbery that took place there back in ’49. Two unidentified ork gunmen held up the patrons. When they got into a gun battle with Lone Star, stray shots shattered one of the glass retaining walls, and the lower level of the restaurant flooded. The gunmen and their loot, including jewelry valued at a total of 100,000 Nuyen, were swept out into the Sound. They were never found, although some divers still poke around the area in hopes of turning up buried treasure.
- Khan-A-Saur

GREEN VILLAGE

South Main Street & Fifth Avenue South

This moderately priced restaurant offers a combination of Asian and American fare. The salt-and-pepper tempura batter is highly recommended, along with the homemade soy and tofu dishes, like soy-chicken in black bean sauce, soy-octopus, and the spicy orange “beef” made with tempeh.

GROUP HEALTH CENTRAL HOSPITAL

201 East Sixteenth Avenue

This hospital building in Capitol Hill was declared a historical landmark in 2048, as a prime example of late-90s architecture. The campus is also home to the Group Health Cooperative’s Family Health Center, Family Beginnings Birthing Center, Women’s Center, Teen Pregnancy Clinic, and other facilities.

- The Group Health Cooperative facilities are some of the only places in the metroplex where people in need can go for care: their free clinics are actually free and they don’t ask a lot of questions. There’s been at least one scandal involving Central Hospital staff members selling black-market organs, and although the administration claims to have cleaned up the problem, rumors persist that it’s still happening.
- Hannibelle

HARBORVIEW HOSPITAL

325 Ninth Avenue

A top hospital specializing in burn and emergency medicine, associated with the University of Washington School of Medicine.

- Harborview’s lesser-known specialties are neurology and the treatment of mental illness. There are always research projects and studies going on concerning the operation of the brain and the diagnosis and treatment of mental problems. One area of study in the past couple of years has been AIPS, which has supposedly branched off into research involving technomancers.
- Netcat

THE HAUNTED MUG

Madison Street & Second Avenue

This kaf-culture place on the corner has built up a reputation for the strange: levitating cups and plates, beverages that go from steaming hot to frozen in a flash, spectral music, and more. The odd events are infrequent, sometimes only one or two a month, but they’re still enough to keep patrons coming back to this supposedly haunted cafe in hopes of getting a touch of the supernatural with their triple soy-espreso. Expect long lines and note the sign that says, “ghosts not guaranteed.”



- This place was a Japanese restaurant called the Glass Onion about fifteen years ago. Turns out the owner was smuggling nagas into the metroplex and the place got shut down. No idea what could be causing the hauntings, but the stories say the nagas weren't especially well treated.
- Axis Mundi
- The "hauntings" are just a gimmick. The owner, R. James Conroy, hires first-year thaumaturgy students to occasionally pull some legerdemain to keep the stories going and keep people coming back in hopes of another show.
- Khan-A-Saur
- That doesn't quite match up with what I heard, which is that those grad students were actually investigating the possibility of real paranormal phenomena on-site, but that they were stumped and went away empty-handed.
- Axis Mundi

HOTEL NIKKO

Third Avenue & Pike Street

The Asian decor of the lobby and restaurant of this boutique hotel appeals to foreign visitors and those seeking a sleek, understated sense of style. The restaurant has a fine selection of sake, sashimi, and sushi, all expertly prepared, and some suites have private kitchens and dining rooms where the hotel's staff can prepare individual meals for guests.

- No surprise, the Hotel Nikko is a popular stay for visiting Japanese suits. Some of those in-suite dinners are also high-powered business meetings, and anyone who can, say, slip a listening device or spy-cam in with the kitchen staff can trade the recording for a decent payoff.
- Mika
- Although owned by the Lucas hotel chain, the Nikko maintains its "boutique hotel" style and feel. For once, the management was smart enough not to mess with something that was already working.
- Pistons

ICARUS DESCENDING

Harrison Street & Dexter Avenue North

The first, and still one of the best, Elven restaurants in Seattle, Icarus Descending is best known for its finely prepared seafood and vegetarian dishes, along with an extensive raw foods menu of items prepared without heating (only mechanical preparation like cutting and chopping). Try the Dungeness crab on a bed of vinegared seaweed or the delicious raw foods salads with herbal dressings. Many seasonal dishes are also available. The place is on the expensive side, but well worth it.

- "Elven cuisine" my ass. Icarus Descending is and has always been owned by Daniel Fong, a member of the Yellow Lotus Triad. A number of the staff working in the restaurant are also Triad members, some of them newly brought over from China. The food is more of a fusion of California cuisine and various Asian styles, but put it on a bed of greens and call it "elven" and people literally eat it up. The only truth to it all is that Fong is an elf, but culturally, he's all Chinese, with none of this airy-fairy nonsense.
- Elijah
- There was a dust-up at the restaurant a couple years back when the Nishidongumi made a hit against the Yellow Lotus. Rumor has it they were gunning for Fong, but only got a couple of bodyguards instead. Both the Lone Star reports and the stories in the media made no mention of any motive on the Yaks' parts.
- Riser

INFINITY

Seattle Center

Of the bright new stars of Seattle nightlife, Infinity features state-of-the-art holographic and sonic projection systems, known for its spectacular light shows, images, and music. The club's design is meant to enhance its appeal, with plenty of gentle curves, and cunning use of dark glass and mirrors to give you the feel of near-infinite space, even with the biggest crowds. Whatever night you choose to visit, you are virtually guaranteed to see some of the best musical and dance acts in the metroplex.

- Infinity also guarantees some of the best-secured private rooms in the 'plex. They use a color-coding scheme from red to violet, with a premium for their top-flight "ultraviolet" suite. In terms of both nightspot and meeting place, the club is gunning to displace Dante's Inferno.
- Riser
- A popular rumor says the rivalry between Infinity and Dante's is entirely manufactured to boost interest in both clubs. Given that nobody seems to know who actually owns Infinity, and that the information is hidden beneath kilometers of red tape and shell corps, it's entirely possible Dante owns both clubs, or that Infinity really is a rival intent on toppling the Inferno from the top-spot. Who knows?
- Cosmo
- One thing to watch out for: Infinity's state-of-the-art holography system can also scan as well as project. It would be incredibly easy for it to make high-resolution scans of anyone just walking into the place, sufficient to recreate their image in exacting detail. I leave it up to you to list all the reasons why someone might want to do this.
- Netcat

INGERSOLL AND BERKLEY TOWER

Aurora Avenue North & Mercer Street

The broad terraces of this stepped skyscraper allow a variety of conventional and aquaculture gardens to soften the building's hard lines and provide a lovely swath of greenery in the downtown landscape. In the spring and early summer, flowers bloom along the terraces, and tours of the rooftop gardens are available from the *Ingersoll and Berkley Public Relations Department*.

IO PAN!

E. Pike Street & Boylston Avenue

This small lore-store in the Capitol Hill district focuses heavily on Hermetic and European pagan goods and materials. You can easily spend an hour or more perusing through their wide selection of candles, essential oils, jewelry, and books.

- This place is a long-standing Seattle landmark; it's a hole-in-the-wall, but surprisingly well stocked for all that. The owner, Harrison Kellerman, is a mean and opinionated old wizard who hates anything to do with "the New Age" with a passion. He's a hard-core occultist, and has been known to chase wannabes out of his shop, shouting obscenities and pointing to the hand-lettered sign behind the counter that reads, "WE RESERVE THE RIGHT TO REFUSE SERVICE TO ANYONE".
- Ethernaut
- The store is also a good place to put the word out that you're looking for a mage, since Harrison and his staff know their business and can tell the real deal from the poseurs.
- Hard Exit



KNUTSON'S COUNTRY HOME*Broad Street & Elliot Avenue*

For a slice of down-home cooking and country charm in the metroplex, visit Knutson's Country Home, where you'll feel like you've been transported more than a century into the past to a farmhouse kitchen, complete with checked tablecloths, blue and white china, and real milk served in white ceramic pitchers. They're famous for their hearty country breakfast specials, but also serve a great family-style lunch and dinner menu. Try the fresh biscuits with butter and honey or the organic corn on the cob, and save some room for homemade strawberry shortcake with whipped cream!

- Knutson's seems like a Humanis Policlubber fantasy: mid-20th-century "real" American down-home values, but the truth is Darrell Knutson, the owner and head chef, won't tolerate any of that sort of thing in his place, to the point where he was once threatened by some Humanis thugs. They later learned of Darrell had some friends in low places and have left him alone ever since.
- Butch
- Darrell is a sweet bear of man who must have been a farm-country mother in a previous life, and is doing his best to be one in this one, too.
- Khan-A-Saur

LAUBENSTEIN PLAZA*Sixth Avenue & Pike Street*

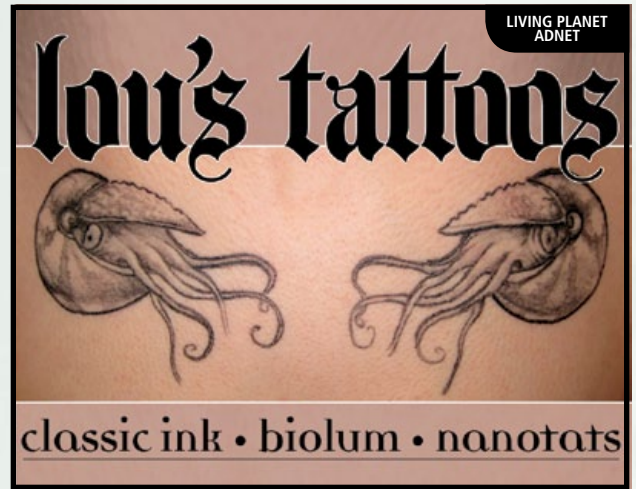
Named for the famous 20th century artist, Laubenstein Plaza is built in a neo-deco style, and features an extensive gallery of Laubenstein originals, open to the public. Below street level, and accessible from a separate entrance as well as inside the hotel, is Laubenstein Lights, a popular downtown nightclub also decorated with works by the famous artist.

- Those Laubenstein pieces are well guarded, too. Although open to the public, they have an invisible network of IR sensors around them, along with pressure sensors on the walls where they hang, so moving or even touching them will set off alarms. They're also extensively RFID tagged so, even if a painting were to wander, it would be an easy matter to track it down.
- Mika
- Unless the thieves were smart enough to wipe out all the tags.
- Glitch

LEE CHEE GARDEN*Fifth Avenue West & Elliot Avenue*

This small Chinese family restaurant offers an all-soy-and-vegetarian menu. The prices are low, but the food is only average, and the service is slow. Order takeout in advance and pick it up if you are on the way to somewhere or in a hurry.

- This place is a front for the Yellow Lotus Triad and has been ever since its former manager, Eric Wong, disappeared under mysterious circumstances nearly ten years ago. Lone Star turned up no leads, although the case is officially still open, and there's a possibility Knight Errant's cold-case division might take notice now that they are going through the 'Star's old case-files.
- Star Loner
- Wong was rumored to be a Wuxing mage, which might have had something to do with his disappearance. The Yellow Lotus uses the Garden as a front for selling drugs and chips, and pours that money back into keeping it open. Most of



the patrons are either locals who don't care, tourists who don't know any better, or sad cases who sit and smoke and drink cheap liquor in the dingy bar area.

- Danger Sensei

LING HO*Cherry Street & Eighth Avenue*

Fine and moderately priced Chinese and Japanese food, including an extensive selection of sushi and sashimi.

- Yakuza front.
- Riser
- Urban myth.
- Snopes

LONE STAR SECURITY BUILDING*Second Avenue & Union Street*

Looking like a truncated pyramid covered in blue-tinted mirror glass, this building houses the main offices of Lone Star Security Services in Seattle. Although no longer the metroplex's provider of municipal security, Lone Star is still a major private security contractor in Seattle. Tours of the building and the company's Museum of Law Enforcement run every hour on the hour.

- This place is designed like a fortress: twenty below-ground levels surrounded by natural earth and astral containment barriers with an arsenal of weapons, patrol cars, assault vehicles, and more. The aboveground portions of the building are heavily reinforced with bulletproof composite windows and a rigged security system.
- Hard Exit
- It is also becoming a ghost town, as Lone Star is forced to make cutbacks in personnel and programs in Seattle. They lost a huge chunk of their revenue with the end of the metroplex security contract, and are struggling to make ends meet. Rumor has it they are quietly selling some of that arsenal right under the noses of Knight Errant and the Metroplex Guard to anyone who can afford it, which includes the very same criminals the 'Star used to prosecute. Naturally, they're taking steps to ensure the goods cannot easily be traced back to them, and are prepared to express their shock at someone within their own organization embezzling company resources, just as soon as they get caught and have to choose a fall-guy.
- Star Loner

LOU'S TATTOOS

Roosevelt Way NE & NE 65th Street

Looking for a long-lasting reminder of your visit to Seattle? Then you might want to visit the place voted #1 tattoo parlor in the metroplex. Lou, the proprietor, still does most of the tattoo work himself, and you can get anything from traditional ink to biolum, nanotats, or full-body dye jobs. Make sure you have some idea what you want before you sit down in that chair, though, or schedule a consultation with Lou to create your own unique design, because Lou's *doesn't* do "off the wall" tattoos; each is an original piece of art. Does your body deserve any less?

- Lou (the only name that he gives) is a Japanese dwarf trained in traditional Japanese tattooing. At least part of his impressive reputation for artistry and customer satisfaction comes from his ability to know, just know, exactly what the client wants and to bring it into being. The bravest clients can go in there cold, sit down, and ask Lou to "do whatever comes to you" and not walk away disappointed. If you think that sounds almost magical, well, you're not the only one.
- Lyran
- Although you might prefer to work with Lou himself, don't overlook his part-time assistant Selena. She's there on an irregular schedule, and can sometimes be a bit choosy about her clients, but her work is truly amazing. There's also something going on between her and Lou that's more than just business, but I don't know what it is. Not romantic (at least, I don't think) but shared glances and pregnant pauses full of unspoken meaning.
- Ethernaut
- Poetic silences aside, it's worth knowing that Lou also does a fair amount of work for the Yakuza, and his place enjoys their protection.
- Danger Sensei
- Speaking of protection, it's interesting to note that Lou's is unusual in having quite decent magical wards that look like complex, swirling designs around the shop on the astral. Definitely not off-the-shelf work.
- Lyran

LUCAS PALACE

Third Avenue & Virginia Street

The flagship of the Lucas family of hotels, the Lucas Palace is the epitome of high-class luxury, from the spacious, grand guest rooms, furnished with every amenity, to the attentive and well-trained staff. The Palace maintains a standard of magnificence that's difficult to beat.

- This is a hotel for rich people who want to be constantly reminded just how rich they are. The "attentive" staff is sneeringly arrogant and stuck-up, just like many of the guests, and everything is overpriced for people who want to throw money around as if it were nothing. In spite of this (or more likely because of it) the Palace is always booked and never has a problem finding guests.
- Khan-A-Saur

MARCUS' HOVEL

Virginia Street & Eighth Avenue

In spite of the name, Marcus' Hovel is actually a charming, family-style restaurant located in the lobby of the Misner Aquaculture Building on Virginia Street. It's known for the large aquarium extending from the lobby into the middle of the restaurant's dining area, providing an excellent view for the various species of exotic fish and marine life. Not surprisingly, their specialty is seafood, which is excellent, and the prices reasonable.

MATCHSTICK'S

Fourth Avenue North & Denny Way

A private jazz-club located near the Space Needle, Matchstick's transports you back to the smoky jazz-joints of the 1930s, decorated in dark wood, rich leather, polished brass, and green glass. Admission is members-only, although members are permitted to bring guests (¥5 cover charge per guest).



- Shadowrunners with a film noir fetish—or just a fondness for fine jazz—often congregate here.
- Khan-A-Saur

MAXIMILLION'S

Pier 64

First-class Aztlan cuisine at this waterfront restaurant, including a selection of both soy and natural foods.

- This is actually the second Maximillion's on Pier 64. The first was destroyed in a fire that was ruled "accidental" but probably had more to do with Mitsuham Computer Technologies using the place as a cover for covert intelligence operations in the metroplex. The current Maximillion's is owned by Diego Mencina, an Aztlan immigrant by way of Denver, who doesn't appear to have an agenda other than making fine tostadas and huevos rancheros, among other things.
- Khan-A-Saur
- Don't count on it. Mencina's wife Maria was formerly Maria Ramos, the daughter of the owner of the original Maximillion's back in the day. Even if he doesn't have an agenda, I'd be willing to bet she does. Mrs. Mencina has a lot of friends, and seems to know everything going on in and around the metroplex.
- Hard Exit

THE MAYFLOWER PARK HOTEL

Fourth Avenue & Pine Street

One of Seattle's best-kept secrets (until now!) the Mayflower Park Hotel offers a 1990s ambience and excellent family accommodations for an outstanding price. The rooms are large and airy, and the attached Mayflower restaurant serves excellent American-style meals at equally great prices.

- Legend has it the Mayflower is secretly owned by a group of retired shadowrunners known as "the Bishops" back in the 2030s. They supposedly made some big score and got out of the business.
- Khan-A-Saur

➤ MCKUEN'S SCRAP AND SALVAGE YARD

Third Avenue & Madison Street

This fenced-off lot contains neatly organized piles of scrap machinery standing in tall rows, like a quietly rusting tech-farm. Janey McKuen inherited this place from her dad, and she's a grease monkey through and through, able to tear apart and rebuild engines, servos, you name it. The hulks in her yard range from old cars and trucks to various drone bodies she has collected over the years. Janey pays a decent price for salvage and makes it back by stripping off any useful parts and selling them to customers looking for spares, "good prices for good junk," just like her old man used to say. I miss him.

- FastJack

METROPLEX HALL

Fourth Avenue & Seneca Street

The Charles Royer Building, better known simply as "Metroplex Hall," is a thirty-story, green-glass structure that houses the municipal offices of the Seattle Metroplex, including the governor's office. The main entrance to the building is flanked by two statues, one of Chief Sealth, for whom the city and metroplex of Seattle was named, and Charles C. Lindstrom, the first governor of Seattle and "father of the metroplex."

- They have heightened security in and around Metroplex Hall ever since Governor Brackhaven took office. It was one of the first things Knight Errant did when they took over the metroplex security contract, no doubt to assure the governor that protecting his sorry hide was their top priority. Still, with the number of protests that take place outside of the building, it makes sense for the Knights as well as the Metroplex Guard to have a presence there.
- Star Loner

➤ METROPLEX PRISON

Sixth Avenue & Spring Street

Known as "the tower" to many locals for its fortress-like shape and dead-gray color, the Metroplex Prison is designed to look oppressive and dangerous, and it is both of those things.

- Star Loner
- I'd love to know who the genius was who decided to put the prison right near the I-5 on-ramp. They should practically have a sign reading "escaping prisoners turn here!" so they know exactly which way to drive.
- Hard Exit

METROPLEX SUPREME COURT BUILDING

Spring Street & Fifth Avenue

Built in 2045, the imposing edifice of the Metroplex Supreme Court Building has been a source of debate among Seattleites and visitors. Some appreciate its dark marble exterior and the tall sculptures of robed and hooded justices bowing their heads that flank the main entrance, saying it carries a somber air befitting its purpose. Others say it is an oppressive eyesore. Visit and decide for yourself, and take the opportunity to go on a brief (45 minute) walking tour guided by AR placements, with information about the building and the history of the judiciary system in Seattle.

MINER'S LANDING

Pier 63

Step into Seattle's past with a visit to Miner's Landing. This theme restaurant is located in a converted warehouse decorated with memorabilia of Seattle's frontier past, and a cast of actors in period costume enacts skits about the area's history while you dine on authentic cuisine from the time, including some local Salish dishes. Fun for the whole family!

- Well, 'cept for the one time when the historical skits at Miner's Landing didn't sit well with some Salish ghost. Man, banishing that son of a bitch was a pain. Hope he never comes back.
- Lyran

MITSUHAMA COMPUTER TECHNOLOGIES COMPLEX

Martin Luther King, Jr. Way & Sixth-eighth Avenue South

Six black and silver skyscrapers stand at the center of this corporate complex, towering above the other buildings along the south shore of Lake Washington. Each building bears the Mitsuham name and logo in polished chrome. The complex is closed to visitors, so admire the view from a distance.

- Now there's an understatement. The MCT Complex in Seattle is an example of their infamous "zero-zone" policy (now say it with me, kids): "zero-penetration, zero-survival." Nobody is supposed to get in, and those that do are not supposed to get out, not alive, anyway. The grounds are landscaped like an im-

LOCALE: ACHE

There are four ways into the ACHE. One is the front door: the first five floors—Seattle's largest indoor mall and a shrine to consumerism—are open to the public.

"Mr. and Mrs. Rodriguez, welcome to the Arcology Commercial and Housing Enclave," the intake woman said. She wore a puke-green one-piece suit. She was barely one step above a drone.

I figured the only reason the government didn't have a real drone sitting there was because metahuman labor was cheaper. Raimee fidgeted beside me, her brown eyes flicking from side to side, searching for a wireless signal.

If you want to get beyond those five public floors? You can sneak in or break in, past the Metroplex Guards and security monitors that are as intent on keeping the resident population in as keeping the visitors out. Wouldn't want the residents streaming out of their public-housing hell and into the streets of Seattle.

"Please signify your acceptance of the terms on the datapads in front of you. If you cannot read the text, press the ear symbol. If you cannot sign your name, please press your thumb against the biometric block. If you lack a thumb ..."

The third option: impersonate a legitimate government flunkie or news multimedia crew. Works great if you want an escort and a tag that alerts the system if you stray from your designated path.

"You've been assigned to family housing block 121-48. Males proceed down the orange corridor, females down the green corridor. Next."

Final option: sign up for a bed and three-squares-a-day via the public-assistance system. There's a waiting list, of course—no shortage of people desperate to sign away every right they have for the opportunity to eat government soy flavored with misery—but they don't bother with a background check and you become just one of the faceless masses.

Of course, the waiting list can be circumvented if you have a talented hacker—or a technomancer, like Raimee—and a strong enough reason to want in, like a Mr. Johnson willing to pay to recover some data buried in a tertiary backup node on the 121st floor.

So here I was, shuffling down the orange hallway—one of dozens of identical hallways, no doubt—on floor number seven. The recycled stench of a hundred and fifty thousand people made my skin itch.

Intake reminded me a lot of prison: the standard buzz cut, sprayed with decontaminants, injected with a RFID chip, mandatory birth control implant, given my weekly allotment of beige flats—paper-like one-piece jumpsuits—and scanned for infections, gang tattoos, cyberware, magic, and unauthorized radio emissions (*oh, please, Raimee, remember not to broadcast!*).

I met up with Raimee again on floor 121, housing block 48's main cafeteria. A lime-green mural proclaimed *Be Grateful Every Day!* Real paint; no residents sported AR glasses or commlinks.

"They're scanning for signals everywhere," Raimee whispered. She clung to my hand. "Don't know why, since most of the place hasn't even been upgraded to wifi protocols."

"They don't want the residents talking with the outside," I replied. Around us dozens of men and women sat at long rows of beige tables, globs of beige soy on beige trays. "Time to get to work."

We made our way to our assigned room. The walls were prefab, thin enough I could hear a woman wailing in Aztlaner Spanish in the room beside ours.

"Wonder what this place was before this?" Raimee said.

I shivered. "I don't think I want to know." We had a fold-away bed, a couch, and a table. A cheap trideo unit was mounted on the wall. Raimee put her hand on the unit and closed her eyes as she did her technomancy thing. In the room beside ours, the wailing was getting louder: *Libranos del fuego del infierno*.

I swore under my breath. The sooner we found our target, the happier I'd be.

Then Raimee dropped to the floor, screaming. "Raimee!" I grabbed her, pulling her hands away from her face. She looked up at me, pupils dilated, her whole body shaking. A line of ruby-red blood trickled from her nose. "What happened? Are you okay?"

"Ghosts," she moaned, covering her ears with her hands. "Oh Gaea, Gaea, Gaea. The system's full of ghosts."



maculate Japanese Zen garden, but conceal cutting-edge sensors and weapon emplacements controlled by the complex's main security system. It's usually automated, but can be run by a remote operator as well.

- Pistons
- A part of the zero-zone policy means a fair amount of the complex is given over to apartments and other facilities for the company's hundreds of live-in employees. Although a bit cramped for Seattle residents, most of the corporate apartments are huge by Japanese standards. This allows MCT to limit comings and goings into the complex to a manageable amount to maintain their tight security screenings.
- Riser

MITSUHAMA PUBLIC HEALTH HOSPITAL

1200 Twelfth Avenue South

This hospital is noteworthy for its work program for the handicapped, as well as research into the treatment of disabilities through biological enhancement.

- A "public" hospital, this place is another HMO owned by MCT. They're most interested in the cybernetic research that goes on, often with hopelessly handicapped patients as willing guinea pigs, since they feel they've got nothing to lose.
- Butch

MURPHY'S LAW

Cedar Street & Western Avenue

There are not many occasions when it is worth braving a seedy atmosphere just for the food, but Murphy's Law is one of them because they serve some of the best pizza in the metroplex. Still, with the dim, smoky haze, smell of stale beer, and run-down environment, take-out remains your best option.

- Unless, of course, you're looking to get in on one of the floating card games going on in Murphy's basement, which attract some pretty high-rollers.
- Traveler Jones

NEW CENTURY SQUARE HOTEL

Second Avenue & University Street

Opened in 2050, this hotel was infamous for breakdowns and mechanical problems, as well as strange poltergeist phenomena like levitating tables, knocking and tapping sounds, and floating lights, along with sightings of a spectral hound. Later investigation proved the hotel (technically the previous hotel it replaced) was haunted. Attempts to exorcise the ghost failed, so hotel management, faced with an ongoing problem, turned the haunting into an attraction. Guests are expected to sign a waiver acknowledging the presence of "paranormal phenomena beyond the management's control" in and around the hotel. Still, in more than twenty years, they have been no serious injuries resulting from the largely benign haunting by the spirit the staff has nicknamed "Baskerville" and the hotel offers guests a truly unique stay.

- There was an early attempt to cover up the haunting with "practical jokes" and "live shows" performed by the hotel's manager, Bernie Siminich, who was in fact a mage hired to investigate and rid the New Century of the problem. It was only revealed as a poltergeist once it became clear to management that they weren't going to get rid of the haunt.
- Ethernaut



- Although "Baskerville" is portrayed as the hotel's friendly mascot, rumors abound about the hotel staff having to cover up less "playful" incidents, including a guest who hanged himself in his shower last year. Turns out there was no conclusive evidence that it was anything other than a conventional suicide, and he left a digital note confessing to a life as a child-molester, so for many it was "good riddance." Case closed. The interesting bit is where the note said, "He knows what I've done" without any explanation of who "he" was. Baskerville, perhaps?
- Axis Mundi

▶ NIGHTENGAL'S BODY PARTS

104 John Street

This three-story glass-enclosed building is a private clinic, catering to the 'plex's elite, essentially anyone able to afford their rates, which are top-of-the-line along with their services, which include cyber- and bio-mods and their upkeep. The clinic is named after Nurse Nightengale, an infamous hacker back in the '30s who retired after a big score from a couple of jobs and used some of the proceeds to set up the clinic. I don't know if she's still involved (or if "she" is even a she, for that matter), the current administrator is Dr. Nicholas Fleming, an MD originally from Vancouver.

- Hannibelle

NORTHGATE MALL

Northgate Way & First Avenue

With its selection of shopping and nightlife, the Northgate Mall appeals to an upscale clientele. You can find all the latest fashions, including the literal cutting edge in body enhancements at one of the mall's five different body shops, plus enjoy the attractions at one of its three nightclub entertainment centers: the Play Fair, Ricky's, or XCite.

OHGI-YA

Fourth Avenue South & South Main Street

The food at this American-Chinese restaurant is first-rate, although the decor is a jumbled mix of Eastern and Western styles and the service can be a bit slow, especially at peak dining times.

- Yakuza front.
- Riser
- Not for years now. It's not like every Asian place in the metroplex is a front for either the Yaks or the Triads, you know.
- Snopes

THE OTHER PLACE

First Avenue & Union Street

Four generations of the Rosellini family have run this Seattle landmark for over 100 years. The menu is still primarily French country cuisine, but with a variety of American, Salish, and Asian touches. Try their specialty *coq au vin* or fresh seafood *bouillabaisse*. The extensive a la carte menu provides options for the price- and portion-conscious. They also have a first-rate wine cellar.

PACIFIC SCIENCE CENTER

East Mercer Street & Harvard Avenue

With its graceful white arches and gentle reflecting pools, the Pacific Science Center is a place of culture and ideas. The Center hosts a number of rotating exhibits on science and culture, along with semi-permanent exhibits on physics, mathematics, biology, astronomy, and metaphysics. Most of the displays are AR interactive, answering simple questions and allowing visitors to play with or experience something about the subject. The Center also includes a planetarium and omnidome theater with AR projection capabilities, showing a variety of educational programs.

- Occasionally, the Science Center hosts an exhibit with something of value in it, usually cultural or archeological artifacts. Their security is decent, and they tend to beef it up when they've got more valuable stuff on the premises, but it's still not a cutting-edge corporate zero-zone by any stretch of the imagination.
- Mika

PIER 62

Pier 62

This club is one of downtown Seattle's major live music venues, providing a more intimate setting than an auditorium or stadium show. Pier 62 is known for spotlighting local talent and as a launch point for the careers of new music stars.

- The main stage and performance area of the club is upstairs, with a bar and lounge area downstairs. Pier 62 attracts plenty of media execs with cred to throw around, along with major acts looking to keep their "street cred" by playing the venues that still have some. If you're looking to scope out some new or up-and-coming rock idol, this may be the place to do it.
- Mika

PIKE PLACE FARMER'S MARKET

Pike Street & First Avenue

A famed Seattle landmark, located at the intersection of the base of Pike Street where it crosses First Avenue, under the famous market

sign and clock. First opened in 1907, the Pike Place Farmer's Market still draws numerous tourists and visitors every day to wander through its multi-leveled collection of farmer's stalls, kaf culture kiosks, book and antique shops, bakers, crafters, herbalists, and more. Particularly well known is the fish market, where fishermen sell their catch on beds of ice, fresh from the lakes and the sea, and tourists stop to watch them call out orders and toss fish to each other, expertly filleting and deboning them with sharp knives. The Market is a great place to buy some of the freshest food in Seattle and to sample all kinds of local delicacies while soaking in the culture and atmosphere of the various shops.

- There's a life-size brass statue of a pig out in front of the fish market. It was long believed that rubbing the pig's head or snout would bring good luck, and you can see the more polished brass there from countless hands. Thing is, after the Awakening, the brass pig—who's named Rachel, by the way—became the vessel for a guardian spirit associated with the Market. Even though people don't live there, the place is always "inhabited" and has a community, magically speaking. People tend to believe Rachel grants blessings to those she likes, and she safeguards Pike Place and its people from harm.
- Khan-A-Saur

THE PINK DOOR

Pine Street & Western Avenue

This no-frills bar is located next door to the Western Avenue Bakery, meaning that a variety of pastries, breads, meat pies, *gyoza*, *bialys*, and other fresh baked goods are available daily, making it a fun and offbeat place for a quick breakfast or brunch. The bar also serves excellent coffee and soykaf drinks (with and without liquor).

PSYCHEDELIC PIRATE

University Way & Fifty-second Street

Flash and glitz still have their place in the Seattle music scene, and it is often found at the Psychedelic Pirate. This club still attracts young new talent performing for crowds of local fans, with regular AR-casts to music fans worldwide. Not only do media producers find new acts at the Pirate, but also many bands have broken through entirely on their own in recent years, thanks to the viewing and listening venue the club offers.

- The Pirate is also a favorite hangout for some of the young and Awakened from the U-District, mainly Magical Studies undergrads and Thaumaturgy grad students, some of whom occasionally like to show off for the crowd.
- Khan-A-Saur
- Owner and manager Mickey Loo has been a fixture of Seattle club life for going on thirty years and knows everybody there is to know. He's had his share of trouble in the past, but Mickey has enough friends in low places these days that everybody recognizes the Pirate as hands-off neutral ground, which makes it a good place for an impromptu meeting, which Mickey doesn't mind, so long as you don't bother his customers.
- Riser

LIVING PLANET ADNET

Expect the unexpected.

Pacific Science Center



THE PURPLE HAZE*Bell Street & Elliot Avenue*

For the finest authentic Pueblo cuisine outside of the Pueblo Corporate Council, visit this luxury restaurant near the waterfront, with public parking available close by. Spicy hominy and pork stew in chili sauce is their house specialty, and be sure to order extra corn cakes for the table, they go fast!

- The co-owner of the place is Jacob McKimson, an ex-Fuchi company man who still has some connections.
- Mr. Bonds

RENO'S*Battery Street & Fourth Avenue*

This bar and grill features a variety of combat biker memorabilia and serves a mix of Sioux, Pueblo, and Aztec-Mex cuisine at reasonable prices. Owner Reno Pyatt is a former combat biker.

- He's also a long-time fixer in the Seattle shadows, and has managed to remain so through a sharp ability to judge who has what it takes to do the job, and a willingness to walk away from runs—and runners—that don't feel right to him. He'll deal fairly with you, but he expects good work for his money, and the same loyalty in return.
- Pistons

THE RENRAKU OMNIDOME*Pier 64*

Located next to the Seattle Aquarium in a restored and refurbished warehouse, the Renraku Omnidome is the largest trideo screen theater in the metroplex.

- The Omnidome has been going steadily downhill for years, and rumor has it Renraku is trying to unload it or, if that doesn't work out, arrange a suitable "insurance accident" for it, although they're reluctant to do so, given their history in the 'plex with the Arcology debacle.
- Mr. Bonds

RENTON MALL*Rainier Avenue South & Houser Way South*

Four levels of shopping to suit almost any taste and priced to fit a family budget.

- Which is to say, bland and gentrified, and expensive enough to keep the real low-lifes out ... mostly.
- Kat o' Nine Tales
- Not even mostly. The Renton Mall has been having increasing problems with young thriller gangs, some of them hooked up with wiz-kids or technomancers able to cause some real trouble, if they want. The usual brand of rent-a-cops just isn't cutting it and word is the mall association is looking for some stronger measures.
- Khan-A-Saur

RUN RUN SHAW'S*South Weller Street & Sixth Avenue South*

If you are looking for good, quick, and inexpensive Chinese take-out, then visit Run Run Shaw's. Calling ahead for take-out is recommended, however, since the interior seating is industrial plastic booths with little or no ambiance. Get it to go and enjoy it at home or at your hotel.

SEASOURCE ARCHIVES, DOWNTOWN BRANCH*Seneca Street & Fourth Avenue*

Formerly the Seattle Public Library, this downtown building became the property of SeaSource when the library and public data system was partially privatized following the incorporation of the metroplex. Now the extensive collection of hardcopy books and periodicals, microfiche, and other assets are available to Seattle citizens for a modest access fee of ¥2 (or a ¥15 per year membership). The majority of the archives' assets are available online, of course, but for some rare and outdated volumes, the only option is hunting through the stacks with the assistance of the archives' skilled staff.

- A lot of people think if you can't turn it up on a Matrix search, then it doesn't exist, overlooking the amount of data lost over the years in the two major Matrix crashes and various other incidents. SeaSource has millions of different books and other documents spread across a hundred branch archives throughout the metroplex, with this as the nerve center. You'd be amazed at the stuff you can turn up digging through things like old newspaper files and municipal records. SeaSource has been slowing getting more and more of that stuff online, but there isn't a lot of public demand, and therefore not much funding.
- Elijah

SEATTLE AQUARIUM*Pier 64*

Focused on the marine life of Puget Sound, the Seattle Aquarium features a number of attractions for visitors. There are various traditional display tanks, equipped with guided AR tours and informational downloads, and recreated coastal habitats, including sea- and shore-birds. The main attractions of the aquarium are a glass-domed room surrounded by a tank of Puget Sound sea life (including varieties of sharks, salmon, snapper, and octopi) and a pen for sea lions and sea otters, with twice-daily performances. Admission is ¥10 for adults, ¥8 for students and seniors, and ¥4 for children under twelve.

- The Aquarium regularly struggles to get sufficient funding to stay open. Some of the money comes from admission fees and government grants, the rest from corporate sponsorship, particularly from corps interested in aquaculture and any research information the Aquarium's team of marine biologists might produce. Of course, pure research is of little interest to potential sponsors, so there is incentive to focus on "applied research," namely things with potential business applications.
- Lyran
- The Aquarium has had some success collaborating with Aqua Arcana in California on the use of magic to inform marine research. They now have a full-time magician on-staff, who has enhanced the sea lion and sea otter shows considerably, and made them more of a draw.
- Sounder

SEATTLE ART MUSEUM PAVILION*1401 East Observatory Drive*

With a design resembling a collapsed tepee, the Seattle Art Museum Pavilion features a collection of local and Salish art, with regular guided tours by in-person trained guides.

- The Salish art is officially on loan from the Salish-Shidhe tribal council, although about half of it is reproductions and the rest is heavily insured, since anything happening to it would be an embarrassment to the museum as well as the metroplex government.
- Mika

SEATTLE COLISEUM

250 North First Avenue

Home to the Federated-Boeing Transonics (Seattle's semi-pro basketball team), the Seattle Coliseum also hosts a variety of conventions and concerts in the metroplex.

- The Coliseum is in need of considerable repair, but there isn't a lot of interest in sinking any money into it. More likely, it'll be torn down in a few years. The Transonics are holding out for a better stadium, but Federated-Boeing isn't throwing a lot of support behind the idea, and more likely will be looking to sell the franchise as well.
- Fastjack

SEATTLE CONVENTION AND TRADE CENTER

Eighth Avenue & Pike Street

Spanning Intercity-5, this multistory convention center includes a broad show floor, meeting rooms, a multi-level parking garage, hotel, and private garden.

- The Convention Center, like the rest of its breed in the 'plex, is also an excellent target when a big show is in town: massive show floor crowded with thousands of people milling about, low-paid security doing little more than glancing at name badges and RFID tag scanners to check credentials, and always at least some unused rooms or quiet spaces for having a private moment. Sure, lots of the real corporate bigwigs travel with bodyguards when they're in such an open and exposed place, but not all of them do, and there are ways around bodyguards as well. Easier than braving corporate HQ security, too.
- Kat o' Nine Tales

SEATTLE FEDERAL BUILDING

Seneca Street & First Avenue

This 72-story building houses UCAS Federal offices in Seattle. It includes passport and immigration services for visitors, and tours of the public areas are available daily.

- The office-block tower is the UCAS federal government's stronghold in Seattle. For decades, the place has been under the auspices of the National Security Agency and the Central Intelligence Agency, due to secession concerns. The intelligence agencies constantly monitor and gather information on the happenings in the metroplex to report back to Washington. They also keep a close eye on foreign powers operating in the metroplex, particularly the Salish-Shidhe Council, Tir Tairngire, the Japanese, and the major mega-corps. Needless to say, the UCAS spooks generally have their hands full, so it should come as no surprise that they occasionally "sub-contract" intelligence gathering work.
- Kay St. Irregular

SEATTLE HILTON

Sixth Avenue & University Street

More than a century in operation, the Seattle Hilton is the granddaddy of metroplex luxury hotels, although you'd never know it, since it has been regularly updated and refurbished to keep up with the times.

SEATTLE OPERA HOUSE

800 North Taylor Avenue

Home to the Seattle Symphony, the Seattle Opera Company, and the Pacific Northwest Ballet.

SEATTLE UNIVERSITY

1701 Broadway

The ivy-covered halls of Seattle University offer a wide range of courses and degree programs, but it is best known for its Masters in Magical Theory and Arts, the most prestigious such program in the metroplex (closely rivaled by Pacific University).

- Of course, those halls are covered with ivy for more than just looks. Seattle U. sometimes works on top-secret corporate-sponsored research projects, after all.
- Ethernaut



SEATTLE-TACOMA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT

Perimeter Road

More than three-dozen airlines and airfreight services fly into and out of Seattle-Tacoma International Airport, or “Sea-Tac,” as it is known locally.

Arriving travelers make their way from their arrival gate past security and down to the first floor, where the RFID tags on your luggage will guide you to the correct turnstile to pick it up. From there, head out the doors for street-level pick-up or up the escalators or elevators to the second level for ground transportation, shuttles, and taxis. Air taxi and commuter flight services are handled within terminal security.

Departing travelers arrive on the second level and check in any baggage at one of the many airline kiosks before heading through security scans to enter the terminal and make their way to the gate. Those with carry-on baggage can check in automatically with the airport’s AirCare™ terminal system and the necessary preferences checked on your commlink.

Sea-Tac offers a range of restaurants and shops for your travel convenience, including some good opportunities for those last-minute souvenirs of your visit. Be sure to explore the Salish-Shidhe Council heritage shop (duty free!).

- The Metroplex Guard officially handles security at Sea-Tac, but they have always been short-handed and therefore reliant on supplemental security contracted from Knight Errant, Federated-Boeing, and the United Corporate Council (which has a vested interest in keeping the airport safe and secure, after all). This does lead to some exploitable gaps in the airport’s security protocols, as all the rent-a-cops don’t necessarily play well together.
- Rigger X
- Note that standard security sweeps getting into the terminal area involve astral scans, with a “sniffer” on-duty to check out everyone’s aura for any signs of trouble. Just being magically active isn’t a crime (yet) but enchanted items aren’t permitted on-board flights without special licensing and waivers, and magically active passengers are AR-tagged for the attention of the flight crew as a precaution.
- Lyran

SEWARD CLUB

Juneau Street & Twenty-eighth Avenue South

If you are looking to try your luck, then the Seward Club is your evening’s entertainment. One of the licensed casinos in the metroplex, the Club is designed and decorated in a late 19th-century style, lavish with gold-leaf scrollwork and wine velvet drapes and upholstery. Likewise, the games are largely drawn from classic late 19th- and early 20th-century casinos, so you have roulette, baccarat, blackjack, craps, and poker tables. Just be sure to set yourself a limit and make it no more than you are willing to lose, since while some lucky players come away from the gaming tables richer than when they started, most are only enriched by the memories of the experience.

- The Western style aside, the Seward Club has been controlled by the Yakuza for years, although they maintain it largely as a legal front that’s perfect for money laundering. Naturally, it’s popular with high-rolling business types from both the local Japanacorp and visiting suits from back home. The Yaks also run a quiet little prostitution business out of the place; a lot of the “hostesses” you see are available for take-out, if one (or more) of them happens to catch your eye.
- Riser

- The Yakuza got control of the Seward Club literally over the dead body of former owner Wayne Sinclair. Tom Sinclair, Wayne’s only son, is an up-and-coming graduate of the Knight Errant Academy, with a strong personal interest in, you guessed it, organized crime. Rumor has it young Thomas has a sizeable trust fund he’s about to inherit, and that he might be interested in investing some of it.
- Star Loner

THE SPACE NEEDLE

410 West Thomas Street

This famous landmark has been the symbol of Seattle for over a hundred years. The 185-meter metal tower has a broad observation deck, two restaurants, and three bars. The finest of the restaurants is the Eye of the Needle, located just below the observation deck (see its listing for more details). The restaurant rotates slowly, providing a spectacular 360-degree view of the metroplex over the course of a meal. A ride in one of the gilded elevators to the observation deck costs ¥5 and is well worth it for the view if you’re not planning on staying for dinner.

STOUFFER-MADISON HOTEL

Sixth Avenue & Madison Street

The Stouffer-Madison is a reasonably priced mid-range hotel, popular with business travelers and visitors to the metroplex. Although showing its age a bit with some acid rain scarring on the outside, the inside remains warm and hospitable. The Red Lobster restaurant on the top (10th) floor affords a nice view of the area and offers a well-prepared selection of seafood and soy-substitutes.

- That “nice view” has been increasingly blocked off by other, taller, buildings around the hotel such that most of what you can see is other skyscrapers across the streets and alleys. Of course, there’s something to be said for being able to see into the windows of other nearby buildings, too.
- Kat o’ Nine Tales

SYBRESpace

Seventh Avenue & Columbia Street

Walk into this downtown nightspot “unplugged” (that is, without your AR display active) and you might think you’d wandered into some sort of strange performance piece, or possibly an asylum. Always on the cutting-edge, Sybrespace has replaced nearly all of its laser-lights, speaker systems, and fog-machines with dense banks of AR processors to provide you with the experience of walking bodily into the Seattle Matrix, an experience of sight, sound, and sensation. With the AR overlay, you actually see very little of the real building at all, which is just how the patrons prefer it. Go to Sybrespace and truly be transported.

- The Guide is right that the “meat level” of Sybrespace is just weird: people gyrating and moving to music you can’t hear, reacting to things you can’t see, often even wearing or being things you know nothing about. On the other hand, I know some people who like to take advantage of the fact that, if you’re not in on the illusion, you can be almost invisible in the place, which has its good points.
- Riser
- Sybrespace seems to have caught on with some of the technomancer crowd, as well as the technomancer wannabes, while falling out of favor with the old-school hackers (who, ironically, tend to prefer purely virtual environments for their entertainment).
- Glitch

TAKURI'S

Marion Street & Fourth Avenue

Takuri's is the next best thing to visiting the finest restaurants in Neo-Tokyo, because their finest chefs come to you! The restaurant runs an innovative "exchange program" where Japanese restaurants send their star chefs on "working vacations" to Seattle, and Takuri's puts them up in first-class accommodations right on Lake Washington while they work their magic and experiment with new recipes at the restaurant. Reservations are a must.

- Takuri's pulls in a lot of the Japanacorp execs looking to impress guests and visiting higher-ups. The restaurant is also in pretty good with the Yakuza to provide whatever other "entertainment services" their visiting chefs or guests may require. This has allowed the local Yaks to get some hooks back into the Mother Country, which does not sit too well with the gumi in Japan, and has resulted in some friction.
- Khan-A-Saur

TAM'S UNDER THE NEEDLE

Denny Way & Fifth Avenue

This charming bistro in the shadow of the Space Needle serves a combination of Asian, Salish, and Americanadian cuisine with some elven accents. Be sure to call ahead, although it is well worth the short wait for a table.

- Tam's also has a rep as the place you go when you can't get into the Eye of the Needle for one reason or another, or if you just want to keep an eye on the comings and goings at the Space Needle.
- Khan-A-Saur

TICKLER'S

Alki Avenue SW

Tickler's is an independent strip-joint popular with the Downtown working class, along with visiting suits looking for a little "what happens in Seattle" to stay in Seattle, as it were. They've got a mix of ethnic and racial types among the dancers, and actually treat their entertainers reasonably well, given what's expected. Like a lot of clubs of its type, Tickler's has "champagne rooms" in the back for "private shows" (all monitored by concealed cams).

- Pistons
- The Mafia was after Tickler's owner, Jack Bellows, to sell to them, but he held his ground and, for some reason, the Families have backed off on the idea, at least for now.
- Hard Exit
- One of the ladies working at Tickler's is actually only a part-time entertainer, falling back on her experience as a corporate "hospitality girl." The rest of her time is spent as a fixer arranging introductions and peddling information. She's quite good at it, and it doesn't hurt that she knows how to get things out of her occasional corporate clients. Ask around (discreetly) and, if she's interested, you'll hear from her. In the meanwhile, you can have some fun with the search ... ::smirk::
- Kat o' Nine Tales

THE SPORTS BAR

University Street & Terry Avenue

This Seattle bar and grill specializes, just as the name suggests, in sporting events. The two large main rooms feature two different sports, shown on large trideo displays, and the walls are lined with sports



collectables, including autographed photos of many Seattle sports legends. It's a popular location for university students and sports-fans of all stripes.

- This place changed hands years ago when the original owner got into trouble with the Mob. He was going to testify for the feds until he disappeared and his body was found almost a week later. There's been no evidence of the new management having anything to do with the Mafia, which either means they don't or they're smart about hiding it. Even still, some members of the Families like to hang out here.
- Star Loner

UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL

1959 Pacific Avenue

University Hospital is a major research and teaching hospital connected with the University of Washington. They remain at the forefront of medical research in the metroplex.

- Making their various research programs of keen interest to medical and bio-tech corporations, many of whom fund said programs. A lot of University Hospital's research involves collaboration with the comp sciences and engineering specialists of UW on cybernetics and man-machine interfaces.
- Plan 9

UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON

Montlake Boulevard NE

The oldest institute of higher learning in the Pacific Northwest, UW, known as "U-Dub" to the locals, features a mix of architectural styles and landscaping, from the neo-gothic Quadrangle lined with cherry trees to the century-old design of Red Square, along with a spectacular view of Union Bay.

The University is known for its top-level computer sciences program, with extensive cooperation with local corporations like Renraku, Mitsuhamu, and NeoNET.

- No surprise, those corporate-sponsored programs often turn out work of interest to other parties willing to pay in cool credit to check it out.
- Plan 9

WARWICK-HILTON HOTEL*Fourth Avenue & Lenora Street*

This 20-story hotel is a study in 20th-century elegance, extensively renovated in the late 2040s to restore its original charm. Ideal for a romantic getaway, it offers a variety of romantic weekend and spa packages for guests.

WEST COAST HAMLIN HOTEL*Eighth Avenue & Pine Street*

The West Coast Hamlin has reinvented itself a number of times over the years, looking for the right theme or style to attract guests, leading to its current eclectic (some would say “confused”) combination of styles that leans towards the eco-green and neo-tribal. It remains a reasonably priced choice for the eco-conscious traveler.

THE WESTIN SEATTLE*Fifth Avenue & Steward Street*

The flagship hotel of the Westin International Corporation, the Westin Seattle maintains a combination of affordability and luxury. Locals often refer to the hotel’s triple towers as “corncocks,” but they do afford guests an excellent view of the downtown area. Each tower has a top-floor restaurant (Trader Vic’s, the Emerald Room, and the Elven View), all top-flight offerings giving visitors a wide selection of options without even leaving the complex.

WUXING TOWERS*Roosevelt Way and Fiftieth Street*

The twin blue-and-red tinted metal and glass skyscrapers topped with the five-petaled lotus logo belong to Wuxing, headquarters of their North American division. Wuxing Worldwide Shipping connects ports such as Seattle to Hong Kong, Singapore, and other points in Asia, the Pacific, California, and South America. Tours are available of the towers’ lower floors, including their displays of Chinese art and culture.

- Wuxing would love to get a shipping deal with Tir Tairngire, but the closest they can come is delivering goods to Tir ships in the Port of Seattle, which are then taken to Portland. The Council of Princes won’t allow foreign ships to dock in Tir waters, and none of the deal-sweeteners Wuxing has offered have been able to change their minds.
- Tarlan
- A decent amount of the displays of Chinese “art and culture” in Wuxing’s corporate HQ is part of the feng shui their corporate magicians do to improve the flows of chi around the place and create a harmonious and prosperous work environment, as well as protect them from bad enemy mojo. Strange though it may sound, it seems to work pretty well, since Wuxing’s magical defenses are first-class.
- Ethernaut

WYLIE’S GALA INN*Fourth Avenue & Pike Street*

Step into the 1930’s decor of Wylie’s Gala Inn and you’ll think you are on the set of an old-style *film noir* in the Golden Age of Hollywood. The first and flagship hotel of the local Wylie’s Gala Inn chain, this establishment offers fewer amenities than some, but keeps prices low while maintaining a charming atmosphere.

- Another way Wylie’s keeps prices low is by being a front for the Ciarnello Family. They can afford to “lose” some money on the business so long as it keeps laundering their gains from other enterprises and offers a safe place to stash people and goods too hot for the streets. It’s the reason why the lobby of the first Gala Inn got shot up by the Yaks a few years back in a “random act of violence” (like the Yakuza go around just shooting stuff for the hell of it).
- Riser
- Whereas Lone Star knew about the Mafia’s interest in the hotel chain for years, but could never provide sufficient legal cause to act upon it, Knight Errant has stepped up surveillance in and around Wylie’s in hopes of scoring just cause to storm in and take the place. If it works, it would be another nut the Star was never able to crack that the Knights busted wide open. Problem is, they’ve got to pull it off before the ‘plex pulls their authorization and funding or they’re just going to end up with egg on their faces. There are already murmurings among the Mafia’s bought and paid for political stooges about “interference with legitimate business” on Knight Errant’s part.
- Star Loner

YOU SHOULD NOT EAT SO MUCH!*Pier 60*

The downtown franchise of this popular all-you-can-eat family restaurant is nearly always packed, so be sure to call ahead to get a table, especially for any party larger than four. You can expect the same buffet of American, Italian, and Chinese style dishes, all available for the same low price.

- ... and made of the finest processed soy food-like product. This place, and all the others like it, is a classic example of excess. People mound their plates (platters, more like) with food and stuff themselves until they can barely roll out the door. The food here is so heavy with artificial fillers it barely qualifies as “food” although, sure, it’s plenty tasty (especially to those who don’t know the difference) and there’s a lot of it. You see a lot of families in here, including some low- and mid-level corporate types, who might be, you know, distracted by everything that’s going on.
- Khan-A-Saur
- The Pier 60 franchise is unusual in that it has a few natural food items on the menu, and they serve actual coffee (largely a Seattle thing rather than for the chain).
- Pistons

BELLEVUE

True to its name (which means “beautiful view”), Bellevue is a district of rolling hills, manicured parks, and modern businesses and shopping districts; away from the bustle of downtown, but still close to the pulse of Seattle’s endless activity. Computers and microtronics are the heart of Bellevue’s livelihood and success, with businesses like Ares Macrotechnology, Microdeck, Gaeatronics, and Global Technologies headquartered here. Computer giants like NeoNET and MCT also maintain facilities in Bellevue.

BELLEVUE AT A GLANCE

Size: 242 square kilometers

Population: 209,000

Human: 63%

Elf: 13%

Dwarf: 2%

Ork: 19%

Troll: 2%

Other: 1%

Population Density: 864 per square kilometer

Per Capita Income: 110,000¥

Corporate-Affiliated Population: 89%

Hospitals and Clinics: 11

Voting Precincts: 2

Education:

Less Than 12 Years: 21%

High School Equivalency: 29%

College Equivalency: 31%

Advanced Degrees and Certificates: 19%

- Major Corp Facilities: Ares Macrotechnology, Gaeatronics, Global Technologies, Microdeck Industries, Mitsuhamma Computer Technologies, Renraku Computer Systems
- Major Gangs: 405 Hellhounds, Lake Acids, Leather Devils, Nova Rich

Bordered by Lake Washington to the west and Lake Sammamish to the east, Bellevue is connected to the rest of Seattle by bridges and north-south land access. The lakes themselves are connected by the Dixie Lee Ray Lake Tunnelway System, a series of locks and tunnels for shipping. Because of limited routes, traffic is often congested entering or leaving Bellevue, especially at peak hours. Plan a little extra time getting to or from the district.

- Knight Errant has deep roots in Bellevue, primarily because of the Ares facility there. Long before they got the Seattle security contract, they were working private contracts with gated communities, condoplexes, and corporate facilities in Bellevue, giving them a lot more experienced personnel who know the district well. You can count on fast response times from the Knights in and around Bellevue because they know who helped them get the Seattle contract and who will help them keep it.
- Hard Exit



LOCALE: BELLEVUE

Start engine, set for silent running.

Malachi sent the mental command to his vehicle as he jumped down the stairs. The dwarf shadowrunner slid into his midnight-blue Eurocar Westwind and commanded it to pull out of the garage and onto the residential street. Homes in this part of Bellevue looked exactly like they had leaped from a sim into real life. Each two-storey building was individually and professionally designed with a double garage, bay windows, lush green grass lawn, and a flower bed bordering the street. The Westwind passed by drones that cut the grass at precisely the user's preferred height and watered the flowers. In the house that Malachi had rented with a fake SIN there were drones that vacuumed the carpets, washed the walls, and everything else that a rich corporate snob wouldn't want to do. Overhead, security drones quietly but vigilantly buzzed, moving just below the enormous dome that covered the entire neighborhood which filtered out acid rain and smog. Malachi hoped his fake SIN would continue to hold out from the scrutiny of NeoNET security. The Westwind edged quietly down the incline of the street, keeping a safe distance from the Rover Model 2068 the rigger was following.

Malachi had been watching Alexander Rivers for almost a week and was starting to think that he had been hired to watch the World's Most Boring Human. Now, finally, with his SUV leaving the house in the dead of night, something interesting might be happening. As the Westwind passed by houses and restaurants, the dwarf could almost feel the haughty contempt that these people had for anyone they considered beneath them. Bellevue residents led restrictive, white-collar lives, slaving endless hours for their corporate masters to buy the latest overpriced gizmos and chips for themselves, their bored spouses, or bratty children.

The two vehicles rolled out of the security gate and into the pristine business district of Bellevue. Corporate skyscrapers towered like a jungle canopy made of steel and glass. Faster than he could deactivate them Malachi was bombarded with AR advertisements extolling the wonders of the high-tech products these companies were developing. Dominating the skyline were two silver towers, the NeoNET logos making them glow like lighthouses in the night. An equally bold AR banner proudly declared *THE FUTURE OF THE MATRIX IS NEONET*.

Calling up an AR map, Malachi tracked the SUV as it approached the border where Bellevue met the Redmond Barrens. Out his window the dwarf saw suited wage slaves enter one of the "gentlemen's clubs" where husbands escaped their wives and vented stress in the surreptitious activities of private back rooms. When he set his sights back on his target, the Westwind's autonav indicated that they had crossed the border into Redmond.

The contrast was astonishing. Clean streets and shining buildings were replaced by the crumbling remains of a forgotten urban wasteland. In just a few kilometers the city went from comfortable wealth to the refuse of humanity. The purpose of Rivers' visit to Redmond became immediately clear when he pulled over and scanned the "menu" of a flamboyantly-dressed ork pimp. After making a selection, Rivers picked up his "order" in the form of a joygirl like some sort of twisted drive-through.

"She's probably under-age you sick ..." the dwarf trailed off as he snapped a few images with his cybereye cameras. Out of duty, certainly not desire, the rigger followed the SUV to a nearby alley and took images of the incident there as well. Having gotten what he came for, Malachi activated his commlink and made a call. The dwarf mentally rolled his eyes. His employer could have been the poster boy of Bellevue: corporate suit, arrogant smirk, clean body, and filthy soul.

"Malachi, my very own angel of information. I take it you have something for me?" The corporate man's tone matched his look.

"I have images of your Mr. Rivers undertaking some questionable recreational activities. It should be plenty good enough for you to use."

"Excellent."

"Before I send this, I want to know why I wasted a week just to catch some corporate drone getting his fix."

"Simple. That screw-up doesn't deserve a promotion. I do!" the corporate man spat.

As Malachi activated the data transfer, he shook his head. His employer was just some corporate slot trying to screw over a coworker to get ahead; figures.



PLACES OF INTEREST

Expect to spend at least half a day seeing the important sights of Bellevue, perhaps longer if you include an evening out on the town, dining at one of its many fine restaurants and visiting one of the local nightspots to cap things off.

ARES MACROTECHNOLOGY

Bellevue Way SE & Sixteenth Street SE

The reddish marble and copper-tinted glass structure rising from the shores of Lake Washington is a well-known element of the Bellevue skyline. Home of Ares Macrotechnology's Pacific Northwest headquarters, the office complex offers daily tours, including the "Ares Era" presentation on the history of the company and founder Damien Knight. Pre-registration is recommended.

- Ares Seattle is sitting pretty since the Knight Errant security coup, giving them a lot more pull on the Corporate Council and with the metroplex government. Still, they don't seem to be resting on their laurels, focusing on acquiring new contracts and properties in Seattle.
- Star Loner
- The roof of the building includes a VTOL landing pad, used by corporate commuters and security flights, but monitored by on-site radar and protected by a surface-to-air missile battery concealed in a turret on the roof.
- Rigger X

BELLEVUE ART MUSEUM

Eighth Street NE & Bellevue Way

After shopping at Bellevue Square, stop by the north corner of the mall and visit this three-story museum with one of the finest collections of artwork on the Pacific Coast. Virtual guided tours are available on your commlink for a small fee, and many of the displays are enhanced with free AR info tags.

- Thieves looking to heist some of its more valuable pieces have targeted the museum in the past. This has led to improvements in security, mainly in the form of sensor nets and on-site security oversight. They "upgraded" their contract with Lone Star for on-site personnel as well.
- Mika

▶ BELLEVUE CORRECTIONAL FACILITY

May Valley Road SE

Known locally as "The Brickyard," this prison is run by Lone Star Security Services (correctional division). It specializes in "enhanced rehabilitation techniques," which essentially means it's one big experimental facility for Lone Star to tinker with new ways of making convicted criminals into model citizens by any means necessary, up to and including the latest in brainwashing and personality rewriting. The parole board is jointly made up of Lone Star personnel and metroplex-appointed members, and must certify all prisoner releases. Their workload is made easier by the fact that the facility's few "success stories" don't last long.

- Glitch
- Lone Star managed to hold on to some of their correctional sub-contracts when Seattle switched to Knight Errant as their primary security provider, which creates the interesting and sometimes awkward situation of KE cops having to turn arrested or convicted criminals over to Lone Star's jurisdiction. Naturally, there's a fair amount of corporate infighting and buck-passing as each side tries

to make the other look bad. This makes for opportunities for the enterprising shadowrunner, especially if a Lone Star exec might be willing to place the blame for a "prisoner escape" on Knight Errant and their lax procedures, for example.

- Star Loner

BELLEVUE CRAB HOUSE

108th Avenue NE

A first-class seafood restaurant in the heart of Bellevue's business district. Try the Dungeness crab legs, the house specialty.

▶ BELLEVUE DISTRICT COURTHOUSE

Bellevue Way SE & Main Street

This is where local cases are heard, and it's also the primary "interface" between Knight Errant and Lone Star officers mentioned under the *Bellevue Correctional Facility*. Throw in some metroplex employees and you've got a hotbed of legal wrangling.

- Star Loner

BELLEVUE DISTRICT HALL

1151 East Main Street

Home of the office of the Mayor of Bellevue and other district offices, Bellevue District Hall is a clean, modern structure, only about twenty years old.

- Its security systems are a good deal newer, however. Still, they have fallen a bit behind the times and remain primarily automated.
- Danger Sensei

BELLEVUE HILTON

112th Avenue NE

Your best choice on Bellevue's "hotel row" is this luxury-class Hilton, featuring three restaurants and free use of a local health club across the street.

- Said health club (the Max Gym) is frequented by a fair amount of muscle-for-hire.
- Riser

BELLEVUE POUR HOUSE

NE 40th Street & 148th Avenue NE

If you like your culture more rough-and-tumble, visit the Bellevue Pour House, a local tavern that serves a full range of beer and liquor and features entertainment like their Friday Night Freestyle Fights, Tuesday Sloppy Soy Wrestling, and Hump Day Wet T-Shirt Contests. Not a place for children.

- I sense a bribe from Barney "Big Boy" Troxell to even get this dump into the Guide. It's a pit, frequented by human, ork, and troll bikers and gangers, and some of the blue-collar crowd. It puts the "ass" in "class." So, naturally, it's where some shadowrunners like to hang, especially if they enjoy a good bar brawl (watching, starting, or being in one).
- Khan-A-Saur

▶ BELLEVUE SLEEP & EAT

381 West Lake Sammamish Parkway SE

A cheap coffin hotel set up in a previously abandoned warehouse, with bonus points for the creative use of cargo containers. The Phantom Lake Ring runs it, and the residents are among the truly down-and-out and desperate, but not inclined to ask questions. Keep the door locked and a weapon handy.

- Khan-A-Saur



- If you ask me, the “& Eat” portion of the name comes from the willingness of the Phantom Lakers to cooperate with the Tamanous to arrange for people who won’t be missed to disappear into chop shops for spare organs and ghoulish meat. Ghouls sometimes haunt the place, looking for strays.
- Lyran

BELLEVUE SQUARE

Eighth Street NE & Bellevue Way

One of the metroplex’s oldest shopping centers, Bellevue Square was originally built in the 1960s. It was extensively renovated and updated for its centennial celebration a few years ago and offers five floors of shopping, dining, and two nightclubs: Angel Express and Dragon’s Roar.

- Both clubs are largely controlled by the Mafia, something the local Yakuza is none too happy about, but they haven’t really been in a position to do anything about it without destroying the value of the properties, which is just bad for business.
- Khan-A-Saur
- The Body+Tech franchise in Bellevue Square has a reputation for looking the other way and not logging certain “elective” procedures, provided the fees are right. Stay away from the A Whole New You there unless you’re going for something strictly cosmetic, however.
- Nephrine

▶ **CAVILARD RESEARCH CENTER**

1302 118th Avenue SE

This otherwise unassuming research park in Bellevue is a pretty typical example of its species: private, fenced-off grounds with a small campus, focused on the main research building. It used to belong to MCT until they mothballed it after Crash 2.0. NeoNET bought it from them and has turned it into an active research facility again, shifting some of the projects from NeoNET Labs in Bellevue to this location. What kinds of projects? Good question, but NeoNET has also

hyped-up security on-site and is keeping a tight lid on things. No doubt, there are any number of people who would like further information.

- Pistons
- What little I’ve heard suggests NeoNET is using Cavilard for magical research, stuff that might be problematic at their main facility in Bellevue, but still close at hand. Exactly what that means I don’t know, but a lot of the security upgrades at Cavilard involve wards and other magical safeguards, and that can’t be a coincidence.
- Lyran

▶ **THE CLASSIC HOTEL AND CASINOS**

8th Street NE & 148th Avenue

This is one of the newer casinos in Bellevue. Each of the floors are themed after a well-known Las Vegas casino, recreated and ever-so-slightly reimagined—The Flamingo, the Luxor, Boardwalk, The Kondike, and more. A day—oh, who am I kidding, a night—wandering the casinos is like a trip through 1900’s Vegas. Naturally, Matrix access is limited to the hotel rooms, and the classic casinos are clean of AROs and other modern gimmicks. If you want to sit down, play with actual cards, and chomp on a real (gross) cigar, you’ll find someplace to your liking.

There are restaurants on every floor, but beyond window-dressing the menus are more-or-less the same. The only place that’s actually worth eating at is Tomorrow, on the top floor.

- Khan-A-Saur

COUGAR MOUNTAIN HOSPITAL

18910 SE Sixty-sixth Street

Once the site of Black Cougar Mountain, this area was leveled and regraded in 2010 as part of an ambitious public housing project. The hospital was built to service the needs of the new community and the growing population of Seattle following the Ghost Dance War. It specializes in transplant surgery and organ replacements.





- Specializes indeed. Cougar Mountain was at the heart of a major organlegging ring about twenty years ago that nearly destroyed the hospital's reputation when it was uncovered. Ever since, the hospital has bent over backwards to do charity work, free clinics, and to cooperate fully with the authorities and inspectors to help clear its record. That has led to an unfortunate decline in staffing and funding, with Universal Omnitech recently taking an interest in sponsoring some organ transplant research.
- Butch
- The old "Frankenstein Factory" is operating again at Cougar Mountain, thanks to generous corporate research grants and a little extraterritorial immunity. Word is the doctors involved are selling to the Yakuza, but the Tamanous are interested in the goods and none too pleased about a flow of illegal organs they don't control.
- Hannibelle

DEGEAR'S ELECTRONICS

148th Avenue NE & Eighth Street NE

This little indie tech store is the kind of place where you can pick up a new commlink, some cheap household electronics, or any parts or accessories for those things. Where Arnie DeGear, the owner, really makes his money, however, is by selling under-the-counter tech, particularly salvaged and hard-to-find electronics and cyber-parts. He also regularly rents out the back room of the shop to whatever street-doc is willing to do outpatient installations of stuff his customers buy.

- Traveler Jones
- In spite of the "independent" nature of DeGear's business, ol' Arnie pays protection to the Seattle Mafia and used to pay off the local Lone Star cops, too. Now with Knight Errant in business in the metroplex, there's a chance they might decide to make an example of a black-market business like DeGear's, unless the Knights prove as pliable as the 'Star, or Arnie digs up something to keep in reserve as a bargaining chip.
- Riser

EZELL'S SOUTHERN ACCENT

100th Avenue NE & 116th Place NE

Down-home family cooking at this cozy restaurant and bar. The southern fried chicken and the biscuits with sausage gravy are particularly tasty.

- Ezell's proudly displays the Confederate States flag, and rumor has it his CS sympathies run even deeper, up to and including cooperation with intelligence operatives from south of the Mason-Dixon.
- Traveler Jones

GAEATRONICS

119 West Groat Point Drive

Affectionately known as "Gaeatronics Mountain," the Seattle headquarters of the Salish-Shidhe energy and engineering giant almost looks like a natural feature of the terrain. The massive building has terraced rooftops covered with soil and cultivated greenery, even habitats for local birds. Visitors can take a walking tour through the rooftop gardens as well as see some of the facilities from the ground floor visitor's center. The tour includes a short history of Gaeatronics and their facilities in Seattle and the Olympic Peninsula.

- Of course, Gaeatronics' "roofscaping" also serves purposes other than simply green architecture. The abundance of plant-life includes cultivated species that provide effective astral security, and some of the habitats are for Awakened guard animals, raised and trained for the environment, and penned-in by sonic fences and similar safeguards.
- Ethernaut

THE GATES CASINO

830 SE Shoreland Drive

One of Seattle's largest and most opulent hotel/casino complexes, the Gates was built by Charles W. Gates of the Microdeck Industries dynasty. The casino features glittering game rooms with a variety of gaming tables, nightly shows, and two fine restaurants featuring American-Salish and Aztec-Mex cuisine, respectively. It also has sophisticated augmented- and virtual-reality games. Check for room availability, show times, and restaurant reservations in advance.

- Ol' Charlie Gates used to run the shadows himself back in the 2030s, under the name "Janus." He was a hacker of the old school and pulled off some real slick jobs, if the stories are to be believed. Rumor has it he set up the casino as a money-laundering operation, not that he really needed the money, but it was a way of keeping score on the runs and he wanted to make sure it didn't get traced back to him or his family. He disappeared in 2045 and his son Brian W. Gates III took over the family business.
- FastJack
- Dig up more dirt on the Gates family in the *Seattle Corporations* section.
- Mr. Bonds
- The Gates is Finnigan family territory. They run vice and prostitution out of the hotel and casino, with some of their "entertainers" working double-duty as greeters or "customer service representatives" (adding a whole new meaning to the term). The Gates family doesn't so much pay protection as choose to overlook Mafia activity in and around their place, an arrangement that suits the Finnigans just fine and has kept other families out, since trying to strong-arm the Gates clan is generally a bad idea.
- Hard Exit



► GLOBAL TECHNOLOGIES

1903 South 100th Avenue SE

One of the top producers of skillssoft programs, Global Technologies had a meteoric rise, followed by a few stumbles that led to NeoNET buying them out in one of their expansion sprees following Crash 2.0. Now the Global Technologies facility is a wholly owned subsidiary specializing in skillssoft and “trained behavior emulation” programming (as the corporate wonks call it). Their work has benefited from NeoNET experience with other forms of intelligence emulation, and their latest project is said to be trying to go beyond “rote” skillssoft technology to create programs capable of operating synergistically with the user’s own insights and intuition, rather than just overriding them.

- Plan 9
- A part of their research seems to include gathering and studying information on technomancers to find the elusive key to “intuitive” mind-machine interface.
- Netcat

GREENWOODS INN

116th Avenue NE

A close second behind the Bellevue Hilton, the Greenwood Inn is a bit more limited in terms of its view, atmosphere, and dining choices, but makes up for it in terms of service and is still an excellent choice of places to stay.

MAIN PLACE ARCADE

112th Avenue SE & Main Street

In the heart of Bellevue lies the Main Place Arcade, preserving the atmosphere and values of a bygone time. The area is maintained as a “Main Street Community” and shopping district, with a variety of small stores and boutiques, as well as cafés and restaurants offering opportunities to sit for a spell and people-watch.

- Nearly everything about the Main Place Arcade is a lie: a lot of the “small and independent” shops are wholly owned subsidiaries of corporate chains in small town drag. It’s all about making people feel good about their “community values” without having to think about them too much.
- Khan-A-Saur
- One other way the Arcade maintains that “bygone time” is by quietly putting out the message that metahumans aren’t welcome. Attempts by metahuman entrepreneurs to open businesses there have been blocked by red tape and bureaucratic harassment, and metahuman customers often get the cold shoulder, particularly goblins and changelings, who are usually treated like suspected criminals and constantly watched.
- Lyrn
- Main Place Arcade’s archaic attitudes have drawn protests in the form of AR “info bombs” intended to get the truth out there. Visitors sometimes see AR displays that pop up around and in front of establishments to give them the *real* lowdown on their business practices. I particularly liked the viral video of an ork family being forcibly ejected from Diamanti Diamonds by security. It eventually drove them out of business. The Mall Association naturally does what it can to root out any such “info-terrorism” but the hackers tend to be hard to track, and for every rogue AR feed or RFID tag they purge, another pops up shortly thereafter.
- Glitch



MICRODECK INDUSTRIES

Microdeck Plaza, Main Street & 124th Avenue NE

Software publisher Microdeck has been a fixture of Bellevue for nearly a century, and their Bellevue campus still employs many people in the district and the rest of Seattle. The company is still owned by the wealthy Gates family, a Seattle dynasty, and you can enjoy an AR-enhanced tour of the company’s public areas, with displays showing the history of Microdeck and computer- and software-development over the past century.

- The sad truth is that Microdeck was foundering for years, having lost touch with the cutting-edge of Matrix hardware and software. That changed after Crash 2.0, particularly with the emergence of technomancers, which have become part of the company’s stock-in-trade. Hackers describe the Matrix security of Microdeck’s Bellevue campus as “wild,” often featuring strange Matrix sprites and other software entities conjured up by the company’s new programming *wunderkinder*.
- Fastjack
- Not so sure all of Microdeck’s new “personnel” are ... well, persons.
- Netcat

THE MOGUL

NE Eighth Street & 108th Avenue

The best Indian restaurant in Bellevue, and one of the best in the metroplex, the Mogul offers a wide menu for regional Indian cuisines. Their lunch buffet has a dizzying range of choices, and the Tandoori chicken comes highly recommended. As an additional bonus, owner Hoshiar Pahal is a skilled magician who sometimes treats customers to a magical illusion show.

- Hoshiar Pahal’s family emigrated from India well over thirty years ago, and he doesn’t care to discuss his homeland much beyond food. I suspect his Awakening was not a particularly peaceful one. Given that his shaman’s mask is that of an elephant, it’s safe to say it’s something he won’t forget.
- Lyrn



- Ha, *ha*. Pahal's elephantine mask suggests his spiritual and magical patron is Ganesha, the Hindu god of removing obstacles and opener of the way.
- Ethernaut

NEONET LABS

Sixth Street SE & 112th Avenue SE

Twin silver skyscrapers adorned with the glowing NeoNET logo announce the presence of the corporation's Seattle research facility. Cutting-edge developments in computer systems and brain-data interface take place in the company's labs here. The lobby of Tower One includes an AR display on the history of the Seattle Matrix, focusing on recent developments.

- NeoNET inherited this facility from Novatech, who inherited it from Fuchi, who used it for much the same purpose: bleeding-edge interface research. Visitors aren't allowed past the main lobby without an RFID badge that tells the building's security system *exactly* where they are allowed to go. The upper levels are accessible only by secured elevators (needing the aforementioned badge for access) and the company higher-ups arrive and depart via the rooftop landing pads, or in secure cars in and out of the underground garage.
- Danger Sensei

OVERLAKE MEDICAL RESEARCH CENTER

116th Avenue NE

The largest hospital in Bellevue, Overlake Medical Research Center specializes in diseases related to environmental pollution, conducting numerous studies and clinical trials, which have led to innovative new treatments. The KleenAir™ nanofilter for modern breathers was initially developed here.

- One of Overlake's more recent research projects has concerned the effects of environmental pollution and toxins on the Awakened, particularly mutations induced in paranormal animals. Although primarily in the data-gathering stage, the aim seems to be both improved detection of potentially harmful toxins and regenerative technologies and treatments. Since the research tends to involve some dangerous critters (made more so by being toxic), Overlake is still willing to shell out some grant money for "expert assistance" in the catch-and-release part of the program.
- Butch
- Overlake's research goes beyond just critters: They have been researching allergic reactions in metahumans, too. They pay a pittance to down-and-out metas from the Barrens for medical testing, then dump them back on the streets once they have the data they need. This hasn't made the hospital any friends in places like Loveland or Tarislar, let me tell you.
- Nephrine

▶ POWERLINE

Market Street & 17th Avenue

Since the "family friendly" filter is apparently on the compiled version of the Guide, it's up to dirtier minds to fill in the details. Powerline is one of the metroplex's premier sex clubs. Upstairs caters to gay men (and those

who love them), complete with a dance club for all-night partying and a bathhouse for taking the party elsewhere, including a steam room, showers, private rooms, the works.

Downstairs is Powerline's BDSM "Dungeon" for folks of all sexes and orientations, so long as you like it a little rough and dangerous. There are private rooms and mini-dungeons as well as larger "playrooms" for those who prefer an audience (and you'll get one, believe me). Also on hand are professionals of both sexes, ready to dominate you, take your orders, or help fulfill your particular fantasy. Along those lines, the AR overlays in the Dungeon are adjustable, to help create just the right environment.

Naturally, Powerline sees plenty of the hard-core party crowd, and you can get just about any chemical or digital enhancers you want. The Yakuza largely controls the trade in and around the club, although they are willing to overlook a little dealing on the side, so long as it doesn't cut into their profit margins.

- Kat o' Nine Tales
- If you're upstairs at Powerline, chances are you'll see a *flaming* gay troll, frequently parked at the end of the bar, who goes by the name "Sweet William." He's the best-connected fixer in the place and likes to conduct business there because it tends to throw some of the straights off their game. The club's go-go boys and hustlers (often one and the same) fawn all over him because William is lavish with his tips for the boys he likes (and he likes a *lot* of boys...)
- Khan-A-Saur

THE SILVER FOOLS

Market Street & Fourteenth Avenue NW

This dim, cavernous eatery serves German-style vegetarian and soy foods and excellent beer, chosen from a wide selection of local microbrews.

THOMAS VINTNERS

136th Place NE

For a taste of wine-country in Seattle, visit Thomas Vintners, the metroplex's oldest vineyard. For more than a hundred years, the Thomas family has grown its own grapes and turned them into wines rivaling the best of California, South America, and Europe. The vineyards are covered with a bio-fabric dome to filter the air, making for a pleasant "outdoor" stroll as part of the tour, which also includes a tasting of several Thomas Vintners wines.

- The Thomas family is surprisingly tough for a bunch of wine snobs; they have steadfastly resisted attempts to buy their land for decades, including some pretty nasty attempts on their lives and property. Brothers Janus and Erik Thomas jointly own the property and intend to pass it along to their children and grandchildren. They've been quite willing to spend family money to deal with any problems themselves rather than trying to go to the police.
- Riser
- Nils Thomas, the eldest grandchild, is a Magical Studies student at UW and working on ways to enhance the vineyard's production and quality through magic, particularly cooperation with local land spirits. "Wine and spirits" indeed!
- Ethernaut



TACOMA AT A GLANCE

Size: 570 square kilometers

Population: 375,000

Human: 71%

Elf: 11%

Dwarf: 1%

Ork: 15%

Troll: 1%

Other: 1%

Population Density: 658 per square kilometer

Per Capita Income: 59,000¥

Corporate-Affiliated Population: 89%

Hospitals and Clinics: 6

Voting Precincts: 8

Education:

Less Than 12 Years: 25%

High School Equivalency: 48%

College Equivalency: 21%

Advanced Degrees and Certificates: 6%

- Major Corp Facilities: Federated-Boeing, PacRim Communications, Shiawase
- Major Gangs: The Ragers, the Spikes

TACOMA

For decades, Tacoma was Seattle's smaller southern neighbor, blue-collar to Seattle's white-collar, industry to its neighboring city's innovation. Still, the area known as "the City of Destiny" took its rightful place following the incorporation of the metroplex. With population concentrated within Seattle's new borders, corporations and residents shifted back into Tacoma, and billions of nuyen poured into real estate, renovation, and infrastructure for the area.



LOCALE: TACOMA

"Oh my god, what's that smell?" Belinda Leroux asked as they exited the bullet train at the Charles Royer Station.

"That would be the infamous 'aroma of Tacoma'. They can't get rid of it. The wind's blowing in from the west," her husband, Staff Sergeant Tyler Leroux, said.

"And you expect us to live here?"

He smiled at her. "Yes. You're the one who didn't want us to live on base. 'I don't want my children growing up like that,' you said. You won't even notice it after a few minutes."

She looked around. "Well, it is a nice enough place so far."

Before he could answer, they were interrupted by an impossibly perky voice. "You two must be Mr. and Mrs. Leroux." When they turned, they saw an impeccably-dressed dwarven woman standing. "I am Ziva Gibson from the real estate agency." She held out her hand, shaking first Belinda's hand and then Tyler's.

"Come this way. We've got lots of property to look at." The small woman looked over her shoulder at Belinda. "I'm sure you'll find that Tacoma is much more than just 'nice enough.' I promise you. We are the place to be to get away from the crush of Seattle and a major hub on the metro transit system. We also have premiere shopping, first-class businesses and the best schools for your children."

"Yes, but we want to live in a nice area that's not too expensive. Tyler's in the military."

Ziva cut Belinda off with a casual wave of her hand as she led them to a car where a human driver was waiting to open the door for them. "Tacoma is all nice places. At least, the places I'll show you are."

She turned to Tyler after ushering them all into the luxury car. "What do you do for the military, Mr. Leroux?"

"I'm an acquisitions specialist for pharmaceuticals for the Army," he said, smiling at her. "I just got this job. I'll be servicing the Army throughout this whole area."

"Fascinating. Are you a doctor?"

Both Mr. and Mrs. Leroux laughed at that and shared a look. "No. I faint at the sight of blood." He paused, smiled sheepishly and added "Literally."

Ziva was undaunted by the private in-joke or the confession. "Well, there won't be any blood-spattered apartments on our tour. So, what exactly are you looking for? How many rooms? How close to the transit mall? Stuff like that. If you plan to take the bus to work ..."

"I do. It's only a thirty-minute commute by the express line to Fort Lewis."

She nodded. "Children?"

"Two. Both in high school," Belinda answered.

"So, somewhere near here as well as the Tacoma Mall and the Villa Plaza then. We have plenty of new apartment complexes in this area. If you want a single dwelling house, well, " Ziva gave the two of them a quick once over and left rest of her thought—*it's too expensive for an enlisted military man*—unspoken.

"It's an apartment complex we're looking for. Never lived in a house before. Not really looking to try. I prefer people around us." Belinda smiled politely at Ziva.

The real estate woman was not worried. With what she had to show them, all of the frost would be out of the air within seconds. As the car stopped and her driver got out of the car to open the passenger-side door, Ziva said, "Welcome to the Sanctuary Complex." She allowed Mr. and Mrs. Leroux to get out of the car and ogle the impressive structure before them.

It was a beautiful ten-storey-high set of four towers with sky bridges crisscrossing from one building to the next. The entire structure looked to be made of steel and glass. On the ground level, in the center of the four buildings, was a landscaped garden with a fountain in the middle.

Ziva watched the looks on her clients' faces and knew they were hooked. This was going to be an easy sell. Their cred ratings already told her they could afford the new towers. With the information on what Staff Sergeant Leroux did for the Army, well, that bit of information was going to sell for a lot to the right person. "We need to check in with security. These buildings have both businesses and private homes within them. The apartment I want to show you – three bedrooms and two bathrooms – is on the ninth floor. It's well within your budget ..."



AETHERPEDIA SEARCH: TACOMA AROMA

In the 1930s, Tacoma became known for the “Tacoma Aroma,” the acrid odor produced primarily by sulfur emissions from paper and pulp manufacturing out on the city’s tidal flats. By the late 1990s, paper manufacturers (like *Brichert Paper Mills*, still operating in Tacoma) introduced tighter emissions-control standards, scrubbing more than 90% of the sulfur and reducing the “Tacoma Aroma” from an ever-present problem to an occasional nuisance. Heavy manufacturing in the district, particularly paper milling and metal smelting, has maintained “the aroma” to one degree or another, particularly when the wind comes in across the tidal flats where many industrial facilities are located. “Tacoma Aroma” remains an expression of distaste for the district among Seattleites, especially in the downtown district.

Now Tacoma continues its long tradition as a major port, a significant waterfront area of the greater Port of Seattle, while also enjoying a strong business presence and managing to preserve its charming, turn-of-the-century downtown area. Of course, not everything has been easy; Tacoma saw some of the worst violence of the Night of Rage decades ago, and memorials still mark the tragic loss of life on that fateful night.

- Long in the iron grip of the Yakuza, which had the foresight to grab up business opportunities in the district decades ago, Tacoma is now largely a battleground between the Japanese syndicate and the Seattle Mafia, with smaller sharks like the Seoulpa Rings swimming around the margins and attacking when they smell blood in the water. Fortunately for the residents of the district, both the Bigio family (the most influential Mafiosi in Tacoma) and the Shotozumi-gumi have suffered setbacks, making their ongoing conflict more like a weaving pair of punch-drunk boxers taking swings at each other. Of course, once one of them gets their second wind, things could get ugly again.
- Pistons

PLACES OF INTEREST

Tacoma has a great deal to offer visitors, from shopping at the Tacoma Mall and other major shopping centers to visiting the charming downtown area or many of the historic attractions.

► BASIL'S FAULTY BAR

Westgate Boulevard & Pearl Street

You would never give this local watering hole a second glance, and that's just how the patrons and the owner, Abe Heep, prefer it. Ol' Abe ran the shadows about thirty years ago, but retired from the game and opened this establishment. He's still remarkably connected and knows everything going on in the metroplex, particularly Tacoma. He's willing to share that information at a reasonable price, and to put interested parties in touch with each other. Thus far, he either has enough dirt locked away to keep him safe or has proven useful to enough people in high places, or both, since he and his establishment are both still around.

- Khan-A-Saur
- Rumor has it Abe is looking to retire from his “retirement” job, and might be looking to sell the Faulty Bar to an interested party. Problem is, he hasn't been able to find anyone he likes or trusts enough to sell them his business, so he stays on and keeps an eye out. Of course, folks have been talking about Abe's “retirement” for years now, so I wouldn't be surprised if it was a rumor

he kept going so people would think that he's getting out of the business “any day now.”

- Hard Exit

BRICHERT PAPER MILLS

Thirty-first Street NE & Fifty-third Avenue NE

The Brichert Paper Mills have a long history in Tacoma, dating back over a century. Modern filtering has largely eliminated the factory's “Tacoma Odor,” although you can still catch a hint of it at the Mills themselves. Tours are offered daily, including the various paper processing and manufacturing areas and the Mills' small museum of company history and the Pacific Northwest paper industry.

- Brichert Mills scored quite a comeback in the 2050s with their willingness to both innovate new products and shamelessly pander to the needs of an increasingly disposable society. Now, in addition to more traditional paper and cardboard products, they also produce flats, temporary cardboard/plastic resin housing and furniture, paper-and-carbon fiber structural frameworks and bicycles, and feed stocks for fabricators of the same in other parts of the metroplex and all up and down the west coast. Of course, business success leads to greater competition, a need to stay on top of the game, and opportunities for freelance employment.
- Mr. Bonds

THE CATHODE GLOW

Sixth Avenue & North Cedar Street

Most of us tend to take our technology for granted, except when it stops working. If you appreciate technological history, then this watering hole in Tacoma is for you. The Cathode Glow is filled with working examples of computer technology from the past century, from video game consoles to early personal computers. The staff and regulars are also well informed about the technology and more than willing to talk about it, or you can view informative AR tags attached to the different items. Weekly and monthly video game league events are held on weekends for interested players of “old school” and classic games.

- Some of the regulars at the Glow are true hardware geeks, making it a good place to find out more about the odd outdated data-storage unit or piece of electronics that might turn up.
- Glitch
- All the tech and the game leagues and such serve another purpose as well. Casey Connors, the owner of the CG, likes to keep an eye out for kids with talent, and helps them learn how to use it. That includes budding technomancers as well as just plain talented hackers and gearheads.
- Netcat

CHARLES ROYER STATION

1001 Puyallup Avenue

If you are a new arrival to the Seattle Metroplex, Charles Royer Station might well be the first thing you see. Built in the style of the great 1930s railway stations, the building serves as a central transportation hub for the district and Seattle. It is the terminal for the bullet train from Seattle to California, as well as connecting to light-rail systems for other points in the metroplex and providing landing pads for VTOL and tilt-rotor aircraft servicing the greater Seattle area. Ground transportation—particularly GridCab™ and KeyCar™—is also available at the station.

- Security at Royer Station isn't as tight as you'll find at, say, Sea-Tac, making it a good potential target when it comes to travelers arriving or leaving the metroplex. Knight Errant handles on-site security and there are always uniformed guards visible on the platforms, along with various monitoring devices to keep an electronic eye on things. Still, at peak times, especially when trains are loading or off-loading passengers, you can get a lot done behind the cover of a crowd, if you are quick and quiet about it.
- Riser
- Trying to pull something on or around the platform should be a last resort. Go for the ground transport areas or, better yet, just meet your mark with an AR sign carrying the right confirmation code for his limo company or arrange to "borrow" a cab and you can drive away from the station with nobody the wiser.
- Rigger X

THE CRYING WALL

The Bickson Building, East Eleventh Street & St. Paul Avenue

In the basement of the Bickson Building on East 11th Street, near the Foss Waterway, is the Crying Wall, a monument to a dark chapter in Seattle history. The Wall was built as a memorial to the metahumans who lost their lives during the Night of Rage in various warehouses in this very neighborhood and all along the waterfront. Dwarf and ork sculptors created the powerful twenty-meter long tableau depicting the night's terrible events and aftermath. The public is invited to view the installation, along with an educational AR download about the Night of Rage and the creation of the Crying Wall. Visitors often leave flowers, candles, and other mementoes at the base of the Wall, which are changed out on a regular basis by volunteers who maintain the site.

- An "honor guard," mostly made up of ork and troll volunteers, keeps watch at the Crying Wall day and night. They tend to give human visitors the hairy eyeball but leave them alone so long as they are respectful (after all, many metahumans had and still have human relatives). Still, they do not tolerate disrespect, and there have been incidents over the years; the Wall makes a pretty big target for hatemongers and Humanis types.
- Butch
- For a few cred under the table, a lot of the guys working security at the Crying Wall will let you use the concealed entrance to the Ork Underground there, no questions asked. They're more likely to help you out if you're "one of the family," but money talks. Otherwise, they keep a close eye on the Underground entrance.
- Butch
- They don't need to guard those tunnels too carefully. The ghosts of those who died in the Night of Rage still haunt some of them. They are a terrible sight: their spectral flesh charred from the fires that claimed their lives. They hate humans, but tend to leave metahumans alone, although you never can tell with spirits that perished in such pain, fear, and rage. Anyway, people who wander off in the tunnels around here—or humans who go down there at all—sometimes don't come back.
- Axis Mundi

DECLERRY'S

Fifteenth Avenue NE & Thirty-eighty Street NE

This working-class neighborhood bar is a good place to grab a drink after work, before dinner, or to round out the night.

- The Seattle Mafia has controlled DeClerry's ever since Vince "Bonecrusher" DeClerry started the place more than thirty years ago. Ol' Vince is largely

retired now, but his son VJ (Vince Junior) still runs the place. Chances are, if you're going to deal with the Mafia in Tacoma, you'll be invited to a get-together at DeClerry's.

- Hard Exit
- Unlike his dad, VJ was never a made man, so he is a little less thrilled with the "family business." Word is VJ would like to extricate DeClerry's from its ties to the Finnigan Family, but hasn't a clue how to do it with his skin and this place intact. If nothing else, his old man would probably beat the living hell out of VJ for messing with the Family. So he keeps turning a blind eye to any Mafia activity in or around the place and asks no questions when somebody from the Family tells him to keep something in his office safe for a few days.
- Star Loner

DOCTORS HOSPITAL OF TACOMA

737 South Fawcett Avenue

This hospital specializes in orthopedics, and is known for its free clinic work in the Tacoma district, particularly with limb replacement and restoration surgery.

- Rumors persist that some of the hospital's charity cases go missing from time to time, mainly the ones no one ever really noticed in the first place. Records of the free clinics are, of course, "strictly confidential," and often have neither names nor SINS, given the nature of the work.
- Hannibelle

FEDERATED-BOEING METALWORKS

Part of Tacoma Road & Marshall Avenue

As part of Federated-Boeing's vertical integration in the Seattle Metroplex, the Metalworks in Tacoma provide most of the special alloys and materials used by their manufacturing facilities. Raw materials are shipped in from the nearby docks to the foundries here, where smelting, alloying, and casting takes place before the finished materials are sent to the factories.

A fair amount of research takes place here as well, particularly development of new lighter and stronger materials for use in Boeing aircraft. It tends to be the research material that is most of interest to "visitors."

- Mr. Bonds
- Security at the Metalworks is tight, although concentrated around the research labs. There are checkpoints with maglocks and security personnel on duty 24 hours a day. At night they also have trained hellhounds as watchdogs, since they thrive in the environment of the metal foundries.
- Danger Sensei
- The Metalworks underwent a shift a few years back during the "Orichalcum Rush" of Halley's Comet; the facility needed to develop means to process raw orichalcum ore, not at all their original forte, since there are no industrial applications for it. That led to a burgeoning alchemical division within the Metalworks, competing with places like Bowman and other foundries in the Northwest and North America. Since the end of the O-Rush, the alchemical division has been working hard to justify its continued existence. They think F-B should use more magic in their manufacturing process, but corporate higher-ups are concerned about the reliability of such techniques.
- Lyran

FENRIS NACHT

1807 Forty-ninth Avenue Court NE

Down a dead-end side street in a once residential part of Tacoma, the Fenris Nacht would normally not even rate a second glance, being a darkened entry-



LIVING PLANET
ADNET

General health care • Pre-natal screening & defect amelioration • Genetic screening (enzymatic & viral) • Routine cybernetic servicing & repairs • Astral ICU • Elective natural and artificial enhancements • Meta-reassignment care • Obstetrics • Paraepidemiology • Synthetic phlebotomy • Meta-osteopathy • All mainstream naturopathic and allopathic medicines represented • All major insurance accepted



HUMANA
We bring out the human in metahumanity.

way into a low building with a single doorman sitting in the shadows outside. If you can get past that doorman (there's a password, and it changes regularly), the inside of the club is sort of a combination rustic hunting lodge and primeval cave, with low lighting and plenty of dark corners for private conversations.

If you get the distinct feeling that some of the patrons are looking at you like you might be something good to eat, well, they are. Fenris Nacht's clientele includes various urban shapeshifters, a place where they can get away from the outside world and conduct their own business. It tends to attract some feral changelings, adepts, and shamanic types as well, making it a good place to hire some talent or meet a fixer. But remember, in this place they really *can* smell fear on you!

- Hannibelle
- In spite of the fearsome reputation, Fenris Nacht has a vested interest in remaining neutral territory, so they discourage brawls and open displays of violence or power.
- Mika
- Fenris Nacht is also a good place for smugglers, since some of the 'shifters have contacts and ways of getting from the metroplex to the surrounding wilderness and back. They're not good for cargo runs, but if you're willing to go it on foot through the Awakened wilderness with a guide who's really a feral animal in metahuman form ... Hey, beggars can't always be choosers, you know?
- Rigger X

GIANELLI'S RESTAURANT

15th Avenue NE & 42nd Street NE

Gianelli's serves a variety of family-style Italian dishes, specializing in pastas with their famous marinara or Bolognese sauces. Dishes are always enough to serve two or more, so order with plans to share, and don't miss out on their great dessert menu, particularly the handmade cannolis and the tiramisu.

- "Family-style," indeed. Gianelli's is owned by Tony "the Chef" Gianelli, former Mafia capo and consigliere, and grandfather of the current Gianelli Family don, Joseph Gianelli (Tony is one of the few people who still gets to call him "Joey").

Members of the family visit here regularly, more so since old Tony became his grandson's war consigliere. Tony likes to play the role of an old man enjoying his retirement job and handing out balloons to the kids, but don't buy it for a minute; he was one of old Don Bigio's most vicious leg-breakers back in the day, and he would kill to protect his family and their interests again in a heartbeat.

- Hard Exit
- Naturally, the Yakuza know about Gianelli's, but they haven't hit the place (yet) because they know doing so would provoke all-out war, and probably drag the other families into it to boot. The Yaks aren't ready for that level of confrontation, so Gianelli's remains largely off-limits, a powder keg just waiting for somebody to strike a match.
- Riser

HUMANA HOSPITAL

South Nineteenth Street & South Lawrence Street

Operated by the Seattle Health Maintenance Organization, Humana Hospital is a large, well-run facility and one of Tacoma's newer hospitals. DocWagon™ and all major health-maintenance contracts are accepted here.

- Humana is a not quite wholly owned subsidiary of Shiawase, working closely with their cyberware research division. The corporation provides major grant funding and, in return, can expect the hospital administration to jump when they say "frog."
- Butch

LAKEWOOD COMFY CUBICLE

6125 Motor Avenue SW

Clean, low-priced accommodations for visitors on a tight budget. Cubicle security was recently upgraded, and a wireless network installed.

- Bruce Meyrick, the manager, is a small-time mage who has been there for years. His main hobby is breeding eyekillers at his place in south Tacoma, and he often has one with him when's he's on-duty at the hotel, so watch out.
- Lyran
- Some of Meyrick's eyekillers have been involved in fights at the Coliseum in Snohomish, and have done quite well, too.
- Riser

LAKEWOOD SHEZAN

Gravelly Lake Divine & 112th Street SW

The Umballa family has been running this restaurant in Tacoma for over twenty years, specializing in Tanzanian-Indian cuisine. They are renowned for their soy dishes, which could almost make you forget about being a meat-eater altogether.

- Fred Umballa still manages Lakewood Shezan and most of the staff are members of his family: kids, cousins, or in-laws.
- Khan-A-Saur

LEARSON SHIPYARDS

East Eleventh Street & Maine View Drive

The Learson Shipyards in Tacoma have been building commercial ships, from small vessels to supertankers, for over fifty years. They have a substantial customer list all across the Pacific Rim, particularly Japan, China, and Korea, along with California and a long list of corporate clients worldwide. They

made major cred on some of their high-speed designs, but lately they've fallen back on some of the more tried-and-true (but slower) ship hulls and propulsion systems.

- Sounder
- Learson has become a target for eco-terrorist groups because of the faulty design of one of their single-hulled tankers, at least two of which have torn open and dumped millions of gallons of petrochemicals into the oceans in the past five years. Of course, the legal liability shields and corporate holdings of the ships make it impossible for the governments of the affected areas to seek monetary damages, much less prosecute for negligence. At least one aborted attempt to set off a bomb in the shipyard was averted by Learson security, which is keeping the whole matter under wraps for now.
- Tarlan
- Learson's security is good to begin with because the shipyards have frequently been the target of industrial espionage initiated by rivals who would like to get their hands on some of the company's design specs and other data.
- Danger Sensei

MARGARET BRIDGE CHILD HEALTH HOSPITAL

315 South K Street

Established by a private endowment, Bridge Hospital (as it is usually known) has won multiple awards and citations over the years for work in caring for Seattle's critically ill children, particularly for research into early childhood diseases affecting metahumans.

- Bridge Hospital also pioneered some early post-Crash research into conditions like AIPS and, later on, virtuakinetics and technomancers.
- Fastjack

- They had a head start, since some of the hospital's staff quietly helped out some *otaku* in the 'plex years before Crash 2.0 hit. Interesting to note that their research has not found its way into any accessible database that I know of (and I know of quite a few). I suspect they still have a lot of data certain parties would like to check out.
- Netcat

OLGA'S TEAROOM

Old Military Road

This establishment, tucked into the ground floor of a renovated townhouse, is a Russian-style tearoom that serves a variety of imported teas and coffees—with an emphasis on Russian and Eastern European varieties, naturally. Try the Imperial Black Tea, Winter Spice Blend, or their Turkish coffee while you sit at one of the small tables by the large windows and people-watch.

- Oh, you can do some interesting people watching at Olga's, all right, especially watching the slightly nervous-looking types coming and going all day and evening long. That's because if you know the right people and the right passwords, someone will escort you upstairs from the tearoom, where you'll find Olga's "girls," ladies of all metatypes with, as the Guide so rightly puts it, "an emphasis on Russian and Eastern European varieties." All of them willing to make your every fantasy a reality, for a price.
- Kat o' Nine Tales
- Olga does not put in many personal appearances down in the tearoom, largely because she is a massive Eastern European troll with a face like a hatchet and the personality of an angry buzzsaw. She's her own best legbreaker, if anyone causes trouble or refuses to pay up, although she also has connections with the Vory, if she ever needs backup.
- Khan-A-Saur



- That day might be coming, since Olga hasn't fared as well in charming Knight Errant as she did with the happily corrupt Lone Star cops who worked the Tacoma beat. They were happy to take discounts and "special favors" from Olga's girls, but KE apparently neuters their officers, or pays closer attention. Olga has evaded one sting operation and is getting more cautious in dealing with her customers.
- Star Loner

▶ PACRIM COMMUNICATIONS UNLIMITED

Sixth Avenue & Union Avenue

PacRim Communications (or PRC) began operating in the Pacific Northwest in 2048, and has been a major provider of telecommunications services in the Seattle Metroplex and the Salish-Shidhe Council ever since. Their main business is in Asia, particularly Hong Kong and areas along the Chinese coast.

The Tacoma office complex handles the administrative needs of the PRC Seattle branch, and answers to PRC North America in San Francisco. Physical security relies heavily on electronics like maglocks, backed up by alarms and sensors, often rigged from within the building. PRC has its own security personnel and arms them with tasers and stun-batons, breaking out the heavy ordinance for major threats. Their Matrix security is first-rate.

- Mr. Bonds

PALACE OF CHINA

Soundview Drive West & Brookside Way

One of the trendier night-spots in Tacoma, the Palace of China is a nightclub done in a medieval Chinese theme and features modern music of the sort found in clubs in Hong Kong and Shanghai. It is also known for putting on regular magical illusion shows to supplement the high-tech lightning and sound system.

- Palace of China has also been controlled by the Octagon Triad for years, ever since the former owner, Dustin Kien, tried to double-cross Octagon Incense Master Chen Kwan-Ti by working with the Choson Seoulpa Ring. Kien disappeared, but apparently not before selling the Palace to a holding company controlled by the Octagon. Since then, the triad has run a brisk vice trade out of the Palace of China, with only occasional trouble from the Choson Ring and their rival triads.
- Kat o' Nine Tales

PEACEABLE KINGDOM

Tacoma Avenue & South Thirty-seventh Street

A charming American-Chinese style restaurant with traditional decorations and soft, atmospheric Asian woodwind and string music adding to the ambience. The menu offers a wide range of Chinese, Japanese, and Thai dishes, moderately priced, and varying in heat from mild to spicy. Private dining rooms and bookings for large parties are available.

- Peaceable Kingdom's real moneymaker is in those "private parties" where, with a little advance notice, you can get all sorts of exotic endangered or paranormal game cooked to order. This is way beyond shark-fin soup; we're talking crispy filets of phoenix, spitting pike steaks, or roast of golden boar. Especially popular are the exotic and deadly cuts like cockatrice and devilfish, which take great skill to prepare without killing the diners. Their demand for new menu items is constant and insatiable. Elements of the animal- and Awakened-rights underground have known about this for a while, but haven't been able to prove it.
- Khan-A-Saur
- That's because Pan Wenshi, the owner, is in deep with the Octagon Triad, which runs interference with the activists and the police alike in exchange for a cut

of the take. Some of the Triad's higher-ups also like to visit the restaurant on occasion and hold business meetings there.

- Kat o' Nine Tales
- The "special menu" goes way beyond just animals; some of the Peaceable Kingdom's customers are Infected, and there are stories about feasting on metahuman flesh and blood, along with jaded living customers interested in tasting, say, naga or yeti (Asian sasquatch).
- Hannibelle

▶ PORT OF TACOMA POLICE STATION

25 East Eighteenth Street & D Street East

This facility in the heart of the Tacoma business district serves as the central station for the western half of the Port of Tacoma, as well as the business district. It's currently occupied and run by Knight Errant, like all municipal police stations in Seattle.

- Star Loner
- Word has it that the Port of Tacoma station suffered more than most from disgruntled Lone Star employees (or ex-employees) playing practical jokes, or simply stealing or sabotaging equipment or records before their Knight Errant successors moved in. KE still doesn't have the station up to full capacity and there's talk about finding a way to get the district or metroplex to okay building a new one so they can simply level the present one and start over.
- Hard Exit

THE SEA-TAC MALL

South 320th Street & Pacific Highway

With five levels of shopping and dining, the Sea-Tac Mall is the largest shopping complex in the district. The mall specializes in local Seattle-made goods as well as imports from the Salish-Shidhe Council, making it ideal for visitors looking for a little piece of the metroplex to take home with them. Don't overlook the reasonably priced food court or restaurants when it comes to grabbing a quick bite in between shopping excursions.

- The Sea-Tac Mall has been a popular target for thriller gangs and would-be terrorist groups (the real ones can think of dozens of much better targets in the metroplex). This has led to several security upgrades over the years by the mall association, particularly hiring extra security personnel and installing more monitoring sensors.
- Hannibelle

SHERATON TACOMA

South 13th Street & Broadway Plaza

Plush turn-of-the-century decor and reasonable prices make the Sheraton Tacoma a popular spot for visitors to the metroplex, particularly business travelers.

The hotel is famous for the more than three hundred metahumans who sought refuge there during the Night of Rage. Hotel staff barricaded the entrances and protected them against angry mobs. The incident is commemorated by a plaque and bronze statue in the hotel's lobby alongside a small museum featuring photos and video of that fateful night and the award-winning documentary "Night of the Three Hundred".

- To this day there is an entrance into the Ork Underground in the hotel's basement. Originally, it was a well-kept secret, but these days it's open and accessible to the public. Out of respect to the hotel, it is not generally used as an exit.
- Butch

- The Sheraton is a popular target for anti-metahuman hate groups, both for the symbolism and because metahuman rights groups often congregate there. Mothers of Metahumans hold monthly meetings at the hotel, and they have hosted an annual convention on SURGE and changeling rights called “OtherCon” for the past five years. To their credit, the hotel and its staff have remained steadfastly dedicated to serving the metahuman community, which has supported them in turn.
- Mad Tom

SHIAWASE

Sixth Avenue South & J Street

Twin towers of steel and mirrored glass, built after the Night of Rage, hold the offices of the Shiawase corporation’s Seattle branch and oversee the company’s operations and subsidiaries in the Pacific Northwest. Shiawase has extensive interests in Seattle, from their fusion plant in Redmond to a public-works contract with the metroplex government. Their Seattle headquarters is also home to their Pacific Northwest cyberware research facility, working in cooperation with other facilities in Seattle, such as the one at the Humana Hospital in Tacoma.

Tours of the Shiawase buildings, including a fact-filled history of the company’s activities in the Pacific Northwest, are available daily.

- The Shiawase towers use laser detection grids and motion sensors for the most part, linked to automated defensive systems, although less lethal than the ones Mitsuhamma prefers. Shiawase favors stun-gas and shock-prods, the better to have prisoners to interrogate later—plus their cyberware research division can always use a few new lab rats.
- Danger Sensei

◀ SILCOX ISLAND CORRECTIONAL FACILITY

Silcox Island, American Lake

In the midst of Silcox Island on American Lake sits a thirty-story block structure used as a municipal prison for the District of Tacoma and the Seattle Metroplex. The island is small and heavily forested, visible from the shoreline of the lake, although heavy fog is fairly common. The prison has a reputation as a real hellhole, which has only gotten worse in recent years.

- Riser
- Lone Star administers the prison for the district and takes full advantage of the island setting by having paranormal guard animals active in the woods around the prison grounds. You can hear barghests and other things howling late at night, and prisoner legends abound about escapees hunted down in the woods and never seen again.
- Star Loner

TACOMA CHARITY GENERAL

315 South K Street

Jointly funded by several of Seattle’s major charitable organizations, this hospital serves the needs of Tacoma’s poor and uninsured.

- And it shows. On top of the poor funding, lack of staff, facilities, supplies, and equipment, Tacoma Charity has to deal with infighting and double-dealing on the part of their patron charities, illegal chop shops and organlegging on the part of their staff, and rampant drug use and dealing out of their dwindling supplies. Only the truly desperate go here since it is only marginally better than no medical treatment at all.
- Butch



▶ TACOMA DISTRICT COURTHOUSE

1102 A Street

The District Courthouse in Tacoma, a long concrete building with arched windows, is less grand than, say, Downtown, but still sees a lot of activity.

- Mr. Bonds
- A lot more in the five-level parking garage across South 11th Street, home of many a clandestine meeting between parties before heading over to the courthouse. Lawyers cut more deals in between the rows of cars here than they do in the maze of offices across the street, and plenty of “private contractors” meet up with their lawyer clients to hand over files, photos, and documents they have acquired. Just keeping an eye out and an ear open can show you a lot.
- Traveler Jones

▶ TACOMA DISTRICT HALL

747 Market Street

This fifteen-story Art Deco building houses the offices of the District of Tacoma and its various subsidiary agencies. In recent years the building’s windows have all been replaced with bulletproof carbon-aramid fiber, fixed into the structure and with adjustable opacity (for “privacy”). The interior data network has also been upgraded, including a fairly new security system.

- Danger Sensei
- That new system might not be as secure as the mayor’s office hopes, since word is the contracted company leaked information about high-level protocols and whatnot. Odds are somebody will take advantage of the window before they manage to close it.
- Kat o’ Nine Tales

TACOMA DOME HOTEL

East 26th Street & E Street

Although showing its age a bit, the Tacoma Dome Hotel remains one of the best in the district, with spacious, well-appointed rooms, dine-in restaurant featuring complimentary breakfast, and easy access to public transportation.

TACOMA FERRY TERMINAL

Oakes Street & North Thirty-second Street

The ferry terminal links Tacoma with downtown Seattle and Everett, as well as the outlying islands. The trip costs ¥5 for a round-trip ticket or ¥3 for a one-way.

- The ferries can be a good way to arrange a quiet on-the-water transfer of goods or personnel, particularly at night, but you still need to watch out for security, since the ferries have proximity sensors due to both terrorist threats and the occasional hazards of awakened sea life. While stories about ferries being pulled down by krakens are largely apocryphal, they aren’t *entirely* without a grain of truth.
- Sounder

TACOMA MALL

Forty-seventh Street & Pine Street

Just over a century old, the Tacoma Mall is the oldest shopping center in the metroplex. It features four floors of shops, including some fine antique stores, with most of the shops aimed at the district’s middle-class customers.

- Some of those antique stores have been known to turn up some oddities of interest to magicians, some of whom haunt the aisles on evenings and weekends, or have contacts to inform them about new acquisitions.
- Lyrán

- The Body+Tech place at the Tacoma Mall has a decent “no questions asked” policy about some upgrade work and repairs to damaged cyberware.
- Nephrine

TACOMA NYBBLES & BYTES

4020 South Steele Street

This quirky Seattle shop features both the latest in online equipment alongside a selection of talismans, Hermetic supplies, and lore books, particularly in ebook format, but also in hardcopy from their print-on-demand station. Educational classes and workshops are held on weekends for all ages, but are particularly popular with youngsters.

- Owner Cassandra Van Vieck is a real kick; she gives the impression of a batty old broad, but she’s sharp as a monoblade and really knows which end of both a wand and an I/O port is which (or should that be “witch”?). She’s been around forever and knows everybody, especially in the Tacoma Awakened and online scenes, some of whom still call her “Aunt Cassie.”
- Netcat

TACOMA PURPLE HAZE

South Twenty-fifth Street & Jefferson Avenue

A first-class restaurant serving a mix of Texan, Aztlan, and Pueblo dishes, including excellent tostadas and adobo. Be sure to indicate your preferred level of heat for your meal to your server, since the food tends to be spicy.

TACOMA STYLE

Grandview Drive & Sunset Beach Road

With its view of Puget Sound, patio dining in good weather, and an excellent Salish menu, Tacoma Style attracts many young singles out for dinner and then downstairs to the Style nightclub to dance the night away to the latest music and entertainment.

- The Style used to be a place catering to people who had some, but now tends to attract people who wish they had some instead. It’s strictly poseurville these days.
- Khan-A-Saur

VILLA PLAZA

Gravelly Lake Drive & Alfaretta Street

This two-level indoor/outdoor shopping plaza features both local and chain stores, including a Salish International store offering Salish-made clothing and home goods. The Plaza features many Salish-style decorating touches, including extensive use of local cedar and pine.

- The Plaza’s decoration sometimes makes it a proxy for NAN boosters or haters, with Native-wannabes shopping and hanging there, and the Native-baiters committing petty acts of vandalism. It hasn’t gotten too violent, at least, not yet, because both sides are mostly made up of poseurs.
- Hannibelle

▶ ZALENSKY’S ELECTRONICS

Twenty-seventh Street West & Bridgeport Way

Zalensky’s is a front for a backroom (and basement) chop-shop that owes its primary loyalties to the Tacoma Yakuza, which throws most of the work their way, cybering up Yak soldiers. Keep in mind that anything you get done here can get back to the Yaks.

- Riser

EVERETT

The history of Everett has been one of ups and downs, like the storm-tossed sea so often associated with it. Originally a sleepy suburban area north of Seattle, Everett underwent an economic and population boom in the 2040s when Mayor Samantha Tillian managed to bring corporate investment and construction into the district. Companies like Dadson Vision Entertainments, Ingersoll and Berkley, IIN, and several resort and casino developers invested hundreds of millions of nuyen in new construction. Cheap real estate prices and favorable tax-breaks encouraged business, and Everett flourished.

Unfortunately, the Crash of '64 wiped out much of Everett's progress. With the loss of land ownership records, businesses and property taxes were mired in a seemingly endless bureaucratic morass. Businesses lost interest in the district while some existing companies decided to cut their losses and move elsewhere. Property values dropped even as parties worked out ownership issues in court.

- The fact that the Guide is this honest about it should tell you just how bad off Everett is these days. Although it has largely halted the free-fall of its real estate market and its economy, that may be because both of them have hit rock bottom. Substantial numbers of buildings, both homes and businesses, in the district remain abandoned, and there's a huge squatter problem as the homeless and indigent move in and take over. This makes Everett a great place to find a safehouse for a few days or even weeks at a time, and smugglers and gangs make extensive use of abandoned corporate properties, garages, and housing.
- Traveler Jones
- Everett's placement between Salish-Shidhe territory to the north and Puget Sound to the west makes it a main smuggling pipeline for the metroplex, particularly since smugglers now have so many bolt-holes in empty warehouses, loading docks, and the like. The shadow economy has quickly taken up the slack in the district, and feeds the ever-hungry vice market centered on the casino pleasure-palaces and the military and corporate facilities where off-duty personnel are looking to blow off some steam (among other things).
- Rigger X

EVERETT AT A GLANCE

Size: 207 square kilometers

Population: 229,000

Human: 72%

Elf: 14%

Dwarf: 1%

Ork: 11%

Troll: 1%

Other: 1%

Population Density: 1,106 per square kilometer

Per Capita Income: 58,500¥

Corporate-Affiliated Population: 69%

Hospitals and Clinics: 15

Voting Precincts: 5

Education:

Less Than 12 Years: 21%

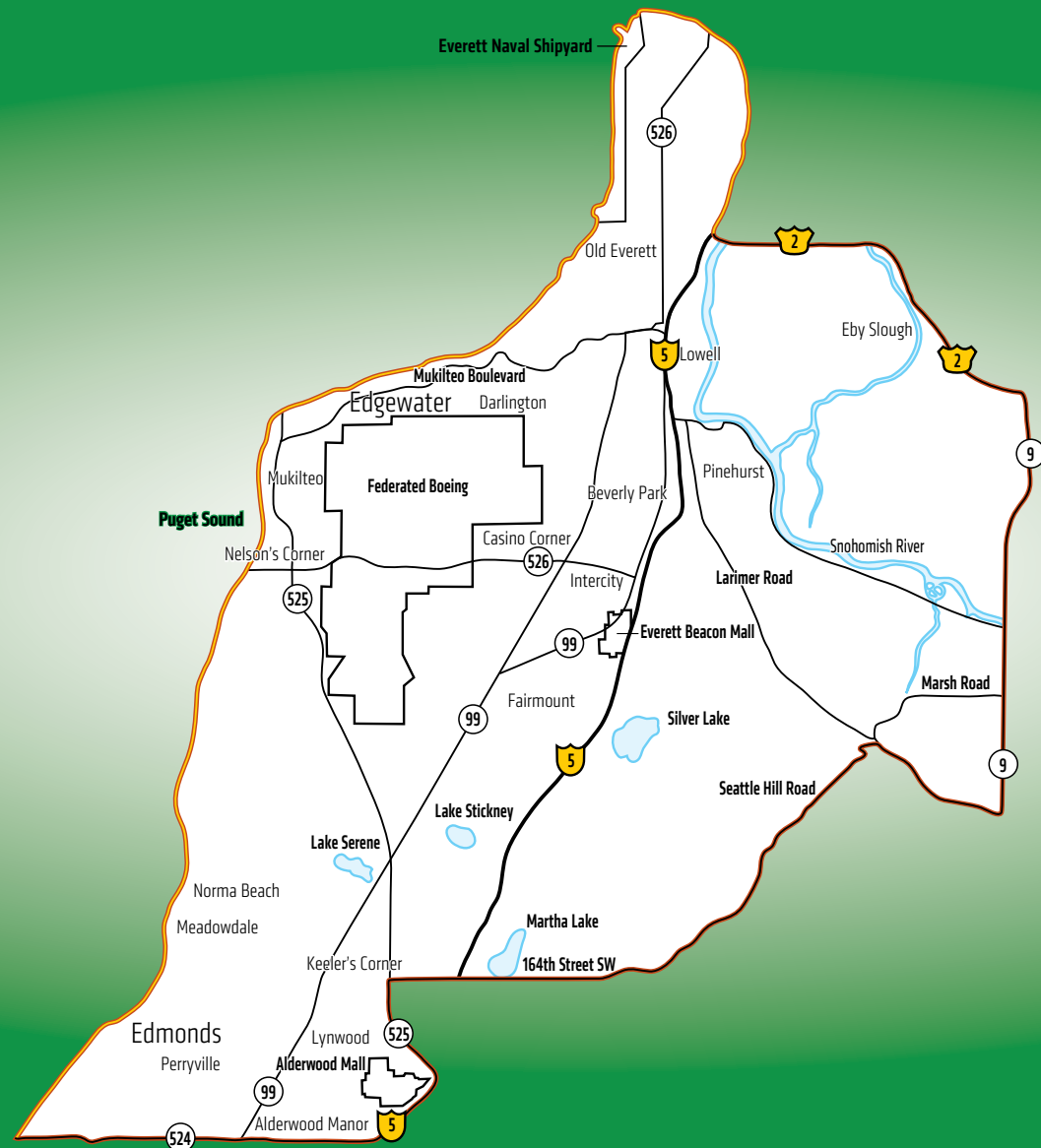
High School Equivalency: 29%

College Equivalency: 39%

Advanced Degrees and Certificates: 11%

- Major Corp Facilities: Dadson Vision Entertainments, Federated Boeing, Independent Information Network, Ingersoll and Berkley

- Major Gangs: First Nations, Kabuki Ronin, Red Rovers, Scatterbrains



LOCALE: EVERETT

Wynne thought he'd have made the perfect trid tour guide. Maybe if he hadn't been born into Ares—or if he'd been born without his sensitivity to bio-replacement. Surgery would've overcome his rapidly-growing paunch and close-set eyes. But his limitations never stopped him from practicing his craft.

"I have to say, kid, you really lucked out when you got assigned here."

The kid muttered something non-committal. He seemed more interested in struggling for a look somewhere between 'wet-behind-the-ears,' and 'straight-out-of-the-academy.' 'Wet-behind-the-ears' seemed to be winning. You never knew when a rookie'd opt for 'jack-booted-thug.' Wynne, old-school as he was, couldn't stand to partner with another one of those. He was determined to mold this one quickly.

"I tell you, Everett is the best beat in the entire Seattle metroplex." At least the kid's open-mouthed look prevented him from speaking. Wynne pressed on. "It's got everything. Take this park for example. In what other metroplex on Earth could you—a lowly beat cop—wander in wide-open spaces and breathe real fresh air?" Wynne didn't give the kid a chance to answer. "Nowhere. That's where. But there is a trick to it." He leaned in, motioning the kid over. "Remember this, kid: 'you've got to go along, to get along.'"

"I don't get it." Could the kid really be that naïve?

Wynne pointed at a nearby park bench, a stinking lump of flesh lying atop it. "See that guy? We could bust his hump even though he isn't bothering anyone. But why? I hate paperwork and love the park. Let's go along, and we can all get along."

"Now." Wynne had gone back to his narrator voice. "If you like interacting with the public, Everett's got an active nightlife, interesting people who, for the most part, aren't afraid to say hello once in a while, and most importantly, the local mega's CorpSec deal with the tough crime."

The kid was dubious. "Why would I want some CorpSec numb-nuts to deal with the tough stuff? I'm going places. When I break ..."

"When you break the big case, they'll give you a nice big promotion." Wynne finished for him. "Every cop's dream since before cops were privatized. But—and you should listen to me here—that'll never happen. Know how I know?"

The kid was upset. Wynne was stomping on his dreams. Shaking his head more than answering he mumbled, "No, how do you know?"

"Cause it's never happened to me, or any of my friends, or friends of a friend. Hell, it's never happened in the history of the metroplex. It isn't going to happen to you either."

Wynne might have confused the kid's look for pure anger if it weren't for those 'hurt-puppy-dog' eyes. Time to throw him a bone.

"It isn't all bad, kid. Like I said, this is a great beat. If you listen to me, you'll get that promotion. You work hard enough and I might even have to call you 'sir' one day. That is, if I live that long."

Something changed in the kid's eyes. Wynne was trying to break the tension but something must have pissed the kid off. Turning on his heel, the kid stormed off. Too late, Wynne realized he'd seen the 'jack-booted-thug' look. The kid approached the park bench. Taking out his nightstick, he poked the body. "Get up!"

The body grunted something, so the kid fell into cop mode. "Your PAN isn't broadcasting in open mode, that's a violation of section 342 of the ..." The air around the body was vomit-inducing but the kid persevered. The lump of mud and grime sat up and stared at him through filth-covered glasses.

Wynne stared impassively. The kid took a break to inhale and the stench overwhelmed him. Wynne interrupted. "Were you listening to me? This guy's SINless and probably crazy. Bust him if you want, but count me out! I told you, you've got to go along to get along. That means your partner too." Wynne held out a bottle. "Here, wash your mouth out."

The kid was plenty shamed, that was obvious. He took the bottle and slowly followed Wynne.

As the two cops moved off, Mika looked out from under his filth-encrusted glasses. He was right about Wynne. He knew the best spot to spy on Federated Boeing, and he made sure he had plenty of time to do it. He'd have to give Wynne a bonus. After all, getting along meant going along.



PLACES OF INTEREST

Visitors to Everett can enjoy the district's natural beauty as well as a variety of urban entertainments. In particular Everett is home to several metroplex casinos and associated resort hotels, along with a number of local nightspots and shopping areas.

ALDERWOOD MALL

36th Avenue West & 184th Street SW

Two levels of shopping including a Hardware, Etc., Body+Tech, Fashion Flash!, and other stores, as well as a food court.

► BICSON BIOMEDICALS

Beverly Park Road & 117th Street SW

Bicson started out in the 2040s as a pharmaceutical manufacturer and research lab specializing in drugs related to cyber-implant procedures and maintenance, mainly immunosuppressants and synthesized hormones like beta-endorphins. They grew during the boom in biotechnologies in the 2050s, and Cross Applied Technologies bought them in 2055, making them a subsidiary of Cross Biomedical. When Cross Corp. folded after the death of its founder and CEO, Lucien Cross, Bicson was one of various company assets bought up in the feeding frenzy that followed. It finally landed with Shiawase, which kept the company name and folded it under the administration of the corporation's Northwest division.

Bicson continues developing drugs related to cyberware and bioware technologies, notably improved neural gels, nanoviruses, and gene-therapies to handle rejection issues. The results of their research are funneled into Shiawase's facilities in the metroplex and then to the corporation's head office. The manufacturing aspects of the business have largely been shifted to other subsidiaries, although Bicson does have sufficient on-site manufacturing to produce trial series of drugs for testing.

- Nephrine
- Acquisition of Bicson has jump-started Shiawase's research into some pretty extreme forms of cyberware, essentially brain and nervous system transplants and massive organ replacements, heavy cyborg tech.
- Plan 9
- Might seem that way, but actually Bicson's latest line of research has more to do with neuro-transmitters and brain chemistry concerned with technology. They're looking for drugs that enhance and inhibit technomancer abilities (beyond just improving or messing with concentration and focus) and the actual biological basis for their powers, if one exists. At least some of their experimental data is cribbed (read: stolen) from other corporate sources.
- Netcat

BILLING'S MEDICAL SERVICES

188th Street & Pacific Highway

A private health maintenance organization offering medical services to subscribers of accepted health plans, including DocWagon™. Check your health-care provider plan for information and compatibility.

- Billing's changed hands about 10–15 years ago due to some mismanagement and a scandal over illegal organ peddling. All the word on the street suggests things haven't changed much under the new management.
- Butch

CASINO CORNER

Evergreen Way & Route 526

Fun for everyone all in one place! Casino Corner is a collection of casinos and boutique hotels in Everett near the Federated-Boeing facility. You can experience different nightspots and games of chance as well as diverse shows and entertainment at the complex. Parking is ¥5 per four hours (or eight hours after 18:00) and a "Casino Corner Golden Ticket" costs ¥20 and gets you access to the entire facility, along with valuable discounts and a complimentary beverage with your first game. There's even a "Casino Kids Corner" to entertain the little ones while their parents enjoy an evening out!

One of the premier nightspots of Casino Corner is the Garden of Eden hotel and the adjoining Shangri-La casino, both featuring classic, old-world style for an elegant night out.

- Casino Corner used to be firmly in the grip of the Ciarniello Family, which used the maze of different individual businesses under the same financial "roof" as a filter to launder credit. For the past decade or more, however, the Yakuza have been encroaching on the Mafia territory here, creeping in with the businesses the Family wouldn't touch, like a bunraku parlor and some of the harder vices. Still, the Yakuza treads carefully, and the Mafia makes them pay for every stolen nuyen with blood.
- Riser
- Garden of Eden and Shangri-La belong to "independent entrepreneur" Alex Harrison, who conveniently appeared out of nowhere after Crash 2.0 in the mid-'60s, with a prior existence that comes off as engineered and retroactive. He's known as something of a purist when it comes to the hotel and casino experience, keeping his establishment largely free of extraneous AR enhancements and other distractions. He also seems intent on staying independent, and keeping his business out of the hands of organized crime in the district. Thus far, he has enough contacts in the shadow community and a big enough bankroll to maintain it. Time will tell how long that will last.
- Khan-A-Saur

DADSON VISION ENTERTAINMENTS

7th Avenue and Everett Mall Way SE

DVE (as it appears on its logo), based in California, produces simsense and trideo programs. The Seattle studio recruits promising talent from the clubs and other venues of the metroplex to star in their productions, along with new electronic and sim-development talent in the metroplex. The company turns out both high- and low-grade programs of all kinds, including their popular CityQuest™ series of sims (featuring shamanic imagery in the urban environment as a meditation and "spiritual development aid").

- DVE in Seattle is a major moneymaker for the Yakuza. They turn out "California hots" and beetles, calling them "pirated" versions of their programs, and quietly hand them over to the Yaks, who sell them on the streets and fork a portion of the proceeds over the DVE. The cops look for a source of the chips coming from outside the 'plex, but only find enough of a tantalizing trail to keep them looking, when the source is really right here in Everett.
- Traveler Jones
- Close, but not quite. DVE does crank out brain-burners for the Yakuza, but not the *Seattle* Yakuza. The company is loyal to a *gumi* out of California that owes fealty to the oyabun back in Japan. Since Shotozumi broke from the Yakuza back home, Dadson has been peddling their wares through Everett gangs like the Kabuki Ronin, leading to local Yakuza picking them off because they are cutting



into their own beetle smuggling biz (coming out of Hong Kong and other areas of the Pacific Rim).

- Riser

▶ DANNY'S BAR AND GRILL

Beverly Lane & Barbara Lane

Danny's (Eddie's before that, and Jason's before that) is a cheap dive that's a front for a Finnegan Family cathouse and gambling den operating on the four floors above the bar. Stairs are in the back, but you had better have the day's password if you plan to get past the big guy in the suit with the obvious gun harness under his jacket. Wrong answers earn you anywhere from the bum's rush to a beating in the alley out back, depending on the bouncer's mood, but I can tell you, it's usually not good.

- Kat o' Nine Tales
- The Mafia doesn't control Danny's anymore, not ultimately. It's used as a "hunting ground" by a vampire who "works" there but has Danny (and most of the other men there) wrapped around her finger. She picks out victims from amongst the johns, ideally men who will never be missed and didn't tell anyone where they were going.
- Hannibelle

▶ DARRINGTON CORRECTIONAL FACILITIES

Cyprus Way & Russel Road

A maximum-security prison in Everett, Darrington is privately run, like most prisons in Seattle, although Lone Star does not hold the contract for security services at the facility (unlike many Seattle prisons). Darrington hires its own security personnel, typically from some of the meanest animals they can find on the streets. It's arguable who is worse: the people locked up at Darrington, or the people keeping them locked up. Stories of prisoner abuse are so common as to be stereotypical. The metroplex and district governments don't care what goes on so long as order is maintained.

- Star Loner

▶ EBEBY'S BAR IN EXILE

Beverly Park Road & Gibson Road

The original Ebey's Bar was less than a klick away on Airport Road. Run by the inestimable Jenny Ebey, it was a haven for shadow-types in Everett in the '40s and '50s. It was shut down when the corporate heat started moving in to "rehabilitate" Everett in earnest. Ebey moved to a series of floating locations that became known as "Ebey's Bar in Exile." After Crash 2.0, the establishment settled into a place on Beverly Park Road (a former corporate office park, since Ebey has a keen sense of irony). Now the place is back in full swing and you'll nightly find a selection of Seattle's finest (and worst) knocking back some of Ebey's vilest home-brews while chatting up some biz. Being able to access this file is proof enough you can drop by. How you handle yourself there is up to you.

- Pistons

EVERETT BEACON MALL

100th Street SE

Newly expanded several years ago, the Everett Beacon Mall remains the district's largest shopping center, with a wide selection of stores, and new and improved features for the safety and comfort of its customers.

- Those "new and improved features" include blanket surveillance monitored by expert systems, and regularly by online security monitors; uniformed guards armed with stun batons and rubber bullets; heavy gates able to seal off areas of the mall in an emergency. Essentially, the place is almost a fortress, just so people can feel at least somewhat safe while doing their window-shopping.
- Danger Sensei



- Window-shopping is the easiest kind to do at Everett Beacon, since they've got a lot of windows ... empty ones, that is. A number of storefronts remain vacant, despite the best efforts of the Mall Association to fill them.
- Kat o' Nine Tales

EVERETT COMMUNITY COLLEGE

2000 Tower Street

This two-year community college offers a variety of associate degree programs and preparatory programs for four-year colleges and universities. Located near the Legion Memorial Golf Course, the college has broad, green grounds, and students can often be found studying and enjoying time outside in good weather.

- ECC had some serious trouble with human supremacists back in the late 2040s. A pro-human group wanted to bar metahumans from joining the school's fraternities (or at least uphold the right of certain frats to bar metahumans from membership). When two pro-human agitators were found hung from a tree outside the student center, it led to a riot on campus and Lone Star had to break it up. Ever since, Everett Community College has been a simmering cauldron of racial tension, just waiting for some other incident to send it boiling over.
- Tarlan

▶ EVERETT DISTRICT HALL

3002 Wetmore Avenue

The block between Wall St. and Pacific Ave. along Wetmore is home to the Everett District Hall and the District Courthouse; mostly dull-looking buildings that have been maintained, but not livened-up, for at least a century. The District Hall is home to the office of the Mayor, the District Council, and related government offices. There are the standard security measures you can expect for a Seattle District Hall: crash barricades, maglocks, and metal detectors, along with some halfway decent magical wards around the building.

The thing that makes Everett District Hall of the least interest is the ongoing land and property disputes in Everett, which are handled by the District Courthouse. A lot of definitive records of ownership were lost in the mid-2060s, and there's a brisk business in either making some of the remaining ones disappear, or arranging for the missing ones to "turn up" mysteriously. That's in addition to the usual skullduggery that surrounds any courthouse in a place like Seattle.

- Mr. Bonds

EVERETT GALA INN

19th Avenue SE & 132nd Street SE

A small, clean, affordable family-style hotel, adjacent to the Rainforest Mall, a shopping center with a variety of stores for browsing and convenience shopping.

- The selection at the Rainforest has gotten thinner in recent years, with more vacant storefronts, although very few squatters have moved in, at least not for very long.
- Khan-A-Saur
- That's because the Gala Inn is a wholly owned subsidiary of the Seattle Mafia—the Ciarniello Family, to be exact. The Family owns the debt on the hotel, which means they effectively control the property to suit their needs. The management sometimes stores “valuables” in a basement vault, and some of those empty storefronts in the mall are covers for Mafia operations. Any squatters getting in the way are run out simply made to disappear, providing some raw material for Mafia-controlled chop shops in the district.
- Riser

EVERETT GENERAL (A NEONET HOSPITAL)

Thirteenth Street & Colby Avenue

Everett General is an excellent general care provider brought to you by NeoNET.

- ... an excellent supporter of this publication, as well.
- Khan-A-Saur
- Back in 2051, Everett General had some serious embezzlement trouble that essentially bankrupted the place. Fuchi became their white knight and rode in to buy up their debt, adding the corporate logo to the sign and letterhead and largely allowing the place to run as before. Although the sign has changed a few times (to Novatech and now NeoNET), Everett General maintains its standards of medical treatment, although its interest in treating the uninsured and offering free clinics has steadily declined to near non-existence.
- Butch

EVERETT MARINA

West Marine View Drive (offices)

Everett has the largest marina on the west coast of North America, with some 2,500 boat slips. The Everett Marina is home to several yacht clubs, including the Everett Yacht Club (dating back to 1895), the Mukilteo Yacht Club, the Milltown Sailing Association, and the Dagmars Yacht Club. The waterfront area around the Marina features shopping, public trails and fishing docks, and pleasant landscaped areas like Bayside View Park. You can rent a boat from one of the many companies at the Marina, take a day cruise, or spend an afternoon on the waterfront enjoying the shops, and then dining in one of the several fine restaurants in the area.

- Knight Errant and metroplex authorities keep an eye on the Everett Marina but, with thousands of boats and boat-moorings, it is nearly impossible for them to keep track of everyone's comings and goings, or to check every boat for contraband every time it comes in to tie-up. So it's fairly easy for smugglers to rendezvous out away from shore and return with small goods; crates of stuff attract too much attention. The heavier smuggling takes place along the shoreline without proper docking facilities, usually brought ashore in small launches.
- Sounder

- The Everett Yacht Club and its ilk remain largely the privilege of the idle rich, able to afford owning, maintaining, and using a boat for recreation. As it has always been, it's a place to make contacts and cut deals over drinks at the clubhouse. Sometimes more business goes on here than in the average corporate boardroom.
- Khan-A-Saur

EVERETT NAVAL HOSPITAL

916 East Pacific Avenue

Originally restricted to military personnel, a generous grant from the United Corporate Council and the permission of the UCAS government opened the doors of the Everett Naval Hospital to the public in 2021.

- The decision was largely in response to Goblinization Day, and the near-collapse of the health care system under the burden of dealing with all of the “victims” of UGE at the time. The hospital is civilian-run these days, although military personnel still work there and it still serves the needs of UCAS service members.
- Butch

▶ EVERETT TRIPLETREE INN

Beverly Boulevard & Madison Street

This ten-story luxury hotel, part of the international TripleTree chain, went up in the late 2040s along with Everett's booming economy. It catered to corporate clients, especially execs in town to close deals or attend meetings. When the corporate business dried up and blew away, so did the hotel. It limped along for a few years, then finally closed for good nearly four years ago. There has been a “FOR SALE” sign up on the place ever since.

A former luxury hotel with hundreds of guest rooms is like squatter heaven, and people have been using the place for everything from crash-space to party-central to safehouse for some time. The original owners have pretty much written it off, and the local authorities are frankly scared to raid it too often, for fear of what they'll stir up. The district government won't approve demolishing the existing structure until somebody presents a plan for developing the land, and nobody's interested, so the TripleTree just sits and rots, with maggots burrowing in and out of its carcass.

- Khan-A-Saur
- Although early on the idea was the TripleTree would be part of some anarchist collective, might makes right, and a boss named Colton quickly emerged as the *de facto* “superintendent” of the place. He's a troll who sees to it at least a few of the hotel's broken-down systems continue to run, charging reasonable fees for use of the facilities he controls (like water and power). Anyone who doesn't like it gets to discuss the matter with the business end of a very big wrench or other item from Colton's toolbox.
- Glitch

EVERGREEN ARBORETUM AND GARDENS

Alverson Boulevard & Marine View Drive

The nearly one-hundred-year-old Evergreen Arboretum and Gardens is a 2.4-acre park at the top of Legion Park. The Gardens offer a variety of sculptures and a view of Puget Sound as well as a half-dozen different themed gardens of different flowers, foliage, and trees. The Arboretum is open until 22:00 daily (20:00 during the winter months) and tours are available.

- Evergreen also has some cultivated Awakened species of plants, and has a grant to research the cultivation and growth of Awakened plant-life native to the Pacific Northwest. They have some plots closed off to the general public, along



with cultivation and hydroponics greenhouses. The Arboretum's administration has been known to sponsor expeditions into wilderness areas looking for seeds, seedlings, and cuttings of particular plants, and their botanists often need the assistance of guides and bodyguards on those trips.

- Lyrax

FEDERATED-BOEING EVERETT FACILITY

938 84th Street SW

Federated-Boeing's Everett factories design and assemble the huge aircraft and spaceplanes for which the corporation is so well known throughout the world. The facility has ten main factories (along with fabricators and mini-facs), five located under the roof of one of the largest buildings in the world, which contains the assembly line for the colossal Boeing 828 series.

Surrounding the factories and runways of Paine Field is a corporate housing community nicknamed "Boeingville." The company apartments and condos here are supplied to certain employees as part of their contract, complete with amenities like entertainment and utilities. Federated-Boeing Security provides police and emergency services for the corporate community, making Boeingville one of the cleanest and safest neighborhoods in Seattle.

- Federate-Boeing's willingness to provide corporate-run housing boils down to a need to keep their most important employees close, protecting them from extraction attempts by rivals like Ares, Mitsuhama, Sikorsky-Bell, and Saeder-Krupp, to name a few, all big names in the aerospace biz. So FB employees live in company housing, send their kids to company schools, shop at the company store, and sometimes have a night out at the company mall where they spend their corporate scrip, good nowhere else except Federated-Boeing. It's a gilded cage, although not an impossible one to crack.
- Mr. Bonds

- Speaking of which, places like Boeingville, and the whole of the FB Everett Facility, make use of RFID tags to determine if somebody's authorized to be there or not. It's basically run like a police state, where security can ask to check your ID at any time for any reason and refusing is only going to get you a boatload of hurt. The company line is that it's all necessary in the name of security and protecting its employees from dangerous outside elements but, more often than not, it is to ensure everybody stays loyal and knows that, if they even think about bolting or betraying company secrets, security *will* find out about it.
- Kat o' Nine Tales

THE GRAVITY BAR NORTH

88th Street SW

A first-class restaurant with a great view of Puget Sound and a seafood menu that's difficult to beat. The attached bar serves the restaurant's full menu along with drinks, making it ideal for an evening out, so much so that it often attracts visiting celebs looking for a quiet getaway.

- Which they can now forget about thanks to you.
- Snopes
- Those "visiting celebs" have included shadowrunners in the past, and some shadow-types still hang out at the Gravity Bar. Current owner Vic Dullex has certainly played into the name, using his own magical talents to sometimes make glasses and dishes float across the restaurant or bar to reach their tables to the polite applause of the customers. Sometimes Vic makes other things float as well, which some customers—especially the ladies—find less amusing. He has a lot of friends in the shadow biz, enough to have kept the corporate and syndicate sharks off his back for years.
- Khan-A-Saur



▶ HAJEK'S COMPUTERS

194th Street SW & 44th Avenue West

The largest independent dealer in computer hardware and software in the district. Angel Hajek knows her stuff and has been supplying to the shadow community for years. You'll pay a decent markup, but you can get what you want with the serial numbers and ID tags removed, as untraceable as it gets these days.

- Glitch

INDEPENDENT INFORMATION NETWORK BUILDING

36th Avenue West & 179th Street SW

IIN is one of the major news outlets in the Seattle Metroplex, and their offices are a hub of activity as they prepare the stories that go out over the Matrix to subscribers worldwide. Tours and an informational multimedia presentation are available to visitors. Contact *IIN Public Relations* for details.

INGERSOLL AND BERKLEY SOY PROCESSING

Foster Slough Road & G.A.R. Road

Ingersoll and Berkley is one of the largest soy processors in the metroplex and also specializes in aquaculture. Their Everett property has a large lagoon to test ongoing projects with raising freshwater crustaceans and fish for consumption. Tours of the facility are available daily from their visitor center.

▶ KOFFEE

Every Other Street Corner

Everett's Koffee chain has grown steadily since the early sixties, and you can't go far without seeing one of their familiar red logos. Don't mess around—if you visit daily, spring for the ¥150 Koffee Klub membership. Their automated system will have your order ready for you when you step in the door, as long as you ping them three minutes in advance, and refills will come right to your table as you need them. If you're not a Koffee Klub member you'll have to deal with a likely-surely barista, and they won't treat you too well if you want to just sit around and soak up the "culture." The coffee is worth it, though.

Skip any of the "food" they serve, unless the only thing you care about is filling your belly.

- Glitch
- Naturally, RFID is used a lot in any given Koffee outlet, and it's a given that they all share information with each other ... let's say that if you're extra paranoid, you may want to skip Koffee Klub, since the owners of Koffee are *unknown*.
- Kat o' Nine Tales

▶ KONDORCHID SHIPPING DEPOT

Port of Everett

KondOrchid (KO), a worldwide shipping corporation with contracts throughout the Pacific Rim, owns this warehouse and distribution facility on the Everett docks. It was also at the center of the recent distribution of tempo into the metroplex, a front for the Olaya Cartel, working with the First Nations gang in Everett. The complex of three warehouses, with associated piers and loading docks, is still operational and carrying out the company's regular business of moving shipping containers. Exactly what some of those containers hold is of interest to various parties, including the Yakuza, Knight Errant, and a few other multinationals (who shall remain nameless for the time being).

- Hard Exit
- KO recently upgraded their security at the depot, adding some aerial surveillance drones and water elementals to the existing manned patrols and



Doberman surface drones on the perimeter. They still have a 4-meter electrified fence around the property as well. A lot of the interior operations are automated to cut down on the number of on-site personnel (and witnesses, one imagines).

- Danger Sensei

LAKEVIEW INN

11850 19th Avenue, SE

A small, reasonably priced motor inn on Silver Lake, with adjacent lakefront view and access to water sports and hiking trails.

- Also the site of a string of unsolved murders dating back to the late 2030s, although the first of the bodies wasn't retrieved from the lake until the late 2050s. The Lone Star case file is still open, with no real leads on who abducted and killed some thirteen young men between the ages of 11 and 15 and sank their bodies in the lake. Needless to say, the nearby former gravesite is *not* on the brochures.
- Star Loner

▶ LYNWOOD LIBRARY

19200 Forty-fourth Avenue W

This branch of the Seattle Public Library system would hardly rate any notice if it were not for the activities of former head librarian Craig Moon and his then-assistant Cheryl Schrick, who assembled, over the course of nearly thirty-five years, one of the largest collections of occult reference materials in North America, including digital versions of many old and rare texts. The Moon Collection, as it is now known, is housed at the Lynwood Library and open to the public, although many of its print volumes are rare and not allowed to circulate. The contents of more than 1,500 books are also available for free in ebook formats, but enough users of the library are old-fashioned enough to want to peruse the actual tomes themselves.

- Lyran
- There are a few reasons for that: First, because even modern scanning and optical character recognition software isn't flawless (to say nothing of the tech Moon and Schrick were using twenty, thirty years ago). A complex magical theorem or ritual is *not* a place where you want a typo or mis-rendered character! Second, because the physical books themselves often hold magical resonance

as important as their words and images. And third, because said books are potentially quite valuable, and how else are you going to figure out which ones you plan to steal?

- Ethernaut
- “Borrow” from the Moon Collection at your own peril. As the story goes, Craig Moon’s last act was performing a rite from one of those rare volumes he found, one *not* currently in the collection. That ritual bound a powerful guardian spirit to the occult library to watch over it and ensure it was not pilfered or misused. I know of at least one greedy mage who tried to steal a copy of the *Liber Umbrus* from there who was found dead without a mark on him, the book returned to the Lynwood Library without so much as a comment about how it got back there.
- Axis Mundi
- I thought we were above repeating urban legends here. The truth is that the Moon Collection *is* watched over, but by a group of Craig Moon’s dedicated former students, including Ms. Schrick, who may be responsible for the story about a “guardian spirit” as well as any trouble plaguing would-be thieves of their beloved teacher’s life’s work.
- Snopes

MUKILTEO PARK

Front Street & Mukilteo Speedway

Close to the sea breezes and salt air of Puget Sound, this district park enjoys clearer air and provides a welcome place for residents and visitors alike to relax and enjoy a day or afternoon out.

- It has also increasingly become a haven for Everett’s homeless population, particularly at night, when the chipheads, addicts, and prostitutes congregate. The police attitude towards the problem has been one of containment rather than clearing out. So long as they know where all the criminal elements are and things stay relatively quiet, the cops focus on keeping people away from the park at night and staying out of it themselves. This makes Mukilteo a decent place to set up a meet or a drop-off, provided you keep your eyes open.
- Hard Exit
- That may change. Knight Errant is showing greater interest in clearing out the park as part of a “cleaning up the neighborhood” PR push. If that happens, Mukilteo will become useless to pretty much everyone, since they will probably just impose a blanket curfew and arrest anyone in the park after dark.
- Star Loner

NAVAL STATION EVERETT

Rucker Avenue & Pacific Avenue (main gates)

Built in the late 1980s as a home port of a carrier battlegroup and a shipyard capable of repairing and resupplying United States Naval vessels as part of the Strategic Homeport agenda, Naval Station Everett remains the sole UCAS Naval Station active on the Pacific coast of North America.

The Naval Station brought hundreds of jobs into Everett and stimulated the local economy. Naval Station Everett became a target during the Ghost Dance War, but was never captured, unlike its “sister” station across the Sound in Bremerton. The Station went into a slow decline for many years after the end of the war, as the United States (and later the UCAS) turned its attention elsewhere, and it looked like it would be shut down in the late 2030s. In 2042, however, the UCAS Congress passed the Military Improvements

Act and Naval Station Everett and the Fort Lewis army base became the focus for the refurbishment of UCAS military facilities in Seattle. The stationing of Joint Task Force Seattle in the Pacific Northwest only increased the need for the support services offered by the Naval Station.

The Naval Station is home to a UCAS nuclear carrier battle-group based around the supercarrier *USS Colin Powell*. It includes the supercarrier, two destroyers, three frigates, and one Coast Guard tender. Approximately 8,000 sailors and civilian personnel are assigned to Naval Station Everett, with some 500 working at the Station itself.

Tours of Naval Station Everett, including the *USS Koontz*, are available daily, conducted by UCAS Navy personnel.

- Occasionally, a Salish-Shidhe cutter docks at the Everett shipyards for repairs in accordance with the Treaty of Denver and standing agreements between the SSC Defense Force and the Seattle Metroplex. Even still, it creates waves of tension through the place and puts everybody on alert.
- Mika
- The UCAS Congress is considering proposals to expand Naval Station Everett via eminent domain, claiming some of the “abandoned” properties nearby in violation of claims by corporations like Wuxing, NeoNET, and others to ownership. Efforts to hammer out an agreement have stalled multiple times, so expect to see some shadow action on both sides.
- Kay St. Irregular
- The Eighty-Eights’ triad controls most of the worthwhile vice business in and around the Naval Station, getting the sailors their performance enhancers, recreational drugs, chips, prostitutes, and other contraband or off-base entertainment. The Yakuza would love to get a piece of it, but UCAS Military Police are twitchy about the Japanese, since Imperial Japan is keeping a hairy eyeball focused on the only UCAS military installation on the Pacific Rim capable of launching an attack against it. Meanwhile, the Eighty-Eights efforts to cut into the vice biz in and around Fort Lewis have been brutally repelled by the Mafia, which largely controls that territory.
- Riser

RIKKI’S RATHOLE

Mukilteo Speedway & Chennault Beach Roach

This charming locale—formerly known as “Dirty Rikki’s”—is aptly named, since it is located in the basement of a ramshackle building that sells lore books, talismans, and shamanic curios, run by a rat shaman called Elsie. Harry “Flamboyance” Brown runs the bar underneath the lore-store; he’s a former wage-mage with Fuchi (back when there was a Fuchi Corporation). His “early retirement” came about due to “differences in business practice” with his former employers. Flamboyance (who fits his nickname; you’ll definitely know him when you meet him), has been working the Rathole for years and knows everyone in the underground magical scene in Seattle. Some even like to hang out here, meaning they’ve grown used to Brown’s acerbic wit and sharp tongue.

- Khan-A-Saur

SEATTLE FERRY TERMINAL

Mukilteo Speedway & Front Street

This terminal handles arriving and departing ferries from Downtown Seattle and Tacoma, as well as to and from the islands of Outremer. Visitors are advised to arrive 20 minutes prior to scheduled departure, with vehicles arriving 30 to 45 minutes early to ensure boarding. Check schedules and departures with the *SeaSource Commuter Guide*.



SILVER CLOUD INN

718 Front Street

This 70-room luxury hotel on the waterfront offers an excellent view of Possession Sound, complimentary breakfast, and easy access to Mukilteo Park and the ferry. Part of the Silver Cloud chain found throughout the Seattle metroplex.

- Although faded from its glory days, this hotel manages to continue to do a decent business because of its location, primarily attracting tourists and travelers interested in the waterfront view at a decent price. It still gets some corporate guests, along with downtown types looking to get away from it all on a budget.
- Khan-A-Saur

THE RUBBER SUIT

Upper Ridge Road & Eighteenth Street SW

One of the largest, and most long-lived, nightclubs in Everett, the Rubber Suit owes much of its success to its unusual theme: the club is inspired by Japanese monster-movies of the 20th Century and includes a scale model of a ruined Tokyo as part of its layout. Customers can sit on reinforced buildings and stride among the broken “streets” around the main dance floor. AR enhancements provide things like sparking “power lines” and even miniature people and tanks scurrying around at your feet. You’ll feel like a giant striding across a ruined landscape! Tridscreens typically display mix-ups of old monster movie footage cut with modern music videos and a dance music soundtrack. Try the “atomic breath” cocktail or the “Appetizer from 20,000 Fathoms” (if you like exotic sushi).

- The Rubber Suit has been a hangout for the Yakuza in Everett since forever. They don’t own or control the place, interestingly enough; they just seem to like the atmosphere. Still, it has led to various occasions of violence as the Mafia or Seoulpa Rings, or even rival Yaks, hit the club-goers looking to take out some mid-level *kobun* or the like.
- Riser

- One thing that has kept the Rubber Suit around for so long is its spirit ... literally. The place has an unusual “hearth spirit” (if that’s the name for it), which reportedly manifests as a troll-sized reptilian humanoid with a deafening roar and the ability to breathe “atomic fire.” It is very protective of the establishment, and urban legend has it that anyone who messes with the Rubber Suit itself (as opposed to say mowing down somebody in the parking lot) fares badly. A few years ago some Finnegan hitters who shot up the place were found fried to a crisp in an alley nearly a kilometer away. They had to be identified with dental records.
- Ethernaut
- That implies the Rubber Suit’s hearth spirit is free to roam outside of its domain.
- Axis Mundi
- Yes, it does rather.
- Ethernaut

THOMAS LAKE MINING AND OIL

35th Avenue SE near Thomas Lake

Founded in 2044 by a cooperative of dwarf miners, this company is a Seattle success story. After the cooperative bought the property around Thomas Lake, they discovered rich deposits of metals, including silver and titanium. Ever since, the company has steadily expanded, acquiring mining rights in the Salish-Shidhe Council and parts of the former Ute territory. Thomas Lake is known for their charitable and philanthropic contributions to the cause of metahuman equality and issues of importance of dwarfs.

- The company has also fought off some attempts to buy them out by the bigger industrial megacorps like Saeder-Krupp. While I’m sure the TLMO cooperative is quite happy with their success, it does not fully explain why they have refused some very lucrative offers at what one might call above market value to acquire their business and land.
- Mr. Bonds
- To some, land and livelihood is worth more than just money.
- Lyran
- Maybe, or perhaps there’s more to what the Thomas Lake dwarfs are digging up than just metals and petrochemicals. Curious that at least one party interested in acquiring the company was Telestrian Industries, until they suddenly and inexplicably broke off negotiations a couple years ago and have not inquired since.
- Elijah

TRAVIS MEMORIAL HOSPITAL

Norma Beach Road & Fifty-second Avenue West

This Everett hospital is famous for its burn treatment center as well as its cancer treatment facility, largely due to its unique combination of excellent physicians and accredited magical healers for complete holistic treatment of a patient’s needs.

- Travis Memorial pioneered a cooperative approach between medical science and healing magic over thirty years ago. They have made considerable progress in the treatment of cellular injuries and disorders like burns and tumor-growth, which magic can often heal in a less invasive manner than surgery or even gene-therapy (although the hospital still uses both to supplement treatment). Extensive magical treatment is expensive, however, and many HMOs and insurance programs still won’t fully cover it.
- Nephrine

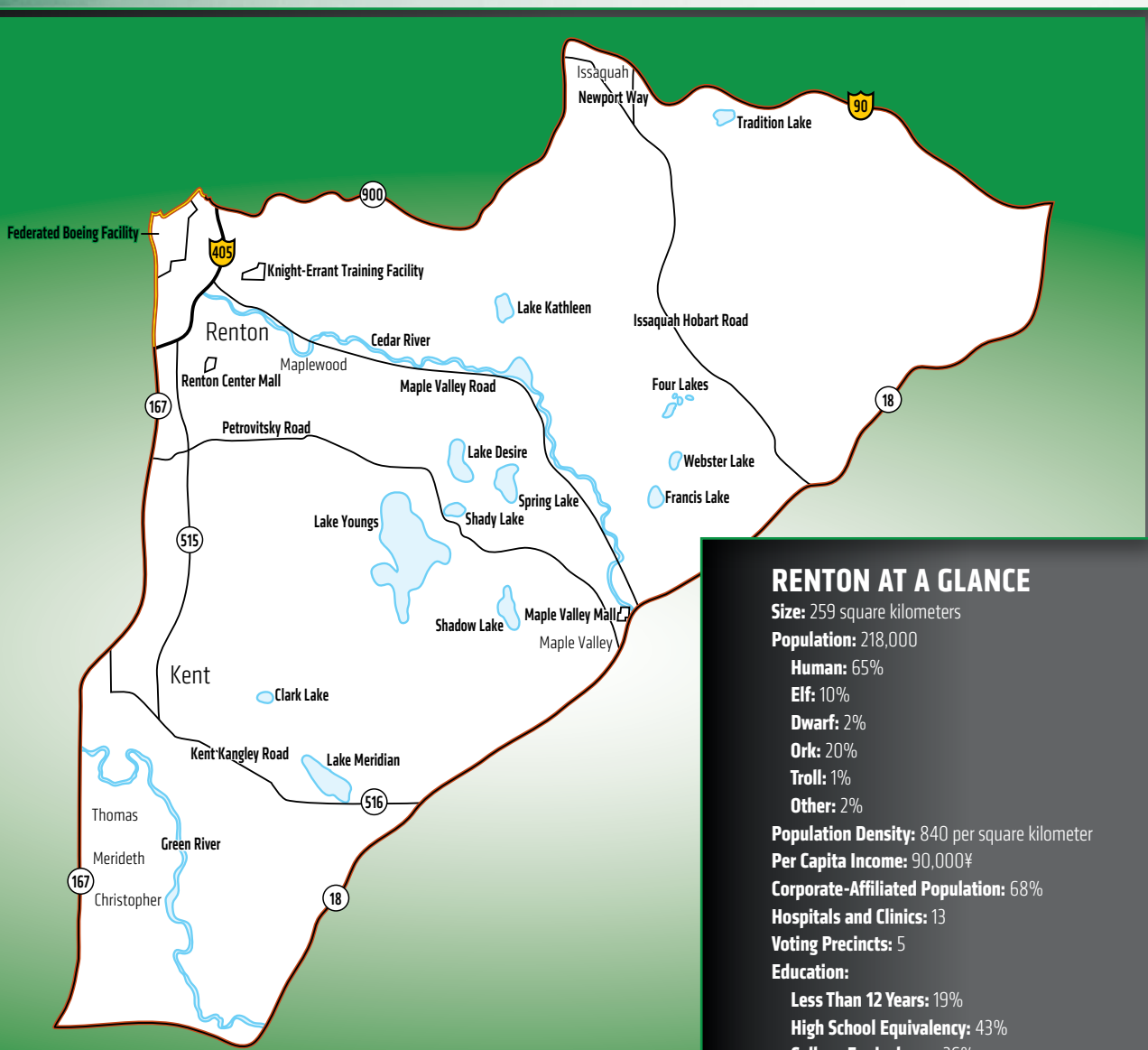
RENTON

Known as “Seattle’s apartment” to many, Renton is more than just a bedroom community of condoplexes and housing co-ops where many of the metroplex’s citizens retire at the end of the workday (whenever their workday may be). Renton is also home to hills that are the highest points in Seattle, affording hikers spectacular views on clear-weather days. Fish-stocked lakes lure sports fishermen and water enthusiasts alike. In the evening, you can stroll the streets, enjoy fine dining in many local restaurants, and finish off the night with a visit to one of the districts nightspots. Renton might be home to hundreds of thousands of Seattleites, but that doesn’t mean it has nothing to offer visitors.

The other districts of Seattle surround Renton on three sides: Bellevue and Redmond to the north, Downtown and Tacoma to the

west, Auburn to the south. To the east lies Salish-Shidhe Council territory. In spite of its surroundings and burgeoning population, Renton retains much of its natural beauty. A spur of green hills and ridges runs from southeast to northwest through the district, including Cougar Mountain and Tiger Mountain, two of the highest peaks. The area also features a number of small lakes with the largest, Lake Young, over two kilometers long.

Culturally, Renton is an eclectic mix of German, Scandinavian, and various Asian ancestries (including Chinese, Japanese, Korean, and Filipino). Metahumans make up about thirty-five percent of the population, including a sizeable ork community.



RENTON AT A GLANCE

- Size:** 259 square kilometers
- Population:** 218,000
 - Human:** 65%
 - Elf:** 10%
 - Dwarf:** 2%
 - Ork:** 20%
 - Troll:** 1%
 - Other:** 2%
- Population Density:** 840 per square kilometer
- Per Capita Income:** 90,000¥
- Corporate-Affiliated Population:** 68%
- Hospitals and Clinics:** 13
- Voting Precincts:** 5
- Education:**
 - Less Than 12 Years:** 19%
 - High School Equivalency:** 43%
 - College Equivalency:** 26%
 - Advanced Degrees and Certificates:** 12%

- Major Corp Facilities: Federated Boeing, Horizon Knight Errant
- Major Gangs: Blood Mountains Boys, the Night Hunters

LOCALE: RENTON

Humanis.

It had always been Humanis. They created a new organization, called it something pretty: "Renton's Revival". They even set up their new building a few blocks from the Humanis headquarters. Soon they started city-sanctioned "beautification" programs that were little more than excuses to harass metahuman communities. Bullshit, all of it.

Terrorism ramped up quickly; first a group of ork teens were severely beaten, then a troll woman was raped in a Nukit Burgers parking lot. And a week ago, my brother never made it home from his night job at Auburn Center. He was beaten to death in an alley on Main Street. Because he was an ork. Like me and the rest of my family.

His funeral was yesterday. A lot of people in the neighborhood came to tell us how tragic it was. My cousins came from Downtown. There were even some Renton's Revival members there, offering their faux condolences. Funny how they're all human, isn't it? They weren't the only wolves dressed as sheep.

There aren't many who know that I'm Awakened. I first manifested when I was thirteen. I'd slipped out of my house to meet a girl at a nearby park, and what happened next was embarrassing to say the least. I kept it hidden from my family and they still don't know. There's no reason to tell them; I know all too well how the Awakened are treated.

They never knew about my sojourns in the shadows as Naught to pay for books from Denton's that I hid underneath my church clothes in my foot locker. They never knew all the times I would sneak out of our family's dilapidated three-room apartment to hang out with the regulars at the Terror Pit and listen to Huggable Shirley before she died in '67. They never knew just how much time I spent in the six years since I moved out looking in on them, whether I was astral or invisible. And they never knew just how well the shadows honed my magical prowess. I'm very good at keeping people in the dark.

And it's that very skill that will allow me to exact my revenge on my brother's murderers. It's been easy enough to infiltrate their ranks, to mask my aura and appear human. I didn't have to work hard to get the braggarts to talk, and I found out the whole story soon enough. A group of three Night Hunters ambushed him after work. One of them jabbed him with a stun baton and then they all went at him with their spurs, howling like banshees all the while. He never had a chance.

Neither will they.

I've already gotten close to many of them, pretended to share their racist sentiments. Whether it's tagging vulgar slurs on the front window of the Renton Bootery for catering to orks and trolls or mugging drunk metahumans who stumble out of the Hole in the Wall, I've done what I can to fit in. Maybe this makes me as bad as they are. Maybe worse, because I participate in their loathsome activities without sharing their racism. I haven't killed anybody yet, but that doesn't make things better. I feel dirty all over and it's not the kind of grime a cold shower can remove.

I'm trusted, now. The time of reckoning is fast approaching. Renton's Revival is holding a barbeque fundraiser in front of Maple Valley General, and a bunch of the Night Hunters are going to want someone to swipe a few cases of syringes to feed their addictions. That someone's going to be me, and I've already managed to get my hands on enough cyanide to kill the entire group. The best part is they'll be injecting it into themselves. It's damn near poetic. It's too bad that they'll never know just why they had to die.

I wish my vendetta had a moral. Maybe something cliché like "you get what you give" or "what goes around comes around." But this is about revenge, not karma. You don't fuck with my family. Besides, Renton is still my home, and I won't let these extremists have their way.

My commlink's ringing. It's time for me to join the set-up crew for the barbeque. I've already got the poison ready. I should feel guilty, but I don't. Not anymore. Let God be my judge when I die. He'll just get to render His judgment unto these bastards first.



- Growing more sizeable all the time. Ork birth rates are higher than any other metatype, so the ork population in Redmond and elsewhere has continued to grow over the years, much to the concern of the locals. The specter of “the orks want your land/jobs/houses/women/etc.” has been a clarion call for Humanis types in Renton since before the Night of Rage.
- Star Loner

PLACES OF INTEREST

Renton does not always yield up its finest local attractions easily but, fortunately, we’ve done some of the work for you. Still, it is well worth spending some time getting to know the area and experiencing what Renton has to offer for yourself. In particular, take a day or even an afternoon to get outside and enjoy the natural beauty of the hills and lakes, especially in good weather.

AZTECA INTERNATIONAL SOUTH

North 28th Place & Burnett Avenue

Located right on Lake Washington, this fine restaurant specializes in Aztec-Mex cuisine and fresh seafood, with a pleasant, airy atmosphere. Patio dining with a lake view is available in good weather, and evening diners enjoy a charming view of the Lake at night.

- Azteca International was long rumored to be a front for the Aztlan government (and, therefore, Aztechnology). Nothing ever publicly surfaced to confirm this, but it appears the restaurant had several secret rooms. Recently, “renovations” took place and it expanded, opening up additional dining space that occupied where those rooms would have been. Aztlan abandoning a no-longer-useful safehouse and covering their tracks? Some think so, including me.
- Hard Exit
- Or were the Azzies just trying to make everyone *think* they had abandoned the place and closed-up shop? Maybe the renovations were more extensive than anyone knows.
- Pistons

AUBURN CENTER

Main Street West & Lund Road

With three floors of shopping, Auburn Center offers all the major stores and conveniences you would expect, priced reasonably for a family on a budget.

- All doublespeak for “aging mall for lower classes,” which is exactly what Auburn Center is. Unless you’re interested in the lives of people for whom a visit to Auburn Center is a “treat,” there’s little reason to come here, except that the Body+Tech franchise in the mall is more willing than usual to overlook some of their background checks and filing procedures for an additional fee (25–35% these days).
- Khan-A-Saur

CITY HEALTH SOUTH

2700 152nd Avenue NE

This hospital is part of the metroplex health maintenance network, equipped with a fine staff and facilities.

- A classic example of “you get what you pay for” which, in the case of City Health, is not much. The hospital has been suffering from cutbacks in its budget for years, and struggles to make do. That includes sometimes dealing with the black market for much-needed supplies.
- Butch

COUGAR MOUNTAIN RESORT

182nd Avenue SE & 102nd Street SE

This luxury resort is located near the summit of Cougar Mountain, affording guests a spectacular view along with a full range of recreation and relaxation services, including a ski slope and lodge, hiking trails, rock climbing, sauna and spa services, and more. The resort hotel features three fine restaurants to choose from, and ski and mountain bike rentals are available.

- Cougar Mountain is a popular retreat for corporate execs looking to stay in the metroplex or entertain out-of-town guests.
- Kat o’ Nine Tales

DENTON’S LORE STORE

Benson Road South & Puget Drive South

This small talisman shop focuses primarily on printed books, both rare and used volumes, and limited editions from several publishers. They also have a selection of volumes on mythology, anthropology, history, and related subjects and various magical paraphernalia.

- Ol’ Denton knows and loves books like nobody I know and still believes in the special magic of the printed page over the virtual datafile. He’s got an impressive collection, with even more rare volumes behind the counter and in the back room. Give him some time and a wish list, and he can turn up almost anything, although I can’t promise you’ll like the price.
- Ethernaut
- Never mind that fossil Denton, anybody know anything about the dark-haired kid who works at his store? What’s his deal?
- Lyran
- His name is Pavel (don’t know his surname) and he doesn’t work there as such, just hangs out in the afternoons after school before his parents come home from work. He loves books and Denton lets him hang out and read in exchange for taking some time to organize shelves and clean up. Why?
- Ethernaut
- Check out the kid’s aura some time and you tell me. I’ve never seen anything like it, and there’s no way Denton doesn’t know (unless he’s even more senile than I imagined).
- Lyran

FEDERATED-BOEING RENTON FACILITY

Logan Avenue and North 6th Street

Federated-Boeing’s facility in Renton manufactures remote piloted vehicles (RPVs), from tiny drones to remote cargo planes servicing nations all over the world. Check with the *Federated-Boeing Public Relations Department* for the availability of tours.

- The biggest aircraft FB builds here is the remote-piloted Aurochs, the latest generation of their Herd Animal cargo drones. The Aurochs is a heavy cargo plane with VSTOL capabilities, although it prefers a runway landing when possible. A single pilot linked into the Aurochs’ control system can fly an entire convoy of the drones at once over virtually any distance, although standard procedure calls for a pilot onboard at least one of the planes to maintain proximity (since weather conditions and the like can mess with satellite signals). Even without anyone onboard, the drones dog-brains are capable of takeoff and landing on their own, they just don’t deal well with unexpected conditions en route.
- Rigger X

GREASY BEN'S

Thirty-seventh Street NE & C Street NE

Lovers of down-home barbecue might enjoy the fare at this aptly named establishment, but most will find it too heavy or over-spiced, albeit cheap.

- I'd also seriously wonder what's cooking in the BBQ pit. Greasy Ben's is a cover for an illegal chop shop in the back; Ben Drathers' partner Mitch Cerlew (an expelled UW med student) originally ran the place, until one of his pissed-off "patients" did him in. The Yakuza set Drathers up with Dr. Vanessa Sanderson, formerly of Maple Valley General. Doc Sanderson has run the operation since then and actually improved its success rate, although it's still an option of last resort for most.
- Butch

HORIZON CREATIVE FOCUS RETREAT

1 Horizon Way

In the interest of never-ending corporate oneupsmanship, Horizon decided to build their new "Creative Focus Retreat" higher up on Cougar Mountain than the previous resort there or any other structure, including putting in a new road and VTOL landing pads. In essence, the place is a combination luxury resort and corporate work environment, where valued and successful employees can come and spend a "working vacation" enjoying the facilities and getting the creative juices flowing in whatever way works for them.

So you're likely to find "Horizoneers" engaged in pickup games of basketball on the quad or playing AR games as you are to see them in meetings. Hell, talking business while playing B-ball is Horizon's idea of a "business meeting." So in addition to the usual workstations, creative labs, and meeting rooms, the place has a spa, workout rooms, a pool, and its own restaurants that put the Cougar Mountain Resort to shame.

Still, don't let the open and relaxed atmosphere fool you; security at the retreat is tight. First off, access to the site is restricted, and all the approaches are monitored. There's only one access road, and otherwise you're climbing the mountain to the peak. RFID tags are required to be on site and, combined with passcodes, provide access to sensitive areas (both physically and in the Matrix).

- Kat o' Nine Tales

THE ITALIANO

108th Avenue SE & 208th Street SE

For a night out and a change of pace, visit the Italiano and enjoy some old-fashioned swing music and dancing, along with a fine selection of cocktails. Bring your dancing shoes!

- Located across the street from the Murdered Mime, and run almost openly by the Mafia, the Italiano is a popular hangout for young gunsels and would-be made-men. You can practically set your chrono by outbreaks of violence between the two sides, and talking to the wrong guy's lady in this place is an invite to a brawl (or a beatdown in the alley outside).
- Hard Exit

KNIGHT ERRANT SEATTLE TRAINING ACADEMY

715 NE Third

Knight Errant Securities trains and graduates its officers from this training academy, putting them into service in Seattle and around the world. Tours, including a visit to the virtual firing range and informational programming on the history of Knight Errant, are available from the *Knight Errant Public Relations Office*. Prospective cadets should contact the *Knight Errant Recruitment Office* to arrange an appointment.

- The public parts of the KE Academy look more like a modern university campus (and are, indeed, referred to as "the Campus" by cadets). The parts most people don't get to see are more like a military base, including obstacle courses and urban combat simulators. Knight Errant has operated their training academy in Renton for nearly thirty years, as part of the Northwest Division of Ares North America, but they expanded operations after taking over the metroplex security contract, and now the Academy focuses on providing officers to meet the demand in Seattle.
- Mr. Bonds
- Although KE rehired a lot of Lone Star personnel, they still require all officers to graduate from *their* academy, regardless of prior experience, so there are still a number of older "students" at the Training Academy who are less than happy about having to go back to school with a bunch of young punks. This has led to some disciplinary problems when fights break out between older and more traditional cadets, but the ex-Stars tend to stick it out rather than giving their



superiors the satisfaction of seeing them quit (since most of the ones inclined to do that already have).

- Star Loner

LAKE YOUNGS HILTON

192nd Street SE & 148th Avenue

This twelve-story luxury hotel is built on the shore of Lake Youngs. The small shopping area on the lowermost level actually extends out into the lake a short distance, and features glassed-in viewing areas offering guests the opportunity to “walk through” part of the lake.

MAPLE VALLEY GENERAL

220th Avenue SE & Sweeny Road SE

Maple Valley General serves the needs of the surrounding Maple Valley neighborhood, in addition to providing medical care to insured patients from associated HMOs.

- This hospital has been going downhill for years, with corruption running rampant throughout its administration. Kickbacks, bribes, overpayments, and skimming supplies are commonplace. Lone Star has busted illegal clinics and organ-legging rings associated with the hospital in the past, but without evidence of stopping them.
- Butch

MAPLE VALLEY MALL

220th Place SE & Bain Road SE

About twenty-five years ago, this mall was one of the more ambitious development projects in Renton, including its own little amusement park and a raft of tech-stores. Then the place started to have trouble, magical trouble. People began seeing things, from spectral dragons to howling ghostly Native warriors, feeling weird chills and seeing shadows with nothing to cast them. The mall association got in touch with the authorities, who eventually called in experts from the Salish-Shidhe Council. Turned out the construction of the mall disturbed an old burial ground of some sort, and the contractors decided to cover it up. The SSC got the metroplex to excavate, taking everything they dug up back to tribal lands with them.

Even though the problem was solved, the damage was done. The mall's reputation was ruined, the association sued the contractor out of existence, and people stopped coming. Shops closed and moved away, and eventually the mall folded. The “haunted mall” story has kept potentially interested parties from developing the land thus far, even though experts seem to think there's nothing to worry about.

Faced with the place turning into something like the Crime Mall down in Puyallup, the property management company and the owners took an interesting tack: they opened the mall up to host a semi-regular series of raves, parties, and neo-tribal concerts that have become collectively known as “Tribe.” Now a small community of neo-tribal ravers lives there and sets the place up every couple of months for a big blowout. It has begun to attract a lot of attention, although not everyone in the community is happy about it.

- Khan-A-Saur


MEREDITH COMFY CUBICLE

Thirty-seventh Street NW & Auburn Way N

This small, two-story converted warehouse used to be a coffin hotel; you can still see what's left of the sign outside. Unfortunately, it got hit pretty hard in a Lone Star raid a few years ago and the owner wasn't able to keep it going. It has been out of business since then, but not entirely abandoned.

LIVING PLANET
ADNET

Mon Hing



*Try our
delicious specialties*

Big Bowl Special
• Many foods together

Bean Curd Veggie
• Fragrant Spice Tofu

Happy Family
• Meats, bean curd & rice

Old God Delight
• Sacred oyster of calamari

Restaurant and Bar

Very clean, healthful, and alcohol

Squatters, street-people, and others use the Comfy Cubicle as a dry place to sleep from time to time, and some have even set up housekeeping. The locks on the old coffins are broken, and the place doesn't have power, but it's still better than nothing.

- Khan-A-Saur
- Not necessarily. Word is the Comfy Cubicle is far from safe. People go missing there and no one has squatted there for very long. Some who have left described to me a terrible sense of unease and being watched, even stalked. Could be the place is haunted, or a hunting ground for something.
- Traveler Jones

MON HING RESTAURANT AND BAR

South Central Avenue & Intercity 516

This small and dimly lit restaurant offers sub-par Chinese-American style food. The prices are cheap, but you definitely get what you pay for. The service is prompt, and there is a full bar on the premises.

- The Mon Hing is a favorite hangout of cops from the West Kent police station nearby, or used to be, until Lone Star was booted out and Knight Errant invited in. Now the place is full of disgruntled ex-Lone Star employees and the staff at West Kent know better than to come here. It's a good place to look for some down-and-out muscle with experience on the other side of the law.
- Star Loner

THE MURDERED MIME

108th Avenue SE & 204th Street SE

One of Renton's hottest nightspots, this club features up-and-coming local musical acts, an expansive dance floor, and an excellent drink menu. One of the places to see and be seen in Renton's nightlife.

- Especially if you happen to belong to the Seattle Yakuza. The Murdered Mime has changed hands a few times over the years, but one thing has remained fairly constant: the club is a training ground for would-be *kobun*, who usually have something to prove. The Yakuza runs some small-time vice operations out of the club—mainly drugs and “geisha”—to keep the newbies occupied.
- Riser

RENTON BOOTERY

North 28th Place & Burnett Avenue

For custom-made and imported shoes, boots, sandals, and moccasins, visit the Renton Bootery. This store specializes in “footwear for active people,” but can outfit you in anything from Italian leather for a dressed-up night out to sturdy hiking boots to take on the hills of Renton. Native American imports are also a popular item, and the shop offers many hard-to-find sizes.

- Read: “shoes for metahumans.” Still, if you want dress shoes to fit a Size 20 troll, there aren’t a lot of options around.
- Sounder

RENTON CENTER MALL

Puget Drive SE & Grant Avenue South

For the best shopping and the hottest brands in Renton, visit the Renton Center Mall. Although smaller than similar shopping malls, Renton Center features boutique shops with quality merchandise like Tjang’s Lore Store and a Whole New You. Children will also enjoy the mall’s small paranatural zoo.

▶ RENTON DISTRICT COURTHOUSE

640 NE Gilman Boulevard

▶ RENTON DISTRICT HALL

220 South Fourth Avenue

Apart from their locations, there’s not a lot to report about Renton’s administrative and judicial facilities. Security has been upgraded and improved a few times over the years, most recently after Knight Errant moved into the metroplex. It still doesn’t compare with most of the other districts, however.

- Fastjack

▶ RENTON HOLE IN THE WALL

Maple Valley Road & Jones Road

Gosh, hard to believe this charming spot isn’t featured in the Guide for tourists. The Hole in the Wall is aptly named, since it is a rat’s nest, filled with the down-and-out (or the never up-and-in) of Renton. In fact, I’m pretty sure Jeanie Trudel (the owner, an ork chica built like a linebacker) must truck in additional lowlifes from neighboring districts to fill it out night after night, especially considering the apparent casualty rate amongst customers. Still, lowlifes see and hear things, and they’re good at doing the jobs nobody else will touch, so you’ll sometimes find shadowrunners working the place. Otherwise, they’re here among the down-and-outs themselves.

- Kat o’ Nine Tales

RENTON INN

Sunset Boulevard & Aberdeen Avenue NE

The Renton Inn Company has some two-dozen family-style hotels located throughout the Seattle Metroplex, with another dozen in California. This location is their first and it remains the corporate headquarters and flagship of their holdings. The Renton Inns offer excellent accommodations at an affordable rate, and often work closely with local tourist companies and attractions to offer discounts to their guests. Inquire with the concierge desk about package deals.

- Some Renton Inn concierges have “branched out” from just seeing to the needs of their hotel’s guests. In fact, Marc Nyland, the chief concierge of the flagship inn, has a decent rep as a fixer, able to arrange meetings and acquire less than

legal goods. This serves him well if hotel guests are interested in less “family-style” tourism, and he picks up cred on the side allowing interested parties to meet up for discussions, in exchange for a cut of the take, of course.

- Pistons

77

77 SW Sunset Boulevard

Some places build their success on popularity while others, like the simply named 77, make their reputation on exclusivity. Although one of the newest nightspots in the metroplex, 77 has become famous (or even infamous) as an exclusive *private* club for members only. The “77” is a street address in Renton that takes you to a nondescript walk-up between a neighborhood bar and a men’s clothing store, and you can only get past the security at the door with a membership, which requires the sponsorship of an existing member.

We’d tell you more about the interior, but we haven’t been inside! According to our sources, the club is in the style of old century gentlemen’s clubs with lots of leather, brass, and polished wood (or impressive simulations of the same) and the very best in food, spirits, and nightly entertainment. If you know someone who is a member and can afford the ¥500 annual membership fee, then you have the perfect place for a private night out or to entertain and impress out-of-town friends and business associates.

- 77 takes the privacy and security of its members *very* seriously. The place is as tight as a drum on all levels: Matrix security, scramblers and shielding to block incoming and outgoing signals, and airtight magical wards. Wireless comms are not prohibited, and there’s an active network *inside* the club, but connections to the outside world are strictly hardwired and secured. It makes 77 a popular place for those with means to get together privately and to conduct business.
- Kat o’ Nine Tales

▶ SHADOW LAKE CORRECTIONAL FACILITY

232nd Street & 196th Avenue SE

Shadow Lake sees a larger proportion of “white-collar” criminals and repeat Matrix violators. They are a “medium security” facility, but that does not really capture the nature of the place. It relies on a combination of guards and drones, along with electronic countermeasures and paranormal watchdogs.

- Danger Sensei
- Shadow Lake pioneered the “hard time” sim program, a novel form of imprisonment wherein inmates could experience years of confinement in the space of only weeks of ongoing treatments and downloads. The idea was to provide suitable punishment in less time with less expenditure of resources. It was abandoned when not only was there no proof that it enhanced rehabilitation efforts, but early evidence that it caused severe disassociate disorders. However, it is a prison legend that the warden can still send problem prisoners to “slow solitary,” where a day or two can pass like decades.
- Fastjack
- Shadow Lake also wants to be at the forefront of imprisonment options for technomancers, since they are in a gray area between expert hackers and magicians, not fully handled by the countermeasures for either. I expect they’ll start with some “poison” software but also look into physical restraints and means of neutralizing a technomancer’s abilities, maybe even a use for the hard time software.
- Netcat



SHIRLEY'S GHOST

208th Street & 132nd Avenue SE

This bar and grill was called “the Terror Pit” back in the 50s and early 60s, decorated with the same faux-Halloween and neo-Goth crap as it is now, and serving the same “un-appetizers” designed for their gross-out factor: fake eyeballs, “pasta ‘n’ guts,” and stuff like that. It changed hands and names when the prior owner, Shirley McElyea, passed away in '67. Huggable Shirley (as her customers called her) was a former wagemage with MCT before she lost her right arm and leg defending some completely worthless corporate tailchaser. She set up the Terror Pit as her retirement gig, and local magicians and wannabes adopted it, delighting in scaring the newbies with freaky illusions and whatnot. Shirley died after developing complications with her by-then twenty-five-year-old implants. To honor her memory, the new owners changed the name of her establishment, and the regulars frequently make her “ghost” appear there, with the same bitter laugh they recall from years past.

- Khan-A-Saur
- Some people speculate that Shirley's ghost is not *always* an illusion, that her spirit really does haunt the place but, if so, she seems content doing what she did with the last years of her life. She always said getting screwed over and forced out by MCT turned out all right for her in the end, because it gave her a new home and family.
- Ethernaut

SILVER SCREEN DREAMS

NE 44th Street & Lake Washington Boulevard SE

Stressed and need a relaxing spa-day? Silver Screen Dreams whisks you back more than a century to the Golden Age of Hollywood and the beginning of the talking picture! In this offbeat spa, you can enjoy a rejuvenating massage, facial, or any of a variety of spa treatments in an atmosphere like a movie set from the 1930s, complete with period decorations and their extensive library of restored classic films (both trideo as well as flatscreen for purists).

- ... and if you *really* just *love* the Golden Age of Hollywood (or just *want* to love it) well, then you'll be delighted to discover that downstairs, Silver Screen Dreams is one of Seattle's most innovative bunraku parlors, with prostitutes who look and act like some of the great film and television stars of yesteryear. So if you've always wanted to bump uglies with Sophia Loren or Rock Hudson (and, yes, he can be straight for you, girls, if you prefer), now you can! Best of all, you get to choose the persona from among their various film roles or “real life” if, say, Liz Taylor from *The Last Time I Saw Paris* appeals to you more than her role in *Cleopatra*.
- Khan-A-Saur
- This place is always on the lookout for new “talent” to fill out their “starring roles.” They've got an arrangement with the Yakuza, but custom bunraku mods don't come cheap. At least some of the “workers” are (or were) aspiring actors offered parts in “cinematic recreations” complete with cosmetic work. (Why they think a studio is going to spend the cred to mod up a living actor rather than just whip up a virtual clone is beyond me, but it still lures some hopefuls in.)
- Kat o' Nine Tales

TALBOT SECURITY VEHICLES

1601 Davis Avenue South

For years, Talbot Security Vehicles has been making modifications to stock cars and trucks, making them faster, tougher, and even smarter. Randy Talbot start-



ed the place; his daughter Tracy runs it for the most part these days, although her dad still keeps a hand in the business. Tracy has motor oil in her blood, a real grease monkey, and she and her crew can work wonders with stock chassis and spare parts, to say nothing of the latest tech.

Times have been more difficult for Talbot since Knight Errant moved up in Seattle, since they used to do a fair amount of work on-contract for Lone Star. That largely dried up and KE prefers to get their security vehicles shipped in from an Ares “corporate partner.” So Tracy and her crew are willing to make some mods without filing the necessary permits or asking too many questions, if you can slip them some extra cred in the deal.

- Rigger X

WANDA'S WITCHERY

208th Street SE & 148th Avenue SE

This small, charming family restaurant offers a fine selection of American-style cuisine with generous portions, but don't go just for the food. Wanda's is a popular establishment for local artists and magicians, featuring “Open Circle Nights” on Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday, with a variety of performances ranging from music and poetry to magical illusion shows. Owner and manager Wanda Dato is a magician herself, and has been known to take center-stage from time to time to entertain her guests.

- Wanda's attracts a lot of the younger Awakened and technomancer crowd, and is actually a place where they get along well enough, by fiat of Ms. Wanda herself. The ol' witch tends to look after her regulars, particularly since some visitors see the place as a recruiting hall, something Wanda frowns upon. So be sure to take your business outside if it doesn't involve eating, drinking, or enjoying the performances.
- Ethernaut
- Wanda has strong ties with much of the Seattle witchcraft scene. Hell, she trained a lot of people in it! When there's a need, she can call upon some serious magical muscle to back her up, and the “open circle” used for performances in the restaurant can serve perfectly well as a ritual space.
- Lyran

AUBURN

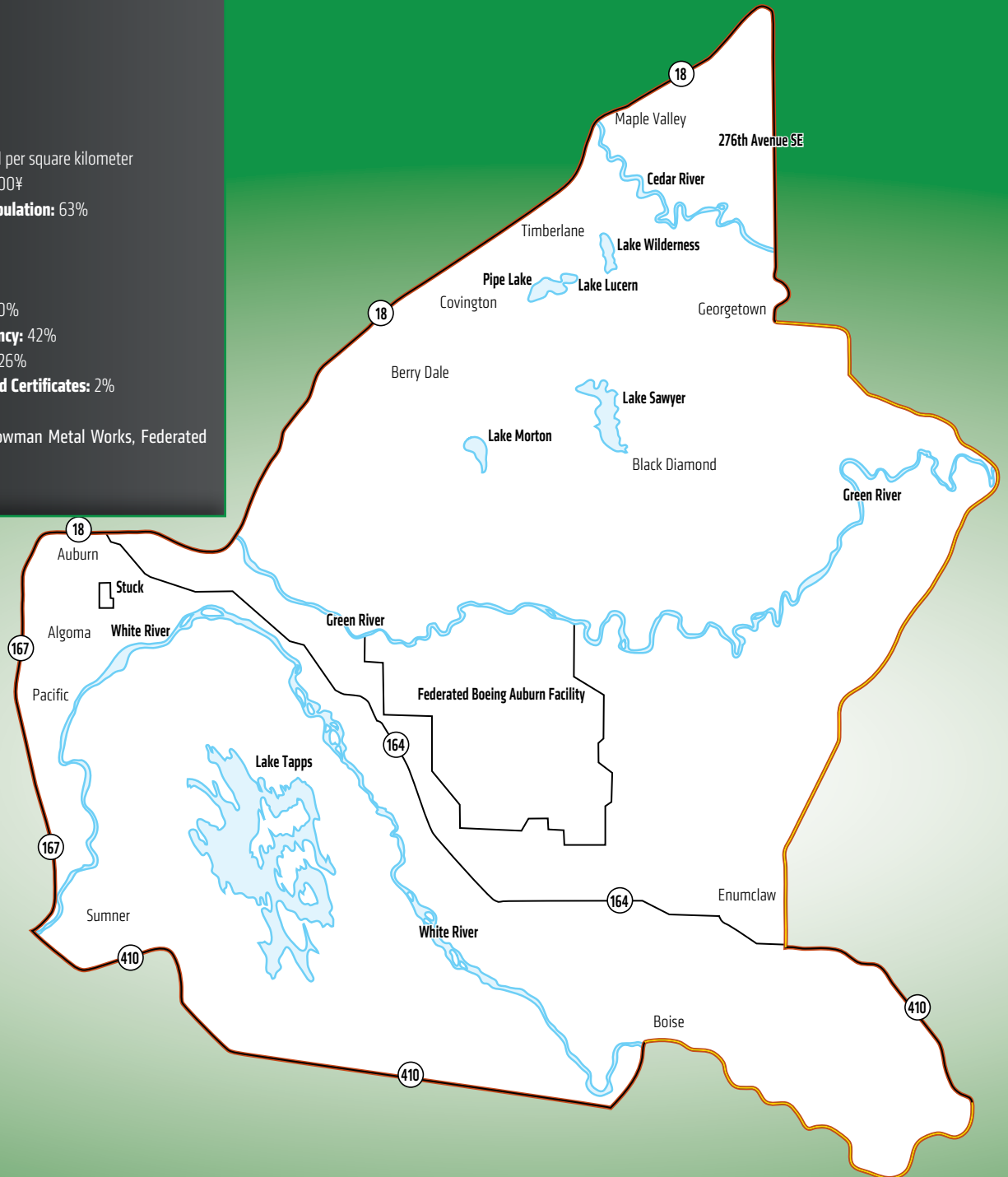
“Work hard and play hard” could be the motto of Auburn, because that’s what people in the district do. Auburn is a working-class part of Seattle, with people keeping the district’s factories humming. So much so, in fact, that people talk about the “Auburn Hum,” the constant background noise of factories and plants working twenty-four hours a day to produce goods shipped everywhere in the world.

People in Auburn like to enjoy their time off as well. Sports are popular here, including the metroplex’s best amateur baseball and urban brawl teams (the Auburn Cardinals and the Auburn Rumlbers), and there are a number of active gyms and fitness clubs throughout the area. You can enjoy a day at the races at the Seattle International Raceway and, in the evenings, the district’s many bars and nightclubs offer a wide range of entertainment.

AUBURN AT A GLANCE

- Size:** 363 square kilometers
- Population:** 218,000
- Human:** 65%
- Elf:** 11%
- Dwarf:** 2%
- Ork:** 19%
- Troll:** 2%
- Other:** 1%
- Population Density:** 601 per square kilometer
- Per Capita Income:** 32,000¥
- Corporate-Affiliated Population:** 63%
- Hospitals and Clinics:** 7
- Voting Precincts:** 5
- Education:**
 - Less Than 12 Years:** 30%
 - High School Equivalency:** 42%
 - College Equivalency:** 26%
 - Advanced Degrees and Certificates:** 2%

- ◊ Major Corp Facilities: Bowman Metal Works, Federated Boeing, United Oil
- ◊ Major Gangs: None





BY BILL AGUIAR

LOCALE: AUBURN

“Whatta you want to wet your whistles with?”

“Betts!” The six men crowded around the table roared, loud even for Stuck’s Carnival. At her disapproving “tsk” half took out their earplugs sheepishly. Karl, their foreman, shrugged.

“Sorry, Betsy. Another long set of shifts at the Works. The Hum’s been roaring lately.”

“Well, if you all want some skirt action when I get back with your beers, try to keep it down.” She raised her pad and pen for her AR specs to follow. They ordered the local brew—they always did—and Karl paid for the first round. He keyed the commands and pulled out the commlink’s datacord.

“Sometimes I think you don’t fix your commlink so you can keep plugging into my port.”

“Ah, come on Betts. I’ve just gotta make this one last another two weeks, otherwise Bowman will dock my pay.”

“Yeah, tell me another.”

“Here, I will be a perfect gentlemen.” She hitched up her skirt, to where she had her ‘link strapped to her upper thigh. The men hooted in appreciation. Karl connected the line directly to her link keeping his hands mostly to himself.

“Not bad,” Betsy said. “You actually remembered my tip this time.” With that bit of sass she strutted away, ordering the memory plastics of her can-can skirt to ruffle up and show off her fishnet-clad legs. Karl and Nick—the lone ork on the crew—whistled but the rest were already mocking the cabaret’s fire handlers’ opening act as wussy.

Betsy weaved through her tables, picking up empties as her commlink acknowledged her orders had been received at the bar. Right after she tossed the empties into the recycle bucket a notice popped up. A spam email offered A Whole New You!™ for just 89 easy payments.

Without even realizing why, she started a countdown timer at 89 seconds.

“Hey Nina,” she commed to one of the other waitresses, “can you do me a favor and take my tables for a couple of minutes?”

72 seconds

Betsy was already through the kitchen when Nina responded. “Sure, but I’m on the other end of the floor ...”

55 seconds

“Great, thanks! I’m shooting over the status on my tables.” She flicked over the info—and a payment—with a shake of her stylus as her other hand grabbed her purse out of her locker.

37 seconds

“Betsy! You sent me like a week’s worth of tips!”

25 seconds

As she hit the exit she loosed an agent. “Shoot, give me a second. It’ll deposit back into the right account in a minute.”

12 seconds

As she walked down the alley she pulled her Meta Link off her thigh, keyed it to clone itself to the Novatech Airware in her purse, then ordered the Meta to do a hard reboot back to factory settings. She tossed it into a bin at the end of the alley.

5 seconds

A panel van slowed to a near-stop at the end of the alley and she smoothly entered it. At the same time she heard a city bus stop at the other end of the alley.

Her timer blinked twice as it hit zero.

“Wha? Why did I get in ...?” As the van pulled away from the alley she saw herself at the other end of the alley running toward the employee entrance. Her jaw dropped in surprise. She heard the elf driver’s words.

“Mary, Mary, quite contrary.”

Her neural shunt and Betsy persona switched off. Betsy went away and Contrary Mary, former bunraku and now shadowrunner, came back to herself.

“Damn, we cut that close. Did I get what we need?”

The other passenger in the van was heavily manipulating invisible AR windows, undoubtedly filled with the data she had just lifted.

“The broken commlink made this harder, but we now have an inventory of the overflow work being done for the Federated-Boeing Auburn plant. We have a firm count of how much military hardware they’re cranking out.”

As Contrary Mary wiped the nanopaste disguise off she hoped the money would be enough to rediscover her forgotten original face.

PLACES OF INTEREST

Auburn offers visitors bargains at its malls and shopping centers, a chance to enjoy nature in the hills and forested areas, and plenty of local color in small, independent shops, restaurants, and neighborhood bars.

ALGONA HOSPITAL

First Avenue & Algona Boulevard North

This hospital complex is owned by Renraku North America, which also owns the neighboring Renraku Biocomp facility. Algona specializes in artificial organs and limb replacements.

- Renraku Biocomp is actually one of the few divisions that indirectly benefited from the dust-up at the Renraku Arcology, which nearly destroyed the corp's reputation and influence in Seattle. A lot of the people pulled out of the arcology, subjected to the rogue AI's attempts to modify and "improve" metahumanity, provided megapulses of research data for the company's biomedical division. It allowed Renraku Biocomp to develop new interface protocols, nerve analog products, and rejection management treatments. They bought Algona Community Hospital in 2064 and incorporated it into the bio-medical research company, although it still functions as a treatment center for those with the right HMO coverage.
- Nephrine

▶ AUBURN DISTRICT COURTHOUSE

M Street SE & Twenty-ninth Street SE

▶ AUBURN DISTRICT HALL

R Street & Twenty-ninth Street SE

Auburn's municipal buildings are only noteworthy for their proximity to Auburn Junction and their award-winning redesign during the reconstruction of the central area of the district decades ago. They now look rather run-down and dated by modern standards. The same can be said for much of their security, which is easily running a generation or two behind the state of the art.

- Danger Sensei

AUBURN JUNCTION

Downtown Auburn

Auburn Junction, a multi-level area of shopping and public spaces at the street level, encompasses the heart of downtown Auburn, north of the District Hall, with apartments and condoplexes at the higher levels. You can walk the pedestrian paths here and enjoy an afternoon shopping, dining, or just relaxing in one of the many small parks or community spaces.

- Provided you don't get mugged or raped in one of those little parks, or just accosted and offered an opportunity to buy drugs, chips, or sex (and then assaulted when you refuse). Auburn Junction started out as an ambitious urban renewal project to create a "shared public space" in the area, to renovate, add greener buildings, etc. All very well-meaning. What the developers and the city didn't count on were things like the Awakening and the Ghost Dance War. Oops. So the construction of Auburn Junction ended up taking about three times longer, costing ten times as much, and delivering on barely any of its intended functions. Its unified design has become piecemeal, as some parts of it are a decade older than others, and those little parks and "public spaces" have been adopted by squatters, addicts, and other street people. The apartments are still inhabited, although some of them have become low-income housing.
- Khan-A-Saur

AUBURN MALL

Eighth Street East & East Valley Highway

The Auburn Mall has two floors and a full selection of shops, including Body+Tech, WeaponsWorld, and Microdeck.

- The mall also has a local place called Auburn Enhancements and both it and the Body+Tech are willing to look the other way if you slip them a little something extra.
- Butch

▶ THE AURORA

304th Street E & 132nd Avenue E

The Aurora is just a collection of sad stories. The original owner, an ork named Gar Skaar, thought the place was haunted based on strange lights seen in the back alley. Turns out the lights were just luminous phosphorescence from a combination of decaying garbage and trace chemicals in the air on bad smog nights. Gar's oldest kid, Hun Skaar, runs the place these days, but it's still like a rest home for down-and-out squatters and street-types looking to drink and forget. That includes a few former shadowrunners, in fact, so some Johnsons see the Aurora as a recruiting hall for suicide missions. Some of the patrons are willing to take them, hoping to score big or go out in a blaze of glory.

- Traveler Jones

THE BARN BURNER

Griffin Avenue & Porter Street

Here you'll find some of the best southwestern food outside of the Sioux Nation. The Barn Burner specializes in steaks and chops, potatoes with all the fixins, corn on the cob, and more. The prices can be a bit steep, especially depending on the market value of beef and buffalo, but well worth it. They also host country line dancing on Thursday nights with a live band.

▶ BOWMAN METAL WORKS

Ofarrel Cutoff Road & Twelfth Street East

This local smelting plant has been operating in (and polluting) Auburn for decades now (in fact, that should be their new company motto). They do a lot of business with Federated-Boeing, handling some of their overflow work, and with other local heavy industry and construction corps. Bowman has been targeted by eco-terrorists and activists countless times, but nobody has managed to shut them down for very long. They even buried evidence they were increasing cancer rates in the local area, along with the journalist and company snitch who dug up the info.

- Tarlan

CASEY'S

162nd Avenue SE & Lake Moneysmith Road

This neighborhood bar is located around the corner from the Clone Zone Mall.

- This makes it a popular hangout for mall employees and hangers-on after hours, which means you can often find some talented hackers talking shop and willing to make deals for hardware or coding work.
- Glitch

CLONE ZONE MALL

64th Street East & 160th Avenue East

Auburn's home for budget-priced electronics, many as good as brand names, but keep in mind that the mall does not maintain its own security service, nor are the service or warranties on many of the products here the same as you'll get with high-ticket brand-name items.



- A lot of the places at Clone Zone are essentially electronics shops where hackers whip up knockoffs of commlinks, decks, trideoes, and other hardware, some of them built out of salvaged or repurposed parts, and package and sell them at cut-rate prices for the locals and tourists who feel it is their gods-given right to own a commlink, trideo, multi-media console *and* all the memory they need for every trid, song, and sim ever produced, no matter how much they are paid. Naturally, some of the warez-sellers are willing to make “custom modifications” with no questions asked for an additional fee.
- Glitch

COMMUNITY GENERAL

2125 C Street

This charity hospital is run by the generous support of the Catholic Church and an alliance of local and national charities. It serves the poor and disadvantaged of the district and the surrounding area.

- Community General has actually been fighting the good fight for longer than I've been around. They take in charity cases not just from Auburn but also from the neighboring Barrens. The ER is always busy; some nights it's like a war zone. People on staff learn more about emergency medicine in a week than most do in their entire careers. Unfortunately, the burnout rate is tremendous, and so are incidences of staff drug-use and the occasional black-market deal. After all, when the place takes in so many SINless, who's going to notice when a few bodies turn up missing?
- Butch

COVINGTON RENT AND REST HOTEL

272nd Street SE & Wax Road SE

If you are in need of economical lodgings, the Covington chain is an excellent example of a well-run cubicle hotel. The equipment is state-of-the-art, the sleeping areas are secure, well lit, and clean, and there's even a small restaurant on the premises. An excellent value for customers watching their budget.

- Of course, one of the reasons why the Covington cubes are so well looked after and squatter-free is because they're owned by a front company of the Shigeda-gumi Yakuza—who also own the rest of the buildings next door, including Mako Tattoos and the Filthy Dragon Bar. Anyone causing trouble around the place has to answer to the Yak leg-breakers before the cops even get to them.
- Riser

DIERINGER SLEEP COMPANY

East Valley Highway East & Forest Canyon Road

A fairly average cubicle hotel, offering no amenities, and a location primarily of interest to late-night highway drivers.

- This is a pretty trashy squat, but there are a couple things of note. First, it picks up some smuggling business along the highway, at least in that some smugglers and other road-warriors crash here. Second, the former owner, Barney Moulton, was a VP with Mitsuhamma before he got tossed out in some company purge. He always claimed to have something squirreled away for when he needed it, but he got gacked years ago and nobody ever found whatever it was, at least, so far as I know.
- Rigger X

ENUMCLAW MONEYMAKER HOTEL

Mud Mountain Road & 252n Avenue SE

Belonging to the local Aston Moneymaker's chain, this cubicle hotel offers no frills, but a low price and the essentials for a weary traveler. Not suited for family stays.

- By which the Guide means the Moneymakers earns its name as a by-the-hour whorehouse where local prostitutes bring their johns. Of course, if you're looking for that sort of thing, then this is the place to come (so to speak).
- Kat o' Nine Tales
- Ouch. Kat, honey, that was bad even for you.
- Fastjack

ERIC'S ITALIAN RESTAURANT

Roosevelt Avenue

In the summer of '49, this place was the site of “Eric's Ten-Minute War,” a somewhat botched hit attempt by the Yakuza against several Mafia lieutenants in the district. When the smoke finally cleared, nearly two-dozen people were dead, only a handful of them actually members of either syndicate, most innocent diners and bystanders caught in the crossfire. Since then, the two restaurants established on-site have both gone out of business due to odd incidents. The last one had a major kitchen fire that closed the place for good back in 2060. The building has been vacant since then, the developers unable to lease or unload it. Rumor has it the experts they brought in told them the place is haunted, but the price of clearing the ghost (or ghosts, the stories conflict) is too high, so no one has bothered.

- Fastjack
- I can tell you this: the word amongst the Auburn Yaks and Mafia is to stay away from Eric's. Apparently, some of their people have gone missing in the area. Naturally, both sides tend to blame the other, but I think whatever is haunting the place is restless and vengeful.
- Star Loner

FEDERATED-BOEING AUBURN FACILITY

Enumclaw Road & SE 408th Street

This facility features a small museum of air history, open during daytime business hours, but is otherwise off-limits to the public.

- That's because this complex is where a lot of Federated-Boeing's military contracts get built and where they do some experimental research. Naturally, this means security is tight, because this is where a lot of the goodies are kept. The whole place is under heavy surveillance, and FB makes use of automated guard drones to patrol after work hours. During work-shifts company guards are on-duty in all sensitive areas and patrol the perimeter, although they still leave a good amount of that to the monitor systems and drones.
- Danger Sensei

THE FILTHY DRAGON

272nd Street SE & Wax Road SE

A seedy bar controlled by the Shigeda-gumi Yakuza, primarily of interest because it serves as a front for a body shop in the back. The Shigeda have recently stepped up business at the body shop by using it as a chop shop for packing and selling illegal organs on the black market, to compete with the Tamanous. Let's just say you do *not* want to get drunk enough to pass out at the Filthy Dragon, especially if you're a stranger in the area.

- Riser

**GREEN RIVER INN***SE Green Valley Road & 218th Avenue SE*

This family-style economy hotel offers two floors of sleeping cubicles as well as its eight floors of regular rooms for its guests.

- The Inn pays protection money to the Choson Ring, although rumor has it that owner Jeong Moon Lee has grown tired of the arrangement and thinks he can get out from under the Seoulpa Ring's thumb, perhaps with a bit of persuasive assistance or bodyguarding.
- Riser
- You're not going to find it in the tour guides, but this area was once the hunting grounds for the infamous *Green River Killer*. Almost a century later, Green River still has an air of suffering lingering in the astral like a bad smell. According to local legend, some of the ghosts of the Killer's victims might still be around, too.
- Axis Mundi

LAKE WILDERNESS HOSPITAL*248th Street SE & Coffney Road*

Located right near the lake, you could mistake this hospital for a private resort hotel rather than a health care provider. Lake Wilderness specializes in treating patients holistically in a soothing, natural environment.

- Openness to holistic and alternative treatment and maintaining its peaceful surroundings have benefited Lake Wilderness Hospital. They have attracted both more Awakened patients and healers, enlarging their staff and their treatment options. This, in turn, has brought in people looking for "natural" healing and willing to pay accordingly. In some ways, the place *is* more of a resort spa than hospital, in that you practically need a reservation to check-in, and you can expect to pay four-star rates. Still, the care is top-notch, and does cater to the specialized needs of the Awakened.
- Lyran

MAGICIAN'S FEAST*Enchanted Parkway South & Twenty-eighth Avenue South*

A fine family restaurant serving Salish and American cuisine, the Magician's Feast is best known for its regular magical illusion shows put on by trained magicians.

- Mark Hiems, the owner, used to be a hotshot panzerjock for Aztechnology, but he called it quits and walked away after one too many Central American bush wars about twenty-five years ago. He hasn't looked back, although he still knows some people down south of the border. Hiems isn't a magician himself; his old partner Wes Nickerson was until he retired a few years ago. Nowadays, most of the place's magical talent is made up of students from UW and other colleges.
- Hard Exit

MAMA PANI'S TALISMAN SHOPPE*1st Street NE & L Street NE*

If you're shopping for magical goods, then chances are you are used to heading off the beaten path to find what you want. Mama Pani's packs a surprising amount of value into a small storefront; walk through the beaded curtain over the entrance and into a space of tightly packed shelves and tables full of a range of magical goods from dried herbs, roots, feathers, and bones to ritual paints, chalk, and candles, heavy with the spicy scent of incense (Mama Pani's own special blend).

- Chandra Pani is an East Indian ork and a gifted talismonger. Don't mistake her for a dotty old woman, though, she's as sharp as they come and drives an

Gary Leon Ridgeway, known as the "Green River Killer," was one of the most prolific serial killers in Seattle history. In 2003, he pleaded guilty to the murders of 48 women, although he claimed to have killed over 90, most of them prostitutes, during a two-and-a-half year period in the 1980s. Most of his victims were strangled, their bodies dumped into the Green River in Washington. Ridgeway was sentenced to life in prison without parole, and died there in 2025 at the age of 76.

honest bargain for her goods. The customers she likes get invited to sit and have tea while Mama and her assistant, a dwarf named Raj, prepare and wrap their purchases.

- Ethernaut
- Mama is always in need of ingredients for her finished goods, and pays a decent price for raw telesma.
- Lyran
- Those numerous statues of Hindu deities scattered around the shop? If you get the feeling they're watching you, well, let's just say it's not entirely inaccurate.
- Axis Mundi

MAX'S IRONWORKS*S 324th Street & Pacific Highway South*

Step into this Auburn gym and you might think you've been transported to the set of a sim about the boxing gyms of decades gone by. The warehouse-like interior is dominated by the squared-circle of the boxing ring, but is also filled with free-weights, mats, heavy bags, and other training equipment. No computerized machines or cardio equipment here (if you want to get your heart rate up there's a circular track and some jump ropes, go to it). The gym has ¥10 day-passes and offers sparring lessons on a pay-as-you-go basis. You can learn about the "sweet science" of boxing or simply come and get in a workout for less than you would pay at more fancy and expensive gyms.

- Max Czernak, the owner and manager, is an older ork and a veteran of underground and unofficial boxing and urban fight leagues, and has the scars to show it. Although he's getting on, Max is only in his late 30s, and already a proud grandfather. He's still more than fit enough to handle himself and give out a beatdown in the ring to anyone who thinks they can take him. The Ironworks are a decent place to recruit some muscle, so long as you're discreet. You can also score some muscle enhancers and find out the best places for muscle-mods and whatnot if the regulars get to trust you and you ask around.
- Riser

STUCK'S CARNIVAL*85th Avenue SE & SE 358th Street*

For a night out in Auburn, visit Stuck's Carnival, the district's oldest casino and cabaret nightclub. You can play at the various gaming tables, enjoy drinks at the bar, or take in one of the various cabaret acts performing here.

The Carnival is located on the outskirts of Stuck, a tiny "city" of six square blocks, created through a legal loophole in the incorporation of Auburn into the Metroplex of Seattle by businessman and entrepreneur Mitchell Stuck almost forty years ago. Mr. Stuck is also the mayor of the tiny municipality, and owner of all of its real estate. The seventy-eight year old Stuck has been known to act as master of ceremonies at the Carnival from time to time.



- Stuck's is like an over-the-top vision of what a cabaret is supposed to be: all red velvet and gold braid, ladies in can-can skirts and fishnets (a few boys, too, for that matter), crazy stage acts from singers to acrobats and flame-jugglers. The whole thing is raunchy, cheap, glitzy, and totally appealing to the lower-class locals and visitors alike.
- Khan-A-Saur
- Mitch Stuck has run his little empire in Auburn for years. The metroplex and district governments continue to let him because it would be too expensive and bothersome to try the case in the courts (plus there's a fair chance Stuck would win.) They have already closed the loophole that allowed Stuck to declare "independence" for his little city, and it reverts back to the district of Auburn upon Stuck's death (although ownership remains with his legal heirs). So Stuck gets to have his fun and he seems intent on living as long as possible.
- FastJack
- This makes Stuck the center of the black market in Auburn, of course, since neither the metroplex nor Knight Errant has any jurisdiction here. You can find illegal body-mods at Stuck's Bag-Your-Body on 87th, a safe bolthole at Stuck's Sleephouse on 88th, and illegal chips and sims at Stuck's Zeotrope on 358th Street. "Mayor" Stuck is in good with the Mafia, which provides him with whatever he needs in exchange for "free passage" through his little kingdom and use of the facilities.
- Star Loner

THE SUPERMALL

1101 Supermall Way

The district's largest mall, and one of the largest in the metroplex, the Supermall has well over a hundred shops, including seven anchor stores: a Wordsworth, Meyer's Superstore, Fallon and Nelson, WeaponsWorld, Kong-Wal Mart, Homes 'R' Us, and Red Star.

- Built back around the turn of the century, the so-called "Supermall" has been in decline pretty much from the day it opened. It has long since been outpaced by other shopping centers in Seattle, even others in Auburn. More and more, the shops are shifting to the lower end of the economic spectrum to cater to the local customers while trying to bring in the big money.
- Khan-A-Saur

THE ULTRA RESORT

North Island Drive & North Vista Drive, Tapps Island

The mysterious Ultra Resort on Tapps Island in Auburn has been a source of controversy in the district since it first opened in 2049. Not long thereafter, the resort closed off the entire island to visitors, allowing only members of the elite Ultra Club to visit. In spite of various protests, the privacy of the Ultra Club and its members has been upheld and the resort uses all modern means to maintain it.

- Rumors over the years have claimed the Ultra Resort was everything from a black clinic to a world-class brothel or the star chamber from which the corporate elite truly rule Seattle. In truth, the place is what the name claims: a resort for the *truly* elite who can afford to belong to the Ultra Club and rate an invitation to join. Of course, the staff of the Ultra Resort is capable of providing nearly anything their guests' jaded hearts may desire, meaning they have both deep connections and deep pockets. That often translates into big business for their various sub-contractors when it comes to finding just the right vice, or disposing of the evidence of a particularly successful "vacation" at the place.
- Kat o' Nine Tales

- Ah, yes, *the* "Truth" about the Ultra Resort, brought out into the shadows here for the real insiders to know. After all, it's not as if one truth has ever been used to cover another, or an elite club or society has ever had secrets beyond just what goes on behind closed doors. No, be content that you know *all* about the Ultra Club and what goes on at their private island now, and don't dig any further. It's probably the best for all concerned.
- Elijah
- One known fact about the Ultra Resort: back in 2063, a daring group of thieves managed to rob the place, cleaning out its vaults and escaping the island. Lone Star investigators found several suspects, all of them strangled to death with lengths of optical cable. Everything they owned that wasn't nailed down was taken, presumably by the killers, who were themselves never found. Chances are whoever pulled off the robbery didn't get a chance to enjoy their success.
- Snopes

UNITED OIL RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT LABORATORY

900 Forest Ridge Drive

A fenced-in, secure compound just within sight of the White River, where UniOil houses some of their cutting-edge researchers and their work. The place is very nearly a zero-zone: over a hundred armed security personnel, drones, patrol vehicles, and the perimeter fence wired with motion sensors and scanners. Security actually used to be tougher, but UniOil suffered some setbacks in Crash 2.0 they still haven't fully bounced back from, so budget cuts have forced a reduction in some of the more sophisticated security.

- Danger Sensei
- In particular, the compound's magical security has suffered. Key areas of the complex are warded or covered with awakened ivy or the like, but guardian spirits are relatively few and far between, and it is possible to astrally project into many areas of the grounds without detection, if one is cautious. I've also heard UniOil cut corners on upgrades to their computer systems, which might leave some back doors or security holes.
- Ethernaut

WYNACO CORRECTIONAL FACILITY

Auburn Black Diamond Road & 148th Way SE

Wynaco is a maximum-security UCAS federal prison, although there have been times when the "maximum-security" label was a bit of a misnomer. Efforts to apply cutting-edge technology to prisoner containment have sometimes backfired. The second Crash, for example, was a disaster for Wynaco when they lost the main online control systems. Prisoners rioted and some escaped, with over a dozen guards and staff dead before it was all over. The UCAS upgraded the place and included several redundancies, along with more reliance on good old-fashioned lock-and-key systems. A lot of the new attitude behind Wynaco is "prisoner safety be damned" if it makes the people outside the cells safer.

- Star Loner
- Wynaco is a hellhole, where doing hard time means joining a prison gang or being so tough you can fend off multiple attempts to kill you every week (if not every day). As Warden Galen Nicodemus famously tells new prisoners, "Your rights ended when you chose to stop respecting the rights of others. Your life belongs to me now." Guards can and do beat the shit out of prisoners who get out of line, and the Warden's accountability to the UCAS Feds is minimal, primarily maintaining a population head-count. Even then "accidents happen" and prisoners are often reported killed in brawls or "work-related incidents"—just not so many that the federal higher-ups decide to send around inspectors.
- Hard Exit

SNOHOMISH

Seattle isn't all urban sprawl, as some parts might lead you to believe, not while it still has the fertile farmlands and riverbanks of Snohomish. With its flat, rolling fields divided by the Snohomish River and its tributaries, the district is one of the most sparsely populated in the metroplex, and the government has been devoted to keeping it that way for decades. Snohomish is Seattle's garden and breadbasket, where a good deal of the food is grown and raised for an urban area of millions.

SNOHOMISH AT A GLANCE

- Size:** 217 square kilometers
- Population:** 115,000
- Human:** 86%
- Elf:** 6%
- Dwarf:** 1%
- Ork:** 5%
- Troll:** 1%
- Other:** 1%
- Population Density:** 530 per square kilometer
- Per Capita Income:** 34,000¥
- Corporate-Affiliated Population:** 71%
- Hospitals and Clinics:** 8
- Voting Precincts:** 2
- Education:**
- Less Than 12 Years:** 23%
- High School Equivalency:** 52%
- College Equivalency:** 20%
- Advanced Degrees and Certificates:** 5%

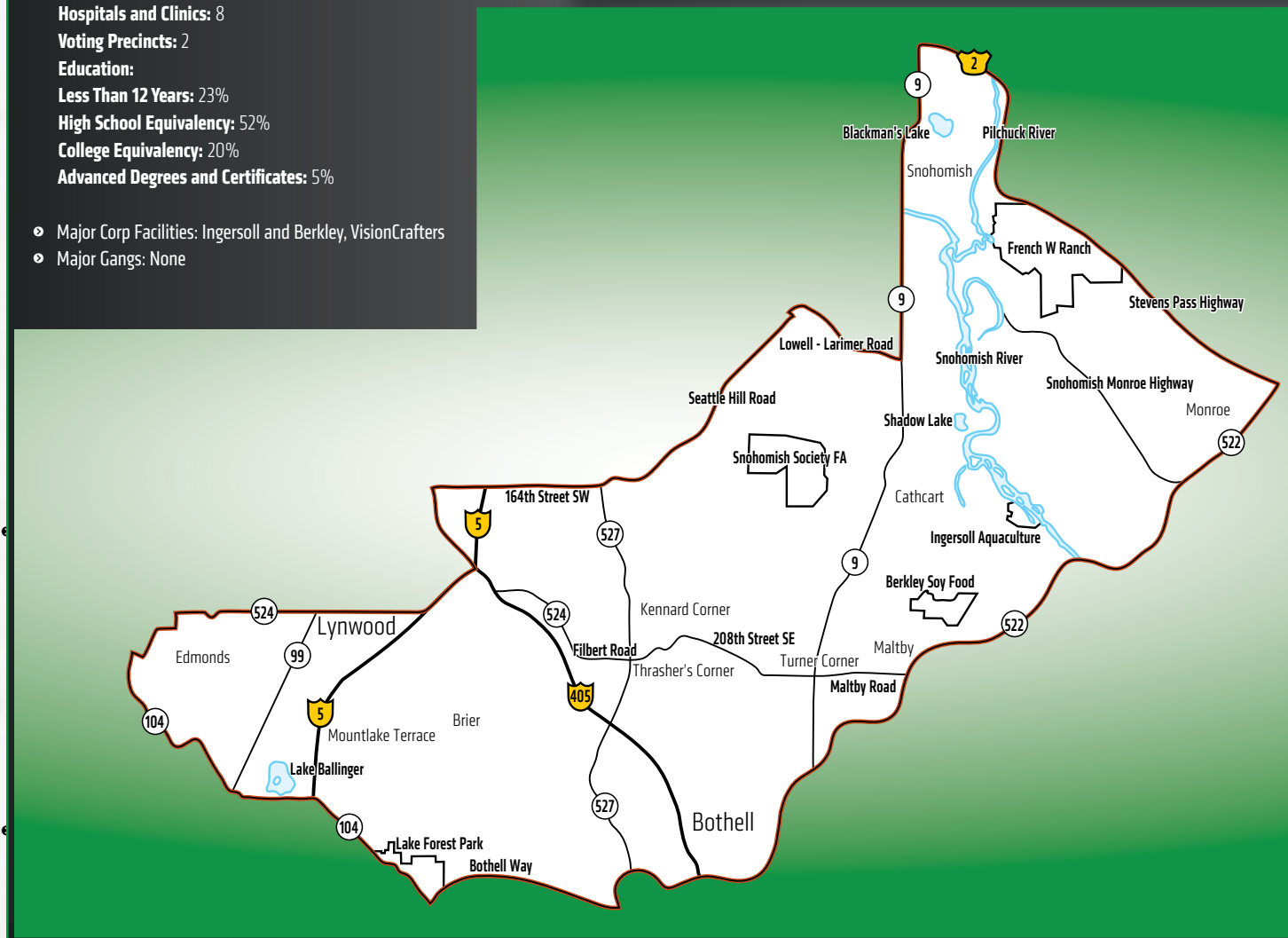
- Major Corp Facilities: Ingersoll and Berkley, VisionCrafters
- Major Gangs: None

PLACES OF INTEREST

Snohomish offers attractions ranging from places to picnic, hike, bike, and enjoy the outdoors to farmer's markets, boating, zoos, fine restaurants (often featuring locally grown foods), and nightspots. You can easily spend a day enjoying the district's outdoors or doing some shopping, and then retire for the evening for a meal and a drink or two to round out the night.

- Much as the Guide tries to sell it, tourism is not that big in Snohomish, and a lot of the "recreational activities" tend to involve getting roaring drunk, high on something, and/or kicking the shit out of someone.
- Riser

Snohomish is famous for its antiquing, and is known as "the antiques capital of the Northwest." You can find many small antique shops, particularly around the First Street area in the district's historical downtown.



LOCALES: SNOHOMISH

A pair of hover drones zoomed in to clean the blood from the plexiglass as the roar of the crowd faded. Another drone rolled out to lay a fresh layer of sand over the blood-soaked arena floor—the victor had dragged its opponent's body away after the match. Fans checked their commlinks to make sure their account balances had changed—with exhilarated smiles and exasperated groans.

New AROs appeared on everyone's virtual scoreboards. The next match pitted a greater wolverine, captured and trained by Jacob Running-Wolf—a veteran trainer from the northern part of the Athabaskan Council—and a saber-tooth cat, captured in PCC lands but without a credited trainer. Odds favored the wolverine at seven to one, in spite of the saber-tooth's twenty-kilogram mass advantage.

Fans immediately placed bets over their commlinks and argued with their companions about where to place their bets.

Riser inhaled the smell of blood, stale beer, and popcorn as he entered the stands. Scanning the crowd, he saw his target in one of the luxury boxes at the edge of the arena. The pompous

dwarf was wearing a Zoé suit—it looked like this week's latest design. His hair was slicked back and perfectly coifed. On his lapel he wore a DocWagon insignia and on his arm a provocatively dressed elf woman. Not his wife.

Riser tried hard not to smile. Things *looked* right, but the point was that the change wouldn't be visible. He lowered the brim of his cap and loosened the lid from his bottle of water while he pretended to scan the bleachers for an open seat. He kept the scan up until the lights lowered, and a rabbit was released into the arena.

A moment later gates on either end of the arena opened. A snarling saber-tooth cat emerged from one, while a grunting wolverine exited the other. Carefully placed microphones caught the sounds and sent amplified versions to every commlink in the building—and across the Matrix for paid viewers and gamblers.

The rabbit panicked. It made a dash for the edge of the round arena, and began to follow the outer wall. Both predators pursued it; the saber-tooth in a run, the wolverine with a much slower gait.

Riser walked toward the aisle and past his mark. When the wolverine neared the arena's edge, he removed the cap from his water bottled and pretended to drop it, spilling water all over the well-dressed dwarf.

Two things happened immediately. First, the dwarf jumped up, pivoted towards him, and shouted, "What the fuck?" Secondly, the wolverine came to a dead stop. It turned away from the rabbit and sniffed the air.

Riser pretended to keep his focus on the dwarf, and said, "I'm terribly sorry, sir. My friend bumped my arm. How much will it cost to cover your dry cleaning?"

As he said it, he pretended to reach for his commlink, watching over the dwarf's shoulder the whole time. The greater wolverine broke into a charge directly towards the arena wall that separated Riser, his target, and his target's date from the fighting floor. The crowd noise dropped to a hush, as fans ignored the saber-tooth devouring the rabbit, and focused on the crazed wolverine.

With a loud crack the greater wolverine burst through the plexiglass—apparently the change had been made—and landed squarely on the dwarf's back with a triumphant growl. The dwarf let out a grunt as he fell forward under the weight and was then silenced as arterial blood erupted from his neck.

Riser tossed the empty water bottle towards the elf and dashed for the nearest exit, along with dozens of other panicked fans. The wolverine stayed focused on its prey, seemingly oblivious to everything else around it.

Safely outside, Riser shot a message and 1,500 nuyen over his commlink to Nephriine. "Wolverine pheromones worked perfectly. Thanks!"

Then he checked to make sure the bet had paid off. Exiting the arena was a technical elimination, and seven to one odds were nothing to pass up. The payoff showed up and with it was a banner ad for the recording of the wolverine mauling the dwarf and the shocked elf—she hadn't dropped the water bottle. He snickered and put in an order—had to make sure that he couldn't be easily identified, after all.



- Some of the local antique stores are also lore stores on the sly, hiding the magical goods in plain sight amongst the touristy “Native crafts” and “turn of the century items.” Of course, a fair amount of the “magical” stuff they sell is pure tourist crap, but plenty of them do know their business and both buy and sell genuine magical goods.
- Lyran

THE BAWDY LASS

Filbert Road & 199th Place SE

This traditional Irish pub has a fine selection of beers and a full menu available both at the bar and in the seating area. It often features live music on weekends.

- Note this place is “traditional Irish” in the sense of “you bloody keebs stole our goddamned country” rather than the “rah, rah, Land of the Ever Young!” boosters of Tir na nÓg. Elves showing their faces here can expect a cold shoulder, at the very least, possibly worse depending on the crowd and how many they’ve had.
- Tarlan

BERKLEY SOY CUISINES

Ninety-first Avenue SE & Alder Street

One half of food giant Ingersoll & Berkley, BSC focuses on land-based and hydroponic cultivation of foodstuffs, namely their namesake soy products. They have bought a substantial amount of land in Snohomish in the forty-some years since the company was founded and control a large slice of the agri-business. A lot of their cutting-edge research goes into genetically modified crops able to survive higher concentrations of pollutants and even “scrub” the environment while also producing safe, consumable foodstuffs (often with a fair amount of processing).

- Mr. Bonds

BLACKSTONE'S MUSEUM AND ZOO OF THE PARANATURAL

118 E. Avenue B

This converted farm is a privately owned zoo and museum featuring paranatural animals, many of them on loan from the Fort Lewis and Woodland Park Zoos in the metroplex.

- Blackstone's is the way a lot of people in Snohomish like to see paranormals: in cages or stuffed and mounted. It is definitely not a petting zoo, and animal- and Awakened-rights activists have claimed the place is involved with illegal critter fights like those at the Coliseum.
- Lyran

BOTHELL MALL

Bothell Way NE & 190th Street NE

With two levels of shopping, the Bothell Mall offers the widest range of choices all in one place for the district. Some of the mall is showing its age, but it still draws shoppers from all over Snohomish.

- The Bothell Mall Association has a reputation for ruthlessness, doing whatever it needs to in order to keep the place open and the merchants' fees flowing. It has cut corners, buried safety issues and complaints, and been more than willing to play dirty when it comes to dealing with the competition. Association President Carlie Simmons is just the latest in a series of corrupt managers to run the operation. They represent a good business opportunity for shadowrunners who aren't too particular about their work, as well as a good target for runners working for the many people they've pissed off over the years.
- Khan-A-Saur

THE BRIER HOTEL

Brier Road & 236th Street SW

This place used to be a charming old family hotel, until time and neglect (along with acid rain and bad air) ate away at it. About twenty years ago, it was owned by two sisters, Margaret and Sarah Keslynn, who were bitterly divided over what to do with the place. Sarah wanted to sell it to any interested buyer and skip town while Margaret wanted to hold on to it and refused to sell. Then Margaret suddenly passed away “in her sleep” and Sarah put the place up for sale, apparently to pay off some heavy gambling debts. The potential deal fell through when the buyer turned up dead of sudden heart failure. Sarah fled the 'plex but rumor has it her debts caught up with her. The Brier has been abandoned ever since, with the particular restrictions on development preventing it from being torn down. Squatters have moved in and live in the decaying shell of the place. Some of them talk about “The White Lady” who is seen in the halls or empty rooms on some nights, still keeping watch over the place.

- Khan-A-Saur
- There are so many ghosts in Seattle, they should start counting them in the census. Their numbers have grown almost exponentially over the years.
- Elijah

BROTHER ANATOLE

Snohomish Avenue & 180th Street SE

This local bar has a decent selection of vodkas but is merely adequate in nearly everything else.

- Au contraire, they're good at one other thing: hosting get-togethers of the local white-sheet club. Humanis types have hung out at this redneck hole for years. Even after somebody set the place on fire years ago, they rebuilt it and just went on with business as usual. Needless to say, this is not a place to visit if you are metahuman unless you have a death wish.
- Pistons

CIRCLE FARM

Springhetti Road

This place used to be a rose farm, and still has a large number of rose hedges growing around the outskirts and the gates, as well as a rose-hedge maze growing out behind the main house on the property and various greenhouses and outbuildings. Circle Farm is described as an organic-farming cooperative, but it is really the “covenstead” of a feminist neo-Wiccan group called the Sisterhood. See the *Magical Groups* subsection for more on them.

- Lyran

COCOON

First Street & Avenue C

Cocoon is one of the 'plex's more popular coffin clubs, where the Awakened can stash their bodies to get into the action on the astral. Unlike some of the first of their type, Cocoon is fairly plush, with comfortable cubicle beds, mood lighting, and ambient music to get visitors in the right frame of mind to make the transition to the other world. Of course, to the mundanes, coffin clubs are just a bunch of people lying around taking a snooze, so there isn't much to see unless you've got the Talent.

- Ethernaut
- Enough of it at least to take some deepweed to get in on the action.
- Lyran



- You can get all the party favors at cocoon: deepweed, tempo, bliss, psyche, zen... you name it. Pretty much just pharmaceuticals, since the digital brain-benders tend not to sync with the astral experience.
- Nephrine

▶ THE COLISEUM

Commercial Street

Gladiators in Seattle? Not quite. The Coliseum is just a tarted-up name for a profitable paranormal critter-fighting ring. An underground network of breeders and trainers capture, breed, raise, and train a variety of paranormals as fighting animals in basements, backyards, and on “farms” in and around the metroplex. Then they come to a warehouse in Snohomish, out behind the Cathcart Market. Inside is a main ring guarded by an electric fence and some steel-mesh netting, surrounded by bleachers for the cheering spectators, even some old trid projectors for different angles and instant replays. Some of the fights, especially between critters with projective magical abilities, can really be sights to see, and it (and the competition) is what keeps drawing people back, in spite of the occasional injury, like when an out-of-control hellhound managed to rip its trainer’s throat out.

- Tarlan
- The animal and paranormal rights types know about the Coliseum and have tried to shut them down, mainly by raiding the farms where the animals are raised and kept. More often than not, they get mauled (fried, petrified, etc.) by the critters they’re trying to help.
- Lyran

▶ EDMONDS INSTRUMENTS

76th Avenue West & 212th Street SW

Edmonds Instruments is a subsidiary of Federated-Boeing, designing, manufacturing, and supplying precision aircraft and watercraft instruments. They started up as an independent about fifty years ago, but cozied up to FB in an exclusive deal around twenty years ago, leading to a handsome buyout offer for the owners. Now Federated-Boeing runs Edmonds as a separate company, but integrated with their corporate structure.

- Mr. Bonds

ELVEN RIVER TOURS

Federal Way

One of several companies in the district offering boat and raft tours of the Snohomish River, Elven River Tours was started as a Sinssearch co-op twenty-five years ago and has grown into a successful full-time tour company with a fleet of boats and whitewater rafts. They offer a variety of tour packages, including their all-day “River Excursion” and special tours during the salmon runs on the river.

- In spite of the name, not everyone working for the company is an elf, although they still have a fair number of them. ERT is known for eco-responsibility and working with the Seattle Environmental Preservation Project and companies like Aqua Arcana and Gaeatronics.
- Tarlan
- A lot of their professional guides know the Snohomish River extremely well, including all of the secluded shoreline spots where you can land a small boat without anyone noticing, for example. For a reasonable fee, they’ll take you on a “special tour” of them, or guide you there.
- Sounder

FREEN BAMBOO MEDICAL CENTER

220 Street SW & Fifty-second Avenue W

Formerly Mountlake Veterans Memorial, this hospital provides some of the best health-maintenance care in Snohomish, specializing in cybernetics and geriatrics. They also administer the Bamboo Acres Assisted Living community in the district.

- The parent company is in Japan, and has installed a mostly Japanese administrative staff. Surprisingly, the place is not in bed with the Yakuza, although traditionalists who prefer a more Japanese environment come here, particularly for cyber-mods, since the doctors and implant procedures are top-notch.
- Nephrine

THE GREEN NYMPH

224th Street SE & 49th Avenue SE

Although lore stores are few and far between in Snohomish, the Green Nymph is one of Seattle’s best. Here, in a rustic atmosphere that will remind you of a fairy tale house in the woods, owner and operator Farshorn produces and sells a variety of magical supplies and goods. Specialty items are handmade and change regularly, so be sure to stop in and see the latest works by Farshorn and other local artisans and crafters.

- Farshorn’s stuff is quality merchandise, but a lot of his success, in Snohomish of all places, is owed to the fact that he also dispenses advice, spiritual counsel, and medical treatment along with selling his wares. Over the years, he has built up a relationship with the locals such that they’re more likely to come to him with a problem, injury, or illness than they are to go to some clinic. He treats them all equally with herbal remedies, magical cures, and a sympathetic ear such that nobody cares that they’re pointed.
- Lyran
- I’ve also got to say, having done the math, Farshorn is probably old enough to be my father (if not grandfather), having been in business in Snohomish for over thirty years. Hell, he delivered a lot of the adults who come to see him now. He doesn’t like to talk about his past, but has hinted that he was an Awakening baby. However, he still doesn’t look any older than his early thirties and is still a fine-looking man.
- Kat o’ Nine Tales

▶ INGERSOLL AQUACULTURE

76th Avenue West & 212th Street

The other half of the Ingersoll & Berkley equation, focusing on “farming” the Snohomish River and its tributaries with a variety of pens and cultivation areas. They raise steelhead salmon, catfish, crabs, crayfish, trout, and river plants, and have been working for years with genetic modifications to increase yields, breed resistance to pollutants, and ensure restocking of rivers and lakes. Get the details on the corporate side of things in the *Economy* section.

- Mr. Bonds
- Even more so than the land-based side of the business, Ingersoll has had trouble with ecoterrorism. Not just from the run-of-the-mill types looking to smash up river pens or sabotage operations, either. At one point, they were having all kinds of disastrous system and infrastructure failures along with the worst kind of luck involving river currents, flooding, and weather. Signs all pointed to a directed or vengeful river spirit but, interestingly enough, after about a month, it all stopped and Ingersoll has had smooth sailing in the aquaculture biz in Snohomish ever since, while some of their rivals have suffered problems.
- Ethernaut

JAY'S BOATHOUSE NORTH

242nd Place SW

A Snohomish staple, Jay's specializes in Salish and Seattle cuisine using locally grown ingredients, with a wide range of seasonal options. The menu changes regularly, so no two visits are ever exactly alike.

- Francis Napoliatana, the owner of Jay's, used to work the Seattle shadows some thirty years ago. He hit a big enough score and opened the restaurant as his "retirement job," although he still has connections in the biz. Now, he's largely retired from the restaurant, too, having turned most of the work of running it over to his daughter Frankie, who's a smart young woman with a stubborn streak even wider than her dad's.
- Mika
- She's going to need it, since the Boathouse's policy of employing and serving metahumans has never sat well with certain people in Snohomish. Her old man was able to deal with them, but they might smell fresh meat now with her taking over the place.
- Tarlan

▶ KINGSLEY PRECISION METALS

80th Avenue NE & NE 185th Street

Kingsley creates a variety of metallic alloys and machines or casts precision parts from them for sale to other corporate clients. They do everything from large aircraft parts to tiny cybernetic components, working with clients all over the metroplex including Federated-Boeing, Mitsuhama, DocWagon, and more.

- Mr. Bonds
- Kingsley is a potential "back door" into some of their higher-level corporate clients, since information on the design and manufacture of certain components can provide clues about the customer's latest top-secret development project. Naturally, the clients tend to play things close to the vest, and only tell sub-contractors like Kingsley the minimum they need to know, but sometimes that's enough.
- Star Loner
- A lot of Kingsley's more recent work has been with real cutting-edge metallurgy, both nanofabricating and building materials down on the molecular level, and alchemical processes for creating stable magical compounds. Both are incredibly expensive and experimental, but have the potential to yield big returns if they become reliable.
- Ethernaut

LAKE FOREST PARK

1015 Forest Park Drive NE

During clear weather in Snohomish, this beautiful natural park is an excellent spot for outdoor activities, including a picnic lunch or a pickup game played on one of the open, grassy fields. Walking trails abound for those interested in a stroll through the wooded area. Only open until dusk.

- That's because at night, the park becomes the domain of all the local gangs and other two-legged predators who descend like rabid dogs on anyone foolish enough to come here after dark. Still, some go looking for connections to get drugs, chips, or whatever else the gangs on the outskirts of the place are peddling.
- Star Loner

▶ PURGATORY

204th Street SW & Twenty-eighty Avenue West

Purgatory is a "members-only club," although nightly "memberships" are available at the door for the cost of a cover charge. The dim and smoky interior is a popular watering hole for the area's magicians, talismongers, wannabes, and hangers-on. The additional privacy and security measures are due to Snohomish's often anti-Awakened attitudes.

Even still, the bar's true nature is a fairly open secret at this point, and there have been threats made. As it happens, none of them have been carried out, leading to idle speculation as to whether the threats were merely a bluff and those making them thought better of pissing off a group of magicians, or if someone took it upon themselves to do something about them.

Either way, the place is decent for getting a pint, meeting some of the local magical talent, and getting behind some decent and regularly reinforced wards, should you be in need of them.

- Ethernaut

SNOHOMISH DISTRICT COURTHOUSE

Main Street & Ninth Avenue N

SNOHOMISH DISTRICT HALL

1009 East First Street

Located in the charming and historic central area, the district capitol features restored architecture and charming pedestrian space, as well as lovely tended gardens on the grounds.

SNOHOMISH MEDICAL CENTER

Second Street & Avenue B

This hospital services all major HMOs and provides selective care for non-member patients.

- "Selective care" means "the bare minimum required by law" when it comes to dealing with patients without insurance or membership in a health-maintenance organization.
- Nephrine
- Snohomish Medical has an undeserved reputation as a collection of black-market organleggers due to a scandal years ago involving a staff doctor selling body parts on the sly. The hospital administration didn't know anything about it, and they moved quickly to deal with the problem, but the media had a field day with the incident, and the place still hasn't entirely recovered from the bad publicity. In fact, they tend to overcompensate when it comes to making sure the Medical Center has nothing whatsoever to do with organlegging or misappropriation of body parts.
- Butch

▶ SNOHOMISH SECURITY PERSONNEL

Thirteenth Street & Pine Avenue

This outfit was started up by Patrick Schriener back in the late '30s and passed on to his sons John and Daniel, who are the President and CFO in the wake of their father's retirement. A small private company, SSP deals mostly with agribusiness contracts in the district, since guarding farms isn't something of interest to providers like Knight Errant or Lone Star. They've built themselves a tidy business working with the bigger agricorps and consolidating contracts in and around Snohomish.

- Mr. Bonds
- Patrick Schriener left the Metroplex Guard quietly after the Night of Rage incident to start his company, and all the evidence points to his involvement with the Humanis Policlub and maybe even the Hands of Five. His boys take after dear



ol' dad with regard to their views, and both are known to frequent the Bawdy Lass on occasion.

- Tarlan

SNOHOMISH SHERATON

Second Street & Maple Avenue

A comfortable and surprisingly inexpensive hotel located in the heart of Old Snohomish.

- Getting less expensive all the time. This Sheraton has been going downhill for decades and is in dire need of some maintenance and repairs, but can't really afford them. It's always on the verge of being closed down, but manages to just scrape by. Word has it the management is in hock to the Mafia for some loans and the Families have been accepting "interest" in the form of free use of the facilities when they have a need.
- Hard Exit

SNOHOMISH SOCIETY FARMS

2011 156th Street SW

One of Snohomish's largest agricultural cooperatives, Society Farms raises a wide range of crops in the district, from wheat, lettuce, and snap beans to berries, apples, cherries, and tomatoes. They also make extensive use of hydroponic greenhouses to grow crops not suited to the Pacific Northwest climate. Tours are available through the Snohomish Society Farms Public Relations Office.

- The Shofner family, with controlling interest in Society Farms, is well known for their contributions to humanist causes, including Governor Brackhaven's election campaign, and for their unofficial company policy of not hiring meta-human workers.
- Mr. Bonds

THRASHER'S CORRECTIONAL FACILITY

3007 Nineteenth Avenue SE

A privately run contract prison with a long-standing relationship with the district and the metroplex, Thrasher's has a reputation as the revolving door of Seattle's prisons. Unfortunately, it's a door that is also likely to hit you in the face, since Thrasher's tends to hire guards even more psychotic than their prisoners. Plenty of them are bribable, but will just beat the crap out of you *after* taking what you've got. They also tend not to like metas, magicians, or pretty much anybody who's not vanilla human. It almost makes breaking somebody out of this place (and cracking some skulls in the process) a pleasant experience.

- Hard Exit

THE TOP SIDE

Canyon Park Road & Sixty-first Avenue SE

The Top Side features excellent seafood (both real and soy substitute) in a family atmosphere at reasonable prices. The restaurant is decorated with a nautical theme, with fishing nets, lobster traps, floats, and various memorabilia on display.

- The Lownik family that owns the Top Side is deep in debt and struggling to keep the place afloat (no pun intended). They have rebuffed loan offers from both the Mafia and the Yakuza, knowing the kind of strings that come attached. Apparently, they're holding out hope for some nest egg old Joe Lownik had squirreled away. Unfortunately, the old man bought the farm before he could tell anyone in the family where the money was buried, so to speak. Lownik was Seattle Public Database Commissioner back in the '30s, so the paydata (if data it is) could be very well hidden.

- Mr. Bonds

TOTEM FALLS ANTIQUES

Cathcart Way

One of the district's many fine antique stores, Totem Falls specializes in settlement-era antiques from the Pacific Northwest, including many authentic Native American craft items and pieces of Seattle history.

- Mary Rain Walker, the owner of Totem Falls, knows her stuff and is savvy enough to recognize the occasional "specialty item" that crosses the threshold of her place. That stuff isn't on display, but you can get a look at it if you ask. Mary is sometimes interested in buying unusual items as well, but she only wants the genuinely historic, and knows better than to get involved with old items she doesn't understand.

- Lyran

THE TURNER CLINIC

Maltby Road & Woodinville Cut-Off

An independent health-care provider that recognizes DocWagon™ and most major HMO programs.

- Turner Clinic had a history of mismanagement and corruption going back for decades. Most of the locals stayed away from it unless they had no other choice. The number of malpractice suits built up to a critical mass that finally broke through the clinic's legal liability shields, forcing the board to resign and the whole place to restructure. In the decade or so since, Turner has slowly begun to rebuild its reputation and has worked hard to try to win the trust of the local community, but it is an uphill battle. All it would take is one whiff of scandal to send them tumbling into a financial abyss, which is just what a lot of the major corporate providers would like to see. After all, the physical building and assets are still viable properties.

- Butch

VISIONCRAFTERS, INC.

228th Street SE and 45th Avenue SE

A division of the Vancouver-based VisionCrafters corporation, the Snohomish plant is relatively small, and focused on the creation of precision optics for optic-based computer systems and other optronics. Their physical security is a small hired staff of rent-a-cops, but their online security is top-rate. They also make use of a lot of optical scan-beams and AR enhancements; the scan-beams can pick up and interpret physical movements in response to the AR, so you can "press" keypads that aren't physically there, for example. Handy way of hiding the keyhole along with the key.

- Glitch

FORT LEWIS

Far from the hustle and bustle of the central metroplex districts stand the evergreen forests of Fort Lewis. Rather ironic, then, that this tranquil stretch of natural greenery belongs to a UCAS military reservation, home to the Fort Lewis military base and McChord Air Force Base. The district is a broad expanse of forest and marshland reaching up to Puget Sound. Population is sparse for Seattle, only about 100,000 residents, although there are a large number of commuters coming to work in the district from other parts of the metroplex and from Salish-Shidhe Council lands.

FORT LEWIS AT A GLANCE

Size: 197 square kilometers

Population: 98,000

Human: 61%

Elf: 14%

Dwarf: 3%

Ork: 16%

Troll: 3%

Other: 3%

Population Density: 497 per square kilometer

Per Capita Income: 30,000¥

Corporate-Affiliated Population: 39%

Hospitals and Clinics: 4

Voting Precincts: 2

Education:

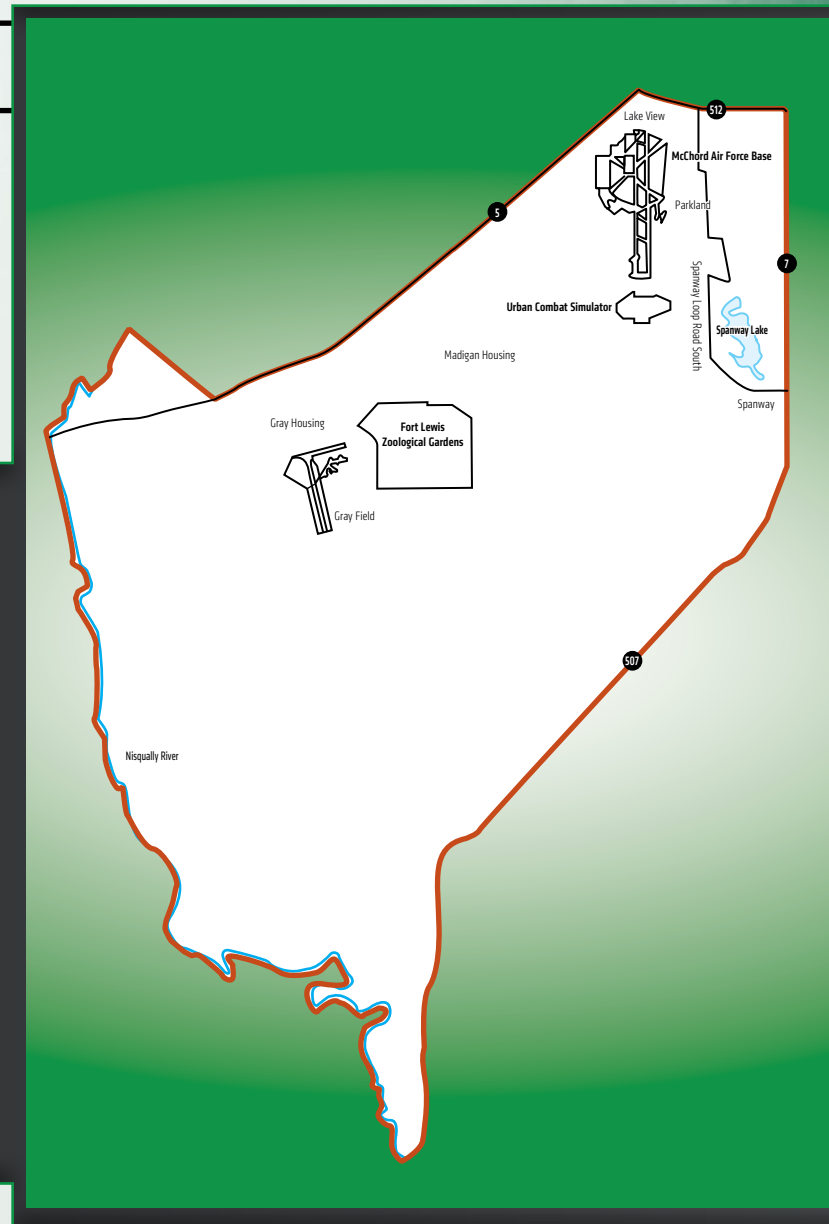
Less Than 12 Years: 30%

High School Equivalency: 56%

College Equivalency: 13%

Advanced Degrees and Certificates: 1%

- Major Corp Facilities: None
- Major Gangs: None



Fort Lewis offers visitors an opportunity to experience the natural beauty of its hiking trails through the woods and to get away from the crowds, noise, and pollution of the urban areas (especially on high-alert smog days). Families can enjoy the wonders of the famous Zoological Gardens, and military buffs can appreciate tours of the military reservation and its history.

- Note that a lot of foreign workers from the SSC enter Seattle in Fort Lewis to work on the grounds of the reservation. The UCAS military has neither the personnel nor the expertise to attend to the needs of the hundreds of acres of forest land, apart from trying to patrol it to keep it relatively free of poachers and vandals. Native American sub-contractors from the tribal lands handle the land-management, since they already have considerable experience in land reclamation and preservation in their own territory. Naturally, security checks are pretty thorough, but you're still talking about hundreds of foreign nationals crossing the border to and from work every day.
- Tarlan

- Speaking of borders, it's worth noting that when the modern district of Fort Lewis was created, it sliced off some of what used to be Tacoma and Puyallup (or their satellite communities) to fill out its borders. While Puyallup has bigger problems, it's still a sore spot with some in Tacoma, who feel their district could make better use of the land. It creates an odd alliance of UCAS military interests and environmentalists, too, since the latter want natural areas kept as part of the military preserve to help ensure they won't be overdeveloped. The border disputes have been pretty much all political, but we all know politics often leads to activity in the shadows.
- Kay St. Irregular
- The forests in southeast Fort Lewis are interesting places, especially as you get closer to Puyallup. Between the wildlife, magical experiments gone wrong, small military training grounds that are now abandoned, squatter hideouts—just don't go into the woods unless you absolutely need to. I don't care how cool your ATV is, it isn't worth the hassle. If you want a fun forest escape, stick to the north of Seattle. If you want to smuggle someone out or in through the forests ... good luck.
- Ethernaut



MILITARY POLICE

As a UCAS military post, law enforcement in Fort Lewis falls under the jurisdiction of the UCAS Military Police (MP). They handle the various duties normally carried out by Knight Errant Security in Seattle. MPs also man the various checkpoints leading in and out of Fort Lewis. The Military Police are responsible for investigating crimes that occur on post. This duty falls to the Criminal Investigation Division (CID), composed primarily of plain-clothes officers, federal agents, and UCAS Marshals.

- Relations between the MPs and Knight Errant are cordial, but chilly, since both sides view each other as rivals and “wannabes”. As if to ensure there’s a problem, the I-5 is technically under Knight Errant’s jurisdiction, but they have to share it with the MPs where it runs through Fort Lewis. There’s a long-standing practice on base of sending patrols of soldiers to deal with go-gangers on the highway, which sometimes turns into a running gun-battle that pulls Knight Errant in as well. The gangers seem to view it as a training exercise that helps them stay in fighting shape and occasionally bag some military hardware in the bargain.
- Star Loner

PLACES OF INTEREST

Although primarily geared toward the needs of soldiers and their families living in the district, Fort Lewis does offer a range of shopping and dining options, as well as accommodations for visitors. Tourists may prefer to stay in neighboring Tacoma or one of the other districts of the metroplex, making Fort Lewis a day-trip on your travels.

Most buildings and developments are concentrated around the main military reservation, which lies adjacent to both sides of Intercity 5. They include post headquarters, post exchanges and commissaries, and housing areas on the southern side of I-5. The majority of the residential areas, housing for soldiers and officers with spouses and families, lies on the western side of the post. North of I-5 is called North Fort and is primarily occupied by the UCAS Army Pacific Command and Joint Task Force Seattle.

ANGELA'S

Yakima Avenue South & 134th Street

While the surrounding view might not be much (Angela’s is across the street from a garbage dump), the interior of this family-style Italian restaurant is warm and inviting, complete with checkered tablecloths and candlelight (albeit from LED “candles”). Angela’s serves a wide menu of natural and soy Italian dishes, some so clever you may even prefer the healthier soy options!

- Curiously, Angela’s has not become a Mafia hangout in the entire time it has been open. Rumor has it that owner Angela Schonberg has something that has allowed her to declare her place “off limits” to the Families. While she runs her place with an iron hand, one wonders what it must be.
- Khan-A-Saur

THE BIG “O”

165th Street South & A Street

One of central Fort Lewis’ many strip-joints, catering primarily to off-duty soldiers. Like many of its kind, the Big “O” has rooms for “private dances,” and the owner doesn’t particularly care whether or not you take a dancer back to one of them, provided you slip him a little something, making them a decent place to meet and talk.

- Star Loner

- Depending on one’s definition of “decent,” I suppose.
- Kat o’ Nine Tales

THE DRUNKEN NON-COM

Loop Road South & Old Military Road

This small nightclub is on the seedy side and, as the name suggests, draws mainly military personnel looking to knock back a few while off-duty. Unless you are interested in the cheap drinks and appetizers for happy hour, there are better choices for nightlife in the district.

- The DNC (as it is known) is a Yakuza front in Fort Lewis, and the Yaks sometimes take opportunities presented by drunk military personnel to introduce them to any of the gracious “hostesses” working the place. The poor slob work up quite a bill for the ladies’ company, which the Yaks then demand be paid back. In order to keep the matter off their record, some guys will do favors, which only tightens the gumi’s grip on them. Thus far Criminal Investigations hasn’t been able to shut the place down, and the Mafia doesn’t bother with it because they don’t want to start trouble in a club full of soldiers; any collateral damage would bring the MPs down hard on them.
- Khan-A-Saur

FORT LEWIS DISTRICT HALL AND METROPLEX HEADQUARTERS

Nevada Avenue & Fifteenth Street

Fort Lewis’ District Hall is unique in that the “mayor” of Fort Lewis is the commanding officer of the military reservation, rather than an elected official. Otherwise, the District Hall serves much the same administrative functions as its counterparts in other districts of the metroplex, and most of the staff is made up of civilians, along with some military officers as liaisons with General Darcy and his staff.

FORT LEWIS SAUNA AND HOLISTIC REST CENTER

140th Street South & Yakima Avenue

Need a break from day-to-day stress? You can relax and unwind at this picturesque Fort Lewis spa, featuring cedar wood saunas, steam beds, and a full menu of spa services, including massage and a variety of holistic and all-natural skin treatments. Same-day appointments and walk-ins are welcome, or you can book in advance.

- Although they do make some money from tourists, locals, and off-duty soldiers looking for a massage, the real moneymaker here is the body shop hidden in the basement. It is clean and efficient and the place in Fort Lewis to get some work done on the sly. They’re very careful when it comes to screening prospective clients, since they want to avoid military CID sniffing around, so they tend not to take on soldiers. Their focus is on implants and mods rather than patching people up; don’t show up here looking to get stitched up or anything, or they’ll probably turn you away at the door.
- Nephrine

THE FORT LEWIS STOCKADES

Coolidge Avenue & Adams Street

The stockade is a military prison run by the UCAS Army for military and federal prisoners only. It is a “hard labor” prison, where inmates are sent out in teams to do public works projects, mainly maintenance work on the I-5 (often after dust-ups between the Army and the local gangers). Otherwise, the stockade primarily sees temporary prisoners there for disciplinary issues, guys tossed in the drunk-tank, etc.

- Hard Exit

- In fact, the regularity with which rowdy off-base non-coms get put in the stockade can work to your advantage, if you can get to one of said non-coms in advance with the right digital or magical influence (or, say, a payload that can be ingested or injected). They're supposed to scan everybody coming into the place, but they tend to skimp on the overnight visitors, especially when it comes to magic.
- Star Loner

FORT LEWIS VISITOR'S QUARTERS

Forty-first Division Drive & Pennsylvania Avenue

Visitors to Fort Lewis planning on staying overnight have to stay at this facility, which is essentially a decent hotel run by civilians under military authority. If you are planning an extended visit to the district, you may wish to consider one of the nearby hotel options in Tacoma, unless prohibited by contract requirements or the like.

- What the Guide is politely trying to say is this place is pretty stark, a little too much barracks in their hotel mix, so the only people who really stay here are the ones who haven't got much choice. They're either at the mercy of the post's brass, or required by their corporate employer to stay close by due to security concerns. Of course, those corporate visitors are among some of the most interesting to anyone reading this file.
- Khan-A-Saur

FORT LEWIS ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS

1011 West Jackson Avenue

The Zoological Gardens are one of the prime reasons to visit Fort Lewis. They started out as a UCAS military facility for the study of paranatural creatures. Eventually, the UCAS government privatized

the site and opened it to the public while maintaining the Gardens' parazoological research programs.

Animals are housed in natural habitats maintained with invisible sonic and electrical "fences" along with AR tags that create visual- and sensory-cued barriers. AR-enhanced tours are available with information on the various specimens, including imperial eagles, cockatrice, phoenix, and much more. Plan on spending at least half a day appreciating the Zoological Gardens' various attractions, and you can get lunch or a light dinner on site or at one of the small restaurants nearby.

- Although tourism is pretty brisk, most of the revenue for the Zoological Gardens comes from corporate and government research grants, since information about paranaturals can be worth a lot to the right parties. A lot of the parazoologists' research involves animal behavior and learning, useful not only for training guard-critters, but also teaching paranaturals to do other sorts of tasks (deep-sea recovery work, for example).
- Lyran
- More than just that. There's also a strong interest in better understanding paranatural biology and genetics for the potential applications it might unlock. Consider: paranormal animals often manipulate mana as well or better than sentient beings in various specific ways. If we take the intelligent imagination out of the equation, how do they do this? Finding a biological "trigger" mechanism for, say, a basilisk's petrification or a hellhound's flames, could have tremendous usefulness. No breakthroughs thus far that I'm aware of (partially, I think, because they're looking in all the wrong places) but still gigapulses of research data of potential interest.
- Axis Mundi



GOLDEN SOY*123rd Street & 49th Avenue*

Located near McChord Air Force Base, this family-friendly Chinese restaurant serves (as the name implies) mostly soy-based dishes. The food is somewhat uninspired, but plentiful for the price.

▶ THE LOST UNICORN*Woodbrook Road & 150th Street*

According to the story, this bar's name comes from a unicorn that wandered into the area and got hit by a car right outside the door. The unicorn's ghost is said to haunt the place, showing up from time to time, and strange stuff happens around the bar: like four different players drawing a straight flush in the same game of poker, or two people who haven't seen each other in years meeting up in the place, when neither one had plans to go there. Magicians in the district like to congregate at the unicorn; that includes some who work at the Zoological Gardens, by the way. Be warned, they like to play practical jokes on newbies and tourists by casting illusions of the unicorn.

- Ethernaut

MADIGAN ARMY HOSPITAL*3954 West Wilson Avenue*

One of the best military-run hospitals in the UCAS, Madigan was opened to the public in the early 2040s and has since served both Fort Lewis and the Seattle metroplex in general. The hospital still gives priority to military personnel and their families, but provides excellent care to all patients. All major HMOs and health plans are accepted.

- Although it is not primarily a research or teaching hospital, Madigan does have an interesting nuclear medicine program focused on the targeted use of radiation to treat various ailments, particularly different forms of cancer. One of their more promising avenues of late has been investigating the relationship between radiation and the body's astral template, looking for ways to get the astral body to more aggressively "reset" its biological counterpart.
- Ethernaut
- I wonder if that has anything to do with what I've heard about "hot" radioactive corpses mysteriously disappearing from Madigan's morgue, something hospital administrators and the Fort Lewis brass seem eager to deny and cover up.
- Axis Mundi

MCCHORD AIRFIELD VISITORS CENTER*Main Street & Central Avenue*

If you are interested in modern aircraft or aviation history, then the Visitors Center at McChord Airfield offers both in abundance. Visitors are treated to a variety of full-immersion VR experiences based on real military and corporate flight simulators, along with displays of military aircraft past and present. The Center schedules regular air-shows, with Metroplex Guard pilots showing off their skills and the latest military hardware. Check their site for updates and times.

- Naturally, all the materials and information at the Visitors Center is declassified and approved for public consumption. Still, you can see the latest goods at the air-shows, which sometimes attract a good-sized crowd from Tacoma and the surrounding areas. The Visitors Center is also as close as you can get to the airfield itself without a special RFID-tagged pass.
- Hard Exit

**MCCHORD HOSPITAL***Battery Road & Fourth Street*

Another military hospital opened to the public, McChord specializes in emergency medicine and tissue regeneration and transplant treatments, particularly with regard to burn victims. They provide emergency-room services for the surrounding area.

- McChord started up a huge cell-bank for skin grafts thirty years ago, which has grown into a substantial DNA/tissue bank not only for cultivating skin but also growing replacement organs. Of course, the cultured organs require more time and money to produce than transplants, so the facility still sees only limited use.
- Hannibelle

PACIFIC UNIVERSITY*121st South & J Street*

This school, formerly Pacific Lutheran University, is one of the Seattle metroplex's finest private institutes of higher learning. It is known for its arts education programs, including its Music and Magic programs, and for its schools of Business, Education, and Nursing. The campus is divided into two, separated by Hinderlie Hill: Upper Campus has University Center and the administration building, chapel, and concert hall, while Lower Campus includes the science center, observatory, auditorium, gymnasium, and golf course. The school's colors are black and gold. Tours and introductory meetings with student academic advisors can be arranged through the Admissions Office.

- PU (note the unfortunate initials) made a lot of early inroads with their Magical Studies Program, but have lagged behind schools like Seattle University and UW in recent years. They've had a difficult time balancing the need to raise tuitions and attract the best professors with maintaining their student population. There's a fair amount of pressure for the school to produce some attention-getting research, publications, students, or all three.
- Lyran

PARKLAND GALA INN

119th Street South & Sheridan Street South

Conveniently located near McChord Airfield, this mid-size economy hotel is a good alternative place to stay on the edge of Fort Lewis for those with plans in the district, particularly the Air Force Base. The amenities are average, but the prices are reasonable and its main selling point is its location.

- Said location is also close to off-base entertainment like the Soft Landing and some local bars, too. Civilian contractors and consultants not staying on base often end up here, which is what makes it of interest.
- Hard Exit

PARKLAND MALL

116th Street & 19th Avenue Court South

Anchored by a sizeable Lordstrung's, the Parkland Mall offers two floors of shopping with a variety of stores, attracting many of the local military personnel as well as visitors and residents from nearby districts.

- Military Police keep a close eye on the A Whole New You and Body Pagoda at this mall to ensure there's no off-base elective surgery going on, which means those places tend to be skittish about doing anything suspect or off the books. You're better off looking for your bodywork elsewhere. On the other hand, the WeaponsWorld in the mall is particularly well-stocked and deals with a lot of military and ex-military customers, so they know their business, and they're willing to make some "custom modifications" for a little extra, including leaving off some ID tags and serial numbers.
- Khan-A-Saur

THE SHY GIANT

129th Street South & Park Avenue South

Carlos Wissinger, the owner and chef of the restaurant named for this soft-spoken troll, serves up a delectable menu of California and Sioux cuisine, with an excellent range of vegetarian options.

- The Giant is a popular place for the NAN citizens who work in the district to have lunch or dinner, and it is where a lot of "water cooler" conversations go on outside of the workplace. A free round at the bar has been known to net some useful information from time to time.
- Khan-A-Saur

THE SOFT LANDING

121st Street South & Sheridan Street South

This small bar near McChord Air Field is just a cover for the real business that goes on in back and in the rooms upstairs, where you'll find one of Fort Lewis' longest-running houses of prostitution. Unlike the bunraku parlors or some of the more modern sex-clubs or whatnot, the Soft Landing does things old school. It's a fairly simple matter of picking out your partner(s) and paying your tab. The sex-workers are mostly women, but some guys as well, most of them young and in need of the money. With Puyallup nearby, the Landing will never lack for employees. There's a slightly greater number of elves than you might expect (Puyallup again), but they're generally the only metahumans you'll find. A woman named Leah runs the place, and has for the past seven years or so. She's quite familiar with military jargon and protocol, but doesn't care to discuss her background. A lot of people think she served, although not necessarily in the UCAS.

- Kat o' Nine Tales

THE TERRIBLE TAPS

174th Street South & A Street

One of numerous hole-in-the-wall bar & grill joints that service the post and its off-duty personnel, the Terrible Taps has a variety of draft beer, a decent speaker system and music selection, a working trideo, and patrons interested in meeting off-duty soldiers. Pay for a few drinks, and you might be able to pick up some useful information in exchange.

- Hard Exit

THE URBAN COMBAT SIMULATOR

213 West Outer Drive

South of McChord Air Field and east of the ammunition storage depots is the Urban Combat Simulator (UCS), a training facility maintained by the UCAS Army. The Simulator, known as "Downtown Hell" amongst the troops, simulates the conditions of urban warfare.

The UCS was constructed in 2035, when the UCAS government decided to create a combat training center at Fort Lewis. Construction was completed in 2038, and the Army started rotating units from other stations through in 2039. To maintain readiness within all UCAS forces, the Army regularly rotates soldiers from other posts outside of Seattle through the Simulator for training and exercises. A typical rotation lasts over one month, of which two weeks are spent training "in the box." The UCAS Army usually sends about two thousand soldiers at a time, either a regiment from one of five UCAS divisions or a separate brigade.

The layout of the Urban Combat Simulator is nearly identical to Seattle Center, with AR overlays providing some of the details so when you are in it, it is almost exactly like being downtown. Concealed sensors, remote cameras, and closed-circuit simsense stations dot every corner; the UCAS Army even has satellite surveillance of the simulator. Information from these sources feeds into a mainframe in a bunker (called the "Spacefleet HQ" by the local operators) in the center of the complex. The simulator also maintains virtual machines to allow for concurrent training in cyber-combat by military hackers.

Within the simulator, soldiers use laser-tagging projectors that attach to the barrels of ordinary weapons and discharge an infrared laser when the weapon fires blank ammunition. If a soldier manages a successful "hit" against another soldier, a sensor vest detects the laser pulse and provides the AR simulation for a "wound" or a "kill" as well as feeding the data to the main system.

- Hard Exit
- The Urban Combat Simulator provides the UCAS feds with a handy excuse to regularly rotate troops in and out of Seattle without raising as big a stink as a full-scale long-term military deployment. In recent years, they've upped the rotations and use of the UCS.
- Kay St. Irregular
- The role of the opposition forces, or OPFOR, are often played by members of the Metroplex Guard, but Fort Lewis officers have also hired shadowrunners for the job. After all, who better to provide some tricky urban warfare scenarios than those of us who practice it for a living? Sometimes the runners know the real nature of the job, sometimes they don't, just to add some "realism" to it all.
- Mika



REDMOND



- So here the Living Planet™ Guide had little to say (surprise, surprise). I've lifted some bits and pieces here and there, but mostly I've called upon our own Kat o' Nine Tales, who did such a nice survey of Seattle a while back, to dig down and give us the details on the Barrens districts of the 'plex: Redmond and Puyallup. This is the real Seattle, people, the part you're not going to find in the guidebooks or talked about anywhere but sites like ours.
- Fastjack

REDMOND AT A GLANCE

Size: 436 square kilometers
Population: 498,000 (estimated)
Human: 81%
Elf: 6%
Dwarf: 1%
Ork: 10%
Troll: 1%
Other: 1%
Population Density: 1,142 per square kilometer
Per Capita Income: 6,600¥
Corporate-Affiliated Population: 22%
Hospitals and Clinics: 6
Voting Precincts: 10
Education:
Less Than 12 Years: 78%
High School Equivalency: 18%
College Equivalency: 3%
Advanced Degrees and Certificates: 1%

- Major Corp Facilities: None
- Major Gangs: Brain Eaters, Crimson Crush, Red Hot Nukes, Rusted Stiletos, the Spiders

Redmond used to be one of the wealthiest and most successful communities of greater Seattle. In the 20th century, it was a major center for the burgeoning computer industry. Huge office complexes and skyscrapers sprang up along with suburban homes as businesses expanded and moved into the area.

In 2013, a partial meltdown of the Trojan-Satsop nuclear plant contaminated Beaver Lake and the surrounding area for several kilometers, creating what would come to be known as "Glow City." A lot of Redmond residents began leaving the area for greener (and less glow-in-the-dark) pastures as property values plummeted. Then came the Crash of 2029. Redmond's primary industry vanished overnight. Some eighty percent of local businesses collapsed. A large number of residents simply left, leaving behind defaulted and foreclosed homes and businesses. Lured by the abandoned apartment buildings and condoplexes,



BY JENNIFER BROZEK

LOCALE: REDMOND

"Once a great city, Redmond's nothing but a mess of slums, squatters and go-gangers. There's no law and order here. *We* are the ones who make the law. And *you* wanna be part of us. You wanna run with the TopShelf Crew." TopShelf, a troll as big as a tank and twice as dense, paused in his practiced, booming monologue to look at the three wannabe gang members. Dressed in tattered clothing that was mostly black and green, the two humans and one ork were all female. It was unusual but not too unusual. "Am I boring you?" A ripple of laughter circled the three on their knees.

"No," the human woman in the middle said, shaking her head. "No ..."

"Good." TopShelf backhanded the girl who spoke. "Just making sure you're awake and know what you slits are getting yourself into." He paused again, noticing the three of them didn't seem as scared as they did when they first arrived. *Good. You have to be brave and strong run with us—female or not.*

"The Redmond Barrens is anarchy in practice. We've got a full-on sociological and psychological experiment in Darwinism going on." He back-patted one of his mates and they grinned at each other. "You know what that means? I'll tell you what it means. It means only the strongest, smartest and fastest survive."

The TopShelf Crew gave a practiced cheer of approval.

TopShelf pointed to his gang. "You don't have to prove your worth to just me. You have to prove it to them. Are you good enough for them?"

The gang surrounding the kneeling women gave another practiced shout and leered at them. It was coming to their favorite part – the Beat-In.

"Do you three think you can do that?"

The woman in the middle looked at the woman on her left. "I don't know. You think you can handle that, Lamia?"

Lamia didn't turn her silvered eyes away from TopShelf but she was vibrating now. "I think I can."

The woman in the middle turned to the ork kneeling on her right. "What about you, Terra?"

"Sure I can, Magdalene."

TopShelf realized that something was very wrong.

Magdalene smiled. It was not a pretty smile. "Yeah, TopShelf, we can prove ourselves. And the Desolation Angels say 'Hello.'"

Lamia triggered her wired reflexes and took off TopShelf's head with a monofilament wire before TopShelf could draw a breath to shout an order. She was already slashing at the next ganger with razor claws by the time TopShelf's head hit the floor.

Magdalene stood, turned. Lightning flew from her hands, hitting a group of gangers as they reached for their weapons.

For a moment Terra did nothing. Then she pointed one stubby finger to her right, at a ganger trying to sneak off in the chaos of screams and blood. Both Lamia and Magdalene targeted the fingered ganger.

The ganger turned toward them, his hands out in supplication. "We only want to help."

If there was more to say he was too dead to say it. Both Lamia and Magdalene opened up on him with magic and firepower. The ganger danced a death jig before collapsing to the ground, mucus leaking from his mouth.

"One less insect spirit host to deal with," Magdalene muttered, looking at the corpse.

"What about the rest?" Lamia gestured at the fleeing gangers. She was still vibrating.

Terra shook her large head as she stood; both movements ponderous. "He was the only one. I made sure of it."

"Then we can report back that our mission was successful." Magdalene said. "Though I doubt we'll be able to infiltrate another gang with that ruse again."

"Doesn't matter. We caught the bastards before they got more hosts. We got them and we're gonna keep getting them." Lamia looked around for something else to kill.

"Take the body. It might give us a sympathetic link to the main hive. If it's here in Redmond, I wanna know." Terra kicked TopShelf's head out of her way. "That trog was right, though. You do have to be stronger, smarter and faster to live here in the Barrens."

numerous war refugees and Seattle's homeless began moving into Redmond. This led to further violence, more flight, and more empty buildings, repeating and reinforcing the cycle. In the space of a few years, Redmond became a virtual ghost town, inhabited by criminals, transients, refugees, and those unable or unwilling to get out. The metroplex government shifted focus away from shoring up Redmond to "containing" it, effectively walling it off (literally, in some spots) to keep it from "infecting" the rest of Seattle.

The Redmond Barrens are practically lawless, where possession of the smallest amount of food or the least valuable trinket can be a reason for someone to kill you. Weekly convoys of armed trucks deliver food to the district's few stores and charitable shelters, frequently attacked by roving bands of squatters and gangs looking to steal the shipments.

Around half a million live in Redmond today. The actual number is difficult to determine, since most of the population is SINless and it's impossible to do an official census. Backgrounds are diverse, but the percentage of metahumans is relatively low, owing to violence from the Night of Rage and similar incidents, and metahuman flight to Puyallup. Orks make up the majority of metahumans in the district, followed by various changelings, still a relatively new phenomenon, and somewhat more evenly spread throughout the metroplex.

The Mafia and the Yakuza run Redmond far more than the local government. Since even legal goods are difficult to get, the black market is massive, including daily necessities like food and medical supplies, followed by entertainment ranging from pirated trid, simchips, and BTLs to booze, porn and similar money-makers. Arms sales tend to be small unless the mobs are arming their own gangers and soldiers for some kind of war, which they do frequently. Neo-feudal allegiances to the syndicates are a common way for people to survive, so long as they don't draw too much attention from the other side.

Yakuza and Mafia recruiters keep their eyes out for promising new talent in Redmond, especially from the local gangs. Working with the syndicates is one way out of the gangs and offers the promise of wealth, respect, and hitting "the big time," although most prospective "made men" get nothing but a body bag at the end of the day.

Redmond's terrain is mostly flat, with a few hills in the southern part of the district. The winding path of the Snoqualmie River dominates almost a third of the district. The river is filthy, choked with toxic sludge and other refuse (including the occasional bloated corpse). Packs of devil rats hunt all along the shoreline, some of them further mutated by whatever is in the water.

Apart from kilometers of abandoned buildings, the cracked and deteriorating streets, and the vast slums and squatter "towns," the most distinctive features of the Redmond landscape are the "toxic castles," the various factories and corporate manufacturing plants. Plenty of them do look like techno-Gothic structures of rusting metal and soot-covered brick, surrounded by high walls topped with razorwire and moats of their own poisonous filth. Armed guards patrol the ramparts to keep the facilities safe from squatters and roving gangs while most plants ship materials in and out via helicopter or tilt-rotor these days, to avoid having to bring trucks through the streets.

- The Matrix in Redmond is spotty almost to the point of non-existence in many places. Static rules supreme pretty much everywhere but Touristville, which is mostly one big spam zone. The only tags you'll find beyond Touristville are either corporate castles or gangs marking their territory. There are a few pirate jack-pots scattered around the district but a lot of them are so old and out-of-date that they're more likely to fry your wetware than anything you'll meet in VR.
- Glitch

- The ethereal plane of the Redmond Barrens is in a similar sorry state. The radioactive and chemical contamination, coupled with generations of crushing hopelessness and violence, have combined to make the astral atmosphere positively toxic.
- Ethernaut

DISTRICTS

Redmond is officially divided up into a series of neighborhoods or districts, but is better known for its unofficial divisions that mark out the real territories of the Barrens.

BARGAIN BASEMENT

The area nicknamed "Bargain Basement" used to be home to the most upscale apartments and condoplexes in Redmond, but that was forty years ago, before the Crash. Now, most of those buildings are slowly decaying, occupied by squatters or claimed by slum landlords backed up by criminal syndicates, their power coming from illegal hookups. A three-bedroom luxury condo once owned by a single corporate middle manager is now home to three different families sharing the common kitchen area and making do with boiling water on a hot plate since the stove stopped working years ago.

The Mafia and Yakuza both have a lot of influence in Bargain Basement, where life is cheap and people are desperate. The black market is pretty much the only one, and little street bazaars spring up in parking lots, narrow alleys, and other public spaces, offering whatever the people there have been able to scrounge or steal up for sale.

THE CRASH ZONE

The small community of Monroe, near the Salish-Shidhe border north of the Snoqualmie River, was at the center of the worst air disasters in Seattle history when a spaceplane—carrying Corporate Court Justice David Hague—crashed there in 2059. The explosion and ensuing fires destroyed structures in a nearly three-kilometer radius, and killed most of the area's few thousand inhabitants. The remaining fuel on board the spaceplane was sufficient to cause fires hot enough to fuse the ground into glass at the center of the crash site.

One of the worst side effects of the crash was damage to the nearby Seattle Metroplex Reformatory. The prison was in pretty bad shape even before the equivalent of an explosive ICBM hit Redmond. After the crash, hundreds of prisoners rioted. A mass jailbreak ended in the deaths of most of the prison guards and staff, with the prisoners in control of the facility, the largest intact building near the blast-zone.

The Metroplex Guard and fire-control teams from Franklin Fire Services managed to contain the damage from the crash (although we're talking "contained" inside a large area, and often involving fire-breaks created by blasting buildings). Before Governor Schultz could make any decisions regarding the Crash Zone, she was lost inside the Renraku Arcology and Governor Lindstrom had more important things to worry about than some damage to an outlying area of the Barrens. So the devastated area was abandoned and it didn't take long for the squatters to move in. The former inmates from the Reformatory quickly claimed control over the whole of the Crash Zone and began scavenging whatever they could from the ruins. The zoners fiercely defend their territory using weapons from the former prison, but they are allowing squatters to set up in the area, so long as they recognize their authority.

- The remains of the Reformatory and surrounding area are the center of a neo-feudal fiefdom of sorts. It has had several self-declared "kings," each of whom

has killed his predecessor in one way or another, usually single combat. The current undisputed ruler of the Crash Zone is a troll called King Mungo, a massive killer with more scars than skin and tattoos covering what's left. He and his followers are vicious animals who rule by terror, but stick close to their territory for fear of attracting the attention of bigger predators that would wipe them out in the blink of an eye if their "kingdom" became of the least concern to them.

- Riser

GLow CITY

The partial meltdown of the Trojan-Satsop nuclear plant in the southeastern area of Redmond some sixty years ago contaminated Beaver Lake and the surrounding land for kilometers with radioactive particles. In 2028 Shiawase Atomics built a new plant next to the rusting hulk of the old one, reasoning that the already contaminated land would be available for development on the cheap (they were right).

After the Ghost Dance War and later the Crash of '29, squatters and refugees moved into the abandoned area nicknamed "Glow City," taking over empty buildings and facilities and setting up their own tent cities and ghettos. The metroplex government made some token attempts to remove them, but quickly gave up, and the squatters stayed. Since then, the transient population has continued to grow, despite the incredibly high death rate from cancer and radiation sickness, to say nothing of the massive infant mortality rate and some of the hideous radiation-induced mutations. Some magicians have done their best to help the locals cope using healing magic, but their efforts are too small to make much of a difference.

The existing squatter population has seen an influx of some changelings from other parts of the Barrens and metroplex. There are also persistent rumors of all kinds of freakish creatures living in and around Glow City, although (hopefully) most of them are urban legends.

- Glow City is the pulsating, poisoned heart of polluted astral space in the Redmond Barrens. The rusting ruins of the nuclear plant burn like a sickly green sun, shedding an unwholesome light over everything, a light that chases away the spirits and scatters delicate spells to the etheric winds. You can feel it burning across your spirit-body—it's a wonder any worker of the Art can function in the area for long.
- Ethernaut
- The only ones that can have embraced the poison sun. They worship "the Glow" and the "gifts" that it brings, likening the hideous radiation-induced mutations to the transformations of the Awakening. They believe Glow City and places like it are starting places of the next great transformation for metahumanity. Their faith and fervor are rewarded with the power to wield the tainted mana of this place and call upon its spirits, creatures no sane magician can deal with safely.
- Axis Mundi

THE PLASTIC JUNGLES

The Plastic Jungles are quite a sight, even by Seattle standards. Acres of dirty grayish and tattered canopies of bioplastic stretched high overhead from support struts create a near-tropical world underneath, warm and filled with greenery, the rainwater and (to a degree) the air filtered by the bioplastic netting and the plant-life. There are small trees and bushes, creeping and climbing vines, and exotic flowers in every color of the rainbow, filling the air with a heady scent. Under the foliage are tents and shelters built out of discarded bioplastic sheeting, scrap wood and plastic, thatching and materials harvested from the

jungles. It is a strange indoor-outdoor rainforest on the outskirts of one of the largest cities in the world.

Back around the turn of the century, a wealthy agriculturist built a series of massive greenhouses in northwestern Redmond, near Echo Lake. The tent-like buildings were several kilometers across and stood on land considered too polluted with toxic contaminants to grow anything. The agriculturist proved the skeptics wrong—almost. The land yielded amazing harvests of food, but most of it was too contaminated for human consumption.

So the greenhouses were converted to grow tropical plants and flowers until the Crash of '29, when the owner lost his entire fortune and the complex went into receivership. As the depression left by the Crash worsened and Redmond was slowly abandoned, nobody bothered to look after the place. Since then, the abandoned agri-domes have become home for much of Redmond's metahuman population, the various plants and flowers allowed to grow wild.

The metahuman squatters in the Plastic Jungles are understandably mistrustful of outsiders, especially humans. They are organized into neo-primitive tribes, living off the land. Ironically, decades of land-reclamation here have worked and managed to clean up the area enough to grow food again. This makes the Jungles targets for Barrens gangs and scavengers looking to steal harvests and food supplies.

THE RAT'S NEST

Officially the North Seattle Refuse and Reclamation Center, the Rat's Nest is a huge, open-air landfill several kilometers across. Just north of the Snoqualmie River, not far from the edge of the Salish-Shidhe border, it is a regular point of contention between the metroplex and the Sovereign Tribal Council, since toxins from the dump leech into the soil and groundwater and refuse to respect political borders for some reason.

Well over a thousand squatters live in the Nest in makeshift huts and tents on, in, and around mountains of garbage and refuse. Some of the squatters pick through the trash for anything usable for themselves or to sell on the black market, and you would be amazed at the kind of stuff they find from time to time. The trash-rats, or *gomi-nezumi*, as the Yakuza call them, have a real nose for finding things. They have managed to salvage tech, weapons, clothing, building materials, and other treasures from the trash mounds.

- Some of the Rat's Nest squatters are Rat shamans, and the dump is infested with rats, devil rats, and other urban scavengers.
- Lyran
- Just like the devil rats, some of the shamans in the Nest are rabid; twisted and toxic because of the crush of human suffering and waste there.
- Tarlan

TOURISTVILLE

The only marginally safe area of Redmond borders Bellevue, near the offices of the so-called Redmond District Government. Known as "Touristville," this is where the tourists and slummers from Bellevue come to experience the thrill of "the Barrens" and hang out in sleazy clubs. Knight Errant has started patrolling here, but the smart citizens bring along their own protection, either packing heat or (if they can afford it) having their own bodyguard.

THE VERGE

The last major eruption of Mount Rainier sent tons of ash pouring down on the south and eastern parts of the Seattle metroplex. One



heavily affected area was the border between southeast Redmond and Salish-Shidhe territory, now known as the Verge. Both sides of the border largely washed their hands of having to clean up or deal with the ashfall, since they had other priorities. Federated-Boeing negotiated the purchase of the land with the metroplex government, largely as a public relations move. There were press releases, video statements, and a little ceremony about how FB could develop the area, then nothing. Maybe the whole stunt didn't generate as much good press as FB hoped, or they just lost interest. Whatever the case, the squatters soon moved back into the area, taking over the empty buildings and storefronts, digging things out as best they could, and life (such as it is) resumed.

- Gangs like the Crimson Crush and the First Nations are still fighting over who gets to claim the Verge as their turf, effectively just a proxy war between the Mafia and the Yakuza for control over the black markets in an area where people are desperately in need of the most basic of services.
- Nephrine

PLACES OF INTEREST

Lawless haven of criminal scum that it is, Redmond has long, dark shadows. You can find most anything on the black market, provided you're willing to look hard enough and pay big enough.

You can find these places on the SeaSource maps (most of the time) but forget about using GridGuide™ pretty much anywhere outside of Touristville. The traffic grid is practically nonexistent, and in a lot of cases it never existed in the first place, since the metroplex government doesn't bother with public works projects in the Barrens.

ACES

130th Avenue & 142nd Street

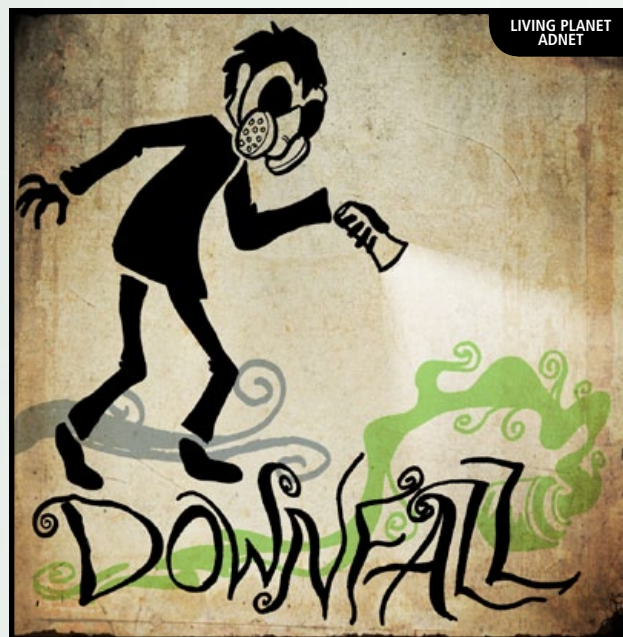
That's "Aces" plural and not possessive, as if anyone would claim ownership of this pit. Indeed, the regulars call the place "The Scumpit" which would make a more accurate sign. The interior of this charming watering-hole is filled with peeling paint, fraying vinyl, half-broken windows patched over with packing board, and a great combination of cheap, crappy food, watered-down rotgut, and tinny music blasting from a patched-together collection of speakers tacked up all over the place. The regulars entertain themselves with the pool tables, the smudged and fuzzy trideo, and good old-fashioned bar brawling.

So, why would you go there? Well, I don't, if I can avoid it, but Aces is the local hangout for the Crimson Crush gang as well as a number of shadowrunner wannabes and fairly cheap muscle, mostly orks and trolls. So it's the place if you're hiring (and on a budget), or if you need to deal with the Crush for one reason or another. Still, even if you don't go in looking for a fight, chances of finding one are really good.

BANSHEE

1267 163rd Avenue NE

You'd think this place got its name from its crappy Thursday night karaoke sessions with a tinny sound system and drunken patrons who can't carry a tune in a bucket, but truth is I have no idea. The Banshee is strictly no-frills: a bar, some strings of LEDs, a pissed-looking ork bouncer, and cheap booze. Its prime appeal is being so unremarkable and low-key enough to do business in, provided you keep an eye on the hungrier-looking patrons.



THE BODY MALL

Issaquah-Beaver Lake Road and East Beaver Lake Drive

If you need to go under the knife and you're on a budget (or on the run, for that matter), then the Body Mall in Redmond is your first, and possibly only, choice. Located right near Glow City, it used to be a hospital, but now all four floors are broken up into a "mall" (or bazaar, if you like) of medical practices from cut-rate cyberware and biomods to patching you up after a firefight or treating those bites and scratches the devil rats gave you. The docs at the Body Mall don't ask questions and prefer to be paid in cash, although some do barter (since "sucking chest wound" isn't exactly a strong negotiating position).

- Note that the term "doc" is more often than not an honorific around the Body Mall. Some are actual MDs, while others are anything from nurses, former combat medics, and PAs (physician's assistants) to uncertified amateurs who have "picked up a few things." If you can, try and get Dr. Elaine Pinsky or Dr. Moe Arasaka, both qualified physicians. Arasaka is a troll and former combat medic for some corp.
- Nephrine
- Be aware that the vultures circle the Body Mall all the time: Tamanous has connections there and pays well for spare parts, so the profit is often the same (or even more) to the doc if you kick off.
- Hard Exit
- Dr. Hanson Seever has been operating a clinic out of the Body Mall for the past year or so, looking to treat people in Glow City, but rumor has it he's also using it as a "tag and release" program to cull out the reasonably healthy patients and track them so when cancer, radiation, or just the other denizens of the Glow finally get them, he can "harvest" what's left. Waste not, want not.
- Butch

CARNATION-SEATTLE RANCH

3165 NE 60th Street

North America's largest dairy company owns a sizeable ranch that spans the Seattle/Salish-Shidhe border, stretching mostly into tribal territory. They negotiated a special agreement with the SSC decades ago to maintain their land-use rights, part of which is that all their

employees who are not NAN citizens must return to Seattle after their working hours are over. A series of small helipads spread throughout the ranch helps to facilitate this. The Redmond side of the ranch is relatively small: a fenced compound secured by sensors and guard posts.

The ranch is of interest because it is a potential gateway between Redmond and Native territory. The SSC doesn't patrol inside the ranch, only along its borders, so it's possible to slip across the border, especially if you happen to have inside help. Carnation-Seattle values its good relations with the Salish-Shidhe enough to not mess around with smuggling or illegal border crossings officially, but some of their employees are willing to look the other way in exchange for the right bribe.

CRUSHER 495

124th Avenue & 143rd Street

Ork-owned and -operated for more than thirty years, Crusher 495 is a fixture of the Redmond club scene. Racists in Redmond have threatened, vandalized, and firebombed the place, but the owners always rebuild and reopen, better than before. The music tends towards the heavy stuff: hard or nova rock, industrial, and its various offspring. Don't hit the dance floor unless you're prepared to slam-dance with a drunken ork or troll.

Eddy Kosky, the senior partner and manager, basically grew up in and around the club and knows *everybody*. He has maintained Crusher 495's brilliant policy of "neighborhood responsibility," keeping Redmond resources in Redmond. People know you can come here for small loans, whatever leftovers they've got, sponsorship of some community potluck or get-together, ride-shares, and general networking. In return, the locals really look out for the club's interests; any haters causing them trouble now come from outside of the area, and are met with a cold shoulder from the people who know who their friends really are.

- It's not just the Humanis types; Crusher 495 has resisted takeover by the Mafia and Yakuza for years. The Gianelli Family had Eddy's dad Janus killed, so he'll burn the place to the ground himself before he lets a syndicate run it for him. Still, every once in a while some up-and-coming made man or kobun will decide the place would be an asset and tries to acquire it.
- Pistons

DOWNFALL

NE 175th Street & 140th Avenue NE

By Redmond standards, the Downfall is a fairly clean, safe place to stop in for a couple of drinks. At least part of the bar's reputation seems to stem from a few Awakened patrons, who have been willing in the past to use non-lethal magic to put a stop to any trouble.

DR. BOB'S QUICKSTITCH CLINIC

150th Avenue NE & NE 36th Street

"Dr. Bob's" is a name that has been around Redmond for years, although there seems to be no evidence an actual "Dr. Bob" ever even existed. Several street docs in different locations have used the name and reputation of the discreet and efficient Dr. Bob. In fact, I think a few may have even done so at the same time.

The current Dr. Bob's Quickstitch is run by Dr. Lu Tran, who prefers not to discuss his background, but word has it he is formerly of Yamatetsu. I haven't heard about any issues concerning treating metahumans, whatever his reasons for leaving his former employers.

- Sorry, Kat, but Dr. Lu is not a big fan of the Awakened. He's smart enough to keep his opinions to himself, but he definitely gives preference to his human patients over anyone else.
- Hannibelle



HOLLYWOOD CORRECTIONAL FACILITY

156th Place NE & 159th Avenue NE

The Hollywood Correctional Facility is the largest prison in Redmond. It's no joke that the inmates actually fare better in many ways than some of the people right outside their walls. They, at least, have a clean and dry place to sleep and regular food, even if it is just mass soy and fungus protein most of the time.

- Rumor has it that Chimera has a member who lives in the prison as an inmate, and still accepts commissions from the organization to kill prisoners. Certainly, Hollywood Correctional has a high mortality rate due to "accidents" and "prison violence," although nobody has suggested there is a connection between all the various incidents. Not yet, anyway.
- Plan 9

HOLLYWOOD HOSPITAL

153rd Street & 154th Avenue

Depressingly typical for a Redmond hospital, this place is underfunded, understaffed, and definitely below code in terms of cleanliness and patient care. A lot of the personnel are unlicensed or not completely trained, although most are pretty dedicated (you have to be to work in a place like this). Chief administrator Dr. Edison Olszewski holds the record for having worked at Hollywood for some twenty-four years. He was a combat surgeon with an elite MCT unit, but they kicked him out for giving aid and comfort to the enemy (in other words, showing a gram of human kindness). He's remained dedicated to keeping Hollywood open and running as best he can.

- The hospital, like any in the Barrens, also needs a lot of security, since it is a scavenger's paradise. Even what limited medical supplies and equipment they have would fetch big cred on the black market. So a lot of their already small budget goes to hiring muscle to protect it.
- Danger Sensei

HOLLYWOOD SIMSENSE ENTERTAINMENTS

NE 145th Street & 168th Avenue

This place in Redmond manufactures cheap simsense gear and even cheaper chips to play on it. They also have their own studios where sims are produced, mostly porn and snuff-sims, using "actors" recruited off the streets of the Barrens. The Seattle Mafia controls Hollywood Simsense and moves their product, selling to chipheads all over the metroplex. There's never any lack of would-be actors or just Barrens kids willing to take any chance for a hot meal and some trinkets. Since those trinkets often include their first hits of BTL, they quickly end up willing to do whatever the director wants when he yells "action!"

- Conflict over beetles, snuff-sims, and other chips this place turns out versus what the Yakuza imports or produces themselves is the source of a lot of blood spilled by gangers on the streets of Redmond, since they are the front-line dealers and soldiers in this conflict.
- Hard Exit

THE JACKAL'S LANTERN

25th Street & 168th Avenue NE

The Jackal's Lantern is one of those temporary "just for a night" party bars that have somehow managed to take root and stick around for more than twenty years. Admittedly, it has changed locations a few

times since those first nights (including one incarnation that burned to the ground), but much of it remains constant. There are the cable roll "tables" of cheap wood and plastic, the folding chairs and mismatched furniture, the decorations made up of strings of LEDs and doll parts wrapped up in barbed wire and, of course, the Halloweeners. The gang has made the Jackal's Lantern their hangout for years, so much so that they've become its unofficial bouncers and security, when they're not drunk and picking fights, that is.

THE JOKE

Union Hill Road & 208th Avenue NE

Jacque Shurrock turned the lobby and ground floor of a pre-Crash apartment tower into a club back in the 2040s. Jacque owed his seed money to the Yakuza, and they have held on to control of the place since it started. With dancing, drinking, and bawdy cabaret acts (verging into live sex and S&M shows some nights) downstairs, the Yaks have turned the upstairs into a combination of office space, black market warehouse, syndicate hostel, and sex club. You need to know somebody to get upstairs, and the higher you go, the tighter the security. The upper apartments are the personal office space and playground of Jonny Wakshira, the kobun in charge of the place, who spends a fair amount of time down in the club people-watching and enjoying the company of his chosen companions for the evening.

- Wakshira changes his loyalties like he does his designer shirts: originally, he came up through the Nishidon-gumi, but jumped ship to the Shigedas when Shotozumi declared war on the Nishidon. Then he quickly declared his loyalty to Kanaga when he took over the gumi after Shigeda's assassination. He's a survivor, much more interested in his own pleasure than anything else.
- Mihoshi Oni

LIFE-EEZ APPLIANCES

West Morrison Street & Stewart Avenue

The Life-Eez factory makes domestic cooking and cleaning appliances. Materials and finished goods are generally transported in and out by cargo tilt-rotor.

- Life-Eez is noteworthy primarily for their employment of metahumans and changelings, which has earned them the anger of various fringe humanis groups, who have picketed and even bombed the factory in the past.
- Tarlan
- Why the haters are so pissed I'll never know. Working in a place like Life-Eez is practically a death-sentence. These factories have toxic environments and next to no safety accountability. They're more likely to fire someone for suffering a work-related injury because they won't be able to work as hard, and to cover up a work-related death by selling the corpse off to some organleggers. It's slave wages, no benefits, and no job security, and yet it's still considered better than nothing in Redmond.
- Butch

THE MAD WOMAN

51st Street NE & 228th Avenue NE

A glitzy nightclub with the in-crowd some fifty years ago, the aptly named Mad Woman is like a very old whore these days. The light and sound systems were cannibalized along with a lot of the wiring ages ago, although some enterprising DJs have set up a small AR network and some wall-mount mini-speakers to replace them. Still, there's a



lot less dancing and a lot more drinking, with patrons mostly looking to drown their sorrows or get hammered enough to hook up with someone and not be alone for the night.

- This place is starting to attract a new crowd, neo-tribals looking for a place to hold regular rave parties. The owner just asks for a modest cut of the take because they actually bring people in and the ones putting together the shows really go all out, from decorating and setting up the networks around the place to mixing the playlists and getting the word out about when to be there.
- Plan 9
- The neo-tribal vibe has, in turn, started bringing some street shamans to the club. The last big party there featured an unplanned appearance by what can only be called a guidance spirit, a mixed-race woman with crazy-colored dreadlocks down to her knees, dressed to the nines in a modern clubbing outfit. That suggests a new community has really come together around the Mad Woman.
- Lyran

MONOHAN VEHICLES

Black Nugget Road

The Monohan factory complex in Redmond turns out military and police vehicles for Ares Arms, a division of Ares Macrotechnology. Raw materials are brought in by tilt-rotor to the factories' heavy ferrocrete landing pads, while finished vehicles are driven out in large, guarded convoys to ship out around the world. The presence of the complex in Seattle has worked out well for Knight Errant, since it allows them to get their security vehicles locally and replace them quickly.

- The Monohan family made a mint off the sale of their company to Ares, even got to keep the name as a boutique subsidiary under the Ares Arms umbrella and stay on as management, those of them who still want to work that is. The youngest generation of Monohans are filthy rich and spoiled accordingly, local celebrities simply for their ability to throw their wealth around.
- Mika

NOVELTY HILL SLEEP & EAT

Novelty Hill Road & West Snoqualmie Valley Road

This refurbished warehouse is filled with a steel pipe framework holding racks of sleep cubicles stacked fifteen high, with narrow catwalks running between them, pretty typical coffin hotel setup. The owners have basically ignored all the niceties of Seattle public health and building codes, so there is no fire alarm, sprinkler system, or sanitary facilities (unless you count the Stuffer Shack down the street). The locks of most of the cubicles work, but be sure to check yours first; same with the ventilation, assuming you ever have a reason to stay in this pit.

PHOENIX HOUSE

Union Hill Road

Phoenix House still serves great Japanese food, mostly soy, but with some fresh on special from time to time. However, the ambiance has been lacking since the owners ran into financial trouble after Crash 2.0 and had to seek assistance from the local Yakuza, who are now squeezing them and turning the place into one of their new hangouts. This, in turn, is driving away business and making it that much harder for owner De Anh Trinkka and family to pay back the loan.

REDMOND CENTER

Redmond Way & Avondale Way NE

Redmond Center was envisioned as part of an effort to revitalize the Redmond economy by improving tourism. A two-story mall opened in 2049 with an attached ten-story luxury hotel. It has given visitors a place to go (and stay), and attracted quite a number of disaffected Redmond and Renton teens looking to loiter somewhere. Unfortunately, the Center has fallen on hard times as tourism in Redmond has fallen off, at least of the sort interested in malls and shopping, or able to afford staying in hotels.

- The Yakuza took over the whole Redmond Center complex in a "buy-out" that left the hotel manager at the time dead in one of his own rooms with a prostitute. Now the whole thing is just a front for their black market, smuggling, and vice business in the district, extending into parts of Renton. They are driving the whole place into the ground.
- Mika
- The mall was built with a series of hidden tunnels underneath like a bomb shelter, in the event it needed defending from a mob. The Yaks use the tunnels as a combination warehouse and safehouse for hiding things, but they could also turn the place into a virtual fortress if they ever needed to.
- Khan-A-Saur

REDMOND DISTRICT COURTHOUSE

NE 85th Street & 163rd Avenue

REDMOND DISTRICT HALL

15670 NE 85th Street

Redmond's government buildings, like its government, are largely a joke. They're easily a hundred years old and barely maintained, largely for show (also like the district government itself).

REDMOND GENERAL

164th Avenue NE & 85th Street NE

The United Corporate Council and the metroplex government established Redmond General in 2049 as a community improvement project, and both have poured money into maintaining it since then, more



for the PR victory than anything else. The hospital is still the cleanest and most modern of any in the district, but they have understandable difficulty in keeping staff, and what people they do have look to take advantage of the system. The administration has had more scandals involving black market dealing, organ-legging, and illegal operations than ten hospitals this size.

THE SKELETON

Redmond Fall City Road & 196th Avenue NE

The Skeleton is Redmond's most venerable and famous rock-club. Although it's grungy and run-down, with bits of endless fliers, staples, and tacks in the walls and on the beams (everywhere, really), every up-and-coming band wants to play there, and even the famous ones love the kitsch of "a set at the Skeleton." The place is always booked, with a bell-curve of acts that goes from obscure starting around 21:00 to peak at known or even famous by 00:00 and then sliding back down into beginner's territory by morning. Along with the locals, the Skeleton attracts a lot of slummers from Bellevue and Renton looking for a night out on the wild side in the Barrens.

SQUATTERS' MALL

NE 8th Street & 244th Avenue NE

Known forty years ago as "Information Plaza," this massive shopping mall was opened just a couple years before the Crash of '29, which took the whole place out almost overnight. As jobs (and therefore shoppers) evaporated in the neighborhood, the stores closed like lights winking out until the entire mall was a ghost town. Unable to unload it, the developers defaulted and abandoned it and the squatters eventually moved in. Now the place is like a homeless condoplex, with sometimes entire families living in the empty storefronts, holding trading bazaars in the food court and rotunda, and selling BTLs or even themselves out near the entrances. The place is too deep in the Barrens for the police to bother with it, and nobody wants the land as yet, assuming they could untangle its ownership from years of bankruptcy and probate.

- The Squatters' Mall is nowhere near as organized as the Crime Mall in Puyallup, but you can sometimes find some worthwhile black market goods around here. Most of the stuff they're selling is of little interest to shadowrunners, however, mainly household and personal items along with various brain-benders and forms of "entertainment" intended to take your mind off of how shitty your life is.
- Khan-A-Saur

YOSHIRO'S

Woodinville Snohomish Road & 175th Street NE

Yoshiro's is what Phoenix House on Union Hill could become, given a long enough streak of bad business. Cheap and greasy Japanese soy food and equally cheap soy beer substitutes served in press-paper is what you get, along with gangers and Yakuza wannabes hanging around hassling the customers when they feel like it. Some of those customers consider themselves "shadowrunners," but they're little more than thugs for hire.

- That's what a lot of so-called shadowrunners are, Kat, dear.
- Mika

PUYALLUP

Although Redmond—and all of Seattle—has changed a great deal, the district of the metroplex that has changed the most, to the point where people from fifty or sixty years ago would never recognize it, is Puyallup. An area that used to be wide stretches of fertile farmland and apple orchards (I've seen pictures) was buried under tons of volcanic ash in 2017 when Mt. Rainier erupted. Then came the refugees of the Ghost Dance War, with their tent cities and semi-permanent encampments, then the metahumans fleeing the fires of the Night of Rage, looking for shelter. Then more volcanic eruptions, waves of changelings, mob violence ... now a steady stream of debris—both ash and people—trickles into the Puyallup Barrens.

People only come to Puyallup to hide, or because they have no other choices left. The district is home to the indigent and the exiled. In particular, it sees a fair number of “immigrants” from Tir Tairngire, mostly elven exiles from “the Land of Promise” or young elves who think Seattle is an exciting and happening place where you can rock out, be different, and not have to conform to the complex customs of somebody’s idea of fairyland. All true, but they usually don’t know about the harsh and grimy realities until they show up here with nothing but some cred in their pockets and a dream of a different life. A lot of those dreams wash up in Puyallup, same with some of the kids who come from the NAN, California, and even further away. The tourists only come to Puyallup to see the spectacular lava fields, or maybe to slum in some of the nightspots, but even then they usually travel in armored helicopters and limos, and they don’t linger.

Compared to the Redmond, Puyallup is sparse: both in terms of people and places. It has about twice the area of Redmond with probably around half the population density, although large swaths of Puyallup are practically uninhabitable (but then, you can say the

PUYALLUP AT A GLANCE

Size: 1,008 square kilometers

Population: 506,000 (estimated)

Human: 48%

Elf: 21%

Dwarf: 4%

Ork: 22%

Troll: 4%

Other: 1%

Population Density: 502 per square kilometer

Per Capita Income: 6,200¥

Corporate-Affiliated Population: 18%

Hospitals and Clinics: 6

Voting Precincts: 10

Education:

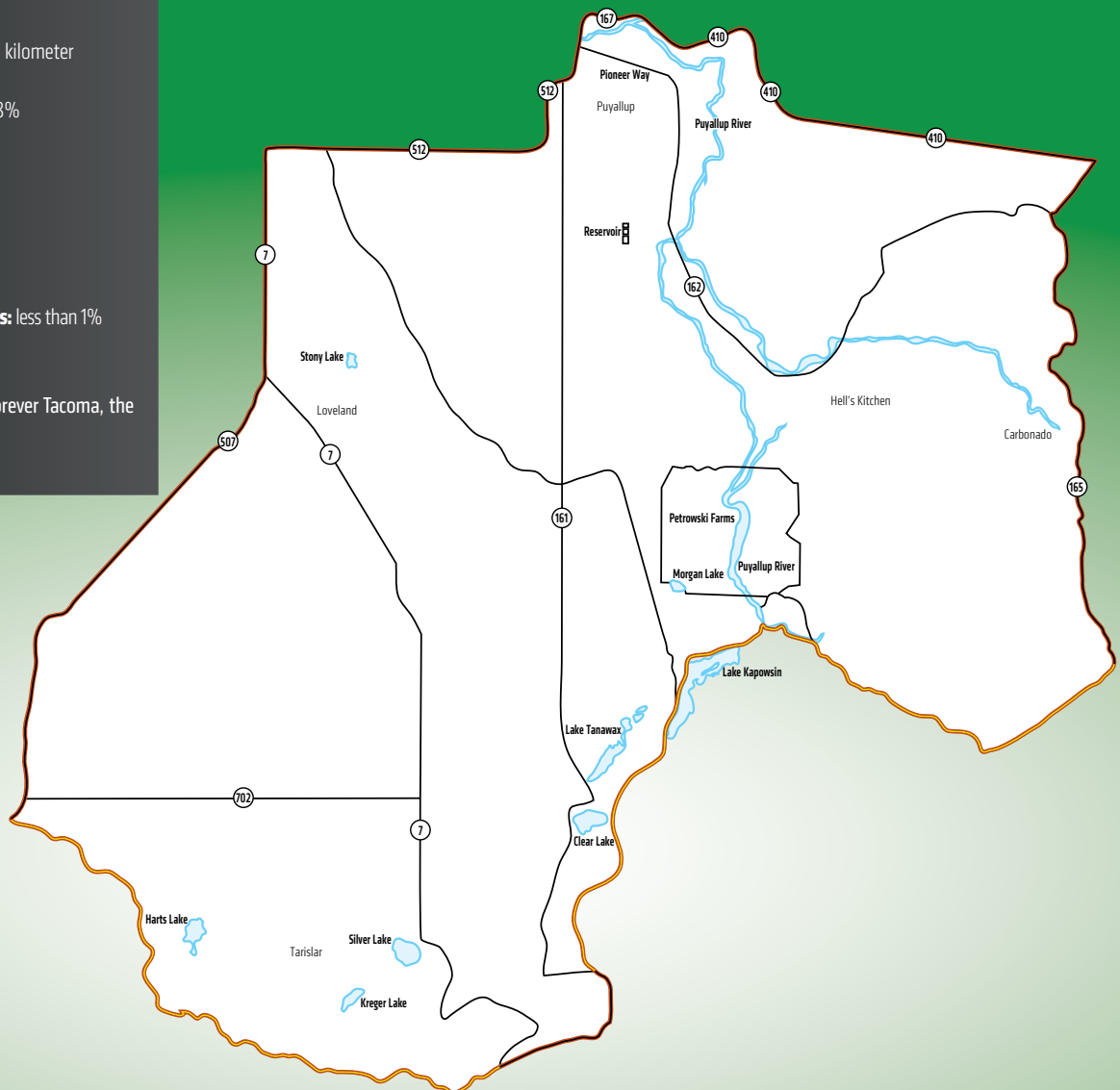
Less Than 12 Years: 80%

High School Equivalency: 16%

College Equivalency: 4%

Advanced Degrees and Certificates: less than 1%

- Major Corp Facilities: None
- Major Gangs: The Black Rains, Forever Tacoma, the Princes, the Reality Hackers



LOCALE: PUYALLUP

Bastian drew the hood over his head and activated the nanotattoo that covered his body, darkening his normally-pale skin. Lord Bastian of Black Sunday had started picking up fans from his SimStim videos and their recent concert performances. DJs in the right clubs were starting to play his songs. With a bit more exposure he might drop his day job and stop making runs, which was why he was here. He needed an angel to protect him from the Yakuza.

On the outside Underworld 93 looked like a run-down, converted warehouse. The hint that the building might be something more was the giant holographic marquee boasting the best club in the Plex. Bastian kept to the shadows, careful to avoid the attention of the bouncers, and waited. It was just after one of his songs finished that club manager Annette Harris made her appearance.

'Nette had been an AGE exec with Mega-Media before some internal scandal forced her into early retirement. He waited until she glanced his way and flashed a smile. Three songs later a man in a suit offered him a drink in private with the manager. 'Nette was known for her slumming trysts. He faked surprise and followed.

'Nette's office had all the luxuries one would expect from an exec. Especially one with the silent partner she had. She dismissed her guards and then locked the doors. "I'm surprised you showed."

"We're in a bad spot, 'Nette. We need a lifeline."

"Anyone associated with Easy D is dead."

"Easy is dead to us. We don't want to go down with him."

'Nette laughed. "You really have a high opinion of yourself. And my connections."

"I was hoping that you would talk to your ... partner."

'Nette stopped laughing. "I doubt that he has an interest in a burnout rocker."

"He said he liked my music. The Yakuza would listen to him."

"He likes a lot of music," 'Nette said evenly. "And you spend more time dodging bullets than singing."

This was the one thing that he swore he'd never do. "I have something he wants."

"I hardly think he wants you in that way," 'Nette said sardonically.

"No. I have an item that he wants. He once offered me thirty thousand for it."

Before 'Nette could respond her commlink chimed. She held up a finger and tapped her ear. "Yes, Peri?" Silence. 'Nette raised an eyebrow. "Certainly, Peri. It will be done."

'Nette walked over to her desk and poured two drinks. "Well?" Bastian asked.

She handed him a drink and smiled. "You must have something he wants very badly. He's agreed to facilitate a lifeline."

"I'll have it sent over via carrier."

"What is it? You have to tell me," 'Nette said. "It isn't often that he acts with such abandon."

Bastian ignored the drink and slid the hood over his head. "My most prized possession. A guitar. 1965 Fender Stratocaster."

"Why is it so valuable?"

"It was the first guitar ever burned during a performance by Jimi Hendrix. Priceless. But I can't enjoy it dead."

"I can see why he took the deal."

"We could use that angel tonight. Lots of people are looking for us."

"A fixer will contact you with the details as soon I receive the package. Don't look at me with those puppy dog eyes. You made the right choice. Anything that saves your life is worth it. That's the price you pay for running in the shadows. Maybe you'll write a song about it, eh?"



same about Redmond, for different reasons). People also tend to stay indoors as much as they can. Puyallup sees semi-regular “dirty snow,” the fine, grey fall of ash from Mt. Rainier, and it has the worst air quality in all of Seattle. Breathers are a must-have, although some have to make do with scarves tied across their faces or stolen surgical masks. “P-lung” or “grey-lung” is local slang for the deep, hacking cough developed from long unprotected exposure to the air around here.

DISTRICTS

Like Redmond, a lot of Puyallup’s divisions and neighborhoods are more informal designations or communities rather than administrative districts.

CARBONADO

Before the Ghost Dance War, much of the Carbonado area was made up of small mining-company towns along the Carbon River Valley towards Mt. Rainier. The economy relied heavily on coal mining and timber harvesting in the surrounding area, much of which ceased after the first Rainier eruption wiped out much of the forest resources and caused the mining companies to pull out due to geological instabilities, leaving abandoned towns.

A number of orks fleeing the Night of Rage in central Seattle settled here about thirty years ago, taking up residence in some of the empty houses and company apartments, as well as taking over the abandoned mine complexes. Other squatters and refugees have also moved into Carbonado, as the residents have attempted to revive some of the mines, using what equipment they can scavenge and piece together.

- Carbonado is riddled with old mining tunnels, and the orks have dug several new ones in various places. Along with semi-legitimate mining, the area’s other major activity is smuggling, using the tunnels to conceal and store contraband shipped across the borders. Some of the mineshafts are big enough to conceal entire panzer rigs and serve as temporary garages.
- Rigger X
- The abandoned mine shafts and tunnels in Carbonado attract other residents, too. Various paranimals have moved in from time to time: from agropelters, birdmen, harpies, or devil rats to bandersnatch and piasma out of the tribal lands. There are also a lot of stories of will-o’-wisps leading people into the empty mines and then right into deadfalls or unstable areas. Sometimes the locals band together to clear out infested tunnels, others they leave well enough alone, or hire some help to take care of them.
- Lyran

HELL’S KITCHEN

The Mowich Lava Flow is Puyallup’s most distinctive feature, formed by the rivers of lava that poured down from Mt. Rainier, wiping out everything in their path. Eventually, the lava flow cooled and hardened into kilometers of endless barren black rock. The lava flow pushed the Puyallup River out of its former bed, flooding a lot of the low-lying areas with toxic grey mud. Large amounts of water were drawn underground, where they formed pockets of boiling mud or steam geysers on the surface of the lava plain. The river eventually settled into a new course, although it’s still shallow and floods sometimes during the late winter and early spring.

Always looking to turn disaster into profit, several corporations saw opportunities to build geothermal power plants on the lava fields. Several projects were approved, but the Crash of ’29 wiped out their

funding and, often, the companies sponsoring them. So the lava flats are dotted with the rusting hulks of half-completed structures, some of them taken over and used as way stations or shelters.

Hell’s Kitchen does see some visitors: shamans make their way out across the lava flats and ash dunes on vision quests and to commune with the nature spirits, while talismongers search for useful minerals and the bones of animals that died out on the plain or in one of the boiling mud pits. Some hardy dwarf miners make their way out with pick and shovel looking for valuable mineral veins. The rest are either tourists enjoying the stark beauty of the lava flows (often from a safe distance) or smugglers making their way across the desolation to or from the border, avoiding the automated monitoring stations and patrol drones.

- Just getting across Hell’s Kitchen isn’t easy: the terrain is unstable and dotted with pits of boiling mud and steam geysers that can erupt without warning. The ashfall often covers over steam-vents, cracks in the rock, and other hazards, even creating deadly ash-pits where you can sink like quicksand and disappear in seconds. Find a guide who knows the area if you have to go out across the flats on foot.
- Hard Exit
- In addition to the hazards of the terrain are the critters that wander in from the tribal wilderness, drawn to the rich heat and minerals of the lava fields. Rockworms in particular are common out in Hell’s Kitchen, and they can even chew through panzer armor, given the opportunity.
- Lyran

LOVELAND

Located along the western border of the district, near Route 7, Loveland is one of the most densely populated and most violent areas of the Puyallup Barrens. It’s filled with squatters, pushers, thieves, gangers, and hookers, most of them peddling their wares to off-duty soldiers from nearby Fort Lewis. The Yakuza and the Mafia have been fighting over control of Loveland for years, mostly through the proxies of various gangs they arm and supply, who run their errands and sell their drugs, chips, and other contraband. Neither syndicate has devoted the resources to overwhelm their opposition in Loveland, so the conflict just wears on and on.

- Loveland is also a stop on the smuggling route through Puyallup and into Tacoma, along Route 7, with some of the only facilities in the Barrens, usually run by one of the syndicates. A lot of the go-gangs in Loveland work for either the Mafia or the Yakuza. They provide outriders and distractions for their smuggling operations, or else they track and raid smugglers like packs of wild dogs following a herd, usually drawing a syndicate reprisal from a rival gang if they get caught.
- Rigger X

PUYALLUP

The Puyallup neighborhood sits near the junction of Tacoma and Auburn, and remains largely middle-class, clean and safe by the standards of the rest of the district. Puyallup’s district government is housed in the District Hall here, along with most of its (legitimate) businesses. The neighborhood and the district government do their best to fight perceptions of Puyallup as a lost cause and to bring business and tourism into the district.

The truth is that nearly every government official and business owner in the area is either on the take from the Mafia or the Yakuza (sometimes both) or paying them protection money. Syndicate wealth



owns and controls Puyallup, and anyone crossing them—politicians and pillars of the community included—ends up either smeared with a frame-job and run out of town or, more likely, floating facedown in the Puyallup River.

TARISLAR

Tarislar is Sperethiel for “Remembrance,” as in “never forget.” It is near the southern tip of the district, stretching between Silver Lake and Harts Lake and home to the majority of Puyallup’s elf population. They fled from the fires and mobs of the Night of Rage, vowing they would never again trust humans. True to their word, the people of *Tarislar* keep their contact with outsiders to a minimum. Strangers are not welcome here.

The elves never intended to stay in *Tarislar*. They made their way as far south as possible and planned to cross the border into the tribal lands and join the Sinserach Elves, but the sudden secession of *Tir Tairngire* from the Salish-Shidhe nation made the Sovereign Tribal Council distrustful of elves, and they were refused passage across Tribal Land into the Sinserach or *Tir Tairngire*.

Eventually, *Tir Tairngire* did open up to immigration, but the elven homeland’s visa policy has always been arcane, and while some elves in *Tarislar* were allowed to emigrate, others were refused for no apparent reason. Moreover, *Tir Tairngire* has also exiled citizens over the years, many of whom find their way to the Barrens and *Tarislar*. Elven exiles are generally accepted here, although some see “fallen” elves from the Land of Promise as either easy prey or targets for their misplaced anger.

- Others see them as potential gurus, people who have been to “the promised land,” even if they were exiled from it (no doubt unjustly). A lot of *Tir* exiles find themselves in positions of power and respect in *Tarislar*... those who survive, that is.
- Ethernaut

Tarislar is officially abandoned by the metroplex government, meaning there are no municipal services, not even electricity or telecomm, apart from what the residents can pull together or swipe from the local grid. The same is true of sanitation, health care, and security, a lot of which falls to either community cooperation or the assistance of gangs and syndicates like the *Laésa*.

- Not entirely. *Tarislar*’s community council actually manages to raise enough donations to pay *Knight Errant* to provide police services in the neighborhood. It was a controversial decision, bringing in “outsiders,” but *KE* has been smart in their public relations campaign (their liaison officer is an elf) and many of the locals are eager to loosen the grip of gangs like the *Laésa*.
- *Tarlan*
- It’s worth mentioning that many of the people who first moved to Puyallup after the Night of Rage were human: many of the parents and family members of metahuman children stood by them and were persecuted as well. In the thirty-some years since, metahumans have started family lines of their own, but there’s still intermarriage. The human populations of areas like Carbonado and *Tarislar* are declining, but they’re still there. Don’t be surprised if you see other races in the “elven” and “ork” neighborhoods.
- *Butch*

PLACES OF INTEREST

Like I said, tourists mainly come to Puyallup either to see the lava flats and geysers, often from the safety of a ‘copter or tilt-rotor, or to slum in some of the clubs and nightspots. The latter are also where the shadows overlap the uptown sensibilities, and where you might see some business getting done.

ARCHIE’S

8th Avenue East & 10th Avenue East

This shop in Loveland is a Seattle institution, purveyors of joke and novelty items for decades. From T-shirts to funny props (both real and AR projections) to “genuine spy-gear,” you can find all sorts of things at *Archie’s*. The prices are reasonable and the staff is friendly and helpful.

- Lots of people have found alternate uses for the “novelty items” at *Archie’s* over the years, especially when it comes to fooling people with, say, fake blood, disappearing tricks, or catching conversations they shouldn’t with a “spy ear.” Nothing the store sells is strictly illegal; it’s just fairly easy to put it to all kinds of interesting uses. If you’re ever having trouble thinking of any, the staff is indeed friendly and helpful, and willing to go to extra lengths in exchange for a good tip.
- *Glitch*

THE ARMADILLO

128th Street East & Intercity 161

The *Armadillo* bar used to be a hot spot for Puyallup hackers and wannabes. *Theresa Smeland*, the owner, offered private lessons in programming to any interested students who showed an aptitude, and helped to set them up with hardware. She managed to walk the tightrope between the Mafia and Yakuza in the district, only to get taken down by *Crash 2.0*. She lived on life-support for years before the options ran out, and died in a hospital a couple years ago. With no heirs, the *Armadillo* was sold to help pay *Theresa’s* medical bills, but a holding company bought it, refurbished it, and reopened it last year. It’s still in business, with a picture of *Theresa* prominently displayed behind the bar.

- The new owners of the *Armadillo* are some of *Terry’s* former students, who have more than enough online savvy to set up the purchase. They continue to “pay it forward” by taking on baby hackers and even technomancers in the Barrens and teaching them which end of a jackpoint is up. I like to think *Theresa* would have been proud of them.
- *Glitch*

THE BISHOP’S CORPSE

224th Street East & Intercity 161

The *Bishop’s Corpse* is a small family restaurant, a Puyallup fixture for many years. Owner *Earl Saenz* contributes to a lot of charitable causes in the district, including running a soup kitchen for those in need of a hot meal (and a place to eat it). This not only makes him popular with the locals, but also means he knows a great deal about what is going on in Puyallup. For a “charitable donation” he’s sometimes willing to share what he knows, or to arrange some introductions.

BLACK JUNK YARDS

Buckley Boulevard & 234th Avenue East

Not all businesses went under when Puyallup became Barrens territory, not *Black Junk Yards*, certainly. Instead, this place expanded, becoming

a giant maze of stacked and crushed vehicles, parts, and salvaged scrap metal. There are six huge compactors, plus magnetic cranes, conveyors, and sifters to separate the ferrous metals from aluminum, glass, and plastic; all of which are sorted, packed, and shipped to recycling centers and factories around Seattle. The junkyard has been collecting and hauling bits and pieces of Puyallup for decades, with no real end in sight. Since they pay for usable scrap, the place has never lacked for scavengers willing to collect it. Some of the vehicles that end up at Black's are stolen, but few questions get asked.

- Black's is a decent place to come looking for parts, especially vintage and out-of-date stuff. They'll usually let you hunt among the wrecks for things if they don't know where to find what you want. Lately, they've been tagging new acquisitions with RFIDs so if you want to find, say, a transmission from a 2051 Phaeton, the AROs can point you right to it. They're also usually willing to haggle on price, although they drive a hard bargain.
- Rigger X
- The yard is fenced off, protected with monowire and sensors that pick up minute electrical disruptions from somebody touching the fence for more than a second or two. They used to keep vicious guard dogs around the place but lately someone has been putting together a lot of second-hand drones to patrol the grounds at night to keep out the trash-rats and other scavengers.
- Hard Exit

THE CRIME MALL

136th Street East & 122nd Avenue East

It's not on the metroplex tours, but everyone working the Seattle shadows should know about the Crime Mall. It's like a monument to the maxim "the street finds its own uses for things." The three-story mall on the outskirts of Puyallup was closed down after the Crash of '29 wiped out the management company (and quite a few of the businesses

leasing there). About a year later, the mall "reopened" as a bazaar of black market merchants selling everything from weapons and illegal chips to electronics, talismans, and contraband.

The Crime Mall has grown over the years to become a one-stop black-market shopping center with dozens of merchants. Lone Star varied between working to shut them down and taking their protection money (sometimes both at once) but efforts to close the Crime Mall never lasted for long; the business opportunity is just too good, and for every merchant who gets chased out, arrested, or killed off, another moves in and sets up shop. The situation with Knight Errant seems largely the same, especially since the Crime Mall is not at the top of the Knights' priority list.

In recent years an informal "merchants association" of sorts has sprung up, with members contributing some of their profits to upgrade the mall's early-warning systems in case of police raids, fix some failing infrastructure, and so forth.

THE DAISY CHAIN

SE 400th Street & 196th Avenue SE

A club appealing to melancholic young elves and those who wish they were, the Daisy Chain features elven-gothic design (much of it AR enhanced) and celto-goth fusion music, with a lot of slow, mournful pipes and strings, although you'll find more upbeat tribal and house mixes on the weekends.

The club is at the center of the drug scene in this part of Puyallup, and is the place where you can score various recreational pharmaceuticals—no chips or other digital highs for this crowd. They like their hits "all natural." Tempo is still popular, along with deepweed, laés, fairy dust, and other concoctions out of the Awakened lands.

- The Laésa and other elven gangs claim this area and practically dare the bigger syndicates to try and take it away from them. Thus far, the Mafia and Yakuza



are too busy fighting it out in Fort Lewis and Puyallup City to bother, especially considering the kind of magical firepower the elves can bring to a fight. You're more likely to see the elven gangs fighting it out amongst themselves, or dealing with an upstart Seoupla Ring.

- Tarlan

DEIREADH AN TUARTHEIL

2278 East 408th Street East

The only real hospital available to the elves of Tarislar is *Deireadh An Tuartheil* (which roughly translates as “The End of the Song of the People/Tribe”). The refugees of the Night of Rage took over the derelict hospital and have run it as best they could over the years. The place is chronically understaffed, undersupplied, and deals with near-constant crisis and threats from gangs looking to rip off some medical supplies or just collect some pointy ears. They make up for some of their material deficiencies with the aid of magical healers, some of whom also supply additional security, enough to make the worst troublemakers think twice.

- The main power for the hospital comes from a tap into the main Gaeatronics trunk line that runs through the district. Gaeatronics has known about the tap for years, but haven't done anything about it. Their official story is the cable is too vital, carrying a significant percentage of Seattle's power in from solar and geothermal generating stations on Mt. Rainier, but I suspect the truth of the matter is that Gaeatronics is willing to look the other way and supply a small amount of free electricity to the people of Tarislar while letting the Seattle Metroplex foot the bill.
- Pistons
- A friend's mother once worked here: she was a human, a medical resident who, like a lot of parents of metahumans, were rounded up along with their “tainted” offspring. She and her young son escaped the Night of Rage. Her husband didn't.

She did her best to help out, having more medical training and experience than most, even if she didn't have full accreditation. She worked Deireadh for years before a chipped-out junkie stabbed her to death in the triage area one night. That's the reality of life in Tarislar.

- Tarlan

THE GOOD SAMARITAN HOSPITAL

407 Fourteenth Avenue SE

Just like the name says, the Good Samaritan Hospital was built as part of a metroplex initiative to reclaim the Barrens, or at least provide some essential services for the people living there. The hospital struggled even before the doors officially opened in 2048, nearly losing all its funding, and having difficulty attracting qualified personnel. After several years of floundering, Governor Schultz hit upon an interesting idea: she offered the hospital to the UCAS military as a training center, provided they would staff and secure the place. It was close enough to Fort Lewis, and an excellent opportunity to study “urban warfare,” so they took her up on the offer. Since then, the Good Samaritan has been under military administration, and a lot of the personnel working there are UCAS Medical Corps.

HELL'S KITCHEN TOURS

214th Avenue East & Old Summer Buckley Highway

The Auburn-based Hell's Kitchen Tours offers aerial tours of the Hell's Kitchen area by helicopter or tilt-rotor vehicle, complete with optical enhancements allowing tourists to zoom in and get better views (and images) of sites on the ground. It's a fairly open secret in the Seattle shadows that HKT pilots are willing to make discreet drop-offs and pick-ups out on the lava plains, if they're paid extra for their trouble. The company has cleaned house a few times of any pilots violating their pre-filed flight plans, but the practice hasn't stopped.



- The tour company sometimes runs into trouble out over the lava flats, usually in the form of a rogue spirit or some other critter taking a dislike to the noisy whirly-birds passing over their territory. The last major incident involved some nesting firebirds freaking out and buzzing a tilt-rotor, which sucked a couple into an engine and went down because of it.
- Rigger X

HOWLIN' GOOD TIME

108th Street East & 202nd Avenue East

This is a country-and-western bar where some locals like to blow off steam nights and weekend. They do live music, line dancing, barbeques, the works. Ol' Hoss Metcalf who owns the place is in good with the district government and a fairly prominent local businessman, so he has some pull.

- Metcalf and his cronies are also anti-metahuman bigots. Non-humans are not welcome in the bar and should only show up if they're spoiling for a fight, since odds are they'll get one. Most of the regulars at Howlin' Good Time are at least Humanis sympathizers, if not outright members or supporters, and Hoss has a cache of weapons hidden away in the place, just looking for an excuse to use them on "trespassers."
- Butch

KENSTON AIRCRAFT INTERIORS

176th Street East & Thirty-eighth Avenue East

One of the various supply-chain manufacturers contracted to Federated-Boeing, Kenston builds passenger aircraft interiors in their massive factory complex, shipping the finished goods to FB facilities for final assembly. Although they maintain sweatshop hours and wages, Kenston is still one of the few legitimate employers in Puyallup of any real size, and the local government bends over backwards to keep them here.

LOVELAND BUMP & SLEEP

204th Street East & 14th Avenue East

A former mid-range hotel turned into a brothel by the Mafia, run by members of the Gianelli Family. It's fairly low-frills and "old school" as such places go, although they do get in more than the average number of elf girls, for the guys who like that type. It's also noteworthy that the hotel is some eighteen floors, but the business only seems to take up about ten or so.

- Word is the Gianellis also use the Bump & Sleep as a temporary warehouse to store contraband they're smuggling into the city across the border or moving out into tribal lands. That sometimes includes people being moved in or out of the metroplex, and anyone the family wants to keep out of sight.
- Rigger X

LOVELAND QUINN'S

22nd Avenue East & National Park Highway

This venerable nightclub near Fort Lewis makes its living attracting and entertaining off-duty military personnel with credit to spend and appetites to satisfy. Opened by an ork named Raymond Quinn, the place passed into the hands of Quinn's widow, an ex-employee of his named Selma Quinn (formerly Selma Hartford), following Raymond's death in 2059. Mrs. Quinn has owned the place since, although she usually leaves running it to her manager, Tomy

Gallagher. Otherwise, Loveland Quinn's is as it has always been: scantily clad waitresses, plentiful booze, and music and entertainment to while away the hours.

- Ray Quinn was part of the Finnegan Family back in his youth, known sometimes as "Shark Jaw." He stayed loyal, which is probably why he bought it eventually at the hands of one of the rival families. His wife knows enough to kiss the hand that feeds her, and she actually rather admires Rowena O'Malley, so she pays homage and her protection money and in turn gets to keep her little club and her never-ending series of plastic surgeries and treatments intended to keep her as firm and energetic as she was in her 20s now that she's in her 50s.
- Khan-A-Saur

MCMILLIN CORRECTIONAL FACILITIES

Pioneer Way & 128th Street East

The usual jokes about a prison life in the Barrens being preferable to life in the Barrens aside, McMillin Correctional is a minimum security facility in several senses of the word. It is run by a private firm sub-contracted to Lone Star and well known as a revolving door for the district's criminals, especially anyone with ties to the syndicates. The prison's facilities and systems are outdated, poorly maintained, and prone to failure at any given time.

PETROWSKI FARMS

22481 Country Drive East

Some people don't give up, no matter what. For five generations, the Petrowski family has owned and operated their farm, hundreds of acres of fields and greenhouses, surrounded by three sets of chain-link and barbed wire fence. They haven't let eruptions, volcanic ash, fire, flood, or armed and hungry mobs drive them off their land. They still proudly sell their organic produce at the Pike Place Farmer's Market as they have for more than a century now.

- The family farm is like a fortress: the outermost fence is electrified and has armed guard towers, while the no-man's land between the fence lines is criss-crossed with motion detectors and pressure sensors. The story about it being mined as well is just an urban legend, but a useful one. The farm hands are all required to carry sidearms, and the bunkhouses and main house are equipped to withstand a siege. If that all sounds paranoid to you, then you probably wouldn't last a week in Puyallup, since Petrowski Farms repels attacks by armed gangs and crazed mobs about half a dozen times a year.
- Lyran
- Speaking of which, harvest times usually call for extra security and old Duane Petrowski, the family patriarch, pays a fair wage and doesn't care what you look like so long as you're willing to work and you get the job done.
- Traveler Jones
- At least part of the secret of the Petrowski family's success (or at least survival) might be their close ties with the land. Their refusal to leave and their dedication to cultivating it year after year may have earned them the favor of land spirits associated with the farm. Certainly, there have been a number of "lucky" instances over the years, and their crops continue to do well, in spite of conditions elsewhere nearby.
- Axis Mundi



PUYALLUP DISTRICT COURTHOUSE*Tenth Avenue Southeast & Thirteenth Street Southeast***PUYALLUP DISTRICT HALL***Seventh Avenue Southeast & Thirteenth Street Southeast*

Puyallup's municipal buildings are primarily noteworthy because you can regularly find members of the local criminal fraternities dropping by to "pay their respects" and to make requests of the government. The supposedly elected officials of Puyallup dance to the tune of whichever mob enforcer applies the carrot and the stick the best. The representatives, judges, and others who manage to upset the wrong parties usually end up in a dumpster somewhere.

PUYALLUP LODGE*102nd Avenue East & 104th Street East*

Built during one of the attempts to revive Puyallup in the 2030s, this hotel went up on a waste dump site, which later leaked toxic gases, which eventually closed the place down. Some clever entrepreneur decided to deal with the problem by mostly gutting the interior and replacing the rooms with sleep coffins, two to a room, with their own air-filter systems, leaving the windows open to "air out" the interior (such as it is). This gives the Lodge just the kind of post-apocalypse ambiance folks in Puyallup have come to expect. Still, the prices are fairly cheap, you can pay in cash or certified credit, and nobody asks any questions.

- Just make sure the air-filter is actually working if you're planning to crash there, otherwise you could go to sleep and wake up dead.
- Riser

THE SPIRIT FOCUS*Spanaway-McKenna Highway & 208th Street*

You can find Seattle's finest jazz at this club near Fort Lewis and the NAN border. The style is that of the intimate, smoky jazz clubs of the 20th century, and the Spirit Focus is known for always having live performances. Wealthy jazz enthusiasts (whether genuine connoisseurs or poseurs showing off how "cultured" they are) regularly patronize the club, some coming from as far away as California. The live performances and the club's atmosphere also make it popular with the local Awakened crowd.

- Which wasn't such a good thing when some wizkid high on tempo almost literally "brought the house down" one night when he freaked out during a performance. The club's security put his lights out in time, but it was a pretty near thing, from what I hear. The "music lover's" drug was banned from the place immediately thereafter.
- Ethernaut
- Speaking of security, the Spirit Focus has a long-standing agreement with the Yakuza to keep the peace in and around the club. Thus far, it hasn't caused them any trouble with the other Seattle syndicates, who probably don't want to start something in a place regularly packed with VIPs and their own private security.
- Star Loner

TWENTEN'S*Kapowsin Highway & Intercity 161*

It's processed soy just like mom used to make ... or would have, if she cooked. Anyway, Jeannette "Jenny" Twenten dishes out the soy at a price that makes her place *haute cuisine* by Puyallup standards. She's been running the place for over twenty-five years and shows no signs of slowing down in spite of being in her eighties.

- When she first opened the restaurant, Jenny had some trouble with the Mafia trying to lean on her. That is, until the legbreakers discovered what a powerful shaman Jenny was! Her spells had them packing in no time and eventually, the Families just gave up and left her alone. Since then, Jenny has kept a motherly and protective eye on a lot of the neighborhood's Gifted kids, especially trying to keep them out of the gangs and the syndicates.
- Lyran

- Although many comment on her amazing vitality, Mrs. Twenten seems to shrug it off, usually with the comment "everybody has their time." Although she has looked after many youngsters with the Talent, even taken a few under her wing, it seems as though she is still waiting for something ... or perhaps someone.
- Ethernaut

UNDERWORLD 93*4819 96th Avenue East*

Mercurial. DarkVine. JetBlack. Shield Wall. CrimeTime. Melody Tyger. They're just a sample of the acts that have graced the stage at Underworld 93, the old queen of Seattle music venues. While other clubs in the metroplex may be tops for dancing, drinking, or ... other entertainment, none can match the Underworld when it comes to sheer star-power. The club has been booking the top musical acts for decades, and an appearance at the Underworld 93 is often one of the stepping-stones to mega-stardom.

The club may not seem like much to look at: a converted ferro-concrete warehouse retaining many of the industrial elements of its initial design. Only the tall AR-enhanced marquee outside blazing its name, and the state-of-the-art sound and lighting system inside show the building's current calling, but that is the way patrons of the 93 like it. After all, they say, they're not there for the ambience, but for the *music*. Be sure to check in with the club's up-to-the-minute *booking site* for all the latest information on acts and shows. They sell out fast!

- Although it might not look that way on the surface, the Underworld has gone through some changes of late. Its long-time manager, Al Costanzo, passed away a few years ago. The new manager, a dwarf named Vince O'Halloran, was in bed with the Finnigan Family and tried to change the club's long-standing protection deal with the Yakuza. He lasted fifteen months before they found his body in a dumpster a few blocks from the club. The new new manager is Annette Harris, a former A&R exec with Mega-Media. 'Nette (as she likes to be called) patched things up with the Yaks and has thus far avoided trouble with the Mafia, but we'll see how long that lasts.
- Khan-A-Saur
- I'm betting a fair while. Rumor has it Ms. Harris' "silent partner" in the club is a dragon who is a rock music aficionado and a fan of the club's storied history. He put up a portion of the cred to buy the place (in gold coins, no doubt) but leaves the business side of things to 'Nette and just drops by for shows from time to time in a metahuman guise. Whether it is true or just a story put about by Lady Harris, it seems to be effective in making others think twice before they decide to mess with a Seattle institution—and have to deal with a dragon.
- Ethernaut
- While it's an awesome place to see a show, the Underworld 93 is a terrible place to do business: too loud and crowded, with halfway decent security at the doors, but no secure private meeting space to speak of. If you have to meet here, you're better off taking things elsewhere once they get serious (business or pleasure). Most of the biz that goes down at the Underworld is bodyguarding the latest mega-star or meeting them in the dressing rooms for a job interview.
- Hard Exit

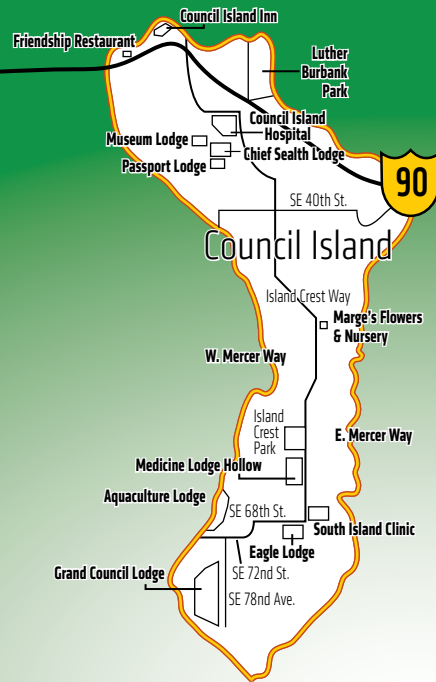
COUNCIL ISLAND

- It's back to the LivingPlanet™ Guide for a bit to wrap-up our tour of the metroplex with Council Island, the outlying territories and my favorite, the Seattle Matrix, before we dive into your contributions on Seattle's dark underbelly, from politics to culture to crime. So down your pinch of salt, fire up the commentary, and enjoy.
- Fastjack

A tribal enclave and embassy in the midst of the Seattle Metroplex, Council Island (formerly known as Mercer Island) was ceded to the Native American Nations in the Treaty of Denver. The Salish-Shidhe Council immediately set about transforming the island into their official embassy, such that a visitor from the early days of the century wouldn't recognize it. The various buildings on the island were leveled, and road torn out, to be replaced with new structures using green technologies and building materials, intended to both blend harmoniously with the natural environment and to reflect traditional tribal styles. Roads have been strictly curtailed, and cables and wires have been buried or replaced with wireless connections.

In the space of a few years, the island was transformed into a place out of time, where you can almost imagine visiting the early tribal settlements along Puget Sound, at least until you notice the subtle solar panels worked into the rooftops of lodge buildings, and the commlinks and electric scoots the residents have alongside their native garb. Most of the full-time inhabitants of the island are diplomats, their families, and support staff from the Native American Nations, along with rangers and caretakers of the island's wilderness and wildlife.

- Officially and according to treaty, Council Island is a no-fly zone and air traffic in the metroplex is diverted around it. In exchange, the Council isn't allowed to field any aircraft from there, although low-flying drones are acceptable, so long as they do not leave the island's airspace. The only other exceptions are for diplomatic and medivac flights, which are permitted to take off and land on the island, but there are no facilities more extensive than landing pads for VTOL and VSTOL craft.
- Rigger X
- Council Island also enforces the no-fly with regard to foreign aircraft with the aid of spirits patrolling the boundaries of its airspace. At least two prior incidents of aircraft downed by "foul weather" in Lake Washington that I know of can be attributed to Council air-defenses, although the official song always denies any such action and blames bad luck and Mother Nature for the "accidents."
- Ethernaut
- The Intercity Bridge crosses Lake Washington and runs along the northern end of Council Island before reaching across to the other side of the lake. The roadway is the most modern looking part of the island, so for security and aesthetic reasons it is surrounded by high barriers, with only a few on- and off-ramp sites. They are set up as security checkpoints, with vehicular barricades, tire-spikes, the works, along with armed members of the Island Police, who are attached to the NAN security forces. They check passes to see if you are allowed on the island and put people right back on the highway if their passes are not in order. The length of the barriers are monitored and vehicles are only permitted to stop for emergencies.
- Hard Exit



COUNCIL ISLAND AT A GLANCE

Size: 25 square kilometers

Population: 3,000

Human: 34%

Elf: 32%

Dwarf: 4%

Ork: 21%

Troll: 4%

Other: 5%

Population Density: 120 per square kilometer

Per Capita Income: 65,000\$

Corporate-Affiliated Population: 2%

Hospitals and Clinics: 2

Education:

Less Than 12 Years: 0%

High School Equivalency: 15%

College Equivalency: 56%

Advanced Degrees and Certificates: 29%

- Note the size of that "Other" percentage: an estimated 150 sentient non-metahumans live on Council Island. The NAN and Sovereign Tribal Council have never made it clear whether or not spirits and other astral denizens are included in that figure. We know at least some of them are various shapeshifters from the tribal lands, particularly bear and eagle. There are persistent rumors of merrow in the lake as well, but nobody has documented proof and the various "sightings" might be of lake spirits or just urban legend. There's easily well over a hundred "Others" unaccounted for and the NAN doesn't seem forthcoming with any detailed figures.
- Lyran

PLACES OF INTEREST

Visitors with a tourist pass are permitted to exit the highway onto Council Island or take one of the ferries to cross Lake Washington. Passes are issued by the *Passport Lodge* on the island; connect with them for details. Travelers are advised to arrange passes early, as the process can take up to eight weeks and approval is not ensured. Council Island is *not* for spur of the moment trips!

Those who do visit the island are treated to an area of restored natural beauty, with a wide range of hiking and walking trails, nature preserves, and opportunities to appreciate Native American culture, history, and cuisine.

AQUACULTURE LODGE

Seventy-first Street SE

For decades the Council has maintained a successful program of raising a variety of salmon and trout fingerlings, imprinting them with water from local creeks and streams, and releasing them so they might return to spawn in the local streams in coming years. This has restored much of the lake's aquaculture and fish stocks and led to further improvements in the aquaculture program.

- The big stumbling block of the program since it began is the fact that only the island itself is under Salish-Shidhe jurisdiction, while Lake Washington is still part of greater Seattle. So the metroplex government seems to delight in faffing about whenever the Council proposes this measure or that to help clean up or improve the lake, tangling things up in endless bureaucratic red tape. So the Aquaculture Lodge's new approach, under Lodge Chief Sam Enteeueh, has been to just do things without bothering to clear it with the Metroplex. If the Seattle government complains (or even notices) the Council can spin it in the media as Seattle being anti-environment, putting the governor's office in the tough stance of "it's our lake and we can keep others from cleaning it up if we want!" which is neither popular nor plays well in the media. Thus far Chief Enteeueh's approach seems to be working; the metroplex government has bigger fish to fry (so to speak) than to worry about whatever the Aquaculture Lodge is doing.
- Riser
- With the favor the Lodge is garnering from the spirits of Lake Washington, Seattle may wish they had worried about it a bit more.
- Axis Mundi

CHIEF SEALTH LODGE

Thirty-first Street SE & Seventy-eighth Avenue SE

Dedicated to Seattle's tribal namesake, this lodge serves as the UCAS consulate on Council Island, seeing to the needs of visiting UCAS citizens, including those from Seattle. Visitors in need of assistance should contact the *Chief Sealth Lodge* for more information.

COUNCIL ISLAND HOSPITAL

Thirtieth SE & Island Crest Way

This small, modern hospital and clinic serves the needs of the island's residents, as well as offering treatment to visitors free of charge, should any suffer a medical emergency while visiting tribal territory.

- The hospital takes that second part seriously; it's a matter of hospitality (no pun intended) and sacred responsibility to guests. It's also one of the reasons why they carefully screen applicants for passports for any pre-existing medical conditions.
- Butch

- CIH does a lot of research into allergic reactions to environmental toxins and pollutants, not surprising given some of the difficulties faced by island residents situated in the middle of the metroplex on some of the worse bad-air days. They also work in cooperation with the Aquaculture Lodge on analyzing pollutants in Lake Washington.
- Nephrine

COUNCIL ISLAND INN

Roanoke Way

This luxury hotel on the shore of Council Island is a modern marvel of green architecture and design that blends harmoniously with the surrounding environment. The Inn is often reserved for ambassadors and diplomats and their staff, although rooms are sometimes available for general occupancy. Inquire for dates and rate information.

- Council Island Inn was built in the first years of Salish-Shidhe ownership of Council Island, so in addition to the cutting-edge security (only slightly less so these days), there are secret passages and an underground escape tunnel that are supposed to be known only to Council security and high-ranking government personnel. Obviously, that has not remained the case.
- Riser
- The Inn is decorated with some pricey examples of Native and Elvish art, making it almost a mini-museum or gallery, and just as tempting a target as one.
- Khan-A-Saur
- A lot of political skullduggery on Council Island goes on here rather than in the official government lodges and the like. For a while the Yakuza had a very sweet scam of supplying "hostesses" for events at the Inn and profiting off the pillow-talk they brought back with them, but SSC security plugged that leak and thoughtfully made sure any future prostitutes for diplomatic functions had data-locks or were memory-wiped of the experience (or just flesh-puppets, although I hear they're not so popular with the locals).
- Kay St. Irregular

EAGLE LODGE

Island Crest Way & Sixth-eighth Street SE

The Eagle Lodge is an aviary run by the Council for raising and caring for rare eagles, hawks, and falcons native to the Pacific Northwest, eventually releasing them into the wild. It is open daily for public tours that include a lecture given by the Lodge's expert ornithologists. Outside the netted aviary are areas where mated pairs of bald, golden, and imperial eagles have adopted the Lodge's roof for nesting.

- Leona Windwalker, an on-staff shaman at the Lodge, is actually an eagle shapeshifter in human form, who was rescued as an adolescent and brought to there in eagle form. The staff nursed her back to health and, out of gratitude, she later came back and applied for a job there. Lodge Chief Martin Walks-Strong knows about her true nature, but I don't know if anybody else on-staff does. Leona has been able to provide the Lodge with a number of insights to improve their program.
- Lyran

THE FRIENDSHIP RESTAURANT

SE Twenty-second Street

This fine Salish family restaurant serves some of the best all-natural foods on the Pacific coast, all at incredibly reasonable prices, including many examples of Council Island's own aquaculture and agricultural programs. In particular be sure to sample the salmon, halibut, trout,

crab, and shellfish dishes crafted by the restaurant's award-winning chefs. Well worth the trip to the island by itself.

GRAND COUNCIL LODGE

Seventy-eighth Avenue SE

One of the largest and most impressively-designed buildings on Council Island, the Grand Council Lodge houses the office of the ambassador from the Salish-Shidhe Council and her staff, along with administrative and support offices for the Native American Nations' diplomatic mission in Seattle. The lobby area of the Lodge features displays of tribal art and informative documentaries on local history and culture.

- Security tends to be subtle, but forceful. Visitors are all issued badges with RFID tags keyed to the security of particular areas. Anyone in an unauthorized area gets immediate attention, and although the guards on duty generally use non-lethal weapons, that's only because they want to make sure they get to interrogate anyone they catch nosing around.
- Danger Sensei

MARGE'S FLOWERS & NURSERY

Island Crest Way

You can enjoy the natural beauty of Council Island, but if you want to take some of it with you, or share it with friends and family, then visit the island's largest and finest florist and plant nursery. Marge Peckinpaw's extensive greenhouses and gardens offer a wide variety of local plants for sale as well as cut flowers and arrangements for all occasions. Plus delivery is free within a 50 kilometer radius and they will ship anywhere in the world.

MEDICINE LODGE HOLLOW

In an area of cleared parkland in the center of Council Island is a ritual space devoted to the patron totems of the tribes of the Salish-Shidhe nation. The Hollow is decorated with tall, carved totem poles made by hand according to tribal tradition, alongside lodges devoted to each particular totem. Visitors are asked to donate to the upkeep of the Hollow and to be respectful of the sacred nature of the space, but are otherwise permitted to roam freely, making Medicine Lodge Hollow one of the must-see sites of the island.

- For tourists, maybe. The truth is that Medicine Lodge Hollow is a tourist trap, the kind of "quaint native charm" and "natural magic" visitors are expecting. Sure, the totem poles are genuine works of art, and so is much of the lodge area, but the place doesn't have a drop of magical juice to it. It's dry as a bone. The

real shamanic lodges on Council Island are in the wilderness well off the beaten track, and kept hidden from the general public.

- Ethernaut

MUSEUM LODGE

Thirtieth Street SE & Seventy-eighth Avenue SE

Your afternoon or early evening stop on Council Island (after Medicine Lodge Hollow) should be to this small, but detailed, museum with exhibits on the history and culture of the native peoples of the Pacific Northwest. Admission is a recommended donation and the Museum Lodge is open until 21:00 most nights.

PASSPORT LODGE

Thirty-second Street SE & Seventy-eighth Avenue SE

The Passport Lodge issues passes for foreign citizens to visit Council Island and the Native American Nations, as well as handling immigration visa applications.

➤ SOUTH ISLAND CLINIC

Island Crest Way & SE Sixty-eighth Street

This small, private clinic on Council Island does a brisk business providing treatments Seattleites might otherwise travel to California or Vancouver to get, particularly gene-therapy for a variety of conditions, "older than God's parents" not being the least of them. While the Clinic has a reputation as a place for pricey vanity surgery, it also does some cyber- and bio-modifications on the side, outside of UCAS regulation and with few questions asked, if the price is right.

- Khan-A-Saur

Your experience in Seattle doesn't need to end at the water's edge, not when the outlying islands of the metroplex are some of the hottest properties in the area. Dubbed "Outremer" (an old French term meaning "overseas"), this area includes the islands of Bainbridge, Vashon, Fox, McNeil, and Anderson Island (from north to south), also collectively known as "the islands" or "the five islands." In addition, there are artificial islands built by corporate investors like Ares Macrotechnology and Shiawase, and aquacologies owned by Universal Omnitech and Proteus AG, although these are not generally open to visits.

- The main islands are serviced by ferries and bridges, but there are numerous smaller islands in the Sound you can only get to by boat or aircraft, not very closely watched by either the Metroplex Guard or Knight Errant. They make great smuggling stopovers and a few riggers like me specialize in getting people to and from them as discreetly as possible.
- Sounder



OUTREMER AT-A-GLANCE

Size: 213 square kilometers (five islands)

Population: 102,000 (five islands)

Human: 40%

Elf: 32%

Dwarf: 4%

Ork: 21%

Troll: 2%

Other: 1%

Population Density: approx. 400 per square kilometer

Per Capita Income: 69,000¥

Corporate-Affiliated Population: 74%

Hospitals and Clinics: 5

Education:

Less Than 12 Years: 23%

High School Equivalency: 47%

College Equivalency: 18%

Advanced Degrees and Certificates: 12%

BAINBRIDGE ISLAND

One of the largest, and most settled, islands of Outremere, Bainbridge Island has long been a suburban community for greater Seattle. Originally home to a logging and shipbuilding community, Bainbridge eventually incorporated into a single city (also called Bainbridge Island) and became a bedroom community for residents working in downtown Seattle, just a short half-hour ferry ride from the island. The ferry from Seattle lets off at Eagle Harbor in Winslow, little more than a sleepy tourist town.

Since the incorporation of the Seattle Metroplex, Bainbridge has remained a suburban community, with a slow, but steady increase in housing and population. This had led to friction between the island's inhabitants and the metroplex government as demands for housing have increased, while residents wish to maintain their home's natural spaces and beauty. These are also Bainbridge Island's main attractions, allowing visitors to enjoy its parks, nature preserves, and biking and hiking trails. The island also offers boutique shopping and local crafts.

- Bainbridge has gotten more and more conservative over the years, probably due to the increasing pressure from mainland Seattle. There's almost a siege mentality among locals on the island, fearing the metroplex's urban sprawl with pour across the Sound and infect them. It already has in some regards, with the population of Bainbridge more than tripling in the past fifty years or so.
- Mr. Bonds
- A part of the community's growing isolationism has been a dislike of meta-humans, mainly goblins and changelings (elves and dwarfs are tolerated, so long as they try to act mainstream). In this way, Bainbridge mirrors districts like Renton as quiet centers of support for Humanis groups and politicians like Governor Brackhaven.
- Sounder
- Behind Bainbridge Island, sprawling into the middle of Puget Sound, lurks the Kitsap Peninsula, a jagged spit of land bristling with defense projects. There's an ammo dump there, the naval submarine base at Bangor, a torpedo-test-

ing station and the large naval shipyards of Bremerton. The Salish-Shidhe Council controls all these resources, and many of them are supplied by corps in Seattle like Federated Boeing and Ares Arms. Security at the military bases is tight.

- Traveler Jones
- But not impenetrable. The Council has problems with smugglers moving military hardware out of Bremerton from time to time, and there are still plenty of corporate personnel in the shipyards on any given day. Still, Bremerton is probably at least as secure as Fort Lewis (which isn't really saying that much, I suppose).
- Danger Sensei

OUTREMER

VASHON ISLAND

At 96 square kilometers, Vashon Island is the largest of the islands of Outremere, nearly larger than the other four combined. In the late 20th century, Vashon became a steadily growing suburb of greater Seattle, growth which accelerated after the incorporation of the Seattle Metroplex and the massive influx of refugees from the Ghost Dance War into the region. Still, Vashon Island properties remain fairly exclusive, and real estate prices are high compared to the mainland, much like neighboring Bainbridge Island.

Although it retains some of its small, organic farms, modern Vashon Island is best known for its involvement in the fashion and high-tech industries. The namesake Vashon Island Fashion Company made a splash in the 2040s with many of its neo-gothic and retro-deco designs and still maintains an outlet store along with main offices on Vashon Island. Pacific Research Laboratories developed some of the first artificial bone substitutes, and later bone-lacing techniques. It became a subsidiary of Shiawase and still remains a major employer on the island.

Vashon Island is also home to the Monastery of the All-Merciful Savior, one of the few remaining Russian Orthodox monasteries outside of Asia. The "Vashon monks," as they are known, are famous for roasting and hand-blending their own brand of specialty coffee. We recommend the Byzantium Blend, one of the best Greek-style coffees you can find in North America!

- While not quite as conservative as Bainbridge, Vashon isn't that far behind. A lot of the younger population employed with companies like Vashon Island are fairly progressive, but balanced by the older population and many corporate employees. There's a definite "keep Vashon fashionable" attitude that's less racist and more about aesthetics which, as we know, quickly veers into racism when it comes to separating the "pretty" people from the "not-so-pretty" people.
- Kat o' Nine Tales
- The "Bone Factory" (as the locals still call the Shiawase Cybernetics Research Facility) is not quite as cutting-edge as it used to be, but is working hard to regain its place on the top of the hill. After years of cybernetic bone replacement and enhancement, I hear there's a lot of money going into research into dermal bone depositing (the kind you see in some metahumans and

paranaturals) and alternative bone-growth stimulation, which is fancy terminology for getting bones to grow in different patterns and structures, often incorporating materials other than calcium at the cellular level.

- Plan 9

FOX ISLAND

For much of its history, Fox Island has been a point of contention between Native Americans and European settlers in Puget Sound. In the 1800s, during the Puget Sound War, the Puyallup and Nisqually Indians were displaced to Fox Island. Nisqually Chief Leschi came to the island with a flotilla of canoes to negotiate to end the war and the Treaty of Medicine Creek was renegotiated there. Years later, Fox Island became home to one of the U.S. government Re-Education Centers, holding numerous Native Americans displaced from their reservations.

Following the signing of the Treaty of Denver, the disposition of Fox Island remained in dispute for a number of years before the Sovereign Tribal Council and the Salish-Shidhe Council agreed to cede the island to the Seattle Metroplex. This caused difficulties with some NAN citizens already homesteading on the island, who were forced to either relocate or give up their citizenship. While most of the settlements were abandoned, a partisan movement to reclaim Fox Island threatened new communities there with terrorist violence. Although attacks have dropped off considerably in the years since, visitors are still advised to check with the *Seattle Visitors Bureau* and *Knight Errant* before planning an extended visit to Fox Island.

- Proximity to Gig Harbor on the mainland, and the presence of the Fox Island Bridge connecting it to NAN territory makes Fox Island a prime smuggling opportunity and stopover. That's why NAN shore patrols watch it like hawks, and there's a security checkpoint on the bridge. The Seattle side, with the linking Tacoma Bridge, is a bit easier. Once you get onto the island itself, you're pretty much home free.
- Sounder

MCNEIL ISLAND

McNeil Island was named in honor of Captain William Henry McNeil of the Hudson's Bay Company in 1841. A later expedition named it "Duntze," after Capt. John Duntze of the British Royal Navy, but the earlier name was restored the following year. The United States government opened a federal penitentiary here in 1875, and bought up the remaining land on the island 62 years later, with the last residents relocating. The State of Washington took over the McNeil Island Corrections Center in 1981, and it passed into the control of the Seattle Metroplex upon its founding, in agreement with the accords of the Treaty of Denver.

To deal with overcrowding in the metroplex, the Seattle government re-opened McNeil Island to private habitation, while maintaining the Corrections Center. Some private homes have been established on the island, primarily on the eastern side and around Still Harbor.

McNeil Island features some pleasant natural surroundings and boutique shopping in its small shoreline communities, but otherwise lacks much in the way of attractions for tourists.

- Security at McNeil Corrections is both better and worse than it used to be when the island was the exclusive domain on the penitentiary. One the one hand, access to the island is no longer restricted, since residents need to be able to come and go. On the other hand, because of that, security at the prison site itself has tightened up, since the metroplex government doesn't want any incidents to spoil the "McNeil resettlement" program and drive property values on the island down. Lone Star still manages the prison, as they have for decades now, and the pressure is on them to maintain their record, given their otherwise poor relations with the metroplex.
- Hard Exit

ANDERSON ISLAND

Anderson Island was originally the home to a logging community, later transformed into a summer vacation spot by real estate developers. Following the incorporation of the Seattle Metroplex, real estate prices on the island dropped, but then rose sharply as land and housing came into greater demand. Much of Anderson Island is still made up of private homes and estates, valued at well over two-hundred times their initial purchase value about seventy years ago.

Fortunately for visitors, Anderson Island includes many rental properties as well, allowing vacationers to enjoy the laid-back island lifestyle, including ample boating and fishing, golfing, areas of untouched wilderness, and small community charm.

- The median age of the population of Anderson Island has slowly grown over the decades from 50 to 58, with only slight dips here and there. The community is increasingly made up of wealthy older people, many of them well into their 80s or 90s thanks to modern léonization and gene therapies. They're heavily incentivized to hold on to their properties, which continue to appreciate in value, and to resist any effort by the metroplex to "open up" Anderson to heavier settlement, which includes blocking the building of any large community housing on the island.
- Mr. Bonds



ENJOY ANDERSON ISLAND

LIVING PLANET ADNET

TOURS • FISHING • GOLFING

ANDERSON ISLAND LIFESTYLE & ESCAPE

Of course, Seattle is not just a physical metroplex of millions, but also a sprawling *virtual* landscape that makes it one of the most modern cities in the UCAS and the world. Seattle was one of the first places to embrace the Wireless Matrix Initiative (WMI) following the second great computer Crash, a radical restructuring of the information architecture of the region to take full advantage of wireless computing and telecommunications technology. With the assistance of the United Corporate Council, the WMI was completed in a relative short period of time, opening up a whole new world of information, entertainment, and resources to the people of Seattle.

fake “features” that are nothing but appearance (and potentially dangerous appearance at that).

- FastJack
- A good rule of thumb is to have at least one team-member on a run “unplugged” from the Matrix and unable to perceive AR overlays. If one of you sees a ramp and another doesn’t, then you might have a problem. The real cunning security designers mix-and-match AR overlays, permanent illusion spells, and real-world optical illusions and fakery to devastating effect.
- Danger Sensei

THE EMERALD CITY

- Correction: to the people of Seattle with SInS and the means of owning compatible commlinks and AR interfaces. The SInSless and lower-income people are even more on the outside than ever. They can’t even press their faces against the glass to look in any more, because from their limited perspective the glass (much less the interior beyond it) doesn’t even exist.
- Glitch
- True enough. Plus, the WMI doesn’t extend to the entire metroplex, big swaths of the Barrens are nothing but static. If you’re lucky, you can find a jackpoint there to access the Matrix. Otherwise, too bad.
- Plan 9

Seattle was the first to adopt an “augmented reality view” with its use of the “emerald city” motif, transforming the structures and streets of the metroplex’s districts into glittering emerald towers and golden avenues for the amusement of visitors and residents alike. In accordance with WMI AR-mode standards, the AR view conforms to the physical placement of structures within the occupied space, allowing people operating in this mode to navigate safely. Still, be careful about rubbernecking too much as you take in the (augmented) sights!

- In other words, it’s illegal to put AR overlays of things like buttresses, balconies, or walkways where there aren’t any in the real world, so people don’t just walk off ledges or into walls, or worse. Of course, legality not being a big deal for some, there are plenty of uses of AR for just that kind of effect, either making real world details “invisible” by covering them with an overlay, or setting up

◆ SITES OF INTEREST

If you’re working the shadow-side of the Emerald City, then there are some places you should know about.

- FastJack

JACKPOINT

If you’re reading this, then you already know about JackPoint. It bears repeating that this network was set up to share information, but also to validate and ensure a higher signal-to-noise ratio than you might get otherwise. That’s why although JackPoint is an open and distributed network amongst its members, access is limited. Now don’t you feel better about yourself?

SEASOURCE

SeaSource is the Seattle Metroplex’s central database system, containing a wide range of information concerning the metroplex: from geographic information and indexed maps to tourist info, governmental data, and more. It’s also the repository of public data scanned from Seattle’s various libraries and other public information sources. In short, it’s a huge data-mine; the trick is learning how to pan it for the nuggets of gold you can find there.

A lot of people don’t bother with public databanks like SeaSource except for the kind of things nobody thinks twice about, like getting driving directions or restaurant reviews or whatnot. What they don’t know is the value of real *research*, and I mean more than just giving an agent some keyword search parameters and setting it loose (although that alone can get you some useful info out of SeaSource). I mean really *digging*, drilling down into the depths of the database. In SeaSource are things like municipal records from before the Awakening,

AETHERPEDIA KEYWORD SEARCH: FETCHING

Fetching is a form of *identity theft* in which the victim’s mobile form(s) of identification—most often PAN tags and transponders—are used to access information about that victim from other interactive systems that respond to those tags. For example, someone might set particular preferences on their PAN for interacting with a particular AR location like a favorite store, restaurant, or the like. Someone else taking the victim’s PAN, or a simulation thereof, to that location can then “mine” information about the victim, from as trivial to his or her favorite kaf beverage to as significant as passwords, personal information, or confidential correspondence.

Fetching most likely got its name from “*fishing*,” the process of data-mining over the Matrix (and, previously, the Internet) and the combination of the need to physically visit and interact with different AR locales posing as the victim and the mythic “*fetch*,” a supernatural double that stole a victim’s life (behavior attributed to *certain classes of spirits*).

huge back issue collections of scanned newspapers and magazines, card catalogs, and library indexes. Not all of it is complete (thanks to two computer Crashes and a handful of other disasters) but there's still a lot there. Best of all, most of it is relatively unrestricted. All it's going to take you to get at it is time and patience (a dirty word to some of you, I know, but there it is).

SHADOWSEA

In the interest of full disclosure, I'll say up front that Facet and I started ShadowSea together, but we had differences over how to structure and present it and parted ways. I set up JackPoint, which was more in line with what I wanted to see, and Facet went ahead with ShadowSea. It's now the premier centralized data-hub for the Seattle shadows.

ShadowSea isn't a top-tier data haven like the Nexus or the Helix, but it does collect a lot of information, focusing on the Settle area. It's essentially a shadow version of SeaSource, and valuable in a lot of the same ways: a ton of data, but not a lot of focus, so you need to be willing to dig if you want to get at the good stuff. The hub is still connected to the Nexus via the old Shadowland "darknet" and backs up its data there and to some other mirror sites to ensure everything is preserved.

Getting into ShadowSea is a matter of either sussing out the address and hacking your way in, or getting invited by a member with a high enough credit rating. Inside, a lot of it is what you'd find on any centralized site: message boards and forums, personal messaging, huge archives of data, searchable and editable documents, pirate media feeds, and more. There's a brisk shadow-market trading in goods (legal and illegal), and a Wizard expert system (behind the Emerald Curtain) that provides an anonymous face for those looking to hire shadowrunners.

ShadowSea is also a social site, with virtual hangouts like the Sound and the Fury, and information and advice from seasoned shadowrunners (some of them no longer with us) aimed at newbies and anyone smart enough to admit there are things they don't know or could get better at doing. You can find instructional blogs and vlogs, even skill-swap matrices for some of the better tricks people learned and decides to share or pass along.

It's definitely a site worth checking out, but you're better off not mentioning that I sent you...

TUX'S

One more, Jack...

If you're in the mood for something not quite so deep and dark as the online shadow communities, then check out a place called Tux's, one of the best virtual clubs on the Seattle Grid. The address changes on a pretty regular basis (often daily, depending on the place's security needs), so I couldn't tell you it, even if I wanted to. The only ways to get in are to find it and hack your way in past its considerable defenses, or have a regular who knows the way in vouch for you and get you in the door. Even then, the regulars are going to expect you to prove yourself, so be sure to go in prepared.

As for what the place looks like, the only real answer is "who's in charge today?" Tux's is completely virtual, so the whole layout and style varies according to who's there and bothering to use their programming skills to alter what has already been done. Some occasions are so mellow the crowd largely allows the place's expert system to vary the decor and experience based on an interactive algorithm based on user personas. Other times it's a real fight to the finish to see who gets to decide the experience, which can create some pretty wild combinations. It's pretty serious digital anarchy most of the time.

• Glitch

LOST: Pet kitten near Crockett and 8th! My ugly little albino friend is called "Devil Rat" by some, but answers to "Scruffle." Very worried! DBox: #956937165-Av

Missed Connection: Dark woman in bachelorette party by Roger's— my turn #168763289-C

GR 1403 2048 1516 1502 0063 0346 1457 0801
PP 0303 0303 0304 0307 0309 0310 0312 0313
DBox: 196836073-B

Discreet. Timely. Capable. Need a problem solved?
DBox: 954048264-C

M4W O4T: Let's keep it simple.
Can't host. Not coffin-sized. HWP,
silver-tipped tusks. 26, looking for similar.
DBox: 957832196-I

LAST MEETING! Tuesday at Mood
and Arthouse!— 19:00!
Due to lack of interest!!! Last meeting
of Tacoma Introverts Club! Everyone
please show up for coffee!!!
#502784563-M

For Sale: 2058 Electric Jackrabbit.
Runs beautifully, looks even better!
2500¥ OBO, 2750 Shiawase scrip accepted!
DBox: 481359812-S

W4?: Mid 30s programmer
for attention-to-details part
Gender irrelevant. No Micro
employees; will share MD s
on first date. Riotous laugh!
DBox: 395762091-P

M4W: I've never done... it. And by it, I mean a magician!
I hack—do opposites attract? 20s, DD free, only mild 'kaf
addiction. I see the sun; if it ever comes out. Politics,
History, Cycling. What's behind my NDA?
DBox: 60738619P

Riot Against Horizon live tonight at McAllister's!

MAIL 3

MATCHES 1

ONLINE BUDDIES 0

6912 115TH
(3 BLOCKS)
BUFFET

STILL THE STRANGER: LIVESTREAM

SUNSHINE OVER YOUR SHOULDER

It's a terrible thing to be nostalgic for a time you never actually experienced, but Sunshine could not help but yearn for the simpler times of a century ago. It was hard to believe there was a time when a break-in, a simple break-in, into an opposing party's offices could bring a chief executive down. Exposing that break-in could make a newsman's career. Now, if you talked to the average voter, they'd probably never vote for a guy who *wasn't* trying to hack into his opponent's files, because if they couldn't put forth even that small amount of effort, then how much initiative did they have?

When the public expected run-of-the-mill criminality from their politicians, it meant that any professionals who want political work had better be prepared to do enough to justify their existence. Petty hacking doesn't cut it.

Not that there wasn't room for hacking, at least as a first step. The AR overlay of Seattle was filled with examples, ads and posters and billboards that teams of hackers were trying to screw with, while other teams of hackers tried to make sure the ads said or did what they were supposed to say or do. Walking down Bel Red Road, Sunshine saw nothing but opportunity. For example, there was an AR blimp drifting lazily overhead, flickering pictures on the side showing a smiling Kenneth Brackhaven. The expression never looked quite right on him, even though artists had done whatever they could to make the muscles around his eyes and mouth look more relaxed, more genuinely friendly.

Sunshine kept an eye on the slogans passing underneath Brackhaven's head, the bright red letters looking extra garish next to the dominant emerald-green of the city's AR overlay. "Vote Brackhaven for security." That one was genuine. "Keep your family safe. Vote for Kenneth Brackhaven." Also genuine. "Brackhaven: Keeping humans safe from metahumans since the '40s." That was a fake—and a pretty crude one. Sunshine had seen through that one immediately. He wasn't going to bother to follow up on it—it was cheap Matrix vandalism and wouldn't affect anything. The Brackhaven people would figure it out soon enough and it would be erased, never to return. No real story there.

"Brackhaven: For the children." Nauseatingly genuine. "Brackhaven: Lone Star supported, Lone Star endorsed." Now that one made Sunshine smile. That one came from someone who knew what they were doing. Sunshine had seen that slogan a couple times over the past few weeks, and it looked like most of Brackhaven's on-the-ground operatives were too dumb to see it for the fake it was and do anything about it. It kind of skipped off their consciousness—as far as most of them were concerned, Lone Star equaled security, and security was one of the main points of their campaign, and that was fine. They all talked too much to each other, and

that meant they were slow to figure out how mad the rest of the city was at Lone Star for their myriad screw-ups, especially the Mayan Cutter fiasco. Brackhaven knew, of course, and if Brackhaven saw the fake slogan he'd damn sure do something about it. But Brackhaven didn't walk the streets too often.

That's why Sunshine was on foot. You spend enough time in the news business, you learn that there's no substitute for walking through a neighborhood, for overhearing what people are saying, for seeing how they react to whatever or whoever passes them by. The first part of any news story is seeing what's happening. The second part is understanding it.

By the time Sunshine made it to Gates Casino, information from his bots was trickling in. He sat down in front of a slot machine and multitasked—part of him focused on his long-time investigation of trying to either penetrate Gates' slot software or at the very least watching the patterns long enough show that the casino people were keeping their thumb on the scales and only paying out jackpots when they felt like it. The other part of him looked at some posts that were flying around the Matrix.

He picked a seat at one of the Night of Rage machines, which was one of those things that was so unbearably offensive that he had trouble turning away from it. Its five reels blurred, and all the colors of the images bled into red, mostly because the majority of the images contained some sort of representation of blood.

He checked on the first alert his bot brought in while the reels spun. There was one closed bbs, whose password he'd cracked about eighteen months ago, that had a thread about some of the fake slogans that were out and about. Since Brackhaven had been openly questioning Lone Star's tactics recently (though not quite denouncing them), a few of the posters had figured that the Lone Star-related slogans might not be on the level. Those types were easy enough to spur along, and someone was on the job. One of his bots highlighted a message that said "So if there are fake slogans out there, who's sponsoring them? Strouthers or Dzhugashvili?" It was signed "FreedomOfInfo," a name Sunshine had seen before and noted as the kind of poster who was good at subtly poking arguments ahead. He put 3:1 odds in favor of the poster being on some candidate's payroll.

Then some of his bots brought him word from a few of the gray nodes in town, where people were speculating about the ads kind of like the way they speculate about the real identity of Jack the Ripper—as an idle parlor game rather than anything urgent. The bot told him there were similar messages about the fake slogans popping up on the nodes. They



all said something like this: "Seems like these would come from the opposition—unless I'm missing something?" He liked the question at the end of the message—he'd always found that ending a post with a question was a fine way to keep conversations going, especially when you wrote those questions to imply that other people knew things you didn't. Everyone on the Matrix loved to prove how much they knew. There were three different names signed to the posts, but Sunshine's bot told him there was an eighty-three percent chance that the posts all came from the same person, or at least from the same originating node.

There were five symbols on the stopped reels in front of him. Three of them were dead orks. One was a spiked club, and the fifth was a bloodied dwarf. Three dead orks didn't pay a damn thing, since dead orks were all too common in the Night of Rage game.

Sunshine kept moving through the Matrix and found some people who didn't need the dots connected for them. As soon as they'd seen the fake slogans they'd started speculating about who was behind it, and naturally Strouthers and Dzugashvili were the names that came up the most. Some of the conversations had even advanced to the point where people wondered if anyone had any evidence.

This called for a nice anonymous post, and the operative that Sunshine was pretty sure he was following had not let him down. The message had no name attached to it and left no trail—there had probably been bots scrubbing

the trail even as the message was being composed, to the point that each word of it might have traveled down a different pathway. He'd never be able to trace the source, but he recognized the handiwork. The guy was clever enough to know that anonymous sources generally got the respect they deserved—that is, very little. Any data this guy tried to dump would probably be ignored, and rightfully so. So he didn't put out any data—he just asked a question.

"Want to figure out who's behind the 'Lone Star' slogan? See who their competitors support" was all the post said. Right after Sunshine read the first one, his bots came back with reports of another half-dozen just like it.

The slot machine came up with a dead ork, a dead elf, a bribed cop, and a joker. Worthless.

Online discussions were moving quickly. Some of the places where Sunshine had first seen the ideas about Strouthers and Dzugashvili had now convinced themselves that an opposition candidate was behind the slogan vandalism, and they wanted proof telling them which one had done it. And the operative, using yet another handle, was right there, providing the prompting they needed. Other boards—especially those frequented by hackers—had already started doing what the anonymous poster had proposed elsewhere, and wouldn't you know it, they had turned up a series of rather clumsily disguised secret contributions from Knight Errant to Strouthers' campaign. They were big, they were significant, and they started to open people's eyes.

Once that data got out there wasn't much more the anonymous operative needed to do. People were pretty capable of adding two and two together, and they did. The few voices urging caution were overwhelmed by the louder and louder voices shouting about the compelling evidence that Knight Errant was teaming with Strouthers to undercut Brackhaven and Lone Star.

If there was one thing Sunshine knew about politics (and there wasn't just one—the list of things he knew about politics would, he modestly believed, number in the thousands), it was that a good scandal had more power to move voters than a thousand good slogans. People would forget the words they'd seen on the countless signs, but they wouldn't forget that Strouthers and Knight Errant had colluded on a dirty trick against Brackhaven. It didn't matter that Strouthers had never actually received any of the "secret" Knight Errant contributions. It didn't matter that Strouthers knew nothing about the vandalized slogans. All that mattered was that people were getting angry with him, which meant that this particular operation had worked. And Sunshine had another small section for his eventual article on how Seattle was won.

The slot machine came up two bribed cops, two spiked clubs, and a boot with blood on the toe. He still didn't see any pattern in how the machine worked.

Fortunately, politics wasn't nearly as random.



If you're a political junkie like me, then you have to love Seattle politics. The metroplex is one of those places, like DeeCee, New York, or Chicago back in the old days, where politics manages to be both a spectator sport and high-stakes poker game at the same time. Isolated from the main body politic of the UCAS, Seattleites take their political process *very* seriously. All you have to do is look at the political history of the area to see that.

The Governor has a Cabinet, made up of advisors and metroplex officials. The 21 members of the Cabinet are the ten District Mayors and six Metroplex Commissioners (Public Database, Public Transportation, Public Utilities, Public Works, Race Relations, and Sanitation), plus the Metroplex Treasurer, Attorney General, Police Chief, Fire Chief, and finally the Salish-Shidhe Council Ambassador. The Governor's Cabinet is a non-voting body, and all of its members

SEATTLE POLITICS

BY KAY ST. IRREGULAR

The Seattle Metroplex is divided up into ten districts, each of which has a Mayor and a District Council. Mayors and Councilmembers are elected to four-year terms, with no term limits. The Metroplex as a whole has a Governor, elected to a four-year term, with no term limits.

other than the district mayors and the SSC Ambassador are political appointees who serve at the Governor's pleasure.

One hundred elected representatives from the city's ten districts (ten per district) make up the Metroplex Congress, which meets at Metroplex Hall on the first Thursday of each month. Representatives are elected to six-year terms, with no term limits.

The Seattle Metroplex also elects two Senators and six Representatives to serve in the UCAS Congress, according to the terms of the UCAS Constitution.

Elections in Seattle are held every two years, with mayoral races and the election of district representatives staggered so approximately half and one-third (respectively) are up for election during any given election-year cycle. Every other election cycle (or four years) is a gubernatorial election.

THE BRACKHAVEN ADMINISTRATION

The last race for governor in Seattle came down to Kenneth Brackhaven's "Safety and Security for Seattle" and Josephine Dzughashvili's "Seattle for Seattleites" independence party movement. It was a close thing for quite a while, and which candidate would have won became a moot point when Dzughashvili withdrew from the race, handing Brackhaven the election. The new governor inherited a deeply divided metroplex with plenty of problems, which Brackhaven and his administration said they were "eager to tackle." How have they done so far?

It's a mixed report card. Governor Brackhaven's stated priorities were metroplex security, both external and internal, and the anemic economy, which has contributed to the security issue, particularly in the form of increased crime rates. On the internal security front, the governor fired Lone Star Security Services and signed a new contract with Knight Errant, essentially replacing Seattle's entire police force with one stroke of his pen. Knight Errant has been putting on quite a show for the people, eager to prove they are getting their money's worth. Externally, Gov. Brackhaven has promised full cooperation with the UCAS military's Joint Task Force Seattle while also taking steps to strengthen the overlooked Metroplex Guard, including funding for additional recruitment, training, and equipment. To sweeten the deal for the overburdened taxpayer, much of that aid is coming not from the metroplex government, but from the support of corporate sponsors like Ares, parent company of, that's right, Knight Errant Security.

- Not just Ares; other corporations, including Mitsuhamma, NeoNET, and Wuxing, are also in on the game. Still, Ares has the heaviest paramilitary assets, so they're the most involved. None of the corps are helping to pump up the Metroplex Guard out of the goodness of their own hearts, of course. It's strictly

Governor: Kenneth Brackhaven
Mayor of Downtown Seattle: Nikola Taul
Mayor of Bellevue: Daniel Reynolds
Mayor of Tacoma: Francesca Sipple
Mayor of Everett: Matthew Hilcox
Mayor of Renton: Samuel Usinski
Mayor of Auburn: Tyrone Monzo
Mayor of Snohomish: Karl Feddersen
Mayor of Fort Lewis: General John E. Darcy
Mayor of Redmond: Sonya Scholl
Mayor of Puyallup: Lon Campa
Metroplex Treasurer: Gerald Marsh
Metroplex Attorney: Daryl R. Godina

Police Chief: Ellen Ward, representing Knight Errant
Fire Chief: Ashley Tront, representing Franklin Fire Services
Commissioner of Sanitation: Furuta Masae, representing Eta Engineering
Commissioner of Public Transportation: Glen Nakatomo, representing Mitsuhamma Computer Technologies
Commissioner of Public Works: Natoko Munakata, representing Shiawase Envirotech
Commissioner of Public Database: Alan Horrell, representing NeoNET
Commissioner of Public Utilities: Jeremy Gray Bear, representing Gaeatronics
Commissioner of Race Relations: Jassila Feddersen
Salish-Shidhe Council Ambassador: Margaret Lone Feather

UCAS SENATORS

Charles Seaver
 Helen Royer

UCAS REPRESENTATIVES

Erik Shira
 Katy Rozman
 Benita Saver
 Fernando Brandt
 Sharron Lu
 Neil Helgeson



SEASOURCE FAST FACTS: GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS



Kenneth Brackhaven was born in Bellevue in 2011, the heir to the Brackhaven Investments business and family fortune. After graduating with an MBA from Harvard Business School, Brackhaven went to work for the family company, rising steadily through the ranks. He took over ownership and management of the company after his father's death in 2044. He also started the Citizens Coalition for Security (CCFS), a political action group aimed primarily at improving law enforcement and acting as a watchdog organization.

Brackhaven ran for President of the UCAS in 2057 as the Archconservative Party candidate. His presidential campaign suffered a severe setback when the media revealed that Kenneth Brackhaven was not biologically related to the Brackhaven

family, but an orphan secretly adopted to replace the Brackhavens' biological son, who died in childhood. Despite the devastating effect of this revelation, Brackhaven's impassioned public apology and statement of principles allowed him to finish second in the popular vote after President Dunkelzahn.

Returning home to Seattle, Mr. Brackhaven set aside his political ambitions for a time, focusing on Brackhaven Investments, but he returned to the political arena in 2070 when he declared his candidacy for Governor of Seattle. He competed in a close race with candidate Josephine Dzughashvili until she was forced to withdraw due to health reasons, handing Brackhaven the election.

Governor Brackhaven is a widower with no children.

business, giving Brackhaven some of what he wants to strengthen his praetorian guard in exchange for tax shelters, land deals, and the promise of even more leeway in Seattle in the future.

• **Hard Exit**

On the economic side, the governor and the Seattle Republican Party favor stimulus in the form of tax breaks and deals to bring business back into Seattle, which will in turn create jobs. Brackhaven ran on a platform of "removing roadblocks to prosperity," which mainly means gutting regulations that limit or tax corporations in the metroplex. The idea is to make Seattle a "business friendly" environment, especially compared to surrounding areas, so companies will want to move to the metroplex, or stay there and not take their business elsewhere. The administration's policies do seem to have stemmed any drop-off in business in the metroplex, and have even brought in new corporate investment. It's too early to tell if the new wealth being generated is "trickling down" to the middle- and lower-class workers, but the government claims it will, if everyone is patient.

• In the meanwhile, tax rates are slashed and new loopholes created so Seattle's "corporate partners" can squeeze every last drop of profit out of their operations in the metroplex.

• **Snopes**

• One area where the Brackhaven administration is trying to be "business friendly" is in cutting deals with various companies concerning lingering legal issues over the computer Crash. A lot of records were lost, leading to endless legal red tape concerning property ownership, zoning, and use. The government is exerting more of its authority to claim "orphaned" properties and dispose of them as it sees fit, usually by selling to a corporate buyer for a fraction of market value. Once the buyer has a valid—and more recent—deed, any prior claims of ownership are being considered void, even if the prior owner didn't have any means of contesting the sale. It's a land-grab of major proportions, especially in some areas of the 'plex like Everett and Tacoma.

• **Khan-A-Saur**

DISTRICT MAYORS

The mayors of Seattle's ten districts are a wide-ranging lot, and always have been. Although they are ostensibly part of the same government, the district mayors often run areas with vastly different priorities and needs, and tend to compete for attention and resources from the governor's office. High-income districts resent every tenth-nuyen of tax income spent on "lost causes," while the low-income districts have to beg for every scrap that they get.

Nikola Taul, the charming new mayor of Downtown, comes from a Russian immigrant family that has been in the Seattle area since before the founding of the metroplex. She served as a member of the Downtown District Council for twelve years before her run for the mayor's office, on a platform of cleaning up Downtown and restoring "the jewel of the Emerald City" to peak condition. Mayor Taul knows her way around Metroplex Hall quite well, and she has been enthusiastically pursuing the work of sprucing up Downtown, tapping whatever metroplex funds she can to do it. Seattle media has adopted "Downtown Taking Its Taul" as a catchphrase for the mayor's new programs and their cost.

Bellevue Mayor Daniel Reynolds has seen a rising political career level off. He was a local businessman who ran and beat disgraced Bellevue Mayor Tian Campbell back in 2056, after Campbell's ties to the Divine Revenge Seoulpa Ring were exposed. He was re-elected easily in 2060, and again in 2064. Partway through his fifth term, Mayor Reynolds tried running for Governor, but later withdrew from the race for "personal reasons," and some wonder if he will be able to win reelection for a sixth term this year.

• Not if Governor Brackhaven has anything to say about it, since he plans on heavily endorsing and campaigning with Reynolds' as-yet-unnamed Republican opponent.

• **Snopes**

Francesca Sipple became mayor of Tacoma on an environmental platform of cleaning up the district both physically and socially, tackling both corporate corruption and a rise in violent crime. Thus far the mayor's approach has been to draw on her experience as a human resources director and project manager to create empowered "citizen networks," local watch-groups to help report information of use to her administration. The focus of Mayor Sipple's Crime Task Force has been on Yakuza activity in Tacoma.

• No surprise, since Francie Sipple was bought and paid for by the Gianelli Family to help ensure they can wrestle Tacoma away from the Yaks. The smartest thing Shotozumi's people in the district can do is try and expose the mayor's Mafia ties through a third party. If they move against the mayor directly, it just proves she was right to go after them. If they do nothing, then they're caught between the rock of the district and the hard place of the Gianellis.

• **Hard Exit**

Everett Mayor Matthew Hilcox presides over a district in dire need of more leadership than he can offer it. Hilcox rides on the record





of former Mayor Samantha Tillian, aiming at bringing business back into Everett. Unfortunately for the district, he was bought and paid for by those same business interests, who want to ensure they get the best deals when it comes to disputed properties. Mayor Hilcox's major roadblock is the UCAS federal government, which wants additional land for the Naval Shipyard, and doesn't much care about the mayor's business interests.

Samuel "Smilin' Sam" Usinski is one of the senior mayors of the metroplex, having served as Mayor of Renton for twenty years now, replacing old Carl Vanderslam. Usinski's terms in office have focused heavily on "safeguarding" Renton from a variety of dangers, ranging from gangs and chips to corporate conflicts and the second computer Crash. Every election, Renton's attitude seems to be "better the devil you know."

- Usinski is also a major Brackhaven supporter, so the governor is sure to throw a little extra Renton's way to shore up the mayor's polling numbers and keep him right where he is.
- Snopes

Mayor Tyrone Monzo of Auburn went from Lone Star officer to law school, metroplex attorney, and now mayor. He's cultivated a reputation as a tough son-of-a-bitch who's hard on crime, with a strong prosecutorial record. Of course, he's also in bed with Mitch Stuck, and took substantial back-door campaign donations from him. On the other hand, Mayor Monzo isn't owned by any of the major syndicates (unless you count Stuck), so he might actually follow through with his promises to work closely with Knight Errant to clean-up Auburn (of whichever syndicate offers him the least compensation).

- Monzo also has the dubious distinction of being the most cybered mayor in Seattle: having a cyberarm and leg due to an on-duty crash following a high-speed chase when he worked for Lone Star. He also has cybereyes and some reconstructive facial surgery that eliminated the worst of the scarring.
- Butch
- So far as I can tell, Mayor Monzo doesn't hold any special loyalty to Lone Star, a company he left nearly twenty years ago. Still, the 'Star might try to exert whatever influence it thinks it has over him, since the mayor's anti-crime initiative has the potential to make Knight Errant look good.
- Riser

Karl Feddersen has been Mayor of Snohomish for four terms. He was elected in 2060, running against incumbent Rita Salizar, who replaced Mayor Mike Walkstrong when he was killed by a car bomb in 2057; Feddersen had been Walkstrong's District Attorney. His father, Daniel Feddersen, was Mayor of Snohomish until he died in a car accident in 2048. Mayor Feddersen's wife Jassila worked as Race Relations Advisor in Snohomish, and now serves as Metroplex Commissioner of Race Relations.

- Jassila Feddersen is an elf, and she was a dedicated public servant in Snohomish, but I suspect she's finding herself nothing but window-dressing in the Brackhaven administration, an example of how "sensitive" the governor is to metahuman issues for having hired a metahuman to handle race relations! Still, I also suspect Brackhaven has seriously underestimated Jassila Feddersen's ability to get things done on her own, and just how far she'll go for a cause she believes in.
- Tarlan

Sonya Scholl doesn't ignore jokes about becoming Mayor of Redmond because nobody else wanted the job, she actually *tells* them herself! Mayor Scholl is a socialist (or a foaming-at-the-mouth neo-communist, if you believe her political opponents). She's a firm believer that "governments must do for the people what the people cannot do for themselves," and she has been fighting an uphill battle to do just that in Redmond for years, first as a community leader and organizer, and now as mayor.

Lon Campa is currently Seattle's only metahuman mayor, serving Puyallup. He's an ork with strong support in Carbonado, less among the elven community, although he works hard for all inhabitants of his district. At least some don't see it that way, since there have been two attempts on Campa's life in Puyallup since he was elected.

- Those assassination attempts weren't locals, but it was made to look that way.
- Tarlan
- Any proof?
- Snopes
- Not yet.
- Tarlan

METROPLEX COMMISSIONS

The Metroplex government hires private contractors to provide various essential municipal services. Metroplex service contracts are major cash cows, highly sought-after and the companies holding them tend to hang on tight. This is supposed to encourage healthy competition in the marketplace, but what it usually means is healthy business in the shadows as the contract holder fights to keep it and all the competition wants to get it, by any means necessary.

All of Seattle's emergency services are connected to the latest generation of the PANICBUTTON™ system, available to anyone with access to a commlink to provide police, fire, and medical services with immediate information on their situation and location.

Franklin Fire Services started out before the formation of the metroplex as an insurance company, but saw the opportunities in privatization. So they bought up fire-prevention vehicles and equipment being sold off in other municipalities and started their own private fire-prevention operation, offering insurance *and* direct assistance to their customers: not only would they insure your home, they would come and put out the fire themselves! They easily took Seattle's fire prevention services contract in the 2040s and have held on to it since then.

City Health and Group Medical, an HMO run by the Metroplex Government, handles public health services. CHGM (known as "charge 'em" to many locals) sub-contracts emergency services work to companies like Franklin Associates, DocWagon, and Evac Medical Services.

Metroplex sanitation used to be a mess of different individual contractors hired by the various districts. Then Eta Engineering, a contractor out of Tacoma, pitched a comprehensive plan for waste disposal for the entire metroplex, and won the contract. They have since "cleaned up" (pardon the expression) while also depriving the Seattle Mafia of a major source of influence.

- Not necessarily, Kay. Looks to me like things have just entered a different phase, with the Mafia negotiating matters with Eta. The Yakuza are hampered by the fact that they'd rather not deal with the company at all, and the feeling is ap-

parently mutual on Eta's part. Thus far, it looks like Dona O'Malley prefers the velvet glove approach, but if Eta doesn't cooperate, you can be sure the iron fist will come out.

- Riser

Gaeatronics has been the main supplier for Seattle's power needs via the Olympic fusion plant and geothermal and solar generating plants in the Cascades, particularly the slopes of Mt. Rainier. Their hold on the public utilities contract tightened when Shiawase Atomics had to close down their power plant in Glow City, giving Gaeatronics a virtual monopoly. Fortunately for Seattle, Gaeatronics' ties with the Salish-Shidhe Council mean the company's business relationship with the metroplex is at least partially governed by the Treaty of Denver. So Gaeatronics can't threaten to simply cut Seattle's power, for example.

- You can get more details on the various service contractors in the Economy section.
- Mr. Bonds

THE METROPLEX GUARD

Seattle's first and original line of military defense is the Metroplex Guard, a permanent peacetime military unit stationed in Seattle in accordance with the Treaty of Denver. The Guard's stated purpose is primarily defensive, along with providing disaster relief and emergency assistance, much like the UCAS National Guard. Some of its personnel are part-timers, activated as needed, although the Guard has tended towards having full-time on-duty personnel for quite a few years now, since the "emergency situations" calling for their attention never seem to end.

Formed at the same time as the metroplex itself, the Guard was originally made up of a lot of Ghost Dance War veterans and refugees looking for job opportunities. This contributed to a culture with, shall we say, a certain siege-mentality. So when the Guard was implicated in the events of the Night of Rage, it didn't surprise some people. After all, they had spent years being able to pick and choose among potential recruits, excluding metahumans for a variety of reasons. Those who really fought to get in suffered from various "accidents" in basic training, got passed over for promotions, and generally kept down or forced out.

- There was a pretty serious purge of the upper ranks of the Metroplex Guard following the Night of Rage, but Kay is right that it didn't do much to change the Guard's existing culture of intolerance towards metahumans. In fact, just the opposite, the "persecution" of some of their own just reinforced the existing idea within the Guard that metahumans and the Awakened in general were a threat.
- Hard Exit

The Metroplex Guard's relative monopoly on military operations in Seattle came to an end during the Renraku Arcology incident, when the UCAS formed and activated Joint Task Force Seattle to provide military assistance to the metroplex government. Suddenly, the ratio of UCAS military regulars to Metroplex Guardsman reversed, going from the Guard greatly outnumbering the regulars rotated through duty at Fort Lewis to the UCAS regulars outnumbering the Guard by an easy three-to-one.

To make matters worse, the commander of Joint Task Force Seattle is a General, whereas the Metroplex Guard commander has


WHO'S WHO IN SEATTLE, 2072 EDITION • PROFILE: COLONEL ROLAND DANE

Commander of the Seattle Metroplex Guard, Col. Dane is an almost thirty-year veteran of the service, having enlisted in 2043 at age 18. Born and raised in Auburn to a family displaced from Montana following the Ghost Dance War, Dane lived through times of considerable upheaval for the metroplex. He has stated that part of his desire to join the Guard was, "to be part of the solution and not part of the problem," and he has stated

a willingness to do what is necessary to help maintain order and the rule of law in Seattle.

Then-Captain Dane distinguished himself during the Renraku Arcology crisis, assisting victims and braving opened areas of the arcology on reconnaissance missions. He was promoted to Major and Lt. Colonel, and eventually succeeded Col. O'Neil as Guard commander, with promotion to full Colonel.

always been a Colonel, so Commander-JTFS outranks the Guard Commander; that was the case with General Colloton and Col. O'Neil and it's still the case with Brig. Gen. Darcy and Col. Dane. Any problems the Guard has with the UCAS regulars of JTFS are generally handled with "get over it. That's an order." The JTFS commander has also been willing to suspend or relieve Guard officers who prove incapable of following orders or doing the job. Naturally, a lot of members of the Guard see this as just another example of outside interference.

- Policlubbs like the Humanis and even Alamos 20,000 have worked hand-in-glove with the Metroplex Guard for all of Seattle's history. What few purges there have been have been half-hearted, tossing a few scapegoats to the media and populist wolves, but not really affecting the core of the organization. Oversight from the UCAS military has changed things some, but metahumans still struggle to be allowed to serve without fearing for their lives.
- Tarlan
- Kay is right that the Guard has been an entrenched stronghold for Humanist-types in Seattle since the very beginning. A lot of the Guardsman I served with were, to put it bluntly, blind-ignorant bigots, steeped in a culture of intolerance and hatred towards "outsiders," mainly metahumans. All the shock and anger people felt as a result of the Awakening, the Ghost Dance War, and Goblinization Day are sublimated into how the Seattle military thinks. To their mind, they're surrounded by enemies on all sides, just waiting for an opportunity to finish what they've started. That's not an attitude anyone is going to change overnight, or even in a generation.
- Star Loner
- Even bigger than the metahuman question (to the minds of the folks in DeeCee, anyway) is that the Metroplex Guard has also been at the core of the secessionist movement in Seattle almost since the beginning. A part-time paramilitary force of disgruntled survivalists with a siege mentality? Recipe for disaster, if left unchecked. In many ways, the Renraku Arcology crisis was just a pretext for setting up Joint Task Force Seattle and ensuring a loyal UCAS military presence in the metroplex to stop anybody from getting any clever ideas. Whether or not it will work in the long term remains to be seen.
- Snopes
- It's worth noting that JTFS also massively outguns the Metroplex Guard in terms of magical resources. Before the Renraku crisis, the Guard had exactly *four* magicians, one for each combat battalion and one assigned to the command regiment. The Task Force has easily ten times that number, including some special-forces magicians and adepts who make the Guard magickers look like toddlers playing with "Age of Atlantis™" AR toys.
- Ethernaut

JOINT TASK FORCE SEATTLE

Joint Task Force Seattle is a combined force of UCAS military regulars (Army, Navy, and Air Force) on permanent assignment at Fort Lewis and the Everett Naval Shipyards to "ensure the peace and security of the metroplex of Seattle." They were initially put in place to deal with the Renraku Arcology shutdown, but President Colloton, who was the original commanding officer of the Task Force, made the arrangement permanent, and even expanded the forces assigned to it.

Almost since their arrival, Task Force personnel have been working on expanding facilities at Fort Lewis and the Everett shipyards to accommodate the logistical needs of some six thousand troops. The transition to a permanent "peacekeeping force" has also not gone unnoticed by both Seattle residents and foreign neighbors alike. The independence movement in Seattle has shouted that the Task Force is the start of a UCAS occupation force (the UCAS government has largely countered that the UCAS cannot "invade" or "occupy" its own territory). The Sovereign Tribal Council has murmured that the Task Force *might* violate the terms of the Treaty of Denver, although they haven't pressed the issue too hard as yet. Everyone else is warily eyeing what the Task Force is doing while keeping their own military forces ready at a moment's notice.

For his part, JTFS commander Brigadier General John E. Darcy seems to have taken the attitude that idle hands are the devil's workshop, so he has given the troops under his command plenty to do beyond just renovating and redecorating Fort Lewis. That includes patrolling parts of the 405, clashing with several major gangs (notably the Hellhounds), border patrols and inspections, and "military readiness exercises" on and off the Ft. Lewis reservation. This in turn has elicited a sharp response from the Governor, the Metroplex Guard, and Knight Errant, who all feel the Task Force is trampling on their jurisdiction.

It's not just the locals who are upset with Gen. Darcy, either; Vice Admiral John Lienhard, commanding officer of the *USS Colin Powell* supercarrier group at the Everett Naval Shipyards, is not exactly a fan of the general's tactics. Admiral Lienhard seems to prefer a light and deft touch when it comes to dealing with intelligence and security matters in what is essentially an area surrounded by potentially hostile territory. His efforts to keep conflicts cold tend to melt in the face of Darcy's inflammatory tactics, however.

- Gen. Darcy heavily relies on the fact that he outranks Adm. Lienhard in the JTFS chain-of-command, albeit barely. So far as he's concerned, the Admiral can object all he wants, Darcy is still in charge. Unfortunately for the General, I suspect he has seriously underestimated the value of a subtle game, one that Adm. Lienhard plays quite well.
- Rigger X

INTELLIGENCE AGENCIES

Given its placement and history, Seattle is naturally a hotbed of activity for various intelligence agencies, both foreign and domestic. The UCAS Federal Building in Downtown is the official home of most UCAS government agencies, including the Department of Homeland Security, the Federal Bureau of Investigation, the Drug Enforcement Agency, the National Security Agency, and the Internal Revenue Service. The FBI, in particular, has been taking a greater interest in goings-on in Seattle that fall within its jurisdiction, rather than simply passing potential cases along to Knight Errant, although they continue to work closely with the security company when it comes to law enforcement in the metroplex.

- This is a change from the FBI's somewhat *laissez-faire* attitude towards Lone Star's operations in Seattle, which often got rubber-stamped. The UCAS Feds tend to look over KE's shoulders quite often, swooping in to snap up any case that catches their attention and falls under their jurisdiction. Knight Errant isn't too happy about that, but there's not much they can do without antagonizing the Feds and endangering their new relationship with the metroplex government.
- Star Loner

Officially, the UCAS Central Intelligence Agency does not operate in Seattle, since it is still UCAS territory. Unofficially, of course, the CIA maintains a presence, if only for the excellent opportunity Seattle offers to keep a close eye on the NAN and Tir Tairngire. The local spooks are primarily interested in intelligence gathering, and willing to pay market value for any useful information that might come their way. From time to time, they also set up "fact-finding" missions using local assets (read: shadowrunners). Remember, if you're caught, the Secretary will disavow all knowledge, etcetera...

Other international intelligence agencies also operate in Seattle. The Truth Dancers from the NAN have a presence among the staff on Council Island, and keep an eye on Salish-Shidhe Council and other tribal interests in the metroplex. Their agenda tends to shift with the political winds blowing through the Sovereign Tribal Council and whichever tribes are most influential at the moment, meaning they could be safeguarding Seattle one week as if it was in the best interests of all concerned, encouraging the secessionist movement the next week, and looking to exploit military vulnerabilities the week after that.

The Tir Tairngire Ghosts have connections in Tarislar and other elven communities and use them to move information and assets in and out of the metroplex. I'm sure at least part of Seattle regulation of immigration from Tir Tairngire is based on concern over covert agents operating in the metroplex, but the measures aren't restrictive enough to prevent that; just enough to be annoying and inconvenient and to provide the Tir with negotiating leverage, but the Brackhaven administration's blind spot where Tir Tairngire is concerned means they're not likely to change any time soon. It can be difficult to separate the elven homeland's covert ops from Seattle's often-closed elven ghettos and exile communities. Their use of magic and drugs like *laés* to cover their tracks means the Ghosts are often as difficult to track as their namesakes.

- Kay hits the major beats here, but pretty much every major international intelligence agency has at least *some* interest in Seattle, given its economic and strategic value. So you can find spooks from Japan to the CAS to even some of

the European powers lurking in the Seattle shadows. Some of the stations are little more than a couple of guys collecting whatever intel they can find and sending it back home, others are more full-fledged operations. All of them are keeping a close eye on the rise and fall of the fortunes of the metroplex, and particularly things like UCAS troop movements and the secessionists.

- Snopes

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Surrounded on all sides by foreign powers, Seattle is naturally concerned about what the neighbors are thinking and doing. Faced with a close concentration of millions of foreign citizens in what many consider an asylum run by its inmates, those neighbors tend to wonder what the hell is going on in Seattle, too. While the situation between the UCAS and the NAN has been relatively stable for a number of years now, the peace remains fragile and tense.

Seattle has had to learn to cultivate foreign relations as a survival skill. The metroplex cannot always rely on guidance from DeeCee when it comes to furthering its own interests in the region. So in 2042, the UCAS federal government granted Seattle the right to send its own ambassadors to "any nations considered vital to its survival." Since then, Seattle has sent ambassadors to 24 different nations, and permitted the opening of foreign embassies in the metroplex, to strengthen trade and allow the forces of diplomacy to work to avoid conflict where possible.

- Granting Seattle its own ambassadors was largely to head off secessionist talk in the metroplex. Now that the UCAS has a more active military presence, DeeCee has gotten increasingly more passive-aggressive when it comes to dealing with the Seattle diplomatic corps. They've always been willing to throw Seattle under the bus if UCAS national interests were at stake, but now it's increasingly looking like the UCAS feds are demonstrating alpha-dominance behavior.
- Pistons

AZTLAN

Given their poor relationship with pretty much every other part of the west coast of North America, from California to the NAN and Tir Tairngire, you'd think Aztlan would bend over backwards to stay in Seattle's good graces. Not so. Instead, the government in Tenochtitlan has a passive-aggressive attitude towards the metroplex. The simple fact is Aztlan needs Seattle, but refuses to admit such weakness, and therefore must show its strength by constantly testing its limits and pushing things to see just how much Seattle will let them get away with. Right now the answer seems to be: "No more than we have to."

For its part, Seattle is playing coy with Aztlan (and, by proxy, Aztechnology). On the one hand, the metroplex government has



SEASOURCE SEARCH: SEATTLE DIPLOMATS, 2072

NATION

Aztlan
California Free State
Japan
Korea
Native American Nations
Salish-Shidhe Council
Tir Tairngire

AMBASSADOR FROM

Arlan Bonilla
Wilton Chen
Okabe Toshimoto
Park T'an Gong
Jacob Keelaunaw
Margaret Lone Feather
Liam Dunn

AMBASSADOR TO

William D. Torres
Edith Fulton
Hideo Arakawa
Sean Sherman
Keira Thornton
Jordan Parkes
Francesca Norris

cozied up to business, including Aztechnology, and the corps have responded. On the other hand, Joint Task Force Seattle makes it known, in no uncertain terms, that Aztlan/Aztechnology troops and military vessels will *not* be tolerated in or around Seattle outside of the corporation's extraterritorial jurisdiction. So Seattle tempts and teases Aztlan with one hand, pushing away with the other.

- Which, I can tell you, is not a situation that can endure forever.
- Kat o' Nine Tales

CALIFORNIA FREE STATE

Seattle relations with California are and always have been split. Paranoid, battered, and isolated, California feels the need for allies more keenly than ever. On the other hand, Seattle is part of the UCAS that abandoned California to its fate and could potentially draw the Free State into other North American conflicts, perhaps even a war with the UCAS, should the CFS support independence for the metroplex. A fair amount of trade moves between the CFS and Seattle, particularly food grown in the Free State's agricultural regions. Since the only overland connection between the two nations is a maglev express train running through Tir Tairngire, most goods move on ships along the coast between California and the port of Seattle.

- Making them subject to pirates and raiders.
- Sounder
- Not quite as much as either Seattle or California claim, however. Some of the cargoes "lost to pirates" are part of a complex game where one side or another sponsors a raid on their own shipping (or that of a rival company), re-selling the goods at a cut rate and giving the pirates a cut, while pocketing any insurance money or non-refundable deposits.
- Mr. Bonds

JAPAN

The land of the Rising Sun has been slowly setting in Seattle for years now. Disasters in Japan turned their attention inward, while massive corporate fuck-ups in Seattle have largely been the fault of Japanese corporations like Renraku. For years, Seattle has been looking to other trading partners on the Pacific Rim, like Hong Kong, Shanghai, Vladivostok, and Korea. Only occasional interference from the UCAS government has kept those relationships from being even stronger than they already are.

Although Japan and Seattle "enjoy a long history of friendship" (to quote from a recent speech by Hideo Arakawa, Seattle's ambassador to Japan), these days they're like friends who have drifted apart and have little to do with each other. Japan's best hope is Seattle's renewed interest in corporate cooperation, potentially allowing for new investment and a chance for Japanese businesses to regain their foothold in the metroplex.

- Another problem for Japan was the secession of the Seattle Yakuza. When the Shotozumi-gumi broke ties with the homeland, Japan lost a lot of influence and face. The continued failure of the Watada-rengo and its associated gumi to reclaim Seattle only reinforces the idea that Shotozumi was right. If he has his way, the Yakuza might end up centered in North America and running things in Japan rather than the other way around.
- Mihoshi Oni

- Speaking of Hideo Arakawa, he's almost an ideal choice for ambassador to Japan: Seattle born Japanese, intelligent, well educated, speaks the language fluently, impeccable manners and smooth negotiator, all except for one thing ... he's a dwarf. Now, it's probably no coincidence that he was appointed under a dwarf governor, Struthers, but I suspect Brackhaven keeps Arakawa in his post solely because he enjoys how uncomfortably the Japanese squirm when they have to deal with the soft-spoken dwarf ambassador.
- Kat o' Nine Tales

KOREA

Compared to Japan, Seattle's relations with Korea have been cordial and steadily progressive, maybe because both sides are equally concerned about Japan's influence around the Pacific Rim. In fact, the only reason why Seattle's connections with Korea have not been stronger is interference from the UCAS State Department, which scuttled delicate trade negotiations between Korea and Seattle years ago. Since then, the Koreans have maintained a more cautious attitude when it comes to Seattle, simply because the UCAS has made it clear they don't want any foreign power getting too chummy with the sometimes independence-minded metroplex.

Still, Korea does have an active trading partnership with Seattle, which has led to an increase in Korean goods and business interests in the past 10–15 years. Korean involvement in the Pacific Prosperity Group also enhanced ties with Seattle.

- Timothy Washburn's tell-all book about his time as Seattle's ambassador to Korea—and how the UCAS sabotaged the trade deal he hammered out—raised a lot of ire in the metroplex as well as DeeCee, and contributed to the State Department backing off on overt interference in Seattle's diplomatic affairs. Of course, behind-the-scenes, the UCAS is still wary of Seattle getting in bed with other nations and keeps a close eye on things, as well as a hand on the diplomatic kill-switch.
- Pistons

NATIVE AMERICAN NATIONS

Seattle has been a cold-war city-state ever since the signing of the Treaty of Denver, surrounded on all sides by the Salish-Shidhe Council tribal lands. In the very early days of the metroplex, people wondered almost constantly when an attack from the Native American Nations would come, when they would decide to ignore the treaty and use their powerful magic to seize control of the area. They didn't know how costly the Ghost Dance War was for the NAN, or what they were willing to accept to maintain peace.

More than a generation later, both sides have largely accepted the status quo: neither Seattle nor the Native American Nations are going anywhere. Seattle sees considerable trade with the NAN, and thousands of SSC citizens work in the metroplex, along with many Seattleites who work in tribal territory every day. There are cultural exchanges and a representative of the SSC sits with the governor's cabinet, while the governor of Seattle addresses the tribal council on a yearly basis.

Not everything is cordial, of course. The Salish-Shidhe Council has serious concerns about Seattle's impact on the environment of the entire Pacific Northwest, and can only regulate the metroplex's emissions of pollutants through treaty and diplomatic negotiation, while the pollution itself respects no boundaries. Similarly, there has been a dispute over control of costal regions and portions of Puget Sound dating back to the signing of the Treaty of Denver. The UCAS

and Seattle claim 10 kilometers out from Seattle's land-based borders, while the NAN says 1 kilometer. Aquaculture and the construction of aquatic projects have been delayed or even disrupted by conflicts over jurisdiction.

- The other big issue between Seattle and the NAN is smuggling and border security. Problem is, the Salish-Shidhe Council is made up of various tribes, all with a fair amount of autonomy, including their own laws and regulations. So while the Sinsearach, for example, would like to stop smuggling coming through tribal territory, the Cascade Orks profit from and all but openly encourage it. This makes it difficult for the council to present any sort of united front on the issue, and lets Seattle's government pass the buck to them, saying they would be *glad* to take action, if only the council could get its act together. They'd better hope they never do, because then not only would Seattle have to put up or shut up, things would get pretty ugly where border patrols are concerned.

- Rigger X

TIR TAIRNGIRE

Throughout their mutual history, Seattle enjoyed a special status with Tir Tairngire. Although the "Land of Promise" was largely closed to outsiders, they established an exclusive arrangement with Seattle to allow goods to flow in and out of elven ports; Tir ships would sail into Puget Sound and offload cargo in Seattle's ports, then take on goods and make the return journey, making Seattle a kind of "gateway" to the elven nation. The metroplex also held a kind of magnetic attraction for some in Tir Tairngire, luring elves to the nightlife and bustle of Seattle, while Tir Tairngire took on a legendary quality among the elves of the metroplex, many of them dreaming of a homeland they never knew.

A lot of that changed when Tir Tairngire's democratic revolution ousted its former aristocratic government. As part of the nation's "new era of openness," many barriers to trade and immigration were lowered, including an end to Seattle's exclusive arrangement. At the same time, many fled Tir Tairngire, seeking refuge in the metroplex, while at the same time Seattle residents sought to immigrate to the Land of Promise at long last.

- Some recent émigrés to Seattle are displaced Tir nobles, mostly low-ranking types, who fled the country ahead of the revolution, rightly fearing show trials, "people's committees," and the like. They brought with them some family, the

codes to secret offshore accounts, and a grudge. Many just want to get friends, family, or prized possessions out of the country, while others just want revenge, or to topple the new Tir government before it can even learn how to walk. Nearly all are willing to pay handsomely for it, too.

- Riser

Diplomatically, Seattle has kept its "sister city" of Portland at arm's length. While the metroplex (and the UCAS government) supports democratic reforms in Tir Tairngire, the official stance is that internal affairs of the nation should remain so. Unofficially, Seattle holds its breath and watches cautiously as the dust from the revolution begins to settle, hoping Tir Tairngire will not take provocative action against either the metroplex or its sometime ally California to the south. Should the situation in Portland deteriorate, the idea of a foreign "peacekeeping force" is not inconceivable, and Seattle would be the logical staging point for such an operation.

- It'll never come to that. The people of Tir Tairngire would never let it.

- Tarlan

- Never say "impossible," my friend. That's what people used to say about elves, after all.

- Axis Mundi

UNITED CANADIAN AND AMERICAN STATES

While Seattle is technically a part of the UCAS, it is geographically and, in many ways, culturally isolated, and the homeland is often treated like a foreign power itself. The UCAS federal government has done little to improve the situation, treating Seattle either as an afterthought, or as a problem to be solved, more of a distant colony or protectorate than an equal state in the union.

This gives Seattleites their love-hate relationship with the "mother country." They are fiercely proud, the last hold-outs of the territories that once belonged to a proud nation that is no more but, increasingly, many of them feel the UCAS has betrayed the legacy of the countries that formed it, forgotten the war and upheaval that left Seattle isolated and alone. At the same time, Seattle's culture partakes as much from foreign lands like the NAN, Tir Tairngire, California, and the far reaches of the Pacific Rim as it does from "Back East," making the rest of the UCAS seem parochial and out-of-touch.





BY ROB BOYLE

BAD MEDICINE

"What this from?" the doctor asked about the scar on Jenna's wrist.

"Oh that? That's a scratch from our cat," her mother said. "Spiteful little furball."

The doctor rolled up Jenna's sleeves. Her mother gasped.

Jenna's arms were lined with small, thin, partially-healed cuts. They ran from her shoulder to elbow in neat, evenly spaced lines. "Did you do this to yourself?" the doctor asked.

Jenna nodded, head hung. She didn't like the way the man held on to her arm.

"Let's get some nu-skin on that," the doctor said.

Arctos smelled blood.

He extended his senses into the ghost realm. The air was thick with suffering and misery. The bitter taste of violence filled his mouth. He felt the stirrings of Bear. The source was nearby.

He veered from his course through the Barrens, setting aside the supplies he was taking to the weak and poor. Someone was in more urgent need of help. He approached the burnt-out building, spirit defenses ready.

He found a scene of carnage. An entire family of squatters lay butchered. There was only one survivor, a dwarf covered in blood. A gaping slash in his abdomen had left his guts spilling out. The air reeked.

Arctos tried to ease the man's pain. The dwarf jerked awake, grabbing Arctos's fingers. "No! You must let me go ..."

"Forget it," Arctos said. "Lay still. I can help—"

"No!" The dwarf cried again. "This ... this ..." he swept his arm across the room. "This murder. It was me. I did this. Me. I did this to myself."

Arctos recoiled. "You did this? Slaughtered these people? Cut yourself? Why?"

Sharp laughter erupted from the dwarf's chest, quickly turning to a liquid coughing. "Because now ... now it's ... gone ..." Then he slipped away.

Jenna cried in the dark. Her father had just left the room again. Now that she was older, his night-time visits were becoming more frequent. She wished he would stop. That he would just go away. That he would die.

Still sniffing, she pulled herself off the bed, onto the floor. Groping around in the dark, she found the base of her nightstand. She found the head of the pin sticking out from underneath and pulled it out. Mother made sure she never had razors or knives anymore, but she hadn't found the pin yet.

She pushed the point into her skin. Repeatedly. She was careful not to space them too close together, or anywhere too visible when wearing clothes.

The pain was a focal point, each pinpoint a burst of ragged intensity. It flooded her mind like a flash, blinding her in the darkened room. As soon as it came, it was gone, ebbing away into the ether. She never cried out, but the empty room and night air embraced her.

Arctos floated in the spirit world, sniffing at the void. He felt the low restless grumble of Bear in the distance. He

had lost the trail. The invader was nearby, somewhere, he was sure of it.

He would have to try to pick up the trail tomorrow.

Jenna watched the ants crawl in and out of their anthill. There were so many. She had tired of pulling their little bodies apart. She went inside.

She came back out with a gas can and matches from the garage. She poured the gas around the anthill, making sure to get it in the holes. Then she lit a match and watched them burn.

"What'd you do that for?" Val said. The little elf girl from next door had crept up while Jenna was watching her small fire.

Jenna shrugged.

"You're not supposed to play with fire. I'm going to tell on you," Val said.

"It's okay, I don't need this anymore." Jenna dropped the gas can at Val's feet. The loosened lid came off, splashing gas on Val's feet and legs and pooling around her shoes.

"What'd you do that for?" Val screamed. "I'm telling!"

"No you're not," Jenna said, lighting another match.

Arctos watched the Lone Star officers from a distance, with the aid of Bear's ghost vision. He was too late. A child's life was lost. Blood was on his hands. Bear howled in anger.

Jenna wandered downtown. She had taken the bus here two days ago, but now she was lost. Her clothes were dirty from sleeping in an alley. She had eaten food from a dumpster but she was hungry again. Her legs hurt. She had found a sharp piece of metal in the alley and had taken to cutting herself again.



"Hey little girl, are you okay?" A pudgy ork woman was looking over at her as she punched in the code to unlock her car door, a concerned look on her face. She was wearing a nice suit. "Are your legs bleeding?"

Jenna shrugged. "I'm lost," she said simply.

"Where are your parents? What happened?" The ork lady came over and looked at her legs. "Oh my, you've been cut. I think you need to go to the hospital."

"Will you drive me there?" Jenna said.

The businesswoman frowned. She looked around, as if seeking advice, but there was no one nearby. "Well ... I don't want to just leave you."

"I think my parents went to the hospital."

The lady's eyes widened. "Are they hurt too? Do you know which one?"

Jenna shook her head.

The woman made an indecisive noise and looked around again. "Well ... all right," she said, "I'll just take you to the nearest one. It's just a few blocks away. Here, child, get in back."

Jenna climbed into the back seat.

The woman got in front and started the car. "Are you sure—"

Her voice cut out as Jenna reached around from behind and slashed her throat. Blood spurted out across the dashboard and windshield. Jenna locked eyes with her in the rear-view mirror, watching the woman's life slip away.

This time Arctos found the body before the police. The trail was only hours old, and the stench of death polluted the ghost world all around. The woman had died suddenly and violently. The spirit had fed on her pain.

There was more, though. Another taste, another scent. Someone lost and suffering. The savage tang of scarred innocence. The spirit's host.

He had to find her.

Jenna looked up from the bloody mess of pigeon. A man was approaching through the park. She discreetly dropped the bloody rock behind her back as she stood and turned to face him. She did not need to fake her tears.

The man squatted next to her. He was unshaven, dark-skinned, and smelled of sweat and patchouli. His leather jacket was adorned with patches of fur and tribal designs. "Poor bird," he muttered, surveying the carnage.

Jenna sniffled.

He turned towards her, pulling down his shades to make eye contact. Despite his gruff exterior, his voice was gentle and compassionate. "Are you lost, little girl?"

Jenna nodded.

"Well, then," he said, "you should come with me." He reached out and touched her hand.

For a brief second, Jenna flinched. Then the spell overcame her, and she fell asleep.

The man caught her as she slumped, grunted, and carried her off into the park.

Griz stared at the prone girl with his one remaining eye. "So this is the one leaving a trail of death," he grumbled, the deep voice rumbling within his massive frame. His gaze seemed to penetrate right through her.

"I was lucky to take her unawares," Arctos nodded, "but we don't have much time. She's just a scared little cub, Griz. We need to drive it out, get her back to normal."

The massive shaman stirred, then motioned to the other shamans clustered around. "Small Paw, get some sensors on her and monitor her vitals. And tell Wolf-Biter to bring me Bear's skull. We will need his guidance."

They went to work.

The banishment was not easy. The dark spirit was thrust out from the girl's form, where it was vulnerable. Bear's hackles were raised, and no mercy was granted to the abomination.

Jenna was playing with a group of children. They ran and hid, playing games of tag and hide-and-seek. Months had passed since the shamans had driven out the spirit and found her a new family. She was safe now, in the hands of people that cared for her. Her memories of the bad time were just fragments and whispers. The Bear Doctors had eased them away.

Suddenly, she smelled blood, and the bitter taste of violence flooded her mouth. Her attention was guided to a nearby alley. She followed the scent.

In the alley she found a man bleeding on the ground, struggling for breath. He had been stabbed multiple times. The knife lay nearby.

He called out to her. "Please ... please, call for help. I was mugged. They ... stabbed me. Took my link. I ... I need an ambulance."

Jenna reached out. She remembered what the Bear Doctors had done for her, the horrors they had stripped away. She also remembered the times before the bad spirit. The cutting. Her mother's indifference. Her father.

She reached for the knife.

- A wise man once said, “For as long as there have been people, there have been other people pissing them off.” Seattle society is a crazy quilt of those people across a diverse spectrum of racial, socioeconomic, cultural, and religious backgrounds. Sociologists and academics have written entire books about the unique societal melting pot (or powder keg, take your pick) that is the Seattle Metroplex. Here with her insights is our own Kat o’ Nine Tales, with some able assistance from Lyran on all things Awakened.
- FastJack

her troll daughter was killed during the Night of Rage. Soft-spoken and efficient, but also completely unflappable, Ol’ Libby was a potent spokesperson for both groups, at least until she was killed in what Lone Star was quick to label a “random act of violence.” Supposedly, a gang attacked her, and the cops pointed fingers at several, including the 405 Hellhounds, but never came up with any evidence.

The current EC Seattle Director is Juliana Corma, an attorney with over a decade’s experience with civil-rights cases. Ms. Corma pres-

SEATTLE SOCIETY

BY KAT O’ NINE TALES

I’ve heard Seattle’s culture referred to as “vibrant,” and “crazy,” and I think they’re both accurate; the mix of people in the metroplex creates a place that just kind of hums. Maybe it’s all the kaf-culture, or just having so many people walled into a relatively small area. Whatever the case, Seattle is and has been for quite some time a place that creates and drives trends rather than just following them. Since a lot of what drives people is their connections to other people, it’s worth knowing some things about Seattle society if you’re working in its shadows.

POLICLUBS

Seattle is a political town and has a *lot* of policlubs. They represent all the various fringe and special interest groups outside of the “mainstream” political parties. Some of them get into bed with existing parties, even spawning new groups or parties in the process. Others like to stay on the outside, throwing brickbats in to keep everyone else honest (or just paranoid). Seattle’s high metahuman population, history of racial violence, and the proximity of the NAN and Tir Tairngire has led to the rise of many pro- and anti-Awakened and pro- and anti-metahuman groups. Although there are hundreds of policlubs in Seattle, only a handful are really of any concern in the shadows. Still, that doesn’t mean you won’t occasionally find work from, say, the Seattle Workers of the World or the Green Coalition (Emerald City branch), just that the following groups have the biggest impacts where we’re concerned.

THE EMPOWERMENT COALITION

The Empowerment Coalition started out as a women’s-rights group under founder (and former UCAS presidential candidate) Anne Penchyk. When Penchyk became director of the multimillion-nuyen Timmons Memorial Fund, established by the late Dunkelzahn’s will, she brought the Coalition under the wider Timmons umbrella and expanded the organization to serve as a civil-rights lobby and policlub throughout the UCAS.

In the nearly decade and a half since, the Empowerment Coalition has served as a networking and support organization for smaller civil- and sapient-rights organizations like Mothers of Metahumans, the Orc Rights Committee, and the NAAA (National Association for the Advancement of the Awakened), to name a few. The Coalition tends to lead with a light touch, mostly providing grant money, access to a wide-ranging contact database, and considerable savvy in navigating the minefields of social activism.

Sometimes those minefields are pretty literal, too. The first director of the Seattle office of the Empowerment Coalition was Libby Chalmers, who worked with Mothers of Metahumans for years after

ents a considerably more polished and businesslike face to the Seattle community, but her willingness to work for what she considers fair treatment for all speaks strongly to her character. She’s made it fairly clear that she considers Libby Chalmers’ death suspicious, but that she prefers to focus on the EC’s work.

- Libby Chalmers once famously faced down then former presidential candidate Brackhaven when he came to try to intimidate her, explaining that the Empowerment Coalition wasn’t welcome in Seattle. She basically told Brackhaven to fuck off. I wonder if he didn’t eventually find a way to even the score.
- Hard Exit
- I find two things interesting about Chalmers’ case: first, the various suspects Lone Star pointed to were predominantly metahuman gangs. Second, and far more interesting, no autopsy was performed, but the police reports said Chalmers was killed by such “tremendous violence” the meat-wagon was picking up *pieces* of her body. Ripping somebody apart is unusual even for a violent thriller-gang, although it may have contributed to the idea that her killers were large and powerful metahumans.
- Snopes
- Ms. Corma certainly doesn’t have any qualms about hiring from the shadows, if necessary, to further the Coalition’s business.
- Pistons

HUMANIS

Perhaps the most infamous policlub in Seattle, and possibly the world, is the Humanis movement, which has been around in one form or another since the early days of the Awakening, although it really got going following Goblinization Day and the dramatic appearance of the first orks and trolls. Right from the start, the Humanis position was simple: somebody has got to stand up for the rights of “ordinary” human beings, which is to say *Homo sapiens sapiens*, and bring to the public’s attention the “dangers” posed by metahumans and, to an extent, the Awakening as a whole.

- Some of the Humanis roots trace back to radical religious groups who believed the first stirrings of the Awakening and the birth of “changeling” children (the first dwarfs and elves, not modern changelings) were signs of the End Times; basically humanity’s last warnings to shape up before the true believers shipped out. The greater mainstreaming of the magical arts has diminished a lot of the religious fervor of the group and their anti-magical bias, although both are still present to some degree.
- Axis Mundi

Seattle's chapter of the Humanis Policlub is, unfortunately, one of the oldest and largest in North America. It got its start as a "community organization" following the Ghost Dance War, when veterans and refugees in the newly isolated Seattle area came together to "protect ordinary people" from the depredations of spooky Indian magic and those weird "changeling kids," who were the first-born metahumans. People were scared, and their government had basically just surrendered to the enemy and sold them down the river, leaving them stranded in the middle of hostile territory. Perfect opportunity for the fearmongers to take up the banner and rally everyone to it.

Goblinization Day gave the Humanis a huge boost: if the Awakening scared people, then G-Day *terrified* them as one person in ten transformed into a "freak" or "monster." It was Humanis who organized "citizen watch groups" who were little more than lynch mobs to keep the "contagion" from spreading. Even the idea that the government would protect these freaks stoked the fires of hate, until they exploded.

What became the Night of Rage was supposed to be the Humanis Policlub's greatest achievement. Their power was so widespread in those days you didn't even know who was a hard-core member or just a sympathizer, because nearly everybody was, or was at least willing to look the other way. Still, when the fires burned on the Seattle waterfront, a lot of people suddenly said, "What the fuck are we *doing*? What are we allowing to happen?" It was the wake-up call that slowed the rampant growth of the Humanis movement and showed metahumans as people who suffered and died.

The generation born and raised with the Night of Rage as part of their history has a different view of metahumans. The past thirty or so years have forced the Humanis movement to change, too, but not for the better. They've gone from an organized lynch mob to an entrenched political interest group. In particular, they've focused a lot on "community service," in a way that would make the Yakuza proud: that is, they sponsor schools, free clinics, youth sports teams, even their own trid and net-cast channels. They've embedded the idea that being "for humanity" is a civil right and piss and moan about how metahumans are just whiny victims trying to steal *their* rights with their demands for "special treatment." It apparently works, too, because a lot of people vote in sympathy with the Humanis agenda, whether they are official members or not. The policlub's endorsement of Governor Brackhaven should have been a scandal, but instead it probably helped him secure the Republican nomination and the election. Why not, when the vast majority of voters are humans?

- It's noteworthy that Governor Brackhaven is *not* an official member of the Humanis Policlub, although his ties to it are quite clear: his uncle Karl was the head of the organization for most of the younger Brackhaven's life.
- Kay St. Irregular

- I'll say it right up front: I'm no supporter of the Humanis Policlub, or apologist for racism in any form, but I also think it's a mistake to dismiss these people as stupid hicks; it's both a fundamental misunderstanding of what they're about, and it underestimates what they can do, which is exactly how they manage to get into positions of authority.

Although a lot of people talk about Humanis and their spawn in terms of hate, what they are really all about is fear: not just fear of what is new, different, and strange, but a deep-seated fear that their way of life, their beliefs, even their species and their world, are obsolete. Everyone talks about "the Sixth World" and "the Awakened Age." Metahumans say "this is our time" and eco-activists talk about how the Awakened have the special favor of Mother Earth

and will survive the coming changes. It's all too easy for people who are scared shitless by everything that has happened in the past fifty years or so to turn their fear into anger and direct it at the so-called "special" people.

Say what you will about the bigots and the haters, this isn't a war that's going to be won by playing into their fears. Hell, it shouldn't even be a "war" at all.

- Traveler Jones

Behind the scenes, of course, the Humanis Policlub serves as the public face of a network of hate groups like Alamos 20,000, Human Nation, and the infamous Hand of Five in Seattle, the group believed responsible for the Night of Rage. They funnel money, information, and resources, and serve as a recruitment center where the hard-core radical groups can find new martyrs for their cause.

- Speaking of roots in the post-war era, Alamos 20K was known for ties with "reunionist" groups, and implicated as part of the pan-American *coup d'etat* attempt. FBI reports suggest the group took a serious blow when the attempt failed, but that the shattered remnants of the network are reassembling in various parts of North America and working to rebuild. You can probably expect some internal power struggles as the dispersed cells reassemble to see who comes out as top dog, but after that Alamos 20K will be back with a vengeance.

- Kay St. Irregular

- That's one area where Brackhaven seems to differ from the Seattle Humanis: you would think he would support the secessionist movement like they do, but instead Brackhaven sings the hymns of national unity as loudly as anyone.

- Khan-A-Saur

- That's because Kenneth Brackhaven is far from done with the UCAS or furthering his political ambitions.

- Kay St. Irregular

THE ORK RIGHTS COMMISSION

Opposite the political spectrum of the Humanis Policlub is the Ork Rights Commission or ORC, originally established as a grass-roots organization to support the cause of equal rights and fair treatment for those affected by UGE (they understandably don't care for the term "goblinization"). Since its start almost fifty years ago, ORC has grown from a local political movement to a national organization. At least a part of that growth is owed to the increased interest in "ork culture" in North America and elsewhere, ironically mostly from media that ORC vocally opposed as exploitative and grossly stereotyped.

One of the Commission's greatest successes has been helping to get Or'zet recognized as an official and legal language and a part of "ork cultural heritage." They sponsor language classes and teaching programs to help learn the language, focusing primarily on orks, but open to other races.

A charitable non-profit organization, ORC is funded by private and public donations, including support from the Empowerment Coalition and some corporate sponsors. In particular, Evo has been a major contributor, along with IIN and Eta Engineering. ORC publishes an annual "report card" on the treatment of metahumans in business, grading corporations on their hiring, training, education, and promotional practices. They also serve as a media watchdog group, along with the Metahuman Anti-Defamation League (MADL), bringing attention to positive and negative portrayals of metahumans in the media.



The Ork Rights Commission's current Executive Director is Janus Kraal, a recent graduate of Loyola University, but already considered something of an "elder statesman" in the ork and metahuman rights community.

- Part of this is one of Kraal's pet causes: changing educational and legal benchmarks for orks. Although he's only 27 years old and holder of a Masters in Social Work, Janus Kraal is well past middle age by ork standards, given an average lifespan of 38.5 years for natural-born orks (which has increased only slightly in the past few decades). On the other hand, orks reach physical maturity around the age of 10–12 years, so an ork can be an "adult" for years before being legally old enough to be considered one. Kraal and others argue that human standards of development and maturity cannot be applied to orks or other metahumans, who should have their own standards. Thus far, the argument hasn't met with a lot of success and has been shouted down as an example of "special rights" demanded by orks.
- Butch

THE SONS OF SAURON

Of course, we humans haven't cornered the market on hatred and racial violence; it's a free and open economy. The Sons of Sauron are proof of that. They are the longest-lived of a number of radical metahuman-rights groups that resort to terrorist tactics to get their message across, namely that the oppression of their people will be met with violence. They are famous for their "eye for an eye" sense of justice; any harm done to an ork or troll is returned in full, usually with interest.

The Sons of Sauron have been responsible for bombing public and municipal buildings, and the kidnapping and murder of government and corporate targets. Their claim is that they act to protect their own people since the government will not, and is often complicit on injustices against them. They don't lack any recruits because of it, either, drawing heavily on the metahuman communities in the Barrens and other parts of Seattle.

- The Sons of Sauron are heroes to some of the young metahumans in the poorer parts of the metroplex. They see them as fighting against the forces of oppression, the people and institutions that want to keep orks and trolls poor and hopeless, or even destroy them. Even those born long after the Night of Rage have what happened burned into them from childhood, and a lot of them think every bomb planted by the Sons of Sauron, or every corporate fat-cat who ends up with a bullet in the back of his head is just a little piece of payback.
- Butch
- The Sons have taken some hits from the more recent widespread interest in ork culture. The current generation of orks feels less like outsiders and more a part of society. They have dreams and hopes and don't want to throw it all away getting revenge for something that happened before they were born. That's why the Sons are forced to work with more shadow-assets. Unfortunately, they're paranoid, prejudiced, and expect a lot for their money. They also don't understand that not everyone is interested in dying for their cause. I don't recommend working for them unless you really need the cred, and maybe not even then.
- Traveler Jones

SOCIAL & RELIGIOUS GROUPS

Although they play the political game, too, these groups get together for reasons other than politics, particularly religious or social ideals or agendas. Social networking and belonging to a "tribe" or particular group is a big thing in Seattle these days, especially with the capabilities offered by the Matrix. People make "friendships" and "connections" as easily as tapping a button, but they also lose them just as easily. These groups represent some of the social fabric that doesn't come unraveled so easily.

Seattle both is and isn't a particularly "religious" place. On the one hand, a significant portion of the population (about a quarter) describe



themselves as “agnostic” or “areligious” in polls and interviews. On the other, a great many of those people still consider themselves “spiritual” in some fashion, and believe in things considered theological. Plus, Seattle is home to significant populations belonging to numerous established faiths and churches, from Christianity, Judaism, and Islam to Buddhism, Shinto, Hinduism, Paganism, and numerous sects and sub-sects.

THE CHILDREN OF THE DRAGON

The Children of the Dragon are a religious group founded by David Emerson, a minor functionary in Dunkelzahn’s presidential campaign who had a magical awakening following the dragon’s assassination. He changed his name to David Dragonson and claimed Dunkelzahn was a divine incarnation sent to Earth to educate humanity and bring us into a new age. He started doing magic and gathered a group of followers around him, based in Dunkelzahn’s UCAS residence on Prince Edward Island.

Since its founding, the movement has spread across North America. The Seattle chapter was founded about ten years ago by a former housewife named Amanda Goldwing (formerly Amanda Medford), a vocal prophet of “the divine dragon” with magical abilities similar to Dragonson’s.

- The weird thing is Amanda, like David Emerson, was a mundane before she joined the Children. After attending a meeting and several rituals, Amanda developed magical abilities, left her husband, and became a cult-leader. Curious, is it not?
- Axis Mundi
- The Children of the Dragon are a real thorn in the side of the Draco Foundation and its satellite organizations. The Children think they deserve special treatment from the DF because they both “serve the same cause,” the dream of Dunkelzahn. The Foundation considers the Children embarrassing flakes who make it difficult for the DF to get taken seriously. The Children complain the DF doesn’t accord them the respect they deserve as the “chosen of the Great Dragon Spirit.” And ‘round and ‘round it goes. For the most part, the two groups tend to at least pretend they get along, but there are still sparks sometimes.
- Kay St. Irregular

THE CHURCH OF THE WHOLE EARTH, INC.

A thoroughly modern and post-Awakened religious organization, the Church of the Whole Earth, Inc., started out as a loose coalition of eco-activists, urban shamans, neo-pagans, and what used to be called “Christo-Pagans.” Building on the massive surge in interest in earth-centered, neo-pagan, and nativist traditions following the Awakening and Ghost Dance War, the coalition incorporated as “The Church of the Whole Earth, Inc.” with the motto “To Serve the Whole Earth and the Whole Person.” The Church worships the Divine as Father God and Mother Goddess, most often embodied in the Sky and the Earth.

Their services combine American Protestant traditions with more shamanic neo-pagan celebrations; attendees generally sit in pews, for example, although they tend to be arranged in a horseshoe or semi-circle, and prayers and songs are common elements, although often accompanied by drumming or other tribal instruments. Guided visualization and meditation are also common techniques.

Clergy can be both men and women and metahumans of any race. Priests are referred to by the religious name “Brother John” while priestesses are “Sister Jane,” emphasizing the importance of the church and the divinity the clergy represent rather than the individual. A

United Council oversees the church, which has grown to include followers worldwide.

- The Church of the Whole Earth is “consumer religion” run amok: pre-packaged and dumbed-down feelgood messages about Our Mother the Earth and the Community of Us, Her Children. It appeals to people who feel like they ought to be spiritual in some way, but who are turned off by the “negativity” of so many mainstream religions and baffled by the complexity of spiritual mystery. It’s the fast food of religious experience.
- Ethernaut
- Gosh, tell us what you really think there, Ethernaut. What’s wrong with a little harmless “feelgood” community, sharing, and social consciousness? The CWE has done a lot of good for people, and not just believers, over the years. Just because they don’t meet up with your standards for a “valid” religion doesn’t mean they don’t have anything to offer people. If they didn’t, they wouldn’t be so successful in the first place.
- Tarlan
- People said the same about the Universal Brotherhood.
- Axis Mundi
- Can we get this back on-topic? Whatever you may think about the Church of the Whole Earth, the fact is, they collect a lot of donations from a lot of people, meaning they have the money to get things done when they want, and they’ve been willing in the past to spend some of that money to ensure things happen quietly, behind the scenes. Whole Earthers tend towards activism, and that sometimes means skirting the edges of the law. So shadow-runners with eco-activist or earth-centered religious connections have been known to work for them, regardless of what they might think of their day-to-day spiritual practices.
- Lyran

THE GESTALT CONSCIOUSNESS NETWORK

The Gestalt Consciousness Network—also known as the GCN, the Gestalt, or just the Network—started out as a social experiment on the University of Washington campus following the Wireless Matrix Initiative. The idea was to study the practice of what some call “cyber-democracy” through the use of social networks and online connectivity. The experiment quickly escaped the confines of the campus and spread like wildfire throughout the Downtown area, and then to the entire metroplex. Even after the grant from the UCAS Technocratic Party ran out, the Network kept on going, using resources already available to its various members, co-opting and adopting others as needed.

The Gestalt is built on two main premises, as I understand them: First, the Matrix is a powerful tool to connect people in a real-time fashion that transcends traditional boundaries of geography, wealth, social class, and so forth. It’s a new, level playing field. Second, it is a forum whereby an unprecedented number of people can work together to achieve consensus on any number of issues, democracy taken to the Nth power. Those are the ideals; some of the practices differ.

In the years since its founding, the Gestalt Consciousness Network has been an almost unmatched resource for informing and mobilizing its members. They have become a power bloc to be reckoned with in local politics, able to influence the Governor, the Metroplex Congress, and even the United Corporate Council, on a number of issues, simply by getting them out there in front of people and magnifying their responses and input back. Tools like



rapid-response text and voice-mails, automated alerts, coordinated gatherings, even jamming and flooding sites with responses, have gotten attention.

The trick comes in with the “achieving consensus” part. The Network believes heavily in the idea of cooperation and working by mutual agreement, but that means a lot of discussion, debate, and more discussion about the right and proper course of action. Practically, a lot of it breaks down to pure chaos theory: things go out to the Network and people respond as they see fit. Sometimes patterns emerge as a popular idea or position takes hold. It may grow and spread, or the wave might crest and then break. Sometimes small interest groups spin off to pursue their own things, then join back up. It’s like large-scale sociology in miniature on fast-forward. That makes the whole thing kind of unpredictable. For example, people early on said the Gestalt would be a huge factor in the recent gubernatorial election. However, despite a majority of Gestalt members favoring anyone *but* Kenneth Brackhaven, he still took the election.

- Raising any number of interesting questions, to my mind.
- Snopes

By now, the Gestalt has been around long enough to attract attention from both the metroplex government and the members of the United Corporate Council. The potential for things like wide-ranging public referenda, to say nothing of marketing, is huge. Of course, treating the Gestalt like a static thing you can use is probably doomed to failure, since it will adopt the things that prove popular and viciously mock the ones that don’t.

- The Gestalt gets a lot of attention and support from Horizon, given how in line their approaches to things are. Thus far, Horizon has managed to keep its distance sufficiently for everyone’s comfort. Some parts of the Network have expressed concern about corporate takeovers and attempts to influence or co-opt the process.
- Glitch
- The emerging cutting-edge of the Gestalt is the concern of creating something true to its namesake, a real group-mind, where an entirely new gestalt entity arises out of the process of the interaction of its many small components. The possibility is both tantalizing and a little terrifying.
- Plan 9
- Naomi, the Gestalt’s popular online spokesperson, remains a mysterious and elusive presence. She’s hugely popular and influential, and yet stories of people meeting her, online or in the flesh, sometimes conflict, and there’s no solid information about her beyond her name and the appearance of her most common online persona. She’s obviously a skilled hacker, and a growing number of people think she is a technomancer, or even an AI.
- Netcat

THE PEOPLE OF THE BOOK

The major monotheistic religions—Judaism, Christianity, and Islam—have taken a real beating in the past century or so. First it was rising secularism and dropping attendance and observance. Then came the Awakening and people flocked back to religion, looking for hope and answers. Trouble was, not a lot was forthcoming from the Big Three. Oh, sure, most sects managed to articulate some message of tolerance for the Awakened and metahumans, and struggled to incorporate them into their theology. Others simply called them unclean and the spawn of evil

and wanted nothing to do with them. But none of them did much in the way of explaining *why*: Why had magic returned? Why elves and dwarfs? Why UGE and goblinization? As magic-friendly religions blossomed, monotheism started to look like a relic of the Fifth World, with little place in the Sixth, for those modern people who cared about spirituality at all. It seemed like all that was left to them were the people who hated and feared the new world they were forced to live in.

That’s why Rabbi Bran ben Ysaac from Renton began working against the messages of intolerance and hate he saw aimed particularly at the children of his community. His efforts drew praise from other monotheist denominations, and led to some productive meetings with local religious leaders. In cooperation with Cardinal Padraig O’Toole and Mullah Sameh Amr, ben Ysaac laid the foundations for a “Meeting of the Faiths” where the three presented a charter for the People of the Book. A majority of Seattle’s Abrahamic clergy voted on, and approved, the measure.

The People of the Book is a pan-religious organization among the three “Abrahamic” faiths of Seattle to promote understanding, tolerance, and charity. The core of the group is their Almighty online social network, providing information, resources, updates, and opportunities for people of faith to learn about each other and find common ground. Through it, they coordinate charity drives, public service projects, and religious events.

The organization encourages social responsibility in its members, including political activism. It refrains from political endorsements and the like to retain its non-profit status, but is still a force to be reckoned with in the political arena, given its ability to mobilize members for a particular cause.

- The People’s big challenge has been reaching across the gulf to potential allies who belong to non-monotheistic faiths, many of whom are wary or just not particularly interested in cooperation. There’s still some uneasiness in the People’s own ranks about the idea of, say, working closely with pagans or followers of various Native American traditions, to say nothing of secularists or outright atheists.
- Lyran
- Their other challenge is, as liberal as they might be in some areas, the People and their faiths are quite conservative in others. For example, they tend to support bioconservative policies towards augmentation, geneteck, and bioengineering, including laws to restrict and monitor their use. Progressives and transhumanists consider this just another example of religions trying to tell us what we can and cannot do with our own bodies.
- Plan 9
- Although they are grappling with the issues raised by the Awakening, the People are far from a consensus opinion, much less active policy. They are held back by a reluctance to embrace their own mystical traditions to any great degree, although there are a few shoots of Judaic mysticism and Islamic Renaissance blooming.
- Ethernaut
- It’s not that the People of the Book are anti-magical; their leaders just think such things are best left in the hands of the clergy. In fact, part of their charter “recognizes there is evil in the world” and they’re not just talking about the evil in men’s hearts. They don’t publicize it, but one of the group’s purposes is to protect the faithful against some of the threats of the Awakened world, from shadow spirits to corrupt magicians and insect spirits. If you don’t believe it, ask some of the runners the group has employed to help them deal with those things.
- Axis Mundi

MAGICAL GROUPS

BY LYRAN

Seattle has an Awakened population slightly above the national average, about 1.5%. That means around 50,000 or so people with the Talent in the 'plex. Of those, maybe only five thousand are actually fully capable magicians. The rest are adepts, magicians with varying degrees of training and talent, or Awakened people with little or no training or even awareness of what they are. The majority of the Awakened work for corporate or government interests. The rest run small businesses, work in other "cottage" industries, or work the shadows.

The metroplex has its share of magical groups, each working to promote their own agenda, whatever it might be. Some of these groups are magicians trying to advance their Art and maybe do some good for their fellow creatures along the way. Others are shadowy organizations with their own secret goals and plans. Step carefully around the plans of these groups unless you're really interested in spending the rest of your sorry existence as a toad or something equally unpleasant. Even the "good-guy" magical groups in Seattle take their privacy *very* seriously. Mess with them at your own peril.

We Awakened-types are stubborn and opinionated (just ask us!). Doing magic well requires a strong personality and a strong will, so we tend to develop, let's just say, "established" personalities. Although trid-shows like "The Odd Coven" exaggerate the matter, it is difficult for different magicians to get along. Sooner or later, magical groups turn into clashes of ego. One side wins out over the other, or the group breaks up. When it comes to keeping together, magical groups are as bad at it as rock bands, if not worse. That means the long-lasting ones really have something going.

There are around twenty or so recognized magical groups in the metroplex, probably more unofficial gatherings as well. The groups I describe are the largest, oldest, and most influential in Seattle, but they're only the tip of the iceberg. Magical groups are often temporary arrangements; they spring up, get some things accomplished, and then break up.

Before anyone asks, I do not belong to any of the groups I describe, so I don't have access to any of their deep, dark secrets or rituals (and I couldn't tell you even if I did).

BEAR DOCTOR SOCIETY

The Bear Doctor Society is the largest of several Native American magical groups based on Council Island. It is made up of shamans (mostly Bear totem) who serve as healers to the community. Many of them combine the skills of an M.D. with the magical arts and folk-wisdom of a tribal medicine man. The Society operates a free clinic on Council Island, open to anyone who needs their services. They work in cooperation with the Council Island Hospital, and even the members who are not medical doctors are accorded the same regard.

- One "sickness" the Bear Doctors treat is addictions of all sorts. I hear the Society are quite concerned about the use and spread of tempo, and have been working on means to not only wean addicts off of it and treat their symptoms, but also to attack the problem at its root (so to speak) and keep the drug from finding its way into tribal lands.
- Traveler Jones
- Council Island is also home to several other Native magical groups, not all as public and benevolent as the Bear Doctors. There are definitely members of the Truth Dancers (the NAN's shamanic secret service) on the ambassador's staff, for one thing.
- Mika

HERMETIC ORDER OF THE AURIC AURORA

The largest local hermetic magical group in Seattle, the Hermetic Order of the Auric Aurora (HOAA) was actually founded *before* the Awakening, in the 1990s. At the time, it was just a bunch of harmless cranks who liked to get together and talk magical theory and trade crystals or something. It's an open question who was more surprised when 2011 rolled around and the magic started working for real: the Order or their detractors.

These days, the Order is a serious scholarly organization for mages. The members devote themselves to furthering the Great Work (that's magic for you mundanes). They also get together sometimes to help out with magical problems, like protecting communities on the outskirts of the Barrens from the odd wizzergang and doing a little ghost-busting. The Order's reputation for civic-mindedness makes them okay in the eyes of most mundanes and gives them some cachet with the metroplex government.

The current leader of the Order is Dylan Pike. The Order operates out of Pike's home, a sizable storefront Downtown near Pacific University. The basement serves as ritual space for the Order. The ground floor is the Blue Moon lore store. Living quarters are upstairs. Members receive a 25 percent discount at the store.

The Order prefers a quiet, scholarly approach to magic and frowns on violent shadowrunning. Healing and magical assistance to the needy are the principal pursuits of the members, along with study and initiation.

- That doesn't mean the order doesn't have any shadowrunners as members; they do (although I can't say who). They just frown on violent shadowrunning. It doesn't matter a whit to them if you rip off the corps or anyone else, so long as you don't involve the Order and you only use magic for self-defense. Wetwork and magical forms of murder are sure to get you expelled from the Order, if not cursed by your fellow mages.
- Ethernaut
- I heard the Illuminates of the New Dawn offered Pike a chance to join them, or to make the Order a chapter of the Illuminates. He told them very politely to fuck off and die.
- Kat o' Nine Tales
- The HOAA does not get along with the Order of Merlyn *at all*. I wouldn't say there's open warfare between the two groups, but just about everything short of it. It's more than just the Aurora members frowning on the Merlyns' activities (which they do), there's bad blood there going back a ways.
- Star Loner

ILLUMINATES OF THE NEW DAWN

Based out of DeeCee, the Illuminates of the New Dawn (or IOND) is the largest public order of magicians in North America, with members in all North American nations and chapters worldwide. Originally established to further research into the Art, the group has taken on the air of a large "magicians' union" in recent years, and they've been involved in politics ever since one of their members ran for President of the UCAS. Local IOND lodges tend to get into attempts to regulate magical training, certification, and practice.

The Illuminates include professional magicians from business, government, and academic circles. The members are all mages. Some concern has been raised over the fact that the group doesn't formally admit shamans and practitioners of other traditions. Generally, however, the shamans of the NAN and other North American nations haven't



shown any interest in joining up anyway. IOND “outreach” programs or efforts to start up spin-off organizations involving shamans have fallen pretty flat, too.

In addition to conducting magical research and promoting “initiation into the higher mysteries of the Art” (so say the brochures), the IOND works as a contact network for its members, providing professional support. Illuminates tend to stick together and membership in the IOND seems to grease the skids of a magical career. The Illuminates also pour considerable resources into pro-Awakened legislation, lobbying, and support of Awakened rights. Members are often very politically active.

- The IOND is much more a political animal than it is a magical order. Sure, they conduct initiations and do magical research, but they spend a lot more time making contacts and playing influence games. They've managed to keep such a vast magical group together by organizing it with a “cellular” structure of “circles” with no more than a dozen or so members each. A mage belongs to a particular circle, which then belongs to a particular lodge (which may be made up of one circle or several). Lodges belong to chapters, which answer to the Grand Lodge and the Inner Circle in DeeCee. It remains to be seen how long the IOND can survive internal political squabbles and conflicts between the various circles and lodges.
- Ethernaut

MYSTIC CRUSADERS

This shadowy magical organization works with the Atlantean Foundation. They are not part of the AF, however, but independent. The Crusaders seem to share the Foundation’s goal of uncovering magical artifacts and knowledge, although whether they believe such things come from a lost civilization like Atlantis or not, I can’t say.

What I do know is the Crusaders are seriously devoted to their mission. You might say fanatically devoted. The Crusaders all wear a tattoo of a crescent moon beneath a crossed sword and banner. Each member usually has some kind of personal symbol or motto on the banner.

The Mystic Crusaders operate in Seattle from time to time, usually in pairs or small teams. Most of the time they seem to be hunting down some lost artifact or scrap of magical lore, although they also spend a fair amount of time hunting Awakened creatures, either to study them or, more often, to kill them and take the bodies somewhere. What they’re doing with them, I don’t know, although some of the stuff they hunt makes for excellent telesma for crafting magical items.

- The Mystic Crusaders are much more than just the magical flunkies of the Atlantean Foundation. They’re a secret warrior society with their own goals. I’ve run into Crusader operations along the Cascades that had nothing whatsoever to do with the Atlanteans. They were hunting a pack of wendigos lairing in the mountains. I think the Mystic Crusaders consider themselves some kind of self-appointed guardians of the world against magical threats.
- Tarlan

THE SISTERHOOD

Based out of Snohomish, the Sisterhood is a group of women who practice witchcraft. The group is limited to no more than thirteen members (a witch tradition) and only women are permitted to join. The Sisterhood is a strongly eco-centered and matriarchal. They believe patriarchy (the rule of men) led to the destruction of the environment and most modern social ills. They work with eco-activist organizations

like Sierra, Inc., to protect the environment in their home district, and have threatened magical retribution against those who endanger what little unspoiled nature exists in Seattle.

- The Sisterhood may also be working with eco-terrorist groups to protect Snohomish from “being raped by industrial concerns and the almighty nuyen.” Nothing definite, but it’s likely they’re behind some of the trouble the agricorps have in the district.
- Tarlan
- Well, I can tell you the Sisterhood is definitely willing to hire shadowrunners to further their interests from time to time. They tend to prefer “girl power” in that department, too, but far be it from me to object to a little reverse discrimination from a potential employer.
- Pistons
- Although the Sisterhood is primarily interested in Seattle matters, I’d say it is a fair bet they have contact with similar covens scattered in other parts of the world. They’re not technophobes by any means, and make full use of modern networking techniques right alongside magical means of keeping in touch. Such networks can accomplish a great deal when they find a cause that unites them.
- Axis Mundi

UNITED TALISMONGERS ASSOCIATION

Coming out of California originally, the UTA is a professional association of talismongers and enchanters. They have practically cornered the market on magical supplies and services in the CFS outside of the major corporations, and they’ve also made inroads into Seattle. The Association is run like most other small-business professional associations and even less like a traditional magical group than the IOND. UTA President Tamara Nimbus promotes the group as a united front for small, individual talisman shops and lore stores to join together and gain some of the benefits of larger businesses.

Members of the UTA receive business advice, discounts on supplies and finished goods, legal assistance, and various other benefits. The Association’s recruiting drive in Seattle has already netted them a half-dozen lore stores, with at least that many more considering signing up.

Don’t let the New Age trappings fool you; the UTA is serious business. Their recruiting drive in Seattle is part of an effort to become a serious power in magical lobbying in North America. It puts them in direct opposition to groups like the Illuminates of the New Dawn, who are putting together their own magical network.

If you’re a magicker working the shadows, you need to buy your gear on the black market or use some good forged credentials to get past the security checks needed for certain magical supplies. The growth of the UTA is going to make it more difficult to get magical gear “under the table” if the Association manages to unite talismongers into a network and corners the market.

- Oh, I suspect there will always be an underground market in talismans, Lyran. As you well know.
- Ethernaut
- Maybe, but one thing talismongers don’t need is a union telling them how to make and sell their wares, or who they can sell to. I mean we’re not exactly talking about unskilled labor here.
- Lyran

WILD SEATTLE

Some folks say the Awakening gave Momma Nature a shot at fighting back against the fuckers who have been raping her for centuries. One thing for sure is *Homo sapiens* aren't necessarily at the top of the food chain any more. There are creatures both in and out of the urban sprawl that can shake off bullets and crush a full-grown troll in their jaws (or coils, or claws, or whatever the hell they've got).

Some are hunters, playing out the ancient game of predator and prey, only this time *you* might be the prey. Others are pretty harmless if left alone, but mess with their turf and they'll kill you all the same. Want to know what kind of critters you might run into in Seattle? Read on.

In the urban areas of the sprawl, there are basically two kinds of creatures you're likely to run into outside of a zoo: wild critters who make their homes among the concrete canyons and animals trained to act as guards for some corporate or private facility. We'll look at the last one first, since it's when most shadowrunners run into these beastsies.

Guard critters are trained and often bred to protect a place, like magical "guard dogs." As a matter of fact, some of the most popular guard animals are Awakened canines, like barghests and hellhounds. Other favorites include piasma, birdmen, cockatrices, basilisks, and sometimes weirder things like eyekillers and nagas. Intelligent creatures can work for corps just like anyone else, and some corporations have sasquatch or ghouls on the payroll watching their grounds. United Oil even had a dragon as head of security for their Seattle facility for a while (although that relationship didn't last).

The main advantage guard critters have over their mundane counterparts (other than their various magical powers) is the ability to see and affect things on the astral plane. A hellhound can spot an astral intruder as easily as a mundane one and raise the alarm. This gives mundanes working security some warning when a spirit decides to drop in.

Many critters inhabit the sprawl, living off the megatons of garbage Seattle produces every day. Some of them also hunt live prey in the streets and back alleys, especially in stretches of the Barrens. Knight Errant has a Paranatural Control Division devoted to handling "animal pests" like rockworms, talis cats, and succubi. (They sure have come a long way from the neighborhood dogcatcher!) Critters like harpies, devil rats, and the like are usually ignored, as long as they don't cause any trouble. You can find all kinds of things living in garbage dumps and nesting in abandoned buildings in places like the Barrens.

The other "creatures" inhabiting the Sprawl are at least as intelligent as we are, if not more so. They include various free spirits, dragons, sentient paraspecies like the sasquatch, and people affected by conditions like HMHVV (vampires and whatnot).

- At least two western dragons live in and around Seattle that I know of, and there may be more. A female named Urubia, recognizable by her deep reddish scales, lairs in the Cascades somewhere near Mount Rainier. A male who goes by Kalanyr spends his time in the 'plex high atop an apartment tower in Madrona Park in Downtown, right along the shore of Lake Washington. I also think he has a lair somewhere on the Olympic Peninsula. Kalanyr owns stock in several Seattle corporations and conducts his business affairs in the metroplex.
- Ethernaut
- Parts of Seattle are havens to the Infected. Areas like the Barrens, filled with squatters who will never be missed, are perfect hunting grounds for vampires,

wendigos, and others infected with HMHVV. I have also heard about at least one banshee in Tarislar and numerous stories about wendigos and dzoo-noqua living in the forests outside of the metroplex. Packs of ghouls hunt in some areas of the Barrens, feeding on the leavings of urban violence as well as fresh prey. Other ghouls and Infected in the metroplex try to live quietly and feed off of willing victims or by scavenging what they can.

- Hannibelle

The numerous lakes, rivers, and hundreds of kilometers of shoreline around Seattle are home to a variety of marine life. In addition to many different species of fish, there are whales, dolphins, and seals. The waters around Seattle are home to paranormal creatures like merrows, megalodons, sea drakes, mermaids, torpedo sharks, and giant krakens and leviathans.

- Some of the seals along the coast are actually seal shapeshifters, able to assume human form. They are curious and peaceful creatures, but pollution and hunting often drives them to work with eco-terrorist groups for protection. Some seal 'shifters have been known to work with smugglers, helping guide them through the Sound and avoid patrol boats. Whether they do it for the money or the thrill, I can't say.
- Sounder

TOXIC CRITTERS

The natural weather conditions of the Puget Sound area have spared Seattle some of the smog and air pollution of cities like Los Angeles. Seattle has fewer stage-one smog alerts than just about any other UCAS city. However, the rest of Seattle's environment is by no means clean. Hundreds of factories and corporate facilities throughout the metroplex pour pollutants into the air, water, and soil day and night. Waste dumps struggle to handle the many tons of garbage and other waste the metroplex generates every day, and recycling plants and waste reclamation systems aren't enough to even begin to address the problem. Some areas of the metroplex, like the Barrens, have no waste-disposal systems at all, and open sewers back up onto the streets while unregulated factories pour contaminants into the environment.

Some parts of the Sprawl are so polluted that the creatures living there become twisted and mutated by radiation, toxic waste, chemical mutagens, and spirits only know what else. Not only can you run into hellhounds, devil rats, harpies, and gargoyles in Seattle, but they may have mutant physical characteristics and strange powers like acid spit or poison claws.

The creatures worst affected by the toxic pollution are the nature spirits, embodiments of the powers of the Land, Waters, and the Sky. When the environment is poisoned and polluted, so are the spirits, which become twisted mockeries of their true selves. These spirits almost universally hate humanity for the destruction of their domains.

- No sane shaman can call on the spirits of nature in a place warped by pollution. Some insane shamans, however, call upon the forces of corruption and raise toxic spirits to obey them. These shamans may operate from a misguided desire to protect nature from those who would destroy her. They do so by treating people like a disease infesting the body of the Earth Mother—and exterminating them. Others revel in the power of the blight and work to spread pollution and corruption wherever they go. They are unbalanced, like the domains they claim to control, and must be stopped.
- Man-of-Many-Names





BY ADAM BRUND

CRIMES OF FASHION

Mr. Johnson glanced up at the group of runners as they entered the back room. His bespectacled gaze fell on each of them as they stepped from the relative din of Slim's Bar into the somewhat eerie silence of the meet. A human whose heavy jacket concealed two SMGs, his eyes obscured by sunglasses even in the dim light. A troll whose lumbering gait did little to distract his eyes from the massive combat axe strapped to his back. An ork who seemed to cling to the shadows like a second home. Two more humans, a somewhat uncomfortable-looking Japanese male and an energetic, somewhat-twitchy Caucasian female; wired reflexes, he figured. The Japanese male hung back, occasionally glancing longingly toward the door.

"Is this everyone, then?" Mr. Johnson asked, his fingers moving from a gold chain around his neck to drum lightly against the desk. His voice was cool and collected. He was confident in his safety. Two bound air spirits hung in the astral; the owner of the bar had accepted a bribe to allow them past the establishment's wards.

"Yeah," the man in shades replied, stepping forward. There were enough chairs for all of them to sit, and the Johnson was even reclining behind a desk, but the runner remained on his feet. "What's the job?"

Mr. Johnson smiled diplomatically. "I represent Mitsuhamma Computer Technologies," he explained, choosing his words carefully. "You must be Vortex, yes? We have a simple job for you. We need you to sabotage a clothing

shipment from another megacorp. Another AAA, in fact." He leaned forward slightly. "You get to work with the big boys."

Vortex didn't bat an eye. "Against some other big boys," he retorted. "How much does it pay?" He and Mr. Johnson locked eyes, the former through his shades, the latter over his glasses.

"Two hundred thousand," Mr. Johnson replied. The announcement temporarily silenced the room. Even the brutish troll was looking at the Johnson now.

The female human stepped forward. "200,000 nuyen?" she echoed. "To ruin some clothing? That's way too easy. What's the catch?"

He almost had them. Time to close the deal. "This clothing is both very expensive and very durable," Mr. Johnson said. "Aztechnology's R&D department claims that it's indestructible. They've tried to cut it, burn it, even corrode it with acid. They've all resulted in minor cosmetic damage, at best." He glanced over to the troll. "I doubt even he'd be strong enough to tear it apart."

The troll grimaced in an expression that might be considered among his own kind to be a grin. Mr. Johnson suppressed a shudder of revulsion. The less he had to deal with metahumans, the better. At least if they botched the mission, Humanis would get some good PR. "Why do you care so much about Aztechnology?" the brute asked. "You deal mostly with computers 'n such, right?"

Mr. Johnson managed to bury any hint of prejudice in his voice. "MCT has numerous subsidiaries, of course," he replied. "One of which is poised to announce a similar line."

Vortex's expression was most definitely a grimace. "So, you want us to remove the competition?"

"MCT wants them humiliated," Mr. Johnson acknowledged. "Mangle the entire shipment, but leave evidence that they were once whole clothing. All we can give you is the vehicle ID of their transport, but that should be enough. Don't screw this up, and we might have another assignment for you."

The troll tilted his head to the side thoughtfully. It was amazing the creature actually possessed sapience, Mr. Johnson mused. Finally, the trog spoke. "250,000 nuyen," he said. Before Mr. Johnson could open his mouth, the ork and female human both nodded in agreement.

Vortex gave them a half-nod of acknowledgment and turned toward the Johnson. "They've got a point," he said. "First, don't even pretend you're not lowballing, because everybody lowballs. Second, this is obviously a job that's both very important and damn near impossible, and you've conveniently left us all the legwork. I think when you hired us you were well aware of our reputation, and you know we've yet to fail a run. Give us the job and play straight with us, and we won't fail this one. But we'll take it for 250,000 nuyen and no less."

Mr. Johnson's smile didn't lessen. He had far too much control over his facial features for that. "Very well," he said. "Get it done, and you get 250,000 nuyen. I'm only giving you 100,000 up front, but you'll get the rest when it's done." He leaned forward again, producing a certified credstick from a



satchel. "I warn you, though: fuck this up, and you'll find yourself on MCT's shit list. And you don't want to be there."

"So ka," Vortex replied, reaching for the credstick.

So it's a goddamned fashion war now. Vortex swore under his breath. He was better than this. His team was better than this. Try as he might, he couldn't quite wrap his brain around how sabotaging a clothing shipment could possibly be important.

The MCT Johnson's commlink had been off during the meet and the room had been equipped with an area jammer, so by the time Kenshiro discovered the Johnson's true allegiance, it had been too late. Emerald Jewel Fashions, the technomancer had reported. Further delving had uncovered that "EJF" was a shell corp wholly owned by Brackhaven Investments. At least the offer had been handsome enough.

Which brought Vortex back to his first question: *why?* Why would Brackhaven Investments want to sabotage a shipment of clothing from Aztechnology, especially if it would be so much trouble? The Johnson had told his team that this "ultra-durable" clothing was virtually impervious to nearly every form of damage. And his team was supposed to destroy the entire shipment. He knew that there had to be something more to it, but *what?*

His earbuds picked up a message to his commlink. "I found the Azzie truck's route," Kenshiro reported. "There's even a spot over in Snohomish where Knight Errant hasn't

finished setting up shop after giving Lone Star the boot. They've still got a few holes in their coverage."

"Good job," Vortex replied. Now his team just had to deal with the transport's own guards, which had to be formidable if the Johnson was willing to offer this much. "Angie, is the van ready?"

"Ready and waiting," came the response from the team's rigger. "I even got the oil slicks installed." Angie's cartoonish icon gave him a virtual thumbs-up. "There are a whole lot of wiz mods that I've been aching to take for a test run."

The familiar icon of an ork in a trenchcoat and a fedora appeared in the shared conversation. "What'd I miss?" the ork asked, shifting slightly. The glint of fine watches shone briefly from beneath his coat.

"The Johnson's from Brackhaven Investments," Kenshiro said. "Junk's gonna be pissed when he finds out. If he can ever get his commlink working. What did you find out, Penumbra?"

"Well, I tailed the Johnson myself after he left Slim's, but I couldn't find anything too incriminating," the ork replied. "After I relieved him of his necklace, he got in a limo and took off toward the airport. It makes sense—the driver was human. Racist sons of bitches. I wonder if our credstick has a Humanis logo or something."

The runners' commlinks crackled collectively as a store-bought icon of a troll with a combat axe appeared in their chat window. "Sorry I'm late," Junk rumbled.

"Damn commlink suddenly went into diagnostic mode and wouldn't let me quit out of it."

"You and technology just don't get along," Vortex replied with a knowing smirk. The last time Junk had tried to "fix" his commlink, the entire group had been treated to a picture of the big troll on a Hawaiian beach wearing nothing but a banana hammock. "Anyway, the Johnson lied about being MCT. He's from Brackhaven Investments." "Governor Brackhaven?" The troll's words rang like a curse. "Explains why I got that weird vibe from the Johnson. So, what's the deal?"

"Well, here's the whole story," Kenshiro responded, interrupting Vortex before he could speak. The elder shadowrunner let it slide. "I did some research, both legal and illegal, and apparently BI wants Aztechnology to look bad so they can muscle in on a completely unrelated investment deal. The fact that it's clothing really has nothing to do with it, but the Azzies made a boast that's just too sweet not to crush. If we're caught and MCT takes the fall, so much the better, and we've got two metahumans with us, so there'll be bad press for greenskins all around. They win either way."

"Wonderful," Junk muttered. "Well, we'll deal with Mr. Johnson once we get paid. So, how do we get this done, anyway?"

Kenshiro's custom samurai icon just smiled. "Well, Aztechnology's press release didn't say anything about invulnerability to nanites..." he began.

It's all about money. Don't argue, because it is, especially if you're working the shadows. I don't care if you're motivated by some "higher purpose" or you've got a vendetta, or a mission from your totem or whatever, and neither do any of the companies I'm going to talk about. These next entries are all business.

star—which it tends to use sparingly, so long as the metroplex keeps humming along and business is good. Overall the policy of the UCC has been to interfere in metroplex affairs only when necessary.

The UCC was formed in 2030 after Campana & Carrindum Technical Industries accused Aztechnology of instigating the Crash

SEATTLE ECONOMY

BY MR. BONDS

Seattle has a large and diverse economy, supported by a high population density and by the unique position it occupies in the Pacific Northwest. Whereas some corporations and businesses are heavily regulated in the Native American Nations or Tir Tairngire, or not so crazy about the ongoing instability that is the California Free State, Seattle represents a relatively calm island of good, old-fashioned, capitalist-friendly UCAS territory. In Seattle, they understand that business is business. They have to, considering how dependent the metroplex is on trade to survive.

That means the megacorporations in particular have a lot of pull in Seattle. It's not quite the playground Hong Kong has become, but the multinationals know that when they present a united front, there's not a whole lot the metroplex can do to gainsay them. Speaking of said united front, that would be the United Corporate Council.

THE UNITED CORPORATE COUNCIL

The United Corporate Council is the "best face forward" of the megacorporations in Seattle, at least ideally. It is where they work out their differences and do their backstabbing before presenting decisions and information to the metroplex and UCAS governments. The Council is an "advisory body" to the office of the Governor. Although it has no legal authority, it exerts a considerable pull—like a neutron

Virus that wiped out much of their valuable data and began a series of retaliatory attacks. Aztechnology defended itself and C&C was wiped out in their counterattack. The Seattle corporations decided to band together to "prevent future misunderstandings," and the UCC was ratified not long thereafter.

The Council functions like a small-scale version of the Corporate Court that handles the affairs of the AAA megacorporations: working to foster a stable business environment in which all corporations can flourish and profit by minimizing overt conflict and working with the metroplex government to ensure a friendly economic environment. The UCC doesn't like to use its power openly, but prefers to work quietly, behind the scenes, backing pro-corporate politicians and representing Seattle's business interests in the halls of government.

Naturally, the UCC is rife with intrigue and opportunities for shadowruns, both in the individual corporate maneuvering that happens before Council decisions get made, and occasionally when the UCC as a whole decides to take action out of the public eye and needs some deniable assets.

- The most notable UCC shake-up recently is the ouster of Lone Star Security Services from the Central Planning Committee due to their loss of Seattle's security contract. Ares' petition that their slot be given to Knight Errant was denied on the basis that KE is a wholly owned Ares subsidiary (potentially giving them too much influence on the Committee), so the UCC has begun a long and involved bureaucratic process of selecting nominees to fill the vacancy. Those in the running include Renraku America, PRC, Microdeck, and Saeder-Krupp Prime, along with a handful of other also-rans. Competition is already warming up in the wings.
- Star Loner

MEGACORPORATIONS

The biggest fish in Seattle's pond are the megacorporations, the AA- and AAA-rated multinationals with worldwide reach and influence. Some of the megacorps have a substantial investment in Seattle, others little more than a token presence, but all of the AAAs have at least some interest. Megacorporate presences rise and fall in the metroplex, with some (like Ares) more involved and invested and others (like Renraku) down, but not yet out.

ARES MACROTECHNOLOGY

Headquarters: Detroit, Michigan, UCAS

Seattle Division: Ares Seattle, 3600 Evergreen Way, Everett

Division Head: Karen King

Ares has a growing presence in Seattle, represented by their new corporate headquarters at the renamed Ares Plaza (formerly Cross Plaza) in Everett. Executive VP of Ares Seattle Karen King, a veteran of the company, runs operations. Ares has played smart in Seattle over the

CORPORATION (RATING)

Ares Macrotechnology (AAA)
Aztechnology (AAA)
Brackhaven Investments (A)
Eta Engineering (A)
Evo (AAA)
Federated-Boeing (AA)
Gaeatronics (AA)
Horizon Group (AAA)
Mitsuhamma (AAA)
NeoNET (AAA)
Regency MegaMedia (AA)
Shiawase (AAA)
Telestrian Industries (AA)
Universal Omnitech (AA)
Wuxing, Inc. (AAA)

COUNCIL REPRESENTATIVE

Karen King
Luis Ocasio
William Roper
Hanan Zubayr-Chong
Mary Luce
Jessica Sirianni
Cassie Blue Cloud
Klaus Coppage
Takafumi Maeda
Samantha Villiers
Kamar Kumar
Hiromi Miyamo
Alain Telestrian
Kara Parker
Sun Runming



UCC PLANNING COMMITTEE

RATING NOTES:

A: Multinational, operates internationally, but still restricted by local laws.

AA: Megacorporation, recognized by the Corporate Court and possessing extraterritorial status.

AAA: Megacorporation holding a seat on the Corporate Court and part owner of the Zurich-Orbit Gemeinschaft Bank (ZOG).

years, building up their presence and investment slowly. Rather than trying to compete directly with local aerospace giant Federated-Boeing, Ares has offered cooperative projects, including research and development investments that are paying off in new materials, control systems, and other engineering the corp can apply to the other markets where it operates.

The blood-red structure of artificial stone and copper-tinted glass near Lake Washington in Bellevue that was Ares' former corporate HQ now holds their Seattle shipping operations, overseeing all shipping by Ares-owned trucking, shipping, and air-freight companies in and out of the metroplex, reaching all across North America and the Pacific Rim. Ares is the number-one supplier to WeaponsWorld outlets in Seattle, and they have upped their contracts for security and military vehicles in the metroplex, supplying the Metroplex Guard and their own subsidiary, Knight Errant.

- Karen King is ex-military, like a lot of Ares higher-ups. She was a Major in the UCAS Army Rangers and served in Ares security before she became an exec. She clearly still keeps in shape and is taking full advantage of the company health plan because she looks good for a woman in her late 50s. She's always been willing to make use of covert assets in the past, but likes a light touch and rewards a job well done, while being quick to tie up any loose ends resulting from sloppy work, usually by hiring somebody else to get rid of the fuck-ups.
- Hard Exit

KNIGHT ERRANT SECURITY SERVICES

Seattle Division: Knight Errant Seattle, 715 NE Third Street, Renton (training academy)

Division Head: Ellen Ward

Of course, no discussion of Ares in Seattle would be complete without talking about Knight Errant, their security services subsidiary. The Knights only recently moved to the top-slot of security service contractors in the metroplex, taking the spot formerly held by Lone Star Security Services. This meant a major increase in the size of their Seattle operation in a fairly short period of time. Fortunately, KE had been planning for the day they would take over in Seattle, and their training academy has been working overtime to turn out new officers. As a stopgap they've hired a lot of contract workers, including quite a few former Lone Star employees, but they're requiring anyone who wants a permanent job to go through academy training.

This makes Knight Errant VP Ellen Ward Seattle's Chief of Police Services. A veteran who worked her way up through the company's ranks, Ms. Ward combines administrative skill and leadership with a fair amount of political savvy. She stepped right into working with the governor's Cabinet without missing a beat, and shows nothing but confidence in KE's ability to handle things in Seattle.

- Hey, Bonds, enough with the love-letter to Ellie Ward. She doesn't even bat for your team.
- Kat o' Nine Tales



- I just call things as I see them, Kat. Ward has a spotless record with KE, and has taken on a big job in Seattle. Time will tell if her outward confidence is justified or just for show.
And just for the record: although Ellen Ward has been with her partner Michelle Ayers for some years now, prior information suggests she's a switch-hitter.
- Mr. Bonds

AZTECHNOLOGY

Headquarters: Tenochitlan, Aztlan

Seattle Division: Aztechnology Northwestern Division, Broadway Avenue East and East Harrison Street, Downtown

Division Head: Maximilian Lozano

The Northwestern Division is an important location for Aztechnology in North America, since the megacorporation is legally barred from doing business in nearby California and Tir Tairngire. The world's largest producer of consumer goods still sells in those countries, of course, but through a series of shells and holding companies, controlled by the NW Division in Seattle.



The corp's Seattle HQ is one of the most famous landmarks of Seattle's skyline, with its step-pyramid structure and Aztec carvings decorating the sides. At least one full battalion of Aztlan troops is stationed in Seattle to provide security, under the command of Reynaldo Martinez. Their ceremonial obsidian bayonets are a familiar sight within the Pyramid.

- Ceremonial they might be, but fully functional, too. The obsidian isn't hand-chipped, but lasered into that shape, with an edge almost as sharp as a monoblade.
- Hard Exit

The Seattle Pyramid is a coordination and communications hub for Aztechnology activity in North America. That means it's full of administrative personnel going about the daily business of running operations across an entire continent. It's the center of the fast-track on up to the head offices back in Tenochitlan, meaning you find lots of high-stress, ambitious corporate climbers looking to impress the boss. Often that includes being willing to take initiative by employing shadowrunners: succeed and you might score that corner office. Fail and ... well, let's just say you won't be looking forward to the next Aztec holy day.

- Urban legends about blood sacrifices performed in or on the Aztechnology Pyramid as so common as to be cliché, the kind of stories kids scare each other with. That said, there's considerable anecdotal evidence in the shadows of blood mages working for Aztechnology and performing rituals in the top-secret facilities within the Pyramid. It's a testament to the power of the corporation's magical security that only the slightest hint of what goes on in there escapes into the surrounding aether, although that alone is enough to give the area around the Pyramid a disturbing emotional aura.
- Axis Mundi

EVO

Headquarters: Vladivostok, Russia

Seattle Division: Evo Seattle

Division Head: Mary Luce

Evo proudly proclaims that it's the largest employer of meta-humans in Seattle, which has won them few friends in the current administration. Still, the company's new line of Red Star Clinics have spread fast throughout the metroplex, retaining a sterling reputation for top-quality 'ware and surgical work as well as discretion. Evo has invested in health care, biotechnology, and pharmabusiness in the metroplex, drawing some fire from socially conservative groups like the People of the Book, which favor moderation of biotechnologies.

To counter any potentially negative impressions, Evo has undertaken a massive public relations campaign in Seattle, including support for free clinics and the distribution of free drugs to low-income patients in need. They've heavily targeted the Barrens districts, which, coincidentally, have high metahuman populations.



- Evo is also involved in a lot of aquaculture and oceanic research. They built an artificial island in Puget Sound and claim extraterritorial landing rights, allowing them to divert shipping around it and keep anyone from going there without their permission, including the right to shoot first and ask questions later. Security is high and the island platform is supposedly used for some cutting-edge research. I know plenty of rival companies that would like to know exactly what that research is.
- Sounder

HORIZON GROUP

Headquarters: Los Angeles, Pueblo Corporate Council

Seattle Division: Horizon Group Seattle, 1 Horizon Way, Renton

Division Head: Mitchell Dowes

When Seattle embraced the Wireless Matrix Initiative, Horizon embraced the metroplex LA-style: with a kiss on each cheek and a hand reaching for its credstick. The "people loving" media corp has stepped up business in the Puget Sound area in a big way, buying up shares of local media and building a variety of innovative new social networks, forms of spamvertizing, and ways for people to get and access information. In particular, Horizon set up their new "creative retreat" center in Seattle, a kind of combination spa and office environment.

Mitchell Dowes, the local "coordinator" for the corp (because titles like "manager" or "executive vice-president" are *so* hierarchical) is the archetypal Horizon exec: young and ambitious, but looking more at home on a college campus than a boardroom. "Mitch," as he prefers to be called, has a very open, democratic approach to handling his division's affairs.



- It's no secret Horizon sees Seattle as an excellent test market for their new products and techniques, and they emphasize experimentation and "thinking outside the box" when it comes to trying them out. One way they have been getting into the metroplex's good graces is by offering their public relations and market-research services to the local government, which has agreed to try things out.
- Kat o' Nine Tales
- Horizon would love to take the public database services contract away from NeoNET. Although Horizon lacks some of the computing muscle, they make up for it in programming and presentation, and are aiming to find all kinds of new and exciting ways for people to interact with the "infosphere" in Seattle, exciting enough to become the standard by which others will be judged.
- Glitch

GLOBAL TECHNOLOGIES

Headquarters: 1903 South 100th Avenue SE, Bellevue

Division Head: Joshua Case

For years, Global Technologies developed ASIST hardware and software for the simsense industry, and pioneered a combination of simsense and skillwire technology. Their reputation for innovation led to several lucrative buyout bids (and a few hostile takeover attempts), but company president Urlan Manes refused to sell. Then, after the Crash of '64, Manes apparently wanted to retire, and agreed to sell the company to Horizon for an undisclosed (but clearly substantial) amount. Showing an unusual reluctance to mess with success, Horizon kept the new subsidiary intact and has allowed Global to keep doing what it does best.

MITSUHAMA COMPUTER TECHNOLOGIES

Headquarters: Kyoto, Japan

Seattle Division: Mitsuhamas North America, Martin Luther King, Jr. Way and 68th Avenue, Downtown

Division Head: Tamatsu Sakura

MCT policy says slow, steady, and utterly ruthless wins the race. Seattle is the headquarters for their North American division, which has steadily improved market share and profits, even weathering the Crash fairly well. Having pulled out of Tsimshian, MCT refocused a lot of those assets in the metroplex. They manage the GridGuide system, and have kept the contract with regular upgrades and improvements. The company was quick to embrace the Wireless Matrix Initiative and offer its support in upgrading the system (earning a tidy profit in the process).

Mitsuhamas does a brisk trade in magical goods and services in the metroplex, supplying a number of lore stores, university





thamaturgical departments, and private contracts. Their main competition comes from Wuxing, followed by Aztechnology, but MCT still holds the lead in the Seattle magic biz.

Mitsuhamas's newest interest in Seattle is mining; they have their eyes on the mineral resources in areas like the lava fields of Puyallup, and are negotiating land-use deals with the government. With a lot of heavy mining resources pulled out of Tsimshian, MCT is looking to put them right back to work.

- Even the possibility of Mitsuhamas going to Seattle what they did to the environment in the Tsimshian territories rightly scares the shit out of environmentalists in the 'plex. The communities in the Barrens are split on the matter: some furious about what they call exploitation and the potential environmental risks, others hope for job opportunities and an infusion of credit into their desperate neighborhoods.
- Rigger X
- MCT's Parashield and HermeTech subsidiaries do a lot of business in Seattle providing magical security to companies too small to afford their own magicians or that prefer to leave arcane matters in the hands of experts. The Parashield glyph is a regular sight in Seattle's ether, proclaiming Mitsuhamas's protection over a site. Unfortunately for their clients, this means once you get the hang of overcoming Parashield's rather cast-by-the-numbers wards, Seattle is your oyster. Just watch out for the guard paranimals and back-ups.
- Ethernaut
- Mitsuhamas's ties with the Japanese Yakuza have created some awkwardness for them in Seattle. They're used to being able to call on the Yaks for shadow-resources, but bringing foreign koban into the metroplex is usually enough to start a gang-war, and the Seattle Yakuza are all too willing to help MCT out, at the price of pissing off the Yaks back home. It's one reason why MCT relies so heavily on shadowrunners in the metroplex and why they're often so annoyed about it.
- Mihoshi Oni

NEONET

Headquarters: Boston, UCAS

Seattle Division: NeoNET Northwest, 21st Avenue South and Massachusetts Street, Downtown

Division Head: Samantha Villiers

NeoNET's Seattle complex is responsible for the metroplex public database contract, but that's considered second-place to its primary purpose, which is as a staging point for NeoNET expansion into the Asia-Pacific markets. NeoNET Seattle looks westward, towards Hong Kong, Shanghai, the Philippines, Indonesia, and Russia, amongst others. In return, they draw some fire from rivals in the Pacific Rim, looking to keep the ambitious company out of their backyards.

NeoNET's other main interest in Seattle is for its burgeoning military contracts: the company upgraded Fort Lewis' Urban Combat Simulator and computer systems, is working with the Everett Naval Yards, and its TransysNeuronet subsidiary has a cyber-enhancement clinic doing work on UCAS military personnel on the government's tab.



- This sort of stuff has potentially brought NeoNET into conflict with Ares, which tends to view the UCAS military as its private reserve. Thus far things haven't gotten hostile, but all it will take is for the two corps to go up for the same contract for it to get ugly.
- Hard Exit

NeoNET Northwest's HQ is a complex of eight skyscrapers in Downtown, seven of them encircling the central, eighth, building. Fuchi built the place, but NeoNET has upgraded things since those days and changed the locks any number of times. The sides of the buildings are still aglow day and night with holo and AR displays, and a complex wireless intranet surrounds the complex.

Samantha Villiers, NeoNET CEO Richard Villiers' ex-wife, runs the Northwest Division. She has guided it for decades, although she certainly doesn't look it (an executive VP's salary buys some really nice cosmetic work). Just to keep things "in the family," Richard and Samantha's daughter Cara is in charge of the division's "expendable assets" (that means us, boys and girls). Cara has plenty of experience in that area, since she used to work the shadows herself some years ago.

- Plenty of experience, all right. I've noticed that Cara Villiers has been quite busy hiring shadow-talent of late, more than you would expect even for NeoNET's ambitious plans. Especially curious have been some of the targets of the runs: not business rivals, but certain underworld figures and operations. Since I doubt NeoNET has gotten into the crime-fighting business, I suspect Ms. Villiers is tying up some loose ends from her shadowrunning days to ensure they don't come back to haunt her. Of course, stirring up old ghosts is one of the surest ways to start up a good haunting.
- Kat o' Nine Tales

REGENCY MEGAMEDIA

Headquarters: Mumbai, India

Seattle Division: Regency MegaMedia North America, 4th Avenue and Stewart Street, Downtown

Division Head: Kamar Kumar

Regency MegaMedia is proof that, so long as you give people what they want, you'll always be able to stay in business. MegaMedia took a serious tumble from the top of the Seattle media scene after the Crash of '64, but Bollywood's biggest name in production and distribution stepped in to help them up and dust them off. The newly combined Regency MegaMedia focused its initial efforts on turning out endless soap operas and low-budget dramatic simflicks, often with highly interactive stories their customers couldn't get enough of. They have since expanded into "art-house" sims, AR theme packages aimed at the cost-conscious consumer, and various sim-games and interactives where *you* can live the life of your favorite Regency star, at least for an hour or two.

- You might remember a minor news item about Mark Chen, a UW student who went nuts, murdering his boyfriend and two other dorm-mates. Lone Star looked for him for three days before he turned up dead in a motel in Tacoma, suicide note on his commlink. Funny thing is, Chen was a huge fan of Regency's new Twilight Hearts sim-game, but the cops found none of the programs on his 'link.
- Netcat
- Regency's studios see use on the off-hours by the Yakuza, who use them to turn out sim-porn and some even heavier stuff like snuff-sims. The Regency execs are paid off to look the other way and can expect some help from the Yaks in making certain problems disappear.
- Traveler Jones

RENRAKU COMPUTER SYSTEMS

Headquarters: Chiba, Japan

President/CEO: Haruhiko Nakada

If any corporation's name is mud in Seattle it's Renraku Computer Systems. Their downtown arcology was supposed to be a crowning achievement of engineering, the nerve center for their North American operations. Now, thanks to some serious fuck-ups and a rogue AI, it's low-income and government housing for the homeless. The arcology incident and everything that followed were a terrible embarrassment to the Japanese megacorp and a PR disaster of unprecedented proportions. When it was all said and done, Renraku's board of directors had little choice but to hand what remained of the arcology over to the metroplex government and withdraw from Seattle with what little dignity they had left. They relocated their North American operations to San Francisco.

Of course, it would be nearly impossible for a multinational corporation the size of Renraku to divest itself of *all* assets in Seattle. The company still owns numerous subsidiaries, mainly in the optronics, electronics, and software markets. They just don't advertise their connection with the parent company back in Chiba. Renraku logos are conspicuously absent, except when anti-company activists plaster them up around a site in AR as a means of protest.

SAEDER-KRUPP PRIME

Headquarters: Rhine-Rhur Megaplex, German Alliance

President/CEO: Lofwyr

Saeder-Krupp Heavy Industries has no corporate presence in Seattle ... officially. Unofficially, of course, is a different story. The Saeder-Krupp Prime division of the megacorporation is made up of troubleshooters in both the figurative and sometimes literal sense. S-K Prime oversees underperforming subsidiaries and gets them back on track, and when they say, "Heads will roll ..." around the offices, well, sometimes they're not kidding. They're the deepest and darkest of shadow-ops company men.

Saeder-Krupp Prime deals with the company's interests in Seattle—on a strictly off-the-record basis. What are those interests? Primarily intelligence-gathering, especially information involving S-K's competitors, and sometimes setting up and knocking over the right dominoes to put a plan elsewhere into motion, such as ensuring a particular cargo never reaches its destination in Indonesia, or a certain buyout of mineral rights in the Barrens is kept tangled in legal red-tape for a few more years.

- I've wondered why Saeder-Krupp is so circumspect where Seattle is concerned. It's a tricky game second-guessing a great dragon's motives, but I'd wager it has something to do with whatever deal Lofwyr initially cut with the Council of Princes in Tir Tairngire, or should I say had something to do with it, since Lofwyr is no longer involved with business in Portland, and wouldn't be now anyway with the Council deposed.
- Snopes
- Of course. Who do you think was backing the Rinelle ke'Tesrae?
- Tarlan
- Your proof of that will, of course, be forthcoming? Edit: Hmmm, I didn't think so.
- Snopes
- Doesn't prove he's wrong, Snopes, just that he's not stupid.
- Hard Exit

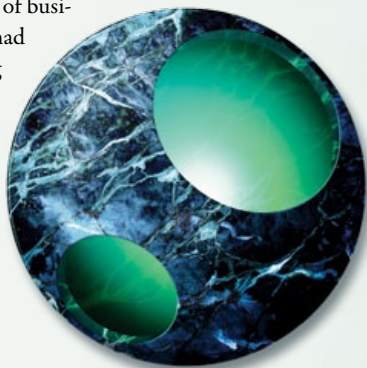
SHIAWASE

Headquarters: Osaka, Japan

Seattle Division: Shiawase Seattle, 6th Avenue South and J Street, Tacoma

Division Head: Philip Tan

The “happy family” of Shiawase has not been so happy or harmonious of late. The internal power struggle for control of the corporation set off by the Crash is still going on while Shiawase struggles to present a united front to the rest of the world. Their business interests in Seattle have suffered because of their inward focus. Shiawase Atomics is all but out of business in the metroplex, having had to shut down its generating plant in Glow City and practically surrender the metroplex market to Gaeatronics. The corporation still holds the public works contract in Seattle through Shiawase Envirotech, and is in charge of the power grid itself, but Gaeatronics would love to snatch that away from them. So would half a dozen other companies.



SHIAWASE

- Philip Tan, current VP of Shiawase Seattle, is the third in as many years. He's a lifelong company employee (literally, both his parents worked for Shiawase, and his mother still does). It's unclear whether he was promoted due to his job performance and loyalty, or because someone wanted to make him a target for one of the other factions of the company.
- Riser

Shiawase's other interests in Seattle include construction, consumer goods distribution, and a wide range of service industry contracts.

The company still runs things from its twin office towers in Tacoma, but also owns an artificial island in Outremer. Used for corporate housing, the island takes the gated community to a new level with a housing enclave reachable only by ferry from the Tacoma docks, and only by employees or their dependents or visitors with a special pass.

- Paranoid as that may sound, Shiawase has seen a decrease in employee kidnappings and extractions over their previous record levels. The fact that it's still going on at all indicates a lot of inside jobs and people looking to jump from what they see as a sinking ship. The more Shiawase tightens its grip and enforces mandatory company happiness, the more it's going to keep happening.
- Danger Sensei

TELESTRIAN INDUSTRIES CORPORATION

Headquarters: Portland, Tir Tairngire

Seattle Division: Telestrian Industries Seattle, Denny Way and Boren Avenue N., Downtown

Division Head: Sean Telestrian

The Tir-Tairngire-based Telestrian Industries has long used Seattle as its primary point-of-contact with the outside world. With political changes and upheaval back home, the Seattle division has become even more important to Telestrian, not just as a touchstone, but also a haven of sorts. The corporation moved a lot of assets and personnel out of its facilities in Portland, bringing them to Seattle, and it bought

properties in Everett, Snohomish, and even Puyallup, if the stories are to be believed. In Everett, Telestrian owns warehouses that not only store goods, but also hide small office complexes and apartments for personnel and dependents. Every effort has been made to keep this all quiet, under the guise of “expanding” operations in Seattle and strengthening ties with the metroplex.

- It's true. The Telestrian family is worried what the new Tir government will do, particularly considering their prior close ties with the deposed Council of Princes. There has been talk of nationalizing some businesses and resources in the country, to say nothing of investigations and possible criminal charges. So the company has been quietly shifting out of the country, leaving behind enough in Portland to allay suspicions.
- Tarlan

Most of TIC's business in Seattle deals with biotech: engineered crops, organic farming in Snohomish, gene-splicing, bioware enhancements, and so forth. Their MacTaggart Research Institute does pure research, heavy in genetics, biology, medicine, and psychology, competing with Evo for the best scientific minds in those disciplines from Seattle's top universities.

- Telestrian is also heavily invested in shipping. They used to ship a lot of goods from Seattle to Portland and vice versa. Now those same cargo ships are used to move company assets out of the country as well as supply Portland with needed goods. It's very likely Telestrian will lose their fairly exclusive shipping status soon, as the Star Chamber in Portland looks to open the country up more to outside contact.
- Sounder

UNIVERSAL OMNITECH

Headquarters: Vancouver, Salish-Shidhe Council

Seattle Division: Universal Omnitech Seattle, Aurora Avenue and Mercer Street, Downtown

Division Head: Donovan Giotti

Based in nearby Vancouver, Universal Omnitech's business in Seattle focuses on two main areas: pharmaceuticals and their food-production subsidiary Ingersoll & Berkley.

UO pharmabusiness ranges from nootropics and high-end smart drugs to combat-performance enhancing drugs like Jazz and Kamikaze. They specialize in “designer” biotech, and compete fiercely with other companies in that field, from Telestrian Industries to Evo and others.

- UO has a special rivalry reserved for former business partner Aztechnology. The two companies went their separate ways after the second Crash, but Aztechnology is not known for its live-and-let-live attitude, so UO has undertaken some preemptive measures to stem the Big A's predictable wrath. Naturally, Aztechnology has taken this as provocation, creating the exact situation UO said it wanted to avoid.
- Plan 9

INGERSOLL & BERKLEY

Universal Omnitech's primary interest in Seattle is in its Ingersoll & Berkley subsidiary. Ingersoll Aquaculture and Berkley Soy Foods merged years before the combined company was bought out by UO and incorporated into their food-production division. The conglomerate remains Seattle's largest producer of natural and synthetic food-stuffs, followed closely by Natural Vat Foods, Telestrian Industries, and a variety of agricornop subsidiaries.

I&B's biggest challenge has not been from its business rivals, but from ecological activists and eco-terrorism conducted against the company based on its poor environmental track record. Attacks have resulted in hundreds of thousands of nuyen worth of damage to I&B facilities and even some recalls of tainted foodstuffs.

- Of course there's no chance whatsoever any of these "eco-conscious" attacks are coming from or in any way sponsored by I&B's business rivals. Because, as we all know, business and ecological issues are entirely separate.
- Kat o' Nine Tales
- Meow, Kat. Meow.
- Butch

WUXING

Headquarters: Hong Kong Free Enterprise Enclave

Seattle Division: Wuxing North America, Roosevelt Way and 50th Street, Downtown

Division Head: Sun Running

A now familiar element of Seattle's Downtown scene, the Wuxing North America HQ on Roosevelt Way has been under a steady process of remodeling and expansion almost since the day the company bought the two skyscrapers.

- Wuxing is all about feng shui and ensuring the chi flows harmoniously around their property. That's the primary reason for all the pleasant Asian landscaping, fountains, koi ponds, and whatnot around their HQ. The same goes for the interior design. It's always getting changed around as the company experts adapt it to changing conditions and efforts by outsiders to mess with it.
- Lyran

Whereas NeoNET and Hong Kong glare daggers at each other across the Pacific, Wuxing Worldwide Shipping links the Port of Seattle to destinations across the Pacific Rim. Ships bearing the Wuxing lotus logo can be seen all along the metroplex waterfront.

- Formerly friendly relations between Wuxing and Telestrian Industries look to be heating up now that Portland may become a destination for foreign ships, and there's the potential for them to become rivals rather than just allies of convenience.
- Sounder
- Wuxing's other major shipping rivals include KonOrchid, Maersk, and Free Transit Cartage.
- Rigger X



Along with shipping, Wuxing has been moving into Seattle's magical goods and services sector in a big way. They particularly compete with Mitsuhama in the area of magical services.

- Wuxing marketing has been packaging their magical security services in particular as more "harmonious" and "environmentally aware" than those of Parashield, MCT's main subsidiary in the business. With customers responding to the message, it has put Parashield in the position of either softening its image without losing its hard-core customers, or throwing some fear into potential customers that Wuxing's "hearts and flowers" approach to security is not sufficient. Guess which approach they're most likely to take?
- Ethernaut

Although Wuxing is known in the shadows for ties with the Triads, this is more cultural than economic, as the Triads look to serve the needs of the influx of ethnic Chinese the company has brought into Seattle. Wuxing seems to adopt a "better the devil you know" policy, willing to quietly support the Triads.

- Not just them. Interestingly enough, someone has leaked information about Wuxing-Triad arrangements to the Yakuza, who have scored things like "hijacked" shipments of weapons Wuxing reported stolen, which Yak soldiers then took from a warehouse guarded by the Yellow Lotus Triad. It might just be the Yaks have a spy on the inside or somebody got sloppy or greedy, but I think somebody in Wuxing is actually playing the syndicates against each other. Dangerous game, if so.
- Riser

SEATTLE CORPORATIONS

Seattle has a number of local corporations, particularly in the fields of investment, computers, telecommunications, aviation, and agriculture. Although the megacorporations dominate the world market, Seattle's local corps employ the vast majority of the metroplex's population, and have a significant influence on its character. These corporations may be smaller than Ares or Aztechnology, but they have the "home field advantage" in Seattle, which makes competition between the local companies and the megacorporate giants fierce at times.

BRACKHAVEN INVESTMENTS

Headquarters: 3rd Avenue and Union Street, Downtown Seattle

President/CEO: Kenneth Brackhaven

There was a time when being primary owner of a major investor in Seattle real estate and business *and* governor at the same time would be seen as a conflict of interest. Not in the modern "business-friendly" environment of the metroplex, though. Oh, sure, Governor Brackhaven has a VP named Harold Muller who handles the day-to-day business, but it's still his name on the contract and legal agreements, to say nothing of the stock holdings.

Brackhaven Investments survived the Crash like a true scavenger, gobbling up its weakened competition and then turning around and using the new influx of capital from gutting them to buy real estate at rock-bottom prices. Many new housing developments in Renton (the heart of the governor's political support, it so happens) are owned by BI.

- News reports that claim those housing developments favor humans in their lending and leasing have been dismissed by BI as "biased," citing the fact that statistics simply favor human home-buyers, since they have the higher per

capita incomes in the metroplex (and ignoring the inherent imbalances in that piece of information).

- Lyran
- BI works the shadows behind a lot of blinds, shells, and other dead-ends to keep runners in the dark about who's actually paying the bills. Speaking of which, a number of those bills don't have to get paid if the runners never show up to claim what they've been offered.
- Kat o' Nine Tales
- If BI works through proxies, how do you know they've been responsible for sending people on suicide runs?
- Snopes
- My source has to remain anonymous, but I trust it.
- Kat o' Nine Tales

DOCWAGON

Headquarters: Atlanta, CAS

President/CEO: Denny Coleman

The world's leading provider in armed medical response, DocWagon has been a presence in Seattle since 2043, when the company opened its first clinics in the metroplex and began offering subscriber service. Their customer base has been steadily increasing ever since, and an estimated one-fifth of the residents of Seattle subscribe to at least basic-level DocWagon service. Crisis response teams are a common sight in Seattle, from their armored high-speed ambulances to tilt-rotor air-lifters.

DocWagon has faced still competition from many newcomers to the medical response services business, prominently from Evo's CrashCart Medical Services, but they remain number one in their field.

- DocWagon has also fended off buyout attempts by top-tier corps like Ares and Aztechnology. They would be a huge asset, but they're too big a bite for anyone but the AAAs to even consider taking on.
- Nephrine
- There's some friction between DocWagon and Knight Errant lately, mostly KE throwing their weight around and pointedly reminding DocWagon to follow proper procedure to the letter in their jurisdiction. DocWagon has a good working relationship with Lone Star, but KE tends to view them as a potential problem. We'll see if it escalates above the level of an inter-corporate spat or not.
- Snopes

EMERALD CITY GRAPHICS

Headquarters: Downtown, Seattle

Co-Presidents: Vshaw Patel, Miska Romanov

One of the new kids on the Seattle block, Emerald City Graphics, or ECG, is a software development corp, founded a few years back by two University of Seattle engineering grad students as a side-project that rapidly took over their lives and careers. The company went public over a year ago, their stock prices shooting up overnight.

ECG's stock in trade is customized icon sculpting and design, for both augmented and virtual reality applications. They already have a massive client list, with an estimated eight- to fourteen-month



waiting list of would-be clients. Emerald City icon design has become something of a fashion fad in Seattle, and hardly a week goes by without some business announcing their new, more beautiful, and highly functional interfaces. Patel and Romanov still do a considerable amount of coding and design work themselves, having hired MBA and former corporate raider Tanner Holden to run the day-to-day business affairs.

- ECG is also willing to do some custom design work on the side to “select clients” that includes various illegal modifications, like stripping the corporate ID tags from a piece of software, messing with logos and trademarked materials, custom warez tailored for “special jobs,” and so forth. The real hard-core hackers work for ECG (since they pay great freelance rates), the hard-core wannabes pay them to feel like real hackers.
- Glitch
- One interesting thing about Patel and Romanov’s start-up was they got their initial funding from some silent partner; a couple of cash-strapped grad students didn’t start a multi-million nuyen business by themselves overnight. Said partner may also have supplied the founders with some of the development tools they’ve used, some of which require hefty licensing and permits. Tanner Holden definitely isn’t the guy; he came into it later. Anyone know?
- Khan-A-Saur

ETA ENGINEERING

Headquarters: Tacoma, Seattle

President/CEO: Hanan Zubayr-Chong

For decades after the Seattle Metroplex incorporated, waste management was divided up amongst a number of local contractors, often by district. They managed the various landfills, processing centers, recycling facilities, and so forth. Corruption was rife in the waste management business, including a lot of influence from the Mafia, which sometimes used different contractors to dispose of more than just rubbish.

Things changed when an ambitious environmental corp called Eta Engineering stepped in. Almost under the radar, they offered the metroplex a package deal to handle waste management for the *entire* metroplex at a considerable savings compared to the then-current patchwork arrangement. The government took the deal, and practically overnight the new garbage men were in and the old ones were out. Like yesterday’s trash, you might say.

Since then, Eta has primarily been working hard to prove the metroplex made the right decision. They have put on a big push into reuse and recycling, including the production of fertilizers and bio-fuels at their Tacoma plant, and environmental cleanup in their new backyard in Tacoma. They’re also pushing the Brackhaven administration to let them expand to take over management of some existing landfills, along with setting up processing plants in the Barrens. Eta is also doing enviro cleanup studies in different parts of the ‘plex as a prelude to offering bids to the government on how much it would cost to do the work and how long it would take.

- Eta Engineering is great because they are literally the lowest, “unclean” caste of East Asian society making a mint off of dealing with other people’s shit, because they do it better than everybody else. They have got to be laughing all the way to the bank.
- Butch

- Eta made some enemies when they moved in on Seattle’s waste disposal business. Not only did they effectively put a number of local contractors out of business (hiring up some of their employees, but only a fraction), but they also pissed off the Mafia by taking away a useful resource. After their overtures of friendship were rebuffed, the Mafia has decided Eta needs to go. They haven’t attacked the corp directly, but you can bet the Families will use their influence when contract negotiations roll around again.
- Riser

FEDERATED-BOEING

Headquarters: Corson Avenue and East Marginal Way, Downtown Seattle

President/CEO: Jessica Sirianni

Seattle’s number one corporate “native son” is Federated-Boeing, the UCAS aerospace giant and largest single employer in the metroplex. Federated-Boeing designs and builds aircraft ranging from massive Aurochs cargo lifters to tiny aerial drones, along with VTOL, tilt-rotor, and jet aircraft. If it flies, chances are F-B makes one.

Still, Federated-Boeing is huge only in relation to Seattle, the company’s home and the center of its operations. Although it has facilities outside the metroplex, these holdings are small compared to those of the top-tier multinationals.

- F-B CEO Jessica Sirianni was born and raised in Redmond to a refugee family. She fought her way out of the Barrens with sheer determination to attend the University of Washington, and then systematically destroyed anyone who got in her way at the company she now runs. She’s married to her work and F-B, having no time for the various suitors who have shown interest. Personally, I can’t imagine why they would; Sirianni probably kills after she mates.
- Rigger X
- Indeed? Funny you should put it that way, if true.
- Axis Mundi
- Federated Boeing does a lot of contract work for the UCAS, the CAS, and the NAN, giving them a fair amount of pull with the major North American powers, but also leading to a fair amount of spying to find out what F-B is supplying to the other guys.
- Kay St. Irregular

GAEATRONICS

Headquarters: Olympia, Salish-Shidhe Council

Seattle Division: 119 West Groat Point Drive, Bellevue

Division Head: Deborah Joshua

Gaeatronics provides the majority of Seattle’s power via the company’s Olympic fusion plant and alternative energy sources (solar, wind, and geothermal) in the Cascade Mountains and the Olympic Peninsula, particularly geothermal taps along Mt. Rainier. Gaeatronics has a reputation as an “Earth-conscious” corporation and their advertising presents them as the “eco-friendly” energy option.

- Gaeatronics also covertly supports eco-terrorist attacks on their competitors so the “Earth-conscious” option can take over their business. They probably even manage to justify it to themselves as “doing the right thing for our Mother.”
- Tarlan

The company is owned by the Salish-Shidhe Council, putting it right in the middle of any political issue between the NAN and Seattle. In practice, the company does its best to stay out of local politics, and even manages to work as a bridge between the metroplex and tribal territory from time to time.

- More of a bridge than Seattle would like, at times. A lot of NAN employees of Gaeatronics come and go across the border every day, and a company pass might be all a potential NAN spy needs to get into the metroplex.
- Traveler Jones

The Gaeatronics building in Bellevue, affectionately known as “Gaeatronics Mountain,” is a huge stepped-level structure, with trees and shrubs growing on the rooftop tiers and ivy covering over most of the walls, which are made of a textured grayish material resembling natural rock. Gaeatronics President David Gray-Bear makes regular visits to Seattle, but leaves the day-to-day operations of the Mountain in the hands of VP Deborah Joshua.

- Of course, the “green” design of Gaeatronics Mountain has the additional benefit of providing not only layered astral security for the building, but also an environment for various allied nature spirits tasked with watching over and defending the facility against intruders.
- Ethernaut

KSAF

Headquarters: None (physically)

President/CEO: Helena Rossum

KSAF has in many ways gone from corporation to concept. Originally a local trideo news channel in Seattle, KSAF earned a reputation for always being in the right place at the right time to score the major scoops. Rumor had it a mysterious informant provided them with information about the right place and the right time. Common opinion says their benefactor was the great dragon Dunkelzahn, since KSAF’s mystery tips seemed to stop after Dunkelzahn’s assassination. KSAF struggled along on its own for some years, until a suicide bomber targeted their main offices, taking out most of a city block in the process.

- The number of parties who might have been behind the bombing is almost too large to count, given KSAF’s record for exposé and airing dirty laundry.
- Kat o’ Nine Tales

Still, KSAF president Helena Rossum refused to give up. Rather than rebuild the KSAF studios, she made arrangements to take the company and its remaining assets entirely virtual, building a true “KSAF Network” made up of independent citizen journalists and media activists. This incarnation of KSAF has no address other than a Matrix site since, as Ms. Rossum cited in her oft-quoted first trid-cast to the new network: “This network is an idea, a dream, and you can’t kill a dream.”

- Rossum has become a virtual recluse (pardon the pun): she moves around almost constantly, and always travels with bodyguards, given the number of people who most likely want her dead. Still, it may not be as many as she thinks, since with the KSAF Network, she has probably created something that will outlive her. Killing her now would only make her a saint and martyr to her followers and ensure KSAF never dies.
- Riser

- Sounds like a convincing argument to make to a would-be client, Jonathan, and a good way to talk yourself out of a job.
- Ethernaut
- No comment.
- Riser

LONE STAR SECURITY SERVICES

Headquarters: Austin, Texas, CAS

Division Head: Unknown

How the mighty are fallen; Lone Star, once “the Man” in Seattle, is out, and corporate rival Knight Errant are in. Needless to say, this development did not go over well with the Powers That Be in Austin, and rumor has it former division head and Seattle Chief of Police William Loudon is cleaning toilets at some company-run prison in Louisiana.

As it happens, taking care of prisons is the main thing Lone Star still does in Seattle. The company retains its contract to run the metroplex-controlled prisons, which is separate from their security and enforcement contract. Lone Star also still has some private security contracts in Seattle, although they are fighting to hold on to them following the gut-punch of their dismissal by Governor Brackhaven.

- Cracks are starting to show in other parts of Lone Star as well. Former ‘Star paranormal investigations director Frasier Simington has been wooing away company clients for his mockingly-named Ex-Astra Astral Security Services consulting firm. Simington took a chunk of Lone Star’s brightest magical talent with him, along with a big slice of their client list.
- Ethernaut
- The new division head is rumored to be Deke Winslow. He’s either the nephew or grandson of Ted Winslow—some signs point to him being adopted—but I’ve never been able to dig up all the right dirt. He came out of nowhere a few years back, first working in the Austin office and transferring to Seattle only last year. A few months later, and it sure looks like he’s calling the shots, but no official announcement has been made.
- Star Loner

MICRODECK INDUSTRIES

Headquarters: Microdeck Plaza, Main Street and 124th Avenue NE, Bellevue

President/CEO: Brian W. Gates III

The history of Microdeck Industries, and the Gates family, is one of ups and downs. In the early 21st century Microdeck was riding high on fast-paced computer systems and software development. Their facilities in Redmond were a major portion of the area’s economy. Then the Crash hit and Microdeck was nearly wiped out. Then-CEO Charles Gates was able to hold things together by sheer determination.

Microdeck started a long, slow crawl out of the wreckage, but by then they were already too far behind the state of the art to compete with corporations like Fuchi or Renraku, so Microdeck focused on what they did well: producing low-priced computer hardware and software aimed at the average consumer or small business. With a largely conservative management approach, they have rebuilt some of their former success.

Charles’ son Brian W. Gates III has been in charge of Microdeck for decades, keeping the company on an even keel. He has slowly

diversified the business and the Gates family fortune, including interests in hotels and casinos, retail electronics, and media.

- Microdeck weathered the Crash of '64 incredibly well, not because of their superior business acumen, but with the assistance of the company's "secret weapons": the Microdeck R&D department's so-called "Gatekeepers." It's a group of about a dozen of the kids of some of the company higher-ups. The oldest are Alex Gates (Brian III's nephew) and Brian W. Gates IV (Brian's son), both in their early 20s. All of the Gatekeepers have been raised in virtual reality almost since birth. Apparently a significant percentage of them are technomancers; the rest are "just" incredibly good, almost instinctive, hackers. Brian Gates the Younger already holds two masters degrees (computer science and electrical engineering) and is apparently a flippin' genius.
- Netcat
- "... raised in virtual reality..." You're talking about a variation of the "Halberstam's Babies" urban legend, where some mad scientist takes kids and hooks them up to the Matrix, where they become über-hackers only to discover—to their horror—that they're just disembodied brains in jars, wired up to an ASIST interface. What's next, the Hook-Hand Killer working as a corporate hit man?
- Snopes
- Or maybe Bigfoot fronting for a rock band ... oh, wait, that actually happened. Or a dragon buying ... no ... wait ... hmmm...
- Mika
- Do you have a point?
- Snopes

- Apparently not.
- Mika

PACRIM COMMUNICATIONS

Headquarters: Tokyo, Japan

Seattle Division: PRC Northwest, 6th Avenue and Union Avenue, Tacoma

Division Head: Cassandra Paul

PRC (or PacRim Communications) is a classic example of someone who thinks they're winning the game because they hold the right cards, but then somebody changes the rules. PRC's trade is in telecommunications, large-scale systems for other corporations and governments as well as municipal telecomm grids. That includes the Seattle Local Telecomm Grid, or least it did until the Crash. PRC managed to bounce back from what could have been a public relations nightmare when the *real* bad news came: the Wireless Matrix Initiative. With companies like NeoNET leading the way, suddenly PRC found themselves in the also-ran category.

PRC's plans to expand operations beyond their namesake region into the rest of North America and Asia were abruptly put on hold. All the local telecomm companies they'd been buying up before the Crash were practically useless, and they had to retool for a wireless world in a hurry. Unfortunately, the corporation's resources are limited compared to the really big boys, so it has taken valuable time to make the transition.

The PRC complex in Tacoma was formerly owned by Pacific Northwest Bell. (PRC bought them out in 2046.) The complex answers to PRC North America in San Francisco.



- PRC has also been occupied fending off NeoNET, which would like to consolidate its influence over the Seattle Matrix by adding local telecomm grid service to its checklist. Although PRC Northwest keeps telling the NA division they're making every effort, I've heard buzzing that suggests PRC VP Cassandra Paul is willing to jump ship, taking a lot of valuable information with her, if NeoNET can arrange it.
- Fastjack

STARKAF

Headquarters: Seattle, UCAS

President/CEO: Charles Stone

The rapidly palpitating heart of kaf-culture in Seattle, StarKaf has turned the café and an expensive stimulant delivery system into a cultural phenomenon. Millions of people worldwide get their daily jolt at a StarKafé and you can't throw a rock in many parts of Seattle without hitting one (and, trust me, a lot of people have proven this by throwing rocks through the front windows of StarKafés, enough so that they are generally shatterproof these days).

Although they provide food and beverages, StarKaf is really in the business of selling an experience. They have a massive social network of loyal followers, and the core of the kaf-culture is their culture. This provides the company with a valuable asset when it comes to partnering with providers of media, as their recent partnership with Horizon demonstrates.

- There is a fair amount of crossover between Starkaf, Horizon, and the Gestalt Consciousness Network movement. Hell, I think Horizon would almost cease to function without catering deliveries from Starkaf. (Yes, even to their Creative Retreat Center ... make of that what you like.) I wouldn't be surprised to see further collaboration between them in terms of delivering different kinds of media experiences to the kaf culture crowd.
- Glitch

UNITED OIL

Headquarters: Dallas, Texas, CAS

Seattle Division: UniOil Research and Development, 900 Forest Ridge Drive SE, Auburn

Division Head: Drake West

UniOil was one of the largest petrochemical corporations in the world, until the Crash of '64 hit them like an orbital shot. They were forced to sell off large portions of the company in order to survive, sliding down the corporate food chain. One of the places they held on to was their R&D facility in Seattle.

A fenced-in compound in sight of the White River in Auburn, the facility is devoted to the development of petrochemical extraction and refining techniques, along with the creation of new petrochem-based products. It's still the occasional target of protests and eco-terrorism, but the activists generally have bigger issues to tackle in Seattle these days. UniOil maintains a security force about around 80 on-site, although they have been sub-contracting their astral security to Parashield.

- Just some of it. United Oil still has a stable of trained paranatural guard-animals, although I hear some of the handlers have been making money on the side by playing some of their "pets" in the arena fights in places like the Coliseum.
- Lyran

VISIONCRAFTERS

Headquarters: Vancouver, Salish-Shidhe Council

Seattle Division: Visioncrafters Optics, 228th Street SE and 45th Avenue SE, Snohomish

Division Head: Homer Rhodes

A division of an optics corporation based in Vancouver, Visioncrafters Optics in Snohomish is primarily a research and development facility. Visioncrafters makes cameras, cybereyes, and similar optical systems, including sensors for drones and some optical computer hardware. Their Argus™ brand cybereyes are in their ninth generation, and still popular with fashion-conscious consumers.

- The Seattle division actually works a lot more with optical computing hardware, as opposed to cameras.
- Glitch

VISIONQUEST ENTERTAINMENT

Headquarters: Lake Louise, NAN

Seattle Division: Visionquest Studios, 2400 Beaux Arts Road, Bellevue

Division Head: Valerie Keene

Near the shores of Lake Washington, Visionquest Studios produces sims for the Visionquest theme park near Lake Louise in the Salish-Shidhe Council. Visionquest owner Holly Brighton is a former confidante of the great dragon Dunkelzahn, the company an inheritance from the late dragon's will.

In addition to supplying Visionquest Park, Visionquest Studios head Valerie Keene has diversified the company with a variety of sim-sense entertainment projects, including a successful business relationship with Horizon. Visionquest was responsible for the popular *You Are the Dragon* sim program that broke the top of the Horizon charts last year.

- It's still a closely guarded company secret how Visionquest pulled off the sim experience of actually being a dragon that has been so hugely popular. I've pulled the program apart and I can tell you, although there is a lot of digital editing, I don't think the baselines are computer generated like Visionquest claims. I think they are actual sim-rig recordings taken from a dragon. Which one, and how, I don't know.
- Netcat
- There's one obvious possibility, but if it's true then I can't imagine it was done with Holly Brighton's permission—unless I've seriously misjudged her.
- Elijah

TOO LITTLE, TOO LATE

Leon looked at the scene of the glorious slaughter. It was easy when you were on the winning side. His beloved hellhounds were feasting on the dead ork while its blood dripped into the fetid water below. Leon's men secured the area and the precious cargo. It had been a foolish attempt to intercept them, not enough time or people needed to do the job right. One of them was dead and the other two's fates were uncertain.

Nadia had the two Triad humans—both Asian—on their knees while she covered them with her AK-97. She loves that gun like I love my women, he thought, and wondered if she'd ever had a lover. It was not a curiosity he was willing to follow up on. Both humans were bleeding heavily. He needed to do something soon before they were both dead. He walked up to them and waved Nadia to stand behind the prisoners. "Your names," he said. The two humans looked at each other and said nothing. Leon backhanded one and then the other. "Your names."

"Miyano," one of them said.

The other looked at Miyano with contempt and spat on the ground.

Leon pointed at Miyano. "You, I let live." He pointed at the other, "You, I don't."

Nadia did not need another cue. She put a three round burst into the back of the silent Triad's head and neck. She giggled as he fell and the hellhounds looked up from their meal.

Hunkering down, Leon looked his remaining captive in the eye. "Miyano, do you know why I spared you?"
"No."

"Because you show a willingness to work with me. You did not die out of misplaced pride and arrogance." Leon patted his pockets until he came up with a slap patch. He reached out to the smaller man and opened his shirt to look at the wound there. "You don't flinch. You have courage." Leon put the slap patch on his captive with an unexpected gentleness. "You will do what I want you to do. Need you to do."

Miyano could not suppress a wince of pain despite Leon's gentle touch. "What would that be?"

"You live," Leon said, patting the man on the face before standing again, "so that you may deliver a message to your, how do you say it, Incense Master? Yes. Him. This message is for him and from him to David Gao. You will deliver this message, yes?"

Miyano nodded once.

"Good." He turned and spoke in rapid Russian to a cluster of Vory men. Once his men were away, Leon turned back to Miyano, "I know why you were here. Brave and foolish to try to rescue someone without knowing the lay of the land ... or, in this case, docks. I have this place wrapped up tight. It is mine. I knew you were here the moment you came in."

Miyano said nothing but his attention was taken by the crate being brought forward by the four men

Leon had just sent away. The crate was large: one meter by one meter by one-and-a-half meters. The word "FRAGILE" was stamped on side. The men walked the crate over, carrying it by handles on the sides. They set the crate down gently and waited for Leon's next order.

Leon walked over to the crate, touched a part of it, and a datapad slid open. He punched a series of keys before stepping back. "I did not want you to come all this way and not even see the precious thing you were seeking to rescue."

Although the crate appeared to be wood, it clearly was not as the box slowly opened up to reveal a young Asian girl, sitting, bound to a chair. She looked sixteen years old and wore the latest designer clothing. There were tear stains on her face and bruises around the bonds on her arms. Despite these signs of fear and panic the girl was calm and collected.

"Miyano, meet Amelia Gao. Amelia, meet Miyano ... your intrepid rescuer."

Amelia looked over at the bleeding Asian man on his knees and smiled a brief, polite smile. "Good evening, Miyano," she said in Cantonese.

"I'm so sorry. Forgive me," Miyano blurted out in English.

Amelia shushed him with a warmer smile and shake of the head. "Don't." She spoke in clear, unbroken English.



Miyano dropped his eyes to the ground.

Leon broke the silence before it could get uncomfortable. "Amelia is going to give you a message to give to her grandfather, Miyano, and you are going to deliver it, aren't you?"

"Yes," Miyano said, and sat up straighter. He raised his head and looked the girl in the eyes. "What message would you have me bring?"

For a moment, Amelia did not say anything. Then she said, "Tell my grandfather that I am fine and I am prepared to do my duty as his granddaughter."

Miyano nodded. "I will."

The two of them looked at each other. She was prepared to die to protect her grandfather. The silence stretched until Leon stepped between them.

"I hope you have a good memory. You tell him her message and mine. She's untouched for now but that is up to him and how fast he gets what the Terminator wants from him. Tell him not to take too long. He will keep her until he gets his paydata or until he gets bored. Then," Leon shrugged. "De-la. He will use her to become not-bored. Understand?"

Miyano nodded. "I understand."

"Good. You will be driven to Tacoma. Her life is in your hands." Leon triggered the crate and both of them watched the box refold itself into its original form. When the crate stopped moving Leon

motioned for his men to take it away. "Nadia will take you, now. Be careful. She bites."

Nadia gave out a hyena-like bark of laughter before she pulled Miyano to his feet. "C'mon Gonk. Let's get you home so you can deliver your message." She led Miyano away with her AK-97 pressed into his back.

Leon watched them go and shook his head. Foolish. He will commit seppuku for his failure. What a waste, he thought, then whistled. His hellhounds immediately looked up from their meal and saw that their master wanted them. The three well-trained canines loped over to Leon, the alpha male in the lead. Leon petted his alpha hellhound first, murmuring words of praise for being so good. While the armored tank that served as a limo drove up Leon spared a bit of attention for the other two hounds.

The driver got out of the tank and came around to open the door for Leon. "The package is already loaded and the Tsar would like you to call once we are on the road." He opened the door and watched as the three hellhounds entered the vehicle. "Is there anything else you need?"

Leon shook his head. "Just get us to the compound as quickly as possible."

"Yes, sir," the driver nodded and closed the door behind Leon. Then, speaking in rapid Russian, he ordered the convoy to mount up. There were

two other armored tanks. All three would have an escort and all three would make it to the Tsar's compound using different routes. It was a common precaution that they took on nights like this.

Inside the tank, it was as comfortable as a limo, with plush seats, an entertainment center and a well stocked bar. Leon called his boss, Aleksander Bilotkiy,--the Tsar of Seattle, who was also known as the Terminator.

"Leon, is my package safe?"

Leon nodded to the air. "It is."

"Any trouble?"

"Nothing I couldn't handle."

"Explain."

"Rescue attempt. All dead now except one. I let him live to see the girl and see that she was fine. Nadia is taking him to Tacoma to deliver the message. David Gao will know that his granddaughter is in Seattle within the hour."

"Good work."

"We'll be at the compound in fifteen minutes."

"We will drink together when you arrive."

Leon smiled. Drinking with Aleksander was always a pleasure. "Yes, sir." He waited until Aleksander hung up before disconnecting. Relaxing, Leon turned his attention to the bar. "It was a good night," he said to his hounds as he picked out a bottle of his favorite vodka. "A very good night."



- Right alongside the billions of nuyen in corporate business going on in Seattle is a thriving “shadow market” of syndicates, gangs, and freelance operatives ranging from cheap muscle to some of the best shadowrunners in the world. The underworld has been a vital and active part of Seattle’s economy and social fabric since before the metroplex even existed, and has become even more important since the area’s isolation from the surrounding territories. If you’re reading this file, then this is the world you live in to one degree or another, the shadows between the corporate towers and the fenced-off gated communities, where the real business of Seattle gets done.
- FastJack

position against outside attacks. Increasingly, his declaration became seen as truth, and the only options were to cooperate with the new regime or face extinction.

Shotozumi’s greatest rival was Isao Nishidon, *oyabun* of Seattle’s oldest and next largest Yakuza association. Nishidon took control of his organization during the Schism, after proving his loyalty, and probably expected to become *oyabun* of Seattle before Watada gave the position to Shotozumi. For quite some time, Nishidon controlled Yakuza operations in the Barrens districts of Seattle, along with a substantial amount of vice business, but lacked the resources and leverage to move against

SEATTLE UNDERWORLD

THE YAKUZA

BY MIHOSHI ONI

The Yakuza made their first inroads into Seattle around the turn of the century. The growing Pacific Rim trade led to more Japanese citizens moving to Seattle. With them came the Yakuza, to protect the interests of “their people” and cater to their various illegal needs. For quite some time, the Yakuza remained confined to areas like the International District, strongly tied to the presence of Japanese corporations, but then they began expanding beyond their traditional boundaries. This was met with bloody resistance from existing syndicates like the Mafia, and mob wars engulfed both sides.

The Watada-*rengo* in Japan sent new bosses to Seattle, most of them recent Korean recruits. The Koreans rebuilt and expanded the Yakuza in Seattle, pushing back the Mafia on all fronts. Akira Watada, *oyabun* of the Watada-*rengo*, began suspecting the Korean bosses of placing the advancement of their own cause above loyalty to the Yakuza. Watada began micromanaging, imposing restrictions on the Koreans and making their work more difficult, then blaming them when things went wrong. The more defiant the Korean bosses became, the more Watada’s paranoia grew, until he ordered a racist purge of the Seattle Yakuza in 2043. In a week of terror called “the Schism,” most of the Koreans and their loyalists were killed. The few survivors became the core of the Seoulpa Rings, filled with a burning thirst for revenge against the Yakuza.

Watada-sama appointed Hanzo Shotozumi the new *oyabun* of Seattle and assigned him the task of rebuilding a *traditional* and loyal organization, and consolidating the gains made by the Koreans before they were lost. The Mafia quickly appointed James O’Malley Don of Seattle to fight to retain their hold on operations in the metroplex. Shotozumi-sama pursued his task of controlling the Seattle underworld with a relentless will.

The success and growth of the Yakuza over the years has made them the most powerful syndicate in the Pacific Northwest. Perhaps success went to his head, or Akira Watada didn’t choose as well he has thought, because Shotozumi declared his organization independent from the Watada-*rengo* in Japan, creating the Shotozumi-*rengo* and commanding the loyalty of the Yakuza clans in Seattle.

A furious Akira Watada declared war on the Seattle Yakuza, with the support of the loyalist Yakuza clans in California. Unfortunately for him, Watada refused to recognize the weakening position of the Yakuza in Japan compared to the new markets in North America, and the relative isolation of Seattle allowed Shotozumi to maintain his

Shotozumi. During Crash 2.0, Nishidon thought he saw his opportunity, but his coup attempt was a miserable failure, and the disgraced *oyabun* took his own life rather than submit to whatever punishment either Shotozumi or the Watada-*rengo* had in mind for him.

The other shakeup in the Yakuza came when the progressive Shigeda-*gumi* dissolved after its *oyabun*, Takeo Shigeda, was assassinated. One of Shigeda’s lieutenants, Sato Kanaga, took over the chairmanship, forming a new Kanaga-*gumi* with Shotozumi’s blessing.

SHOTOZUMI-GUMI

Oyabun Hanzo Shotozumi has guided his association, and the Seattle Yakuza, for decades. Shotozumi is a traditionalist and a firm believer in doing things the way the Yakuza have done them for centuries, so his organization maintains practices like *irezumi* tattoos to demonstrate their rank and influence (the very best done by traditional master artists without the use of modern tools). Members of the *gumi* are expected to atone for their mistakes with traditional *yabitsume* (“finger-cutting”) and *seppuku* rituals.

- Shotozumi’s traditionalist stance has softened slightly due to the influence of his daughter, Keiko. Under the name Kiku, she worked the shadows for years before she sold out her teammates and returned to the family fold, suggesting either a sudden reconciliation, or the possibility she was working deep-cover the entire time. She has managed to show her father the wisdom of some “non-traditional” assets, including women and metahumans, employed in areas where more traditional *kobun* are out of their depth or too recognizable. She’s also on the hit list of a lot of people in Seattle, but has managed to stay alive so far.
- Kat o’ Nine Tales



SHADOWSEA QUICKLINK: BUNRAKU

Japanese for “puppeteer,” *bunraku* refers to the practice started by the Yakuza of modifying sex-workers as “flesh puppets.” The prostitute is implanted with a neural shunt that disables the conscious mind and places the body under the control of a personafix program. The sex-worker retains no conscious memory of the experience—ensuring client anonymity and privacy—while the client can customize and choose the personafix program to fit a wide range of tastes. Some *bunraku* are bio-sculpted to fit particular client fetishes or interests, matching the personafix program used, such as the appearance and personality of certain celebrities. More exotic *bunraku* “parlors” also provide sim programs for the clients, AR environmental enhancements, and similar “props” to extend the experience.

The Shotozumi-*gumi* is organized and run like a business association, with the *oyabun* as its chairman. They combine the traditional Yakuza practice of offering their benevolent protection to residents of their *nawabari* (literally “roped-off area,” mainly the International District of Downtown) with the *sokaiya* practice of dealing with local corporations and Seattle offices of multinationals. Essentially, the corps pay the Yakuza protection money to avoid disruptions of their business affairs and to smooth certain underworld connections.

Closer to the street, the Shotozumi have interests in gambling parlors and “entertainment” services like prostitution (both traditional *geisha* and their *bunraku* parlors), chip-dealing, and smuggling.

- Like any big business, the Yakuza also hire shadowrunners, especially when they don't want to get their own hands dirty, or (more often) can't be seen as directly involved in a matter. The Shotozumi-*gumi* is willing to pay a premium rate, but they also expect a lot for their money. Speaking of which, they also often insist on paying in corporate scrip rather than certified credit, primarily for two reasons. First, the scrip sometimes serves as a blind, pointing the finger at a corp like Mitsuhama rather than the Yakuza. Second, the Yaks are some of the only black marketers in Seattle who accept corporate scrip, so they know the money will come back to them eventually. You can talk them into certified cred, but expect to lose that “premium rate” in the process.
- Mr. Bonds
- Although they turn their noses up at things like drugs at the higher levels of the *gumi*, the truth is the *kobun* on the streets and the gangs who run the Yakuza's errands deal plenty of drugs, and the *gumi* certainly doesn't turn up their noses at the money they bring in.
- Star Loner

KANAGA-GUMI

The newest Yakuza association in Seattle is the Kanaga-*gumi*, built from the former Shigeda-*gumi* after *Oyabun* Takeo Shigeda was assassinated. New Chairman Sato Kanaga is far more conservative than his predecessor, insisting the association follow the example of the Shotozumi-*gumi* in maintaining the Yakuza's ancient traditions and practices. This had led to a purge of the *gumi*'s ranks some are calling “the Little Schism,” leading some to refer to Kanaga as “Little Akira,” after the infamous head of the Watada-*rengo* (although never where they might be overheard).

- Kanaga's “purge” of the Shigeda ranks isn't as severe as “the Little Schism” makes it sound. There was definitely some score-settling going on, but a lot of it was shuffling some of the “undesirables” (read: metahumans and foreigners) off to join the Kenran-kai, ostensibly to fulfill the *oyabun*'s mandate to fill out the newest association's ranks and expand operations in Puyallup, but mainly to be rid of them and their ideas.
- Mika
- Shigeda got done by one of his own bodyguards, who also killed the *oyabun*'s son, Tomashi. The whole thing reeks of an inside job.
- Danger Sensei
- There's some support for that theory, since the mysterious bodyguard in question disappeared from Shigeda's home, and the Seattle Yakuza have been surprisingly quiet about the whole thing. There's been no real effort to find the

killer, which either means he's already been dealt with, or having him drop out of sight was part of the plan from the beginning.

- Snopes

The Kanaga-*gumi* controls the former Shigeda territory in northern and western Seattle, primarily Everett, Snohomish, and Auburn, as well as the Redmond Barrens.

- Although those Barrens operations came mostly from the Nishidon-*gumi*, and word on the street is the Kenran-kai are looking to move in and take them off Kanaga's hands.
- Kat o' Nine Tales

KENRAN-KAI

The lowest of the low in the Seattle Yakuza are the Kenran-kai. Every organization needs somebody to do the shit jobs, and the Kenran-kai are it for the Yakuza. They're a relatively new association, cobbled together from survivors of the Nishidon-*gumi* judged loyal enough to live, although stained by their leader's dishonor and death. Filled out by refugees from the former Shigeda-*gumi* and some new recruits, the Kenran-kai is in charge of Yakuza operations in Puyallup, the most desolate and unfriendly territory available. Still, *Oyabun* Kosuke Tomizawa has taken the duty of leading the Kenran-kai very seriously, working hard to win over the trust of the suspicious peoples of Puyallup and convince them that his association has their best interests at heart.

- Recruiting from the streets of Puyallup, and not really in a position to be choosy, the Kenran-kai are ironically the most diverse and modern Yakuza clan in Seattle. With their ranks recently swelled by cast-offs from the old Shigeda-*gumi*, the Kenran-kai have gotten aggressive in pressing their case in Puyallup; setting up “neighborhood watches” and attempting to bring some of the small-time gangs under their control while establishing order in particular neighborhoods, and picking up some of the smuggling operations and opportunities.
- Tarlan
- Tomizawa is really riding the tiger these days, since the influx of new personnel has expanded his power base, but also brought in a lot of ambitious displaced *kobun* looking for opportunities to move up in the world. I'm sure some of them see themselves as the next *oyabun* of the Kenran-kai, either to prove their loyalty to Shotozumi-sama, or to be the one to clear the path for the “New Way” of the Yakuza to sweep Seattle.
- Riser



SHADOWSEA QUICKLINK: THE NEW WAY

The “New Way” is a movement within the Yakuza to embrace modern concepts like magic and metahumans and adopt a more businesslike attitude, setting aside traditional prejudices and practices that proponents believe needlessly limit the Yakuza's growth and influence. The New Way even espouses tolerance of non-pureblood Japanese and female members of the Yakuza, in the interests of expanding the organization's global influence and reach. It is contrasted with the “Old School” of traditionalist Yakuza holding to the syndicate's time-honored practices, including mistrust of magic and prejudice towards metahumans (*kowaru*) and women.



BUNRAKU menu

please choose

- ▶ Geisha
- Burlesque
- Socialite
- Corp Secretary
- Prostitute
- School Girl

personality

- ▶ Spicy
- Virgin
- Demure

primary language

- ▶ Mandarin
- Japanese



THE MAFIA

BY STAR LONER

The Mafia ruled the Seattle underworld, centered around the Downtown and Tacoma docks and the smuggling business, for years. So long that the Families got complacent, and, by the time the Yakuza began to move in on their turf, it was almost too late for them to respond. They took some serious losses from the Japanese gangsters in those days, up to and including the death of Patrick Finnigan, the don of the Finnigan family and capo of Seattle.

The Commissione, the council of dons, installed Brian O'Malley, Finnigan's cousin, to head up the family. After the Yakuza killed him as well, his younger brother James stepped in and finished what Brian started. The Mafia finally stopped losing ground to the Yaks and established a fragile peace. James reigned as capo of Seattle for years until he was assassinated, supposedly from within his own organization, beginning a long struggle for control of the Three Families.

Maurice "The Butcher" Bigio emerged as the victor and new capo of Seattle because the Commissione was unwilling to grant the position to a woman—James' daughter, Rowena O'Malley, now head of the Finnigan Family. But Bigio was assassinated just a couple years ago, leaving the syndicate little choice but to recognize O'Malley as capa of Seattle. Since then, Dona O'Malley has been consolidating her power base and reorganizing Mafia interests in Seattle. With a considerable amount to prove, it's a good bet that the holding actions of Don Bigio are over and the Mafia will be going on the offensive once again.

THE FINNIGAN FAMILY

The Finnigan Family, an Irish mob brought into the Mafia in the 1950s, has regained its position at the top of the Three Families. Capa Rowena O'Malley claimed leadership of the family when her father James was killed. One of a new generation of mafiosi, Rowena seems more like a high-powered corporate executive than a gangster, and has the education to back up the impression. Make no mistake, though, she's as ruthless as they come, and didn't survive to become Mafia captain of the metroplex without being willing to get her hands dirty.

- The O'Malleys have a history in Milwaukee and the Great Lakes area before their cousin Patrick Finnigan bought it in Seattle and the two brothers, Brian and James, were sent there to sort things out. Don Leo McCaskill of Milwaukee is Rowena's literal "godfather," and an old friend of the family. She also has support from some of the more progressive dons like Miriam Kowzloski of New Orleans and Conor O'Riley of Boston. That's allowed Rowena and the Finnigans to strengthen ties along the smuggling routes from NOLA and the Great Lakes to Seattle.
- Rigger X

Dona O'Malley's lieutenant, who handles most of the Family's operations, is James Michael "Jimmy Mac" Finnigan, Patrick Finnigan's son. Her consigliere is her "Uncle" Al Cavalieri, who served her father before her. He's the most respected—and feared—man in the Seattle Mafia, known as a cunning and ruthless strategist.

- Al Cavalieri is on his last legs. He's older than God's parents and even Mafia money and influence can't keep someone alive forever. He's been hospitalized in private clinics at least four times for bouts with cancer, and even Dona O'Malley increasingly has to deal with him solely by vid-conference. Rumor has it he is devoting his remaining time to compiling a comprehensive memoir and guidebook for his "niece." That would be one valuable file to the right parties.
- Hard Exit

- One of the reasons the Seattle Mafia's holding its collective breath is because the moment Al Cavalieri dies, the Finnigans make their move against Dona O'Malley. Jimmy Mac Finnigan is the pawn of his great-aunt Mary. At nearly a hundred years old, Mary Finnigan is the most vicious old crone you can imagine, consuming anti-aging treatments by the truckload and hanging on to life just so she can see her "beloved" great-nephew installed as don and capo of Seattle.
- Kat o' Nine Tales
- Cavalieri and Dona O'Malley know this, of course. "Uncle Al" has tried to have Mary killed at least twice, but she survived both attempts. The problem is the Family's old guard is still loyal to Patrick's memory and therefore to Jimmy Mac, so Rowena can't just kill him without risking open mutiny. Removing Mary as the guiding influence would be best, but that hasn't worked so far—probably because they never hired me.
- Riser
- I think Uncle Al has plans for outmaneuvering Mary Finnigan, although I have no idea what they might be. The old man is too devoted to the O'Malleys to leave Rowena alone to face her enemies. He's supposed to name his successor as consigliere, but even the list of potential candidates is top-secret. In the meantime, he spends a lot of time undergoing medical tests and treatments and transcribing memories.
- Hard Exit
- Transcribing or digitally recording? I wonder...
- Plan 9

The Finnigan Family controls Mafia operations in Downtown, particularly along the docks, and in Bellevue.

THE CIARNIELLO FAMILY

Vince "Numbers" Ciarniello is now the senior Mafia don of Seattle, having controlled his Family for well over a decade now. Like the nickname suggests, Ciarniello has the soul of an accountant, and his Family specializes in numbers rackets, money laundering, loan-sharking, and reinvesting those finances into vice operations like gambling, chips, and prostitution. The Family's interests are mainly in Everett and Snohomish, along with parts of north Downtown.

Vince's son and heir Caesar "Chrome" Ciarniello, on the other hand, is like a Mafia stereotype. He's a violent sleazebag, fond of his cyber-enhancements and anything that makes him a big man. His father exercises some restraint over Caesar's excesses, at least for now.

Ciarniello has a reputation for prudence and a willingness to side with the winner in any Family conflict. He supported Maurice Bigio's bid to takeover the Seattle Mafia, but now that Bigio is dead, he supports Capa O'Malley just as strongly, and I'll lay odds that he'll stab Jimmy Mac Finnigan if it looks like he'll be the next capo—or stab Finnigan in the back, if he thinks it will get him somewhere with O'Malley.

- Ciarniello's biggest weakness is his wife Ivy, a pretty elf barely half his age who used to work in one of the clubs Ciarniello owns. Mrs. Ciarniello is fond of the good life, although Vince treats her more like arm-candy and spoils her with whatever she wants. Rumor has it she's sleeping around on him, and may even be looking to seduce Caesar to get her claws into the next don of the family.
- Khan-A-Saur
- Don't believe it. Chrome and Ivy don't get along at all. In fact, the death of Ciarniello's former lieutenant, Fancy Dan Grizetti, wasn't a Yakuza hit. Chrome



SHADOWSEA QUICKLINK: THE ORDER OF MERLYN

The Order of Merlyn is an arm of the Finnigan Mafia Family, an order of magicians sworn as "made men". The Order started out as a wizzergang called the Merlyns in the 2050s. Don James O'Malley recruited them to work for his Family at the urging of his consigliere, Al Cavalieri. Over time, the Merlyns became more integrated into the Finnigan Family and proved a valuable asset, leading to a permanent arrangement between them and the formation of the Order of Merlyn with the permission of Dona Rowena O'Malley.

Initiates of the Order are recruited from promising wizzergangs (and, increasingly, college and university students) and inducted in ceremonies combining Hermetic and traditional Mafia rituals. New initiates take magical names based on astrological symbolism to reflect their new life with the Order and the Family.

The mage known as Saturn has led the Order of Merlyn since its founding, and he remains one of Dona O'Malley's close advisors. Persistent rumors suggest Saturn has family ties with the Mafia and was a secret member even during his time with the Merlyn gang, and that this may have led to the gang's association with the Finnigans.

put the hit out when he found out Dan was doing his stepmother. I don't know if Vince knows or if Chrome hasn't told him, either because he wants to spare the old man or because Ivy's got something on him.

- Kat o' Nine Tales

THE GIANELLI FAMILY

The remains of the Bigio Family fell under the control of Don Joseph Gianelli, grandson of the infamous Tony "The Chef" Gianelli, who serves as his consigliere. Don Gianelli has reorganized the dispirited and scattered *soldatos* of his family, focusing on rebuilding their operations in the southern parts of the metroplex, particularly Tacoma, Puyallup, and Auburn, where the Mafia has lost considerable ground against the Yakuza and other syndicates.

The Gianelli Family's business interests including smuggling, fencing stolen goods, loan-sharking, and hijacking, particularly of shipments passing through the Puyallup area.

- The Gianellis are also getting into piracy on Puget Sound, hijacking cargoes bound for the Tacoma docks before the Yakuza or the Vory can even get their hands on them.
- Sounder
- Old Tony Gianelli owns and runs a restaurant in Tacoma, which is one of the primary hangouts and meeting-places for the Family.
- Star Loner
- Since beggars can't be choosers, Don Gianelli, who is too young to buy into a lot of the traditional Mafia bullshit, has followed suit with Dona O'Malley and started recruiting more metahumans, magicians, and hackers into his Family's operations. He's also looking to bring in people with more business savvy to help expand and counter some losses to the Yakuza. Some of the old guard of the Family isn't crazy about this, but so long as Gianelli has the backing of the capa and his grandfather, there's not much they can do about it.
- Kat o' Nine Tales
- Except maybe betray Gianelli to the more conservative Finnigans.
- Hard Exit

THE TRIADS

BY LEI KUNG

Okay, Triads 101: Chinese ethnic criminal fraternities that grew out of secret underground political groups. They spread out along with Chinese immigrants, including to the Pacific Coast, where they were sometimes known as “tongs.” They’re organized into “lodges,” not entirely unlike Western Masons. Of the old-world syndicates, they embrace magic and mysticism the most, no surprise considering how they are steeped in mystical traditions, including a complex set of codes and initiation rituals administered by the Incense Master of a particular lodge.

- Triad Incense Masters ensure the loyalty oaths members take upon their initiations are magically binding. That means captured Triad soldiers *can't* talk, and anyone who breaks under interrogation dies screaming before he can reveal anything.
- Lyran

Vice is the Triads' primary business, especially drugs, chips, and human trafficking out of the “Golden Triangle” of Asia. That includes a big share of the world opium trade, along with a brisk business in “Kong chip” BTLs and sex slaves from Southeast Asia. Their side businesses include shaking down Chinese ethnic neighborhoods, smuggling magical goods and contraband, and murder-for-hire services.

THE YELLOW LOTUS

The Yellow Lotus Triad was originally a branch of the parent organization in Hong Kong, but the Red Dragon Association wiped them out, leaving the lodge in Seattle as the last of the Yellow Lotus. Lodgemaster Zheng Li Kwan has sworn to strengthen his lodge in Seattle and reach out to the remnants of the Triad in Asia, reorganized as the Ten Thousand Lions lodge. Kwan came to the metroplex in 2051 to take over the then-failing lodge and has made it the most powerful Triad in Seattle.

- Although he's not a kid any more, Zheng Li Kwan is still a formidable adept. In his younger days, he was an enforcer and assassin for the Yellow Lotus in Hong Kong with a vicious reputation.
- Riser

The Yellow Lotus' Incense Master is Su Chen, a Taoist wizard and Kwan's closest advisor. Su Chen's nocturnal habits (he's never seen after sunrise or before sunset, and schedules all Triad rituals for those times) have led to rumors that he is a vampire.

The Yellow Lotus controls Seattle's trade in “Kong chips” and smuggles in BTLs along with illegal immigrants who are pressed to work in sweatshops and factories in the Barrens, or sold to the sex trade, or even organleggers.

EIGHTY-EIGHTS

By far the most modern Triad in Seattle, the Eighty-Eights have severed any ties with lodges outside of North America. They hold to the traditional organization and some of the initiation rites, but have dropped traditional taboos against cyberware and other body-modifications and embrace technology as a way to better compete with the other syndicates. Membership is still heavily ethnic Chinese, however.

The head of the Eighty-Eights (he refuses to use the archaic term “lodgemaster”) is Rick Wu, who comes off more like a modern Yakuza *kobun* than a member of a mystical Chinese syndicate. Their Incense Master, Ruibai Dong, is a technomancer rather than a magician, and supports the direction of the organization.

The Triad has almost a franchise structure to it. The Eighty-Eights have ties with numerous Asian gangs in the metroplex, accepting part of their income as “tribute,” and providing guidance, coordination, and useful information in return. They have brokered peace agreements and turf-sharing deals that avoid gang wars and let both sides profit, and the Triad emphasizes subtlety over overt shows of force.

- Not that the Eighty-Eights aren't willing to use force when necessary. They have ties with the Tigers, the biggest Asian gang in Seattle, and are more than willing to put their street-soldiers on the front lines when a show of force is called for.
- Riser
- The Eighty-Eights have not left all of their ancient ties behind. Many Triad members belong to the Sai Fan, a secret Triad society open only to Han Chinese.
- Axis Mundi

THE OCTAGON

Seattle's smallest Triad, the Octagon has ties to the Red Dragon Association in Hong Kong, and started out as part of the Association's offensive against the Yellow Lotus. Unfortunately, the Octagon has not been as successful as their homeland counterparts, and have failed to eliminate their rivals in Seattle.

The Octagon's stronghold is in the Little Asia area of Tacoma, where they control weapons smuggling coming from China and other parts of the Pacific Rim. They also bring in drugs and other contraband via the Tacoma docks and secret smuggling drop-off points along the coast.

- A lot of those drugs aren't specifically recreational, but black market medicines, in demand with the various street docs and black clinics in the 'plex.
- Butch

David Gao, the Octagon lodgemaster, is a shell of his former self. The once-proud gang-leader is rarely seen in public and communicates primarily via the Matrix. Most of the business of the Triad falls to his Incense Master, Chen Kwan-Ti, who came to Seattle from mainland China in 2055.

- Which, as it happens, is when David Gao's decline really accelerated. It was originally thought that Kwan-Ti was sent by the Red Dragon Association to press for more action against the Yellow Lotus, but these days it's looking more like the Octagon's Incense Master is playing his own game.
- Kat o' Nine Tales
- A lot of people think Gao is sick; he's lost weight and developed a pallor, but even stranger rumors say he eats regularly at the Peaceable Kingdom in Tacoma at least a couple of times a month, but always in private with just a few bodyguards or trusted associates, but enough serving trays and dishes to feed twenty people.
- Khan-A-Saur

VORY V ZAKONE

BY HARD EXIT

The *Vory v Zakone*, “Thieves Who Follow the Code,” are the descendants of a Russian ethnic syndicate that has spread well beyond Mother Russia, picking up various Siberian, Steppe, and Eastern European influences along the way. In Seattle, they supplement that with some Inuit and Aleut elements, and brutal efficiency when it comes to doing business. The so-called “Tsar” of the Seattle Vory is Aleksander Bilotkiy, called “The Terminator,” a heavily cybered killer with ties to the Vory in Moscow.

The syndicate smuggles military hardware and illegal immigrants from Asia and Eastern Europe. Most of the weapons end up in the hands of gangs and shadowrunners, while most of the people wind up working in sweatshops or as prostitutes.

- The Vory often implant their human cargo with RFID tags so they can keep track of them like cattle.
- Butch

Their other major area of operation is the Matrix: Vory-sponsored hackers pull off everything from credit fraud and data theft to denial-of-service attacks for extortion purposes and various online scams and frauds. A lot of these operations are done in conjunction with gangs around the world, making them hard to track, much less prosecute.

- The latest thing for the Vory is investing their hard-earned illegal cred in legitimate enterprises in Seattle, especially in the entertainment business. “Retired” Vory Josif Radek and Sergei Malenkin own Hez Music, which promotes artists like CrimeTime, while Vory money gets invested in nightclubs and bars in Tacoma and Auburn.
- Khan-A-Saur
- Sergei Malenkin is reputed to have connections with Chimera, and a willingness to pass along information or even arrange introductions for the right price.
- Star Loner



SHADOWSEA QUICKLINK: CHIMERA

Chimera is a group of freelance assassins believed to be made up of former members of a Russian intelligence service. They began operating in the Pacific Northwest in 2054 and have been credited with more than a dozen high-profile assassinations including Lt. Col. Chris Van Roggen of the California National Guard, Mafia Capo James O'Malley, and United Oil Vice-President James Rinchik.

Chimera members are believed to be human, but extensively cyber-enhanced and trained. The organization provides logistical and sometimes magical support to overcome a target's defenses, and Chimera assassins use a variety of techniques, ranging from sniper attacks and explosives to poisons and carefully arranged “accidents” to eliminate their targets. They charge anywhere from half-a-million nuyen and up for an assignment, depending on the target and the job.

SEOULPA RINGS

BY HANNIBELLE

After the Schism between the Japanese Yakuza and their Korean middle-managers in Seattle, only a handful of Koreans survived. They took what resources they had and founded the Seoulpa Rings, small criminal organizations designed to attack the Yakuza and reclaim parts of the Seattle underworld from them. The Rings were organized in a cellular fashion, independent of each other, making them hard to track down and eliminate. They even became something of a “fad” in the Seattle underworld, attracting the disaffected criminal element rejected by the more traditionalist Mafia and Yakuza.

For years, the big syndicates battled it out, and the Seoulpa Rings grew, largely ignored, on the outskirts. They made some hits against the Yakuza, which were little more than bee stings, but they got their attention. When he broke away from the *Watada-rengo* in Japan, Hanzo Shotoumi actually tried to bring the Seoulpa Rings back into the Yakuza fold, but they responded by trying to assassinate the *oyabun*. So the Yakuza turned their full attention towards wiping out the Rings, and nearly succeeded.

Two Seoulpa Rings survive in Seattle as going concerns. The rest are little more than low-level gangs at best, exerting no influence outside of their immediate neighborhood. Even the remaining Choson and Kumun'go Rings have had to make concessions in order to survive.

THE CHOSON RING

The Choson Ring operates primarily online, running Matrix scams, info brokering, and online gambling operations. Their symbol is a yin-yang in red and yellow. The whole operation is mobile, working through various email dead drops and anonymous data havens. They sometimes make runs against Yakuza online accounts, selling the information to the highest bidder, or just emptying credit into offshore and hidden accounts.

The leader of the Choson Ring is Jong-Won Sung. His brother Kyu was the original founder and leader of the group, and both men survived the Schism, although Kyu was later killed by the *Shigedagumi*. Jong-Won has cultivated ties with several Korean Jo-pok gangs to provide much-needed support and a network for selling the Choson Ring's services and information.

- Those Jo-poks have also brought in new members, mostly Koreans smuggled into the metroplex, to expand the Choson Ring's numbers. Jong-Won Sung should watch his back, in case his new business partners decide to turn his organization into a foothold in Seattle, at which point they might no longer need him.
- Hard Exit

THE KOMUN'GO RING

Led by the half-Korean, half-Native Chulsoon Gray-Wolf, the Komun'go Ring managed to survive by partnering with the Dogmen, a Salish-Shidhe gang. The two gangs cooperate in smuggling across the NAN border in Snohomish and north Redmond, trafficking heavily in human cargo, primarily from the former Tsimshian territories, and sold into slavery in the metroplex. At least, the lucky ones are.

The unfortunates become part of the Ring's other main trade, which is organlegging. They harvest biological material primarily from the Barrens, and make some credit on the side “recycling” used



cyberware they salvage from their “harvests.” Rather than compete with the Tamanous, the Komun’go Ring has sought to cooperate with them, providing live specimens and unusable excess parts.

- Remember that when you get cut-rate cyber from some street doc: You never know where it’s been—or who it’s already been in.
- Butch
- In a new wrinkle on their human trafficking, the Komun’go Ring has also been fronting their “Stand Over Men” operation, kidnapping criminals (especially the Yakuza), slumlords, and whomever and torturing them to find out passwords, names, locations of valuables, and other information they use to go and get stuff themselves, or turn around and sell to interested parties. They’re quite good at it and have a real future as professional inquisitors.
- Riser
- The Dogmen are a perfect match for the Komun’go Ring: ex-Haida nationals from Tsimshian who hate the Japanese as much or more than the Seoulpa Rings after what Mitsuhamas did to their country.
- Mika

LAÉSA

POSTED BY: TARLAN

The so-called “elven mafia,” Laésa—which means “the forgotten” in Sperethiel—got its start among the elven exiles from Tir Tairngire in the Tarislar neighborhood of Puyallup. The syndicate’s core was the Rinelle ke’Tesrae, the rebel organization looking to oust the Council of Princes. The criminal contacts they built in Tarislar absorbed some local elven gangs like the Princes of the Blood, forming a secret organization devoted to funneling information, resources, and contraband into Tir Tairngire, extracting the same, and bringing it to Seattle.

After the overthrow of the Council, rather than dissolving, Laésa found more opportunities than ever as elven refugees and exiles poured into the metroplex, many looking to get back into the country, or smuggle property or loved ones out. The more porous borders of Tir Tairngire offered new smuggling opportunities, and some ex-patriots in Seattle were willing to pay handsomely for a little taste of home, whatever that might mean for them.

- It can mean anything from bottles of elven liquor like taéngelé to family heirlooms, magical goods, elven pornography (sorry, “erotica”), or whatever else they want. As long as the money’s there, the Laésa provide.
- Kat o’ Nine tales

Laésasa (the term for individual members of the syndicate) all speak Sperethiel and use it as a code language. Many are trained in the elven martial art of carromeleg and they’re also well supplied with weapons for their own defense. They have a reputation as protectors in Tarislar, so the locals are reluctant to provide any information to outsiders, allowing the laésasa to disappear into the community at will.

- That’s by no means a universal opinion, however. Some in Tarislar consider the Laésa a pox on the community and want them gone, but they don’t have the resources to do anything about it, and anyone informing to Knight Errant gets under an example of, so people learn to keep their mouths shut.
- Glitch

- The Laésa have been experimenting with elven drugs and herbal extracts lately, especially their namesake drug laés. They’ve already turned out leäl, a popular new date-rape drug that erases the victim’s memory of the last hour, knocking them out for about ten minutes (which is about nine minutes longer than most of these losers need). Their latest is something called “fairy dust,” that gives a euphoric high with some entertaining hallucinations and is being compared to a “lighter” version of tempo, without some of the nastier side-effects, at least thus far.
- Nephrine

SEATTLE GANGS

POSTED BY: RISER

I guess Jack liked “my” treatment of Seattle’s gang-life in the **Runner Havens** compilation so much that he asked me to revisit the subject for this one. Of course, I didn’t write the stuff I posted last time, so I had to put a little more effort into this one. Hope you appreciate it. If I got it wrong, correct it (but be ready to back it up). If you don’t like it, go out and get the info on your own, but don’t blame me if you find some of the metroplex’s gangs less than forthcoming.

TOP TIER

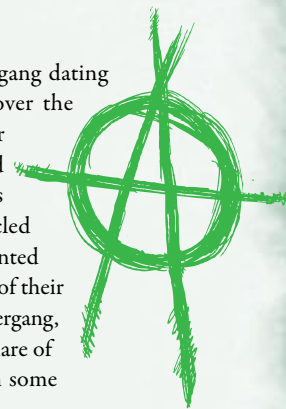
At the very top of the gang heap are the street equivalent of the multinational corporations: gangs big and influential enough to have separate chapters or divisions in different cities and countries. Two of these top-tier gangs operate in Seattle: the Ancients and the Cutters.

THE ANCIENTS

Turf: All over Seattle

Colors: Green

The Ancients are an elves-only go-gang dating back to the 2030s, with chapters all over the world, but the Seattle gang is famous (or infamous) as home to malcontents and exiles from Tir Tairngire. The members wear a modified anarchy symbol—a circled “A”—in blood-red or acid-green, often painted on the backs of their jackets and the sides of their bikes. Although the Ancients aren’t a wizzergang, they’re known to have more than their share of spell-slingers, meaning they can take on some heavy ordinance when they need to.



The gang practically controls the smuggling routes between Salem, Portland, and Seattle, and they run protection scams all over their turf, sometimes bringing them up against rival gangs or syndicates. The leaders of the Ancients are a woman called Sting and a guy called Green Lucifer, who is known to be a Tir exile. They’ve run the show for nearly two decades now, which should give you an idea of just how ruthless they are.

- The Ancients have a lot of influence in Puyallup and Tarislar, but they don’t work unopposed there. The Laésa barely tolerate the gangers, and vice versa while some of the community organizers and neighborhood groups in Tarislar struggle to be rid of both organizations.
- Tarlan
- A third factor in the Laésa/Ancients conflict is the number of new Tir expatriots in and around Seattle. Rumor has it a lot of them are looking to turn either group into the center of a new power base, or use their connections to the



GANG NAME	COLORS	TURF	SIZE	NOTES
162s	Brown/Blood Red	Redmond	S	Ghoul gang, work for Tamanous
405 Hellhounds	Red/Orange	Bellevue	M	Go-gang
Ancients	Green	Seattle	L	Elven go-gang
Blood Brothers	Black/Purple	Auburn	S	Black ethnic gang
Blood Mountain Boys	Brown/Red	Renton	M	Urban primitive gang
Cereal Killers	Black/Blue	Seattle grid	S	Matrix gang
Chulos	Brown	Carbando, Puyallup	M	Latino ethnic gang
Crimson Crush	Red	Redmond	M	Ork gang
Cutters	Gold/Green	Seattle	L	Business-oriented gang
Desolation Angels	Black/Green	Seattle	S	Female gang
Disassemblers	Gray/White	Downtown, Tacoma	M	Organleggers
First Nations	Blue	Everett, Council Island	M	AmerIndian ethnic gang
Halloweeners	Black/Orange	Downtown	M	Thrill gang
Leather Devils	Red/Black	Bellevue	S	Gay go-gang
Night Hunters	Black/Silver	Renton	S	Racist human thrill gang
Ragers	Black/Gray	Tacoma	S	Metahuman gang
Reality Hackers	Chrome/Gold	Puyallup	M	Matrix gang
Rusted Stiletto	Black/Rust	Redmond	S	Mutant gang
Scatterbrains	Orange	Everett	S	Prankster gang
Skraacha	Brown/Gray	Ork Underground	M	Ork gang
Specters	Silver/Green	Astral	S	Wizzer gang
Spikes	Brown/Gold	Tacoma	M	Troll biker gang
Troll Killers	Green/Red	Downtown	S	Racist human gang

hometown to get assets and people in or out of Tir Tairngire. Thus far, both the syndicate and the gang have agreed that the former fat cats who exiled a lot of them in the first place are going to pay dearly for the privilege of their assistance.

- Traveler Jones

THE CUTTERS

Turf: All over Seattle

Colors: Green and Gold

The Cutters managed to stage a comeback from nearly getting wiped out as one of Seattle's top gangs almost twenty years ago. Exactly what happened isn't clear, and the present-day members don't like to talk about it (plus most of them weren't even members at the time). The gang's businesslike structure allowed them to rebuild and recruit new members, some of whom worked to climb the ladder to positions of leadership. The Cutters are primarily involved in smuggling, protection rackets, and "freelance security work," which usually means acting as hired muscle.

The Seattle Cutters went through a turnover again recently when the gang's current leader, Ivan "the Terrible" Janovich came to power. Ivan has the Cutters working closely with the Seattle Vory lately, which is unusual since it's pretty clear the Vory had the gang's previous leader, Vladimir, killed. This suggests that Vladimir wasn't willing to play ball, but Ivan is. It will be interesting to see how the other chapters of the gang react to the Vory's apparent attempt to co-opt the chapter in Seattle.

- Not just Seattle. The Vory are also "working closely" with the Cutters in coastal California, especially what's left of the LA chapter. I'd say we're seeing the start of a takeover/merger to gain the Vory a stronger foothold in North America they can use to infiltrate Mafia strongholds on the East Coast.
- Mika

SECOND TIER

The second-tier gangs are limited to the metroplex, but still big enough to rival some of the top-tier gangs in local numbers and influence. They often work for the various syndicates, but they're too big to get taken over by them unless the gang goes along with it. Otherwise it means a costly gang war, something the syndicates try to avoid unless a serious offense is committed that would be worse to leave unanswered.

405 HELLHOUNDS

Turf: Bellevue, Route 405

Colors: Red and Orange

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



THE BLOOD MOUNTAIN BOYS

Turf: Renton, Intercity 169

Colors: Brown and Red

The Blood Mountain Boys are "old school" in more ways than one. They go for the urban-primitive style, complete with leathers, permanent "warpaint" and tribal tattoos, scarification, and all that. They pretty much control the BTL trade in the area but there's a gang taboo about actually using them: too high-tech for the Boys' tastes. They go for old-fashioned brain-benders like drugs and alcohol, which they smuggle into the district. They run errands for the Mafia, Yakuza, Ghost Cartels, or whoever else will pay them.

- The Blood Mountain Boys are also on Knight Errant's hit list. Lone Star was too scared to shut down some of the gang's blowout parties lasting for days, but the Knights want to make an example of them. In terms of PR they couldn't have picked a better gang to go after if they had called central casting.
- Star Loner
- In spite of the urban-tribal look, the Boys aren't overflowing with magical power. They sometimes have a shaman who's half whacked-out on something, but rival gangs and even nervous gang leaders tend to kill them off before they become more trouble than they're worth.
- Lyrar

CHULOS

Turf: Carbanado, Puyallup

Colors: Brown

The Chulos ("pimps" in Spanish) are imports from CalFree, even more so these days, as parts of the gang have migrated from California to greener pastures in Seattle. They're a Latino gang; but they don't care much about race so long as you're Latin, and they aren't even too picky on that score. Pretty much anybody from their main 'hood of Carbonado qualifies, which means there's a fair number of orks in the gang. They're big into smuggling along the CalFree/Seattle routes, especially CalHot chips and BTLs, but also getting people and goods out of CalFree, or moving needed supplies to places like the LA Basin.

- The Chulos also do a brisk trade in illegal drugs from the Ghost Cartels down in South America and, true to their name, run at least one whorehouse in Carbonado.
- Kat o' Nine Tales

CRIMSON CRUSH

Turf: Redmond, east of Touristville

Colors: Red

The Crimson Crush started out as one of the many metahuman gangs that formed in the wake of the Night of Rage, both to keep strangers out of their neighborhoods and to punish any humans stupid enough to come sniffing around. The all-ork gang has since taken on some of the qualities of the Yakuza in their relationship with the neighborhood, becoming the closest thing the locals have to law enforcement and a "neighborhood watch" group. The Crush takes care of its own, like after the Crash, when they cracked skulls to keep order and distributed food, water, and medicine to people in need (some of which they "liberated" from warehouses and convoys). They take "tribute" from the local businesses, but at least provide some actual security in exchange for it, and deal chips in nearby Touristville, mainly to out-of-towners.

Members of the Crimson Crush still mistrust humans in general, and any signs of Humanis activity are like a red flag to them (no pun intended); they go after it like a raging bull.

DISASSEMBLERS

Turf: Downtown, South Seattle

Colors: White and Gray

A bunch of body-snatchers and small-time organleggers banded together some years ago to form the core of the Disassemblers, which has grown into a successful small-time enterprise acquiring and selling body parts to various customers, primarily Tamanous. So successful, in fact, the gang's membership is on the rise and their ties with the organleggers are tightening, to



the point where the Disassemblers work for the ghouls pretty much full-time.

You can pick members out by their fondness for white skull facial tattoos and similar macabre imagery. They “harvest” bodies from among the homeless, the losers in gang wars, and anyone they’re paid to get rid of, giving the customer a discount if they get to make the body disappear into one of their chop-shops. Any meat they can’t sell to the street docs and black clinics their ghoul bosses take home in a doggie bag.

- There’s a story going around lately about increasingly, well, ghoulish behavior on the part of the Disassemblers, particularly gang initiations where the newbies are expected to eat raw meat they’re told is metahuman flesh. Some think it’s just a morbid practical joke suited to the Disassemblers’ twisted sense of humor, but I wouldn’t put it past them for it to be for real.
- Hard Exit
- That’s a disturbing possibility, since cannibalistic behavior on the part of metahumans may indicate something worse behind the Disassemblers than Tamaonus, or something worse involved with Tamaonus itself.
- Ethernaut
- Wendigo?
- Lyran
- Could be.
- Ethernaut

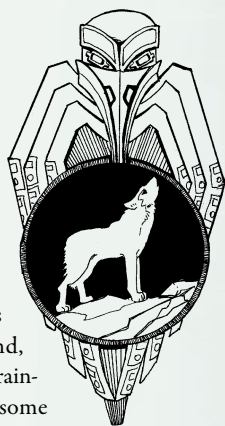
FIRST NATIONS

Turf: Everett and Council Island

Colors: Blue

An all Native American gang (although their standards aren’t much more stringent than NAN immigration), the First Nations used to control turf on the docks north of the Arcology. These days they focus on Everett and Council Island, where they pretty much control the illegal brain-bender trade (drugs and chips) and run some protection scams. Led by a Salish elf named Blood-of-the-Buffalo, the gang is big on being more fiercely Native than anyone, and plenty of the members born well after the Ghost Dance War ended talk wistfully about how they wish they’d had a chance to take back land from the white-eyes. Like you might expect, they’ve got some shamanic and adept muscle to back up those ambitions.

- That includes Blood-of-the-Buffalo, who is a shaman, and a pretty skilled one, at that.
- Lyran
- The First Nations are the front line of the Pueblo Koshari, who are looking for a foothold in the metroplex. They’ve got a grudge against the Yakuza, their former patrons, the prevailing feeling being that the Yaks never appreciated them. Break-ups can be so harsh sometimes...
- Mika



HALLOWEENERS

Turf: Downtown

Colors: Black and Orange

The Halloweeners are a gang that scares even some gangs, especially lately, when their fascination with macabre, over-the-top Halloween imagery seems to have gone to some pretty nasty places. The current leader of the gang is a mysterious figure called Nightmare, dressed up like a slasher out of some hundred-year-old horror flick, complete with glow-in-the-dark plastic skull mask and black leathers covered with straps and buckles and an orange bandana tied around each arm. The look has caught on with the gang, which apes it, often with different masks ranging from hockey masks to cheap rubber Halloween masks. The gang makes its living with a mixture of dealing, arson, petty theft, and violence-for-hire.



- Whatever Nightmare is—and nobody can even tell if that is male or female—it’s bad news. Stories of supernatural powers from a flaming aura to sucking the life out of victims or literally scaring them to death abound. The only thing I can say for certain about it is a source I trust has looked at Nightmare’s aura and it is tightly masked. That’s no mean feat considering my source’s abilities, and means Nightmare is hiding something and probably knows full well what it is doing.
- Ethernaut

SKRAACHA

Turf: Ork Underground

Colors: Brown and Gray

The Skraacha formed out of bands of orks in the Underground who got together during and after the Crash to protect their home turf, based on the entirely accurate idea that nobody else was going to do it for them. They got organized after things started to settle down and began patrolling the Underground, a kind of neighborhood watch/vigilante group. They’re a fierce source of ork pride in the Underground and have turned out to be a good outlet for angry young orks looking to bust some heads, giving them discipline and focus. They turn out to support metahuman rights rallies and demonstrations, keep vigils at the Crying Wall, and sometimes go looking for fights with Humanis sympathizers and groups.

- Skraacha means “scorchers” in Or’zet. The members treat it as a warrior badge-of-honor thing.
- Butch
- The Skraacha aren’t guardian angels, either. They are up to their tusks in arms smuggling and making money off smuggling goods into other parts of the ‘plex, and not above burglaries and muggings of anyone they consider a “Humanis sympathizer” or an “enemy of the ork people.”
- Hard Exit

THE SPIKES

Turf: Tacoma, I-5 south of Downtown

Colors: Brown and Gold

The second largest go-gang in Seattle, the Spikes fought an ongoing war with the Ancients for the top spot for years, so long that their tag was an elf’s severed head with a spike through it. Their leader, a psychotic troll who called himself Lord Torgo, hated elves obsessively. But times and things change; Torgo died in prison last year, and the

Spikes have tired of endlessly losing to the Ancients. They haven't so much made peace as decided to focus on other things, including making some cred to take care of those fancy bikes and to party when they're not bashing heads in (although with the Spikes that's often the same thing). Where the Ancients are fiercely independent and arrogant as only elves can be, the Spikes are eager to work for any syndicate in Seattle that wants them and is willing to pay.

- A lot of this change of heart belongs to the gang's new leader, a minotaur with indigo dye-job fur (I shit you not) who goes by "BTO." Compared to Torgo's psycho-rages, he's the soul of calm and reason, and focused on making the gang some money, although he's got no objection to busting skulls when the situation calls for it.
- Star Loner
- Haha ... I heard from somebody that "BTO" stands for "Babe the Ox." Wizard, if it's true.
- Glitch

THIRD-TIER

Okay, so this section is nowhere near all of the other gangs in Seattle that don't make it into the first- or second-tiers. There are literally hundreds of them, from a half-dozen guys who claim a particular corner of the Barrens to groups more like shadowrunners, Seoulpa Rings, or fronts for the major syndicates. What the gangs at this level have in common is they are all small-fry, limited in membership, influence, or both, and pushed around by the bigger forces in the shadows.

BLOOD BROTHERS

Turf: Auburn

Colors: Purple and Black

Like the Chulos, the Blood Brothers are a gang organized along ethnic rather than metatype lines: its members are of African descent. They run prostitution, BTL-dealing, and small-scale gambling operations, mostly in Auburn. The Blood Brothers like to dress and travel in style, and they pick up some extra pocket money hiring out as bodyguards and high-class muscle. But don't let the stylish suits and sunglasses fool you, these guys are hard-core gangers capable of dishing out the violence just as much as the neo-tribal and urban primitive types.

In spite of the name, the Blood Brothers include women as members, and are in fact led by a woman, an ork named Malvinia. She's never seen without a couple of sharply dressed bodyguards, and has a reputation for practicing Voudoun, although whether it's true or just part of the mystique she cultivates, I don't know.

- If it is true, then Malvinia is more than just a dabbler; her aura looks like that of a mundane. She's either a fake or has some skill at masking her true nature.
- Lyran

LEATHER DEVILS

Turf: Bellevue I-90

Colors: Black and Red

I hear these guys (*all* guys, no women allowed) are truly "hell bent for leather," with all that implies. They go in for serious biker- and leather-fetish wear, but they are not just poseurs. The Leather Devils are a serious thriller gang (if that's not a contradiction in



terms). They spend a lot of time terrorizing the I-90 around their turf late at night, tangling with the 405 Hellhounds, and doing things like rolling unwary motorists, carjacking, and dealing at some of the more hard-core clubs in and around Bellevue. They also control a big share of the male prostitution and hardcore porn business that still goes on "on the side," also giving them some blackmail material for later use.

- Really? There are still closet-cases and guys cheating on their wives with men?
- Khan-A-Saur
- Better believe it. Queer rights aren't universal by any means, and lots of people live double lives, especially if they are somewhere in the middle of the sexual spectrum, able to "pass" and live "a normal life" apart from the occasional desire to step over to the other side. Still, all it takes are some pics or vid in the hands of guys like the Leather Devils to ruin somebody's life.
- Kat o' Nine Tales

NIGHT HUNTERS

Turf: Renton

Colors: Silver and Black

These freaks are less of a gang and more of a ... I'm not sure what to call them, a movement? A new species? They're basically scattered groups of urban savages, heavily-cybered, but less entitled to the term "human" because of their hardcore racism. The Night Hunters hate metahumans and are known to stalk them in packs, tearing them apart with cybernetic hands, razor-claws, and wicked arm-blades. They make cred to feed their never-ending cyber-modification habit hiring out as muscle, peddling BTLs and enhancement drugs, and selling the possessions—and often the remains—of their victims.

Their tag is a silver taloned hand slashing across a full moon, which they often wear as biolum, a digital tattoo, or even AR tag.

- The Night Hunters are the twisted side of transhumanism: modification to become less evolved, seeking the "purity" of becoming like pack animals, little more than beasts. Some Hunters even get vocal- and ear-modifications allowing them to "sing" in the hypersonic range (although howl is more like it). They use it to communicate with their packmates without most of their victims being able to hear them.
- Plan 9

RAGERS

Turf: Tacoma docks

Colors: Black and Gray

Named for the Night of Rage, this gang is made up mostly of orks, along with a few trolls, dwarfs, and "unseelie" changelings. They're clannish and out for revenge for an incident that happened before most of them were even born. They claim to look out for the metahumans of Tacoma, but the truth is they are more concerned about holding on to the smuggling and protection business along the docks. It's one of the reasons that, after years of fighting with the Mafia, the Ragers finally realized it was smarter to work with the mostly human Families than have them as enemies. The Vory have made overtures to the Ragers lately, and it's no secret they'd like to control more of the dockside business.

- The Vory have been playing on Evo's reputation and portraying themselves as more "metahuman friendly" than their Mafia rivals. It remains to be seen if the Ragers buy the act.
- Mika

RUSTED STILETTOS

Turf: Glow City, Redmond

Colors: Black and Rust Red

The Stilettoes are slowly dying out, just like the Glow City area of Redmond they claim as their turf. They're mostly orks and trolls, along with a few dwarfs and hardy humans, and nearly all of them show the long-term signs of living in the Glow, including some serious dementia. Of course it doesn't help that the Stilettoes make their money dealing in brain-benders and are more than willing to sample their wares. They're barely tolerated on the fringes of their own territory, but nobody is stupid enough to bait them on their turf, where they're likely to flay you alive, dress up in your skin, and rape your corpse (hopefully in that order).

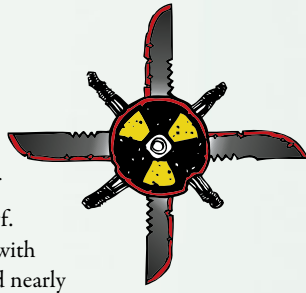
- Although the Rusted Stilettoes' numbers are down, the gang is, sadly, one of the better options for the semi-able-bodied of Glow City. After all, so many of them are terminal, with a few years to live and nothing to lose. Small wonder most of them are completely out of their minds.
- Nepheline

TROLL KILLERS

Turf: Downtown, near Lake Washington

Colors: Red and Green

Like you'd expect from the name, the Troll Killers are pissed-off humans whose idea of a good time is collecting ork tusks and troll horns to wear as trophies and prove how manly they are. They started out as the spawn of Humanis supporters and sympathizers in Seattle and became something of a rite of passage; some members of the gang are the second- and even third-generation. Unfortunately for the TKs, their chosen prey got organized and fought back, and



the gang took some serious hits from opposition like the Ragers and even the Skraacha, forcing them to pull back around their Lake Washington turf.

- Not anymore, Riser. Somebody has been arming and even training the Troll Killers lately and turning them into vigilante bands. A lot of the ordinance is stuff that went "missing" during the metroplex security transition, meaning it technically belonged to Lone Star, but I suspect the connection is more with the Brackhaven administration with Lone Star as the fall guys. The TKs might even just be stalking horses: get the metas riled-up enough to fight back, then you can call it a riot and have Knight Errant come down on them hard like an orbit shot and say you're just "maintaining law and order."
- Star Loner

SPECIALTY GANGS

Sometimes, you've just got to have a gimmick, and these gangs definitely do. Instead of the usual staples of street crime—smuggling, dealing, extortion—these gangs either have a particular area of interest or a focus outside of just making some money and protecting their turf. Not that they're any less dangerous than your run-of-the-mill gangers, just the opposite actually. In my experience, the only thing that makes people more dangerous than desperation is a so-called "higher purpose."

THE 162s

Turf: Redmond

Colors: Blood Red and Brown

Like Redmond doesn't have enough problems, along come the 162s, a gang of ghoulish errand boys working for Tamalous, the international organlegging ring. The ghouls basically hunt in packs in the Barrens, picking off loners or small groups. They hand the healthy-looking victims over to the chop shops to become spare-parts and eat



the rest, along with whatever scraps Tamanous doesn't use. Fortunately, they only hunt at night and prefer to go after the weakest members of the herd; make a real show of force and they tend to run.

- The gang's name comes from Special Order 162, an ill-fated piece of UCAS legislation intended to protect the ghouls of Cabrini Green in Chicago. Their tag is "162" in red, often over three diagonal black lines to represent talon slashes.
- Hannibelle

THE CEREAL KILLERS

Turf: Seattle grid

Colors: Black and Electric Blue

There was a time when a gang of computer geeks would be pretty funny, but there are no laughs where the Cereal Killers are concerned. They're one of a new generation of "virtual gangs," operating entirely in the Matrix, where they commit acts of vandalism and "identity assassination" involving essentially erasing someone's virtual existence, or just messing it up with false credit reports, arrest warrants, or embarrassing pictures or videos. They make some cred off of blackmail and extortion, along with good old-fashioned identity theft and balance transfers.

- The Cereal Killers fit their name in that they are disassociated sociopaths, vicious in a way that online anonymity allows and even encourages. To some degree, it's all just a game to them, and the lives they ruin are no more real than the bits and bytes they move around.
- Nephrine

THE DESOLATION ANGELS

Turf: All over Seattle

Colors: Green and Black

Less of a gang and more of an underground secret society, the Desolation Angels are women (and only women) who hunt and kill insect spirits and anyone working with or "contaminated" by them. They supposedly started out as a survivalist group in the Chicago Containment Zone, but spread beyond it after the Zone was opened (or even before then, according to some stories). They engage in some smuggling, gunrunning, and even prostitution to fund their bug-hunting habit. Unlike most gangs, the Angels prefer to keep a low profile, and there aren't many of them operating in a particular area.

- I've heard of a similar gang or movement based in Puyallup, the members call themselves "Spyders" and have a similar survivalist bug-hunting mentality. A lot of them were victims of insect spirits in some way: lost family or loved ones, attacked and nearly killed or possessed, and so forth. They're almost universally wild-eyed crazy and paranoid when it comes to dealing with "the insect menace."
- Lyran
- The Angels are different, and they do operate in Seattle. They're total pros, cold as ice. I'd say any of them would kill with no more emotion than a person swatting a fly.
- Kat o' Nine Tales
- That's because the rumors are true: the Desolation Angels are women possessed by mantid spirits, which hunt insect spirits for sustenance and the ability to breed more of their kind. Unfortunately, the only evidence of their existence is found in visions from the deep astral, since slain mantids leave nothing but a human corpse.
- Axis Mundi
- How convenient.
- Snopes

THE REALITY HACKERS

Turf: Puyallup

Colors: Chrome and Gold

The Reality Hackers started out as a gang of mostly runaway corp kids and Barrens techno-geeks. Their ability to infiltrate and overcome electronic security earned them some cred and the attention of the Yakuza, who groomed them and outfitted them with more sophisticated gear. Then came the Purge, and the Reality Hackers were hung out to dry, sent on a suicide run that nearly wiped out the gang. In the generation since, the Hackers rebuilt, taking shots at the Yakuza every chance they got. They not only weathered the Crash, but prospered in the wireless Matrix environment, on the cutting edge as always. Their combination of physical security and hacking skills make them a valuable commodity.

The Reality Hackers go in for heavy cyber-modification (as much as they can afford): sleek cyberlimbs, datajacks and comm-implants, often full-body dye jobs, exotic cybereyes, and neo-lux tattoos.

- After years of going it alone, the Reality Hackers have forged a mutual alliance with the Choson Ring, based on mutual survival and their shared hatred of the Yakuza. They have also become a haven for runaway Japanacorp kids and others with reason to hate the Yaks.
- Mihoshi Oni

SCATTERBRAINS

Turf: Everett dockyards

Colors: Orange

Even though the Scatterbrains have some of the qualities of a third-tier criminal gang, including making some cred in protection rackets and smuggling, they're really a gang with a gimmick, and a totally crazy one at that. The gang members go in for clown- and circus-style getups and playing elaborate "pranks" ranging from making all of a local mall's AR iconography pornographic to hitting random pedestrians with "cream pies" or seltzer water laced with psychoactive drugs. All of it seems to satisfy the twisted sense of humor of Giggles, the gang's psychotic troll ringleader.

Thus far, the First Nations and the Scatterbrains seems to have largely stayed out of each other's way, but there's no predicting what the 'Brains will do on any given night, so I wouldn't count on that situation lasting.

- The fascinating and maddening thing about the Scatterbrains is it is a concept most predicted would last a year or two at most before the gang self-destructed or annoyed the wrong parties and got wiped out, and yet here it is, a decade or more later, and they're still around!
- Star Loner
- I wondered about that, myself, so I did some research. Scatterbrains leader Giggles is attributed quite the cult of personality, and seems to have sprung out of nowhere. It's also noteworthy that he has been described as possessing extraordinary strength and resilience, even for a troll. I suspect "cult" might be just the right term when describing the Scatterbrains, a troll under the influence of a pact or possession by a playful spirit. More definitive proof would require getting closer to Giggles than my curiosity is worth, however, so I'll leave it to others to prove or disprove my theory.
- Axis Mundi

THE SPECTERS

Turf: Seattle astral space

Colors: Silver and Green

Most wizzergangs tend to be of the “flash and bang” variety, where a bunch of wiz-kids learn how to throw some fireballs or lightning bolts and get high off the mayhem of just blowin’ shit up, at least until the cops catch up with them, or their own egos set off a power struggle that finishes off the gang in a spectacular fireworks display. The Specters are apparently smarter, and more low key, than that. They focus most of their activity on the astral plane, operating primarily in spirit form, with their physical bodies safely stowed somewhere else. This lets them engage in astral surveillance (for later blackmail or sale of the information), carrying messages, some astral vandalism or “haunting” (and the associated extortion for them to stop), and even some magical security or bodyguarding.

- That the Specters are primarily active in Seattle suggests they live there physically as well, and therefore know the metroplex’s etheric ideography well, but their flesh-forms could be virtually anywhere, and the Specters take measures to ensure they are not followed there, usually having bound spirits able to run interference while they evade any astral pursuit.
- Ethernaut

THE SEATTLE SHADOWS

POSTED BY: FASTJACK

I decided to cover this topic myself, since I’ve been working in the Seattle shadows for ... well, never you mind for how long, but chances are it’s longer than most of you kids have been alive. The fact that I’m still here while so many of the people I worked with are not says that I’m either lucky, know what I’m doing, or both. So let me tell you how things work in Seattle’s shadow-biz. Pay attention and you might even manage to live long enough to pass on some of what *you* know.

I can’t say shadowrunning started in Seattle—nobody’s certain about that—but the metroplex was certainly one of the first places to embrace the idea, one of the first where you’d hear and see the term “shadowrunner,” which I’m fairly sure some journalist came up with. It’s hard to say exactly what combination of circumstances led to Seattle’s status as a runner haven, but it was probably equal parts of the metroplex’s isolation, the high displaced, SINless population, the rapidly growing corporation presence, and the kind of Wild West “frontier” mentality that dominated the area following the Ghost Dance War.

It took some time to shake out a lot of the wrinkles early on. Initially, I think what appealed to would-be Mr. Johnsons the most was the anonymity and *disposability* of shadowrunners. Some of that still applies today, but back then it was an almost virtual certainty that an employer would look to tie up loose ends by making sure the job was done and the ‘runners didn’t walk away from the meet alive. We learned the hard way to take precautions, set up failsafes and “insurance” and generally make it too expensive a proposition to kill off runners, when you could be *cultivating* them instead.

- Of course, this still happens all the time with newbies. Employers find hungry young ‘runners, hire them for a job, and then gun them down at the meet where they expect to get paid. The lessons Jack talks about have to get learned over and over. The ones who manage it survive and get to the level where Johnsons know better than to pull shit like that. It’s natural selection in the shadows.
- Riser

- Some corps also realized that it was often easier to cut off the evidence trail up a rung, at the Johnson rather than the runners. After all, a go-between is often nothing but an expendable corporate drone, and Johnsons usually have enemies and rivals within their corp. So sometimes the reasoning is that the runners are a more valuable resource, while the company can always find another go-between.
- Hard Exit

By the 2040s, shadowrunning was just an accepted part of “doing business” in Seattle (and a lot of other parts of the world). The megacorps and the government depend too heavily on deniable shadow-assets to get things done, and the huge SINless population and underworld economy depend too heavily on the credit shadowrunning brings in and moves through the secret spaces between the “legitimate” parts of society. You have runners with long histories and solid reputations, hotshot newcomers climbing the ladder to the top, and, like always, clueness newbs getting themselves killed.

Seattle has taken on a kind of special mystique, from “lawless frontier” to “corporate enclave” and “city of sin” to become what some magician associates of mine call a “liminal place,” existing on the edge, in-between worlds: Anglo and Native, modern and tribal, magic and machine, corporate and criminal, West and East, grime and glitter, and so much more. No wonder it has been like a beacon for every wannabe who has ever considered him- or herself an outcast, heard stories about the Seattle streets, and wanted to make it big here.

Seattle, you’re my kinda town.

PROTOCOLS

I know a lot of people who stepped into the shadows because they didn’t want to follow the rules of “civilized” society. What most of them came to realize, one way or another, is that the shadows have their own rules. People are creatures of habit, and habits turn into traditions and protocols, and the shadows are no different. Like most rules, you need to learn them before you can know when to bend—or break—them.

FIXERS

If you want to work the shadows of Seattle, get yourself a fixer. If you think you can cut out the middleman and keep the finder’s fee for yourself when you’re negotiating the deal with Mr. Johnson, you’re right, but not having a fixer hurts you in the long run more than that extra nuyen helps you in the short run. Fixers have reputations of their own, and finding work in the shadows, and people to do that work, is what they do. A lot of Mr. Johnsons cultivate relationships with fixers and won’t even talk to some anonymous runner off the streets, assuming you even hear about the job in the first place, which is unlikely, because the quality employers value most in a fixer is discretion.

- Speaking of which, a good fixer generally fields job offers, arranges introductions, and then steps out of the way. The fixer takes a cut, usually a finder’s-fee from the Johnson, but may ask for a portion of the take (you work out your own terms). Most fixers prefer not to be involved beyond setting up the meeting, since the less they know about their clients’ business, the better it is for them. Watch out for “armchair shadowrunners” who think they are in charge of where your team goes and how it carries out jobs, they’re more trouble than they’re worth. If you happen to have a rare fixer who is also a good field operative, that’s great, but be careful you don’t lose your middleman on a run and suddenly find yourself adrift.
- Mika

- That's a good point: if you can, cultivate relationships with a few fixers. It's better to turn down work than to find out one day your regular fixer bought it or disappeared and have to scramble to rebuild everything you just lost.
- Glitch

Fixers also help you in ways other than just finding work. A good fixer can set you up with connections to acquire equipment, hard-to-find supplies (like optronic tools or magical stuff), recommend street docs, talismongers, and magicians, along with hackers and info-brokers, if the fixer can't find something out for you directly. Choose your fixer like you would choose a teammate or business partner, someone you can work with, although it doesn't have to be somebody you like. That helps, but business is business.

If you can't find a fixer who suits you and is interested in new clients, the next best thing is to hook up with a syndicate willing to hire freelancers and maybe throw some additional work your way. The Mafia, Yakuza, and Vory usually have jobs that need doing, just don't get too close, or before you know it, they expect you to become part of the family, and once you're in, it's not so easy to get out. You're better off using the initial contact to set you up with a regular fixer; a recommendation from a crime family can go a long way there.

MEET MR. JOHNSON

Different people hire shadowrunners for different reasons, and there are almost as many Mr. Johnsons as there are jobs. Most of the ones you'll meet are the slick corporate pros. They're the ones who arrange to meet some place discreet and prefer to cut to the chase, negotiate the terms, and part company as soon as possible. Sometimes you'll never even see the Johnson, just a package of instructions passed along by your fixer with information on the target, the specifications of the job, and codes to check the escrow account and make sure the promised payment is there.

- Even when you do meet your Mr. Johnson face-to-face, don't assume you've got it all figured out. Professional Johnsons hide their true natures along with their true feelings for a living. Just because he's Japanese, for example, or wears Mitsuhamas colors in his shirt-and-tie combo doesn't mean he's on MCT's payroll. Odds are if you notice anything that points to your Johnson's true allegiances, it's exactly what you are *supposed* to see. The answer remains the same: do your legwork, check things out, trust your gut, and keep your mouth shut.
- Hard Exit

The amateur Mr. Johnsons are the ones who tend to meet in places that either come from the plot of the latest shadow-trid or seem like "shadowrunner hangouts" to them. They think they're being cautious when in fact they're often broadcasting their intentions so loudly that it's a good idea to make sure your new employer doesn't get rolled on the way out, especially if you want to get paid (assuming you take the job). Some runners won't work for amateur Johnsons or anyone who gives them a bad vibe, others try to take advantage of inexperienced employers; keep in mind what you do reflects on your fixer. If he arranged the meeting, and you need to say no to the job, do it with class. If you see the chance to make some extra cred, balance it against what is going to get back to your fixer when it's all said and done.

If you're going to actually meet your Mr. Johnson in person before a run, remember you don't get a second chance to make a first impression. Shadowrunners aren't the only ones who can walk away from the table if they don't like what they see and hear, and both pro and amateur Mr. Johnsons are looking for professionalism and a sense of people who can do the job without any fuss.

- It's expected that if you meet the Johnson somewhere for drinks or dinner, he should pick up the tab, but don't be surprised if that doesn't happen, and don't use it as an excuse to pig-out or knock a few back. Moderation and restraint will leave a good impression where gluttony just makes employers look elsewhere.
- Ethernaut
- Hey, some of us have bigger appetites than others is all.
- Sounder

REPUTATION

You might be working for the nuyen, but the only thing you *really* own in the shadows is your reputation. You might not care what people in "straight" society think of you, but you pretty much have to care what people in the shadows think. If your reputation is good, you can always find work, and there are opportunities to acquire the resources you need to do the job and make life enjoyable along the way. On the other hand, if your reputation takes a hit, people talk, and you can suddenly find those job opportunities drying up and even those places where you spend your cred closing their doors and turning their backs. If you think you can go it alone, think again, but also consider that if your rep gets bad enough, you can end up dead in an alley, and nobody is going to notice.

The shadows are just as connected, if not more so, than the rest of Seattle's online social scene. ShadowSea even keeps a running tally of members' "credit ratings" based on user feedback, so you can watch your fortunes in the shadows rise and fall in real-time now, and so can anyone else subscribed to the site.

- Some consider trying to smear an enemy's reputation fair game, and it can be an effective tactic, if it works. If it doesn't, it is more likely to rebound on the rumormonger; *their* name is mud, and their would-be victim gets a sympathy boost to boot. Remember, people talk in this business.
- Khan-A-Saur
- One reason why it's important to get your facts straight and back them with hard evidence: people are forming opinions that can mean life or death for themselves and others.
- Snopes

CONNECTIONS

Like they say, it's not who you know, it's who you ... no, it's actually who you know. Part of having a good reputation is the ability to cultivate friends in low places, because connections are what make the shadows work in Seattle, and elsewhere. We lowlifes have to hang together or, as Ben Franklin once said, we will surely hang separately.

- Jack, I will have you know that the reactive IC lying in wait for the first person to post a "did you know Ben Franklin personally?" joke was a mean-spirited overreaction on your part, and I admire you greatly for it.
- Kat o' Nine Tales

Having connections means having access to a support system to replace the resources every straight citizen with a SIN takes for granted: like somebody to sell you food, or shelter, to say nothing of medical services, ammunition, weapons, armor, clothing, electronics, and more. Fortunately, the shadow economy of the metroplex runs as much on favors and barter as it does on certified credit and bearer bonds. Knowing people you can rely on not to screw you over on a deal makes a big difference.

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Then there are the specialized services. Like I said, a good fixer can set you up with introductions to the right people. Cultivate those relationships, and they're yours to keep, and worth a lot more than credit you're probably going to spend before the month is out. Knowing somebody who can help you out in a pinch can make all the difference.

- It's not all just self-interest out on the fringes of the metroplex, either. The Barrens have a strong tradition of displaced people pulling together and forming communities to help each other out, from the Ghost Dance War to the Night of Rage and both Computer Crashes. Some of the "edge" groups take care of their own a lot more than the so-called straight-citizens who couldn't pick their neighbors out of a police line up, and would step over one of them lying bleeding in a gutter and keep walking because they "don't want to get involved."
- Traveler Jones

THE CODE

Technically, it should be "the Codes" or "a Code" since *the* Code doesn't really exist, unless you count the shadowrunner's maxim: "Watch your back, shoot straight, conserve ammo, and never, ever cut a deal with a dragon," and even that one is honored more in the breach than in practice. Still, the most successful (and long-lived) shadowrunners I've known live and work by a code that defines who they are and what they do.

Sometimes it's as simple as "I do the job, I get paid." Other codes are way more complex, but the long and the short of it is the code defines your boundaries, those lines you're not willing to cross. Even that simplest one has some: if you take a job, see it through. If you do a job, you get what you were promised ... or else. Sticking to your code shows you are a stable and reliable quantity. It isn't trust, but in the shadows it's the next best thing.

More importantly, having a code gives *you* something to hold on to in a world where everybody suspects everybody else and it seems like nothing means anything. It's a chance to define yourself, something a lot of people don't get (or, at least, choose not to take). If that doesn't make any sense to you, all I can say is, it will eventually, and I hope that moment of realization comes before it's too late.

- My code is "do unto others before they can do unto you." It's not some romantic self-actualization crap, just having not-so-common sense rules for how you're going to survive. Leave the questions of the deeper meaning of life to those with the luxury of pondering them.
- Butch
- Still, even your pragmatism is a code, Butch. We've all known so-called "runners" who are just out-and-out psychos or rank amateurs who either don't know what they're doing and are in *way* over their heads or just don't care. They're totally unpredictable, meaning they're more likely to get themselves and everyone around them killed. Nobody wants to work with someone like that for long. Whether you find meaning or a lifeline in it like Jack's talking about doesn't really matter, having a code can keep you alive and help you succeed in the shadows, and that's what matters.
- Danger Sensei
- Still, it is fun sometimes to fill-in newbies on the *real* "Code of the Shadowrunner" just to see how much of it they buy into.
- Kat o' Nine Tales
- Yeah, I'm especially fond of "new guy pays out of his share of the take." You're a wicked woman, Kat.
- Pistons

THE SHADOW MARKET

Every place is different when it comes to the kind of services employers want from shadowrunners, and every place is the same, in some ways. You'll find all of the usual shadow-business going on in Seattle, from data-theft and sabotage to corporate extractions. There are also some particular business opportunities in the metroplex, owing to its location and character.

SMUGGLING

Seattle is a major trading port on the Pacific Coast. Ships and aircraft come in from all around the world, particularly across the Pacific Rim and North America, to offload cargo and passengers at the metroplex's docks and airports. That means a lot of interest in moving goods and people through Seattle without having to deal with the usual customs checks, safety inspections, immigration and visa forms, and excise taxes.

Contraband comes in from everywhere: illegal simsense chips from Hong Kong and California, drugs from the Golden Triangle and South America, weapons from all over the place, including Russia and parts of east Asia. There's also cybertech, medical supplies and equipment ... the list goes on and on.

- Smuggling is not just illegal goods, either. A lot of times smugglers bring in completely legit product the customers simply don't want to pay taxes, tariffs, or fees on. So you can be carrying crates of weapons bound for the hands of Vory soldiers or street gangs one day and boxes of expensive kids' toys or fancy food the next. It's all about what people are willing to pay (or avoid paying).
- Sounder

Smuggling illegals includes immigrants from China, Russia, the Philippines, CalFree, Tir Tairngire, and the former Ute and Tsimshian nations, just to name a few. Immigration is tightly controlled in Seattle due to the limited space, but a lot of these people have family members in the metroplex already. Others are hoping to start a new life and eventually bring family and friends over from their home countries. Some immigrants pay their way with some form of indentured servitude, others are virtual or even literal slaves, bought in their homelands and sold in Seattle to the syndicates, warehouses, corporate labor farms, or even private buyers.

- Syndicates tend to handle the slave trade directly, because too many outsiders increases the chance of somebody getting an attack of conscience, or infiltrating the operation on behalf of law-enforcement. With so many national and international laws involved, it's heavy stuff.
- Butch
- People aren't the only living cargo that gets smuggled in or out, either. There's a trade in exotic animals and paranormals from all over the world in Seattle. Some want them as pets, others for sport, magical ingredients, experimentation, or even for dinner. China, Japan, and Korea particularly trade in all kinds of parts and extracts from paranormals reputed to have magical effects. Most of it is complete bullshit, of course, and a lot of the customers wouldn't know powdered unicorn horn from the ground-up antelope horn or bone meal they end up getting, but there's still plenty of the genuine stuff available on the black market.
- Lyran

Seattle is the Pacific gateway to the UCAS, with shipments headed inland by air freight, zeppelin cargolifter, rail, or road-train, mainly using rigger or dog-brain long-haulers. NAN border patrols check over the ground traffic pretty carefully, so smugglers slip the border in Everett, Redmond, or Puyallup, crossing the wilderness areas of the interior. The Cascades are a popular stopover, and the Cascade Ork tribe runs refueling and repair depots along with their own market in contraband.

Seattle also ships westward to places like Vladivostok, Hong Kong, Sydney, Osaka, and Shanghai, and south down to Portland, San Francisco, Los Angeles, and San Diego. Smugglers often arrange for smaller vessels from speedboats to tugs and even submersibles or low-flying aircraft to meet up with them at sea and load or offload cargo.

- The multinationals can use their status and bring things into docks and warehouses they control, bypassing the usual inspections, other than the reports they have to file with the UCAS and metroplex governments, which are easily faked. Some middle-managers take advantage of this to conceal shipments for the syndicates.
- Sounder

HOODING

“Hoarding” runs are named after Robin Hood, who stole from the rich and gave to the poor. They’re popular in the Seattle shadows, although not always quite as altruistic as ol’ Robin. At least, the runners usually keep some of the take for themselves. Still, in a modern metroplex of millions where the wealth is concentrated in the hands of less than one percent of the populace, there are plenty of opportunities to take from the haves and pass some of it along to the have-nots.

Hoarding doesn’t always involve stealing, either. Sometimes it is more a matter of *pro bono* shadowrunning, or at least working on the cheap, for worthy clients. Plenty of neighborhoods in Seattle can’t afford police services, but sometimes the residents can get together and manage to hire themselves a posse in the form of a team of shadowrunners. They’re usually looking to deal with local problems like gangs, mob enforcers, illegal chop shops, or infestations of everything from ghouls to giant termite spirits. Chances are you won’t make a lot of nuyen, but you’ll get local gratitude, along with barter from free repair work or medical treatment to all you can eat at the local restaurants whenever you come around.

- Maybe more than that. The trids exaggerate, but some hooders do become like local legends, and draw the attention of the media. They get offered deals for their stories and likenesses, for sims and reality-shows about them—instant stardom. Of course, they also usually sign away any right to disagree with how they are portrayed, and usually get taken away from the area they were trying to help in the first place, but that’s show business for you.
- Mika
- Some hoarding jobs involve old-fashioned leaning on people, like corps looking to evict a group of squatters so they can level a block of buildings and *maybe* build something there in 5–10 years, if plans don’t change, or convincing a company to overlook the illegal tap on their water, power, or other resources getting diverted to a SINless community nearby. Sometimes it involves digging up some dirt to give the little guys leverage, or just explaining to the right parties what will happen to them if they don’t change their plans or keep quiet.
- Hard Exit

SHADOWSEA

ShadowSea replaced Shadowland Seattle as the premier shadow data-haven in the area after the Crash 2.0 took down Shadowland. In the interest of full disclosure, I’ll mention that I was one of the initial group that helped to set up ShadowSea, but we parted ways due to some disagreements over the node’s structure and intended purpose. That led me to create JackPoint, but I’ll note that I have great respect for Facet, who still serves as ShadowSea’s rep and sysop and there are no hard feelings.

ShadowSea collects data, focusing on information pertaining to the Seattle area. It is still connected to the Shadowland network, giving it a secure connection to the Nexus data-haven along with secure backups of all of its information.

- Rumor has it some of Shadowland Seattle’s core data survived the Crash due to an emergency file-dump, but if so, nobody has come forward claiming to have access to it.
- Glitch

The node also serves as a virtual hangout and social network for shadowrunners in the metroplex. The Sound and the Fury is a virtual bar where you can socialize, while the Olympus provides secure meeting areas with a fantastic virtual view (live feed or simulated). You can even find various online tutorials and expert systems at the Scarecrow, including ShadowSea’s series of “Shadowrunning 101” sims.

- Truth be told, I like ShadowSea better for getting out and socializing, but find the quality of information provided by JackPoint more focused. ShadowSea is like visiting a huge library: you have to know how to use the index and where to start looking to find things, but chances are you’ll see more people. JackPoint is like coming to an exclusive club and hearing things from people you know.
- Plan 9



SHADOWSEA SEARCH: THE EXCHANGE

The Exchange is an anonymous “favor bank” based around a viral software package. It downloads onto a commlink and, once installed, flashes the icon of a red “X” on the display, with accompanying text explaining the owner of the commlink has been added to “the Exchange.” The software links with various anonymous nodes to send and receive information, and periodically submits requests via the commlink, promising a suitable “karmic reward.” The requests can range from exceedingly simple—taking and unloading a picture at a pre-determined place and time or accessing an LTG number and then hanging up in five seconds—to the more complex, such as picking up and delivering a mysterious package across town. Rewards always arrive anonymously as well, and often tailored to the user’s particular needs, implying a sophisticated understanding of the users. They include information, equipment, and favors from other members of the Exchange or their associates. The Exchange has never requested currency as a favor, nor provided it as a reward.

The Exchange is in at least its second incarnation. The first involved specially-programmed commlinks delivered anonymously to new members, containing the hardware and software necessary for the Exchange program. These commlinks (and the encrypted nodes associated with them) stopped appearing after the Crash 2.0, and the viral program appeared a few years later.

No one has publicly revealed the organizers of the Exchange, or the purpose behind the program. Speculation ranges from anonymous groups of hackers or technomancers to corporate- or government-run research or marketing programs or an artificial intelligence.

- What does the future hold for the Seattle Metroplex? I asked some of our community about what is on the horizon, and here are their thoughts. Feel free to add your own about what we can expect to see in the City on the Sound in the months and years to come. I've got to say, Seattle has frequently surprised me, so I'm looking forward to it.
- FastJack

- Nobody has cared about the Olympics for more than thirty years. The games are a pointless and archaic ritual that countries spend billions of nuyen funding, credit that would be better spent almost anywhere else. Their devotion to the ideals of "human achievement" are laughable when they ignore everything metahumanity has achieved in the past fifty-plus years in terms of bio-physical enhancement and improvement. There are people who can shatter every Olympic record on the books, but they're banned from the games because their abilities are not "natural." It's plain-vanilla human chauvinism at its most close-minded.
- Plan 9

THE FUTURE

THE 2076 OLYMPICS

BY KHAN-A-SAUR

One play for Seattle's future is the metroplex's bid to host the 2076 Summer Olympic Games. Proponents of the plan, including Governor Brackhaven, say in addition to the honor of hosting the games, the opportunity will bring billions of nuyen into Seattle, provide opportunities for much-needed civic and public works projects, and serve as a bridge between Seattle and the Native American Nations, which has agreed to co-sponsor the games and participate.

The forces arrayed against the idea of the Olympics in Seattle say not only can't the metroplex afford to host such a massive and costly event, but that the bid is just an excuse by the metroplex government to buy up or seize large areas of property in disputed or barrens neighborhoods. Some of the governor's plans involve tearing-down sections of Redmond and the use of property in Everett, along with the refurbishment of Seattle Center. Metahuman activists claim their neighborhoods have been targeted, but the administration denies this, of course.

Knight Errant is officially neutral on the issue, but privately there are concerns about the increased security necessary for such an event. The Olympic Games are a prime terrorist target, and the Knights want to make sure their anti-terrorism division is fully in place and up to speed by then. There are additional concerns about protests and civil unrest leading up to and during the event. There have already been some protests in predominantly metahuman neighborhoods in and around Redmond.

For those of you wondering why Governor Brackhaven supports the idea of hosting the games in Seattle, consider that, in addition to the publicly stated revenue and prestige Seattle stands to gain, the Olympic Games are one of the last bastions of "human" achievement drawing international attention and participation. While metahuman participation in the games has been permitted for a while now, they are still somewhat segregated, particularly when it comes to ork and troll muscle-mass and weight-class.

Many consider the "exhibition games" approach of the 2052 Tokyo games a black mark on Olympic history, but nations like Tir Tairngire and Tir nan nÓg dropped their objections when elves were largely integrated into Olympic sporting events. If the goblins get hung out to dry, so what? Some elements of the newly democratic Tir Tairngire have raised concerns about the current state of the games, but the Tir government has much bigger things to worry about. We'll see where they are in a couple of years, but by then the Olympic deal will be *fait accompli*.

- As if 'ware enhancements, metahumans, and adepts weren't difficult enough, the ones that have *really* complicated matters for the IOC are the changelings. After all, adepts you can astrally analyze, and metahumans are clear and distinct races with certain common morphological traits. Changelings, on the other hand, are all over the (genetic) map, and some of them right off of it in the areas labeled "here there be monsters." How do you know if a feline-like changeling's grace and agility are "natural" or "supernatural?" Is it fair to ask a mundane human athlete to swim against a changeling with fish, dolphin, or seal-like qualities? For that matter, can you even fairly pit fish-like, dolphin-like, and seal-like changelings against *each other*? Given the relatively small number of changeling athletes, the prevailing attitude is it would be simpler to just ban them, but that runs afoul of legal precedents allowing metahumans. Is it similar to those, or more like the rules banning adepts? You can expect lawsuits brought by groups like the Pan-American Civil Liberties Union to try and decide the matter.
- Mad Tom
- The participation of metahumans and the magically talented is a potential point of friction between Seattle and the Native American Nations co-sponsorship. Seattle, via the Brackhaven administration, favors current rules curtailing involvement, but the NAN wants the games opened up more and sees this as an opportunity to do so. Of course, the fact that they have a higher than average proportion of gifted athletes who are adepts, along with higher proportions of metahumans, has something to do with it.
- Mika
- Folks have ignored a primary reason why parties in Seattle, the UCAS, and the NAN, amongst others, are so interested in holding the next Olympics in the Seattle Metroplex: there's a hope that the choice of venue and the planning of the games will be a diplomatic opportunity to head-off the potential of war in the region between the UCAS, the NAN, Tir Tairngire, and California or whomever else might get drawn into it. If you don't think so, take a look at the rest of the opinions here and get back to me.
- Kay St. Irregular

THE NEXT ELECTION CYCLE

BY KAY ST. IRREGULAR

To quote a friend of mine, "When is it *not* an election year?" Politics is a never-ending cycle, especially when it seems more and more like elected officials have time to do less and less before they have to consider their next run for office. With Seattle just off a contested gubernatorial election, the UCAS is gearing up for national elections along with a new round of local midterm elections in Seattle. That means the political circus is in town and the performance under the

big top is going to determine the future of the country, and possibly this part of the world.

I know, the politicians like to toss around phrases like “determine the future of the country” a lot, but the truth is, that’s what the coming years are going to do. The 2072 election might not be quite as history-making as, say, 2008 or 2057, but one way or another decisions are going to get made, and a lot of people want to influence them. That spells opportunity for those willing to take it.

Incumbent President Angela Colloton is the frontrunner and presumptive nominee of the Republican Party. The various other parties are pulling together their game plans to knock her from the top spot and claim the Oval Office, as well as winning as many seats in Congress as they possibly can. The Republican/Libertarian coalition within Congress is threatened by challengers from the left and the right, as Technocrat, Green, and New Century candidates, along with Archconservatives, put their agendas and their candidates before the people.

The Technocrats are having some ups and downs. On the one hand, more people than ever have embraced the Technocratic Party message of progress and technological innovation. Unfortunately for them, the Republicans have hijacked it with the relative success of the Wireless Matrix Initiative and recovery from the Crash (which they attribute to the President and party’s able leadership). Movements like the Gestalt Consciousness Network are very Technocratic in spirit, but too anarchic in practice for the party to exert any real influence over them. Plus Technocrat frontrunner Ramsay McMulkin is a washed-up sim-star who comes off as too much of a figurehead for a movement looking for something real.

The other parties on the left are attempting to build a coalition, without much success, because everyone thinks they should be in charge. The Democrats still have the largest mindshare, but not large enough that they can do without the Greens, New Centurians, and various fringe and special interest groups. They struggle to articulate a coherent message to the electorate, explaining to them why they should want to get rid of the current administration and why, after more than a decade out of executive office, they should be given another chance.

On the right, the Republicans have managed to maintain the support of some of the Libertarian Party, while the rest is out on the fringes with the Archconservatives (although *not* in common purpose). The Archconservatives have been left largely howling in the wilderness by the majority on the right, with a number of defections to the Republican or Libertarian Parties, not the least of which being Governor Brackhaven of Seattle, who ran for President as an Archconservative, but for Governor as a Republican.

- A lot of commentators are wondering how sincere those “defections” are, however. Some think they are more of a “stealth” effort to bring Archconservative values and issues back into the Republican mainstream after they were jettisoned some time ago. While the Archconservatives are more ideological than almost any other party, they still have enough true politicians who prefer to be on the winning team, willing to go where they can get the votes.
- Kat o’ Nine Tales

In the “what’s in it for us?” department, Seattle’s primary interests in the federal elections are questions of autonomy, as always, and the allocation of federal resources. On the one hand, Seattle demands a certain degree of freedom to go its own way, separate as it is from the homeland. You see this in the metroplex government

naming its own foreign ambassadors and establishing relationships with other nations outside of the usual UCAS diplomatic corps. On the other hand, Seattle expects its fair slice of the federal budgetary pie, and cries of “No taxation without representation!” go up any time the metroplex citizens feel they’ve been denied their just due. The Colloton administration has been willing to lower the tax demands on Seattle, but hasn’t provided much in return apart from a permanent military presence. On the other hand, the Republicans are seen as pro-business, which is in turn seen as good for Seattle, so the President currently polls relatively well in the metroplex.

- We’ll see how long that lasts. While most of the UCAS has been won over by Colloton’s military record and rhetoric on defense, Seattle sees things a bit differently. They know, deep down, that their survival depends on more than military power, since it would be nearly impossible to make a long-term stand in an area like Seattle, surrounded by foreign territory. They need diplomacy and treaties at least as much, if not more, than troops. So the Joint Task Force Seattle forces tend to be seen more as unwanted visitors rather than welcome defenders. The Seattleites most likely to be swayed by the Republican approach have already chosen their defenders: namely Gov. Brackhaven and the Metroplex Guard (the “home team,” as it were). So there isn’t that much loyalty to the incumbent there; the other parties just have to find something sufficient to overcome the voters’ considerable inertia.
- Danger Sensei
- That could all change in the event of an “October surprise” of some sort, either by Colloton or the competition. For example, if diplomatic tensions with, say, the Salish-Shidhe Council led to increased “military readiness exercises” along the border with Seattle or even a minor skirmish with the Metroplex Guard or JTF Seattle, you can bet popular opinion will swing towards the “military readiness first!” Republicans, so long as nobody can convincingly lay the blame for the incident at their feet.
- Hard Exit

THE NEW SHERIFF IN TOWN

BY STAR LONER

Lone Star is out and Knight Errant is in. So far as most people can tell, the only difference is the uniform that the cops wear, and the commercials that they spam you with. I mean, cops are cops, right? Wrong. Possibly dead wrong, if you don’t think it through.

I’ll get this out of the way up front: Yes, I worked for Lone Star some years ago. I walked away from them long before they were on the outs with Seattle, and I don’t owe them any loyalty, nor do I really carry a grudge. I don’t have an axe to grind with Knight Errant, either, except in as much as I’ve seen how all of these private security companies are rotten to the core. Still, if you give them badges and tell people they’re cops, they’re still willing to accept the idea of these brutal and corrupt thugs as guardians of public welfare and justice. Okay, so I’ve got a bias, but it’s out where you can see it.

- Don’t think you’re going to find a lot of fans of private corporate security contractors ‘round here, Star.
- Hard Exit
- It’s not a matter of “fandom,” it’s about professionalism. The rent-a-cops do a job. Corporate security does a job. We do jobs. Our job is just to find ways around what they do. That’s all.
- Danger Sensei

So, every law-breaker in the Seattle Metroplex has to ask: “What does Knight Errant taking over the security services contract mean for me?” Several things, depending on your areas of interest.

First, there’s the transition from long-time Lone Star services to Knight Errant. You can’t switch from one security provider to another in a metroplex of millions of people overnight. Lone Star has to vacate existing facilities owned by the metroplex, letting Knight Errant move in. They have to turn over metroplex owned- and required records and documentation, which KE needs to review, once the government has approved all of it. There are case-files, personnel records, and intelligence reports ... gigapulses of documentation going back for years. It’s all cataloged and tagged (at least, it’s supposed to be) but somebody needs to go through it all.

- Stories are making the rounds of various pranks being pulled on the incoming KE personnel by the outgoing Lone Star employees, ranging from the harmless desk drawers glued shut kind of kid’s stuff to more serious doctoring of records, planting of false leads, and so forth. Lone Star’s ouster triggered a flurry of deletions, file shredding, and ass-covering of epic proportions. One of KE’s first major projects may be investigating Lone Star for derelictions of duty, misuse of metroplex resources, and corruption. No doubt there’s still a lot of evidence out there various parties would like buried or uncovered.
- Hard Exit

Then there’s the personnel transition. Knight Errant started a hiring blitz in Seattle as soon as the contract went through, bringing in a lot of out-of-town officers on temporary assignment to cover things until the Seattle operation is completely up to speed. At the same time, Lone Star went through massive lay-offs. Some of the higher-ups got transferred to other districts and jurisdictions, and some officers and lower-ranking personnel stayed-on to cover the company’s existing private contracts, including the metroplex prisons, but everyone expects more layoffs after the transition is complete. Knight Errant has hired some experienced Lone Star officers, but they are not taking Lone Star rank, position, or salary into account, and are requiring recertification and training to KE standards, which means going back to school for a lot of veteran street cops.

- Who are none too happy about it, let me tell you. Knight Errant has already had disciplinary incidents at their Academy with former Lone Star officers getting into fights with KE “regulars” and recruits. The ex-Stars have a serious grudge, but they’re also razed by the regulars as “losers” and baited to try and start something.
- Riser
- The for-hire muscle-market in Seattle is being glutted with ex-Lone Star personnel, the ones who can’t or won’t move on to other jobs, refuse to work for KE, or just can’t get hired elsewhere. Now after years of busting shadowrunners, they’re on the other side looking for work. It can get pretty ugly, too. I know of at least one case of former Lone Stars hired essentially as cannon fodder for a run against Mitsuhamas. Stories like that making the rounds have made everyone more cautious, but desperate times breed desperate people.
- Snopes

Then there’s the reason for the transition in the first place, or reasons, technically. First off, so far as the public is concerned, Knight Errant is around because Lone Star wasn’t getting the job done, but the governor’s office thinks Knight Errant can. That means the Knights are starting out with something to prove, so they are hitting

the streets hard, putting on a show so the citizens of Seattle know they are getting their money’s worth when it comes to security. As Knight Errant gets up to speed, expect to see more displays of law and order in the metroplex, along with vigorous pursuit of high-profile cases that demonstrate Knight Errant is on the job and lawbreakers have reason to be worried.

- Note that “high-profile” thing. KE wants the public to *see* they are doing a good job, so they get no real points for subtlety. The truth of the matter is the best security is invisible—you don’t even know about 90% of the threats that it prevents—but that kind of security makes for lousy PR, especially for a new client looking to see what kind of job you’re doing. The lesson for those of us in the shadows is that dirty word “subtlety”—the less noise you make, the less likely you are to rise to the top of Knight Errant’s to-do list. Make yourselves a public spectacle and you can bet the Knights will throw everything they’ve got at you to make a show out of bringing down the big, bad shadowrunners and keeping the public safe.
- Danger Sensei

Lastly, there are plans for the future: Knight Errant’s and Governor Brackhaven’s, along with Lone Star’s. While KE will have their hands full for a while settling in to their new job as Seattle’s top cops, don’t think it ends with this milestone. Knight Errant is an ambitious arm of an even more ambitious megacorp. They’ve gone from holding the majority of private and corporate security contracts in Seattle to also holding the public security contract, making them the Numero Uno security corp in nearly every field in the metroplex.

Knight Errant owes this success largely to Governor Brackhaven. The question is: why did Brackhaven go to bat for KE in the first place? What does he want that Knight Errant can provide, but that Lone Star didn’t (or wouldn’t)? I think it’s several things.

First, Knight Errant provides the Governor with a clean slate, a way of offloading a lot of past problems on Lone Star, and a lot of leverage with KE who, like I said, want to impress their new client. If the Knights actually do bring more law and order to the metroplex, Brackhaven gets to claim some of the credit. If they don’t, then he gets to shift the blame to them, saying how sadly disappointed he is, and threatening the play hardball when contract negotiations roll around.

Second, he gets a security force that owes him something and is seen as more answerable to him. Lone Star had been in place long enough that people just took for granted they would always be there, including Lone Star itself. The shake-up has everyone on their toes, and KE owes the administration some *quid pro quo*, credits Brackhaven can cash in when he needs them.

The last item is just speculation, but hear me out: The other thing Knight Errant buys Governor Brackhaven is a metroplex security force backed by the power of a AAA megacorp with military capabilities equal to any nation in the world, including those of the UCAS, contracted not to the UCAS federal government, but to the Seattle Metroplex itself. Should Seattle face any military threat—from without *or within*—Brackhaven has a hired private army able to bring some serious firepower to bear on the enforcement of “the rule of law” in the metroplex.

- Think Ares would support the idea of an independent Seattle?
- Traveler Jones
- They would if it gained them something. Still, although Ares’ honeymoon with the UCAS government seems to have cooled off a lot in recent years, I ques-

tion their willingness to flip one of their biggest customers off just to support some crazy independence movement. Besides, Brackhaven ran *against* the secession candidate in the last election. He's all about UCAS unity and only makes noises about the metroplex's independence when it comes to Seattle's "special status" as a UCAS territory, meaning he wants something from the feds like more money or more ambassadors or whatever.

- Kay St. Irregular
- I think Brackhaven is more concerned about the NAN and Tir Tairngire than looking to secede. The Metroplex Guard is totally inadequate, and he doesn't trust the UCAS regulars in JTF5 to look after Seattle first and UCAS interests second if it comes down to a military conflict. Knight Errant is extra insurance and tells the nearby foreign powers: "Don't mess with us" the same as having a vicious attack dog in your yard.
- Hard Exit

One thing's for certain: Knight Errant is the new sheriff in town, and plans to stick around for a good, long time. So those of us on the other side of the law had better get used to it, and quick.

- Don't completely count Lone Star out in Seattle yet. Keep in mind that they did retain one significant chunk of their old law enforcement contract: they still manage the metroplex prisons. The 'Star has always had a more stronger division of corrections than Knight Errant, which has always relied on sub-contractors or partnerships to deal with prison administration. Some see leaving Lone Star with prison-duty as a kind of punishment, but prisons are where a lot of the money is in law enforcement, and Knight Errant's new law and order crusade promises to fill them up and bring in even more prisoner stipends, a cut of which goes right into Lone Star's account.
- Danger Sensei

THE PAINS OF ACHE

BY KAT O' NINE TALES

Out of sight might mean out of mind still, but like any parent will tell you, just sweeping the mess into the closet and shoving the door closed doesn't mean that it is "cleaned up" or that you won't have to deal with it sooner or later. That's especially true when the "mess" is more than a hundred thousand people, shut up in the world's most expensive and tallest slum, where everyone hopes they'll be out of the way, and stay that way, pretty much forever.

Fat chance.

Try though the metroplex government might, the residents of the Arcology Commercial and Housing Enclave in Downtown refuse to be content with their lot in life. I mean, what more do they want? They get shelter (in a building that was state-of-the-art fifteen years ago, before a crazed AI turned it into an abattoir), food (all government surplus soy), clothing (fresh off the fiber printer this morning!), and entertainment (gov-approved trid channels!). What more do they want? Freedom? Gainful employment? Self-worth? A sense of human dignity?

Like I said, fat chance.

Although it's on a low simmer right now, the ACHE is a cauldron that's going to boil over sooner or later, right in the middle of Downtown. If the government had pitched it as a prison complex, the public would have freaked out and never permitted it. But propose it as a charitable measure to provide low-income housing that gets the homeless off the streets, and everyone's for it, except for the people who have got to live there. Fortunately, most of them don't get to vote.

So now the rezzies are on the inside, and metroplex policy is focused on keeping them there. Things are getting bad, and are only likely to get worse, and the government's reaction is, of course: "How will this play in the media?" So rather than trying to tackle the actual



problem, most of the effort goes into containing any potentially damaging information about human rights abuses, terrible living conditions, serial rapes or murders, and so forth, and spinning anything that does manage to leak out to successfully cover everyone's posterior as much as possible.

- That is only going to last for so long. I mean, we're in the age when everything someone *experiences* can be put online for everyone else to experience for themselves. Security is tight around the ACHE, but all it will take is one intrepid journalist with a simrig or even just a cybercam to get in and capture some choice moments of life on the inside. Once it's out on the Matrix, chances of containing it become essentially nil.
- Glitch
- Just how bad is it in the ACHE?
- Kat St. Irregular
- Pretty bad, and getting worse, like Kat says. The place is really just a giant government housing project, except there's essentially no way out. So take the usual problems of "the projects" (wherever they have been): addiction, crime, violence, and magnify them in the pressure-cooker environment of what amounts to a prison. It's like the kind of stuff that happens to refugees and victims of natural disasters cooped up in a temporary shelter for days or weeks on end, except it has been going for *years* with no end in sight.

The ironic thing is, what's happening in the ACHE is not that much worse than you'll find in barrens areas or government housing projects the world around, it's just that it happens to be right in the middle of one of the most affluent parts of Seattle. It's like keeping rabid devil rats in a nice-looking cage in your living room. Better hope the cage never breaks.
- Pistons

That's not to say the Brackhaven administration totally has their hands over their eyes and ears, hoping the whole mess will go away. They do peek at it from time to time. I think they are looking at solutions to the problem, but they're hampered by having to do it all out of the public eye, with no discussion or debate. Some might say that allows for really extreme options to get floated, but I think it's sheer political cowardice.

Eventually, unless something gets done, somebody is going to fuck up. It's just human nature. Things will get bad enough for the residents to riot, to rush the security barriers and the armed guards no matter what happens. Then you have a human hornet's nest boiling over out into the streets of downtown Seattle, looking for revenge for how they have been treated. Unless something gets done, this is going to end in blood, a lot of it.

- The approach I suspect the administration will see as a win-win is to turn control of (and therefore responsibility for) the ACHE over to a private contractor. Who will it be? Not Renraku, that's for sure, since that would be a serious public relations blunder. Although a corp like Mitsuhama might be interested, I tend to doubt that one, too. My bet would actually be for a megacorp like Evo: strong interest in biotechnology and human services and looking to build a relationship with Seattle and its government.

"But wait!" you say. "Isn't Evo too metahuman friendly for the Brackhaven administration?" Ah... that's where it gets interesting: because just handing-off the ACHE to a corporate contractor doesn't really solve any of the problems, it

just transfers them to someone else. If it turns out that Evo is just unable to resist some top-secret experimentation in the ACHE, or the "metahuman corporation" can't handle a poor and significantly metahuman population, even when the government gave them every chance. Well, that makes for some interesting media content, doesn't it?

- Plan 9
- Not Evo. You know who the first choice would be? Lone Star. Think about it: the 'Star already administers the metroplex prison system, and the ACHE is practically an extension of that already. Seattle has flipped Lone Star off by taking the metroplex security contract away from them, and this would be a fat slice of credit to make up for their losses, plus it keeps the place out of the hands of any of the AAA megacorps, since Renraku would probably pitch a fit if any of their top-tier rivals took over the old arcology.
- Star Loner
- Speaking of "human hornet's nest," not to be alarmist, but I can't be the only one who has considered what a potential gold mine the ACHE could be to infiltrating insect spirits, can I? Think about it: a self-contained population of potential hosts nobody will really miss, who don't do anything all day anyway, and are in possession of a potentially self-sufficient and highly defensible structure reminiscent of a giant termite mound. The whole thing practically writes itself. Yes, you can say the guards administering the ACHE may be checking for this sort of thing, but if I were an insect shaman, co-opting one or more guards would be the first thing I'd do....
- Axis Mundi
- The problem with paranoids is they think everyone else thinks like they do. Seriously, rather than the grand conspiracy theories, why doesn't someone just get inside the ACHE and get word to the outside so people can find out what's going on and do something about it, other than trade crazy theories online, that is.
- Butch

THERE GOES THE NEIGHBORHOOD

BY MIKA

You'd think Seattle would get used to the idea of being surrounded by potential enemies and threats, but the truth of the matter is that things in the Pacific Northwest have been relatively stable, at least until fairly recently. What's that, you say? "Stable? What about mob wars, race riots, mad AIs, corporate conflicts, another Computer Crash, and political upsets? You call that fucking *stable*?"

Yes, I do, at least in a geopolitical sense. Although Seattle has seen its share (okay, more than its share) of internal change and upheaval, the overall situation in the Pacific Northwest since the end of the Ghost Dance War has tended towards stability: the UCAS and the NAN negotiated Seattle's borders and they've stayed essentially the same. Tensions with the NAN have slowly and steadily decreased as both sides got used to the new *status quo*. Even the secession of Tir Tairngire from the new tribal lands caused only a brief period of tension before all sides settled back down to warily watching everyone else. The various doomsday scenarios discussed by the pundits over the years: from an invasion by the NAN or Tir to Seattle independence, occupation by a UCAS military force, or another Ghost Dance

wiping the metroplex off the map, have not come to pass. There may have been a few close calls here and there but, overall, fairly stable, like I said ... until recently.

After decades of consolidation and relative political and social stability, Tir Tairngire's government was toppled in a "people's revolution." The Ute Nation's failing infrastructure finally collapsed, leading to their incorporation into the Pueblo Corporate Council. Tsimshian's economy collapsed after Mitsuhama withdrew from the country, and their government soon followed, forcing the Salish-Shidhe Council to move in and declare it a protectorate. The President of the UCAS has established a permanent and substantial military presence in Seattle, and nobody is sure if they're watching the borders or keeping an eye on its citizens. In short, the sense of stability in the region that existed from the 2040s through much of the 2060s is shot full of holes, replaced by a feeling that almost anything could happen.

- This, by the way, is the primary thing that made Kenneth Brackhaven's run for governor so viable. As strong as secessionist or progressive sentiment is in Seattle, the strongest impulse is for safety and security. Brackhaven's "I will keep you safe" message reached a lot of voters, even before Joey D. dropped out of the race. People in the metroplex were and are scared, and frightened people are willing to give a lot for even just reassurances that they will be safe. Apparently Benjamin Franklin's maxim that those willing to trade liberty for security deserve neither bears repeating.
- Kay St. Irregular

When things get uncertain, governments get nervous. When governments get nervous, they tend to throw around terms like "preemptive action." International tensions are higher in the area around Seattle than they have been in a long time, perhaps since the Ghost Dance War itself. What remains to be seen is what all the Powers That Be in the area will do about it. I don't have the answers (and even if I did, they're worth a lot to the right people) but I can provide some of the questions.

The Native American Nations, after generations of nation-building (or rebuilding, in a lot of cases) are starting to feel their oats again. Compared to a lot of the powers of North America, the NAN have weathered the past couple of decades pretty well, and emerged in good shape overall. They've got two fewer governments represented on the Sovereign Tribal Council, but so far that actually seems to translate into less gridlock and debate. The triumvirate of the Salish-Shidhe Council, Sioux Nation, and Pueblo Corporate Council has emerged as the main power-bloc, with the Athabascan Council and Algonkian-Manitou Council pushed even further to the fringes. The Pueblos' successful incorporation of large areas of Southern California, along with the SSC ending the political wrangling in Tsimshian by simply taking over, has led some to think the NAN should be exercising its power more. While nobody in a significant political position has said so openly, there has been a lot of talk at the fringes about "consolidating" the rest of western North America, with Tir Tairngire, the remains of the California Free State, and Seattle the only "foreign" territories left west of the Rockies.

- Absurd. The NAN only won the Ghost Dance War due to an overwhelming display of magical power, and only managed to hold on to their newly-won territories because other world powers were either desperately afraid of that magical power or too busy dealing with global disasters on the scale of the Crash or VITAS outbreaks to seriously consider a renewed military conflict. Tir Tairngire has plenty of magical firepower of its own, and won't be cowed by the threat of another Ghost Dance, while any move against Seattle would be just the provocation the UCAS hawks like President Colloton would need to start a war to reclaim lost territory, this time with the NAN fighting guerilla insurgents inside their own territory. I don't think a few minor military successes have made the Sovereign Tribal Council that stupid.
- Snopes
- Perhaps, but consider that a lot of Tir Tairngire's "magical firepower" was concentrated in the hands of the now deposed Council of Princes. Does the new Tir government have the ability to repel a forceful and coordinated magical and military assault? For that matter, all it would take is for one of those disgruntled Princes to hand over everything about the Tir's defenses to the Native American Nations. The Star Chamber might be changing the locks as quickly as they can, but I'm sure the Princes still hold more than a few valuable secrets.
- Tarlan
- It's a whole new ballgame now that the UCAS has fifty years of hindsight and decades of building up their own strategic magical programs. Evidence of a renewed Ghost Dance might even provoke a preemptive strike of some sort from the UCAS and there *is* a supercarrier group stations in Seattle.
- Danger Sensei

Tir Tairngire remains a wild card while it is sorting out its government and new foreign relations policies. While the "new and improved" Land of Promise might speak the rhetoric of openness and cooperation, there are still quite a few unresolved issues. Will the Star Chamber abandon operations in the disputed border territories with California now that the CFS government is in such a poor state to respond? The great dragon Hestaby had made it known that she prefers some distance between the Tir border and Mount Shasta. Will that remain the case, or might her opinion change as her involvement and influence in Tir Tairngire does? How long are the ordinary citizens of Portland and the rest of the nation going to wait for promised reforms, and what if they don't get everything that they want? The new government is still in its formative stages, and it's too soon to say which way they will turn.

- I can tell you there's no lack of "advisors" from the multinationals and other governments eager to offer their help to the new government. Of course, plenty of those offers are just Trojan Horse attempts to get on the inside, perhaps even land some "peacekeeping" troops in Portland, and soon you've got another San Francisco. Thus far, the Star Chamber hasn't been dumb enough to agree to anything like that, and they play the various aid offers against each other, keeping their cards close, and their enemies closer.
- Tarlan

DOWNTOWN LOCATIONS

Name	Address	Description
A Little Bit O' Saigon	South Jackson Street and Broadway	Small restaurant, Vietnamese cuisine, ties with Red and Yellow Soupa Ring
Alabaster Maiden	East Mercer Street and 12th Avenue	Nightclub, named for Gabriella Dematto, mage who petrified herself
Aurora Village	1100 North 200th Street	Shopping mall, 200 shops
Aztechology Pyramid	Broadway Ave E. and E. Harrison St.	p. 45
Bagley Wright Theater	Boren Ave and West Thomas St.	Home of the Seattle Repertory Theater
Ballard Locks	Ship Canal	Ship locks
Big Rhino	Seneca Street and 1st Ave	Large restaurant, ork cuisine
The Blue Moon Lore Store	16th Ave & University Street	Lore store, headquarters of Hermetic Order of the Auric Aurora
Bosco's	Roy Street & Ninth Avenue	Elven family-style sports bar and grill
Cafe Sport	Virginia Street & Western Ave	First-class restaurant, Salish cuisine
Center House	Roy Street & Fourth Ave	Ten-story mall, stores and restaurants from around the world
Chez Ogino	First Avenue & Stewart Street	Family-owned, mid-range hotel
Club Penumbra	Fifth Avenue & Yesler Way	One of the longest-running nightclubs still operating in metroplex
The Cutting Edge	Maynard Ave & South Lane St.	Bar and strip joint, Yakuza connections
Damian's	Bell Street & Second Ave	Best "all-American family" restaurant
Dante's Inferno	Fifth Avenue & Madison St.	The premier nightclub in Seattle, with a "Nine Circles of Sin" theme
Brackhaven Investments	3rd Ave & Union St.	Tied to the lifeblood of the metroplex's financial data
The Edge	Ninth Ave & Denny Way	First-class Elven restaurant, with a forest elven theme
Elliot's	Pier 60	First-class French restaurant on the waterfront
Evergreen Kingdom	West Thomas St. & Second Ave	Amusement park in Seattle Center
Executive Body Enhancements	501 South Jackson St.	Private cyber-clinic, caters to visiting Japanese, Yakuza connections
Exhibition Hall	538 West Harrison St.	Site of numerous conventions, trade shows and consumer fairs
The Eye Of The Needle	410 West Thomas Street	Atop the Space Needle, Seattle's most elegant and famous restaurant
Federated Boeing Field	Airport Way South	Airfield used for smaller aircraft, particularly VTOL and remote-piloted drones
Federated Boeing Offices	Carson Ave. & East Marginal Way	70-story skyscraper, main business offices
Federated Boeing Shipyards	SW Florida St. & Twenty-sixth Ave SE	Construct/test hydroplanes and hovercraft for military and commercial clients
Freddie's Salmon Eatery	Pier 59	Dive specializing in seafood, cover for chop shop
Gates Underground Hotel	Pier 69	Twenty-story hotel with six floors built under Puget Sound
Gracie's For Ribs	Olive Street & Belmont Ave	Best BBQ in town
The Gravity Bar	Stewart St & First Ave	Manhattan-style singles bar
The Gray Line	Pier 63	Glass-walled lower dining area is submerged at high tide
Green Village	South Main St. & Fifth Ave South	Moderately priced restaurant, Asian & American cuisine
Group Health Central Hospital	201 East Sixteenth Ave	Hospital, along with a campus of medical facilities
Harborview Hospital	325 Ninth Avenue	Hospital specializing in burn and emergency medicine
The Haunted Mug	Madison Street & Second Ave	Kaf-culture locale, supposedly haunted
Hotel Nikko	Third Ave & Pike Street	Boutique hotel with Asian decore lobby and restaurant
Icarus Descending	Harrison St. & Dexter Ave North	First and best Elven restaurant in Seattle
Infinity	Seattle Center	Club with state-of-the-art holographic and sonic projections
Ingersoll And Berkley Tower	Aurora Ave North & Mercer St	Skyscraper with terraced conventional and aquaculture gardens
Io Pantl	E. Pike St & Boylston Ave	Lore-store focused on Hermetic and European pagan goods
Knutson's Country Home	Broad St. & Elliot Ave	Restaurant with "down-home-cooking" theme
Laubenstein Plaza	Sixth Ave & Pike St.	Art gallery of famous 20th century artist
Lee Chee Garden	Fifth Ave West & Elliot Ave	Chinese family restaurant, Triad connections
Ling Ho	Cherry St. & Eighth Ave	Fine and moderately price Chinese and japaneses food
Lone Star Security Building	Second Ave & Union St.	Main offices of Lone Star Security Services
Lou's Tattoos	Roosevelt Way NE & NE 65th St.	Japanese dwarf tattoo artist
Lucas Palace	Third Ave & Virginia St.	High-class, luxury hotel, flagship of Lucas family hotels
Marcus' Hovel	Virginia St. & Eighth Ave	Charming, family-style restaurant, large aquarium
Matchstick's	Fourth Ave North & Denny Way	Private jazz-club, 1930s themed
Maximillion's	Pier 64	First-class Aztlan cuisine on the waterfront
The Mayflower Park Hotel	Fourth Ave & Pine St.	Hotel with a 1990s theme
McKuen's Scrap & Salvage Yard	Third Ave & Madison St.	Salvage yard for anything from cards to drones
Metroplex Hall	Fourth Ave & Seneca St.	The thirty-story Charles Royer Building houses Seattle municipal offices
Metroplex Prison	Sixth Ave & Spring St.	Known as "the tower" for its fortress-like shape
Metroplex Supreme Court Bldg	Spring St. & Fifth Ave	An imposing edifice built in 2045
Millionaire's Row	14th Ave E.	Most affluent housing in the metroplex
Miner's Landing	Pier 63	Warehouse convert-to-restaurant with frontier theme
Mitsuhamma Comp Tech Complex	MLK, Jr. Way & Sixth-eighth Ave S.	Six tower skyscrapers, closed to visitors
Mitsuham Public Health Hospital	1200 Twelfth Ave S.	Specializes in treatments through biological enhancements
Murphy's Law	Cedar St. & Western Ave	Seedy dive with excellent pizza; high-stakes card games
New Century Square Hotel	Second Ave & University St.	Supposedly haunted hotel
Nightengale's Body Parts	104 John St.	Private clinic catering to the elite with cyber- and bio-mods
Northgate Mall	Northgate Way & First Ave	Selection of shopping an dnightlife, upscale clientele
Ohgi-Ya	Fourth Ave S. & S. Main St.	America-Chinese restaurant, Yakuza connections
The Other Place	First Ave & Union St.	French country cuisine, run by Rosellini family for a 100 years
Pacific Science Center	East Mercer St. & Harvard Ave	Hosts rotating exhibits of science and culture
Pier 62	Pier 62	Major live music venue
Pike Place Farmer's Market	Pike St. & First Ave	Fame Seattle Landmark, first opened in 1907
The Pink Door	Pine St. & Western Ave	No-frills bar next to Estern Avenue Bakery
Psychedelic Pirate	University Way & Fifty-second St.	Glitzzy music scene, often frequented by Awakaened

Name	Address	Description
The Purple Haze	Bell St. & Elliot Ave	Authentic Pueblo cuisine, Fuchi connections
Reno's	Battery St. & Fourth Ave	Sioux, Pueblo and Aztec-Mex cuisine, biker theme
The Renrauki Ornidome	Pier 64	Large trideo screen theater in metroplex
Renraku Arcology	1 Renraku Avenue	p. 40
Rennton Mall	Rainier Ave S. & Houser Way S.	Four levels of shopping to suit any taste, gang problems
Run Run Shaw's	South Weller S. & Sixth Ave S.	Inexpensive Chinese take-out
Seasource Archives, Downtown	Seneca St. & Fourth Ave	Extensive collection of hard copy books, periodicals, microfiche
Seattle Aquarium	Pier 64	Main attraction are glass-domed rooms surrounded by Puget Sound sea life
Seattle Art Museum Pavilion	1401 East Observatory Drive	A collection of local and Salish art
Seattle Coliseum	240 North First Ave	Home to Federated-Boeing Transonics, semi-pro basketball team
Seattle Convention/Trade Ctr	Eighth Ave & Pike Street	Multistory convention center
Seattle Federal Building	Seneca St. & First Ave	72-story building housing UCAS Federal offices
Seattle Hilton	Sixth Ave & University St.	Grandaddy of metroplex luxury hotels
Seattle Opera House	Sixth Ave & University St.	Seattle Symphony, Opera Company and Pacific Northwest Ballet
Seattle University	1701 Broadway	Best known for its Masters in Magical Theory and Arts
Seattle-Tacoma Inter. Airport	Perimeter Road	Three-dozen airlines and airfreight services fly into and out of
The Seward club	Juneou St. & Twenty-Eighth Ave S.	Licensed casino, 19th-century theme, Yakuza controlled
The Space Needle	410 West Thomas Street	185-meter metal tower, observation deck and restaurant/bar
Stouffer-Madison Hotel	Sixth Ave & Madison St.	Mid-range hotel, popular with business travelers
Syberspace	Seventh Ave & Columbia St.	Cutting-edge, AR club that replicates Seattle Matrix
Takuri's	Marian St. & Fourth Ave	Finest Neo-Tokyo restaurant in metroplex
Tam's Under The Needle	Denny Way & Fifth Ave	Bistro serving combustion Asian, Salish and Americanian cuisine
Tickler's	Alki Ave SW	Independent strip-joint
The Sports Bar	University St. & Terry Ave	Popular with university students, sometimes mafia hangout
University Hospital	1959 Pacific Ave	Major research and teaching hospital
University of Washington	Montlake Boulevard NE	Top computer science programs, connections to Renraku, Mitsuhamma
Warwick-Hilton Hotel	Fourth Ave & Lenora St.	20-story hotel, 20th-century elegance
West Coast Hamlin Hotel	Eighth Ave & Pine St.	Reasonably priced hotel, eco-green and neo-tribal theme
The Westin Seattle	Fifth Ave & Stewart St.	Flagship hotel of the Westin International Corps
Wuxing Towers	Roosevelt Way & Fifteenth St.	Headquarters of Wuxing American division
Wylie's Gala Inn	Fourth Ave & Pike St.	1930's decore Inn, front for Ciarnello family
You Should Not Eat So Much!	Pier 60	All-you-can-eat family restaurant

BELLEVUE LOCATIONS

Name	Address	Description
Ares Macrotechnology	Bellevue Way SE & Sixteenth St. SE	Areas Macrotechnology's Pacific Northwest headquarters
Bellevue Art Museum	Eighth St. NE & Bellevue Way	Finest collections of artwork on the Pacific Coast
Bellevue Correctional Facility	May Valley Road SE	"The Brickyard" is run by Lone Star Security Services
Bellevue Crab House	108th Ave NE	First-class seafood restaurant
Bellevue District Courthouse	Bellevue Way SE & Main St.	"Interface" between Knight Errant and Lone Star officers.
Bellevue District Hall	1151 East Main St.	Home of the office of the Mayor
Bellevue Hilton	112th Ave NE	Luxury-class hotel, featuring three restaurants
Bellevue Poor House	NE 40th St. & 148th Ave NE	Rough-and-tumble bar, shadowrunner hangout
Bellevue Sleep & Eat	381 W. Lake Sammamish Parkway SE	Cheap coffin hotel, rumored connections to Tamanous
Bellevue Square	Eighth St. NE & Bellevue Way	Metroplex's oldest shopping center, Mafia connections
Cavilard Research Center	1302 118th Ave SE	Private NeoNET research park, rumored magical research
Cougar Mountain Hospital	18910 SE Sixty-sixth St.	Specializes in transplant surgery and organ replacement, Yakuza connections
Degear's Electronics	148th Ave NE & Eighth St. NE	Indie tech store with hard-to-find items, mafia connections
Ezell's Southern Accent	100th Ave NE & 116th Place NE	Down-home southern cooking, rumored Confederate States connections
Gaeatronics	119 West Groat Point Drive	Headquarters of Salish-Shidhe energy giant, looks like a mountain
Global Technologies	1903 S. 100th Ave SE	NeoNET purchased this top producer of skillssofts, technomancer studies
Greenwoods Inn	116th Ave NE	Reasonable prices, atmosphere
Main Place Arcade	112th Ave SE & Main St.	Attempt to maintain "main street community," not metahuman friendly
Microdeck Industries	M.D. Plaza, Main St. & 124th Ave NE	Software publisher for nearly a decade, owned by wealthy Gates family
The Mogul	NE Eighth St. & 108th Ave	Best Indian restaurant in Bellevue, owner skilled magician
NeoNET Labs	Sixth St. SE & 11th Ave SE	Corps' Seattle research facility, inherited from Novatech
Overlake Medical Research Ctr	116th Ave NE	Specializes in diseases related to environmental pollution, critters
Powerline	Market St. & 17th Ave	Premier sex club, Yakuza connections
The Silver Fools	Market St. & Fourteenth Ave NW	German-style vegetarian and soy foods
Thomas Vintners	136th Place NE	Metroplex's oldest winyard, resisted numerous buyout offers

TACOMA LOCATIONS

Name	Address	Description
Basil's Faulty Bar	Westgate Boulevard & Pearl St.	Local dive with shadowrunner connections
Brichert Paper Mills	Thirty-first St. NE & Fifty-third Ave NE	Centuries old mill producing traditional and cutting-edge paper products
The Cathode Glow	Sixth Ave & N. Cedar St.	Filled with working examples of the history of computers
Charles Royer Station	1001 Puyallup Ave	Central transportation hub for metroplex, Knight Errant security
The Crying Wall	East Eleventh St. & St. Paul Ave	Memorial to metahumans who died during the Night of Rage
Declery's	Fifteenth Ave NE & Thirty-eighty St NE	Working-class bar, strong mafia connections

Name	Address	Description
Doctors Hospital of Tacoma	737 South Fawcett Ave	Specializes in orthopedics, known for free clinic work
Federated-Boeing Metalworks	Port of Tacoma Rd & Marshall Ave	Manufacturing facility part of FB's vertical integration in metroplex
Genis Natch	1807 Forty-ninth Ave Court NE	Dive frequented by shapeshifters
Gianelli's Restaurant	15th Ave NE & 42nd St NE	Family-style Italian eatery, strong mafia connections
Humana Hospital	S. Nineteenth St. & S. Lawrence St	Large, well-funded by Shiawase
Lakewood Comfy Cubicle	6125 Motor Ave SW	Clean accommodations for a tight budget
Lakewood Shezan	Gravelly Lake Divine & 112th St. SW	Tanzanian-Indian cuisine
Learnson Shipyards	E. Eleventh St. & Main View Dr.	Commercial ship builders, from small vessels to supertankers
Margaret Bridge Child Hospital	315 South K St.	Numerous awards for their work for critically ill children
Olga's Tearoom	Old military Road	Russian-style tearoom emphasizing Russia and Eastern European varieties
PacRim Communications Ultd	Sixth Ave & Union Ave	Major provider of telecomms in Seattle Metroplex and Salish-Shidhe Council
Palace of China	Soundevue Dr. W. & Brookside Way	Nightclub, medieval Chinese theme, Triad connections
Peaceable Kingdom	Tacoma Ave & S. Thirty-seventh St.	American-Chinese restaurant, Triad connections
Port of Tacoma Police Station	125 E. Eighteenth St. & D St. E.	Heart of the Tacoma business district, currently run by Knight Errant
The Sea-Tac Mall	South 320th St. & Pacific Hwy	Largest shopping mall in the district, target for thriller gangs
Sheraton Tacoma	South 13th St. & Broadway Plaza	Turn-of-the-century décor, refuge for metahuman during Night of Rage
Shiawase	Sixth Ave S. & J St.	Twin towers house Pacific Northwest headquarters
Silcox Island Correction Facility	Silcox Island, American Lake	Thirty-story municipal prison, paranormal guard animals
Tacoma Charity General	315 S. K St.	Poorly funded hospital covering the poor and uninsured
Tacoma District Courthouse	1101 A St.	District Courthouse
Tacoma District Hall	747 Market St.	Highly-secured, fifteen story art-deco building
Tacoma Dome Hotel	E. 26th St. & E St.	One of the best in the district, spacious, well-appointed rooms
Tacoma Mall	Forty-seventh St. & Pine St.	Oldest shopping mall in the metroplex, including fine antique stores
Tacoma Nybbles & Bytes	4020 S. Steele St.	Latest online equipment alongside a selection of talismans, lore books, and more
Tacoma Purple Haze	S. Twenty-fifth St. & Jefferson Ave	Texan, Aztlan and Pueblo dishes
Tacoma Style	Grandview Dr. & Sunset Beach Rd.	Restaurant and nightclub, Salish menu
Villa Plaza	Gravelly Lake DR & Alforetta St.	Indoor/outdoor shopping plaza, Salish-style theme
Zalensky's Electronics	Twenty-seventh St. W & Bridgeport	Front for a chop-shop, Yakuza connections

EVERETT LOCATIONS

Name	Address	Description
Alderwood Mall	36th Ave West & 184th St. SW	Two level shopping mall
Bicon Biomedicals	Beverly Park Rd & 117th St. SW	Manufacturer and research lab owned by Shiawase
Billing's Medical Services	Billing's Medical Services	Private health maintenance organization
Casino Corner	Evergreen Wy & Route 526	Mafia and Yakuza connections
Dadson Vision Entertainments	7th Ave and Everett Mall Way SE	Simsense and trideo programs producer, Yakuza connections
Danny's Bar and Grill	Beverly Lane & Barbara Lane	Dive, front for Finnegan Family catholic and gambling
Darrington Correctional Facility	Cyprus Way & Russel Road	Maximum-security prison, rumors of rampant prisoner abuses
Ebey's Bar In Exile	Beverly Park Rd. & Gibson Rd.	Haven for shadow-types
Everett Beacon Mall	100th St. SE	District's largest shopping mall, heavy security
Everett Community College	2000 Tower St.	Simmering cauldron of racial tensions
Everett District Hall	3002 Wetmore Ave	Office of the Mayor and District Council
Everett Gala Inn	19th Ave SE & 132nd St. SE	Adjacent to Rainforest Mall, Mafia connections
Everett General	Thirteenth St. & Colby Ave	Excellent general care provider owned by NeoNET
Everett Marina	West Marine View Drive	Largest marina on the west coast of North America
Everett Naval Hospital	916 E. Pacific Ave	Opened to the public, instead of just military personnel, in 2021
Everett Tripletree Inn	Beverly Boulevard & Madison St.	Ten-story luxury hotel turned vacant and squatter heaven
Evergreen Arboretum/Gardens	Alverson Boulevard & Marine View Dr.	2.4-acre park, including Awakened species of plants
Federated-Boeing Everett Fcty	938 84th St. SW	Giant design and assembly plant, surrounded by corps housing "Boeingville"
The Gravity Bar North	88th St. SW	First-class restaurant, attracts visiting celebs looking for quit getaway
Hajek's Computers	194th St. SW & 44th Ave W	Largest independent dealer in computer hardware/software
Independent Info. Net. Building	36th Ave W. & 179th St. SW	Major news outlets in metroplex
Ingersoll and Berkeley Soy Proc.	Faster Slough Rd. & G.A.R. Rd	One of the largest soy processors in metroplex
Kondorchid Shipping Depot	Port of Everett	World-wide shipping corporation, front for the Olaya Cartel
Lakeview Inn	11850 19th Ave SE	Reasonable priced motor inn on Silver Lake
Lynnwood Library	19200 Forty-fourth Ave W.	One of the largest collections of occult references in North America
Mukilteo Park	Front St. & Mukilteo Speedway	Usually haven for homeless populations
Naval Station Everett	Rucker Ave & Pacific Ave	Sole UCAS Naval Station active on the Pacific coast of North America
Rikki's Rathole	Mukilteo Spdwj & Chennault Beach	Bar run by a rat shaman, also includes lore books, talismans and more
Seattle Ferry Terminal	Mukilteo Speedway & Front St.	Handles arriving/departing ferries from Downtown Seattle and Tacoma
Silver Cloud Inn	718 Front St.	70-room luxury hotel, water front view
The Rubber Suit	Upper Ridge Rd & Eighteenth St. SW	Largest nightclub in Everett, Yakuza connections
Thomas Lake Mining And Oil	35th Ave SE near Thomas Lake	Founded by a dwarf miners cooperative, fought off numerous buy outs
Travis Memorial Hospital	Narma Beach Rd & Fifty-Second Ave W.	Pioneered cooperative approach between medical science and healing magic

RENTON LOCATIONS

Name	Address	Description
Azteca International South	N. 28th Place & Burnett Ave	Aztec-Mex cuisine and fresh seafood, Aztlan connections
Auburn Center	Main St. W. & Lund Rd	Aging mall for lower classes
City Health South	2700 152nd Ave NE	Suffering from budget cutbacks for years
Cougar Mountain Resort	182nd Ave SE & 102nd St SE	Luxury resort
Denton's Lore Store	Benson Road S. & Puget Dr. S.	Talisman shop focusing primarily on printed books
Federated-Boeing Facility	Logan Ave and N. 6th St.	Manufacturers remote piloted vehicles
Greasy Ben's	Thirty-seventh St. NE & C St. NE	Down-home BBQ, cover for chop-shop, Yakuza connections

Name	Address	Description
Horizon Creative Focus Retreat	1 Horizon Way	Horizon "working vacation" resort
Knight Errant Seattle Academy	715 NE Third	Extensive training facility for all KE security personnel
Lake Youngs Hilton	192nd St. SE & 148th Ave	Twelve-story luxury hotel on shore of Lake Youngs
Maple Valley General	220th Ave SE & Sweeny Rd SE	Running downhill under rampant corruption
Maple Valley Mall	220th Place SE & Bain Rd SE	Home to small community of neo-tribal ravers
Meredith Comfy Cubicle	Thirty-seventh St. NW & Auburn Wy N	Out of business, now filled with squatters
Mon Hing Restaurant And Bar	South Central Ave & Intercity 516	Sub-par Chinese-American food, hangout for disgruntled ex-Lone Star
The Murdered Mime	108th Ave SE & 204th St. SE	Hot hotspot, Yakuza connections
Renton Bootery	North 28th Pl. & Burnett Ave	Specializing in footwear for metahumans
Renton Center Mall	Puget Dr. SE & Grant Ave S.	Best shopping and hottest brands in Renton
Renton District Hall	220 South Fourth Ave	Security doesn't compare wit other district offices
Renton Hole In The Wall	Maple Valley Rd & Jones Rd	Rat's nest filled with low-lives willing to do any work
Renton Inn	Sunset Boulevard & Aberdeen Ave NE	Flag-ship company inn, concierge is decent fixer
77	77 SW Sunset Boulevard	Private club with excessive security
Shadow Lake Correction Facility	232nd St. & 196th Ave SE	Medium security, pioneered "hard time" sim program
Shirley's Ghost	208th St. & 132nd Ave SE	Bar and grill with faux-Halloween and neo-Goth theme
Silver Screen Dreams	NE 44th St & Lake Washington Blvd SE	Day spa, Golden Age of Hollywood theme, burnaku parlor
Talbot Security Vehicles	1601 Davis Ave South	Vehicle modifications, willing to work without filing permits
Wanda's Witchery	208th St. SE & 148th Ave SE	American-style cuisine, popular with Awakened and technomancer crowd

AUBURN LOCATIONS

Name	Address	Description
Algona Hospital	First Ave & Algona Blvd N.	Specializes in artificial organ and limb replacement, Renraku owned
Auburn District Hall	R St. & Twenty-ninth St. SE	Run-down buildings and loose security
Auburn Mall	Eighth St. E. & East Valley Hwy	Full selection of shops, including bodysshops and weapons
The Aurora	304th St. E. & 132nd Ave E.	Sad bar for run-down street-types
The Barn Burner	Griffin Ave & Porter St.	Best southwestern food outside of Sioux Nation
Bowman Metal Works	Ofarrel Cutoff Rd & Twelfth St. E.	Heavily polluting smelter, handles Federated-Boeing overflow
Casey's	162nd Ave SE & Lake Moneysmith Rd	Bar popular with local hackers
Clone Zone Mall	64th St. E. & 160th Ave E.	Hacker knock-off electronics for bargain prices
Community General	2125 C St.	Charity hospital supported heavily by the Catholic Church
Covington Rent and Rest Hotel	272nd St. SE & Wax Rd SE	Well-run cubicle hotel, Yakuza connections
Dieringer Sleep Company	East Valley Hwy E. & Forest Canyon Rd	Trashy cubicle hotel, smuggling connections
Enumclaw MoneyMaker Hotel	Mud Mountain Rd & 252nd Ave SE	Cubicle hotel, prostitution connections
Eric's Italian Restaurant	Roosevelt Ave	Site of a Yakuza/Mafia small-scale war
Federated-Boeing Facility	Enumclaw Rd & SE 408th St.	Museum during the day, heavily restricted at night
The Filthy Dragon	272nd St. SE & Wax Rd SE	Seedy bar, Yakuza connections
Green River Inn	SE Green Valley Rd & 218th Ave SE	Family-style economy hotel, Soulpur Rings connections
Lake Wilderness Hospital	248th St. SE & Gaffney Rd	Specializes in holistic and alternative treatments
Magician's Feast	Enchanted Pkwy S & Twenty-eighth Ave S	Salish and American cuisine, magic theme, Aztec connections
Mama Pani's Talisman Shoppe	1st St. NE & L St. NE	Well-stocked small shop of magical accoutrements
Max's Ironworks	S. 324th St. & Pacific Hwy S.	Old-school boxing gym, discreet muscle-for-hire
Stuck's Carnival	85th Ave SE & SE 358th St.	The casino and cabaret is a six-block city unto itself, black market connections
The Supermall	1101 Supernall Wy	One of the largest malls in the metroplex, many shops are in decline
The Ultra Resort	N. Island Dr & N. Vista Dr., Tapps Island	Mysterious, ultra exclusive island resort
United Oil Research/Dev. Lab	900 Forest Ridge Dr	Ultra secure compound, though magical security suffered after Crash 2.0
Wynaco Correctional Facility	Black Diamond Rd & 148th Wy SE	Maximum-security UCAS prison, considered "hell hole" by inmates

SNOHOMISH LOCATIONS

Name	Address	Description
Berkley Soy Cuisines	Ninety-first Ave SE & Alder St.	Land-based and Hydroponic cultivation of foodstuffs
Blackstone's Museum and Zoo	118 E. Ave B	Featuring paranatural animals, rumored illegal critter fights
Bothell Mall	Bothell Wy NE & 190th St. NE	Two-level mall, Association has ruthless reputation
The Brier Hotel	Brier Rd & 236th St. SW	Abandoned hotel occupied by squatters, supposedly haunted
Brother Anatole	Snohomish Ave & 180th St. SE	Local bar, Humanis connections
Circle Farm	Springhetti Rd	Rose farm, feminist neo-Wiccan connections
Cocoon	First St. & Ave C	Coffin club where Awaken can safely place bodies for Astral projection
The Coliseum	Commercial St.	Paranormal critter-fighting ring
Edmonds Instruments	76th Ave W. & 212th St. SW	Subsidiary of Federated-Boeing, precision aircraft and watercraft instruments
Elven River Tours	Federal Way	Mostly Elven employees, eco-friendly, smuggling connections
The Green Nymph	224th St. SE & 49th Ave SE	Produces and sells a variety of magical supplies and goods
Ingersoll Aquaculture	76th Ave W. & 212th St.	Focused on "farming" the Snohomish River, troubles with ecoterrorists
Jay's Boathouse North	242nd Place SW	Salish and Seattle cuisine, Shadowrunner connections
Kingsley Precision Metals	80th Ave NE & NE 184th St.	Creating metallic alloys and machines for a variety of metroplex clients
Lake Forest Park	1015 Forest Park Dr NE	Peaceful during the day, domain of gangs at night
Purgatory	204th St. SW & Twenty-eighty Ave W.	Popular watering hole for magicians and wannabes
Snohomish District Hall	1009 E. First St.	In the charming and historical central area of the district
Snohomish Medical Center	Second St. & Ave B	Low-level care for anyone without insurance
Snohomish Security Personnel	Thirteenth St. & Pine Ave	Mostly agribusiness contracts, Humanis connections
Snohomish Sheraton	Second St. & Maple Ave	Inexpensive hotel running downhill, Mafia connections
Snohomish Society Farms	2011 156th St. SW	One of Snohomish's Largest agricultural cooperative, Humanis connections
Thrasher's Correction Facility	3007 Nineteenth Ave SE	Privately run contract prison, particularly brutal towards non-vanilla humans
The Top Side	Canyon Park Rd & Sixty-first Ave SE	Seafood restaurant, nautical theme, deeply in debt
Totem Falls Antiques	Cathcart Wy	Specializes in settlement-era antiques
The Turner Clinic	Maltby Rd & Woodinville Cut-off	Independent health-care provider, mired in malpractice suits
Visioncrafters, Inc.	228th St. SE and 44th Ave SE	Manufactures precision optics for computer systems



FORT LEWIS LOCATIONS

Name	Address	Description
Angela's	Yakima Ave S. & 134th St.	Family-style Italian restaurant
The Big "O"	165th St. S. & A St.	Strip-joint catering primarily to off-duty soldiers
The Drunken Non-com	Loop Rd S. & Old Military Rd	Seedy nightclub drawing mainly military personnel, Yakuza connections
Fort Lewis Hall/Metroplex HQ	Nevada Ave & Fifteenth St.	Mayor is commanding officer of the military reservation
Fort Lewis Sauna/Holistic Center	140th St. S. & Yakima Ave	Day-spa, front for discreet body shop
The Fort Lewis Stockades	Coolidge Ave & Adams St.	Military "hard labor" prison where inmates do public work projects
Fort Lewis Visitor's Quarter	Forty-first Div. Dr & Pennsylvania Ave	Visitors stay overnight at this facility
Fort Lewis Zoological Gardens	1011 W. Jackson Ave	UCAS military facility for the study of paranormal critters open to public
Golden Soy	123rd St. & 49th Ave	Family-friendly Chinese restaurant
The Lost Unicorn	Woodbrook Rd & 150th St.	Bar that caters to magicians
Madigan Army Hospital	3954 W. Wilson Ave	One of the best military-run hospitals in the UCAS
McChord Airfield Visitors Center	Main St. & Central Ave	Full-immersion VR experiences highlight museum of aviation history
McChord Hospital	Battery Rd & Fourth St	Specializing in emergency medicine and tissue regeneration/transplants
Pacific University	121st S. & J St.	One of metroplex's finest institutes of higher learning
Parkland Gala Inn	119th St. S. & Sheridan St. S.	Mid-size economy hotel close to military base
Parkland Mall	116th St. & 19th Ave Court S.	Two floors of shopping, well-watched by Military Police
The Shy Giant	129th St. S. & Park Ave S.	California and Sioux cuisine, popular with NAN citizens
The Soft Landing	121st St. S. & Sheridan St. S.	Small bar near Air Field, cover for prostitution
The Terrible Taps	174th St. S. & A St.	Hole-in-the-wall bar & grill servicing off-duty soldiers
The Urban Combat Simulator	213 W. Outer Dr	Large-scale training facility focusing on Seattle Center layout

REDMOND LOCATIONS

Name	Address	Description
Aces	130th Ave & 142nd St.	Local hangout pit for the Crimson Crush gang
Banshee	1267 163rd Ave NE	No-frills, low-key bar
The Body Mall	Issaquah-Beaver Lk Rd & E. Beaver Lk Dr	Low-fare body shop, Tamarous connections
Carnation-Seattle Ranch	3165 NE 60th St.	Potential gateway between Redmond and Native territory
Crusher 495	124th Ave & 143rd St.	Ork-owned and operated club, troubles with Humanis, Mafia, Yakuza
Downfall	NE 175th St. & 140th Ave NE	Clean, safe bar—by Redmond standards
Dr. Bob's Quickstitch Clinic	150th Ave NE & NE 36th St.	Street clinic, rumored preferences to vanilla humans
Hollywood Correctional Facility	156th Pl NE & 159th Ave NE	Largest prison in Redmond, rumored Chimera connections
Hollywood Hospital	153rd St. & 154th Ave	Underfunded, understaffed, but tough security
Hollywood Simsense Entertainment	NE 145th St & 168th Ave	Cheap simsense gear and cheaper chips, Mafia controlled
The Jackal's Lantern	25th St. & 168th Ave NE	Cheap bar, Halloween gang hangout
The Joke	Union Hill Rd & 208th Ave NE	Yakuza controlled club and black market warehouse
Life-Eez Appliances	West Morrison St. & Stewart Ave	Cooking and cleaning appliances, primarily employee metahumans
The Madwoman	51st St. NE & 228th Ave NE	A nightclub that has seen better days, neo-tribal ravers hangout
Monohan Vehicles	Black Nugget Road	Manufactures military and police vehicles for Ares Arms
Novelty Hill sleep & Eat	Novelty Hill Rd & W. Snoqualmie Vly Rd	Refurbished warehouse with stacked cubicles, no niceties
Phoenix House	Union Hill Rd	Japanese food, Yakuza connections
Redmond Center	Redmond Wy & Avondale Wy NE	Two-story mall fallen on hard times, front for numerous Yakuza rackets
Redmond District Hall	14670 NE 85th St.	Run-down district government buildings
Redmond General	164th Ave NE & 85th St. NE	UCC and metroplex government joint venture, scandals abound
The Skeleton	Redmond Fall city Rd & 196th Ave NE	Redmond's most venerable and famous rock-club
Squatters' Mall	NE 8th St. & 244th Ave NE	Massive shopping mall that Crash of '29 overnight turned to squatter locale
Yoshiro's	Woodinville Snohomish Rd & 175th St. NE	Cheap and greasy Japanese soy food, gangers and Yakuza connections

PUYALLUP LOCATIONS

Name	Address	Description
Archie's	8th Ave E. & 10th Ave E.	Jokes and novelty item shop
The Armadillo	128th St. E. & Intercity 161	Bar and hacker hangout, hacker connections
The Bishop's Corpse	224th St. E. & Intercity 161	Small family restaurant, Puyallup information available
Black Junk Yards	Buckley Boulevard & 234th Ave E.	Giant maze of well-guarded stacked and crushed vehicles and parts
The Crime Mall	136th St. E. & 122nd Ave E.	One-stop black-market shopping center
The Daisy Chain	SE 400th St. & 196th Ave SE	Bar with eleven-gothic theme, eleven gangs connections
Deireadh An Tuartheil	2278 E. 408th St. E.	Overtaken by metahumans during the Night of Rage
The Good Samaritan Hospital	407 Fourteenth Ave SE	Run by UCAS military, most personnel are UCAS Medical Corps
Hell's Kitchen Tours	214th Ave E. & Old summer Buckley Hwy	Aerial tours, pilots often willing to make discreet drop-offs/pick-ups
Howlin' Good Time	108th St. E. & 202nd Ave E.	Country-and-western bar, Humanis connections
Kenston Aircraft Interiors	176th St. E. & Thirty-eighth Ave E.	Passenger aircraft interiors manufacturer for Federated-Boeing
Loveland Quinn's	22nd Ave E. & National Park Hwy	Nightclub entertaining off-duty soldiers, Mafia connections
McMillin Correctional Facilities	Pioneer Way & 128th St. E.	Poorly run and maintained prison
Petrowski Farms	22481 Country Dr E.	Exceptionally secure farm, five generations of farming
Puyallup District Hall	Seventh Ave SE & Thirteenth St. SE	Government dances to the tune of numerous criminal organizations
Puyallup Lodge	102nd Ave E. & 104th St. E.	Cheap "coffin hotel"
The Spirit Focus	Spanaway-McKenna Hwy & 208th St.	Finest jazz club, popular with Awakened crowd, Yakuza connections
Twentens	Kapowsin Hwy & Intercity 161	High-priced soy cuisine, at least for Puyallup, owner is powerful shaman
Underworld 93	4819 96th Ave E.	Queen of the Seattle music venues, Yakuza connections
Redmond General	164th Ave NE & 85th St. NE	UCC and metroplex government joint venture, scandals abound
The Skeleton	Redmond Fall city Rd & 196th Ave NE	Redmond's most venerable and famous rock-club
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COUNCIL ISLAND LOCATIONS

Name	Address	Description
Aquaculture Lodge	Seventy-first St. SE	Salish-Shidhe program to restore local flora and fauna
Chief Sealth Lodge	Thirty-first St. SE & Seventy-eighth Ave SE	UCAS consulate on Council Island
Council Island Hospital	Thirtieth SE & Island Crest Wy	Small, modern hospital that offers free treatment to visitors
Council Island Inn	Roanoke Wy	Modern marvel of green architecture with cutting edge security
Eagle Lodge	Island Crest Wy & Sixth-eighth St. SE	Aviary for raising rare birds, rumored to be run by a shapeshifter
The Friendship Restaurant	SE Twenty-second St.	Salish family eatery of local cuisine
Grand Council Lodge	Seventy-eighth Ave SE	One of the largest and most impressive buildings on island, tight security
Marge's Flowers & Nursery	Island Crest Wy	Largest and finest florist and plant nursery
Medicine Lodge Hollow	See p. 133	Tourist trap
Museum Lodge	Thirtieth St. SE & Seventy-eighth Ave SE	Exhibits of the history and culture native to this region
Passport Lodge	Thirty-second St. SE & Seventy-eighth Ave	Passes and visas
South Island Clinic	Island Crest Wy & SE Sixty-eighth St.	Specializes in gene-therapy for a variety of conditions

