

# SHADOWRUN<sup>®</sup>

# THE LAND OF PROMISE



#### CREDITS

##### Writing

Russell Zimmerman

##### Cover Art

Kathleen Hardy

##### Illustrations

Phil Hilliker

##### Development

Peter M. Andrew, Jr.

##### Layout & Design

Matt Heerd

##### Art Director

Brent Evans

##### Shadowrun Line Developer

Jason M. Hardy

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

Connecting JackPoint VPN ...  
 ... Matrix Access ID Spoofed.  
 ... Encryption Keys Generated.  
 ... Connected to Onion Routers.  
 > Login  
 \*\*\*\*\*  
 > Enter Passcode  
 \*\*\*\*\*  
 ... Biometric Scan Confirmed.  
 Connected to <ERROR: NODE UNKNOWN>  
  
*"Immortals don't have to beat you, just out wait you."*

### JackPoint Stats

126 users currently active in the network

#### Latest News

It's about time we looked at our southern neighbor again; you know how elves like to be the center of attention. - FastJack

#### Personal Alerts

- \* You have 2 new [private messages](#).
- \* You have 9 new [responses](#) to your JackPoint posts.
- \* Your manicure is scheduled in thirty-one minutes. Remember your pink nail polish, macho man.

#### First Degree

Two Members are online and in your area.

**Your Current Rep Score:** 147 (79% Positive)

**Current Time:** 11 Sept 2074, 1229 hrs

- PREFERENCES
- FEEDS
- TASKS
- LINKS
- HISTORY

Welcome back to JackPoint, chummer; your last connection was severed: 2 days, 2 hours ago.



### Today's Heads Up

\* One of our favorite Pointers decided to get the down low on our favorite Elf playland, Tir Tairngire, and he brought a friend-Tarlan-to help. Read and see what has changed over the past few years. -FastJack

### Incoming

- \* Who knew rocks could be interesting? Once Awakened, these things might never go to sleep. [Tag: [Parageology](#)]
- \* If you're looking for a chance to work a little farther north, Montreal might be a nice stop, eh? [Tag: [Montreal 2074](#)]
- \* Well the last one was popular, and guns make the world go round. [Tag: [Gun H\(e\)aven 2](#)]
- \* I know somebody is looking for some help in the Underground. [Tag: [Burn](#)]

### Top News Items

- \* Three FBI agents are slain in their Springfield, Michigan homes. Corporate agents are suspected. [Link](#)
- \* Terrorists strike at Seattle's Green Party headquarters, leaving behind seven bodies and over four hundred gallons of toxic waste. [Link](#)
- \* Renraku has sentenced former CAS Congressional Representative Lance Jennings to death for corporate espionage. The sentence will be carried out in two days. [Link](#)
- \* CAS has revoked citizenship from nearly seven hundred people who held dual citizenship with the Renraku Corporation. The Confederate Aviation administration has denied all Renraku flight privileges. [Link](#)

- CHAT
- MESSAGES
- FILES
- POSTS
- NEBUS
- SEARCH

Active

ComStar Firewall

Active

Jack-in-the-Box Antivirus

Active

SpamWitch Filter

On/Receiving

Commcode

Excellent

Signal

Active

Hidden Mode

Local Map

**THE LAND OF PROMISE**

Posts/Files tagged with "The Land of Promise":

- \* Tir Tairngire Basics
- \* Soaring Above the Clouds
- \* Cara'Sir
- \* Tir Tairngire Politics

[\[More\]](#)

CONTINUE

ADVANCED SEARCH

SAVE



# LAYERS

To people with the eyes to see it that way, Portland is not a place, it's a *thing*. A living, breathing, eating, shitting creature. An animal. Most tourists only see the outside, the shining fur, the bright eyes. They appreciate Portland—or Cara'Sir, if they want to sound like the new natives—for being beautiful, they keep a safe distance, and they think it's gorgeous and graceful. They're like people watching a tiger at a zoo. They don't know it, really *know* it, like folks with a closer view.

Patrolman Craig Young knew better. He saw the lower layers, not just the shiny veneer. He didn't spend much time amidst the shining spires of Downtown, the lights of the Telestrian Habitat, or his brother Constabulary officers with their hokey horses and their paychecks triple the size of his. The tourists, the academics, the high society mavens, the good citizens—those were not his people, not the ones he dealt with day in and day out. He didn't simply admire the predatory grace of Cara'Sir from a distance; he was immersed in it. He spent his nights tucked soundly in the belly of the beast. As an elven officer with the wrong kind of reputation, he got the worst beats to walk, the worst neighborhoods to patrol, the worst parasites to deal with. Young saw the claws and fangs firsthand, with no intervening iron bars or glass.

Young liked to classify the neighborhoods by how much augmented reality they indulged in; given his particular skill set

and outlook, he spent more time in AR than most, and it colored his perceptions. The gaudy Downtown sights, the hotels of Elk Town, the conference centers and eateries of Westmoreland? What wasn't a magical illusion was an AR overlay, as often as not. It was all painted up, either with wonderful wizards or console cowboys, to dazzle and distract and impress. Their dark reflection, the other side of the coin, was Cara'Sir's ugliest neighborhoods. Guilds Lake, the half-renewed industrial park on Swan Island, the Meat Racks down by the port? There the AR was more desperate, where it existed. Triple-X rated, thick with syndicate-sponsored subliminals, illegal tracking cookies, and occasional malware. The electronic overlay of Portland's underbelly was like top-notch tridcreens propped up in rotting, roach-infested, BTL dens. It was there to hold your attention while someone took your nuyen, your blood, your soul. Or all three. Only the places in between showed their true colors. Tigard and Progress, Faloma and St John's, places where what you saw was what you got. The honest places. The middle places.

Part of Young liked avoiding those places in the middle. Even riding solo in his patrol car—Pritchett had, surprise surprise, gotten yet another last-minute assignment that kept him from having to ride with a "round-ear lover" like Young—he preferred the thrill of

Portland's worst corners. Here in the dark, a cop could get away with things that were impossible in the city's nicer districts. Especially a cop with the right skills, magical aptitude, and headware.

Young idled in his sedan, chewing on some betel gum and doing what no one else in the Constabulary would or could. He'd spotted another one; an AR underlay, a crafty way some seemingly legit businesses advertised their less-than-clean secondary operations. This one was a basic list of options and prices for a massage parlor, but with the right password—or a powerful Spoof program, which was what Young had—you could turn the special offers page into a list of less-than-savory actions with less-than-legal partners. At least the Shooters down at the Meat Racks ran clean parlors with willing participants. Outfits like this, though? Here, the Peace Force couldn't just take a small cut and turn a blind eye. Or at least, Young couldn't.

His headware commlink spun to life, and he danced with it. Dipping into full VR—seat laid back, windows tinted, sedan armored—he and his Fairlight slipped through menu option after menu option, leapt and spun from node to node, sliced through their secure code neatly and smoothly. In an eyeblink he had skipped past their clumsy IC and in a heartbeat he was a full administrator. He downloaded their lists of working girls, their clients, their employees, and sent instant data relays to friends in the Constabulary. He found their money, and the seventeen separate numbered accounts where it was kept.

He smiled and edited the base code of their sign.

As Young straightened his seat and pulled his black-and-white away, easing into light traffic to continue his patrol, bank accounts and passwords scrolled serenely on the animated sign. He knew how the animal of Cara'Sir worked. The bank accounts would be drained by the greedy and selfish faster than the parlor itself would be raided by law enforcement, and he didn't mind a bit. It was a win. Some of the city's poor would have a little extra spending money, one less thing to worry about with the Rite and the elections coming up. The pimps who rented out little girls would still lose their cash. The cops who cared more about glory than order would still get their busts, eventually. Young wouldn't get official credit for any of it, but he didn't care. The work was getting done, the girls would be freed, and this layer of Portland would be a little better off. He'd done it before, and things had fallen into place just fine.

He was feeling pretty pleased with himself, then, when he came across the sloppiest burglary in Portland's history a few blocks later. Three ork youths—gangsters from the Spans, judging by their black-on-gray colors—were clambering into the shattered front window of a ¥-4-NERPS pawn shop. For a split-second he wondered how they'd gotten the bars off, even as a mental command got his patrol car's lights flashing while the siren warbled twice. His question was answered by one look at the shoulders of the burly teens, and the way the light dully gleamed off the crowbars two of them carried.

*Car 34 to Dispatch. 459 in progress at my GPS. Backup requested,* he piped silently and invisibly as he clambered out of his car, drawing in a lungful of air to bellow in his best command voice.

"Peace Force! Put your hands up!"

The cinder block, hurled at him by the third ork ganger, almost took his head off. Young was too quick, though, lunging sideways to dodge it. Laying sidelong on the pavement, his Falcon pistol barked twice and a pair of gel rounds slammed into the ork's chest. The targeting reticule of his smartlink broadcast to his department-issue Oakleys centered on the ork's head a split-second later. The Span wasn't bright enough to take the hint from the first two shots, and he raised

crowbar to attack. His head snapped back as Young squeezed the trigger, and the ork spun to the ground. The opening exchange was brutally one-sided, but it kept Young from realizing he hadn't received confirmation from dispatch.

He didn't have time to think about it a heartbeat later, either, when the two that were still awake came rushing at him. They were all high on jazz or kamikaze or—*Man, I hope it's not K-10*—something, coming at him even as he emptied his magazine into the pair of them. As a half dozen gel rounds raised welts and bruises or bounced off armored street leathers, they bellowed about broken promises, ripping the ears off Keeblers like him, and following orders. He let his sidearm clatter to the pavement after the slide locked back, empty, and his right hand darted to his duty belt for his baton while his left tried a stiff-arm to buy him the space he'd need to draw it. It was going to be ugly, and it was going to be up close.

A crowbar swipe almost broke his collarbone, a gut punch blasted the wind from him, and a ham-sized fist snapped his head sideways. Young gave as good as he got, though, keeping a cool head and lashing out with the shock baton, battering with hilt strikes when they got too close to properly engage the electrically charged end. A downward smash of the crowbar cracked the densiplast forearm guards hidden beneath his jacket, a hot gust of foul breath made his eyes water as gleaming fang implants shone centimeters from his smartglasses, and a full-shouldered shove sent him tumbling almost back to his squad car. He came back with baton strikes to the head, a brutal elbow, a dirty kick from a densiplast-enforced boot.

Young's world exploded in static and bright light, then, and as he clawed his shattered Oakleys off his face and let his eyes adjust, trying to ignore the ringing in his head, he saw that one of his assailants was down and groaning. The other had gotten in a cheap shot and used the opening to run. An ork-sized blur of black and gray rounded a corner into nearby alley. Young stooped to recover his sidearm as he went, leaning down to trigger his stun baton one last time and jab hard at the Span ganger lying on the pavement. Then he ran, and the chase was on.

*34 to Dispatch, 34 to Dispatch. Code Purple, 245 on an officer! 11-99! 10-73?*

By reflex, he and his Fairlight shot the data equivalent of emergency flares, calling for Constabulary back-up as he sprinted down winding alleys, dodging dumpsters and squatters. The ganger he was chasing was probably fifteen years younger than him, with ork-strong legs and ork-powerful lungs, high on some combat drug and riding a wave of adrenaline. The ork went out of his way to bull through anything in his path, knocking over garbage cans, sending piles of crates tumbling, throwing everything he could in Young's way. Young was better, though. More experienced. He moved through the real world as smoothly as he did the Matrix, avoiding what he couldn't overcome. There was a smoothness to his actions—vaulting over a rusty trash can, taking three steps up a wall to grab a fire escape, swinging from it to the top of a dumpster, sliding across the rain-slick lid and down, feet under him, sprinting again—that the ork lacked, and where the young ganger went through everything in his path, Young slipped past it, over it, around it. Young found a hole, every time. He was gaining. Steadily gaining. Almost on him. All he needed was a good straightaway to pop in a fresh magazine and draw a bead, or one more little slip-up to let him get within arm's reach. Almost there.

Another alley mouth opened up to a street that needed crossing, and Young had the time he needed. He slapped a cold polymer magazine

into his Telestrian Falcon, the slide slapped forward to chamber a round, and instead of continuing the chase he raised the pistol.

"Peace Force!" The gun barked twice, Young's aim purposefully low. "Halt!"

The Span ganger tumbled to the rain-slick pavement yowling in pain and clutching at a bleeding leg. He tumbled and rolled, trying to scramble backwards on all fours and pitifully raise his hands at the same time. Officer Young advanced with his pistol held on the ork, left hand dipping to his duty belt to grab some restraints.

He spared a skyward glance as he piped another command to his headware, *Dispatch, this is 34. Come in, come in. 11-41 at my location, I repeat, ambulance needed at my loca*—The limousine barreled into the ork fast enough to send him flying, and the custom Westwind stretch-job was low enough to the ground that it kicked him up for some real hang time. The low-slung machine stopped on a dime a split-second afterward, and Young was sure the brake lights hadn't engaged until after the impact. The Span was a sprawled-out mess, limp as a rag doll, head pulped. Young registered it all in an instant, knowing he was dealing with a driver that was chromed enough to hit the ork or not, and that he had chosen, consciously chosen, to run him down.

Young leveled his sidearm as a rear passenger window slid down. Then, a second later, his vision was dazzled by flashing, stabbing lights. A pair of squad cars and a trio of rotodrones had this block cordoned off, and every one of them lit him up with their spotlights at once. With his smartglasses broken, the light was a physically painful thing, knocking him back half a step, but leaving the face he'd seen—the passenger in the limo—etched all the more sharply into his mind.

"I would holster that, Officer, before it gets you killed."

It was only after Young's kydex holster clapped onto his sidearm and he lamely lifted his hands in the air that the spotlights slid away. They didn't turn off, though. They all just swiveled, finding other targets, dazzling and spearing at an apartment window here, a storefront there, a couple on the street, a late-night food vendor at his cart. Each of the civilians was pinned in place as surely as Young had been; they all knew that a Peace Force spotlight came mounted on a gun. They all knew what that attention meant.

"Do climb in, please, and stop waving your arms around. You're embarrassing the Constabulary."

Still off-balance, Young stooped to enter the luxurious back seat of the Eurocar. He blinked away the darkness of the interior, then did his best not to gawk. Sitting across from him were Princes Conall Taylor and Jonathon Gant, two of the most powerful men in the Tir.

Taylor drawled at him again, with that famous amused edge to his voice, while holding up a slender flute.

"Champagne?"

"I'm, um, on duty." It was the first thing Young thought to say, even as the limo pulled away and left his squad car behind.

"Your shift expired at 21:15, actually. You were called back to the station and formally reprimanded for an unwarranted search of a privately owned node." Gant's deeper voice was almost robotic, clinical, detached, matter-of-fact. Wholly uncaring. "No one is turning a blind eye to your little game this time. You're facing official legal sanction for your tampering and will likely face compensation charges from the businessmen you wronged."

Taylor lit up the back of the limo with a smile.

"Or, rather, you *will* if we decide to have Johnny here hit send on a

few messages he's got queued up. Perhaps you'd rather sit and talk for a few minutes, Officer Young?"

Young sat.

"As wise as you are athletic, Officer. A fine performance, by the way. We already knew you were mentally sharp, but it was nice to see you in action tonight. You didn't do a bad job at all with those Spans. No hesitation, solid shooting, and good stick-work." He paused for a cheery little toast and a sip of bubbly. "We already knew you were good at chases, though. Jon?"

"Young, Craig Joshua. Born October 2, 2040, Tir Tairngire Medical Center, to Michael and Cindy—"

"Oh, hold just a moment, Jon." Taylor held up his flute of champagne to interrupt, nodding toward one door as the Westwind glided to a halt. "And scoot over just a bit, Officer. Who knows *what* she's wearing tonight?"

As it turned out, she—Prince Amy Joubert—was dressed rather conservatively, not wearing one of her splendidly formal, often magically decorated gowns. She slipped into the back of the limousine gracefully, as she did almost everything else. Taylor handed her the champagne he'd offered to Young by way of greeting.

"Miss Joubert, always a pleasure. We were just getting to the dirty secrets part. Jon started a bit early in the timeline, though. Do skip on to the interesting parts, you're being dreadfully dull."

Jon Gant—head of the Information Secretariat, the shadowy espionage center of the entire nation—shot Taylor a glare that would have made an ordinary citizen fear for his life and the life of his family. Nonetheless, he cleared his throat and continued. Young could only just barely make out the telltale glimmer on Gant's eyes, tiny slices of data shining over his cyberoptics, giving away the fact that he was reading off a list from deep within his headware.

"Very well. Young, Craig Joshua. Formally joined the Rinelle ke'Tesrae in 2059, serving primarily as Matrix enforcement. Made a sysop of the *Shay ke'Sallah*, or 'forest of silence,' after less than a year's service as a data courier. Responsible for Matrix assaults on nine Netwatch officers in that time, directly involved in four operations that caused twenty-seven deaths and sixty-four injuries, handled data, coordination, and planning for at least eight more."

Taylor tsk'ed loudly, and even Joubert frowned prettily. Gant didn't show that much emotion; he just kept rattling off sentence fragments like he was cribbing notes instead of describing a string of violent terrorist activities.

"Left the Rinelle during the amnesty period offered following the passage of the Zincan Act. Enlisted in the Peace Force, requesting a position in NetWatch and citing 'other' as qualifications. Served well from 2066 to 2072, with background records safely classified from all but higher-ups. In 2072, formally requested reassignment to the military branch, specifying the Ghosts as a desired position. Was transferred to Constabulary instead and put on Patrol, formally reprimanded for unnecessary paperwork and repeated requests. Transfer requests continued."

Taylor made a grand show of producing a commlink from within his jacket pocket, waving a finger to put it in speaker mode, and settling it onto the seat between he and Gant.

"And, with Prince Parris joining us ..." As Taylor spoke, the commlink broadcast an AR display of the perpetually scowling, dark-haired Prince. "... storytime is over, and I believe it's time for a little Q&A."

"Were you a Paladin of the Rinelle ke'Tesrae?" Prince Joubert's voice was softer than the rest. She lacked the perpetually bemused edge of Taylor's and the clinical disconnect of Gant's. She was a Paladin, herself, Young remembered.

"I swore Oaths to bring about change, yes."

"As part of an Initiation?"

Taylor's question caught him off guard. They had to know he was an adept, of course, but he wasn't sure they'd known how advanced he was.

"Yes."

"And why turn your back on it, then? Why join the Peace Force?"

It was Prince Joubert again, managing to sound almost concerned. Taylor was having fun with him, Gant was interrogating him. Joubert seemed almost worried about him, empathetic to what he went through, understanding.

"I didn't turn my back on anything. I became the change I thought the country needed, even after the Coup accomplished most of what we were after. The people got their elections. They got their Rites and rights back. I wanted things to keep getting better, but thought I could do that from inside, not outside, the system."

"And since then?" The voice was tinny, a little cold. Sharper than Gant's, though. Parris. "Why continue badgering your commanding officers with these demands to be transferred? They've made you a pariah in your own precinct."

"Because this isn't where I want to be."

"Why?" It was from Prince Parris again, piping from the commlink. It was a demand, not a question.

"Because I feel like I can do more good..."

"Stop." It was Gant, interrupting with those cold, dead, eyes of his. "You should know I'm monitoring you in a dozen different ways to test the honesty of your answers and I'm reporting my findings to my peers real-time. Prince Joubert and her unique talents are also in play. Tell us only the truth."

"Lying to a Prince is a capital crime." Parris's voice carried more than the hint of a threat. "You were one of NetWatch's best, now you're just a beat cop, hated by your peers. You want to be a Ghost, instead. Why?"

"I think I'd fit in better with the Ghosts than ..."

"We can have you shot, you know. Why?"

"I feel the Constabulary isn't fully utilizing my potential to bring about greater..."

"If he lies to us again, Prince Taylor, kindly snatch the life from him with your bare hands."

"Because they killed her." Young almost spat the words at them, feeling the anger rise up in him like bile. "You already know it, but you

bastards want to make me say it? Fine. Because when the Rinelle got their leg caught in a trap, it acted like an animal and gnawed it off. With Horizon and the Peace Force coming in at them under the Zincan Act, some of the Brat'mael decided to go out 'purging' Rinelle cells they thought were weakening the movement."

"And so your wife was killed," Amy Joubert spoke softly, as though she'd lost a friend herself.

"Danielle was too moderate for them, and she was a human. That was enough for them to want her dead. I want them dead for it." The dam broke, and Young let the words pour from him angrily. "Fuck NetWatch. Fuck the Constabulary. I want to be *chasing* them. I want to be hunting down what's left of the Black Sun and killing them. I want to pay them back for what they did to me, and to her, and to my life. And you all know the Ghosts is the only place to do that."

"Not the only place." Taylor cut in again, this time without any sarcasm. His upper-crust, foppish, veneer vanished, and there was a formality and seriousness to his tone that was lacking before. "But we recruit from the Ghosts, too, so at least you have been trying to step in the right direction. We're short on Matrix overwatch since the Boise job, and Young fits what we need. I say aye. Those in favor?"

"Aye," Gant sounded bored, even as he agreed.

"Aye," Joubert said, sadness still touching her voice. "Though I fear the hunt will bring you no peace, Craig."

"Aye," Parris said, as though he'd been on Young's side all along.

"Very well. That gives us four direct votes. Joubert carries Foster's proxy, Telestrian and Demarco are formally listed as agreeing with the rest of the Council in these matters, which gives us seven. Rex couldn't care less, Zincan and Van den Berg don't know, and fuck Jaeger. We've got our vote, the matter is settled."

"The ... matter?" Young rather wished he'd accepted the champagne now. Or any other drink, preferably harder.

"You're in. We'll have your things moved to the training facility shortly. Your brothers and sisters will take over for the formal initiatory rites, but in the meantime the least we could do was give you a ride."

As the Westwind slowed, Young saw they were cruising to a stop on Royal Hill, outside one of the luxurious manors that had been so hastily vacated when the old Council was abolished. A fit-looking black human with a clean-shaven head and a salt-and-pepper goatee stood on the curb, hands on his hips. Prince Taylor nodded to him as their driver unlocked the rear door for Young to climb out.

"Marcus will take you from here. Welcome to the Moonlight Thorns. And congratulations on your progression, Sir Young."



# THE LAND OF PROMISE



## GRIMMY SAYS

Hi there! I'm Grimmy the Grimoire! I'm your familiar, here to help you Experience The Magic! If you have any questions while perusing this datafile, please feel free to access my icon at any time. I live to serve! I'll gladly let you access my arcane secrets and tell you everything you need to know about my sorcerous homeland, Tír Tairngire.

- Dammit. We normally disable crap like this before hosting this sort of tourist file. Why aren't the normal silence protocols working so that we can make this irritating little bastard to stop chattering at me?
- Black Mamba
- Muwahaha!
- Slamm-O!

Has the tedium of the everyday got you feeling bored, grey, worn down, exhausted ... mundane? Are you tired of the glass and concrete of [\_insertlocale\_]’s skyline, the gaudy, artificial, lights, the choking pollution, the normality of it all? Do you need a break from the ordinary and a trip to the extraordinary? Do you crave the adventure of a lifetime, where you can show your children supernatural wonders, indulge in the finest dining and entertainment the Sixth World has to offer, and marvel at paranormal creatures in their fantastic native environments? Then it's time for you to Experience the Magic.

Leave [\_insertlocale\_] behind! Walk in ancient woodlands restored to their primeval glory, wrap yourself in the warm embrace of the greenest cities in the world, experience fantastic shows only possible with supernatural talent, romance your loved one in the City of Roses, and bring the wonder back into your life. Experience the Magic of Tír Tairngire!

- I think I'm getting diabetes just reading this crap.
- Rigger X
- Yes, Charisma Associates' latest travel brochure is going to be a sickly-sweet pile of garbage, but that doesn't mean we can't use it as a jumping off point to have a real discussion. The Tír's right in our back yard, for those of us working out of Seattle, and it's been a while since we really took a look at the place. Just keep your image filters high to block out the photospam of the place, then go to it.
- Pistons

## TÍR TAIRNGIRE BASICS

### FACTS AT A GLANCE

<b>Population:</b>	5,001,000
Human:	3%
Elf:	78%
Dwarf:	8%
Ork:	9%
Troll:	1%
Other:	1%
<b>Per Capita Income:</b>	42,000¥
<b>Population Below Poverty Level:</b>	20%
<b>Estimated SINless:</b>	7%
<b>Education:</b>	
Less Than Twelve Years:	2%
High School Equivalency:	52%
College Degrees:	35%
Advanced Degrees:	11%

- Welcome to the new Tír, just like the old Tír?
- Pistons
- Yes, about eight of the ten faces on the street will still be elven, but that sort of thing changes slowly given metahuman lifespans. Dwarves are holding steady at the number two spot, for much the same reason. Ork breeding rates show their demographic climbing the most, but the human overall average has dropped slightly in the wake of the regime changes. The Tír doesn't self-advertise as being only elf friendly any more, but it's still sold as meta friendly. Humans are fine as tourists, but not exactly encouraged to stick around.
- Kay St. Irregular

- So, who were these Rinelle guys again? I was like five when they first showed up, and the Tír datadumps are full of conflicting info on these dudes and dudettes.
- /dev/grrl
- Who they *are*—they're still around—is a bunch of elven supremacist wankers. Or hippies who wanted to oust the Princes and bring about social change for the poor, or bold urban guerillas fighting for a better Tír, or gunrunning thugs just out to make a buck, or hard-working citizens out to improve their lot in life, or zealous Tír patriots out to fix the world, or no-good terrorists who murder babies. It all depends, lass, on who you ask.
- Thorn
- Uhh. Yeah. That's not really helpful, grandpa.
- /dev/grrl

- While Thorn's having a bit of fun at your expense, and is likely playing some sort of drinking game while perusing this particular document, his point is a fair one—and it confirms what you've already seen in the Tír media, doesn't it? The confusion stems from the fact that, early on, the Rinelle ke'Tesrae was a political movement, a popular revolution, and a terrorist group all at once. Different factions that only agreed on one thing—the end of the Tír as it was in the late 2050s—all banded together, or were, at least, all grouped together by the Peace Force and media. There were those who wanted a modern republican government, those who wanted the High Prince and similar nobility to have even more absolute power, those who wanted Hestaby put to death, those who wanted an end to institutionalized meta-racism, and those who wanted the Tír to only welcome elves, all fighting side by side to bring about change. It's a miracle they accomplished what they did without self-destructing.
- Winterhawk
- You'd be surprised.
- Thorn
- Their success with the 2064 coup was far from complete, in large part because no two factions could agree on what would be considered a success. All but the most extreme, the most vocal, have gone back to living their lives in the years since. Those who remain, the worst of the lot, would not or could not. Malcontents and rebels aplenty remain, despite harsh measures used by both Horizon and the Peace Force.
- Tarlan
- So they're terrorists *and* freedom fighters *and* common thugs. Huh. Sounds like shadowrunners, doesn't it?
- /dev/grrl

- Some of Zincan's first actions as High Prince were to initiate heavy government spending into advanced education protocols, and it's just starting to pay off. Students who were barely attending as they began high school amidst Rinelle attacks are completing their basic degrees, strutting across the graduation stages like they're the kings of the world. The economic upswing is doing the job they needed it to, their next trick is going to be keeping that economy propped up with Tír citizens, not megacorp lackeys, and that means convincing people to stick around in-house and continue their education (and indoctrination). A big part of that education push was a branding campaign that began in the wake of the old Princes being swept away (or thrown under a bus, depending on who you ask). *High Council: Higher Education* infomercials tacked onto the end of political advertisements during campaigns has really paid off.
- Winterhawk

**GETTING INTO TÍR TAIRNGIRE**  
**+RIDING THE WAVES**  
**+THE OPEN ROAD**  
**-SOARING ABOVE THE CLOUDS**

Cinanestial, Tír Tairngire's own Skywing Airlines, would love to have you as a suborbital or semiballistic passenger headed into Morningstar Field in Cara'Sir, or on a shorter flight headed to Serentaneyo, Malek'thas, or anywhere else in the Land of Promise! Welcoming agents from Tír Tairngire Customs and Immigration will cheerfully assist you throughout the boarding and baggage-loading process, eager to help you Experience the Magic as quickly as possible! Once you've been assigned your Visitor's Authorization Visa (VAV), your trip can really begin, and flying is the fastest way to get there!

- Annnnd we'll cut the drek a little early into this part. Plane, train, or automobile, there are a few basic rules for getting into the happy, fuzzy, new elf playground. Rule number one is still the same as it ever was, though: Don't get caught if you're doing it the nasty way. With their security no longer as paranoid as it used to be, most of us know how, or know someone who knows how, to fake travel documents well enough to get in legally.
- Bull
- VAVs are marketed as tourist-friendly now, not just tourist-required. In addition to serving as a temporary SIN (complete with facial recognition and retinal scan tags) that the Peace Force can demand to see at a moment's notice, VAVs are actually helpful in providing shopping and hotel discounts, seasonal travel vouchers for public transportation, and that sort of thing. They're still absolutely necessary to visit the country, but Charisma has done a fantastic job of making them feel like perks, not burdens.
- Frosty
- They still make visitors stick out like a sore thumb, mind. You can get a hardcopy of a VAV, which looks and functions just like a credstick, only it's made of clear polymers instead of the traditional black. Even if you opt for just an electronic copy, having a valid VAV flags you as a tourist whenever you interact with AR in any way. Sometimes it can get you hassled by the locals, but most of the time it can be a real lifesaver. For example, even the most hardcore gangs tend to leave tourists alone, because they know how hard the Peace Force will come down on them if they do anything to scare away the rubes. There are neighborhoods in Portland a native human couldn't leave alive, but if he makes a big show of paying with a VAV-stick or constantly checks local maps on a VAV-tagged commlink, he'll just get a few jeers and insults to hurry him on his way.
- Traveler Jones
- Beats catching a bullet.
- Hard Exit
- How hard are these VAVs to fake? I understand they're easier to get now than they used to be, but is spoofing this thing a viable option if we've got a team-mate out to save some nuyen?
- Mihoshi Oni
- There are those who'll argue you can hack the whole world, but it really comes down to whether the risk is worth the reward. There are expert forgers in the Tír who can handle government forms, same as anywhere else, but generally speaking it's probably not worth the hassle for a VAV. Their Matrix security hasn't taken the hit their magical power did.
- Bull
- So ... back to getting in?
- Sticks



- Nowadays? You do it basically like you would anywhere else. Border security is still taken more seriously than is strictly practical, but they're not nearly as xenophobic as before. They can't afford to be. You can either have a bunch of shoot-first assholes standing around at every border checkpoint, all day every day, or you can draw in tourism by looking friendly; it's hard to do both. They keep the heavy hitters out of the public eye now, and traditional methods of getting through customs and immigration with a reasonable fake SIN are a lot more likely to work.
- Sounder
- Which is to say they'll actually take a bribe like everybody else, instead of having you locked up, dosed with laés, or both, like in the bad old days.
- Rigger X
- Keep in mind you'll still have other problems, though. The Tourism Board requires a native guide be assigned to any foreign group, or else the vast majority of the country will be off-limits to you. Even if you jump the border or otherwise make it in illegally, there are hurdles to leap once you've arrived.
- Kay St. Irregular



## GRIMMY SAYS

Out of respect to Tír culture and language and as an attempt to help guests swiftly acclimate to it, throughout this travel invitation you'll often see us using Sperethiel terms. A full Sperethiel glossary is available in my regular help menu prompts, but in the meantime, here's a handy guide to help you prepare for your visit!

- Cara'Sir:** Portland, the capital city.
- Ele Arandur:** The Council of Princes, Tír Tairngire's ruling body.
- Faskit:** Tír Tairngire law.
- Goronar irenis od ni hengar Sperethiel, sallaharnagee:** "I am just a tourist, I do not speak Sperethiel."
- KéValan:** Corvallis, a city.
- Malek'thas:** Salem, a city.
- Samrielar im ozidan tech:** "I need to use the restroom."
- Se'har Maera:** The High Prince, the office currently held by Larry Zincan.
- Se'ranshae Elenva:** The Star Chamber, the Tír's Chamber of Representatives.
- Serathillar perest cetheral, amedaron:** "I really need a drink of cetheral."
- Serentaneyo:** Eugene, a city.
- Tolanestéa:** Klamath Falls, a city

- They really love this magical elven culture thing, don't they?
- Sticks
- It's a marketing ploy now, not just elitism and arrogance. The more they play it up, the more people are willing to "ooh" and "aah" at how special they are.
- Pistons
- For a more practical, albeit less pleasant, lexicon addition, it's worth pointing out there is a vast array of Tír-specific metaracial slurs one might encounter. In most instances body language will certainly give away the intent, should someone direct one of the following at you, but just to keep would-be visitors from accidentally slipping one of the following into a day-to-day conversation, I present the following list. Humans might get called toddler, infant, ape, or round-ear. Orks are often referred to as grunges or hogs. Dwarves might be groundhogs, grubbers, or pucks, and trolls are occasionally called rhinos. Keebler remains a popular slur against elves, but in recent years the other metatypes have also taken to sarcastically calling them Princes, Dukes, Lords, and that sort of thing. "Nagit" is also popular for an elven slur, as a corruption of a Sperethiel term (and, of course, for those with the inclination to pick up Sperethiel, there are dozens more insults to learn).
- Traveler Jones

## EXPLORING TÍR TAIRNGIRE

- +MOUNT HOOD
- +SERENTANEYO
- +CORVALIS
- +MALEK'THAS
- CARA'SIR

Cara'Sir is a natural starting point on the journey of a lifetime. As many visitors will arrive at Morningstar, it's only natural to branch out from there and enjoy the city that hosts it. Cara'Sir is also the seat of political power in Tír Tairngire, and in many ways it is the beating heart of the entire nation. "As Cara'Sir, so the country," as the popular saying goes! Cara'Sir is more accessible to visitors than ever before, and many tourists to Tír Tairngire have spent their whole visit in just the one city, and still not seen all it has to offer!

Cara'Sir has a pedestrian-friendly and bustling Downtown city center, with guided tours available to walkers as well as eco-friendly trolley passengers. Shop in the multi-leveled public sections of the Telestrian Habitat, watch the Marchers win a big game at the Civic Stadium, or marvel at elven ingenuity at the Tír Tairngire Museum of Science and Industry. The Tír Zoo provides the world's finest opportunity to witness paranormal creatures in their fully realized and recreated natural habitats, while the Forest Park experience is famous throughout the world. Sate your thirst at The Cave or Pat O'Grady's, try to catch Deirdre's live show at The Edge or New Dawn, or experience the finest in elven cuisine at Nelestrian or Jeremiah's.

For those with long distances to travel in a hurry, *Cinanestial* offers their award-winning skycab services to get you right where you need to be, anywhere in Cara'Sir, at any time of day or night! For guests who prefer to keep their feet on the ground, the newly renovated subway system can get you anywhere you need to go. Visitors to the Tír can invest in the *Eagle's Wings* or *Dwarven Tunnels* travel passes for either system, and enjoy unlimited trips with either program, granting almost unlimited access throughout the city!

- Okay, who else is bored?
- Sticks
- Can't blame you. Places in town that are actually likely to matter to your average Jackpointer? For those desperate for a taste of home—if home is the Barrens—try Lloyd Center. It's something like the Crime Mall, Tír-style. To most of the public, after extensive renovation and reclamation projects by the Peace Force, it's a functional if aging mall during the day. After hours, though, the old crowd moves in, and the place is a thriving black-market pipeline. The locals don't truck with the Rinelle splinter groups still causing trouble, just your everyday, run-of-the-mill criminal types, so the PF hasn't cracked down on them. They do a half-hearted sweep every few months, make a lot of noise about arrests and the like, but things are up and running again about a week later.
- Turbo Bunny
- Willamette Hospital and the Tír Tairngire Medical Center are two of the best in the business for bullet wounds, stabbings, shrapnel, and the like ... but then they'd have to be. They've gotten a lot sharper in recent years when it comes to the careful treatment of Awakened patients too, largely because necessity demanded it. They've seen their fair share of trauma patients since the Rinelle started to kick up a fuss. Sure and we all know how practice makes perfect.
- Thorn
- Guilty conscience?
- Picador
- Oh, shush.
- Pistons
- It's just force of habit, now.
- Picador
- It's worth pointing out that just because it's Charisma Associate's "Gateway to Adventure," Portland is not all as free, cheerful, and squeaky-clean as they like to say. Making the city more open to tourism only meant the Peace Force had to hide problems, not remove them. Roaches scatter when the lights turn on, but they don't vanish.
- Hard Exit

Of course there's more to Tír Tairngire than shopping and strolling in Cara'Sir! Perhaps you and your family would like to escape [insertlocale] for some of Mount Hood's fantastic skiing and hiking? Or you'd prefer to visit the Tír Tairngire National Fairgrounds or witness a Se'ranshae Elenva session in Malek'thas, enjoy a golf getaway to Serentaneyo, or visit someplace even further south for a backpacking or rafting tour? Not to worry, we're here to help you *Experience the Magic*, no matter where you decide to visit! The *Prince's Road* travel pass grants you all-hours access to the *Meridian* maglev service, or our *Extended Eagle's Wings* package can be used to upgrade your skycab service to a full national skyhop service to reach any government airport in the country! Let your Tír hosts do the driving – or flying – for you. You just have to relax, and enjoy the view!

- Each of the other mini-chapters ends the same way. Charisma is really big on selling the total package. You read about Portland, they tell you about Salem and Eugene (and sell you on getting there). You read about Salem, they tell you about Portland and Eugene, and on and on. The Tír Princes don't like sharing money, but they realize Charisma Associates and their tourism line are the bootstraps that the Tír can pull itself up by; CA gets a flat percentage of all

*Cinanestial* ticket sales, all automobile rentals and VAV-associated GridGuide charges, hotel fees paid by VAV-flagged guests, you name it. They want you to Experience the Magic so that they can Experience the Nuyen.

- Pistons
- If you've got a flexible schedule as to when you need to get into the Tír, you could do worse than waiting for August. The National Fairgrounds are crawling with tourists that time of year, so you can slip in and out of Salem, or anywhere else, almost with impunity.
- Frosty



## GRIMMY SAYS

Don't worry, Tír Tairngire's official currency is still the nuyen, stable and accepted at major retailers worldwide! Your regular credit accounts should work just fine during your visit. For those who want to truly get away from it all and experience traditional funds changing hands, however, the Tír offers a hard-currency option. Coins and compact ingots are available, ranging from copper to orichalcum denominations, letting you enjoy the heft of a jingling coin purse tucked into your belt!

- Grimmy doesn't mention it, but paper money's still in use, as well. One hundred percent organic stuff, all green, with pictures of flowers, trees, and Mount Hood on them.
- Frosty
- Visitors should be aware that the coins are polymers coated in colorful alloys; they are not genuinely crafted of the metals that are their namesakes. New ones have been minted shortly after elections in recent years, with the faces of new Princes decorating one side.
- Tarlan

**A UNIQUE NATION:  
+TÍR TAIRNGIRE HISTORY  
+TÍR TAIRNGIRE ENTERTAINMENT  
+TÍR TAIRNGIRE ECONOMY  
-TÍR TAIRNGIRE POLITICS**

- Skipping around a lot, aren't we?
- Slamm-O!
- What, like you're really interested in history and economics all of a sudden?
- /dev/grrl
- I think it was the "entertainment" tab he was more interested in. Hurling could be an exciting new addiction for him, to contrast nicely with his exciting old addictions.
- Netcat
- I've heard good things about the Eugene Lords this season, that's all!
- Slamm-O!
- Don't forget, the Tír's new (relatively) open border policy means they finally let in a civilized, firearm-wielding sport, not just their archaic game of wack-a-mole with wooden sticks. The North American Urban Brawl League was proud to welcome the Portland Paladins franchise into the rankings last season. The elves didn't do half bad, either, all things considered.
- Hard Exit

- Lass, you understand if the wrong sort of die-hard, Tír native hurling fan hears you refer to their beloved spectacle that way, even someone like you might be in some serious danger? Trust me—the sport's taken deadly serious. The inclusion of adepts into play back in '68 really livened things up. On-field casualty rates have doubled.
- Thorn
- If we're skipping over things, it's only because a travel brochure isn't the place to get the Tír's actual history, because their economy is still balanced rather precariously between exports and tourism, because Seattle can get most of the Tír entertainment it's interested in, and because we're about to have fun picking apart their tourist-sanctioned political lies.
- Traveler Jones

All of which brings us back to the present day. What exciting and magical times these are! The people of the Tír are safer and more prosperous than ever before and just as exciting; politics have never been so transparent and inclusive. With the renewed Rites of Progression proceeding as scheduled, and with public elections moving ahead smoothly, Ele Alandur and Se'ranshae Elenva are working hand in hand, side by side, to lead the Tír into a brighter tomorrow—today! The Council and Chamber, despite being situated in two different



cities, utilize cutting-edge technology and traditional Tír magic to stay in touch with each other, and with the Tír people.

- When they say “public elections proceeding smoothly,” they basically mean “more often than not, Rinelle holdouts don’t blow up the voting centers.” Election time, at least for the Princes (because no one cares about the Chamber), is still a bloody affair. The 2065 elections were a mess because the hardliners were resisting what everyone thought was a terrific Rinelle victory. The 2070 elections saw voters threatened and assaulted, and more than a few polling places—particularly in non-elven neighborhoods—firebombed or assaulted by spirits, all because the most die-hard Rinelle members hadn’t been satisfied the first time around. 2075 promises to be even worse.
- Thorn

The Tír Tairngire political scene is as vibrant and alive as the countryside itself. After the ugliness and misunderstanding of the early sixties, the Tír people have rallied behind Se’har Maera **Larry Zincan** and brought about wonderful changes to their home nation. With his ten Princes behind him—and all their constituents supporting them!—High Prince Zincan has been able to streamline the political process, re-introduce the Tír people to a position of genuine power within the world, oversee the 2070 Rite of Progression, and usher in a new era of prosperity and hope for every Tír citizen.

- Zincan’s done it all with one foot in the grave, too. He’s quite old, especially for an ork, but for years no one’s actually expected him to die of natural causes.
- Kay St. Irregular
- Lead poisoning’s perfectly natural.
- Riser
- Considering how swiftly and surely he had to make the transition from being Surehand’s token ork, and one half-banished to Seattle, no less, High Prince Zincan has done a fantastic job of taking power, holding it, and using it. The country still isn’t perfect by any stretch, but I shudder to imagine how much worse things might have been if not for him and his early legislation.
- Tarlan
- I think he’ll finish the game. He’s got less than a year before his mandatory term limit, and then the whole game will change. Heads aplenty will roll during the 2075 elections, don’t get me wrong, but since they haven’t geeked him by now, I don’t think old Larry’s going to be among the casualties. The payoff just isn’t there, except maybe for the Brat’Mael types who really, really, want to kill the orkish figurehead. It’s smarter for them to concentrate on the non-elf candidates who will still be politically active in the future.
- Thorn
- In the wake of the Horizon controversies, Zincan’s made a point of not pushing for any given candidate too openly. He knows that while much of the nation still sees him as this beloved, good-natured, old orkish grandfather, a large portion of his constituency was disgusted by the vivid details of the post-coup era. The fallout from Horizon’s dirty laundry being aired is that Zincan has become toxic to quite a few voters, and none of the would-be High Princes are openly courting his support. Only time will tell what that lack of endorsement will mean; without a clear successor marked, no one has any idea how the election will go or who’s the front-runner.
- Kay St. Irregular

Currently assisting the Se’har Maera is a High Council of ten elected Princes. No longer shadowy figures who mysteriously took power, each of them has had their position handed to them by the electors of this great nation. Let’s meet them!

- Let’s not. Instead of wasting data on their official, scrubbed-clean notations on each Prince, let’s just take a look at them ourselves, hmm? Here are the basics on each of them.
  - Hestaby is off the list, but worth mentioning because it’s so recent. Her reputation with your average Tír citizen has never been stellar given the part she played in a major military disaster of theirs, but in recent years that seemed to be improving. She was, for a great dragon, quite willing to listen to the arguments of her fellow Princes, and she seemed to vote accordingly in the face of particularly logical or eloquent debate.
    - Her recent disagreement with Lofwyr put an end to all that and caused her political expulsion from the Tír. She was acting like a dragon instead of a politician, and it’s probably best for everyone that she’s been pressured to step down. Rumors are flying about exactly how that happened, if it was her idea or Zincan’s, if they were succumbing to external pressure (and if said pressure was political or corporate in nature), and that sort of thing, but what counts is that she’s gone and there’s now a dragon-sized hole in the Council of Princes. Her abrupt departure reminded quite a few Tír officials about their earliest relations with her, and the body count she left behind the first time she meaningfully interacted with the Peace Force.
  - Kay St. Irregular
  - There have been major movements to reinforce Tír Tairngire’s southern border in the wake of her removal from office, because no one is certain how friendly she’s going to be. Border security has been concentrated in that direction, just to play it safe, with the northern border mostly protected along major legal crossings.
  - Turbo Bunny
  - It’s not just manpower that’s getting shuffled around, it’s the spirits and drones and everything else. If you have to get a shipment in, just avoid those north-south routes. Hit them from the sides instead. The lanes north of Boise are red-hot right now. Sooner or later the Salish-Shidhe are gonna get their shit together and start blocking ‘em, but right now it’s like a highway out there.
  - Sounder
  - Really, guys? Nothing about Hestaby’s freak-out, the assassination at Mount Shasta—right there, inside the Tír—Lofwyr’s response, and everything else? We’re just gonna chat about the border security?
  - Slamm-O!
  - I’ve got my own suspicions on who the “Shasta Shooter” may’ve been, lad, but let’s save those discussions for the appropriate subforums. We wouldn’t want to call down the wrath of FastJack, would we? Conspiracy theories go where conspiracy theories go.
  - Thorn
  - Talondel, makkaherinit milessaratish ti’Ni’Fairra, li-ha?
  - Tarlan
  - Sielle.
  - Thorn
  - I would not put such a deed past him.
  - Tarlan

- Right, 'cause anyone that wants to can't just get a Sperethiel linguasoft for like nothing. Ooh! What a secret conversation you're having! You're so mysterious!
- /dev/grrl
- Hestaby's replacement was leveraged into position in an emergency election just a few weeks ago, an elf by the name of *Johan van den Berg*. He basically seems to have been a compromise candidate pulled into power by the existing Council, receiving only a lukewarm welcome from actual Tír citizens. None of his peers spoke out against his nomination very strongly, but his welcome to the office was rather tame, as well, without any particular Prince endorsing him overtly. "The Dutchman" is known to have strong business experience and absurd wealth, which is likely how he got Hestaby's recently opened position, but that's all anyone knows. So far the only Council sessions he's actually taken part in have handled fairly mundane matters, where he's always voted with the Prince that's got the most experience in that matter; listening to Gant or Taylor about matters of security, Foster and Joubert on social issues, Telestrian or Demarco on economic issues, that sort of thing. He's never swimming against the tide when he can reasonably follow someone else's experience.
- Kay St. Irregular
- He's bland as milk and squeaky clean, no matter how deeply you dig. Blond hair, blue eyes, average height, average weight, a name that's common as dirt in his homeland, there's frankly nothing remarkable about him except for his wealth. Rumors are flying that he's a plant from a former Prince, that he actually is a former Prince, that he's an invented persona clone-crafted to be politically acceptable but otherwise forgettable, you name it. Only time will tell if he stays a throwaway vote in the Council's political machine or if he ever emerges as his own person.
- Thorn

- And of course there's "Rex." The sasquatch was the only other Tír Prince to maintain his position during the great coup, but that's no surprise to anyone who was familiar with him and his niche in Tír society. There's a decades-long tradition in the Tír of treating Rex like the mascot of the High Council instead of respecting him as a member of it, but recently that's started to change. Rex has been spending less time in the woods and more time in Portland, and no one is really sure why. Rumors persist that Zincan may be grooming him to take over once the old man steps down, and the more xenophobic elves are insisting it's the only way they could get a High Prince more bestial than an ork. At this point it's still a mystery why Rex is playing along. For the entirety of his political career he was happy to smile, wave at the camera, and basically do nothing. All of a sudden he's acting like the major player he could have been all along.
- Kay St. Irregular
- And he's upsetting the balance of power across the whole council. Whenever Rex was happiest communing with nature and doing nothing at all there was, in practice, an odd number of Princes around to cast votes. Rex getting involved means they're back up to ten voices, which means it's easy for them to wind up in a deadlock. Zincan's been given quite a bit of influence again, since he functions as the tiebreaker.
- Frosty
- Which may be why he's gotten Rex to go back to work. If Zincan wanted to wield real power in the waning months of his terms as High Prince, this is a great way to do it.
- Tarlan



- Jonathon Gant is a long-time public-sector employee who worked his way up the ranks of the Information Secretariat despite the “handicap” of being a dwarf instead of an elf. He’s a dedicated man, a hard worker who logs more in-facility hours than almost anyone else in his organization, but his main role on the Council is to keep them and the secret police bound at the hip. Loyalty has been a big issue since the 2065 shake-ups, and the other Princes know full well it’s in their best interest to keep the InfoSec boys on a short leash, so there are never real obstacles to Gant when he runs. Gant routinely sides with the more conservative, traditionally elven, faction when the Council is split on something, preferring to uphold the status quo.
- Kay St. Irregular
- Gant’s still a stone-cold son of a bitch with a head like a computer, but he doesn’t seem to actively enjoy the dirty work like Reed used to. Better a sociopath than a psychopath, in this line of work.
- Thorn
- His easy elections aren’t just a matter of the other Princes pandering to him to keep him close, either. There’s more money involved in it than that. He has connections outside the country. Serious ones. Ones that might overlap with Reed’s old circles.
- Plan 9
- Unlike Gant, Prince Jake Foster fights a real uphill battle. He’s the other ork on the Council with Zincan, and in the opinion of quite a few Tír citizens, that’s two orks too many. It took concerted campaigning among the Tír’s non-elven groups to see Foster elected in 2070, and since then there have been four attempts on his life, all attributed to the Brat’Mael, or “Black Sun,” splinter faction of the Rinelle ke’Tesrae. He’s consistently an underdog in the Council itself, invariably disagreeing with the majority on issues dealing with metahuman relations, education, censorship in the Tír media, zoning, and funding. He worked his way out of Portland’s orkish ghettos the hard way, fought tooth and nail to get into Willamette University, excelled academically once he got a chance, and has spent his whole life jumping through the hoops the Tír has set up for non-elves. Now that he’s a Prince, they’re just setting up new, more dangerous hoops.
- Kay St. Irregular
- Foster still has ties to those Portland ghettos. Several of these “new blood” Princes don’t live up on Royal Hill either, but Foster maintains property and lives down in Maywood Park where he grew up. His loyalty to the neighborhood is a big part of why he does so well in elections. There are poor elves in those neighborhoods, too, after all, and he’s one of the most popular Princes across the low-income demographics.
- Frosty
- He’s not the only one that does that sort of thing. These Princes aren’t just self-declared and holding their power indefinitely any more—they’ve all got to get elected. Foster rubs elbows with his constituents, but so do the other Princes in one way or another. Given how compact and walkable Portland—excuse me, Cara’Sir—is, it’s not uncommon to stumble across one of them and a discreet Ghost detail out shopping, eating, making an appearance at a social event, or having a public meeting.
- Thorn
- Foster’s proof you don’t have to be an elf to have shadowy, profitable connections. I hear the Cascade Orks have really stepped up smuggling runs in and out of the Tír lately, and “an ork on the inside” has been letting them know some patrol schedules. It might explain how he stays so popular within certain demographics, and where his campaign money is coming from.
- Turbo Bunny
- Amy Joubert is almost exactly the mental image you get when someone says “female elven Tír Prince hermetic mage,” except she seems to be a genuinely decent person. Joubert took a Paladin’s oath as a member of the Huro ke’Envar, or Society of Healers, right after she graduated from UTT with her degree in Hermetic Science. She’s upper class and always has been, but she seems to have spent most of her life feeling guilty about it and trying to make up for the fact she’s wealthy and brilliant. She received some fame prior to the 2065 coup by blogging about the inherent nobility of the Rinelle protestors, got herself arrested alongside thousands of others during the Rite of Progression sit-ins, and her tell-all, *Rites of Stagnation*, made her a media darling in the years that followed. She’s gorgeous, gives to charities, fights for the environment, generously invites constituents to major social events, and continues to speak up on behalf of the poor and disenfranchised Tír citizens. The die-hards have already branded her a race traitor, but most of the voting public adores her.
- Kay St. Irregular
- Just like she wants them to.
- Frosty
- Prince Joubert and Prince Foster agree on nearly every issue that comes before the Council, and their working relationship has blossomed into something more. The two tried to keep it a secret, but leaked evidence has recently made the rounds in the tabloids, and the two subsequently went public.
- Plan 9
- Just like she wanted them to.
- Frosty
- What is it you think she’s up to, Frosty?
- Tarlan
- Political pandering, basically. She’s too perfect to be real. She’s got to be someone’s catspaw; Surehand, Ebran, some other exiled Prince, who knows? But there’s no way she’s as genuinely decent and caring and compassionate and sugar-sweet as she acts.
- Frosty
- Laverty sincerely was, in his own way.
- Thorn
- Next up is the only human sitting on the Council, Prince Michael Demarco. Given the pro-meta sentiment so much of the country holds, and the always-slender human population, one might consider it a minor miracle that he managed to get elected. Demarco’s secret is owning other people’s secrets. He’s the long-time president of Andalusian Light Industries (though he magnanimously stepped down when he ran for Prince, everyone knows he still calls the shots at ALI), which is a corporation long renowned for being a shell and laundering house for all manner of Princely business, both in and outside the Tír. Dabbling in the manufacture of everything from commlinks to cars, ALI has seen a lot of nuyen come and go over the last few decades, and Demarco managed to leverage it, and the information he skimmed along the way, into a title for himself. A Duke for almost twenty years, he finally stepped up to fill the power void when Surehand and the others were run out of town. Now that he’s on the top, he acts like it. He’s well aware of his tenuous position and tends to go with the elven bloc when it’s time to vote.
- Kay St. Irregular
- Long heralded as “the most powerful human in the Tír,” Demarco seems to have indulged in leónization while biding his time for decades. Andalusian Light

Industries is still a major player, which means he and Marie-Lousie tend to butt heads a lot when economic issues come up. He and Gant are the two that have the most dirt on their fellow Princes, even if they got that dirt in different ways.

- Snopes
- One major economic issue that Demarco and Telestrian certainly agree on is keeping megacorporations out of the Tír as much as possible. They don't allow extraterritoriality, foreign corporations are required to hire a large number of Tír citizens rather than wholly importing a work force, and other requirements of that ilk, all of which benefits Tír-native businesses like TIC and ALI.
- Winterhawk
- Unlike the former yes-dwarves Stone and Ladner, the new dwarven Prince Kevin Jaeger has made it clear from the start he's willing to think and vote for himself. Unfortunately for Jaeger, that means he's not reliably on anyone's good side. Gant has some steady allies, but Jaeger seems to be going out of his way to antagonize most of his Council peers. He's got a knee-jerk tendency to vote against the elven majority, but other than that none of the other Princes really know where he stands or what his principles are. Or if they exist.
- Kay St. Irregular
- The public eats it up though, in large part because a fair number of Council sessions are available via (mildly censored) broadcast. His inappropriate attire, "dwarven stubbornness" and thick German accent have made him a media hit, with all manner of commlink ringtones, vid-cast shirts, and that sort of thing selling like mad. His most notorious outburst recently came in the wake of Hestaby's resignation, where, in the midst of a frustrated all-night session he called her "that orange bitch." She's got bigger problems than him right now, so she hasn't eaten him for it. Yet.
- Tarlan
- Jaeger's tried the metaracial solidarity thing on Gant and been soundly rebuffed, so he's dubbed the other dwarf something of a race traitor. Gant hasn't stooped to similar levels of open, controversial disagreement with his fellow dwarf, but I'd be very surprised if Jaeger didn't have a growing file thanks to InfoSec's attention.
- Kay St. Irregular
- So it sounds like Jaeger, Foster, and Joubert make up the progressive, anti-elven-supremacy faction of the Council, then?
- Slamm-O!
- Occasionally but unpredictably in Jaeger's case. He flew off the handle early in his term with some fairly racist comments aimed at Foster, and the two haven't been exactly friendly since. Jaeger appears more interested in stirring up controversy than reliably siding with anyone else. He seems to thrive on being the wild card.
- Frosty
- Jaeger's erratic voting record and radical behavior are a ruse, part of an elaborate character construct that allows him to be a former Prince's mouthpiece when genuinely important matters come up.
- Plan 9
- Which one?
- Tarlan
- Like 9er knows.
- Sticks

- Next up is Prince Evan Parris. Parris was a long-time follower of former Prince Aithne Oakforest, and he somehow managed to hold onto most of his wealth and clout after Oakforest's resignation. He was a Count until very recently, when he managed to catapult past the Ducal class of social rank in the wake of the Pritchett controversy. Prince Garrett Pritchett stepped down by default, having fled the country to escape Ghosts earlier this year when it surfaced that he'd fed all manner of state secrets to the elves of Tír na nÓg. Count Parris, former Black Dagger and international Tír man of mystery and mayhem, played an instrumental role in bringing Pritchett's discrepancies to light, and he used the witch hunt to catapult himself into the vacant Council seat.
- Kay St. Irregular
- The media loves a story about a villain's fall, and Parris fed them one when he infiltrated Pritchett's circle of cronies. Most of them conveniently died—by Evan's own hand, I'm sure—when the Peace Force sprang their little trap, so Parris was free to give his version of events and emerge a bloody hero. I imagine there will be an exciting trid drama about it released any day now.
- Thorn
- I remember horror stories from my parents about an elven street samurai named "Blackwing." That's Prince Parris. He tore through the Seattle streets maybe twenty years ago, ripping the shadows up while he was running errands for the Council. He was old school. Leather coat, katana, mirror shades; he was like something out of a sim-flick, but he got the job done, no matter what. Rumor is he went toe-to-claw with dragons more than once. I doubt that edge and instinct have gone away just because he's in a suit and tie all of the sudden.
- Slamm-O!
- His former patron, Pritchett, wasn't exiled and shamed. He was betrayed and murdered. He and Parris were in business with international elven supremacist groups that funneled weapons and intelligence to "Black Sun" operatives and similar fringe organizations. Parris killed him in order to take it over. Gaining the media's attention and Council seat were unintended consequences that he's canny enough to make the best of. Gant's in on it, and someone outside the Tír is helping keep it all organized and running smoothly. Everything Parris does reeks of the Rinelle ke'Tesrae and other syndicates.
- Plan 9
- The current military darling is Prince Conall Taylor, an elf who gained his political power the old-fashioned way: working up the ranks. He rose to prominence as a colonel who was left with responsibility well above his pay grade, following the many shake-ups of 2064-2065, and he hasn't left the limelight since. Taylor was one of few long-serving military men, and one of the even fewer Tír Special Force "Ghost" operatives, to stay in the country following the coup. He has turned that service and pull on the Board of Military Advisors into more overt political power. He regularly attends Council sessions and social functions in his Ghost dress blacks instead of more formal wear, lobbies for greater pay and benefits for Tír soldiers and constables, and continues Varien's tradition of rubbing elbows with the enlisted men. When he's surrounded by officers he flips a switch and turns droll and foppish, but when he's running a training course or in a martial arts competition with the other work-a-day soldiers, he's all business. There have been some tangible successes against Rinelle cells lately, even after Horizon stopped actively helping; invariably Taylor's one of the first on-scene, sometimes before the media, to oversee arrests and prisoner transfers. His hands-on methods and approachable nature have kept him popular in polls.
- Kay St. Irregular
- Taylor helps the Council and the Peace Force stay on the same page, but this level of loyalty has made a few other Princes nervous. High Prince Zincan is



commander-in-chief on paper, but in practice the soldiers of the Peace Force answer to Taylor. He panders for the military vote shamelessly, seemingly ignoring the metarace of the soldiers he encounters, and that doesn't sit well with some of the more traditional elves. Even more so than his cracking down on the continued terrorist cells, his casual dismissal of elven superiority makes Brat'mael and other such groups hate him. The fact he's married to a human doesn't help anything.

- Frosty
- All of which he ignores. According to his records he's got two decades of SpecOps service, he's dripping in at least beta-grade combat 'ware, he's documented as having a magical aura despite the ware, and there's not a trooper in the Peace Force that wouldn't back him in a scrap. I believe him when he says he doesn't care what the Brat'mael think of him.
- Hard Exit
- Taylor, Parris, and Gant are something of a Council trinity lately. The two elves seem to have an antagonistic history that's mellowed into a grudging respect, with their shared pro-military stance often overcoming Parris' openly pro-elven politics. Gant's apparently seen something in their classified files that's made him decide he'd rather be on their good sides than not, which makes sense when you consider Taylor and Parris both have connections inside Gant's own agency.
- Tarlan
- Last but certainly not least, we have Prince Marie-Louise Telestrian, until 2065 of Telestrian Industries fame. When her big brother James got himself a Princely

seat just in time to be ran out of town, she stepped forward with a fairly impressive campaign based all about how she'd never felt him capable of ruling. She took over Telestrian when James stepped down as CEO, and then she neatly slid into his spot on the Council. After Stephen Telestrian's death during the coup fighting, she handed the reins of TIC over to her niece, Lynne, who's largely running the company in her name. As far as Council politics goes, Telestrian and Michael Demarco can be counted on to vote against each other on anything that might affect business in any way, making her something of a de facto clique leader. She's already begun spending on the 2075 campaign, obviously hoping to make herself High Prince when Zincan's term is finished.

- Kay St. Irregular
- The Telestrians were the friends in high places that allowed the Rinelle such success. First it was James, now Marie-Louise. It was a Telestrian that filled the seat vacated by a Rinelle assassin, and it was a Telestrian who then took power when the whole Council was shaken up by Rinelle attacks. Now it's a Telestrian company that has sole rights to grow and refine laes, which gives them a direct link to the entire Laesa criminal syndicate that runs on that drug. The Laesa are almost entirely former Rinelle terrorists. She's still profiting from and aiding them even today, or how else do they get the drug?
- Plan 9
- James was short-sighted and impetuous, but making that connection would have been outright idiotic of him. He wouldn't have wielded the Rinelle to disrupt the status quo and gain power, only to let that disruption continue and





get severe enough to oust him. And besides, his family abandoned him when the former Princes were ousted, so why would they continue to work with the Rinelle holdouts?

- Tarlan
- Rumors and complaints continue to swirl about Telestrian nepotism, but the family tradition continues. Their clan was willing to throw James under the bus in order to replace him and maintain their overall status (while so many of their peers were being condemned), but other than that it seems to be business as usual. Telestrian Industries Corporation continues to have Telestrians at the helm, in both the parent corporation and all subsidiaries, and TIC continues to dominate Tír national contracts. Keep an eye on Marie-Louise's son and Paladin, Sebastian, over the next year or two. Rumor is she's grooming him to campaign for a Prince position all his own. They want nothing less than to run the country.
- Frosty
- Her "Paladin?"
- /dev/grrl
- It's been downplayed in recent media broadcasts because the fanaticism takes away from the tourism appeal. But yes, the Paladins still exist. They are elves who have sworn to serve a cause, an ideal, or a person exclusively, for the remainder of their lives. You'll sometimes see this sort of brochure mention more positive and philanthropic groups, like the "Huro ke'Envar," or the Healer Society. Others aren't so noble about what, or who, they swear their oaths to. The top-ranking members of their hotshot SpecOps types, the Ghosts, were also often Talented initiates who had sworn loyalty to Lugh Surehand. They were Paladins of the High Prince, in other words. Even the mundanes that take this type of oath take it very seriously. In fact, that's my guess as to why there's still Rinelle violence raging, even almost a decade after their "victory." Some of them still aren't satisfied with how things turned out. They swore to fight the government until they died, and that's all there is to it.
- Frosty
- So they're like the Corp Scouts, but cranked all the way up? 'Cause it's not like Magical Elfy-Land here has a monopoly on demanding loyal services from people for their whole lives or punishing whole families for one member's screw up.
- /dev/grrl
- That's not the worst comparison to make, actually.
- Frosty
- Back to something Frosty touched on that bears repeating. The Tír military itself is all tangled up in oaths, Paladins, and that sort of nonsense. Every Tír citizen serves a two-year stint, and those folks are pretty casual about the whole thing, aye. But anyone that stays in for longer? Particularly if they're Talented, expect them to have been inducted into the loyal service of someone in power, mucking up the chain of command with sometimes-conflicting oaths (especially when you bring initiatory groups into the mix). When the old Princes were ousted, quite a few of the top Tír SpecOps left as well, either to serve them in exile or to track and kill them. Some maintained that their oath was to High Prince Lugh Surehand, for instance, while others felt their oaths were to the office and not the man. The end result is that all but a handful of their very-top-tier operatives are either dead, exiled, or hunting overseas. Most of their high muckety-muck types split more or less down the middle, killing one another in the streets or chasing Princes all over the world. The Ghosts are, in some ways, shadows of what they used to be.
- Thorn

- Their top-tier killers being taken down a peg hasn't slowed down the Peace Force as a whole, though. The change in national identity has, for many Tír citizens, brought about a different angle in their Peace Force service. They've seen the system change because of what the everyday citizen fought for, so there's a good bit more pride involved in their mandatory service. Most citizens don't see it as being drafted into enforcing a tyrannical regime, first and foremost. The elves train and fight hard to prove they deserve to maintain their officer positions, the non-elves train and fight hard to prove they love their country. Charisma Associates and Prince Taylor worked together on the "Bleed Black" series of advertisements, featuring all stripes of metahumanity decked out in the sharp new Peace Force uniforms, and recruitment and re-enlistment numbers are way up. Without the elite few at the top bloating the budget and hogging more than their fair share of training and equipment, the average soldier/constable on the street has certainly improved.
- Picador
- I've seen those commercials! Someone totally got the Zoé brand in on those uniforms, I swear. Kilts! They're so totally Tír!
- /dev/grrl
- Sadly, even if the official Ghosts are less mystical and more militant, many Paladins with darker motives still exist. The Rinelle ke'Tesrae, in its current incarnation, is swollen with such hateful souls. Many surviving former Ghosts have gone rogue. The Mistish Farad, once Eهران's hunters, still stalk the wild lands and prey on invaders. With strong hands on their reins, such bloodthirsty young Paladins showed something like discipline and loyalty. With their elders having vanished and their country changing around them, though, they have simply grown crueler.
- Arete
- Those guys take trophies, too. A year or two back, a smuggler I know got tagged by these Great Hunt assholes. The elves removed all the rounded ears that so offended their delicate sensibilities and made a big show of letting him live and skipping the laés dose so he'd remember the lesson. He likes the upgraded cybersuite he bought, but that's still pretty messed up.
- Mika
- That's why it's best to not get caught.
- Black Mamba
- The Mistish Farad does more than patrol the border, mind you. With the Tír's economy on the rebound and increased low-income programs helping out in the ork ghettos, there were a few years of major population growth among that metaspecies in particular. Some of Eهران's old loyalists took serious offense at that. Once every couple months, the hunters took to the streets of the ghettos and started to initiate population modification. Bored Tír noblemen, either augmented to the gills with the best combat gear money can buy or a well-nurtured Talent and a penchant for Slaughter Ork spells, began to regularly scour neighborhoods, killing everyone they saw while the Peace Force was under strict orders to be busy elsewhere in whatever city they visited. These "cullings" are still a semi-regular event, despite several Princes speaking out to condemn them. Someone, somewhere, is still pulling strings, because Constabulary response times remain abysmal, and the hunts keep happening. Portland one month, Salem a few months later, Eugene ... every major population center with a dedicated ork neighborhood has been targeted.
- Thorn
- Black Sun's started to get in on it, too. It's only a matter of time before the hunters become the hunted, though. Ork, and even mixed-metarace, gangs have



started to arm themselves heavily in the wake of these attacks, no doubt supplied by enterprising Cascade Ork smugglers. There have been more than a few casualties among these rabid Paladins when a neighborhood has put up more of a resistance than they expected. The Peace Force conveniently has trouble identifying the bodies after the fact, blaming it on the “disfiguring injuries” inflicted by the “mobs of disenfranchised orkish youths;” of course, but it’s only a matter of time before this turns into a major issue.

- Frosty
- Which means, sooner or later both sides will be interested in some extra muscle.
- Riser

## THE PEACE FORCE: CONSTABULARY DIVISION

- The Tir cops don’t fool around, that much certainly hasn’t changed over the years. It’s important to remember just how staffed the Tir military is, and to remember that their police division is just one branch of that; so your average citizen has some sort of military training, and yes, that means the average beat cop has that same training and access to more hardware than Knight Errant or Lone Star would give them. In an emergency, Peace Force Constabulary shooters can be every bit as nasty as a SWAT or Fast Response Team, and equipped with full-on military gear.
- Hard Exit
- And that’s if they don’t just send actual Ghosts after you, instead of bothering with the cops. Military and Constabulary divisions cross-train quite a bit, and their top-notch lads get a fair bit of trigger time in while wearing badges. More than a few of their boys are fully qualified and trained for paracritter handling, too, which means you might get some magical beastly and not just top-notch shooters. You never quite know what the Peace Force, even their law enforcement side, will throw at you.
- Thorn
- But on average?
- Riser
- Cops walking the beat or their mounted patrols? Stylish armored jackets, shades with all the goodies built-in, and a standard kit not terribly unlike a beat cop somewhere in the UCAS: sturdy heavy pistol, taser, stick for beating on punks. They’re there for looks as much as muscle, and it’s a common gig for the conscripted folks just doing their time. Cop cars will have a pair of more serious guys in ‘em, often who have been in the service long enough for some subtle combat augmentations. They’re normally wearing medium-to-heavy body armor, depending on the neighborhood they’re patrolling. They’ll always have a scattergun, a good automatic, or both within arm’s reach. And they always, *always*, have a combat-trained mage on standby. They’re more than enough to handle most gang violence when they get called up in numbers.
- Hard Exit

- Speaking of gangs, what’s the situation like there?
- Sticks
- Same as anywhere else, really. The Peace Force tends to adopt almost a “boys will be boys” attitude to most street-level crime, acknowledging they can never really clean it all up, as long as the punks leave the tourists alone. The big syndicates are still having a hard time getting more than a toe-hold, despite the easier border security. If the Tir’s going to tolerate ethnic syndicates, they’re going to be home-grown outfits like the Laesa, it seems.
- Frosty
- There are a handful of gangs that have been active long enough, and remain popular enough, to merit specific mention. The Shooters (formerly the Hooters, if you can believe) are an all-female outfit that’s tangled up in Portland’s sex trade. It’s almost like the prostitutes unionized and armed themselves. The gang’s been around for decades now, but they’ve always gotten by more through profit than muscle. They like to dress and act high class, and work as a sort of security team in most of the city’s red-light districts. Secondary chapters have opened up in Salem and Eugene, too. Their biggest rivals are the Spans, back in Portland, but it’s because their turf almost overlaps, not because they travel in the same circles or pursue the same business interests. They’re mostly an ork mob, standard street ganger fare, with no real sense of style. Some newcomers to Portland are the Dog Soldiers, a gang with loose affiliations with some NAN types, urban primitives who make a big deal about using tomahawks and bows and stuff, sort of a “back to our Sinsearch roots” movement. They’re currently threatening war with the Sons of Gimli, an all-dwarf gang that equally panders to old, axe-wielding, stereotypes. The Souldrinkers are the Tir’s longest-running thrill-gang, full psychos like a couple outfits here in Seattle, but with a zombie motif. They’ve sprouted up some copycats in nicer neighborhoods and caused a real media ruckus when an upper-crust elf kid decided to off his parents and blame it on her wiz-ganger captain. It’s only a matter of time before the Peace Force cracks down on them, if that sort of thing happens again. And then, of course, there are always the Ancients ...
- Riser
- All this talk about the meat and the magic, what about the part that matters?
- Slamm-O!
- The Tir Matrix is as dangerous as ever—NetWatch hasn’t lost a step. Maybe even more so, now that they’re back to running Rites of Progression on time and have new government concerns with election security. If anything, their budget’s gotten bigger in recent years as the Tir’s dependency on magic has waned a bit.
- Thorn
- Horizon has their fingers in that pie, but Mary-Louise has seen to it that Telestrian Industries is involved. Willamette Compustat may have the primary government contract for actual federal data processing, but Telestrian’s computing subsidiary provides Matrix security. So expect layers of trouble between you and anything worth hacking, but often with competing rather than coordinating spiders and IC.
- Pistons
- Remember that every job Telestrian talks her fellow Princes into is nuyen in her account, same as Demarco lining up lots of Andalusian Light Industry contracts. Willamette Compustat is more than capable of handling their online security—if anything, they’re better than Telestrian—in large part because so much of their hardware is proprietary. You never quite know what to expect in their system.
- Bull

- I think I know one reason for Willamette's edge. Rumor is a certain white-haired friend has shown his head somewhere, both digitally and in realspace. He's working with Compustat, not Telestrian, for help in his never-ending search. Jesus, Buddha, and Zeus only know what tricks he's showing them in exchange, who else he's been consulting for these last few years, or what he's capable of now.
- Fastjack
- White-haired and searching? Puck's no friend of mine, Jack.
- Bull
- No, this one's an elf. He's also quite a bit older and infinitely more artful than Puck ...
- Fastjack
- We talked about Council of Princes, but what about the ... what's it called ... "Se'Ranshae Elenva," the Star Chamber? It's still around, right?
- Slamm-O!
- Yes, but it's still subservient to the whims of the Council. The Chamber still carries 128 representatives, one from each of the Tir's electoral districts, just like it has since 2043. Chamber hours of operation have been expanded in recent years, the Chamber is no longer excluded from disclosure where matters of national security are concerned, and the Chamber now formally has a veto power, just like the Council of Princes has, over the High Prince and his laws. The problem is that the Chamber requires a two-thirds majority, just like a Council veto, and the Chamber requires full attendance (not a mere quorum), just like the Council does. It's one thing for the Council of Princes to drag Rex out of the woods every now and then or get Hestaby's attention in order to get a veto; imagine trying to get the same level of organization and agreement out of 128 political rivals instead of ten. The Chamber has some teeth to it now, but it's not terribly efficient at using them.
- Kay St. Irregular
- So aside from the diehard Paladin wackjobs, how bad is the elf supremacy stuff nowadays?
- Sticks
- As bad as ever, really. Don't let the Council's makeup fool you. You don't make something like racism go away through a military coup. It wasn't the old Council of Princes that gave the country its reputation, no matter how powerful or influential they were; it was the actual people. Xenophobia doesn't go away quickly. Portland is the most metaracially tolerant city in the place, but the key word is "tolerant." They don't like or respect non-elves any more than they did ten or fifteen years ago, they're just willing to put up with them to get their money.
- Frosty
- And don't let the travel brochure fool you either—the Tir is still serious about security and maintaining their cultural purity. Their adherence to ancient elven traditions and embracing of magic isn't just a matter of cultural pride any more, it's also their livelihood; if the Tir doesn't stay magical and alien it will cease to be special. So visitors can't just go roaming wherever they want, looking behind the curtain and ruining the show. State-appointed guides are required for foreigners to travel almost anywhere in the country, the Peace Force still gives extra scrutiny (from behind a smile, now) to non-elves, and all the old attitudes are still there. They're just more polite about it now.
- Kay St. Irregular

- Then if it's not for work, why the heck would one of us want to visit the place?
- Slamm-O!
- Because your significant other wants to?
- Netcat
- All hokiness aside, to *Experience the Magic*. You two would have to watch out for the Netwatch branch of the Peace Force if you make it a business trip; but I wager you could pull it off. But only Portland has Portland's night life. The view of the city from the Greenbower atop the Executel is fantastic. Netcat would no doubt adore you taking her out to Niléstien, you two would fit right in at The Edge if it's still open, and a dining experience in the Cave makes for the best orkish cuisine outside Seattle's Underground. Give it a shot sometime.
- Thorn

**+PRICING AND SCHEDULING YOUR VISIT  
+SPECIAL DEALS, GROUP DISCOUNTS,  
AND "LIVE LIKE A PRINCE" PACKAGES  
+OTHER DESTINATIONS  
-CONCLUSION**

Thank you for taking the time to read through this comprehensive Charisma Associates brochure. Tir Tairngire is a land of magical creatures, ancient traditions, beautiful languages, fine dining, high culture, and vibrant music. Whether you desire to hit the slopes of Mount Hood or take to Serentaneyo's greens with your club in hand, Tir Tairngire has the trip you deserve. So leave [ \_insertlocale\_ ] behind, and let us help you *Experience the Magic!*

- Huh. I kind of forgot we were still running this in the background.
- Slamm-O!
- Yes, it's really too bad. Without that little Grimmy fellow helping keep my attention on this conversation and telling me how elven society really works, I'm afraid I got distracted and stopped paying attention. There was something important I planned to announce, but I suppose it's too late to genuinely contribute to the conversation, now. Ah well. I've got more important things to do at the moment, regardless. Perhaps next time.
- Frosty
- What?
- Pistons
- Dammit. That wasn't me. Guess that's the old man's way of telling me to change my password. Again. Better check my Dawn of Atlantis account, too.
- Frosty

# GAME INFORMATION

## PLOT HOOKS

Gamemasters seeking fully complete adventures for use in the Tír should look for *Elven Blood*, a series of five prepared adventures that take player characters past the border of the Tír, into the shadows of Portland, and beyond! Shadowrunners will interact with Princes, gangers, paracritters, and everything in between while they explore the Land of Promise in search of nuyen and a good rep.

For those seeking more immediate inspiration, consider the following plot hooks and how to best integrate them into your campaign:

- The new leader of the Seattle Ancients go-gang, Belial, is packing some serious magical firepower as several powerful new combat mages join his gang. Why are they leaving the Tír to reinforce this Seattle mob? Are they here to stay? Did a Prince send them, and why?
- The Spans, the Shooters, or some other non-elven Portland gangs are trying to branch out and establish a chapter in Seattle. Will your players provide guns and manpower to these newcomers, or help Seattle's existing gangs stomp out the opposition before they can get a foothold?
- The Laesa criminal syndicate is short on manpower after a few bloody skirmishers with another Seattle crime family. Will your players provide them with extra muscle if the price is right, or are they scared to cross the organized criminals of their home city?
- The Tír drug, laes, is one of the most jealously guarded national secrets this mysterious nation has. The Ancients and Laesa are the only groups who can smuggle it out of the country. But who is their supplier, and why do they let these gangs distribute it? Is simple profit to blame, or is there something more sinister going on?
- An assortment of megacorporations are eager to use the Tír's more open borders to get a foothold in the nation, but with a few exceptions the Princes continue to resist. When the players are approached by Mr. Johnson to help disrupt Tír-owned companies to make the competition look better, who are they working for, and who might hunt them down due to their involvement?
- The great dragons Lofwyr and Hestaby have both held seats on the Council of Princes, but now neither of them has any real power in the Tír—or do they? Dragons aren't known for letting influence slip through their talons, after all. As these the dragons move closer to open draconic warfare, what will that mean for the Land of Promise and any player characters who might be their unwilling catspaws?
- Tír Prince Conall Taylor has some pretty unorthodox training regimens in place for the new generation of Ghosts trying to make the cut in his reformed Peace Force, including training exercises with unpredictable, dangerous shadowrunners, to get them to learn just how varied their opposition might be. How real will the war games get, if your players accept the job and let the Border Patrol and the rest of the Tír's finest hunt them in the wilderness of this magical land?
- The deposed Tír Princes aren't happy about losing their homeland, and anything that makes this new batch of Princes look bad might, over time, make agitators succeed in pressuring the nation to take them back. Are your players willing to hijack the well-intentioned social programs of Amy Joubert or Jake Foster in the name of the nuyen? And if so, just who are they working for? An exiled Prince, or just a current rival?
- Prince Evan "Blackwing" Parris has been a dangerous shadowrunner working the streets of Seattle before. When an elven killer with a pair of distinctive black cyberarms starts gunning down trolls and orks in Puyallup, it increases metaracial tensions between the various gangs of the Barrens. Is Blackwing really behind it? If not, then who?
- A group of adepts have started to operate in Seattle, carrying out impressive assassinations and burglaries. They're recruiting heavily from Downtown's Elven District and Puyallup's Tarislar neighborhood, and it seems only elves are accepted. Is this some splinter group from the Moonlight Thorns? What are they doing in Seattle? Which Prince, if any, is giving them their orders?
- A local VR club has been visited by the icon of an ebon boy in a cloak of swirling stars, scouring the hacking community for the best of the best, trying to put together a crew for a run on a major Renraku database. Is the Dodger really close to finding and freeing some remnant of his lost lady love, or is it only wishful thinking?

# CHARACTER TROVE

## TÍR PEACE FORCE (POLICE PATROL)

These basic officers are the people who other Peace Force troops look down on. These citizens are in the force to serve their state-mandated term of civil service, they're casual about security and training, and they're not given the best gear despite having had the opportunity for a few combat augmentations. These are the everyday beat cops of Portland, given stun weapons and a heavy pistol for casual violence, and armor designed for comfort and appearance as much as protection. They generally act like professional security would for a megacorp. They're not the top-of-the-line Tír butt-stomper brigade, but they don't have to be; they know back-up is available.

### Elven Beat Cops (Professional Rating 2)

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	Ess	Init	IP	Arm	CM
4	4 (5)	3 (4)	3 (4)	5	4	3	4	5.1	7 (8)	1 (2)	8/6	10

**Dice Pools:** Close Combat skill group 7, Athletics skill group 8, Firearms skill group 8, Infiltration 8, Influence skill group 7, Perception 7

**Augmentation:** Muscle augmentation 1, muscle toner 1, synaptic boosters 1

**Gear:** Armor jacket, mirror shades [Rating 3, with flare compensation, image link, smartlink]

#### Weapons:

Telestrian "Falcon"/Ares Predator IV [Heavy Pistol, DV 5P, AP -1, SA, RC —, 15(c), 1 extra magazine regular ammo, smartlink]

Telestrian "Broadsword"/Stun Baton [Club, Reach 1, DV 6S(e), AP -half]

Yamaha Pulsar [taser, DV 6S(e), -half AP, SA, RC —, 4(m)]

## TÍR PEACE FORCE (CONSTABULARY DIVISION)

These shooters are the mundane elite of the Peace Force Constables, not quite as good as Ghosts, but the best the law enforcement branch has to offer. Filling the same role as Fast Response Teams or SWAT in a Lone Star town, they're the big guns that can be brought to bear when full-on Ghosts might not be available.

### Elven Assault Trooper (Professional Rating 4)

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

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

**Augmentation:** Muscle augmentation 1, muscle toner 1, synaptic boosters 1

**Gear:** Full body armor with ruthenium polymer coating and helmet [with flare compensation, image link, smartlink, thermographic vision], commlink [Device Rating 4, Rating 4 Tacsoft among other programs available]

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

Telestrian "Falcon"/Ares Predator IV [Heavy Pistol, DV 5P, AP -1, SA, RC —, 15(c), 1 extra magazine regular ammo, smartlink]

Integral Shock Gloves [Unarmed, DV 5S(e), AP -half]

Andalusian Light Industries "Warhammer"/Franchi SPAS-22 [Shotgun, DV 7P, AP -1, SA/BF, RC 1, 10 (m), w/ 10 extra slugs, smartlink]

Andalusian Light Industries "Griffin"/HK SM30 [Assault Rifle, DV 6P, AP -1, SA/BF/FA, RC 1, 30(c), w/ 2 extra magazines regular ammo, smartlink]

Underbarrel Grenade Launcher [DV 10P, AP -2, Blast-2/M, SS, 6 (c), w/ 6 high explosive grenades, airburst link]

## PALADINS OF THE GREAT HUNT

Formerly followers of xenophobic Ebran the Scribe, these Paladins have been let loose on Tír Tairngire without restraint in recent years. These individuals are bitter about the growing non-elven population, the weaker border security, and a host of politicians from whom they feel alienated. These statistics can represent a member of the Brat' Mael (Black Sun), or any other host of pampered elven upper-class types with a chip on their shoulder and a gun in their hand. Individual members, particularly of higher social rank, may have quite a few more augmentations than this, and even Quickened spells at their disposal.

### Elven Xenophobic Militiaman (professional rating 5)

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	Ess	Init	IP	Arm	CM
5	6 (8)	5 (6)	4 (5)	5	4	3	3	4.4	9 (11)	1 (3)	12/10	11

**Dice Pools:** Athletics skill group 9, Close Combat skill group 12, Firearms skill group 11, Heavy Weapons (Grenade Launcher) 9 (11), Infiltration 10, Influence skill group 6, Outdoors skill group 8, Perception 7

**Augmentation:** Muscle augmentation 1, muscle toner 2, synaptic boosters 2

**Gear:** Full body armor with ruthenium polymer coating and helmet [with flare compensation, image link, smartlink, thermographic vision], commlink (Device Rating 4, Rating 4 Tacsoft among other programs available), 2 x slap patches of laés

#### Weapons:

Telestrian "Falcon"/Ares Predator IV [Heavy Pistol, DV 5P, AP -1, SA, RC —, 15(c), w/ 1 extra magazine regular ammo, smartlink]

Integral Shock Gloves [Unarmed, DV 5S(e), AP -half]

Andalusian Light Industries "Griffin"/HK SM30 [Assault Rifle, DV 6P, AP -1, SA/BF/FA, RC 1, 30(c), w/ 2 extra magazines regular ammo, suppressor, smartlink]

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

## COMBAT HERMETIC OF THE GREAT HUNT

Likely first trained by the Peace Force or one of the Tír's many magically experienced universities, these combat mages make up the sorcerous arm of various Paladin groups that keep the Tír a violently pro-elven place. Higher-ranked members of the Tír nobility may be

equipped with all manner of foci and fetish items, and a wide variety of spells are available to them.

### Elven Mage (Professional Rating 5)

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	Mag	Ess	Init	IP	Arm	CM
5	4 (5)	5 (6)	3	7	5	5 (6)	5	6	5.08	10 (11)	1(2)	12/10	11

**Dice Pools:** Athletics skill group 8, Close Combat skill group 10, Conjuring skill group 9, Firearms skill group 9, Influence skill group 7, Infiltration 9, Outdoors skill group 7, Perception 7, Sorcery skill group 11

**Augmentation (all alphaware):** Cerebral booster 1, muscle toner 1, synaptic booster 1, trauma damper

**Qualities:** Focused Concentration (1), Magician

**Initiate Grade:** 1

**Metamagics:** Centering (Sperethiel Chants)

**Spells:** Body Glove, Combat Sense, Heal, Manaball, Manabolt, One Less Human, Slaughter Ork, Stunball, Turn to Goo

**Gear:** Full body armor with ruthenium polymer coating and helmet [with flare compensation, image link, smartlink, thermographic vision], commlink (Device Rating 4, Rating 4 Tacsoft among other programs available), 2 x slap patches of laesa

**Weapons:**

Telestrian "Falcon"/Ares Predator IV [Heavy Pistol, DV 5P, AP -1, SA, RC —, 15(c), w/ 1 extra magazine regular ammo, smartlink]

Andalusian Light Industries "Griffin"/HK XM30 carbine [Assault Rifle, DV 5P, AP —, SA/BF/FA, RC 1, 30(c), w/ 2 extra magazines regular ammo, suppressor, smartlink]

Integral Shock Gloves [Unarmed, DV 5S(e), AP -half]

Mage Blade (monofilament sword) [Blade, DV 5P, AP -1, Reach 1, Weapon Focus (1)]

### GENERIC SONS OF GIMLI GANG MEMBER

Gimli's Sons are an up-and-coming gang in the ghettos of Portland, given to using fantasy-BTL abuse, faking thick Scottish burrs, and swinging a wicked combat axe. More than a few decorate their traditional gang vest with patches of chain mail or even clunky metal plating, and their dermal augmentations tend to be heavily stylized in a similar vein.

### Dwarf Gangers (Professional Rating 3)

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	Ess	Init	IP	Arm	CM
5 (6)	4 (5)	4	6 (7)	3	3	3	3	4.5	7	1	6/4	11

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

**Augmentation:** Dermal plating 1, muscle replacement 1

**Gear:** Armor vest

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

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

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

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

### GENERIC DOG SOLDIERS GANG MEMBER

The Dog Soldiers are a neo-primitive group, given to a few practical handguns (often looted after a fight), but trusting in older weapons to do most of their killing. Fond of ambushes and squatting in Portland's many lush parks, they're stealthier than your average swaggering ganger but every bit as cocky and confident.

### Human Gangers (Professional Rating 3)

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

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

**Augmentation:** Muscle replacement 2

**Gear:** Armor vest, barbed arrows listed below [First Aid + Logic (2) to remove, or target takes 1 box Physical damage, seep. 19, Arsenal for full rules]

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

Bow [Projectile Weapon, DV 9P, AP —, 6 barbed arrows apiece]

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

Tomahawk [Blade, Reach 1, DV 4P, AP —]

### GENERIC SHOOTERS GANG MEMBER

The Shooters imagine themselves to be proper businesswomen, and they dress accordingly. Given to slick, stylish, gear and more subtle combat enhancements than their rivals, the Shooters work as neighborhood security, and in exchange they skim quite a bit off the top of Portland's sex trade profits.

### Elf Gangers (Professional Rating 3)

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	Ess	Init	IP	Arm	CM
4	4 (5)	4 (5)	3	5	3	3	3	5.8	7 (8)	1(2)	5/3	10

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

**Augmentation:** Muscle toner 1

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

**Weapons:**

Cougar Fineblade Short [Blade, Reach —, DV 3P, AP -1]

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

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

## GENERIC SPAN GANG MEMBER

The Spans are your stereotypical gang of thugs, given to partying, robbery, a bit of smuggling, and muscling in on anyone who gets too close to their turf. Recent seemingly government-sanctioned violence against orks has swollen the ranks of metahuman-heavy gangs like the Spans, pushing more and more ork youth into their ranks and motivating them to arm themselves much more aggressively and openly.

### Ork Gangers (Professional Rating 3)

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

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

**Augmentation:** Muscle replacement 1

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

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

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

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

Survival Knife [Blade, Reach —, DV 4P, AP -1]

## GENERIC SOULDRINKER GANG MEMBER

Thrill gangers are less focused on racing than go-gangers, less focused on profit and protection than traditional gangers, and more focused on getting their rocks off than just about anyone. Unfortunately for Portland, the Souldrinkers' idea of a good time is generally murder, pillage, and scaring the crap out of random citizens before sometimes, literally, tearing them limb from limb. They're all unnaturally gaunt and scarecrow-thin, given to wearing elaborate physical (and AR) costumes and makeup that makes them appear as a shambling horde of flesh-eating undead. They are deceptively quick and strong when they want to be, however.

### Elven Thrill-Gangers (Professional Rating 3)

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	Ess	Init	IP	Arm
3	5 (6)	5 (6)	3 (4)	3	5	2	3	3.35	10 (11)	1 (2)	6/4

**Dice Pools:** Blades (Cyber-Implant) 9 (11), Dodge 8, Unarmed Combat (Grappling) 9 (11)

**Augmentations:** Adrenal pump 2, digestive expansion, fang implants, hand razors, muscle replacement 1

**Gear:** Tattered longcoat, 1 dose of jazz (already factored in), (1d6 x 100¥) on a certified credstick

**Weapons:**

Hand Razors [Blades, Reach —, DV 3P, AP —]

Fang Implants [Blades, Reach —, DV 3P, AP —]

## ANCIENTS THUG

These stats represent a top-tier Ancients member, not quite a full lieutenant, but the elite praetorians of the gang, the ones who personally follow the directions of Captains. Elven lifespans let them live and fight for longer than most other gangs, and the Ancients' reputation and success lets them indulge in augmentation (investing as much nuyen into themselves as other go-gangs might in their bikes). A cut above the work-a-day members of this infamous gang, these stats are for the real heavy hitters.

### Elven Go-Gangers (Professional Rating 4)

B	A	R	S	C	I	L	W	Ess	Init	IP	Arm
5 (6)	4 (6)	5 (6)	3 (5)	5	4	2	4	1.4	9 (10)	1 (2)	5/9

**Dice Pools:** Automatics 9, Clubs 10, Dodge 8, Gymnastics 8, Pilot Ground Vehicle (Wheeled) 10 (12), Unarmed Combat 10

**Augmentations:** Balance augments, muscle replacement 2, plastic bone lacing, wired reflexes 1

**Gear:** Bike racing armor and helmet (image link, smartlink, flare compensation), Suzuki Mirage [Bike, Handling +2, Accel 20/50, Speed 200, Pilot 1, Body 6, Armor 4, Sensors 1], 1 hit each of betameth or novacoke (+2 reaction, +1 Intuition, p. 74, *Arsenal* or +1 reaction, +1 charisma, +1 perception, High Pain Tolerance 1, p. 258, SR4A)

**Weapons:**

Ingram Smartgun X [Submachine Gun, DV 5P, AP —, BF/FA, RC 2(3), 32 (c), w/ 1 spare magazine regular ammo]

Stun Baton [Club, Reach 1, DV 6S(e), AP -half]

Unarmed Attack [Unarmed, Reach —, DV 3P, AP —]

## NEW SPELL

### Manipulation: Body Glove (Physical)

Type	Range	Duration	DV
P	LOS	S	(F/2) + 4

This spell creates a field of protective energy much like the Armor spell, but without the tell-tale glow. It protects from Physical damage, providing Ballistic and Impact armor (cumulative with worn armor) equal to the hits scored on the Spellcasting test.

Rumors insist the Body Glove spell was first circulated among the Peace Force's elite, the so-called "Ghosts," while others claim it has been popular with Ehran's Great Hunt, and yet more claim it to be a relatively recent arrival, introduced as part of Prince Taylor's military overhauls. Like Increase Body, it offers protection similar to the tried and tested Armor spell, but without giving away ambushes and stealth operations, it remains popular with Tir spell casters who specialize in Manipulation rather than Health spells.

## MAGICAL SOCIETY

### The Moonlight Thorns

The Moonlight Thorns are the bodyguards and assassins of top-ranked Tír nobility, hereditary assets loyal to a member of the Council of Princes. While they often operate in tandem with the more mundane Peace Force assets a nobleman can call to service, they frequently work alone or in pairs, far from the media attention the military might claim. Under Princes Taylor and Gant's military and intelligence reforms, the Moonlight Thorns have opened their ranks to non-elves and other types of adepts than purely the Physical. The group is thriving under the looser membership restrictions and has grown more versatile and idealistic recently. They operate both within the Tír and outside its borders, as secret security and killers, spies and thieves, information gatherers and spreaders of lies.

Rumors persist of a "true" Thorns group operating solely in the shadows, sponsored or allied with the Brat'Mael or Mistish Farad, functioning as an all-elfen group that works for an exiled Prince.

**Members:** 10

**Headquarters:** Cara'Sir, Tír Tairngire (the former estate of an exiled Prince)

**Membership Requirements:** Adepts or Mystic Adepts only.

**Strictures:** Exclusive Membership, Deed, Limited Membership, Oath, Obedience, Secrecy

**Customs:** Fraternity, Service

**Resources:** Luxury

**Dues:** None

**Patron:** The Council of Princes

**Patron Spirit:** None

**Membership Benefits:** Access to near-unlimited mundane equipment in carrying out their duties for the nation. Access to their luxurious estate, well supplied as both a dojo and armory. Access to numerous boltholes both within Tír Tairngire and scattered across the world.

**Roles for Mundanes:** Logistical support, firepower and back-up, Matrix support.

**Contact Benefits:** Law enforcement/military support, political connection, clandestine service.

**Secrecy:** 3 (The Princes having such adepts to call on is an open secret, but the specifics and details are closely guarded by the state)

**Connection Rating:** 3 (5 in the Tír)