

SHADOWRUN

26005

RUNNER HÄVERIS™



WK
GAMES

FANPRO

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>

"It is impossible to make anything foolproof because fools are so ingenious."

JackPoint Stats

46 users currently active
in the network

Latest News

- * <sticky> This private p2p MoSo5o network is still in beta-test, so pardon the mess and report any glitches to me. – FastJack
- * <020270> The bug in the reputation subsystem has been fixed. If your score's still low, it's not the software; you're just an ass. –FastJack

Personal Alerts

- * You have 3 new private [messages](#)
- * You have 1 new re-routed, anonymized, sanitized message from "Mr. Johnson"
- * You have 2 new [responses](#) to your Jackpoint posts
- * [Netcat](#) has increased your [Rep](#) by +1
- * Lone Star has issued an [Arrest Warrant](#) for one of your [SINs](#)
- * 2 outstanding [job offers](#) meet your search agent's [parameters](#)

First Degree

[Netcat](#) and [Haze](#) are online and in your area

Your Current Rep Score: 33
(96% Positive)

Current Time: Feb 3 2070, 0403

PREFERENCES

PEERS

TASKS

LINKS

HISTORY

Welcome back to Jackpoint, omae; your last connection was severed: 13 hours, 5 minutes, 23 seconds ago

Today's Heads Up

Scan the [Runner Havens](#) tag for an interesting assortment of posts relating to the type of sprawl we all like to crawl. The reviews of Seattle and Hong Kong are generating high feedback ratings, but they aren't the only scum-infested hives of villainy to deserve the name. [\[Link\]](#) [\[Guests\]](#)

Incoming

- * Think you know everything about magic? Ethernaut's dug up a few items that may surprise you. [Tag: [Street Magic](#)]
- * Clockwork and Picador are scraping together some fun facts on the latest guns, toys, and vehicles. [Tag: [Arsenal](#)]
- * Just back from a working vacation in a nice, quiet, secure, gated community? Review your fave biz zones here. [Tag: [Corporate Enclaves](#)]

Top News Items

- * The Corporate Court has indicted the board of A-rated Mikrolens corp on multiple espionage violations. Mikrolens officials blame a disgruntled employee for publicly revealing internal documents, despite being unable to produce a datatrail or proof to back up hacking charges. [Link.](#)
- * JetBlack sighted again in Seattle. Creepy angst-rockers never die, they just need less make-up. [Link.](#)
- * Salish-Shidhe authorities found an abandoned boat adrift in the Sound containing the corpses of 32 Russian and Vietnamese women who died of thirst while locked in the hold. Authorities believe the women were being smuggled into Seattle to serve in prostitution rings. [Link.](#)
- * Lone Star is denying the use of excessive force while arresting two ork men in Bellevue. Privately-taped footage shows police officers kicking the men into unconsciousness after they were tasered and cuffed; the officers claim they acted in self-defense and that the men resisted arrest. Both men remain in critical condition with serious head injuries. [Link.](#)



CHAT

MESSAGES

FILES

POSTS

NEWS

SEARCH

Runner Havens

Invited Guests

Lei Kung Money Lee Stone
Moji Snow Tiger Umsturz

Posts/Files tagged with

"Runner Havens":

- * Hong Kong
 - * Seattle
 - * Cities on the Edge
- [\[More\]](#)

CONTINUE

ADVANCED
SEARCH

SAVE



TIMELINE: HONG KONG

2015—Hong Kong declares independence from China in reaction to communist crackdowns. British diplomats stall a Chinese retaliation while corporate backers secure control of the new free city.

2017—Wu Kuan-Lai, founder and CEO of Wuxing, Inc., builds his new corporate headquarters at a carefully picked location in Aberdeen.

2019—The Red Dragon Association quickly becomes the most powerful Triad in Hong Kong, with the great dragon Lung at its head.

2025 to 2029—The first major wave of Asian refugees flood into a neutral and prosperous Hong Kong following the Republic Civil War in China and the failed Nationalist Revolution in the Philippines.

2039—Wu Kuan-Lai passes away and leaves control of the corporation to his son, Wu Lung-Wei.

2044—The Nationalist War between the Canton Confederation and Taiwan results in a second major wave of refugees who settle in Hong Kong.

2057—The Wu family and Wuxing, Inc. receive a number of valuable bequests from the will of the late dragon Dunkelzahn.

2059—Wu Lung-Wei completes his father's dream and forms the Pacific Prosperity Group, a pan-corporate trade organization designed to combat Japanese economic control of Asia.

2061—Astral space becomes visible to mundanes around the Wuxing Skytower in Aberdeen.

2062 to 2063—A violent Triad war breaks out between the Red Dragon Association and its main rival, the Yellow Lotus Triad, resulting in the destruction of the latter syndicate.

2064—In the wake of Crash 2.0, Government reforms change the process of determining Hong Kong's government.

2068—The pro-democratic and anti-corporate organization 9x9 first appears in Hong Kong.

WELCOME TO THE EAST

Posted by: **Lei Kung**

Despite what some runners think, Seattle isn't the center of the universe. Spin the globe around a half-tick and you will find that in the East, Hong Kong is where the action is. Eight million souls are packed into the world's busiest *entrepôt*, a supermodern city that exists entirely to move people, goods, and digital transactions from one point to the next. Nearly one-fifth of Hong Kong's population is transient, spending at least half the year outside of the city, but the sprawl's population hardly changes as new, temporary blood flows in to conduct business on a constant cycle. And while extraterritoriality might seem

distinctly twenty-first century to cities like Seattle, Hong Kong invented the concept in 1842, when it became an extraterritorial British colony. But we grew bored of being a trophy city for Britain and China, so in 2015 the city struck out on its own, becoming the Hong Kong Free Enterprise Zone.

- A lot of good that did us. Instead of being ruled by a nation, now we're owned by the corporations.
- Ma'fan

THE PRICE OF SUCCESS

It takes only two minutes on a Hong Kong street to learn that everything has a high price, even prosperity. The rise of the Japanese Imperial State created a huge regional demand for cheap manufacturing, and as China imploded and Southeast Asia erupted in war, Hong Kong found itself primed to thrive. It became an island of wealth and stability in an otherwise chaotic Asia—and as a result became the chief destination for desperate refugees fleeing from the horrors of Chinese warlords and the Japanese oppression of the Philippines.

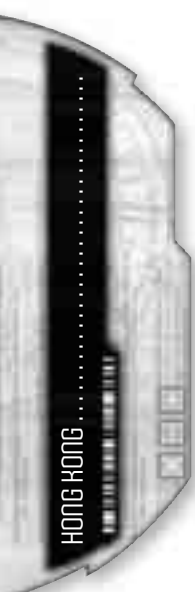
At first, Hong Kong welcomed these new immigrants as they became the cheap labor that fueled the city's manufacturing base. As the refugees kept pouring in and the demand for manufacturing waned, though, Asia's poor and tired masses overwhelmed Hong Kong's already-sparse social safety net. When it reached the point where the corporate Board of Governors might actually have to face the problem, they instead simply turned their backs on the new slums of the unemployed.

Today, the voices of the second-generation downtrodden are getting louder as urban hellholes like Kowloon get deadlier. The Executive Council is finally talking about the problem, but only after groups like 9x9 started firebombing corporate buildings and demanding true representation. The whole situation is getting very edgy, with council members reaching for their private security forces rather than their budgets. Capitalism continues largely unimpeded, but it's only a matter of time before something ugly happens.

LAY OF THE LAND

Hong Kong is built on rugged, mountainous land that the original British traders bemoaned as too difficult to develop on to be worthwhile. The industrious and persistent locals, however, have carved a massive sprawl out of the rock clinging to the edges of the sea. Whenever they run out of room, they just carve the rock back more or claim some extra waterfront with landfills.

The climate is equally dynamic in Hong Kong; since the city lies in a subtropical zone, it doesn't get four seasons like Seattle does. It gets two: the rainy season and the dry season. From about March to September, Hong Kong suffers the punishment of the southwest monsoon, which makes it hot, humid, and rainy. There's also the occasional fun super-typhoon crashing into the city. During October to February (roughly), though, the winds change to the northeast monsoon, which is relatively cool and dry. I say relatively because compared to Seattle, it will always be hot and humid in Hong Kong, but it's actually bearable during the dry season.







INCOMING FEED

HONG KONG CRIME

Posted by: Snow Tiger

Making money is Hong Kong's mantra, and making money through criminal means is a natural part of this sprawl. Every street corner has its hustlers, junkies, scammers and gamblers, but if a criminal enterprise wants to last more than a generation in Hong Kong, it needs organization, tradition, and legacy. Competition is as fierce in the criminal underworld as it is in the corporate boardrooms. Shadowrunners would do well to learn all they can about the syndicates they share the shadows with, since many of them are centuries older than today's street operatives.

HEAVEN, EARTH, AND MAN: THE TRIADS

The Triads are droplets of truth in a sea of false myths, a modern criminal enterprise rooted in an ancient world. They are romantic mysticism clouded by blood, violence, and horror—and for them, it works. But don't believe everything you hear about the Triads.

If you heard them tell it, they would talk about their origins, steeped in old myth, as descendents of five surviving Shaolin monks betrayed by the Manchu Ch'ing Dynasty. Nearly eradicated, the surviving monks built a secret society intent on overthrowing the foreign Manchu rulers and returning the empire to the golden age of the Chinese Ming Dynasty. Even today the Triads see themselves as patriotic anti-heroes who have faced down the Manchu, the communists, the corporations, and every

repressive power in between. It's all part of a popular folk mystique that covers up their bloody criminal lifestyle.

The Triads probably mix the ancient and the modern more than any other syndicate on the planet. At the top ranks of any large Triad gang are leaders and mystics who embrace the old ways. They spread the Triad myths and carry on the mystical rituals, binding even the most vicious gangsters in legendary oaths of allegiance. At the lower ranks, the Triads are essentially modern street gangs using counterfeit commlinks and practicing their own cobbled-together gun-fu. They all take the Triad ideal seriously, though, as hypocritical as it makes them. Even the youngest punk flashes centuries-old Triad hand signals, speaks in the numbered code supposedly used by the early Triad revolutionaries, and takes the loyalty oaths that have bound the Triads since their creation.

- Usually your average runner won't deal with the upper ranks of any Triad in Hong Kong, but if you're astute, you'll feel their presence. The street gangs are ritually compelled to respect their leaders. Even the most swaggering bravo will crack when he is passing down the orders of the masters.
- Ma'fan
- They all know Bad Things happen if they break the oaths they made to the Triads. It's not just respect they have for their leadership, it's also a healthy dose of fear. The gangers understand bullets and violence, but when your body erupts in bloody gashes



or your blood burns in your veins for snitching on your crew, well, that's the kind of otherworldly shit that strikes the fear of the gods in them.

- Money Lee

Triad organization is about as cryptic and complicated as everything else in the syndicate. The ranks reach back to the ancient structure, when they were supposedly nationalist freedom fighters. They feature bizarre ritual names and even more bizarre number associations, connected to both Chinese numerology and a number-based code used to obfuscate their organization. Like everything else in the Triads, these ancient connections have modern-day applications. Nothing in the Triads is purely decorative.

At the top of any Triad organization is the Shan Chu, also known in various Triads by the colorful titles of Mountain Master, Lodge Master, First Route Marshal, or Dragon Head. He is also identified by the number 489 or sometimes 21 (4+8+9 for those of you who skipped remedial math). He's the big cheese; everyone answers to him.

The Shan Chu is usually insulated from the violence of the Triad world; he doesn't get blood on his hands but he sets the direction of his organization. Most Shan Chu lead public lives as businessmen, but unlike the Yakuza leaders, Shan Chu usually embrace a cover of humility. Instead of sitting on the board of an international corporation, the most powerful Triad leader might run a restaurant or a small business by day. Too many people unfamiliar with the local ways end up underestimating the "humble" Shan Chu.

Below the Shan Chu are the 438s or 15s (you do the math). These are the Shan Chu's advisors, fully embraced by the ancient ways and the only people who interact personally with the Shan Chu. There are always at least three people at this rank who stand at the sides of the Shan Chu. The first is the Fu Shan Chu, the deputy to the Dragon Head. The Fu Shan Chu translates the leader's desires into logistic realities and brings those orders down to the street level gangs. The second is the Heung Chu, the Incense Master or Ceremony Master. It is the Heung Chu's job to pass down the ancient traditions and myths of the Triads and to administer the rituals and oaths that instill Triad loyalty. In these days of the Sixth World, the Heung Chu is always magically talented. The third is the Sin Fung, otherwise known as the Vanguard or Guardian. A modern Triad syndicate is made by absorbing smaller Chinese street gangs, and it's the Sin Fung's job to seek out new gangs to absorb and make sure they come under the Triad's influence. In a large Triad organization, such as those in Hong Kong, this rank of officers will also include the Sheung Fa, or Double Flowers, which are essentially the bosses of the largest gangs that the Sin Fung recruits. Even though the Sheung Fa are considered 438s, they are never really equal to the Shan Chu's inner circle of three.

(E-MAIL EXCERPT) HONG KONG POLICE FORCE :: *Internal Memorandum*

Subject: Lau Hyut ("The Bleeding")

CC: Office of the Executive Vice President, Knight Errant Security Services

This is a notice to all precincts and special divisions related to organized crime. Recent evidence has indicated that the magical oath rituals used by the Triad syndicates have been strengthened, making interrogation of Triad suspects and infiltration of Triad organizations much more difficult. Triad members who go against their loyalty oaths to the syndicate are displaying immediate and violent physical reactions often resulting in death. The exact manifestation of the effect appears to vary from one syndicate to the next, though the results are often the same. Members of the Ten Thousand Lions displayed the intensified oaths first under interrogation, sweating blood rapidly until death. Red Dragon Association members have shown similar effects, their skin bursting into hundreds of small, bleeding gashes under interrogation. An undercover agent placed within the Black Chrysanthemums who was forced to take the loyalty oath later died during an interview with his handler, his skin rapidly bruising into dark patches until he passed away from massive internal bleeding. Our police wujen indicate that a magical enchantment of some sort is involved, but they have so far been unable to dismantle the enchantment prior to interrogation without the violent effect activating and causing death to the subject. The use of blood magic in the oath is highly suspected. Until we determine a method for breaking the oath safely, the Central Precinct is suspending the use of undercover agents in Triad operations.

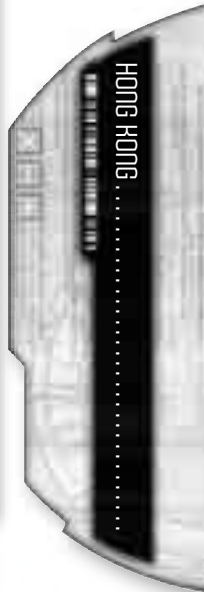
- It's rumored that Zheng Li Kwan, the Lodge Master of the Yellow Lotus Triad in Seattle, is a Sheung Fa in Hong Kong's Ten Thousand Lions.

- Kat o' Nine Tales

- Other than occasional links like that, international Triad organizations are usually independent. There's no central authority like the Mafia or international hierarchy like the Yakuza. Links between Triad organizations in different cities are formed either because the newer group is a spin-off of the older one or because it is in their interests to be allied. In the former situation, sometimes the spin-off is formed by a blood relative, which can make the two groups close. In the latter case, the deals are sometimes mutually exclusive and sometimes they involve less negotiation and more intimidation.

- Ma'fan

Below the Shan Chu's officers are the street sub-bosses and the soldiers. In Hong Kong, these ranks almost never have any personal contact with the Shan Chu, though some of them have regular contact with his officers. The street ranks are made up of multiple gangs with their own independent business and turfs. They conduct their own criminal enterprises and pay part of the proceeds up the ladder to the Shan Chu, who keeps the peace between the gangs and brings them together to dominate



SEASOURCE SEARCH

United Corporate Council
Central Planning Committee

Corporation (Rating*)	Council Member
Ares (AAA)	Karen King
Aztechnology (AAA)	Luis Ocasio
Brackhaven Investments (A)	William Roper
Eta Engineering (A)	Hanan Zubayr-Chong
Evo (AAA)	Mary Luce
Federated-Boeing (AA)	Jessica Sirianni
Gaeatronics (AA)	Cassie Blue Cloud
Horizon Group (AAA)	Klaus Coppage
Lone Star Security Services (AA)	William Loudon
Mitsuhama (AAA)	Takafumi Maeda
NeoNET (AAA)	Samantha Villiers
Regency MegaMedia (AA)	Kamar Kumar
Shiawase (AAA)	Hiroimi Miyano
Telestrian Industries (AA)	Alain Telestrian
Universal Omnitech (AA)	Kara Parker
Wuxing (AAA)	Sun Runming

*Notes:

A: Multinationals operate internationally, but are still restricted by national laws.

AA: Megacorporations have gained sufficient affluence to be recognized by the Corporate Court and are granted extraterritorial status.

AAA: These megacorporations are among the top 10 largest economic entities in the world, each holding at least one seat on the Corporate Court and co-owning the Zurich-Orbital Gemeinschaft Bank (ZOG).

SEATTLE CORPS

For my next trick, I present you a list of corporations to keep an eye on. I didn't just focus on the megas either, though each of them has a presence here to varying degrees—instead, this is a list of those creating the most local buzz. All of them are in need of people like you and I, so it doesn't hurt to know who they are and what are they up to.

Ares Macrotechnology

The Ares presence in Seattle is small but influential. Rather than trying to compete with local heavyweight Fed-Boeing's aerospace interests, Ares invited F-B to cooperatively launch several research projects that would benefit them both. After years of development, these labs are finally producing results in the form of new smart material designs, fuel systems, and remote control systems.

From its new offices in what used to be Cross Plaza—considered a masterpiece of modern engineering and integrated security system design—Karen King continues to watch over

Ares's Seattle divisions. Major business here includes supplying arms to Weapons World outlets and handling Ares-affiliated imports and exports to Asia and the Pacific Rim. Ares's postercorp Knight Errant also provides top-notch security to a number of satisfied contractees throughout the Metroplex.

- With the possibility of snatching away Seattle's policing contract from Lone Star on the table, KE units have been ordered to be on their best squeaky-clean behavior so that there aren't any "unfortunate incidents" that might screw it up. KE's own Internal Affairs department is working overtime, ready to squash anything that might become a problem—or at least bury it deep enough to never be found. Rumor is that an Ares Firewatch team is on standby just in case any emergencies arise.

- Sticks

Aztechnology

That Other Pyramid in Seattle's skyline (smaller but no less impressive than the former Renraku Arcology) belongs to every runner's favorite bogeyman, Aztechnology. The Neo-Aztec decor is impressive, from the laser-lit 20-meter pictoglyphs etched in synthetic quartz on the pyramid's slopes to the obsidian bayonets on the assault rifles of the guards. In addition from raking in money on consumer goods and agricultural products, Aztechnology is dedicated to the pervasive spread of Aztlaner culture—which, of course, includes broadcasting live blood sport matches to Latino and AmerInd gangers.

- Ever feel the hairs on the back of your neck stand up when near the pyramid? That's probably cuz Aztechnology keeps it in the footprints of no less than three orbiting commsats—the Powers-That-Be keep more than one eye on their Emerald City assets.

- Puck

- And here I thought it was just spillover spookiness from the pyramid's impressive magical security features. Heck, they've even programmed hints of patrolling spirits and mojo wards into their AR overlay broadcasts.

- Mika

- After losing Dever back in the day Seattle is the last stronghold on this half of the continent. They're taking no chances.

- Pistons

Seattle is a coordination hub for Aztechnology's North American activities—and that's a lot of activities, from consumer goods distribution and electronics manufacturing to weapon sales and magical research. As such, there's a steady stream of encrypted communications with Tenochtitlán. Rivals are always looking for these, so if you can get a hold of this paydata there's good money to be made in the black market.

Aztechnology Seattle is protected by a full battalion of their celebrated Leopard Guards. Modeled on an ancient Aztec warrior order, these elite troops are predominantly Awakened or heavily cybered. Rumor is, the guards hold weekly religious observances within the pyramid, featuring blood-drinking and sacrifice.

- The old ways still serve those who follow them.
- Man-of-Many-Names
- And you'd know, wouldn't you?
- Lyran

- I see Wolf has been remiss in your education. Pity.
- Man-of-Many-Names

- Children, don't quarrel.
- Fastjack

Brackhaven Investments

Though far from being a major league player, Brackhaven Investments holds considerable clout in Seattle. Its economic interests are spread throughout the city, like an octopus' tentacles slowly tightening its grip around an unsuspecting victim.

Think I'm being verbose? Consider this: an estimated 50% of the company's workforce—the worst paid half, of course—are metahumans who are ignorant of their employer's identity and ideology. That's because Brackhaven Investments hides itself behind so many shell corps and dummy holdings that it puts Aztechnology to shame. The same pattern applies to its shadow ops—most runners never suspect they're working for the company.

- Brackhaven loves hiring metahumans runners. Even if they screw up the job, it's good PR for Humanis.
- Fatima

Brackhaven Investments survived the Crash 2.0 by looting the corpses of its fellow investment security companies and dropping most of its failing investments to buy up real estate around Seattle. Large chunks of Renton's newly-developed suburbs are owned by BI, which have been the intermittent focus of news reports on racially biased lending practices.

- Read: Humans get discounts and better lending rates.
- Beaker

Emerald City Graphics

ECG is a bleeding-edge warez corp, founded a little over nineteen months ago by a couple of grad students from the University of Seattle. They went public about three months back and their stock skyrocketed overnight. Founders and co-presidents Vshaw Patel and Miska Romanov are still active in the actual coding, having hired a former corporate raider to run the company's day-to-day affairs.

The company offers superior augmented reality sculpting and innovative utility icon design (and redesign). Some of the tools Patel and Romanov use would be considered highly illegal hacking programs without the special permits and licenses they have procured. Detractors question how the two came upon them in the first place.

Indeed, ECG is known in Seattle's shadows for catering to the hacker community. They employ hundreds of freelance coders, and a lot of those coders also take on "side jobs." Say you've somehow acquired a really wiz program, but it still has a dis-

tinct look (like a blood-dripping Aztechnology logo scrawled on the side) that you don't want to flash around. Talk to the right person at ECG, and your little problem will be solved—so long as your cred is good. Rich corpers that like to play hacker also go to ECG for custom icons.

- Pretty to look at, pretty to hack, but if you crash it, no nuyen back.
- Puck

- Heh.
- Sounder

- The company had some hefty financing before it went public. Someone—the mob, a megacorp, maybe even a dragon—owns a hefty chunk of this little hot property.
- Mr. Bonds

Eta Engineering

An unburied corpse, a dump file waiting to be purged, ton after ton of unrecyclable garbage ... my mother always said someone has to clean up after everyone else. In Seattle, that someone is Eta Engineering, a family-owned corp that holds the city's waste management contract. Ironically, the Zubayr-Chong clan runs this rich corporation founded by East Asian immigrants, but occupies the lowest caste of the local Asiatic community. They are seen as "unclean" due to their profession.

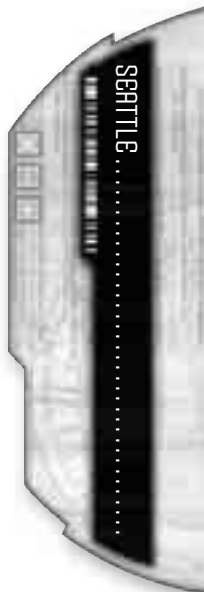
Eta's Tacoma industrial complex houses a huge state-of-the-art chemical plant that supplies Seattle with fertilizers and synthetic fuels. The corporation was the first to present Governor Strouthers a bid to decontaminate the Tacoma district, an obvious effort to expand into the environmental market. It's all up in the air now, though, because Shiawase Envirotech stepped in a couple weeks ago with an equally attractive offer. If you're looking for work or good curry, it's a good time to visit Little Asia.

- It's so funny when you think about it. Shiawase spent decades dumping God knows how many things into Tacoma without telling anyone, and now it's scrambling for the privilege to clean up everything (not just their own mess)—probably to avoid discovery and massive lawsuits.
- Sunshine

- That Eta complex Nick mentioned? Don't get near it without a respirator, unless you're a complete masochist. I've been there—once. Never again, omae, never again.
- Slamm-O!

- Amusingly, the Metroplex is among the leaders in NA for recycling. They recycle everything. It's mandatory, and all thos model corp citizens can catch some heavy fines if they ignore it.
- Kay St. Irregular

- And that's why I call the Barrens home. Fuck 'em.
- Turbo Bunny



THE MIDDLE PLAYERS

Too big to be syndicate puppets but too small to go it alone against the larger players, these middle-tier gangs are forced to walk a delicate line between their own pride and independence and the necessity of allying themselves with syndicates and larger networks of gangs to ensure their continued survival.

405 Hellhounds

Turf: Bellevue, Route 405

Colors: Red and Orange

These guys are a mostly human go-gang that specializes in moving goods (particularly illegal goods) from one end of Bellevue to the other—consider what you'd get if you mated the insane recklessness of a bicycle messenger with the bad-ass firepower of a motorcycle gang, and you've pretty much got the Hellhounds. Named after the two "pets" of a former leader, the gang spends about as much time fighting turf wars as it does delivering goods.

Blood Mountain Boys

Turf: Renton, Intercity 169

Colors: Brown and Red

The Blood Mountain Boys are a mixed-metatype go-gang with an urban-primitive motif: members dress in neo-tribal styles and mark themselves with stylized tattoos, scars, skin weaves, nanotats, and other body mods, with special attention paid to the often permanent "warpaint" they wear on their faces. When they're not clashing with the 405 Hellhounds, they're involved in the BTL trade and run errands for the Mafia, the Yakuza, or anybody else who will pay them. In a way the BMBs are a "throwback" gang, preferring old-fashioned vices like drugs and alcohol over the newer brainbenders and mind-altering substances.

- These guys get a good chunk of their old-school drugs from the Ghost Cartels down in Latin America. Each side thinks they're taking advantage of the other, but as long as the profits keep flowing, nobody cares too much.
- Glasswalker
- You can say what you want about the Blood Mountain Boys, but they throw a hell of a party. Next time you get word of one (they tend to stretch out over large parts of the gang's territory and last for days, so they're hard to miss), show up if you think you can handle it. It's a great place to do biz since the Star's usually too scared to shut them down.
- Kat o' Nine Tails

Chulos

Turf: Carbanado, Puyallup

Colors: Brown

This Latino/Aztlaner gang has been around in some form for many years—in fact, it has its roots in the Nortenos, a West Coast gang founded in the previous century. The Chulos (the name means "pimp" in Spanish) don't care if you're human, ork, troll, or whatever—just that you're Latino (and they're pretty loose on the concept). This gang is much bigger in California than in Seattle, though that's changing. They specialize in the

smuggling of BTLs from CalFree and drugs from Aztlan and South America (via strong connections with the Ghost Cartels.)

- The Chulos are well represented in prison—any member who's sent up the river is assured of having plenty of brothers to watch his back while inside.
- Marcos

Crimson Crush

Turf: Redmond, east of Touristville

Colors: Red

The Crush is more of an armed neighborhood watch organization than strictly a gang. They used to be made up solely of orks, though these days they've expanded a little to include a few trolls and even a couple of ork-poser humans.

This gang really came into their own after the Crash, when they were instrumental in quelling some of the riots and providing a grassroots clearinghouse for food, water, and other necessities (which they managed to "liberate" from various sources when most transportation methods stopped running). Nowadays they spend a lot of time clashing with racist organizations like the Humanis Policlub, though they do keep their hand in the gang game with extortion and a bit of BTL dealing on the side.

Disassemblers

Turf: Downtown, South Seattle

Colors: Gray and White

These guys are bad news, and their power level is growing steadily as they move up alongside their sponsors, Tamanous. Identified by the painted or tattooed skulls on their faces, the Disassemblers are the Tammies' front lines, hunting down and securing bodies and body parts for the organlegging trade and not really caring much about whether the bodies in question are still occupied by their current owner. The gang runs most of the illegal chop shops on their turf, and they've got "agreements" with local hospitals to provide a steady stream of body parts.

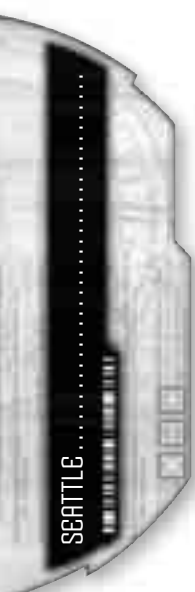
- I've heard these guys have a kind of "friendly" rivalry going with the 162s—both gangs are wrangling to get an exclusive edge with the Tamanous boys, but the Disassemblers can't deny the fact that a bunch of ghouls are handy to have around when you need to get rid of scraps in a hurry.
- Kay St. Irregular

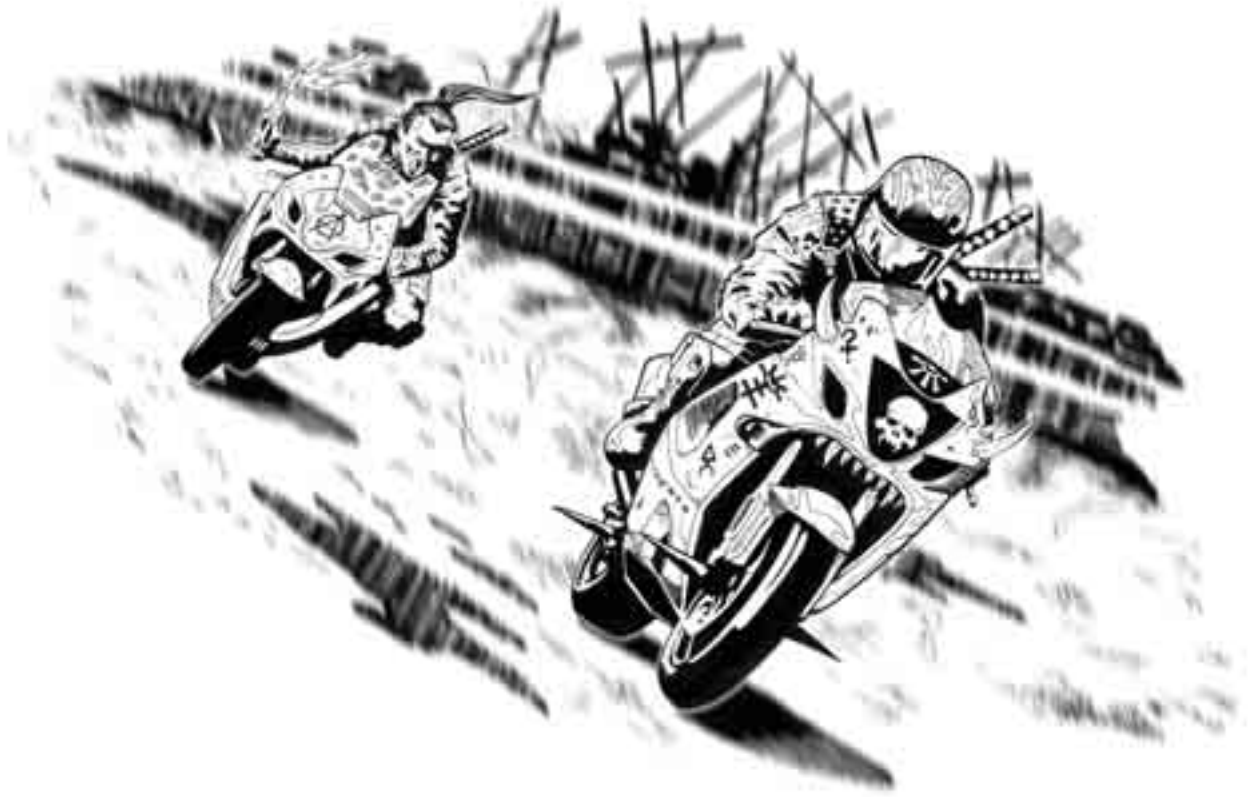
First Nations

Turf: Everett and Council Island

Colors: Blue

Made up entirely of Native Americans, the First Nations gang used to control the docks north of the former Renraku arcology, but in the past few years they've been branching out and are now focused primarily on and near Council Island. Led by a Salish elf named Blood-of-the-Buffalo, the gang takes strong pride in their Native American heritage, emphasized by their style of dress and gang rituals.





- This gang used to be backed by the Yakuza, which struck just about everybody as a little odd. These days, they're getting their marching orders from the Pueblo Koshari, who are looking to increase their influence in the area.
- Mihoshi Oni

Halloweeners

Turf: Downtown

Colors: Black and Orange

Still one of the largest of the Downtown gangs, the psychotic Halloweeners have experienced a bit of a shift in priorities over the past few years. With the death of their charismatic (and pyromaniac) leader Slash-and-Burn and his associated hatred of all things corporate, the rest of the gang went through a bloody period of infighting until they identified a new leader: a person (nobody's sure if it's male or female) who calls itself Nightmare. After the dust settled, they still focused on tweaking the corps any way they can, mostly with vandalism and mayhem, but now they've branched out to include making life miserable for just about anyone that crosses their path. They make most of their money by dealing BTLs (specializing in those involving violence or horror, particularly snuffs).

- Nightmare is always seen wearing a glowing skull mask and full black leathers with orange bandannas on both sleeves. Nobody outside of the gang get close enough to him/her/it to figure out much. Rumors identify it as everything from a vampire to the spirit-possessed corpse of Slash-and-Burn—and those are just the plausible ones.
- Snopes

Skraacha

Turf: Ork Underground

Colors: Brown and Gray

The Skraacha (means something like “Scorchers” in Or'zet) is a new gang that's cropped up in the Ork Underground following the Crash. Formed initially from a group of young orks who banded together to help defend the Underground when everything went to hell all over Seattle, the gang has since evolved into a kind of combination neighborhood watch group (think of the old-style Guardian Angels) and vigilante squad with the aim of taking down anti-metahumans whenever possible. They often skirmish with anti-meta groups like the Humanis Policlub, and they pick up extra cash providing security to pro-meta rallies put on by folks like the Ork Nation.

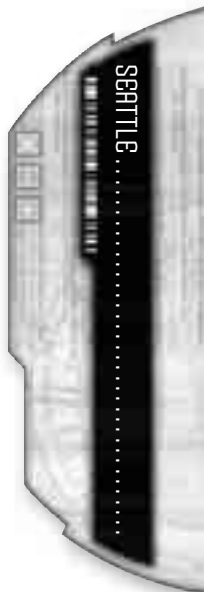
- This makes 'em sound like they're choirboys, but they're not. They've also got their meaty arms into quite a few strong-arm and smuggling schemes around the Underground. If you're not an ork, they don't have much use for you.
- Sticks

Spikes

Turf: Tacoma, Intercity 5 south of Downtown

Colors: Brown and Gold

A troll biker gang still led after all these years by the massive and charismatic Lord Torgo (whose current stint in prison seems to be doing little to dim his authority), the Spikes hate elves more than just about anything else. Their symbol, a crudely drawn decapitated elf head with X's for eyes and a spike driven through it, is meant to strike terror into elven hearts. Despite Torgo's strong leadership, their ongoing battle to unseat the A-



LOCAL PLAYERS

No discussion of the Metroplex's shadows would be complete without a rundown of certain local specialists whose services are available to those in the know.

The Creeps

If you need something smuggled between Seattle and the Salish-Shidhe, the Creeps are a good choice. This mostly-ork contraband ring is what remains of the Black Rains gang, which tore itself apart in an internal power struggle a few years back. Operating primarily in Tacoma and Puyallup, the Creeps rely heavily on the Ork Underground to safely transport goods throughout Seattle. They also work closely with the Cascade Ork tribe in the Salish-Shidhe, expanding the old mining tunnels underneath Carbanado, many of which cross below the border, and using them to exchange and warehouse goods. The Creeps keep a steady supply of chips flowing, though they tend to specialize in porn chips featuring orks and trolls.

- The Creeps are more of a loose association of smugglers rather than a unified group. Some of their cells are quite clannish, however, like the notorious Bot'Kham ("Sons of Kham"), an extended family unit of muscle-for-hire descended from one of Seattle's more infamous (and now retired) ork runners. These guys operate on a strict code based on professional and familial loyalty—they'll never betray their family or their employer.
- Fatima

Road Warriors

Sometimes your bike gets stolen. Your armored van is blown up by a dwarf with too much C4 and a grudge against you for dating his sister. Hell, maybe Lone Star tagged your hovercraft with a tracking device and you had to ditch it. Whenever that happens, you need to call up the Road Warriors—or, in less romantic terminology, call a cab.

The Seattle Metroplex has over 1,500 taxis, counting air, land, and watercraft. Those are official numbers, of course, and don't count the hundreds of illegal cabbies—yes, many of them immigrants, you stereotyping bastards—who simply drive around and give people rides for a fee. Problem is, most taxi services refuse to enter certain districts like the Barrens and other ghettos—not to mention refusing to pick up scary looking people who happen to be brandishing guns, bleeding all over the pavement, or running from corporate security. Luckily for the shadow set, the Road Warriors will.

The Road Warriors are a loose network of riggers who like the occasional dose of excitement. Though they compete in offering their services, they cooperate when it comes to advertising and making repairs. Some of them drive their own vehicles while a few remotely rig them. Most of the vehicles are illegally modified with hidden armor and weaponry, and occasionally even ECM and ECCM. Not people you want to piss off on the expressway at rush hour.

- Some of these cabbies have serious rivalries with each other that often lead to blatant interference and territorial pissing con-

SHADOWSEA FEED

The ShadowSea Wizard Says:

The following posts meet your criteria:

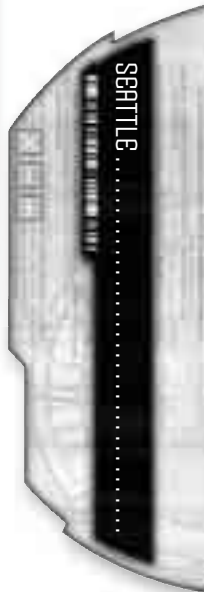
- I've got a package that I need delivered to one of the girls at Olga's, and she'll give you something to bring back to me in return. Drop a message in my box if you're interested. Must be done tonight. [Link](#)
- Need to access the lower levels of Dante's Inferno but don't have the cred or the cool? Shoot me a message—I've got something on old Alessio that'll get you right in. It'll cost you, but if you need to get in bad enough, it's worth it. [Link](#)
- Come to Tusk and mention that the Wizard sent you and he'll set you up with 20% off a full set of slightly used body armor. He's got an overstock and he's looking to move some of it. First come, first served, so hurry! [Link](#)
- I represent an employer who will pay big nuyen to anybody who can crack the Crash Memorial and deliver to him whatever they find inside. Contact me if you're interested and I'll give you the details. [Link](#)
- Does anybody know a reliable way into the ACHE? I need a person retrieved fast, dead or alive—no questions asked. Also need an item extracted. Must be done no later than two days from date of posting. [Link](#)

tests. There's nothing more annoying than having some rigger asshole cutting you off when you're trying to rush a perforated buddy to a street doc.

- Turbo Bunny

Hiring a Road Warrior ride isn't cheap, and the rates automatically skyrocket for hazard pay—violence or pursuit of any kind. There are few better options for escaping the Star or running a roadblock, though, or even just taking a ride through some sketchier parts of town. Most of the Warriors have worked out deals with go-gangs just so they can pass through their territory unmolested.

- You can also hire them out for courier, escort, or smuggling services, though individual riggers may be particular about the details—they tend to be a quirky bunch.
- Rigger X
- If you're looking for an escort on the other end of the economic spectrum, there's a private limo service called XX that offer stop-notch chauffer and bodyguarding services. A lot of their mooks are ex-street sams and company men.
- 2XL



CAPE TOWN

Posted by: Picador

I'll save you the geostrategic update on the Azanian Federation, save to say that it's weathered the past decade well enough, considering things couldn't get much worse. It's still very much shackled by poverty, illiteracy, and subsistence-level existence for millions. In a land where riches such as diamonds, gold, and uranium spring from the soil like savannah grass, life is still the cheapest of commodities and people are still desperate enough to indenture their offspring to corporate strip mines. Even here, however, there are illusions of hope to keep people going. These days the light at the end of the tunnel is coming from Cape Town—and that makes it the new land of promise for runners and other shadow denizens.

Despite being home to a more diverse population—including native Xhosa, Apartheid-displaced Zulus, Afrikaners, Malaysians, Indians, Europeans, and South Americans—Cape Town isn't the biggest city in Azania. Cape Town is, however, where modern African culture finds its voice. It's also a port where not only two oceans converge, but where merchants and mercenaries from four continents come to deal.

LIVING IN THE BOWL

I've been to the Cape more times than I can remember; I even crashed there for a winter after a grueling six-month stint with the Corp Court's nation-building forces around Kilimanjaro in '68. Cape Town spreads like a glass and concrete stain in every direction, simmering under the relentless African sun and choking on smog half the year. Its heart, nestled protectively in a natural bowl carved from the towering slopes of Table Mountain by legendary spirits, makes it impossible to forget the city lives under the gaze of the celestial Rain Queen, the great dragon known as Mujaji, who makes her lair on the majestic plateau overlooking the peninsula's lush valleys and rocky peaks. Even to the most jaded, Cape Town offers a mystique all its own—something unquestionably spiritual. Everything slows to "Africa time" but still comes across as alive and exciting.

The Cape is finally seeing an economic rebirth after wallowing in inter-tribal violence and soaring crime for decades, thanks primarily to a military crackdown last year. After Pretoria cut a deal with Mujaji, Azanian forces aided by the Rain Queen's shamans swept up the worse of the *tsotsi* ganglords that had carved dominions out of the sprawl. Like everything else in this corner of the world, though, it was only a half-assed attempt. Flaring tensions on the diamond-rich border with communist Angola sent the troops scurrying away before the cleanup was complete. Stretches of the docklands and the outlying townships remain contested tribal areas and z-zones where gangs and warlords keep the authorities at bay, toeing the line of Mujaji's edicts for peace.

- When communist Angola occupied a couple of contested diamond fields in former Namibia last May, Universal Omnitech pulled some strings with the Azanian executive to bring in the military. UO mercenary forces might be vets, but they're not equipped to handle the Angolan army. Now both sides have forces massed in the area, playing wait and see.
- Fianchetto

- Needless to say, UO isn't happy with the stalemate. Productivity has dropped in all the nearby fields and it's starting to show on their quotings.
- Mr. Bonds

Officially at least, the Cape town clean-up operation continues, though nothing significant has happened in more than six months. Downtown remains peaceful under martial law and the joint command of Gen. Steven Mbulo and Tsago Shinzeli, Mujaji's head-shaman, but troops still patrol the outskirts in APCs. It's really the Rain Queen who enforces the delicate balance of power through a web of fear and favors.

THE WATERFRONT: DISORGANIZED CRIME

Visible from almost anywhere in Cape Town, the blue harbor swarms with ships of all flags. It is impossible to forget the city is a major seaport. In fact, it's an unavoidable port of call for anyone plying the Southern Atlantic trade to Amazonia and Europe, or the routes around the Good Hope to the Far East and Oceania. Through all the ups and downs, the port has been the city's lifeline, and it remains a major source of revenue—and shadow action.

The rough and tumble **Waterfront** district remains the domain of warlords, old pirates, and black market entrepreneurs who have withstood every attempt to clear them out. The megacorps have established a renewed presence here, however, and it's in everybody's interests to keep trouble to a minimum. Wuxing's co-owned Worldwide Shipping, Maersk's Hapag-Lloyd, and ESUS lease big chunks of dockland real estate, as do most of the triple-As with an interest in Azania.

- Mercenary operations of various sizes also have compounds in the nearby warehouse district, giving the area a very edgy atmosphere. I believe Picador's outfit owns one.
- Black Mamba
- That we do. Matador picked it up back when nobody gave a damn about the Cape. Africa always has a high demand for merc talent, and flaring tensions all over the region have made it quite the fortuitous investment.
- Picador

There's little organized crime around the harbor, but plenty of the disorganized sort. The big fish are closer to armed gangs than syndicates. Luis Barreto and Mabuki Njombo are the leading gang bosses, and they compete for the lion's share of the trafficking and smuggling action. Barreto, a retired Gold Coast privateer, will have you put down just for looking at him funny, but at least he sticks to his pirate's code—flimsy as it is. A disgraced Rain Queen shaman, Njombo sliced and diced a bloody path to becoming a waterfront kingpin by dealing in every vice imaginable, including slavery, organlegging, prostitution, and BAD-dealing. He's known for preying on the weaknesses of his own people.

- Barreto controls a lot of the fencing and outfitting for independent merchants and pirates. He's a living legend among Gold and Skull Coast buccaneers and has his men's loyalty. Njombo, on the other hand, rules by fear and trusts no one. He has a finger in every



LIVING ON THE EDGE

Runner Havens visits a number of sprawls, each with its own distinct character, atmosphere, and intrigue, all of which rightfully claim the epithet “runner haven”. These should be seen as only a representative sample, since many others exist in the Sixth World—from divided Denver to perilous Bangkok to merc-haven Lisbon. In fact, an enterprising gamemaster may wish to develop her own unique “runner haven” setting, using a location untouched in *Shadowrun* or perhaps closer to home in real life. Keep in mind, however, that all runner havens boast certain underlying similarities.

CHECKS AND BALANCES

So what makes a “runner haven?” Whether it’s the crossroad City on the Sound, the teeming plascrete jungle of Hong Kong, the vice-riddled bedlam of Caracas, or the bombed-out backstreets of Istanbul, the most obvious factor is that all such sprawls are intrigue-laden flashpoints for the corporate, criminal, magical, and political factions of the Sixth World—with none being dominant. Such sprawls exist in a delicate balance of constantly shifting allegiances and power plays, as myriad factions vie with one another for greater influence, control, and wealth. The constantly clashing and entwined interests of these major figures are the perfect fuel for an exceptionally prolific shadowrun scene and diverse roleplaying opportunities.

Another aspect that makes these cities unique *Shadowrun* backdrops is their status as crossroads for regional trade, politics, and crime. This makes them natural staging points for international shadow and criminal activity of all sorts. Shadow ops naturally spill over and target neighboring cities, states, and nations, opening up distinct environments and a variety of international opportunities and plot hooks—from smuggling to datatheft to traditional cloak and dagger black ops.

LAW AND ORDER

An essential characteristic of any runner haven is the unusual mix of law and lawlessness and how this reflects both in terms of urban life and geography. In few other cities is the dystopian nature of the urban life so blatantly apparant, spawned by the greed and opportunism of megacorporations and the conflicting interests of local power players.

In a runner haven, the chasm between the haves and have-nots, the powerful and the meek, should be constantly visible. Such sprawls are patchwork quilts of orderly corporate domains, bustling and well-monitored business districts, rundown blue-collar ’burbs, crime-riddled red-light districts, and no-go feral Z-zone sectors. Police presence (normally privatized) runs the full spectrum from ever-watchful to nonexistent. Ultrasecure corp office parks and facilities can border lawless and dangerous sectors mere blocks away. Whatever the specifics of the local status quo, this intermingling of law and lawlessness is essential to sustain a vibrant criminal and shadow community.

It’s a safe assumption that corporations and the powers-that-be often foster the continued existence of lawless areas. That’s because such areas provide quasi-legal and underground markets for certain products, disposable human resources, criminal talent as deniable assets, and secluded sites where questionable research

and enterprises can be carried out. The power brokers depend on the low-lives in a sort of twisted symbiotic relationship.

The gamemaster should keep the following factors in mind when developing a runner haven:

- The effects on the local political and social environment of local politics, industry, and crime agendas (ie., the persistence of the Redmond and Puyallup Barrens).
- The effects of rampant corporate competition and privatization of law-enforcement.
- Issues of extraterritoriality and jurisdiction in the staking of territories by corps—and to a lesser extent, the feudal territoriality of crime syndicates and gangs.
- Metatype and ethnic segregation issues, including self-segregation (ie., the Ork Underground in Seattle).
- The effects of endemic criminality and the *laissez-faire* attitude of profit-minded privatized police forces.
- Cultural *zeitgeists* spawned by the intersection of so many different interests and agendas (ie., Orxploitation, Afroflash).

CORPORATE PRESENCE

Most runner havens—whether they are a regional transportation hub, boast some peculiarity of the local workpool or legislation, possess a specific industry or development focus of particular interest, or simply have a unique geo-political location—rate a high level of corporate interest and are often as strategically important as corporate enclaves. This corporate presence and influence isn’t limited to the Big Ten megacorps either. A runner haven’s crossroad status and international business opportunities provide fertile ground for a host of lower-tier majors and small corporations. This plethora of economic interests and agendas provides exactly the type of flashpoint environment where competition runs rampant and covert operations and espionage are standard operating procedure.

Ruthless work and business environments like this breed the kind of executive that megacorps appreciate. This means that runner havens are places where up-and-coming stars and Johnsons are assigned to cut their teeth and learn the ropes. Given the attention garnished on these sprawls by the hierarchy, they also represent the best placements for ladder-climbers to call attention to themselves (and they’re safer than the cut-throat rat race in the Mother corp’s own enclaves).

The fact that runner havens are focal points for competing corporate interests and that no single corporation holds sway makes the local scene particularly varied, with different sorts of intrigue and resulting opportunities for shadow business.

A runner havens’ unique situation often allows for a wide range of corporate activities, all of which contain a potential treasure chest of run opportunities. They include:

- R&D and production facilities that take advantage of strong influence over government, lax monitoring by authorities, or permissive legislation.
- Regional headquarters, administration, operations and management centers.
- Production facilities making use of the city’s central location to draw resources.