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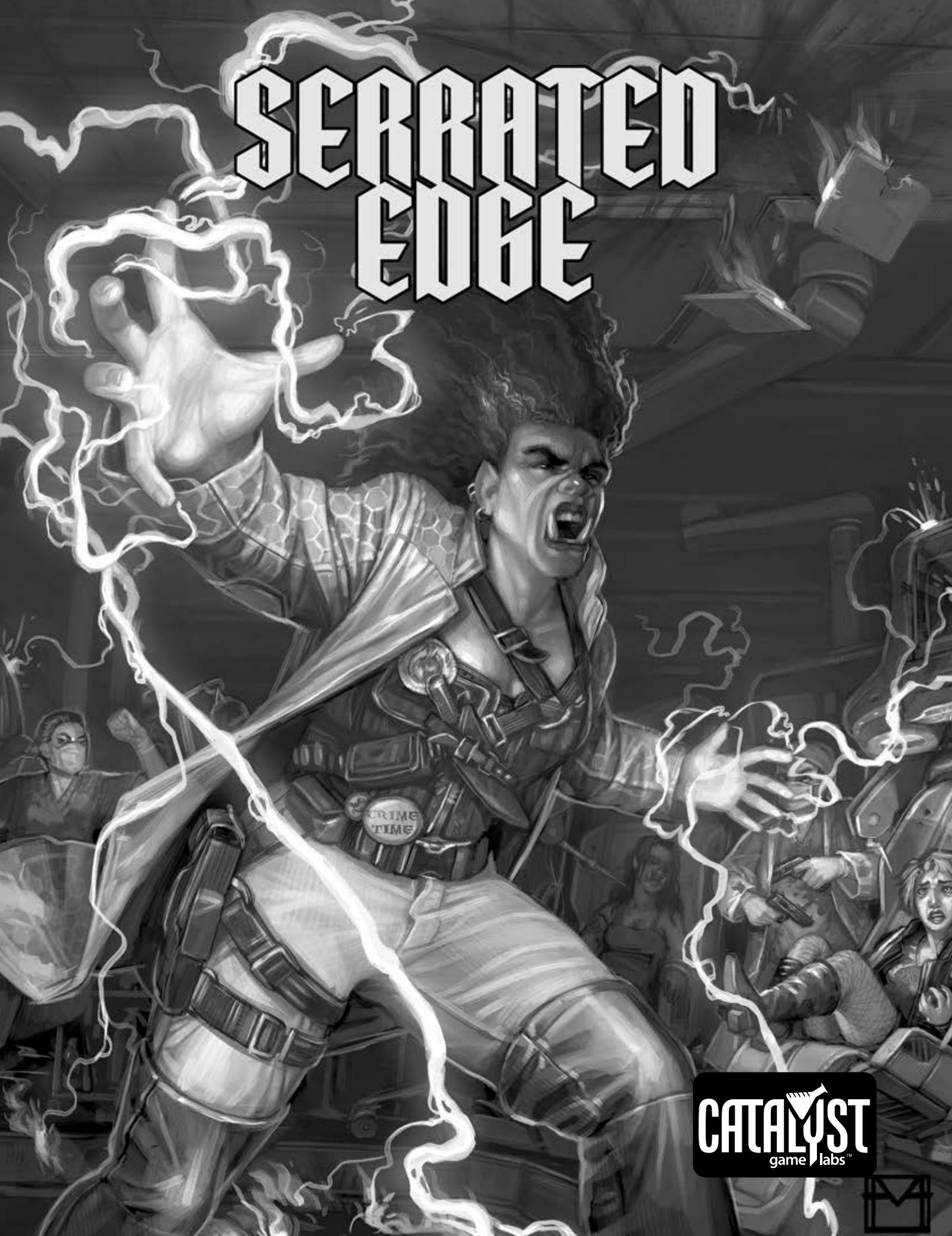
SERRATED EDGE



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A SIXTH WORLD ADVENTURE

SERRATED EDGE



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DENVER: SERRATED EDGE

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First Printing by Catalyst Game Labs, an imprint of
InMediaRes Productions, LLC
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DENVER: SERRATED EDGE

Dirgen West fidgeted nervously as he waited in the sterile, yet somehow dingy, waiting room. He didn't notice the slightly browning paint on the walls or the tracks worn in the old carpet today. He didn't even notice the discomfort caused by the little plastic chairs that were obviously not designed with an ork hoop in mind. He focused on the door in front of him, waiting impatiently for his wife to step through with news. Good or bad, he could take it. Though he preferred good.

The pair had been coming to the clinic for three months now. Ever since they had seen the outreach group strolling through the Aurora Warrens and had the courage to finally ask for help. It had been his wife's idea. She had pushed him to ask for help. He had a hard time doing it—a hard time asking anyone for anything, really. But now, three months later, he thought it was the best decision she ever pushed him to make.

His little Belle, his love, his life, his vruken. She was great for him. He had been running with the wrong crowd, picking the wrong fights, and working his way toward either a Star lockup or a city furnace. But she changed all that. She made him take a look at his life. She wasn't a slitch about it, wasn't pushy or manipulative. She just called him on his bulldrek and set him straight. With her help he built a solid crew. A real shadowrunner team. Not some gangers thinking they were tough or some corp kids playing at street games. A genuine rock-solid runner crew.

It was that crew's hard work that got him and Belle where they were today. The crew did jobs outside the Aurora Warrens. Good, high-paying gigs. The money went a long way inside the checkpoints, so they stuck it out inside the Warrens, cleaned up a little spot and started working on a family. But clearing out gangs, ghouls, and devil rats seemed like child's play compared to knocking up Belle. They did it day and night, followed moon cycles, tried positions the Matrix guaranteed would result in little baby orks, and switched up their diets a dozen times to follow the advice of a friends and street docs. Nothing worked.

They were actually in the middle of making a go of some weird inverted-Z position that Dr. Love swore worked every time when they heard the loudspeaker from the outreach program. Belle kicked him out of bed, literally, and sent him to talk to them. Lord he was fragging pissed that day. He was

waiting for one of the smoothies in the program to make some off-color comment, and he would send them all back to their clinic in their own body-bags. But nobody said an off word. They offered help, made appointments for both of them, and when he lined up the expected bribe they refused. To say he was stunned would be an understatement.

They had made their visits, endured some procedures, and the doctors kept the couple's hopes up with positive news. Both of them were fertile—Dirgen knew he was from an incident when he was fourteen—but he had heard life in the Warrens can be rough on the little swimmers, the only issue was an egg compatibility issue according to the doctors. The docs used bigger words, but they broke it down for the couple like this: Belle's eggs didn't like Dirgen's sperm. The wall on the egg was keeping Dirgen's soldiers out, was the exact layperson-friendly phrase they used.

The solution was simple, but the possibility of more complications arising after the procedure meant more visits would be needed. This was one of those. Today would be the day they found out whether it worked.

Dirgen was sure it had worked. There was no period this month, and they had that nearly down to the minute. Plus, Belle was exceptionally rambunctious, something they had both read came with pregnancy. Dirgen had actually been really looking forward to that—it was like a reward for a job well done.

A cough from one of the others in the waiting room made him realize he had been nervously, and rather loudly, tapping his foot. He stopped and then felt the nervous energy build up until he stood and started pacing. As he walked, he remembered the ruts of matted carpet and realized this must have been how they formed. He thought about all the other nervous dads-to-be pacing over this same small patch of carpet.

When the door clicked, he spun as fast as his reflex system could move him toward the door. He was there before the door even opened. It took forever to swing out completely. He didn't even consider the fact that other people were here; he was lucky to avoid the minor embarrassment of having the wrong person coming through the door. The door first revealed the stoic yet somehow friendly face of Dr. Fierambas, unreadable for either good or bad news. She was a great doctor to have approaching you with news, because you didn't develop hope or dread. You just had to wait.





As the door continued, his wife's face revealed the news. Along with her voice. Not because she spoke the news, but her tone always said so much about her. There was a certain lilt to her voice when she was happy and a certain stiffness when she was sad or disappointed. He could hear the former in her tone as she spoke to the doctor about the unseasonably warm weather they were having. She wasn't saying, "Yay, I'm pregnant," with her words, but she was saying it with her voice, even before he saw her tussy grin.

"Oh, looks like someone's a little anxious," Dr. Fierabras said as she spotted Dirgen. Her voice was pleasant.

"Just a little, doc," Dirgen said as he stepped back to clear the doorway.

"Don't make him wait, Iz. Looks like he might pop a wire," Dr. Fierabras teased, using the nickname only the doc could use for Isabella Consuela el Fierno West. Everyone else called her Belle or ma'am.

"Time to spend that cigar savings," Belle said with a smile.

He barely heard her. He knew the news that was coming, he had seen all the signs in the last few seconds telling him it was coming, but it still hit him like a freight train. All at once he felt, giddy, dizzy, proud, excited, scared, nervous, anxious, nauseated, and happy. All the combat experience in the world can never prepare a man for that moment someone tells him he's going to be a father.

He leaped forward and wrapped his arms around his wife. He spun with her despite the nausea, but it didn't matter. Once she was in his arms all he felt was an exhilarating joy. They had come so far, worked so hard, and now they were going to be a full family with a fresh litter in a few months.

Life was good.

INTRODUCTION

Serrated Edge is the first installation in the *Denver Adventures* series designed for *Shadowrun, Fifth Edition*. While this adventure is not designed specifically for the novice player, it can easily be tweaked to suit a range of player experience levels.

Players should note that only gamemasters should read beyond this point. The following text reveals secrets and plots that, if read prior to the adventure, could impact their enjoyment of the adventure (and the surprises in store).

PREPARING THE ADVENTURE

Serrated Edge can be run with only the *Shadowrun, Fifth Edition* rulebook. However, many of the characters presented in this adventure draw from the additional core supplements such as *Run & Gun* and *Run Faster*. All rules in this adventure are assumed to follow the core rules presented in *Shadowrun, Fifth Edition*. Gamemasters can, of course, use any of the optional rules as best fits their game.

This adventure takes place in the Front Range Free Zone Metroplex, primarily around the Aurora Warrens. Denver is described in *Spy Games*, a *Shadowrun, Twentieth Anniversary* supplement, and gamemasters and players will find a wealth of information, contacts, and additional plot hooks in that book. Gamemasters can also find useful information on the Human Nation and recent events in Denver in *Conspiracy Theories for SR4A*, and *Threats 2*, a *Shadowrun, 2nd Edition* sourcebook, as well as *Storm Front*, which served as a bridge between *SR4A* and *SR5*.

ADVENTURE STRUCTURE

In *Serrated Edge*, a Mr. Johnson from the Sons of Sauron hires a group of shadowrunners to steal some medical records. The records are revealed to the public, along with some accusations supported by the records. The runners get more work digging up more clues and then eventually have to stop a bombing plot by their original employers. The adventure has a series of chapters describing the different scenes, including all the appropriate stats and information for that scene. The scenes are divided into the following sections.



GAMEMASTERING THE ADVENTURE

Serrated Edge is an adventure designed for *Shadowrun, Fifth Edition*, and it is the first in the Denver Adventures series that involves characters getting involved with events transpiring in Denver while it hovers in limbo without a formal treaty. In this adventure, players and their characters will see the extreme lengths to which the Human Nation will go to rid the world of metahumans and the Awakened. Beyond the simple headcracking and murder of more well-known groups like the Humanis Policlub, the Human Nation works the long game with chemical, medical, and social-based genocide. Their efforts are long-standing, and the sudden exposure may not be as simple as it seems.

Here are a few suggestions that will make the adventure, and gamemastering it, proceed more smoothly.

STEP ONE: READ THE ADVENTURE

Reading through the adventure prior to introducing your group to it ensures you know what's coming down the line and are familiar with the entire story. This helps when your players (inevitably) come up with something not presented in the adventure.

STEP TWO: ASSESS THE ADVENTURE

Rarely does any gamemaster take a written adventure and run it without any changes. You may decide it needs to be more challenging for your players, or perhaps they form a specialized team (such as all mages) who will undoubtedly approach certain tasks in unique ways. You may want to switch certain NPCs with characters your players are familiar with in their game, such as a common fixer or gang contact. Assessing the adventure lets you make notes on how you want to customize the adventure to best fit your game and your gamemastering style.

STEP THREE: KNOW THE CHARACTERS

You should have a copy of each character prior to running the adventure, so you can assess their individual (and group) skills, contacts, and abilities. If a scene calls for them to fly a plane through the Rockies, and none of them have a Pilot Aircraft skill, you may need to tweak the scene so they'll still have a chance at success. If a character is sidelined for parts of the story due to lack of abilities or skills, the gamemaster should consider adding scenes that play to that character's strengths.

STEP FOUR: TAKE NOTES

Written notes help you keep things organized. You may want to jot down a note to give a particular handout to players at a specific moment or highlight important details about an NPC or combat scene. Taking notes helps you remember characters' actions during the adventure, which is useful in awarding Karma and handling contacts at the conclusion.

STEP FIVE: DON'T LET THE DICE RUN THE GAME

Dice rolls normally dictate the outcome of events in a roleplaying game. However, sometimes the dice fall in such a way that they interfere with the story. Remember, as gamemaster, you can always tweak the dice to enhance the story. As a rule of thumb, a gamemaster shouldn't fudge the die rolls to hurt player characters, but occasionally might tweak the roll to help them out or to help the story progress (softening a roll to seriously injure a player rather than killing them is one example).

STEP SIX: DON'T PANIC

You'll make mistakes. Everyone makes mistakes. You may forget a rule, misread a scene, or forget an important clue. Don't worry. The reason you're there is to have fun, and fun is far more important than a flawless performance. If you or the players make a mistake, do your best to straighten things out, then keep moving forward.

MAIN SECTIONS

This book is divided into several sections designed to assist you in running this adventure at your table:

- **Preparing to Play:** A plot synopsis, necessary background information, and other useful details and data.
- **Adventure Scenes:** The adventure itself, broken down into individual scenes.
- **Legwork:** Summaries of information and data the player characters might find during their research.
- **Cast of Shadows:** Profiles of the primary NPCs with whom the player characters will interact during the adventure.
- **Player Handouts:** Information designed for players.

ADVENTURE SCENES

The adventure itself plays out over a series of sequential scenes. Each scene contains some, or all, of the following subsections:

- **Scan This:** A brief summary of the events in the scene.
- **Tell It to Them Straight:** A text selection that can be read directly to the players or paraphrased when the player characters reach specific points in the scene.
- **Hooks:** Descriptions of ways that characters might be encouraged to play a scene.
- **Behind the Scenes:** The mechanics behind each scene, including NPC motivations and any secrets or special instructions.
- **Subplots:** Secondary adventures—or red herrings—that offer avenues for gamemasters to develop to make the adventure less linear for players.



- **Pushing the Envelope:** Suggestions for gamemasters on altering the scene to challenge more experienced players or more powerful player characters.
- **Debugging:** Suggestions for getting the adventure back on track if the player characters' actions derail it.
- **Places of Interest:** Locations featured in the scene, including descriptions and ratings for security systems and Matrix systems.
- **Grunts and Moving Targets:** NPCs in that particular scene. NPCs that are featured in multiple scenes are found in the Cast of Shadows.

NON-PLAYER CHARACTERS

Non-player characters (NPCs) are essential to bringing any adventure to life; they include the allies, enemies, and contacts the characters will interact with during the shadowrun. Important NPCs have relevant profiles, including stats, in the *Grunts and Moving Targets* section for each scene. Major NPCs who appear in multiple scenes are listed in the *Cast of Shadows* section at the end of this book. Gamemasters can and should tweak the NPCs to make them more or less challenging opponents (see *Prime Runners*, p. 385, SR5). NPCs in groups benefit from Group Edge (p. 380, SR5), while individual NPCs in this adventure possess their own Edge stat to use.

BACKGROUND

The Paladin Health and Welfare Clinic (PHWC) has been a staple of the Front Range Free Zone (FRFZ), specifically the Aurora Warrens, for over thirty-five years, and Paladin Hospital has been serving the city of Denver since well before the arrival of Ghostwalker. In fact, Paladin Health Services (PHS), a subsidiary of Paladin Group LLC (PG) is one of the only companies that consistently worked at rebuilding the Warrens since it became a dumping ground for the FRFZ's unwanted. The PHWC is one of four medical-service facilities in the FRFZ operated by PHS, along with Paladin Health Services Clinic at the southern tip of the CAS Sector, Paladin Wellness Clinic in Wheat Ridge, and Paladin Hospital on the south end of the Harvard Gulch neighborhood of Denver. Each clinical facility is located near an area of focused poverty to serve that aspect of the community, and each clinic has its own private community connected to it as well, where the bulk of its personnel live. The motto of Paladin Health Services is, "We don't just practice medicine, we practice Meta-cine," a saying intended to demonstrate their heavy focus on the metahuman community. To all of Denver, Paladin is a champion of metahuman rights and a leader in metahuman-focused medicine.

PR is a powerful tool. Behind the scenes, Paladin Health Services' parent company, Paladin Group LLC is a shell that provides a cover between the meta-friendly health services and the real money behind the company, the Human Nation. But even that connection is still not direct. PG is a company with a lot of owners/investors that include Brackhaven Investments, Mitsuhamma Computer Technologies, Renraku

Computer Systems, Ares Macrotechnology, Aztechnology, and a dozen other smaller companies. The company's investments and the owners all have one thing in common: They all belong to the Human Nation. As with any massive secret conspiracy, none of them wear nametags, and most of the real players make sure the money looks like it's being controlled by someone else. In the end, all the funding for the Paladin Group LLC and all the Paladin Health Services facilities comes from the secret metahuman and magic hate group.

The company's reputation is protected by their massive "humanitarian" efforts in the poorer/lawless parts of Denver and the advances in metahuman-focused medicines they come out with each year. The truth behind the research is sinister and genocidal, but no one ever seems to suspect that—until now.

Parker James is a forty-two-year-old ork who has lived in the Aurora Warrens all his life. He ran with the gangs in his youth and graduated to running the shadows in his late teens and early twenties. He made that elusive "big score" and retired at twenty-five, then got pulled back in by thirty because your past always catches up to you. He cleared up his troubles (which were caused by an unhappy oyabun) by joining another group for protection, the Sons of Sauron. He has lost more friends than most people have in their lifetimes (most of them metahumans, along with some "smoothies"), and over the years he has noticed something. He's found that a whole lot of his friends, family, coworkers, contacts, and acquaintances all have similar stories about visits to the Paladin clinics. He also noticed that a larger-than-normal number of his peers who go to the clinic never make it back. He's seen humans go in with multiple gunshot wounds that should be fatal come back, while orks with wounds not half as bad don't. Even some of his fellow even think his conspiracy theory is a bit far-fetched and contribute the differences to simple racism, but Parker has noticed other things as well.

Parker was one of nine kids; seven of those siblings were girls. All of them had children by the age of twenty. Four visited a Paladin clinic, and all four stopped having kids after their visits. None of them asked to get their tubes tied or anything like that, and two of them even got pregnant after they visited but both had miscarriages. The other three girls all kept having healthy baby orks. Between the higher metahuman mortality rate and the mysterious sterilization of his sisters, he knew something was up. He started asking around and found more women, all different metatypes but all metahuman, who visited a Paladin clinic and suddenly stopped being able to have kids or were told they were infertile after their first battery of tests.

Parker developed a plan. He found a street doc named Hippocrates and had him check a series of women for fertility issues both metahuman and human. Then he sent all the girls to Paladin clinics. The results were just what he expected. Twenty-five metahumans, a mix of all the races, went to the clinic within a year. Afterward, fifteen of them were unable to get pregnant and five couldn't carry to term; only five of the women were able to have a child in the next year. Of the ten





humans he sent, nine came back with a clean bill of health or an offer to help increase their fertility. Three of them were even offered a place in a Paladin community. One year later all nine humans were pregnant and either receiving aid from a Paladin clinic or had moved into a Paladin community, such as Archer Heights. The single infertile human, who was fertile according to Hippocrates, was Awakened.

Parker brought his study to other Sons of Sauron. They all agreed it must be the work of the Humanis Policlub but the evidence he presented created a small schism. A group of the Sons wanted to shut down the clinics by force, while a slightly larger group wanted to get more evidence and bring down the whole Paladin company without resorting to terrorism that would just look bad. Parker got authorization to hire some runners and send them in to get the clinics records. This is where the runners come in.

There are a few issues, though. Parker needed humans in his study to compare the data, but their treatment by the clinics was nothing short of wonderful, and the ones who moved into Paladin communities have drunk the Kool-Aid of racism. Two of these have come forward with remarkably similar stories of being examined by a street doc. The Human Nation knows something is going on and will be starting their investigation about the same time as the runners.

One more powerful party will be putting their fingers in the mix. Hippocrates, the street doc, has connection to the Illuminates of the New Dawn from his past life. He's quite intelligent and came to a similar conclusion about Paladin's

nefarious behaviors, but he noticed one thing Parker didn't (or didn't care to). Hippocrates noticed that the Awakened human was sterilized as well as the metahumans. He mentioned this to a friend in the IOND, Darien Black, along with the metahuman issue and Parker's hypothesis about the Humanis Policlub. Darien thinks it's bigger than Humanis. He suspects the Human Nation and will contact the runners to help his investigation.

It doesn't get simpler from there.

PLOT SYNOPSIS

The adventure starts with the runners being invited to a meet by a Mr. Johnson known to operate for the Sons of Sauron. Right outside the meeting spot, the team is attacked. This is a test set up by the Sons of Sauron. At the meeting, they are hired to break into the Paladin Health and Welfare clinic (PHWC) to steal medical records.

When they return the medical records, the runners meet their real employer, Parker James, and they're attacked by a group of masked individuals. One of their attackers has a tattoo on his arm, and the Johnson recognizes the mark. He tells Parker, who recommends the runners keep their heads down for a few days while he looks into what is going on and sorts some things out. He warns them the people they may have disturbed are very dangerous.

Shortly after the attack, Mr. Johnson contacts the team again for more work. A friend of the organization, a street



doc named Hippocrates, was attacked about the same time as the runners, and he now needs protection. Hippocrates contacted Parker from a panic room at his shop. A flaw in the design made the place airtight. He needs out before he runs out of air. Trouble is, the guys who attacked Hippocrates have left someone in his shop. The runners need to overcome the guard left behind and get to Hippocrates before he suffocates. The guard has spread some money around to a local gang to provide him with some backup in this unfriendly neighborhood. Once the runners have Hippocrates, they are asked to keep him with them until the Sons can get a good safehouse lined up for him or get him out of town for a while.

Hippocrates sees the runners as an opportunity to get some more investigations done for the Illuminates of the New Dawn about the anti-Awakened work at the clinics. The Illuminates of the New Dawn become involved because some of the evidence points toward sterilization of Awakened individuals, a situation they think would prevent the passing on of the Awakened gene and hinder the development of magic. The conversation with Hippocrates comes after the runners have dropped him off at the safehouse and already gotten another job offer from the Sons. The Sons now want the team to do some investigations about medical care at the facility. They want the runners to locate certain patients from Parker's study and gather some intel about their time at the PHWC. Specifically, recovering some headware memory with audio and video footage of inside the various facilities. The IOND wants the team to dig a little deeper into Paladin Group LLC. They want information on the owners behind the company. The main office is located inside Paladin Hospital in Harvard Gulch, likely the best place to find a trail to the company's masters.

While this investigation is going on, unpleasant accusations are made against the clinic. They are supported by evidence that greatly resembles the records the team stole. Massive protests begin to occur at the clinics, with metahumans looking to have the places shut down and sued while locals protest to keep it open. The locals (read: humans) are heavily dependent on the centers with their vast array of programs benefitting the local communities, especially the Paladin communities.

The team's investigations point toward a vast conspiracy within the clinics and possibly its parent company, Paladin Group LLC. After they return the information to the Sons of Sauron, the Sons pay up and take action. Protests at the Paladin Health and Welfare Clinic become more violent with clashes between the SoS and Humanis Policlub, there to support the local neighborhood of Archer Heights, where they have a chapterhouse.

Behind the scenes, the SoS group that wanted more extreme measures taken plots to blow up the Paladin Health and Welfare Clinic. ORC finds out about the impending attack and hires the runners to stop the SoS bombing and attempt to shut down the clinic without collateral damage.

HUMAN NATION

Some people see evil as a psychopath with a chainsaw. That is an evil people can understand. But that is not the evil of the Human Nation. The Human Nation is the evil with a moral high ground. They don't kill anyone, they simply halt the proliferation of genetic abnormalities. And they do most of it right to your face and with a smile on theirs.

The Human Nation is a human supremacist group with uncertain origins. Some think it was a branch of Alamos 20K, others think it started as bored rich people sick of being pushed around by the masses, and there are some who claim it is a far older group hidden through the centuries by more overt racist organizations that it props up until it fades into the background again. Shadowy links have been made between the Human Nation and the formation of Yomi Island, the Nazi genetics programs, unique viral outbreaks in Africa, and increased metahuman infertility rates in major sprawls around the world, including Seattle.

Regardless of where they came from, their current agenda is simple. The total annihilation of metahumans and Awakened individuals through the use of social engineering and eugenics. The Nation does not want a war; they simply want to help the malformed trees in the forest of life understand the damage they do to the forest while preventing them from spreading. Though even with that in mind, they are still willing to chop down a few trees with their Flaming Sword if it is necessary.

THE FLAMING SWORD

What started a few decades ago as bored Human Nation members looking for a thrill by hunting down a few "evolutionary dead-ends" has grown and twisted into a shadowy guild that members of the Nation can call upon when direct action is needed. At its formation, the Flaming Sword disagreed with the low-key approach to genocide and became an elite squad of hunters and killers, assassins of the Awakened and metahumans alike. That method has its problems, though, as everything you do is very illegal and tends to be quite high profile. Investigations started getting closer to the truth of the organization than anyone wanted, so the group altered their philosophy. They became the shadowy weapon of the Human Nation. They go after targets chosen by members of the Human Nation and function with the protection of those members and the power they wield.

Members of the Flaming Sword are recruited from a few narrow areas. Some are still thrill-seekers within the Human Nation who desire a more active hand in the removal of the metahuman blight from the world. They receive training at secret camps and clubs hidden all over the world, some of which are disguised as public businesses. Others are recruited from security companies and militaries once it is determined they have the proper psychological (some would say psychotic) characteristics to be a member of the Human Nation. And last there is the occasional Humanis Policlub member who proves they have the heart and conviction to become part of the inner circle of hate. Many members of the Flaming Sword maintain their employment or enlistment and serve as both warrior and spy in their employer's organization.

Every member of the Human Nation knows how to contact the Flaming Sword. In-person meetings are rare in order to maintain security, so drop points and hidden Matrix nodes are the usual connection points, with meetings held in secure virtual rooms to discuss business and details.

Every member of the Flaming Sword is a fanatic to the cause and has a Professional Rating of 6.



SCENE 1: THE MEET

SCAN THIS

The runners are contacted by Mr. Johnson for a meeting in the Aurora Warrens. It's a rough neighborhood, so the runners are told to come prepared for trouble. At the meeting they receive trouble in the form of a group of Humanis Policlubbers with some poor intel. The HP goons are a test by the Sons of Sauron, the group behind Mr. Johnson. At the meet the runners are offered a job to break into a clinic and steal medical records.

TELL IT TO THEM STRAIGHT

An incoming call at 1400 can only mean one of two things: wrong number or work. It won't be any of your friends, co-workers, or contacts, because they're usually not up at this hour. Answering the call, you try to talk but instead start coughing from the morning dry mouth. Ready to apologize for the outburst, you notice the caller is already speaking. They don't acknowledge your cough, and you realize it's a recording.

"Borealis. Smoky Hill. 1900. Elf, blue eyes, black hair, two red rings in his left ear. Goes by Mr. Johnson."

The message repeats, which is good since you missed the beginning, and you get all the details for what definitely sounds like work.

WHEN POLICLUBBERS APPROACH, READ THE FOLLOWING:

Everyone in the Warrens spends at least a half-second eyeing everyone else. The longer they stare, the higher they feel they are in the pecking order. But once the gaze is broken, it's rare to come back; no one wants to be put in their place for looking too long. This easy-to-spot process makes noticing a bad tail pretty easy; they keep looking.

You easily manage to spot the individuals who look at you, look away for a moment, then look back. Then they look to someone across the street, nod to each other, and start walking faster toward you. The pair—both humans, medium build, exaggerated swagger and visible melee weapons in their hands—seem to be moving to flank you. Looks like trouble was looking for you today. That's different.

Trouble doesn't seem limited to the two, as other armed

humans crawl out of the woodwork. Looks like your meeting might be delayed slightly.

WHEN THEY ARRIVE AT BOREALIS, READ THE FOLLOWING:

The Aurora Warrens is not the worst place you have ever been, though it is far from the best. Blending as well as you can, you move through the Front Range slum, seeing a peculiar order to the desperation and misery. It's strange—until you start spotting "them."

The Zombies. Members of the Zone's newest and most powerful street gang. They're not the most organized or efficient crew, but with the heat that has come after them in the past year they run a tight ship in the areas they control. You know they're trouble, but you have to appreciate the sense of order they can bring to even the crummiest part of town.

You work your way toward Smoky Hill, the Warrens' famous bazaar, spotting more Zombies along the way. When you finally catch sight of the street, you see a few haphazard booths near the corner and wonder how this place got the rep it did.

When you round the corner you stare in wonder and completely understand that reputation and step onto Smoky Hill. The booths fill the parking lot of a former mall like a massive street fair. Squatters hit you up for cash, and AR spam floods your link from every booth. Performers, both street and Matrix, call for your attention, looking for a little donation to their destiny, and every booth seems to have a caller yelling louder than the next, some with enhanced vocal systems, announcing their wares and greatest deals.

Pushing your way toward the mall through the throngs of people, you finally cross the threshold and spot a vertical neon sign, unlit, that you think says Borealis in its strange vertical cursive font. A relic from before the quake. Closer you can see the open storefront with a high table along the front "windows," facing out with patrons eating a variety of foods you wouldn't expect in this part of town. Inside, the place has tables and chairs with a small bar along the wall and a podium near the door with an AR agent offering a virtual menu and the option of taking your order while you wait or find a seat.

From the entrance you can see every table, and the black-haired, blue-eyed elf with the red rings in his ear is seated ... wait ... there are two of them. On opposite sides of the room,





you see two elves that fit the description. The only variation seems to be which ear the rings are in. One's left, one's right. Now what did that message say again?

HOOKS

The most basic hook to get runners interested is money, and along the way there is plenty of that from a variety of sources. There is a more roleplay-intensive hook in this adventure for characters who are metahumans or have a lot of metahuman friends. The initial job and many of the offers after would be best for characters who are meta-friendly. Characters who are biased against metahumans could make things interesting further on if they come in for the money but then later have to choose sides in the growing conflict.

Any of the metahuman characters could have a relative who has visited the clinic and recommended them for the job after talking to Parker. The same can have occurred for the humans if any of their siblings are Awakened or for human characters with a lot of metahuman friends or family.

BEHIND THE SCENES

This run assumes the runners are either local or already in the Denver area. If the team is neither, a little preliminary work may be needed to get them to town. The initial job is not high-end enough to fly in out-of-town talent, so the team of runners will need to be on vacation, avoiding the heat back home, or journeying to the Front Range Free Zone for any number of other reasons.

Through a local fixer named Cortex, the runners are contacted to attend a meeting in the Aurora Warrens at 1900. The Aurora Warrens is a well-known and very unpleasant area located in the UCAS Sector of Denver and bordering the CAS Sector. The area is not patrolled by Knight Errant or Lone Star, and its inhabitants have a “carry your own law enforcement” mentality. Changes in recent years have taken out a lot of the local turf gangs, and the Zombies have consolidated a lot of illegal activities in the area. Getting into the Aurora Warrens is easy, although AR warnings announce the limited Knight Errant presence in the area.

While the runners are on the way to the meeting but before they reach Smoky Hill, a group of surly humans (equal to the number of runners + 2) will begin tailing them poorly. They walk

directly at the runners, staring at them the whole time. Every human has a melee weapon in their hand when they approach, and they attack the closest runner as soon as they get in range. They don't respond to words or any social interaction, simply nodding and smiling at any calls in their direction.

The humans are a group of fledgling Humanis Policlubbers (use *Thugs & Mouth Breathers*, p. 381, SR5), members looking to get into the more militant arm of the group. They have been told the runners are headed to a meeting with a member of the Orc Rights Committee (ORC) and they need to bust some heads to earn some street cred. The Humanis goons aren't well-trained and will run once the tides are turned in the runners' favor.

The runners are invited to meet Mr. Johnson at Borealis in Smoky Hill. Borealis is a somewhat stable eating establishment within the massive bazaar that is Smoky Hill. Mr. Johnson, a hard-eyed elf, will be broadcasting his ID as “Mr. Johnson” and keeping an eye out for the runners from 1800 on. Runners arriving early are asked to take a seat and can order some food. Mr. Johnson won't talk business until 1900 or the whole group has arrived.

When the runners are at the meeting, Mr. Johnson comments on their fight. If the runners held back and let the Humanis members run off or went out of their way to not kill them, Mr. Johnson will note that and offers the runners twenty-five percent less money as per his instructions. If the runners prevented the escape of the Humanis members and executed them all, Mr. Johnson offers an additional twenty-five percent during the negotiations for “more of that kind of zeal.”

The rest of the job offer is straightforward. Mr. Johnson offers the runners 2,000 nuyen each to break into the Paladin Health and Welfare Clinic on the edge of the Aurora Warrens and steal medical records. He will pay 500 nuyen to each runner up front. Standard Negotiations apply with a 250 nuyen per net hit increase to the pay (Mr. Johnson's Charisma is 5 and Negotiation skill is 4). The upfront amount is not negotiable. The runners can do the job hard or soft, as long as they get copies of all the facility's medical records. Mr. Johnson has a portable storage node for the runners to use—he wants the information in a location that is relatively safe but not directly tied to any one individual. His employer wants the records within a week. He informs the runners that they can take a copy of the data as well, but requests that





they don't sell the data or do anything with it for at least a month. Mr. Johnson has no other information for the runners. They are on their own for legwork.

When they leave the meeting, the runners may notice a trio of orks watching them from across the street. The three orks are milling about around a booth that sells handguns, something all three of them already possess. The orks are members of the Sons of Sauron, sent to watch how the runners handle the Humanis altercation, clean up any loose ends the runners might leave, and then watch over the Johnson that is carrying SoS funds to pay the runners. If the runners let any of the humans live, the orks have some fresh blood spatters on their clothes. If the runners handled the humans, the orks simply smile at them once noticed and walk away. If the runners question them, the orks will compliment them for their ruthlessness or chide them for their softness depending on how the runners handled the humans. The orks won't admit they are Sons of Sauron or affiliated with the Johnson in any way.

Getting out of the Aurora Warrens is not nearly as easy as getting in. The runners are going to have to avoid checkpoints somehow or have a good explanation and some solid social skills to explain what they were doing in the Z-zone. Since the Warrens are on the border of two sectors, UCAS and CAS, they keep an eye out for coyotes and smugglers working between the sectors and coming through the low-security cesspool. The officers who work the points around the Warrens also take bribes (100 nuyen) to let folks slide.

The Aurora Warrens and Smoky Hill in particular offer a good shopping opportunity for the runners. There is no police force in the Aurora Warrens, and as long as the local enforcers or gang are getting their cut, all sorts of questionable goods are for sale. Any item with an Availability of 8 or less and cost under 5,000 nuyen can be found somewhere on Smoky Hill with a standard ten percent markup.

PUSHING THE ENVELOPE

The Humanis goons could be a bit better trained if the runners need more of a challenge and could be armed with guns in-

stead of melee weapons. The Aurora Warrens could also be a challenge all its own. The runners could be targeted by the Cutters as trouble or even hit up for an entry fee by the gang once they enter into the Aurora Warrens. The gang doesn't care if the runners are here for work and may follow the runners to see what kind of business is going on in what they consider their territory. Getting back out of the Aurora Warrens could be made more challenging by less bribable police, a tighter border due to recent Neo-Anarchist activities, or a turf war that erupts where the runners are trying to get out.

DEBUGGING

If the runners are somehow bested by the Humanis goons, the orks will come to their aid. Their pay will be dropped to 1,000 nuyen each (Mr. Johnson can't be sure they'll succeed) and nothing will be paid up front, but the job will still be on the table. Runners who have trouble getting out can lie low inside the Aurora Warrens for a day and then sneak out or look around for a good fake pass to help them get out.

PLACES OF INTEREST

PALADIN HEALTH AND WELFARE CLINIC

MANHATTAN, BETWEEN SOUTHSIDE AND THE AURORA WARRENS

Paladin Health and Welfare Clinic (PHWC) has been serving the community of Archer Heights and the sad denizens of the Aurora Warrens since 2045. A child of parent Paladin Hospital, established in 2025, the Paladin Group is dedicated to providing excellent medical services to any and all comers. Through well-funded grants and trusts, the Paladin Group LLC, is able to provide services to even the poorest Denver residents.

The PHWC is located just outside the southeastern corner of the Warrens in the CAS sector, where Highways 83 and



88 intersect. This location allows for safe and secure access along Blairwood Circle for CAS residents while maintaining a secure access point via the SkyTunnel for patients coming from the Aurora Warrens. Special access passes are often granted by the clinic's outreach workers, who bravely enter the Warrens to provide medical aid and house calls to homebound patients. These passes are granted to residents with pass restrictions preventing normal border crossing between sectors. The special secure SkyTunnel is how the Aurora Warrens residents access the clinic and is also available for patients to use in emergency situations when passes and outreach workers are not available.

The clinic prides itself on devoting much of its medical research on "meta-cine," studying what works best with the metabolism and physiology of metahuman patients. The doctors and nurses are said to be clinical specialists in the treatment of the metahuman condition.

The Paladin Health and Welfare Clinic is not a small clinic. The facility provides standard clinic services for outpatient procedures, testing, x-rays, sonograms, psychological therapy, and many other standard medical practices. It also offers an emergency room and small, ten-bed long-term care center and a four-bed ICU. The clinic has multiple sections, with heavy security separating the Aurora Warrens side from the CAS area. The emergency room and mini hospital are located on the high-security Aurora Warrens side, along with standard clinic facilities for the Warrens patients. The CAS area has more extensive clinics and some shops. Staff members work on both sides of the clinic and provide passes and access for clinic patients to move from one side to the other.

On the seedy side of things, these passes and the private access route are frequently used by individuals with Human Nation ties to move in and out of the Aurora Warrens. The emergency facility gives priority treatment to human patients in most cases, and metahuman patients arriving at the facility often get more than they bargained for. Many metahuman patients leave the facility with a free vasectomy or find out the bullet they were hit with somehow damaged their ovaries. Extra doses of radiation often occur during x-rays of metahuman patients, much of it focused on areas found highly susceptible to mutation and cancer development.

Not everyone in the facility is a member of the Human Nation, but the entire medical staff is human. A few members of security and some of the janitorial staff are metahumans, as are some of the orderlies, but all of the department heads at the clinic are human, and most of the department heads are members or affiliates of the Human Nation or Humanis Policlub.

The facility is not only what it appears to be on the surface. The entire area was razed during the wild early days of the Free Zone, and when Paladin LLC started developing the properties here, they added an underground level to the clinic building. Since they also developed the nearby community of Archer Heights at the same time, it was easy to miss the delays in construction, and with no one to answer to but their own Human Nation members in the Council of Denver, no one was the wiser. This underground facility houses special

research projects and subjects for testing. These subjects are all supplied by visits to the Aurora Warrens by Human Nation-hired teams that bring back metahumans for the doctors to work on. These same teams also return recognizable test subjects to the Aurora Warrens for disposal. Unrecognizable or traceable subjects are moved through a secure underground tunnel and dumped down an old mine shaft.

PALADIN HOSPITAL

Paladin Hospital is a full-size full-service hospital in the Harvard Gulch neighborhood of the CAS (formerly Aztlan) sector. They are the parent hospital for the four Paladin clinics in the FRFZ. The hospital was established in 2025 by Paladin Group LLC. Since then they have established the four clinics and expanded their influence throughout Denver. The clinics are all located close to less-affluent areas, especially those with high metahuman populations.

The hospital is well known for its advances in metagenetic science often attributed to their extra focus in "meta-cine." The truth is more diabolical. The group experiments on captive metahumans and releases the positive results of the studies to draw more metahumans to their clinics and hospitals. There, Human Nation staff members can slip the patients harmful drugs and perform unrecorded procedures that negatively effect the continuation of the metahuman population.

The hospital does not have the underground lab facilities like the clinics, but it does have an underground installation. This one houses records of all the Human Nation experiment results from the clinics. It also has meeting facilities for Human Nation members. The results are stored in a series of eleven databanks. The information is organized and separated in a number of ways. Each facility has a general databank for all their work, there is a databank with studies for each metatype as well as a single databank for all metasapients, and then there is a databank organized by doctor. These databanks hold vast amounts of non-indexed information, making them unsearchable and uncopyable in any short amount of time. Looking through the databanks requires a Computer + Intuition [Data Processing] (12, 1 hour) Extended Test to comb for a specific group's data on the wrong system or to look for specific reports if the runner does not know what to look for or where to look for it.

Access to these databanks is restricted to each databank room. They have no wireless access, and each room is covered in wifi-inhibiting paint (Rating 6) to prevent the addition of a wireless transmitter to send data to an offsite databank. The location underground also inhibits transmission with a -4 dice pool Noise modifier, meaning a high-grade signal booster (Rating 10) would be required just to get the signal to the street level. Physical security in the underground facilities is tight, and there are no metahumans allowed in the facility. Astral security is virtually nonexistent due to the Human Nation's anti-magic stance, but the hospital has a ward (Force 6) preventing access below ground level.



SCENE 2: THE CLINIC

SCAN THIS

This scene describes the Paladin Health and Welfare Clinic that the runners are supposed to break into. The clinic may seem like an easy mark at first, but it holds more than meets the eye. This facility is completely controlled by the Human Nation and its supporters, and it holds secret facilities within its depths.

TELL IT TO THEM STRAIGHT

So breaking into a clinic to steal medical records is lined up to be the next notch on your big-time runner belt. General info, like location and the PR shmooze stuff, is easy to find on the 'trix, but that's not what your team needs. Time to start working the streets, calling the contacts, and maybe faking a cough to get a little inside look-see. All in a day's work.

WHEN THEY BREAK INTO THE CLINIC, READ THE FOLLOWING:

All the planning and legwork comes down to this. One team of street-savvy runners vs. one clinic full of rent-a-cops and cowardly docs. The time is finally here to make your move and earn your nuyen. Hopefully you don't end up in need of the facility after the run.

BEHIND THE SCENES

The runners are going to need to do some research and legwork on the Paladin Health and Welfare Clinic and then break in to get the medical records their employer wants. This scene describes some of the difficulties the team will have trying to get what they want from this harmless-looking facility. Security is tight, and records are stored at the center of the building. The surrounding neighborhoods and access routes also make the approach difficult.

Entering through the Aurora Warrens means facing two security checkpoints to cross the SkyTunnel, one at each end. Each checkpoint runs an ID scan for the proper sector clearance. The RFID chips given out by the doctors on their trips to the Aurora Warrens are only good for certain times of day when that doctor is on duty. Doctors can grant emergency passes to patients being brought back with them when an emergency is encountered in the field. Emergency cases are triaged at the security checkpoint on the Aurora Warrens end of the SkyTunnel when they arrive on their

own or are brought in by others. The SkyTunnel doctor on duty will grant passes and send the patient to the ER with orderlies stationed with him. The SkyTunnel entrance in the Aurora Warrens is staffed by two doctors, six orderlies, and two nurses. Use Street Doc (p. 392, SR5) for all staff, increase Strength on orderlies to 4, and add Unarmed Combat 3 (Subdual +2).

The SkyTunnel has cameras (Device Rating 3) at the Aurora Warrens end looking out into the Warrens, inside the Aurora Warrens end looking toward the clinic, halfway along the SkyTunnel, and at the ER end of the SkyTunnel. The cameras are linked into a main camera node attached to the main security node. Along with cameras, the SkyTunnel has reinforced automatic doors (Structure 8, Armor 12, maglock Rating 3) at the the Aurora Warrens end, outside and inside, at the halfway point with the cameras, and at the clinic end. The doors are linked to the security system to detect authorized IDs and open automatically as the IDs approach. The doors do not have a separate keypad or alternate access system, only the ID scan. The final piece of security in the SkyTunnel is the Ares Sentinel "R" series drone system.

ARES SENTINEL "R" SERIES

(RAIL SENTRY DRONE)

The new "R" series is a special security and defense system hardened against wireless intruders due to the fact that the rail drones are controlled via contacts in the rail system. In order to seize control over the drones, a potential hacker has to first get into physical contact with the rail and then hack into its heavily encrypted control system. Other advantages of rail drones are their unlimited operation time and the fact, that they can fire even the heaviest weapons without suffering from any recoil, while their huge drawback is of course that they are fixed to their rail system, so they are mostly used as last line of defense in combination with other means of security.

HAND	SPEED	ACCEL	BODY	ARM	PILOT	SENS
4/-	1	1	10	12	4	3
Upgrades	Weapon mounts, software upgrades					
Programs	Autosofts: ClearSight 3, Defense 2, Electronic Warfare 1, Target (Shotguns) 3					
Weapons	Mossberg AM-CMDT [Shotgun, Acc 5(7), DV 12P, AP -1, RC —, SA/BF/FA, w/smartgun system, 100 (belt) regular ammo]					



Access from Archer Heights and the CAS side could be just as difficult. The community around the clinic is gated, with two entrances, both manned by Hard Corps security personnel (use Security Officer, p. 17, remove all bioware) who are residents of Archer Heights and limit access to Archer Heights citizens and their guests. The community has cameras (Device Rating 3) at each street intersection around the area. Gates are reinforced (Structure 9, Armor 10) and topped with monowire (p. 359, SR5). A spike system and car pillars (Structure 16, Armor 20) can be deployed as well in the case of an emergency. Inside the community there are cameras (Device Rating 2) placed to provide full coverage of all the streets. Every home has a PanicButton system if they spot trouble. Security will respond with two officers in a modified Thundercloud Morgan. These officers can call up to six more officers currently on duty. The fact that the entire security force of forty-five officers lives in the neighborhood also means security forces can pop up anywhere.

THUNDERCLOUD MORGAN (ATV)

This Thundercloud Morgan has been modified away from its intended wilderness duties. The Morgan can carry two people, the second standing up behind the driver and using an open mounted spotlight—this allows the vehicle to move and scan for trespassers, while adding a little more military look to the security staff.

HAND	SPEED	ACCEL	BODY	ARM	PILOT	SENS
3/5	4	3	14	6	—	—
Upgrades			Off-road suspension, manual operation, weapon mount (external, fixed, manual, w/ spotlight)			

The PHWC entrance in Archer Heights has three external cameras (Device Rating 2); one above the double doors and another at each far corner of the overhang structure. These cameras are accessed by both the clinic security system and the neighborhood security.

Inside the Archer Heights entrance is a welcome desk where patients and visitors check in and get directions. The desk is staffed by two nurses and a single security officer. The south corner of the facility has some small gift shops and an eatery for visitors. The shops are accessible from both sides, but the Warrens visitors have to pass through a long walkway

around the outside of the building. There are restrooms in this area as well. The northwestern area holds the clinical facilities for the human patients, while the northern area has mixed facilities for metahumans and humans from the Aurora Warrens. Both sides have offices and examination rooms, though the human-only spaces are in better repair and have nicer amenities (free soykaf, complimentary pastries, trids, games for kids, etc.). On the northwestern side between the clinics are shared testing facilities. These are used by patients from both sides, but scheduling is tight and patients from different sides do not intermingle. The eastern area has the hospital facilities, which are mainly used for the Aurora Warrens patients; humans from Archer Heights are transferred to Paladin Hospital as soon as they are healthy enough. The Aurora Warrens emergency room is in the center of the northeastern section, along with the Intensive Care Unit. The other ER, on Blairwood Circle, is located on the southeastern side of the clinic. The center of the facility houses the security office and the main access to the other floors. The security staff have access to all the areas of the facility from their area. Every door between security and the other areas is maglocked (Rating 6), while all the doors within the security area have a milder security setting (maglock Rating 3). All maglock security systems in this area of the hospital detect authorized user RFIDs that are usually linked to a doctor's or nurse's PAN.

The upper floor of the Archer Heights side holds a large atrium and offices for all the doctors in the facility. The atrium is built with reinforced glass (Structure 9, Armor 10) and has a single glass door (maglock 6, AR keypad accessed with proper RFID) at its center allowing roof access for maintenance. Each doctor's office has reinforced floor-to-ceiling windows (Structure 9, Armor 10), and the doors have maglocks (Rating 4, AR keypad activated by proper RFID and thumbprint scanner).

Access to the lower floor, where the staff cafeteria and medical record datastores are located, is also through the central security area of the clinic. The cafeteria is in the south corner of the facility, along with the kitchen and food storage. A hallway behind the kitchen and storage leads to an elevator. The elevator goes between the street level and this level, allowing for deliveries and garbage disposal. The elevator has an AR keypad that is only accessible when two proper RFID codes (one security, one staff) are detected. The keypad is



accessible only to the security officer. This means deliveries and garbage runs are always accompanied by a security officer.

Access to the datastores is limited to doctors and security only. Doctors bring down medical records for the week and load them into the datastores each Monday. Active records stay on the doctors' system, inactive records erase from the doctors' system automatically after two months but are accessible by recovering them from the datastores. Once on the lower level, the datastores are located behind four doors (maglock Rating 6, anti-tamper circuit 4) once on the lower level. Each door has the same security procedures. Proper RFIDs (doctors and security) create access to AR keypads. A thumbprint scanner reads the biometric data of the individual while they enter the code, looking for biological anomalies (heightened stress, lack of heartbeat, etc.). This occurs at each door. The security station at the end of the main hallway can override the middle two doors, but not the main door or the datastore room door.

The security station on this floor is manned by four security officers, one of whom is always out of the station patrolling the rear halls. The hallway leading to the security offices has a pair of Ares Sentinel "R" series drones modified with ultrasound vision systems.

The Sentinels are not the only drones in the facility. Two dozen microskimmers hover through the halls and elevators of the hospital doing random ID checks. They lack IDs themselves and pass through doors and hallways behind doctors, nurses, and security personnel moving through the facility. The drones are spread fairly evenly throughout the facility.

The lower lab facility functions around the clock. Whenever the team arrives to come down and access the datastores in the lower level, they will spot a subject being wheeled down to the lower labs. They spot the figure on the other side of the door in the lower hallway. The subject is a troll strapped down on a large handcart. His eyes are wide open and pleading for help. The runners will have no information about what lies beyond those doors; this event is to create a little curiosity and a chance to be a little heroic. And probably get themselves in a lot of trouble.

Depending on what time the runners go in, they may run into a little more than they bargained for in the lower floor cafeteria. At 0000, 0600, 1200, and 1800, the cafeteria serves food for the security force on the lab floor. At 0000 there are six security officers in the cafeteria armed with their sidearms and stun batons wearing only parts of their armor (Armor 6). They are present for an hour to eat and chat. At the other times there are nine security officers there with similar arms and for a similar time. Also, anytime fifteen minutes before and after the hour, the security officers will be walking the halls to and from the cafeteria back to the lower lab floor.

The security officers are never really considered off duty and will be suspicious of anyone coming down into the lower floors who seems out of place. Seeming out of place can mean not broadcasting their hospital ID on their PAN, being a metahuman of any sort, carrying a weapon other than a stun baton, possessing any obvious cyberware, or engaging in other suspicious activities. The security force is tight-knit and

they all know one another, since every single one of them is a member of the Humanis Policlub, and they all attend meetings and functions together.

The security staff (use Security Officer, **Grunts and Moving Targets**, p. 17) are all human, all members of the Humanis Policlub, all employees of Hard Corps Security, and all residents of Archer Heights. They have enough staff to cover all their needs and never call in employees who have not been fully indoctrinated to the cause. They are racists to their core, but Hard Corps, the PWHC, and even the head of the local HP chapter make sure the employees they send to the clinic are not hostile militant types. They are all happy to crack some skulls but don't make it obvious how much they enjoy it. They have better-than-average cyber due to their clinic access and position.

PUSHING THE ENVELOPE

This chapter is very large and offers a lot of places to up the challenge for the team. Even though it's early in the adventure, it may be a good idea to show the team that these guys aren't pushovers. The Flaming Swords should be on par or superior to the runners and can have a little more of a presence in this chapter. The gamemaster could have a small meeting of Flaming Swords occurring while the team tries to break in or possibly add an extra member, perhaps from out of town, that could give the runners a good fight without worry of losing an NPC in a later chapter.

If a greater Matrix challenge is desired, the clinic can be the target of a technomancer Matrix gang who can't tell the difference between the team members and regular citizens. Use Technomancer (p. 122, SR5) for the technomancers and throw in some sprites for extra challenges. If the astral needs some extra punch, the area can also be targeted by a wizzer gang doing some astral vandalism at the same time the teams break in. Use Corporate Security Lieutenant (p. 382, SR5) for the wizzer gang.

DEBUGGING

This chapter has a lot of places the run can go wrong and a lot of places the runners could get distracted. Keeping the runners focused on checking out the clinic and then getting the info may take a little pushing. If the runners are getting too distracted by all the doctors, give them a call from Mr. Johnson that the work needs to be done sooner than expected.

PLACES OF INTEREST

ARCHER HEIGHTS, CAS SECTOR, DENVER, FRF2

Archer Heights offers affordable, family-friendly living. Archer Heights surrounds the Paladin Health and Welfare Clinic to the southwest. It's bounded by Cherry Creek along its western edge and Broncos Parkway to the south. The development was funded by Paladin Investments and Holdings LLC, another member of the Paladin Group LLC.



Located at the edge of the UCAS/CAS sector border, Archer Heights is a quaint little corporate-subsidized neighborhood. Manicured lawns and white-picket fences characterize the single-family homes at the south end of the neighborhood near the school. Townhouses occupy the central area, with block-wide barbecues not an uncommon sight. Even the condoplexes (usually home to thousands of folks who don't know each other) just south of the PHWC are filled with neighborly folks just out to keep their neighborhood clean (and metahuman-free). This neighborhood has a one hundred percent human population.

The roadside edge along Highway 83 is lined by a four-meter-tall wall meant to protect the neighborhood from the sounds of passing cars. The same wall runs along Highway 88 and Broncos Parkway. Since it is along a national border, the streets that enter the neighborhood are narrow and gated with fences designed to be taller than a troll. And along the creek the trees and bushes have been cultivated to form a solid wall. From the inside of this private hateburg there is no view of the world outside. The single-family homes of this little piece of pleasantville with their Rockwell-esque touches just scream "only small-minded, anachronistic racists need apply for life here." Near the PHWC there is a fire station and small strip mall. The strip mall houses a grocery, Hard Corps offices, Humanis Policlub chapterhouse, and Stuffer Shack.

All the residents are humans, most here after escaping the Aurora Warrens with the help of the PHWC. They may not start out as racists, but they certainly develop a skewed view of life in their peaceful little piece of suburban heaven. Metahumans are allowed into the community (someone has to mow the lawns!), but none live there, and all of the residents know better than to let one of "them" stay for the night.

The neighborhood is subsidized by Paladin Group LLC. They offer affordable housing and work programs for qualified patients coming out of the Aurora Warrens. The neighborhood also houses almost all of the PHWC employees. This quaint little bastion of humanity also has a chapterhouse for the Humanis Policlub. Though thought of by runners as meta-hating goons, HP has a very positive overall reputation thanks to all the outreach work and public aid they provide.

GRUNTS AND MOVING TARGETS

SECURITY OFFICER

(PROFESSIONAL RATING 4)

The security at PHWC is provided by Hard Corps, but members of the Human Nation within Hard Corps make sure to hire certain people to work here at the clinic. All the officers are muscular, combat-trained, cybered, and racist to their core, but they know when they can express that hatred. They all live in Archer Heights, and they all know each other. Each has their sidearm and stun baton with them at all

times. They only carry the assault rifle and SMG when they are patrolling or on a post in the metahuman side of the clinic. They can also get the heavier weapons from the security office on either floor.

	B	A	R	S	W	L	I	C	ESS
	5	5 (7)	4 (7)	5 (7)	3	3	3	3	0.8
Condition Monitor	11								
Armor	20								
Limits	Physical 9, Mental 4, Social 4								
Initiative	7(10) + 1D6 (2D6)								
Skills	Athletics skill group 3, Close Combat skill group 4, Etiquette 3, Firearms skill group 4, Perception 4, Unarmed Combat 4								
Augmentations	(all alphaware) Aluminum bone lacing, cyberears (Rating 3, w/ audio enhancement 3), cybereyes (Rating 4, w/ flare compensation, low-light vision, smartlink, thermographic vision), muscle replacement 2, reaction enhancers 2, wired reflexes 1								
Gear	Full body armor w/ helmet (18), commlink (Device Rating 4)								
Notes	+2 dice damage resistance tests, +3 sound-based perception tests								
Weapons	Unarmed [Unarmed Combat, Reach —, Acc 9, DV 9P, AP —] AZ-150 Stun Baton [Club, Acc 5, Reach 1, DV 9S(e), AP -5] Nissan Optimum II [Assault Rifle, Acc 5 (7), DV 10P, AP -3, SA/BF/FA, RC 1, 35(c), w/ smartgun, explosive ammo, 3 spare clips] Nissan Optimum II [Under-Barrel Shotgun, Acc 4 (6), DV 8S(e), AP -5, SA, RC 1, 5 (m), w/ smartgun, stick 'n' shock ammo, 20 spare rounds] Ares Predator V [Heavy Pistol, Acc 5 (7), DV 8P, AP -1, SA, RC —, 15 (c), w/ 2 spare clips regular ammo]								

THE SINISTER STAFF

Most of the NPCs described here do not have stats. That is not to make them unkillable—it is exactly the opposite. None of these doctors are combatants. They are a manipulative conspiracy with histories to make them more than just evil masterminds out to destroy metahumanity. They are people, and many developed their hatreds through life events that shape how they will react to the runners. If the runners want to kill any of the doctors, nurses, or administrators, the rolls are simple. Runner attacks, target rolls 2 dice for Reaction, add net hits to damage, target rolls 2 dice for Body. Any damage results in the target passing out from shock and pain, whether they are dead or not. Runners can easily do the double-tap to guarantee the end. There are no other relevant skills; the doctors do what they do behind the scenes and are not combat savvy enough to spray the runners with killer nanites or stab them with an air-filled needle. These doctors are a web of conspiracy and murder to unveil while the runners try to save the clinic and/or hospital from becoming a pile of rubble and site of a terrible act of genocide.



DR. ROLAND CHANSON

(HEAD OF PALADIN HOSPITAL)

Dr. Chanson was a brilliant hands-on neurosurgeon up until thirty years ago. He published dozens of papers on neuroscience and is especially well-known for his work in early metahuman neuroscience. Many of his early papers drew conclusions regarding diminished intellect in orks and trolls as well as increased manipulative abilities in elves and a strong neurologically based stubbornness in dwarves. These conclusions got mixed reviews and drew the attention of pro- and anti-metahuman organizations. It was only the pro-metahuman organization that tried to kill him, though. He lost his steady hand to a vicious attack by an ork and had it replaced with a cyberhand, but he was unable to continue surgeries. He started working with drone-assisted surgeries and took his research in new directions. The Human Nation noticed his research and provided funding while at the same time offering camaraderie in a “safe” environment. When the Paladin Group LLC opened Paladin Hospital, Chanson was the perfect choice to head the facility.

NURSE BRITTANY SALOMON

(HEAD ER NURSE AT PHWC)

Brittany Salomon was a pleasant young girl with dreams of being a nurse. She started nursing school even before graduating from her corporate high school program and found joy in helping people. She met Aylin Ross, a charismatic elf, at a company function and immediately fell in love. Her nursing education slowed with missed schooldays. She told others it was because of her plans to become Mrs. Aylin Ross, but the truth was far darker. Brittany was the victim of serious psychological, sexual, and physical abuse that kept her out of school because she didn't want to explain her cuts, bruises, and black eyes.

Aylin Ross destroyed the bright young girl. Life became bleak and miserable for Brittany, and she sought solace in BTLs. Her dealer was a member of the Humanis Policlub, and he heard all about the horrors of Brittany's life during her BTL withdrawals. The young man who so kindly dealt her BTLs spread the stories, sewing hatred but also planting the seeds of her resurrection. The dealer's source was a Human Nation member who was working with neurological conditioning through BTL usage. He gave the dealer some modified chips that he sold to Brittany.

Brittany found a new world in the modified BTLs, a world where she gained strength, self-esteem, and a deep hatred for metahumans. A hatred deep enough to desire their deaths. During a vicious assault by some of Aylin's metahuman buddies Brittany reclaimed her life. She killed them in a brutal and feral assault. When Aylin returned home, he found a delicious meal that displayed a new talent Brittany juse developed—concealing poison in food without changing the taste. Brittany killed her oppressor, went to her dealer one last time, and was directed to the Human Nation programmer who helped her get back into a nursing program.

Her hatred for metahumans continued but was veiled behind a cute smile and a mind that looked for ways to rid the

world of the evils of metahumans without having to resort to the messy ways she used to escape her captivity. She has worked at Paladin Health and Welfare Clinic for fourteen years and is now the head ER nurse.

DR. RENEE MONTALBAN

(PEDIATRIC AND FAMILY PLANNING, PHWC)

Renee Montalban began her dislike for metahumans early. She grew up in a poor neighborhood in Atlanta surrounded by metahumans. She was one of very few humans in her school and was picked on for being different. Her family moved when her sister Awakened and was offered a corporate sponsorship from Ares for the family in Detroit. Dad got to be a corporate janitor, mom became a data-entry wage-slave, and little Renee got to go to school where the tables were turned. She became a vicious bully against metahumans and managed to gain popularity for it.

The problem with being a bully is eventually someone pushes back. Renee got her comeuppance at the perfectly manicured hands of Linette Thé Harislar, the elven niece of a Tír Tairngire diplomat studying at her corporate high school for her senior year. Linette became the new queen of the high school, dethroning Renee and spreading rumors of an amorous encounter with a troll. Even though it was untrue, the rumors stuck, and the school had a new diva. Unable to overcome Linette socially, Renee changed tactics. She worked to join Linette's clique and then nonchalantly mentioned a party she had not been able to get an invite for. Linette took the bait and the little group showed up at the location of the party, a anti-elf gang's flophouse. Linette missed months of school as a result of the encounter, and Renee reclaimed her crown.

Her reign ended again a week later when she was arrested and charged with assault. She had already been accepted to a Mitsuhama pre-med program, and the corporation offered legal assistance provided Renee sign a lifetime contract. She happily joined the Mitsuhama corporate family, got cleared of the charges, and excelled through medical school focussing on pediatric medicine with a healthy focus in family planning.

She didn't even fully realize she was a member of the Human Nation until after she was deep in their midst. She hates metahumans for the early life she had and hates magic for the life it forced her parents into while her sister got coddled and pampered by the corporation. She now works at the clinic helping to support better family planning for families the clinic serves. Humans find her supportive of large families with safe, affordable housing offered in Archer Heights. Metahumans find her suggesting smaller families to prevent economic strain. Pregnant metahumans have frequent miscarriages or are directed to adoption agencies that deliver the babies to human families after they have been sterilized.

She has worked at the clinic since it opened in 2045 and worked at Paladin Hospital, on loan from Mitsuhama, since 2040. She is fifty-seven years old but stays in good shape through exercise and the occasional nip/tuck.

DR. NAMO BAVAR

(HEAD OF PALADIN HEALTH AND WELFARE CLINIC)

Dr. Bavar was raised to hate metahumans and magic. He has relatives that died in every major metahuman and magical uprising since the Awakening, and he and his family speak of them with the reverence reserved for war heroes. He considers every social and economical problem the world has ever had to be a problem caused by magic or metas. He was raised to hate by haters and has been a member of the Human Nation since birth.

Namo Bavar was born in Mumbai, India, in 2020. He was the second-born son, but the first had been born with pointed ears and given to the Ganges. His mother was a poor rural woman who married for money. Her husband, Namó's father, was the son of a Nazi war criminal hiding in India. The family hid their history from others but spoke of it in reverence behind closed doors and at the meetings they attended with others of similar ideals. Namó's mother survived to have two more sons before she drowned herself in the Ganges, unable to escape her modern Nazi family, but full of self-loathing from propagating this line of hate.

Bavar attended medical school in India then emigrated to Chicago with his brothers in 2053. His youngest brother added his name to the list of war heroes, sacrificing himself to help his older brothers escape when the bugs came.

The pair who were left headed to Denver under the direction of the Human Nation. Namó was given a job with Paladin Group LLC and worked his way up to eventually earn his current position running the PHWC. His brother, Ramdallah, the more militant of the two, is a member of the Flaming Swords and frequently performs special tasks for Namó.

Namo Bavar is 1.6 meters, weighs fifty-eight kilos, and has the ruddy-hued skin of his mother and the thick jaw of his Germanic ancestry.

DR. DUKE ASTOLPHO

(CLINICAL PSYCHIATRIST, PWHC)

Dr. D, as his patients call him, is a likable guy. He treats everyone with respect and dignity, even when they are a bit harsh with him. He understands the mind and knows that everyone has moments of chemical imbalance and even entire spans of time when they are heavily influenced by the chemical warfare that is the metahuman hormonal system. He doesn't consider anyone's actions to be fully intentional until he has had them in his chair and on one of his cocktails for at least three months.

In his extensive studies he has found that the metahuman condition has an intense psychological effect not only on those who suffer from it but also on those around the subject. These conditions can be greatly decreased with the right psychological behavioral conditioning. When metahumans act more like humans, he claims, their impact on those around them is lessened.

His research into this condition got him the attention of the Human Nation. The HN provided funding and a place to

perform testing and research without intense interference. Dr. D does his studies through the clinic. He administers special cocktails in the water he offers his patients and does field observations in the Aurora Warrens at least once a week.

He is 1.66 meters tall and weighs seventy kilos. He has dirty blonde hair, blue eyes, sharp angular facial features, and a medium build.

DR. ELAINE FIERAMBRAS

(OB/GYN, PWHC AND PALADIN HOSPITAL)

Dr. Fierambras works as the primary metahuman gynecologist at PHWC. She has the sad job of telling many of the women who come through the clinic that they will likely never be able to have children. With each devastated ork, dwarf, troll, and elf she delivers that news to, she finds the future of the world a little bit brighter. Many of the metahumans who come to the clinic do not start out infertile, but almost all of them leave that way. Dr. Fierambras provides a special service during her examinations. At the start of the exam she releases specially coded nanites that find their way into the ovaries and attack egg cells. It is the same method she uses to induce miscarriages after patients leave. She's careful to make sure the nanites are untraceable and usually undetectable. They are coded to attach to blood cells after they do their work, and they exit during the woman's next cycle.

Her intense hatred of metahumans is not rooted in any deep trauma. At some point in her life, she decided that metahumans were taking resources such as jobs and housing away from humans, and she bought into propaganda saying they are less intelligent and more violent than people like her, and thus do not deserve those resources. Once she arrived at that conclusion, it felt comfortable and gave her world meaning, so she stayed with it, unshaken by any evidence. She likes that the world is the way she believes it to be and has no desire for it to be anything else.

She is a petite, fire-haired woman with green eyes, freckles, and a charming smile.

DR. BISHOP TURPIN

(HEAD OF CLINIC ER)

Bishop Turpin is not a real doctor; in fact, he is not even the real Bishop Turpin. The real Dr. Turpin died during a fire at his Caribbean League clinic in 2069. Dan Johnson, a field-trained trauma medic, survived the fire and used his knowledge of the doctor's life and the facial damage he sustained to gain a new identity. He was raised on the rough streets of Miami, learned emergency medicine to earn a place in his gang, and then fled a gang purge. He found his way to Turpin's clinic, demonstrated his skills, and became Turpin's right-hand man.

After the fire he left the Carib League and found his way to the states, where he joined the Humanis Policlub and worked with Alamos 40K as a surgeon. He caught the eye of the Human Nation, who were surprised such a prestigious doctor would work with them. A little digging and a DNA test later, and the jig was up. But the Nation was not about to purge a good resource. They covered his ties to Alamos





and the HP and set him up as the lead trauma surgeon at the PHWC. He has very limited book knowledge for a doctor, but he's got enough skill to save an explosion victim even if they were at ground zero. As long as they are human, that is.

Turpin is 1.86 meters tall and weighs ninety-four kilos. He's thick around the middle but has a menacing glare when he is displeased.

DANE OGIÉR

(HEAD OF CLINIC ADMINISTRATION)

Dane is a paper-pusher—an anal-retentive, super-organized, master-of-the-cover-up paper-pusher, but a paper-pusher all the same. He keeps all the mistakes covered up while at the same time making sure all the right moves are being made. He is the one person in the clinic who knows every dirty secret about every dirty job that has come in or out of the PHWC. He knows the numbers to call for the shadow operators who are friendly to the cause and the numbers for fixers who work with mostly metas for suicide jobs.

His intense hatred for metahumans stems from abuses in high school. He was small and bookish and the frequent target

of all the bullies, especially the metahumans. He was eventually befriended by a group of human jocks who protected him until they got between him and the orks that wanted to stuff him in a locker. He lost his protectors and got stuffed into a locker with one of their mangled bodies. He is scarred deeply, highly claustrophobic, and takes intense pleasure in reading about projects that end the lives of metahumans.

He stands 1.65 meters and weighs sixty kilos soaking wet. He appears bookish and non-threatening but has a vengeful side when wronged.

NURSE FLORIS MART

(PEDIATRIC NURSE)

Nurse Mart has been at the clinic from the start and before that worked in some capacity at Paladin Hospital since its creation. She's been around a long time and has a very pleasant and grandmotherly demeanor. No one would ever suspect that in this woman's seventy-five years of life she has been responsible for over five hundred deaths. She has switched babies, infected infants with viruses, failed to inform patients of deadly allergies, arranged fires, and committed dozens of other



murderous acts leading to the deaths of metahuman infants and children. But incidents never point to her, and she has continued her genocidal activities while never being formally accused of any wrongdoing.

Floris' hatred comes from living through the rise of the metahumans. She was born before the turn of the century and saw the actions of orks, trolls, dwarfs, and elves on the Night of Rage. She saw murder and mayhem firsthand, and before all of that her parents had adopted a few unwanted metahumans. Those brothers and sisters eventually turned their backs on the family that took care of them when they were not wanted. They became hatemongers and took that hate out on a young Floris. She internalized and returned the hate.

She's 1.4 meters tall, thirty-nine kilos, and cute as a button with her puffy white hair and sky-blue eyes.

DRS. REN MALAGIG AND OLIVER FRIEND

(CLINIC PRACTITIONERS)

These two general practitioners make sure that the metahumans of the Aurora Warrens get all the "right" medications and treatments in a timely manner. They are a pleasant pair and always accepting new patients. They get numerous positive referrals from the many metahumans they have "cured." None of them realize they were also infected in the first place by the doctors; they are primarily relieved that a cure is always handy. The cures almost always have a side-effect no one ever mentions, usually sterility, and when the issue arises in later examinations, the Aurora Warrens' poor environmental conditions are always easy to blame. There are other general practice doctors at the facility, but these are the only two affiliated with the Human Nation.

They carry similar stories of metahuman and Awakened hatred, as they have both been forcefully relocated in their lives. They feel the return of magic to the world was a fluke that has been abused by the mutants able to manipulate the evil forces of magic. Add in a strong Roman Catholic upbringing before the acceptance of magic and metas, and you get two men who hate with an unrivaled passion.

Ren is 1.62 meters and seventy kilos with black hair, a bushy mustache, and brown eyes. Olivier is 1.65 meters and sixty-eight kilos with salt-and-pepper hair and blue eyes.

FRANK GANELON

(CLINIC NIGHT SECURITY-HARD CORPS)

Frank Ganelon is a member of the Human Nation who has something he shouldn't: a conscience. An early life of hatred and anger mixed with a Roman Catholic upbringing has lead to a later life full of regrets, worries, and guilt over the things he has done. He knows better than to think he can save his soul with an act of vengeance against the group that has held his hand down this dark path, but if he sees a chance to save lives and maybe start to balance the scales of his life, he may take the first step down this path to redemption by helping the runners. He is a manipulatable variable in this environment of racism. His place on the side

of good may be hard to believe in this web of conspiracy, but he is willing to go out on a limb to gain the trust of the runners. He works for Hard Corps and is contracted security at PHWC. Since his younger days, he has been a member of the Human Nation's militant Flaming Swords, but he does little for the group currently.

Frank is forty-four years old and a veteran of eight Desert Wars seasons before he was thirty. He stands 1.77 meters tall and weighs in at an impressive one hundred twenty-five kilos due to his cybernetics. His eyes are ice blue (and cybered), and his black hair is cut high and tight to hide the increasing grey.

	B	A	R	S	W	L	I	C	ESS
	5 (+3)	5 (8)	5 (8)	4	5	3	4	4	2.045
Condition Monitor	11								
Armor	21								
Limits	Physical 6(7), Mental 5, Social 5								
Physical Initiative	9(12) + 1D6(4D6)								
Skills	Athletics skill group 4 (7), Automatics 4 (5), Biotech skill group 3, Etiquette 3 (Corporate +2), Intimidation 4 (Physical +2), Longarms 4(5) (Shotguns +2), Negotiation 3, Perception 5 (7), Pilot Ground Craft 4, Pistols 5(6) (Semi-Automatics +2), Stealth skill group 4, Throwing Weapons 3, Unarmed Combat 5 (Subdual Combat +2)								
Qualities	Magical Resistance (Rating 4)								
Augmentations	(all betaware) Audio enhancement 3 (inner ear modification), titanium bone lacing, cybereyes [Rating 4, w/ eye laser system, eye laser microphone 3, eye recording unit, flare compensation, image link, low-light vision, smartlink, thermographic vision, vision enhancement 3], cyber-taser, damper (inner ear modification), datajack, muscle toner 3, olfactory booster 6, reflex recorder (automatics), reflex recorder (longarms), reflex recorder (pistols), synaptic booster 3, synthacardium 3								
Gear	Commlink (Device Rating 5), full body armor (15, w/ Rating 6 nonconductivity), helmet (+3), medkit (Rating 6), plastic restraints (25), tranq patch (Rating 10), trauma patch (Rating 6)								
Weapons	Colt Government 2066 [Heavy Pistol, Acc 6(8), DV 8S, AP —, SA, RC —, 14 (c), w/ gel ammo, 3 clips, internal smartlink, concealable holster, silencer] 2 flash-bang grenades [Throwing, DV 10S, AP —4, Blast 10m Radius] HK Urban Combat [SMG, Acc 7(9), DV 8P, AP —4, SA/BF/FA, RC 2, 36 (c), w/ sound suppressor, smartgun system, 3 spare clips APDS ammo] Unarmed [Unarmed Combat, Reach —, Acc 8, DV 7P, AP —]								

RAMDALLAH BAVAR

(FLAMING SWORD)

The younger brother of Namo, Ramdallah is an Archon in the Flaming Swords. He acts as the cell leader for six other Flaming Swords in the Denver region, which is one of two cells



in the Front Range Free Zone. Ramdallah is a true believer in the right of humans over metahumans. The lesser races arose to serve humanity, but humans allowed them access to their civilization when they should have delivered them to their places as workers, miners, servants, and slaves. He gladly works to wipe the inferior races out and put them back in their places through violent means while watching his brother expertly eliminate their future.

By day Ramdallah is a security guard for Knight Errant. He provides executive protection services to upper echelon corporate employees. His record is not perfect, but he has never been blamed with the loss of a principle. The only principles he has lost have been metahuman and blame fell squarely on the individual for unauthorized activities or on another member of the security detail.

Ramdallah is a solid 1.8 meters of muscle and metal. He weighs one hundred and four kilos. He has dark hair and the ruddy skin of his Indian heritage. He keeps his hair short and parts it neatly to the side.

	B	A	R	S	W	L	I	C	ESS
	6	5 (8)	5 (11)	5 (8)	5	4	4	3	1.75
Condition Monitor Boxes	14								
Armor	12								
Limits	Physical 7(11), Mental 6, Social 5								
Physical Initiative	9(15) + 1D6(4D6)								
Skills	Athletics skill group 3, Automatics 6 (Assault Rifles +4), Clubs 4, Computer 2, Etiquette 2 (Corporate +2), Gunnery 5, Hardware 2, Heavy Weapons 3, Sneaking 4, Intimidation 5, Longarms 4, Perception 4, Throwing Weapons 3, Unarmed Combat 5								
Qualities	Magical Resistance (Rating 4), Tough as Nails 15, Toughness								
Augmentations	(all deltaware) Cybereyes [Rating 4, w/ flare compensation, low-light vision, smartlink, thermographic vision, vision enhancement 3, vision magnification], muscle replacement 3, reaction enhancers 3, wired reflexes 3								
Gear	Lined coat (9, w/ Rating 6 non-conductivity), commlink [Device Rating 5], SecureTech PPP (vitals, legs, arms)								
Notes	+1 dice pool on Damage Resistance tests, +4 dice to resist spellcasting								
Weapons	Colt Government 2066 [Heavy Pistol, Acc 6(8), DV 8S, AP —, SA, RC —, 14 (c), w/ gel ammo, 3 clips, internal smartlink, concealable holster, silencer] HK Urban Combat [SMG, Acc 7(9), DV 10P, AP -1, SA/BF/FA, RC 2, 36 (c), w/ sound suppressor, smartgun system, 3 spare clips EX-explosive ammo] Extendable Baton [Club, Reach 1, Acc 5, DV 10P, AP —]								

PWHC NODES

Sculpting: The hospital is not a single host but is instead a series of hosts that appear to be virtual reproductions of the different sections and departments of the clinic.

The PWHC hosts are located on MileHighNet, the local grid. The six hosts range from Rating 6 to 8. Patrol IC is always active on all hosts and looks like an orderly everywhere except security, where it appears as a security guard. All hosts except security will launch Tar Baby IC first, then Track, then Blaster. The security host will launch Black IC first, then Binder, then Track. The hosts will continue to launch IC at a detected intruder. All intrusion countermeasures are located on p. 248, SR5.

Spiders: Two security consultants (use Decker, p. 121, SR5) on duty at all times.

Topology: The PHWC Patient Care host (Rating 7) controls the data processing for all the patients as well as connections between patient monitoring devices. All the basic patient data is on this host and regularly gets archived to the mainframe in the basement. The Security host (Rating 8) controls all the security systems in the clinic and has the employee datafiles on all the staff. The Shop host (Rating 6) controls all the aspects of the shops including lighting, locks, employee files, stock information, and sales data. The Dining host (Rating 6) controls all the ordering systems for the dining room including food delivery for patients and orders for doctors, as well as controlling all the equipment in the dining hall. The General Hospital (Rating 6) host provides basic information and contact information for the doctors. This node acts as a waiting room and social area for people waiting for further clearance. The Doctors' Offices host (Rating 8) provides access to the doctors' individual office devices.

S-B MICROSCHIMMER DRONES

HAND	SPEED	ACCEL	BODY	ARM	PILOT	SENS
3	3	1	0	0	3	3
Modifications			Hovercraft, Sensor Upgrades (3), Microskimmer Maneuver 3			





SCENE 3: DELIVERY & ATTACK

SCAN THIS

Data in hand, the team will return to the Aurora Warrens for another meeting with Mr. Johnson. This meeting is to get paid and hand over the information. The party gets crashed by a team of masked assailants after the data, the shadow-runners, and their employer. When the smoke clears, Mr. Johnson recognizes the attackers and warns the runners they may be in for more trouble than they bargained. He tells the runners to lie low and wait for another call from him, most likely with more work.

TELL IT TO THEM STRAIGHT

The familiar neon sign of Borealis comes in view as you enter the mall, and you slip through the crowd a little more easily this time on the way to your payday. Trouble from the last time sticks in the back of your mind, so you keep your eyes peeled, but nobody seems to stick out or look out of place—at least, no one stands out as much as the troll with the half-meter mohawk.

WHEN THE ATTACK BEGINS, READ THE FOLLOWING:

One moment Mr. Johnson is sitting in his chair smiling over a job well done, and the next he's grunting and flipping backward to the floor. His flailing feet kick up the table and the crashing of cups, plates, and silverware draws the attention of everyone in the small restaurant to your table. With all eyes on your group, you are the only ones to spot the trouble coming—a trouble that arrives in force.

BEHIND THE SCENES

The runners have the medical records, and it's time to get paid. When they contact Mr. Johnson, he invites them back to Borealis in Smoky Hill to pick up their nuyen and drop off the data-storage device. Borealis runs 24/7, so they are open whenever the runners arrive. Mr. Johnson, along with an older ork, is waiting for them. At meal times Borealis is busy, in fact pretty packed. It also tends to stay full from 1900 to 0200 as they serve drinks and folks quietly socialize while business is discussed in a quiet atmosphere. This also happens to be the hot time for the rest of the bazaar.

The rest of the day the restaurant is slow. There are always people there, but there are also plenty of open tables for whoever wanders in off the street.

Mr. Johnson has Parker James with him. Parker is the real money behind the run, or at least the link to the real money. He's there to take delivery in person and thank the runners for their work with a little bonus. He ran the shadows and appreciates the value of knowing who you really work for, so he will tell the runners the whole story—his history, his ties to the Sons of Sauron, and his suspicions about the clinic.

At some point during the meeting, maybe while Parker is telling them the whole story, Mr. Johnson gets shot. The bullet is stopped by his armor but puts him on his scrawny elf hoop. That should let the runners know trouble is on its way. The shot comes from out in the mall. It was silenced, but the runners can make a Perception + Intuition [Mental] (2) Test to determine the direction the shot came from. The attack comes from multiple directions. The outside shot was to draw attention to the front while other attackers come in from other directions. There are two Humanis Policlub goons (use Thugs & Mouth Breathers Lieutenant, p. 381, SR5) per runner, plus any two Flaming Sword members (Cast of Shadows, p. 53), except Anders Fleming. Two goons come in from the front and two from the rear. The rest of the goons are mixed in with the patrons of the restaurant. The ones in the restaurant may dive for cover to throw off the runners before taking a potshot at them. Perception tests and Surprise tests could be abundant in this attack as people pop out of the woodwork. The attacking group has a pair of MCT-Nissan Roto-Drones hovering above the mall, ready to drop in through the skylights.

The two Flaming Swords keep some distance. They shoot at the runners from out in the mall, often missing their shots due to the chaos and distraction as people run for cover. Both fire silenced weapons (they started the fight with the opening shot), and if it looks to be going south they bolt into the crowd and attempt to escape, activating the Roto-Drones to provide cover and chaos. Smoky Hill can be a chaotic and crowded place, so pursuit should be difficult but not impossible.

Before they flee, one of them drops a clue. The silenced pistol he was using is a custom job with some distinctive markings. If the runners spot it and grab it, they can ask





around and confirm Mr. Johnson's and Parker's suspicions later. The guns are made for members of the Flaming Sword.

After the fight, Parker will tend to Mr. Johnson and make a phone call to his regular street doc. The doctor won't answer, and Parker will go to number two on his list. This phone call is a little foreshadowing of future events, as the first street doc he called is Hippocrates, who the runners will have to save in the next scene.

Parker will warn the runners to lie low for a while. He'll tell them he's pretty sure he knows who's behind the attack and that it means big trouble. He won't mention the Human Nation yet but will mention militant members of the Humanis Policlub.

After this scene, the runners are free to take a little break and lie low. They can look into any clues they want, but they should remember that the next scene occurs in only an hour, so contacts might not have time to get back to them if they are looking around for information for the runners.

PUSHING THE ENVELOPE

More goons! If the runners are having too easy a time, have another wave of goons roll in or increase the initial number to three per runner. More shots from the Flaming Swords or even a couple of grenades tossed into the restaurant could definitely up the ante. It will also make the runners more likely to look into who attacked them if they put a little hurting on the team.

Locals could also make life tough for the runners by getting in the way of their shots. Immoral runners are free to shoot through the innocents, but they will pay for it karmically in the end.

DEBUGGING

Runners who don't want to meet in the same place they got attacked last time are considered smart. Mr. Johnson will move the payment location to a different area of the Aurora Warrens, but he won't do business anywhere else in the FRFZ. Just alter the location description for the scene and have the attack come in differently. The Flaming Sword is still onto Parker and his Mr. Johnson, so they will still find the group.

If the fight starts to go poorly for the runners, the locals in both those areas may help out, especially if someone

points out their attackers are Humanis. The local metahuman population will jump in to at least distract the attackers long enough for the runners to start dealing with them. The locals also make great extras to provide some Friends in Combat modifiers (see p. 187, SR5). Also, remember this part of the Aurora Warrens is Zombie territory, and they are not going to be happy with trouble occurring in their backyard. They may join in to stop both sides and then remind them all who is in charge in the Aurora Warrens.

GRUNTS AND MOVING TARGETS

GMC MPUV (SUV)

The Multi-Purpose Utility Vehicle has been a staple of military and security forces for nearly twenty years. The latest models feature improved protection from undercarriage blasts and an improved wireless modem, giving the vehicle better survivability against common roadside threats and more reliable communication with supporting forces when the protection is insufficient. There are one of these for every four attackers parked on the blocks around Smoky Hill.

HAND	SPEED	ACCEL	BODY	ARM	PILOT	SENS
4/5	3	1	14	10	2	3
Standard Upgrades			Multi-fuel engine, off-road suspension			
Modifications			Extra entry/exit point (sunroof) (1)			

MCT-NISSAN ROTO-DRONE (2)

HAND	SPEED	ACCEL	BODY	ARM	PILOT	SENS
4	4	2	4	4	3	3
Modifications			Clearsight 2, Evasion 2, Improved Take-off and Landing 2, Valiant Targeting 2, Weapon Mount (external, remote-controlled turret)			
Weapons			Ingram Valiant [LMG, Acc 5 (7), DV 10P, AP -3, BF/FA, RC 6, 100 (belt), w/ integral smartgun, 100 rounds explosive ammo]			



SCENE 4: THE DOCTOR IS IN (TROUBLE)

SCAN THIS

Only an hour after the team has been lying low, they are contacted again by Mr. Johnson or Parker. This time they need a favor for a friend. A doctor they need to stay living was attacked and needs to be recovered. The team is hired to get him from his shop, hold onto him while they lie low, then deliver him to a safehouse.

TELL IT TO THEM STRAIGHT

Parker's number comes up with an incoming message. "More work; can we talk?"

More work is better than lying low, so you have little hesitation replying with an affirmative and then waiting patiently for the ten seconds before the call comes in and Parker's icon pops up on your AR.

"Got a rush job for ya. A friend of mine seems to be in trouble. I think it might be related to our little problem earlier. 5K for you and your crew to head over and pick him up. He's a doc, so I'm sure he'd throw in a little free medical service to sweeten the deal if my cash isn't enough. His name's Hippocrates, and he's holed up in his panic room at his shop on Paradise Lane. He doesn't know if anyone's around waiting for him, but he wants protection when he comes out. Bring him to the house and hold him there. I'll get a delivery team to get him out of town for a while, but it might take a bit to line up. Sound like work you want?"

WHEN THEY ARRIVE NEAR HIPPOCRATES' CLINIC, READ THE FOLLOWING:

The address for the street doc's clinic is easy enough to find, though it is marked on the outside only by that weird snake-and-stick symbol on a board over a front window and flashing as an AR tag. The street the shop is on seems to be in a little better condition than some other areas of the Aurora Warrens. Above the storefront, the discolored remains of a sign tell the history of that location as a Snack-n-Dash, a once competitor of the Stuffer Shack.

The storefronts around the shop all seem to be in decent condition and contain other shops. AR tags announce the presence of Grunt's Orkish Delights, Hole in the Wall tavern,

Dartguns 2 Smartguns, and Sam's Gadgets on the same side of the street, while Alley Cats XXX, Dracula's Coffins, and Trinket's take up the other side. It looks to be a nice little area that has rebuilt itself through some entrepreneurial spirit.

HOOKS

The team could be in it for more money, but they could also already know Hippocrates—if not personally, then by reputation. If the team really pissed off their employers or messed up the first job, this might be a chance to square things with Mr. Johnson and prove they are not complete boobs.

BEHIND THE SCENES

Dr. Darren Black, a.k.a. Hippocrates, worked with Parker James on his investigation of the Paladin clinics. Two of the human women he examined took the offer from Paladin to move into a Paladin community. In the community they were well cared for and pretty much brainwashed. They have both recently discussed with their doctors that their medical history involves visits to the same street doc around the same time and with a number of other women. Those doctors are part of the Human Nation, think the coincidence is odd, and have decided they need to silence Hippocrates just in case.

At the same time one group led by Flaming Swords attacked the runners, while another group attacked Hippocrates. He escaped into his panic room before they found him and used a little arcane trickery to get them to think he had run off. There was a problem though. First, they left a guard behind to wait just in case he came back for anything. Second, his panic room was never stocked with food or water. Third, his panic room has a design flaw—it's airtight, and Hippocrates only has about six hours of air. He has used one hour's worth before he even gets a message out via a summoned spirit. The doctor got a message to Parker, who asks the runners to go get the doctor and keep him with them while they lie low until the Sons of Sauron can get him into a safehouse or out of the city.

Hippocrates' shop is located near the center of the Aurora Warrens around Quincy Avenue and Buckley Road. His storefront used to be a convenience store, but the only pieces of evidence left of that are the refrigerated cases that Hippocrates uses for medical storage. The front area of the





former store was gutted and now holds a makeshift clinic. Four beds along each side wall and three central tables for emergency operations fill the former store space. In the back are the doors for the cooler and freezer, then the storeroom and back office. The panic room is located in the floor of the back office.

The shop is a disaster when the runners arrive. It doesn't have any patients right now, only corpses. Two of the beds have dead orks, a dead troll lies splayed out on the floor by the front door, and three human bodies are lying on the floor spread around the center of the room. One dead elf wearing tattered scrubs is laid out on an operating table with her chest covered in cuts. The orks, troll, and humans were all patients when the Flaming Swords arrived. The Human Nation goons came in shooting. They killed the orks where they lay and shot up the troll when he made a run at them. They spared the humans at first. They started to question them only to find out they weren't going to give up the doctor, so they executed one of them. The others tried to run and got gunned down. The elf is Hippocrates' nurse/assistant, and she came out

of the storage room to check on the screaming. She hadn't heard gunfire because the attackers were using suppressors. The goons grabbed her, strapped her to the table, and started questioning her. They tortured her, and she told them the doctor was in his office. They let her bleed to death after that. When the goons went to look, they saw the back door closing and ran out after the doctor, but they lost him. The doctor didn't actually leave but instead commanded a summoned spirit to go out the door, make some noise down a nearby alley and then dematerialize. The tactic worked. The group left to go look for Hippocrates elsewhere but left one of their members behind just in case the doctor came back.

The Flaming Sword member who is present, Anders Fleming, knows the trouble that could find him in the Aurora Warrens. He has contacted a local gang, the Smooth Criminals, to give him some backup. The Smooth Criminals are an all-human, anti-metahuman gang loosely associated with the Humanis Policlub. They find the policlub too mild. They are working for Fleming and they warn him of any approach they see and taunt and possibly attack any metahuman runners in the group. Anders



is currently hiding in the storage room watching the office. He is also watching the coolers and front through a Horizon Flying Eye (p. 465, SR5) on the floor of the hallway.

If the team discovers him, he will try to lie and say he's security for Hippocrates, assigned to watch the shop after the attack. He says the doctor contacted him to watch the shop and meet him there, but he hasn't shown up yet. If the runners got in a fight with the Smooth Criminals, he'll use the gangers as an additional excuse for why he was staying hidden. He's a decent con artist with a halfway decent story. The runners can spot the Flaming Sword (a scimitar) tattooed on his left forearm with a Perception + Intuition [Mental] (4) Test.

PUSHING THE ENVELOPE

Between the gangers and Fleming, the team should have a good fight. If more of a challenge is desired, there can be a second Flaming Sword (see **Cast of Shadows**, p. 53) present. He can be across the street with a sniper rifle watching the front or hidden with Anders. The Aurora Warrens can also pose its own difficulties if some random trouble would be preferable to make life a little tougher for the runners. A gang looking to get back at the Smooth Criminals could join in the fight and think the runners are working for them if they are human.

DEBUGGING

The runners may delay too much and not fully realize the doctor only has a limited amount of time. If this becomes the case, the runners discover a Hippocrates sustaining an Oxygenate spell to keep himself alive. If the runners are having too much trouble with Anders or the gangers, they can get some help from the locals again. Another gang in the area could jump in to help them out.

If the runners decide they don't want this job and instead want to just keep lying low, they miss this part of the adventure and miss out on a number of other potential paydays. Hippocrates opens up a lot of doors for the runners but will instead open them for a different team that Parker will hire to save him if the runners refuse. Move on to the next job if the runners aren't interested and change the future scenes to remove Hippocrates' influence.

PLACES OF INTEREST

PARADISE LANE

AURORA WARRENS, UCAS SECTOR, FRF2

The block where Hippocrates' shop is located has a nickname that hasn't spread far yet but is slowly gaining a reputation: Paradise Lane. The short block consists of eight businesses, each unique and catering to a different crowd. The area is like a mini-mall for runners, and that was the intention of its creators—a runner team that called themselves Paradise Lost. After a pretty solid career in Seattle, then New York, and finally in Denver, they pooled their saved re-

sources, did a little cleanup, and retired to run the shops of Paradise Lane.

Hippocrates' shop is the one exception. He was actually a solid contact for the team when they operated in Denver. They made frequent visits to his shop after rough jobs. It was on one of these visits they got the idea to create this little criminal paradise. Now the area has a rep as a good place for runners to chill out or pick up goods. This means there's usually a professional or two around at most times, and about ten times as many wannabes. The block's culture and clientele makes it a "keep to yourself" kind of place. Nosy people are shunned as suspected cops or corpsec, and trouble stays between parties. No one who knows Paradise Lane would ever step into someone else's fight.

The shops of Paradise Lane are Alley Cats XXX, Dartguns 2 Smartguns, Dracula's Coffins, Grunt's Orkish Delights, Hippocrates, Hole in the Wall tavern, Sam's Gadgets, and Trinkets. Each sells different goods focused on a different niche of the runner market. The stores don't necessarily carry everything every runner could need all the time, but the operators have a wide list of contacts, and every shop has an anonymous order system where clients can place an order for an item with a comm number. The store contacts them with where to pick up the item.

Alley Cats XXX is a strip club that doubles as a drug and chip dealer, both BTL and regular software. The shop's owner is Allie, a former runner and before that bunraku puppet with a full skillwire package. She built up connections and some programming skills in her runner days and combines both to get just about any type of chip a runner could need. The club has a full bar and offers chip suites for clients looking to take a little trip. Her girls specialize in chip-enhanced performances. They slot a secondary chip to the users and blend real-world dancing with electronic feed stimulation. There are also a few private rooms for meetings, and a few area Johnsons have gotten Allie to program "meet" chips to give to a team and provide all the pertinent job info before burning out.

Dartguns 2 Smartguns is a weapons shop with attached range. The owner, Rattler, is a former mercenary turned runner who loves all things deadly. He has a pair of custom cyberarms that are multi-jointed. Instead of just elbow, wrist and shoulder, his arms have eight ball joints with full directional motion. The arms make his shoulders look droopy, but they allow for some very interesting movements. The shop sells all kinds of mundane weapons as well as weapons designed to be enchanted. Rattler is a skilled armorer and can customize any kind of weapon. He sells his line of unique Enchanter Arms for runners to enchant themselves or take down to Trinket's by using pure materials and utilizing alchemical components in the process.

Dracula's Coffins is an odd mix of shops. The side that faces the street has two doors, a front walk-in door and a garage door. The two doors don't lead to the same place. The walk-in door goes into the lobby for Dracula's Coffin motel. Guests electronically register and pay for time and then receive either an AR map to follow or a small printed map leading them to their coffin section. Once they climb



into their tiny quarters, the little box moves. The boxes are constantly changing places for security purposes, and every guest is required to wear a biomonitor. In extreme emergencies, all the boxes open at once and release ladders for guests to climb down either into the center area of the building or outside to the street. The garage door leads to the center of the building where Dracula works on his other coffins, the wheeled kind. Other than providing sleeping space, the owner, Dracula, also works on vehicles. The entire first floor is wall-to-wall work bays where Dracula and his mechanics work on anything designed for locomotion. The shop operates around the clock because, you guessed it, Dracula is a vampire. He got infected while working in New York, and when his team didn't ostracize him, he became one of their greatest nocturnal assets. The shop has no windows and only has the garage door and a sewer exit below ground.

Grunt's Orkish Delights is a restaurant specializing in orkish food. Grunt, a former Big Rhino cook and UCAS Army bomb tech, modeled his place off of The Big Rhino in Seattle. He really wants the place to just serve food, but he knows that's not the market this street is in. He requires anyone who comes into his restaurant to order food, even the non-orks, and jacks up the price on anyone who doesn't have the manners to eat with a smile on their face. He sends out anonymous orders as food deliveries with orkish pastries as a bonus.

Hippocrates' street clinic is a small operation and not related to the rest of the Paradise Lost crew. Hippocrates appreciates the business increase they have brought to him but often has trouble dealing with the volume. His clinic only has ten beds plus the three operating tables that can double as short-term beds and he only has one assistant (well, *had* one assistant). He does good patch-up work and can do implant surgeries for a price and up to a certain level. He has the skill for more complex wares but doesn't have the facilities to install anything with an Essence cost higher than 2.

Hole in the Wall tavern is a bar with a twist. The owner is Frantic, a free fire spirit. Frantic loves serving drinks on fire and offers a secondary service in the back rooms of her bar. Frantic opens metaplanar gateways for individuals with the right intentions and donation, and "right" is a loosely defined concept that changes with the whims of a spirit of fire. Frantic also offers storage services for objects, and people, that need to be well hidden. She actually takes them to a metaplane and hides them. Best thing about the process is that most objects don't have the same metaplanar translation, so even if someone were to find where she hides things, the things she hides don't usually look the same.

Sam's Gadgets is an electronics shop specializing in high-end custom commlinks and programs. The owner, Samantha Hart, was a top-notch programmer for Renraku in Seattle. She got trapped in the arcology for four days before a rescue op happened upon her. She slipped into the shadows, too shattered to go back behind a desk. During the '64 Crash, she was decking an S-K system in Europe when the systems went offline and she was dumped. She was KO'd by the dumpshock

and woke up post crash not sure what had happened to her. She emerged as a techno shortly after but has never really trusted those skills. She likes to compile sprites and uses them to help her around the shop, but she trusts real code for her hacking.

Trinket's is a talismonger shop owned by Trinket, a raccoon shaman who loves all things shiny. Her shop sells everything from formulae to foci and offers enchanting services for custom jobs. She has a deal, and a relationship, with Rattler to enchant the custom weapons he makes under his Enchanted Arms label. Along with all things arcane, she also has decent contacts in the BAD markets and sells Awakened drugs to draw in customers from outside the Awakened community. Many of the foci Trinket makes are easily identifiable as her work because she makes them look like shiny trinkets and baubles.

GRUNTS AND MOVING TARGETS

HIPPOCRATES CLINIC HOST

Sculpting: The host appears to be an ancient Greek structure. There are benches lined up in a similar pattern to the beds in the clinic, each with an abacus at its head and a podium at the center on a raised platform. The benches are the beds, and the abaci represent the monitoring devices for the patients.

The host is located on the UCAS public grid. The host is Rating 3. Patrol IC is always active on the host and looks like a plain icon in a toga. The host will launch Tar Baby IC when an intruder is detected and then Track IC. The host will continue to launch IC at a detected intruder. All intrusion countermeasures are located on p. 248, SR5.

Spiders: One security consultant (use Decker, p. 121, SR5) on call.



SCENE 5: DIGGING A LITTLE DEEPER

SCAN THIS

During this scene, the team hands off Hippocrates and receives another job offer from Parker. The SoS have looked over the records and think there is definitely some good proof of wrongdoing at the clinic. They hire the runners to talk to some former patients who weren't part of Parker's study and gather information about the patients' time at the clinic. They are looking to find out who is involved in the conspiracy against metahumans at the clinic. The scene has the hiring information and details for the whereabouts and experiences of six former patients.

TELL IT TO THEM STRAIGHT

The waiting game is never fun, especially when you know someone is out to get you. After the attack and the trouble at the doc's shop, you're sure there is more going on than meets the eye. A message from Parker precedes a knock at the door and when you check, the message tells you it's Parker knocking. You still check and you see the ork standing on the doorstep looking casual.

Opening the door you can see a van running on the street with the driver waiting and the side door open. Parker says it's Hippocrates' ride. He steps in, makes an inane offhand comment about loving what they've done with the place, and takes a seat on some of the rundown furniture you had found left in the house.

Hippocrates thanks you again before heading out to the van and hopping in the back. As the rear door closes, the front windows slowly tint to black and the van pulls off.

Parker calls out from the living room that he has some more work, and like dogs to the dinner bell, everyone suddenly appears.

The offer is simple: Interview some Aurora Warrens residents, and perhaps track a few of them down. No gunplay expected. 700 nuyen payment, half up front, half upon return.

Sounds like a milk run. Oh, that can't be good.

WHEN THEY WANDER INTO BARGHEST TERRITORY, READ THE FOLLOWING:

You wonder briefly why it was you took this job hunting down hobos all over the Warrens and then remember it's

because you're being paid and the hobos don't shoot at you, for the most part. That part is all well and good, but it's all the points between hobos A through Z that you're worrying about. Following the old saying about shortest distances, you've stayed on your toes and moved through some pretty rough sections with little trouble. When you hit a nice empty street with no gangers warming up by the fire or drinking on the porch-step, you're happy to take the easy way for once, but about halfway down the street you notice something odd.

Nothing. Nothing moving, nothing screeching, nothing chirping, nothing yelling, nothing scurrying. The eerie local silence is only punctuated further by the ever-present city noise in the distance. You go on alert and start checking every shadowy corner and window for trouble when you finally spot something moving. You're relieved to spot a stray dog walking out of an alley ahead of you. That is, until it stops and sniffs the air, then turns back to look at you with its blood-red eyes.

Gangers aren't the only creatures with a concept of territory, nor are they the only ones protective of theirs.

WHEN THEY WANDER INTO NOCTURNA TERRITORY, READ THE FOLLOWING:

The Aurora Warrens looks small on an overhead GPS map, but moving around inside the Denver slum seems to take forever. On foot it's the distance, in a car it's the ruins, either way, it's slow going. When you finally hit a street that seems clear, it's like going warp speed. Few burned-out cars and only a handful of shambling pedestrians means a quickened pace and a sense of progress.

Moving faster doesn't mean you stop keeping an eye on the surroundings, though, and as you move past you look over the locals and spot a surprising, and somewhat disturbing, trend. They all seem very pale. Sick comes to mind, but so does vampire. Maybe it's just lack of good sunlight, but no coughing or sneezing rules out sick, no fangs rules out vampires, and Denver still gets sun, so the mystery continues.

When "Halt!" echoes loudly off the empty buildings, you think some clue to the mystery might be revealed soon.

HOOKS

The team is getting offers left and right. Money is the easiest





hook, but curiosity has got to be building by now. The team has a major conspiracy spreading out in front of them and should want to know what is happening. Even if knowing is just their way of staying alive. Though they are all defined here, the job could include a contact of one of the team members or even a relative to add that personal touch.

BEHIND THE SCENES

The runners are hired by Parker and the SoS again. This time Parker wants information from a few key patients that they found in the records. The patients are all in the Aurora Warrens. There are six names on the list and a collection of hangouts and a listed address that they gave the clinic when they checked in. The addresses aren't good for most of them, and in fact list only intersections for two of the patients instead of actual street addresses.

The team is offered another 700 nuyen each to go talk to all these people. The job should be pretty simple; overall the work is a collection of moves through the Aurora Warrens. *Shadowrun* is rarely ever simple, however, and somewhere along the way the runners will run into two random obstacles.

The first is a pack of wild barghests (use Barghest, p. 403, SR5). The group of Awakened canines is making a legend for itself around the Warrens. A breeding pair escaped from a corporate training facility and have developed a pack. The team wanders into the pack's current hunting territory. The area is eerily quiet and devoid of many of the normal vermin common in the Warrens, like rats, devil rats, and squatters.

The barghests will try to chase the team off with their Fear power, and if it doesn't work they switch over to Paralyzing Howl and attac. The barghests can also use sound to see and may come at the team when they are somewhere dark. The pack consists of two alphas (Increase Body, Strength, Magic, Unarmed Combat, and Intimidation by 1) and five others. This attack could be more than the team can handle, and they may want to run away even if the Fear power doesn't work. Any runner with a Parazoology skill can roll to know what has happened.

The second difficulty of travels through the Aurora Warrens is a gang. Not just any normal gang, but a vampire gang calling themselves Nocturna. As the team moves, they come into a quiet neighborhood where all the locals seem a little pale. They aren't vampires; they are cattle. The vampires

have a little area of territory they have taken as their feeding ground. They protect the locals from other gangs and outside influences, including runners who took a wrong turn, in exchange for regular blood donations. They also charge a toll for each person passing through their territory: one pint of blood (4 boxes of Stun damage, resisted only by Body).

The vampires are polite about the request and consider it quite reasonable. Any attacks are met with violence, and the vampires do not fight alone. They are all magicians, and they summon spirits to aid in the fight. The gang consists of six vampires (use Nocturna Vampire below), who will summon spirits before they attack. They don't come out in the open to attack the runners with fangs and claws, either. They attack from hiding with Stunbolts and Stunballs so they can feed off them later, while using Invisibility spells and spirit Concealment powers to stay out of sight.

This fight can easily be overwhelming and very well should be if the runners decide to fight. If all of the runners are knocked out, the vampires don't kill them or feed off them directly. The vampires don't want to spread their infection so they feed indirectly. They will take their pint of blood from every runner then leave them at the edge of their territory protected by spirits. If any of the vampires were injured, they also drain a point of Essence. The vampires don't want to spread their infection unnecessarily, so they assense their victims before using their Essence Drain power sparing those with an Essence of one or less (see **Infection**, p. 398, SR5). As each runner wakes up, the spirit protecting them will tell them what happened, where they are now, and that returning or retaliating could lead to unfortunate consequences.

THE PATIENTS

SALLY HANNIGAN

(USE TALISMONGER, P. 392 SR5;
ADD ELF METATYPE ADJUSTMENTS)

Sally Hannigan: Elf, 1.88m

Address: 21000 E. Jewell Ave, Aurora, FRFZ

Spends most of her time at her shop near the edge of the Warrens.

Sally is a talismonger working out of the Aurora Warrens. She gets her supplies smuggled over the border or gathered from the hills and sells them at her little shop near the edge



of the Warrens. She listed a random spot on the road as her address, as that is where the clinic's outreach program found her. She went in when she got really sick two winters before and got treated for a virus and mild hypothermia. She spent an entire week at the clinic and spoke to a number of doctors during her stay.

She was chosen because she went in fully capable of casting spells and came out slightly hobbled. She also went back for a few checkups and was eventually informed she was infertile, despite the fact that she had a daughter who died in a gang shooting three years earlier at the age of three.

She can tell the runners the names of the doctors she saw, and says each was very nice to her, but when she assented them she could tell they were hiding something and felt slightly uncomfortable around her. She worked with Dr. Malagig as her general practitioner, Nurse Salomon treated her when she first arrived in the ER, Dr. Astolpho did a psychiatric work-up on her after some episodes of hallucinations from the viral infection, and Dr. Fierambras did an examination while she was there.

Her shop is a three-meter-by-six-meter tin shack about twenty meters off Jewell Road. It doesn't look like much, but she has a Reflective Ward (Force 6) and two bound spirits (Guardian, Force 4; Water, Force 6) acting as guards 24/7. She has no electronic security and lacks any form of host. She transacts business on her personal commlink and in barter and certified credsticks.

ARTHUR MACKSON

(USE MECHANIC, P. 391 SR5,
ADD ORK METATYPE ADJUSTMENTS)

Arthur Mackson: Ork, 1.92m

Address: Mackson Auto, 4590 S Reservoir Rd., Aurora, FRFZ
Mackson spends a lot of time at his shop.

Art went to the clinic emergency room when a car he was working on in his shop fell on his arm and crushed it. He stumbled to the SkyTunnel with the help of his shop assistant and blacked out in the ER. When he woke up, he was in the clinic hospital. The doctors explained his arm wasn't salvageable and required amputation. They offered him a replacement cyberarm, donated by Mitsuhamas, and a pro bono surgery performed by Paladin Health Services. He jumped at the opportunity. The arm works fine, and he has returned for a number of checkups and even met the executive who was in charge of the arm donation. The arm is not all good news, though. Inside the arm is an audio recorder and transmitter. The arm records every sound within five meters of Mackson and transmits a burst of data every twelve hours. It is intended as a spying device because Mackson was suspected of working with criminal elements. Which he does.

At a later visit Art asked why he and his longtime girlfriend might be having trouble getting pregnant. They did a few tests and discovered he had a reaction to the immunosuppressants they used after his arm surgery, and his sperm production was very low. He saved up enough for in vitro fertilization and went for sperm extraction, and his girlfriend came in for testing and the procedure. She got pregnant but lost the

baby all three times they attempted the procedure. After that, they were unable to afford further treatments. His girlfriend left him and has since gotten pregnant, but something odd happened. She had humans. The kids (she had a litter of five) are only two years old, and she's expecting a change at puberty. The truth is, during her treatments Dr. Montalban switched her eggs for human egg cells. It was a procedure she had been testing to increase human population while decreasing ork numbers. It was relatively successful during field trials, and it obviously worked here. The kids will not all be human; some will express as orks at puberty. Those who goblinize will have to deal with psychological damage suffered during the change.

Art has had meetings with Dr. Chanson about the Mitsuhamas arm he was given, and he has talked with Dr. Bavar as well.

The girlfriend isn't around to question, as she moved over to CAS Sector after she had the kids. Art, though, has all her doctor information from when they were trying to get pregnant.

Mackson's Auto is where he will be found most days. The structure is an average-size three-bay garage with a decent-size junk lot out back. He operates the place with one assistant, Mary Jane, who is also his current girlfriend. He spends his nights at different local drinking establishments, hanging out in his trailer in the junk lot with his girlfriend, or in the shop putting in some extra hours or working a rush job. His shop's "host" is his commlink on the public grid (Device Rating 3).

CARIBOU

(USE SQUATTER, P. 193, RUN FASTER;
ADD TROLL METATYPE ADJUSTMENTS)

Caribou: Troll, 2.56m—backswept antler-like horns

Address: The streets of the Aurora Warrens
Wanders the Aurora Warrens.

Everyone in the Aurora Warrens knows Caribou. He's the troll with the very unique horns that look like swept-back caribou antlers. He's a homeless wandering troll who strolls around the Warrens randomly. He's the bogeyman for parents looking to keep their kids in line, he's the crazy free spirit who wanders around granting wishes if you treat him kindly, he's the fallen corporate exec who was cursed and transformed into a deformed troll. Pick your street rumor and someone will tell you that about Caribou. The truth of Caribou is lost to even Caribou. The troll has amnesia that prevents him from remembering who he was or where he came from, but he has a remarkable memory, at least for a few days. He can remember every event of the past six days perfectly, but only the past six days. Other information is spotty. He remembers the clinic visit because his headware had not been activated yet. He wanders the Aurora Warrens because he takes comfort in the familiarity and becomes uncomfortable when he forgets a place, so he feels compelled to go back.

Caribou could be the easiest or the hardest to find of all the patients. The runners could simply spot him in their travels—he is very recognizable, so it could be easy. The team



could also be sent on an, “Oh yeah, I saw Caribou over by [insert location here]” wild goose chase. Each person who directs them saw Caribou, but they are never quite sure when.

When the team finds him, Caribou can tell them about going to the clinic to be treated for his condition. He talks about all the different doctors he visited and talked to and the tests that were run on him. In the end they diagnosed him with obtuse chronomemory disjunction—that is, amnesia. They were missing a few key tests, though, most notably a brain scan. They x-rayed his head looking for injuries but never did any scans of his brain or his brain activity. That’s why Parker wants his story. He wants to know if they did, and the results weren’t in the records.

There were no scans and in fact the x-rays that were done were falsified. The truth is that Caribou is an unwitting spy for the Human Nation. His amnesia was a result of brain damage while implanting a commlink and headware memory in his head. The perfect memory is a subconscious ability to link with the headware memory, which records everything he hears and sees, then transmits data on a nightly basis or every time he goes to sleep (his sleep is aided by a preprogrammed sleep regulator). The commlink does not transmit except when he sleeps, and even then operates while running silent. Assensing tests can detect the cyberware, and Caribou has no recollection of ever getting implants and doesn’t know what they are and the clinic doesn’t have a record of headware in his records.

He mentions Dr. Turpin and Dr. Bavar in his tales about his time in the clinic, but the stories are jumbled and fairly non-sensical.

GROG MUCKMUCK

(USE TAXI DRIVER, P. 194, RUN FASTER; ADD TROLL METATYPE ADJUSTMENTS)

Grog Muckmuck: Troll, 2.61m—horns curve down

Address: Tower Rd. and Hampden Ave., Aurora, FRFZ; cab driver in the Aurora Warrens

Grog spends a lot of time in his cab.

Grog loves his job. He has one of the best (and one of the few) taxi services inside the Aurora Warrens. He knows the whole place like the back of his hand, which is fortunate since that is where he had the commlink with all the map programs installed. He’s a big troll and takes up some extra space in the cab, but that’s why he customized the interior. He takes up half and the passengers sit sideways along the passenger side facing him. Makes it easier to chat that way too, and boy does Grog love to chat.

The runners can find him in his cab all the time. He even customized his side to fold flat into a bed. Only time he’s out of the cab is to take a shower at a friend’s place or a local shelter. And there was that time he had that accident and was out of the cab and inside Paladin Health and Welfare Clinic for three weeks. He subsequently visited the clinic every other week for ongoing therapy.

He got into a car accident while cruising the Warrens. He went into the facility with a few cuts and bruises, a bad headache, and some chest pain. He walked in on his own two legs and ended up in their ICU for a week, then spent two

weeks in a hospital bed. The story they told him was that there had been severe brain swelling and massive internal bleeding and injuries. They operated on him, saved his life, and then put him up while he healed. He doesn’t have clear memories of the accident—he knows it happened while he was driving his cab, but that’s mainly because that’s what he does in most of his waking hours. He occasionally has flashes of the roar of a group of motorcycles closing in on him, but he doesn’t know what that means or how it is tied to his accident.

Since the accident Grog has had nightmares about a lab and doctors cutting, poking, and testing him. He returns to the clinic every other week for therapy. He talks about Dr. Turpin and Nurse Salomon from when he was injured and Dr. Astolpho for his biweekly sessions.

CHERYL VAN PRIMSON

(USE BARTENDER, P. 182, RUN FASTER; CHANGE TO ORK METATYPE)

Cheryl van Primrose: Ork, 1.89m

Address: 15301 E. Ford Place, Apts 401-4, Aurora, FRFZ

Works as a bartender near her home. Spends time at home with her kids.

Cheryl had dreams of a big family. She wanted little orklings perpetually nipping at her heels even while another batch was in the oven. It wasn’t a dream to many, but it was to her. Her dream started to come true when she was just fourteen. She had her first litter of four, though a few complications meant a trip to the clinic, but that went fine and her babies were all healthy. Within two months after they were born she was pregnant again, and life was looking good. Then the second litter was born and the nightmare began. The second litter was four babies, three of which were human. The fourth, an orc, died before she reached one month. She still loved her babies and just expected changes at puberty. It was three months before she was pregnant a third time. This time it was three babies, all human. More hope for puberty. She took them to the clinic and genetic tests were inconclusive. The doctors couldn’t tell her if they would change. She was pregnant within two months again and went to the clinic, where they told her it was the biggest litter yet, five babies. They didn’t know the race yet, but Cheryl was sure with five she’d get an ork. She accepted the others were going to be late bloomers. All human again. This continued for fourteen years. Cheryl is now twenty-eight. She has had twenty-two kids including sixteen humans, the oldest of whom (at fourteen) are now past the start of puberty. After her first litter, she had only two orks, both of whom died before their first birthdays.

All this is a result of the same experiment as Arthur Mackson’s girlfriend. The only difference is the clinic doctors found a better subject who had perpetual hope that the kids would goblinize and kept having them. The clinic helps Cheryl support the family and has continued to offer adoption service which until recently she has refused outright. She is considering the option more and more as each day passes and none of her kids goblinize as they begin hitting puberty.

She tells the runners about Dr. Montalban, Dr. Astolpho, Dr. Fierambras, and Nurse Mart, as well as social worker Jones.



Her home is apartments 401, 402, 403, and 404. Most of the “rent” is covered by the clinic. Meeting with her can be very interesting at home. She has more kids than she knows what to do with and they are a rambunctious bunch. Usually the older ones watch the younger ones, but when the runners arrive they are all enthralled and just stare. The little ones run and climb all over the runners fearlessly. They ask all sorts of questions about cyberware and guns and killing people, but it is all with a very cute kid-like curiosity. The runners will probably notice that they are all human. Cheryl’s husband will either be at work or sleeping. That is about all he does in order to feel he is supporting his wife and their army of children.

The runners could also catch her at night when she works as a bartender at Shadows, a bar down the street from her home. She is there every night from 9 p.m. to 4 a.m. She won’t hold meetings there, but she is willing to meet back at her house or talk on the way home if the runners seem halfway decent.

PARKBENCH

(USE CORP. ADMINISTRATOR, P. 185, RUN FASTER, CHANGE TO DWARF METATYPE)

Sheila (Parkbench): Dwarf, 1.48m

Address: 18601 E. Waters Dr., Aurora, FRFZ—She wanders inside the Aurora Warrens.

Lives and sleeps on park benches in the Aurora Warrens.

Sheila Barton worked for Hard Corps for ten years. She was raised as part of the Ares family, then moved over to the security firm when she finished school. She was an excellent secretary; prompt, organized, professional, everything an aspiring security executive could use. She helped move four executives quickly up the corporate ladder in her first nine years and then got transferred to Dr. Chanson. The transfer was not asked for by either party but was instead a “gift” to Dr. Chanson to make his life easier for all his accomplishments within Denver. Dr. Chanson accepted out of obligation but from day one Sheila knew where she stood with him.

It started out as “funny” little jokes about her height. She caught the occasional racial slur as he talked to others on the comm and didn’t realize, or maybe he did, that she could hear him. As time went on it got worse. She could see the darker side of his life, his meetings with members of the Humanis Policlub, the “Brackhaven for Governor” button he wore during the Seattle elections, and his constant references to “them” and “those people.” But she was a professional, she scheduled his appointments, arranged his rare surgeries, and kept his work life in order and stayed out of his personal life.

Then it happened. She started getting sick but kept working, hiding it the best she could. As she started to show she wore looser suits. She kept her doctor visits secret for months until she collapsed while taking dictation. Dr. Chanson played the shocked boss and then started being really nice to her. He introduced her to a great specialist at a Paladin clinic, gave her whatever time off she needed, and was supportive in every way. It became almost creepy.

When her son was born the façade dropped. Dr. Chanson informed her that she now had a choice to make: her child or

her job. For Sheila there really wasn’t a choice. Her little baby boy was now her life. She took her savings, transferred back to Ares as a low-paying wageslave answering calls from her home, and didn’t look back.

Two months after being born, her son got a fever. She took him to the PHWC to see her specialist. The baby had an infection the doctors couldn’t seem to identify. Testing, hospitalization, and medicines drained her bank accounts and put her into debt. Her son died the day before his first birthday. Sheila walked out the Aurora Warrens exit of PHWC and into oblivion. She now spends her days and nights moving from park bench to park bench around the Warrens.

Her story will focus on Dr. Montalban and the help she tried to give during the issues with her son. Though it will also be rambling and difficult to fully understand.

PUSHING THE ENVELOPE

All sorts of added difficulty can be added to this scene. The people can be harder to find, first off. Most of them are wanderers, and the more time the team spends wandering around the Aurora Warrens, the more likely they are to come across something unpleasant. Getting all these people to talk to them could also be extra challenging. Bribes or intimidation might be necessary to get some to talk, while others just want to talk about anything but what the team is asking just to keep them around.

As the team moves around, they could also be stalked by the Flaming Swords. A random act on the streets could get their attention so someone can take a shot at them from an alley. A person might be directed at them with false information to lead them to an ambush. There are only so many Flaming Sword members, so ambushes will likely be with goons or gangers, but the identity of who sent them should be information the team can pursue.

DEBUGGING

If your runners decide to skip working for these guys or just can’t seem to get going in the right direction, you can send them a guide. Street urchins are all over the Aurora Warrens, and they can know anyone and anything the gamemaster decides. Kids make great guides, and when combat starts they always manage to find some nook to hide in and then come back out after trouble has cleared. The kid can also offer suggestions on how to deal with each person if the runners have a habit of asking everyone questions from behind a gun.

If the team gets beat up too bad and wants to retreat, make a few finds a little easier. They could hop in a cab driven by Grog, drive by and recognize Parkbench, end up stopping at Mackson’s for a new tire, and then spot Caribou walking past. Keep them motivated and looking for more clues and give some time to analyze the patterns in the doctors as they are moving between informants.



GRUNTS AND MOVING TARGETS

NOCTURNA VAMPIRES (6)

B	A	R	S	W	L	I	C	ESS	M
4	5	5	4	4	3	4	5	2D6-1	5
Condition Monitor Boxes	10								
Armor	9								
Limits	Physical 6, Mental 5, Social 5								
Physical Initiative	9 + 1D6								
Skills	Athletics skill group 3, Blades 4, Conjuring skill group 3, Firearms skill group 4, Perception 4, Sorcery skill group 4, Stealth skill group 4, Unarmed Combat 4								
Qualities	Magician (Hermetic Mage)								
Powers	Dual Natured, Enhanced Senses (Hearing, Smell, Thermographic Vision), Essence Drain, Immunity (Age, Pathogens, Toxins), Infection, Mist Form, Natural Weapon (Bite: DV (STR+1)P, AP -1, -1 Reach), Regeneration, Sapience								
Weaknesses	Allergy (Sunlight, Severe), Allergy (Wood, Severe), Dietary Requirement (Metahuman Blood), Essence Loss, Induced Dormancy (Lack of Air, (Essence) Minutes)								
Gear	Commlink (Device Rating 3), lined coat								
Spells	Confusion, Improved Invisibility, Ice Sheet, Shadow, Stunball, Stunbolt								
Bound Spirits	2 Force 4 spirits of earth (3 services, optional power: Engulf), 1 Force 5 spirit of man (3 services, optional power: Psychokinesis)								
Weapons	Franchi SPAS-22 [Shotgun, Acc 4(6), DV 10S(e), AP -5, SA/BF, RC 1(2), 10 (m) w/ laser sight, shock pad, and 20 rounds Stick-n-Shock ammo] Colt Manhunter [Heavy Pistol, Acc 6(7), DV 8S(e), AP -5, SA, RC —, 16(c), w/ laser sight, 100 rounds Stick-n-Shock ammo]								



SCENE 6: WORKING FOR THE MEN

SCAN THIS

Before this scene, give the runners the handout (p. 58) describing the accusations against the clinic and the sudden eruption of protests at the facility.

This scene presents a few other interested parties who would like the team to do some work for them involving the clinic. The Illuminates of the New Dawn want the runners to dig up some more dirt about the clinic, the doctors in the clinic, and what has been going on at the facility. They believe the facility has a connection to the Human Nation and they want that connection revealed.

Jonathan Blake has seen the news and recognized part of the political machine that seems to be protecting the clinic. Alexa Trenton is a former aide of Governor Brackhaven who made a lateral move recently to the city of Denver. Blake feels this mess is going to reveal some interesting tidbits about his political rival and wants the team to get solid evidence of the connection between Trenton, Brackhaven, and the clinic.

TELL IT TO THEM STRAIGHT

It's probably time for a well-deserved rest, but you have a feeling the money is not done pouring in yet. After the last few jobs you're feeling pretty flush, but more money on the credstick never hurt anyone. The Front Range seems to be a pretty busy town for you right now.

WHEN THEY GET THE OFFER FROM THE IOND, READ THE FOLLOWING:

An unidentified number rings on your comm, and in your line of business that usually means work. Since you're already on a job, you let it go to voicemail and then check it right away.

"My name is Mr. Johnson. I'm interested in using your investigative services. The work is immediate and related to some of your current activities. Call me back."

WHEN THEY GET BLAKE'S OFFER, READ THE FOLLOWING:

Your message waiting indicator blinks on your commlink with another mysterious sender, and you pull up the messaging application to see who wants your attention now.

You are suddenly reminded of the old saying "When it rains, it pours," as another job offer lands on your table.

"Independent Contractor, I have an offer for employment. Reply with a meet location, virtual preferred due to urgency. Mr. Johnson."

Seriously. Another urgent job. Oh, well. More work means more money, and that's why you're in this business.

HOOKS

This scene can be all about the money or all about the connections. Magic-users and metahumans alike should be pretty ticked by this point and want to do everything they can to bring down this genocidal conspiracy. Offers for work here can come from well-developed contacts who know the runners are in Denver and recommend them. Sometimes it's easier if a job comes through a well-known fixer for the team so adjust for that if a less-threatening hook is desired.

BEHIND THE SCENES

The Sons of Sauron are small time, but their look into the clinic and accusations against them has piqued the interest of some more powerful parties. Both the Illuminates of the New Dawn and Jonathan Blake are big-time sharks that smell blood in the water. Both will be getting in touch with the runners to try to get them to work for them. They aren't trying to buy the runners off their current job, just add some extra objectives to their work. The offer from the Illuminates can come any time after Hippocrates is attacked. Blake won't start looking for assets in Denver until after the data has gone public and reporters have started covering the protests and Paladin's response. That's when his rival's little "golden girl" suddenly pops up in Denver working on PR for the clinic.

The Illuminates have already been informed of some of the work at the clinic by Hippocrates. They suspect the Human Nation is behind this and can see the outcome of their efforts against Awakened individuals. Those results are not good. Awakened individuals are rare enough that even limiting the breeding potential of a few could be disastrous to the future of magic. They contact the runners with an offer of 2,500 nuyen each if the team will slip back into the clinic and get into a rumored secret lab. If the runners spotted the lab or looked during the first trip to the clinic, they may have some





extra information to bargain with, or may have already gotten information the IOND could use.

The runners need to access the datafiles for those lower facilities and get information about the “research” being done on Awakened individuals. Information on metahuman studies is all well and good, but the IOND only cares if those dwarves and orks can channel mana. The information they need is located on the various terminals and hosts located throughout the lower floor and in the fifth data room located on the laboratory floor.

If the team doesn’t already know about the lower floor, they need to sneak in and find it, and then locate the data. The clinic might have increased security patrols if the last trip raised suspicions, or they could have images of the runners and be utilizing facial recognition to spot them. If the runners didn’t cause a ruckus the first time, they could work a similar angle to get in and work their way downstairs.

Jonathan Blake wants something else. He’s looking at the last gubernatorial election in Seattle, and he’d like some dirt on Brackhaven to bury him while he’s in office. Everyone in the shadows knows Brackhaven is a racist, but the rest of Seattle doesn’t see that—they see the smiling politician with the solid record and the people’s safety at the forefront of his mind. Blake wants the team to dig up a connection between the dirt going on at the clinic and Brackhaven or connect it to his “golden girl,” Alexa Trenton, who seems to be either on loan to or newly employed by Paladin. Blake wants to know why she’s there and what dirt she is trying to keep from getting uncovered in all this trouble.

The information the team needs isn’t in the lower labs. This kind of stuff is upstairs and part of the legitimate business. Being funded by racists is not against the law, and the company is designed to protect its investors, but Blake wants Brackhaven impeached and possibly arrested. Politics and law are two very different arenas. Blake wants the team to find out who owns and funds all this research. He thinks Brackhaven or someone close to him must be involved to send his soothsayer halfway across the continent. The financial records publicly stop at Paladin Group LLC. He wants the runners to get into the Paladin Group offices and find out who really funds the organization. Luckily for the runners, one of the offices for the company is actually located in the PHWC on the same floor as the doctors’ offices. The offices

don’t have a lot of revealing data, but they are connected to the main Paladin office at Paladin Hospital, where secure financial data and confidential memos are stored.

PUSHING THE ENVELOPE

Extra income does not have to be easy income. This extra work could already be tough if the team has exposed themselves too much. If a greater challenge is desired, the security staff may have done facial recognition and identification on everyone who has been spotted by a camera going into or out of the clinic for the past few days. They could have removed the staff and have an agent program or spider looking to identify anyone who is not staff who returns. The team could get questioned or followed by the security staff right away if they go back to the clinic to investigate.

Security can also tighten just because of the number of protesters outside and all the trouble the clinic is having. The heightened security means IDs and passes will need to be broadcast at all times, and questions will be asked of anyone who looks suspicious (and every metahuman) about why they are in the facility. With events outside, Hard Corps may boost security with some spirits as well, and the Human Nation connection means they will give the spirits orders to identify any Awakened individuals to the security staff.

DEBUGGING

This scene is all about bonus money, so any issues can be solved by walking away. The team doesn’t need any of the information from this chapter to continue—they can walk away (or run) at any time. Should the team get too well known in this chapter, they may need to really work the infiltration to handle the events in a later chapter.

GRUNTS AND MOVING TARGETS

SHANNON FYRTH—PALADIN HACKER (TECHNOMANCER)

FEMALE HUMAN

Born in a hacker family, Shannon grew up with cyberdecks and commlinks all around. She was programming by age



seven and tearing up IC at ten. Crash 2.0 came when she was twelve. She was on her own system and never suffered any kind of trapping or Matrix trauma, but shortly after the event machines starting talking to her. Not just agents and IC, but toasters and ovens. She didn't take long to realize something was wrong, but she hid this newfound talent with machines and kept up her other studies. She has an uncommon understanding of both sides of the hacker world, the machine-dependent hackers and the mind-wielding technomancers.

Her icon is a standard (but super detailed) Paladin icon. Her living persona looks remarkably like the physical version of Shannon, and she frequently claims it is an agent while she runs the Paladin avatar on her deck.

	B	A	R	S	W	L	I	C	EDG	ESS	R
	3	4	4	2	5	7	5	5	4	6	8
Condition Monitor	9/11										
Armor	0										
Limits	Physical 4, Mental 8, Social 7										
Physical Initiative	9 + 1D6										
Matrix Initiative (AR)	9 + 1D6										
Matrix Initiative (Cold Sim)	Data Processing + 5 + 3D6										
Matrix Initiative (Hot Sim)	Data Processing + 5 + 5D6										
Skills	Cracking skill group 6, Electronics skill group 5, Perception 2, Pistols 2, Tasking skill group 5, Unarmed Combat 2										
Qualities	Exceptional Attribute (Logic), Technomancer										
Submersion Grade	2										
Echoes	Firewall Upgrade, Overclocking										
Registered Sprites	1 x Courier sprite (Level 4), 2 x Crack sprites (Level 5), 1 x Data sprite (Level 5)										
Gear	CommLink (Device Rating 3), Erika MCD-1 cyberdeck										
Persona	Attack 5, Sleaze 5, Data Processing 7, Firewall 6										
Complex Forms	Diffusion of Firewall, Infusion of Attack, Puppeteer, Resonance Spike, Static Veil, Stitches, Tattletale, Transcendant Grid										

PALADIN NODES

(HEADQUARTERS, INFIRMARY)

Sculpting: The main hosts for Paladin Group LLC and the Paladin Hospital both appear to be castles linked by a central bridge. Inside the hosts, everything fits this sculpting. Company commlinks and IDs all display as Dark Age-garbed castle residents. IC appears as various knights, agents appear as heralds.

The hosts are located on the Aztechnology grid. The Paladin Group LLC host is Rating 8. The Paladin Hospital host is Rating 7. Patrol IC is always active on both hosts and looks like a German Shepard in plate armor. When an intruder is detected, each host launches Tar Baby IC that looks like a knight with a barbed metal net when an intruder is detected, followed by Blaster IC that appears as a knight with a crossbow, and then Track IC, which looks like a lightly armored knight on horseback. The host will continue to launch IC at a detected intruder. All intrusion countermeasures are located on p. 248, SR5.

Spiders: Two security consultants (use Decker, p. 121, SR5) on duty at all times. A Paladin hacker is on call at all times.

Topology: This system is Paladin's primary system. Hospital node contains patient data and control systems for monitoring and security systems for that structure. The LLC node contains company records, investment data, personnel files for all Paladin employees, controls for security in the LLC section of the hospital, and property information for all Paladin holdings and investments.





SCENE 7: THWARTING THE BOMBERS

SCAN THIS

Metahuman rights activists come in a lot of varieties. The Sons of Sauron that the team has worked for thus far are known for their willingness to crack a few skulls to make sure others see the value in their stance. The Ork Rights Committee (ORC) is much more political and less violent. Prior to this scene, the Sons of Sauron have instigated a plot to blow up the hospital that does not involve the runners. The ORC has become aware of this situation and feels this would be the wrong course of action. This scene covers the ORC hiring the runners to stop the plot by the Sons of Sauron and provides details on how the bombing is supposed to occur.

TELL IT TO THEM STRAIGHT

You never thought you might get sick of getting work offers, but when Ms. Johnson sends you a message about an urgent job opportunity, you start to feel a wee bit queasy. You've had more work offers in the past week than the eight before it combined. You wonder if maybe you are missing some runner convention, getting a little internal chuckle at the idea of a bunch of runners sitting in a room together with the guest speaker talking about, "Guns: The Last Resort, Not the First Retort."

A different thought passes through your head—"more work equals more money"—and you start to pitch the offer to the team.

WHEN THEY ARRIVE AT THE MEETING PLACE, READ THE FOLLOWING:

Ms. Johnson, an ork with a serious case of butterface, smiles at you through crooked tusks and teeth. You try to think of the right metaphors to describe her face, but then she distracts you by speaking.

"Thank you for meeting me on such short notice. My contacts tell me you've been rather busy of late, but I hope you have time to take on an extremely important job. My sources say you are the team to talk to when it comes to the Paladin Health and Welfare Clinic. The people I represent have become aware of a plot to destroy the facility. Though I am no friend of the Paladin Group, I am opposed to innocents

paying the price for the evils of others. That is where your team comes in."

She stops briefly to gauge your interest before continuing. When no one stops her to point out that most of you are killers and thieves, she goes on.

"The Sons of Sauron, I'm sure you've heard of them," she says with a little knowing smile, "are planning an attack on the PHWC. A bombing is our information. It's supposed to happen in the next twenty-four hours and is being pulled off by a runner team full of racists calling themselves the Shadow Reich. We have info that the Sons are playing the Reich as patsies and that the Reich is playing someone else but not who. Seems no one wants to be labeled as the terrorist who blows up a clinic.

"My employer is offering 2,000 nuyen each to stop the bombing. They are also offering free courier service to get any explosives recovered from the hospital out of the city for you. And you'll get a one-way ticket out of town after this is done, if you want it. You folks are getting a bit well-known, and I'm sure you are ready to get clear of the crosshairs."

BEHIND THE SCENES

The runners are contacted by a different Johnson than earlier. This one checks with the runners on where they want to meet but asks that the meet happen within the next few hours, basically allowing for all parties to travel to the meeting location, but getting there ASAP. Ms. Johnson is making the call from Downtown Denver, so she is within two hours of anywhere in the FRFZ.

Ms. Johnson is an ork. She's in her late twenties, wears a tight business suit with a blouse buttoned low, and her hair up in a bun. She has no cyberware and is relatively calm during the meeting as long as it goes well. She offers the runners 2,000 nuyen each (Negotiation can increase the amount by 250 per net hit, up to and additional 1,000 nuyen) to stop a bombing at the Paladin Health and Welfare Clinic. They will be offered a chance to keep any explosives they can recover as a bonus but are warned not to get caught with the explosives in that area.

She can tell the runners only that the Sons of Sauron have contracted someone or a group of someones to bomb the PHWC. She doesn't know to what extent the bombing is expected to damage the building or what structure is being





targeted, only that it is occurring. She knows that the team who was hired to do the work was hired by the Mr. Johnson who hired them to do the initial investigation at the clinic. She has no other information.

THE PLOT

The Sons of Sauron have developed a plan that will serve their ends in multiple ways at once. They have developed a plan that will not only result in revenge on the PHWC facility but will also get the incident blamed on the Humanis Policlub. The SoS will hire a different team of shadowrunners known as the Shadow Reich to perform a series of jobs. Some of the jobs will occur before the runners are involved, but the culmination of the events will occur while the runners are on the hunt for the bombers.

The SoS hires a runner team of six humans (see **The Shadow Reich**, p. 43) to do some work for them. These runners are first hired to steal a shipment from Ares Arms being moved through the area. The runners are told the

shipment is metahuman targeting nerve gas in a series of odd containers. The story they are fed is that the devices were found during a plot against the Sons of Sauron six months ago, and they are now getting shipped out of the city. The truth is the Sons made up the story and are staging the Ares shipment so that it can be stolen.

With the “toxins” in their possession, the Shadow Reich is to discreetly make contact with a known member of the Humanis Policlub and start talking about the toxin and the failed plot. The Shadow Reich are all racists to their core, but they aren’t stupid runners; they know they need some deniability for this to work perfect. The metahumans die, the Humanis Policlub gets the blame and the credit, and they get the nuyen and satisfaction that they killed all those metas. They will work this individual, talking about how much they would love for this stuff to end up at one of those rallies down at the PHWC to teach those metas a lesson. They just wish they knew the right people for the job, eventually convincing this guy to get together some of his militant goon friends from the policlub to deliver some of the stuff around the protests and into the clinic.



PLANS FOR THE EXPLOSIVES

1. CO2 gas cylinders will be delivered to the kitchen area of the cafeteria by the shops. It could be delivered to the staff kitchen or the lab testing area. The delivery will be rolled in from a gas delivery truck through the small door on the side street. This street is packed with protestors who yell at the delivery guy about helping the killers. The deliveryman smiles and waves but walks into the building. The Reich member watching this occur is hiding among the protestors. He is wearing a Neil the Ork Barbarian t-shirt under his armor jacket. His aura is the biggest giveaway, as his discomfort sticks out from the anger and excitement of those around him.

2. Blocks of cooking grease will be delivered to the staff cafeteria. It could be delivered to the cafeteria by the shops kitchen. This delivery will arrive through Archer Heights and be taken down into the basement area through the elevator. Security issues have already been taken care of by the Reich hacker, who is hiding in the hospital's security node with security-level access, keeping an eye on everything but primarily focused on this interaction because of the tight delivery security.

3. Oxygen gas tanks will be brought up to the hospital level. It could be delivered to the lab test area, the ICU, or the ER. These come in with a second delivery guy off the same truck as the CO2. He has a similar reaction to the other goon but makes a profane hand gesture as he gets in through the side door. He takes his tanks into the hospital through the Archer Heights emergency room entrance.

4. A box of self-help pamphlets will be delivered to the metahuman clinic. It could be delivered to the human clinic, the shops, or the front desk. This box comes in through the Archer Heights door, up to the security desk, where it picks up an escort, then back through the human clinic, through

the labs, and finally to the metahuman facility. The pair chat about the latest sports games and how metahumans have ruined the spirit of whatever game they talk about. The hacker keeps some tabs on this delivery but a Reich member is sitting in the front lobby and looks to be reading something on his commlink. Once he sees both packages get past security, he leaves the clinic and walks across the street to the park where he watches to make sure the deliverymen make it out. If the deliverymen aren't out within ten minutes from the time the Reich runner sits in the park, he sends a message to the others and they "release the gas."

5. A box of office supplies will be delivered to the doctor's office level. It could be delivered to the Paladin Group LLC, office, the hospital, either clinic, or the security office. This package appears to be similar to the pamphlets but is delivered by what looks like a private courier service. This delivery has a little trouble at the desk since there is no record for the order and their office supplies are usually delivered via drone courier. The deliveryman thinks fast and runs a decent line about the drones and their order system being on the fritz. Confirmations haven't been received all day. The guard buys it and sends him upstairs to deliver the box to Dr. Chanson's secretary. This delivery is watched by the same guy as four, who leaves after both deliveries are made.

6. A video drone will be flying low around the crowd of protestors on the street outside. It could also be flying over the the Aurora Warrens SkyTunnel. This drone is being controlled by the Reich rigger. The Humanis delivery for this drone occurred an hour earlier so they could have the drone in place and eyes on the scene. The drone will stay higher up and move around the protest area, blending in with other media and police drones. The drone won't come low by the crowd until it is time to "release the gas."

The goons will be delivering six dispensers of “toxin” to the area. Each dispenser has been disguised as something else, and the real contents of each dispenser are explosives. The Humanis Policlub goons are given a radio detonator to activate release valves on all the containers. The truth is the detonators don’t affect the dispensers; instead they set off a charge in the detonator itself, causing the same damage as a fragmentation grenade (DV 18P(f), AP +5, Blast -1/m). The dispensers’ appearance and delivery information is listed in the sidebar.

Mr. Johnson knows the whole plan, because he helped the Shadow Reich plan it. Problem is, he is having second thoughts. The clinic still has a lot of metahumans inside who will be affected by the blast, and he is not sure if the payoff is worth the price. He won’t tell the runners immediately, but he can be convinced. He knows who all the members of the Shadow Reich are and has descriptions of all the items. He gave the Shadow Reich a number of options of places to deliver each one, but he isn’t sure which option they will take with each one.

The deliveries will occur all at once, with different Humanis goons making each delivery and members of the Shadow Reich watching over each drop-off.

PUSHING THE ENVELOPE

Tighten security, add security, increase Lone Star presence in the area, have protestors mistake runners for someone else and draw attention to them, put them on the clock and create a time limit for the event, and/or increase the amount of investigations the team needs to do. All of these are options for making this scene more tense, more difficult, and potentially more exciting. The team also can have more problems than just the Humanis goons delivering the bombs. The Shadow Reich is in the area and the Flaming Swords are likely in the area because of the trouble. All of these opponents are more formidable than the Humanis goons and can be used to make the scene tougher.

DEBUGGING

So your runner team decides to make an anonymous call to Lone Star about a bomb at the clinic. They can get in line behind the hundred other calls they have already gotten about the same thing. The team could also be getting really well known at the clinic. Ms. Johnson might have a good supply of some nanopaste that recently fell off a truck to sell the runners if they need to hide their identities.

The team might also draw way too much attention to themselves if they start trouble outside. The protestors can jump in to help with overwhelmed runners—or may be used to overwhelm runners if they are heading toward a particularly foolhardy maneuver. All of the bombers have their detonators with them and will have no problem “releasing the gas” at any time, since they believe it will not affect them. This makes the detonator (and the bomber) go boom. This can also be used to defuse any extremely troublesome situations for the runners as it will draw attention to the explosion and away from the runners.

GRUNTS AND MOVING TARGETS

JOSEPH BLACK

SHADOW REICH, MALE HUMAN

Formerly a high-end bodyguard, Black got sick of protecting rich elves and tech-savvy dwarves. He slipped out of the profession, entered the shadows, and hasn’t looked back (except to put a bullet through the occasional trog’s head, just in case). He leads this group of anti-meta shadowrunning psychos.

He’s 1.86 meters and 107 kilos of killer muscle. His eyes are ice blue and hair is dyed blond and worn in a flattop.

B	A	R	S	W	L	I	C	EDG	ESS
5	5(8)	5(7)	4	4	3	4	3	4	2.57
Condition Monitor		15/10							
Boxes									
Armor		13							
Limits		Physical 6(7), Mental 5, Social 5							
Initiative		9(11) + 1D6 (3D6)							
Skills		Athletics skill group 4 (7), Automatics 4 (5), Etiquette 3 (Corporate +2), Intimidation 4 (Physical +2), Negotiation 3, Perception 5 (7), Pilot Ground Craft 4, Pistols 5(6) (Semi-Automatics +2), Stealth skill group 4, Unarmed Combat 5 (Subdual Combat +2)							
Qualities		Magical Resistance (Rating 2), Tough as Nails 15							
Augmentations (all betaware)		Bone density augmentation 3, cyberears [Rating 3, w/ audio enhancement 2, damper], cybereyes [Rating 4, w/ eye recording unit, flare compensation, image link, low-light vision, smartgun, thermographic vision], muscle replacement 3, reflex recorder (Automatics), synaptic booster 2, synthacardium 3							
Gear		Argentum Coat [w/ nonconductivity (Rating 6)], Berwick suit, commlink (Device Rating 5), medkit (Rating 6), tranq patch (Rating 10), trauma patch (Rating 6)							
Notes		+3 dice pool modifier on damage resistance tests							
Weapons		Colt Government 2066 [Heavy Pistol, Acc 6(8), DV 8P, AP -4, SA, RC —, 14 (c), w/ APDS ammo, 3 clips, internal smartlink, concealable holster, silencer] HK Urban Combat [SMG, Acc 7(9), DV 10P, AP -5, SA/BF/FA, RC 2, 36 (c), w/ sound suppressor, smartgun system, 3 spare clips APDS ammo]							

SABRE

SHADOW REICH, MALE HUMAN

A man with low morals and no conscience, Sabre hates just to hate. He actually hates more than just metahumans. He hates pretty much anyone who he doesn’t consider useful to him or to the world.

He has black hair worn short, blue eyes, stands 1.58m and weighs 96 kilos.



B	A	R	S	W	L	I	C	EDG	ESS
5	5(7)	5(6)	4	4	3	4	3	4	4.1
Condition Monitor Boxes	14/11								
Armor	11								
Limits	Physical 6(7), Mental 5, Social 5								
Initiative	9(10) + 1D6 (2D6)								
Skills	Athletics skill group 3, Automatics 3, Close Combat skill group 4, Electronics skill group 2, Etiquette 4 (Government +2), First Aid 3, Intimidation 4, Leadership 2, Perception 5, Pilot Ground Craft 4, Pistols 5								
Qualities	Guts, Tough as Nails 20								
Augmentations	Aluminum bone lacing, muscle toner 2, synaptic booster 1								
Gear	Armor vest [w/ Rating 6 non-conductivity], commlink (Device Rating 5), glasses [Rating 4, w/ flare compensation, image link, low-light vision, smartlink]								
Notes	+2 dice pool modifier on damage resistance tests, +2 dice pool modifier to resist Intimidation and fear								
Weapons	Colt Government 2066 [Heavy Pistol, Acc 6(8), DV 8P, AP -4, SA, RC —, 14 (c), w/ APDS ammo, 3 clips, internal smartgun, concealable holster, silencer] HK Urban Combat [SMG, Acc 7(9), DV 10P, AP -5, SA/BF/FA, RC 2, 36 (c), w/ sound suppressor, smartgun system, 3 spare clips APDS ammo]								

COUGAR

SHADOW REICH, MALE HUMAN

Cougar was born and raised in the NAN. Along with the metahumans, who he hates because they are different, he also can't stand Native Americans either.

He's 1.82 meters and 99 kilos of lean muscle. He has the classic long black hair of his Native American ancestry and deep brown eyes.

B	A	R	S	W	L	I	C	EDG	ESS
5	5(7)	5(7)	4	4	3	5	3	4	3.1
Condition Monitor Boxes	13/10								
Armor	15								
Limits	Physical 6(7), Mental 5, Social 5								
Initiative	10(13) + 1D6 (3D6)								
Skills	Athletics skill group 4, Close Combat skill group 5, Electronics skill group 2, Etiquette 4 (High Society +2), First Aid 3, Intimidation 4, Perception 5, Pilot Ground Craft 4, Pistols 5								
Qualities	Magic Resistance (Rating 2), Tough as Nails 10								
Augmentations	Titanium bone lacing, muscle toner 2, synaptic booster 2								
Gear	Armor jacket [w/ Rating 6 non-conductivity], commlink (Device Rating 5), glasses [Rating 4, w/ flare compensation, image link, low-light vision and smartlink]								
Notes	+3 dice pool modifier on damage resistance tests, +2 dice pool modifier to resist spells								
Weapons	Colt Government 2066 [Heavy Pistol, Acc 6(8), DV 8P, AP -4, SA, RC —, 14 (c), w/ APDS ammo, 3 clips, internal smartgun, concealable holster, silencer] HK Urban Combat [SMG, Acc 7(9), DV 10P, AP -5, SA/BF/FA, RC 2, 36 (c), w/ sound suppressor, smartgun system, 3 spare clips APDS ammo]								

KRIEGER

SHADOW REICH, MALE HUMAN

This massive brute of a human being could be used as proof that orks and humans are related. He's big, he's mean, and he takes great enjoyment in crushing skulls. He was kicked out of MET2000 for violent behavior and found a home with the Shadow Reich.

He has brown hair and black cybereyes. He stands 1.91 m and weighs an impressive 130 kilos due to implants.

B	A	R	S	W	L	I	C	EDG	ESS
7	4	5(7)	6(9)	4	2	2	3	4	0.4
Condition Monitor Boxes	15/11								
Armor	15								
Limits	Physical 8(11), Mental 4, Social 4								
Initiative	7(9) + 1D6 (3D6)								
Qualities	Exceptional Attribute (Body), Tough as Nails 20								
Skills	Athletics skill group 3, Automatics 4, Close Combat skill group 5, Intimidation 3, Leadership 3, Longarms 4, Perception 4, Pistols 4 (Semi-Automatics +2), Sneaking 2								
Augmentations	Cybereyes (Rating 4 w/ flare compensation, low-light vision, smartlink, thermographic vision, vision enhancement 3, vision magnification), muscle augmentation 3, titanium bone lacing, wired reflexes 2								
Gear	Armor jacket, commlink (Device Rating 4)								
Notes	+3 dice pool modifier on damage resistance tests								
Weapons	Mossberg AM-CMDT [Shotgun, Acc 5(7), DV 12P, AP -1, RC —, SA/BF/FA, 10(c), w/smartgun system] Savalette Guardian [Heavy Pistol, Acc 4(6), DV 5P; AP -1, SA/BF, RC 1, 12(c) w/ adv. safety, smartgun] Fist [Unarmed, Reach —, Acc 11, DV 12P, AP —]								

GUNTHER

SHADOW REICH, MALE HUMAN

Gunther likes to talk a big game and has the attitude of a big man but is much more likely to stab you in your sleep than actually risk his pretty face going toe to toe. He will back down from a face-to-face conflict with a big smile and lots of apologies—and then follow you home and kill you when you aren't expecting it.

He has black hair, green eyes, stands 1.78m tall, and weighs 71 kilos.

B	A	R	S	W	L	I	C	EDG	ESS
4	5 (7)	4(8)	4(6)	7	5	4	4	2	0.6
Condition Monitor Box		10/12							
Armor		12							
Limits		Physical 6(8), Mental 7, Social 6							
Initiative		8(12) + 1D6 (3D6)							
Qualities		Exceptional Attribute (Willpower)							
Skills		Climbing 4, Con 3, Disguise 4, Exotic Ranged Weapon (Grapple Gun) 3, First Aid 4, Longarms 6 (Sniper Rifle +2), Palming 3, Parachuting 3, Perception 5(6) (Visual +2), Pistols 4 (Semi-automatics +2), Running 3, Sneaking 5, Tracking 4, Unarmed Combat 4 (Cyber Implant Weaponry +2)							
Augmentations		Cybereyes [Rating 3, w/ flare compensation, low-light vision, smartlink, thermographic vision, vision enhancement 3], muscle replacement 2, reaction enhancers 2, retractable cyberspur, wired reflexes 2 (betaware)							
Gear		Commlink (Device Rating 2, no personal information saved on it), commlink (Device Rating 5, always running silent), gecko tape gloves, grapple gun w/ 75m microwire, jammer (area, Rating 7), nanopaste disguise (large container), Urban Explorer jumpsuit							
Weapons		Spur [Blade, Reach 1, Acc 8, DV 9P, AP -3] Cavalier Arms Crockett EBR [Sniper Rifle, Acc 7(9), DV 15P, AP -8, SA, RC 1(3), 18 (c) w/ APDS ammo, bipod, imaging scope (w/ low-light, vision magnification, image link), internal smartgun commlink (Device Rating 5)] Ares Predator V [Heavy Pistol, Acc 5(7), DV 9P, AP -2, SA, 15(c), w/ 3 spare clips, 60 rounds Explosive ammo]							

DEITER "MAX" HARTZBURG

SHADOW REICH, MALE HUMAN

"Max" got his name from his favorite gun, the Ultimax heavy machine gun. He has a custom job on the gun that makes the big gun more manageable and a custom job on himself that makes him into a human weapon mount. All gear he picked up while working for MET2000.

He stands 1.82m, weighs 116 kilos, has blue eyes, and is bald.

B	A	R	S	W	L	I	C	EDG	ESS
5	4[8]	4(6)	7[11]	3	4	3	4	2	2.15
Condition Monitor Boxes		11/10							
Armor		15							
Limits		Physical 8(9)[11], Mental 5, Social 5							
Initiative		7(9) + 1D6 (3D6)							
Skills		Armorer 1, Athletics skill group 2, Close Combat skill group 2, Etiquette 2 (Military +2), Firearms skill group 2, First Aid 1, Gunnery 3, Heavy Weapons 5 (Machine Guns +2), Parachuting 1, Perception 2, Survival 1, Throwing Weapons 2							
Qualities		Exceptional Attribute (Strength), Magical Resistance 10							
Augmentations		(all betaware) Cyberarm [right obvious customized full, w/ cyberarm gyromount, Enhanced Agility 4, Enhanced Strength 4], titanium bone lacing, wired reflexes 2							
Gear		Armor jacket, commlink (Device Rating 4)							
Notes		+2 dice on all Spell Resistance tests, +3 dice on all damage resistance tests							
Weapons		Ares Predator V [Heavy Pistol, Acc 5(7), DV 9P, AP -2, SA, 15(c), 3 spare clips, 60 rounds Explosive ammo] Ultimax HMG-2 [Heavy Machine Gun, Acc 4(5), DV 13P, AP -5, FA, RC 11, 50(c), w/ foregrip, gas-vent 3 system, underbarrel weight, EX-ex ammo, shock pad, tripod]							

STURMGRUN

SHADOW REICH, MALE HUMAN

Sturmgrun is an oddity on this team. He isn't a metahuman but has SURGEed, leaving him with a pale green tint to his skin, white eyes and hair, and breath from hell. Add onto that the fact that he is an adept, and you have someone who could easily land a high spot on Cougar's dreklist for being different. He really doesn't fit the bill for racist scumbag, but he still is.

He stands 1.85m but slouches and appears shorter.

B	A	R	S	W	L	I	C	EDG	ESS	M
4	5	5(7)	3	4	3	4	4	5	5.12	5 (4)
Condition Monitor Boxes		10/10								
Armor		16								
Limits		Physical 5(6), Mental 5, Social 6								
Initiative		9(11) + 1D6 (3D6)								
Qualities		Adept, Changeling (Striking Skin Pigmentation, Unusual Hair; Corrosive Spit)								
Skills		Climbing 2, Close Combat skill group 3, Exotic Ranged Weapon (Spit) 5, Intimidation 3, Longarms 4, Perception 5 (Visual +2), Pistols 4 (5), Running 3, Sneaking 4								
Adept Powers		Combat Sense 4, Mystic Armor 4								
Augmentations		(all alphaware): Reflex recorder (Pistols), synaptic booster 2								
Gear		Armor jacket, commlink (Device Rating 4), contact lenses (Capacity 3, w/ smartlink, image link, low-light, false iris and pupil)								
Notes		+2 dice on all spell resistance tests								
Weapons		Spit [Exotic Ranged weapon, Acc 6, DV 6P (acid)] Mossberg AM-CMDT [Shotgun, Acc 5(7), DV 12P, AP -1, RC -, SA/BF/FA, 10(c), w/smartgun system] Colt Government 2066 [Heavy Pistol, Acc 6(8), DV 8P, AP -4, SA, RC -, 14 (c), w/ APDS ammo, 3 clips, internal smartgun, concealable holster, silencer]								





ARES MILSPEC HUMVEE (SUV)

This is the vehicle that the Shadow Reich members use. They have four of them total but do not necessarily have all of them at any one time.

HAND	SPEED	ACCEL	BODY	ARM	PILOT	SENS
4/5	3	2	14	16	2	3
Std. Upgrades		Off-Road Suspension, Extreme Environment (jungle), Off-Road Tires				
Modifications		1 ammo bin (standard) (1), normal armor (Rating 16) (1), 2 small drone racks (4), ECM (Rating 5) (1), extra entry/exit point (sunroof) (1), 2 x gun ports (rear passenger seat doors) (2), reinforced weapon mount w/ external visibility, flexible flexibility (rooftop), manual control (3). Weapon mount has an Ares Archon Heavy MP Laser powered by the vehicle it is attached to (Acc 7 DV 10P, AP -10, SA, Sniper Ranges).				





SCENE 8: CUTTING OUT THE CANCER

SCAN THIS

This scene has a second job offer coming in at the same time as the bomb plot. Parker hires the team for a surgical strike on the Human Nation conspirators in the clinic. He contacts the team and sends them a data-package detailing the targets once they accept the work.

TELL IT TO THEM STRAIGHT

You recognize Parker's number as an incoming call flashes across your AR. You worry briefly that he might be trying to contact you to chase you off your current job but accept the call anyway, expecting an easy payday for a small dent in your reputation. His face is a grim mask as it pops into your display instead of his normal icon.

"A little birdie tells me your crew is subcontracting as a BDU. That true?"

IF THE TEAM DENIES IT, READ THE FOLLOWING:

"After all this, you're gonna feed me a line of drek? Oh, well. You're the right crew for the job you tell me you don't have, and I've got some side work. Same long game, different tactical approach." His face seems to show some genuine hurt feelings at the lie. Who'd'a thought the old ork had feelings?

IF THE TEAM AFFIRMS IT, READ THE FOLLOWING:

"Good to know. You're the right guys for the job. I have some side work for you. Actually it's serious six-figure work, but I think stopping the bombing is top priority. I'm working the same long game, just a different tactical approach." He smiles wide before continuing his job offer.

WHEN PARKER IS READY TO OFFER THE JOB, READ THE FOLLOWING:

"I need some wetwork done. Now, before you say no outright, I'd like to plead my case. We have enough information and data to convince any intelligent person that these people are genocidal murderers, but juries aren't stocked with

intelligent people. They have average people. And average people are pretty gullible. And these guys have enough connections to buy any judge short of the Corporate Court.

I'm offering 7,000 nuyen a head for eleven names. Give me the full set, and the payment doubles. I want the whole cancerous lot cut out. This clinic does a lot of good, or could do a lot of good, but not with those docs around.

"You up to cleaning a little house when you clear out some explosives?"

HOOKS

The cash is good, and the chance to clean house might be even more appealing, especially if some personal connection has been made along the way. If no such connection has been made, now could be the time as the team gets a call from a contact that their fixer or a family member (in the case of a local team) has just been taken to the clinic with a gunshot wound. If one is not enough, the team could get word of a large number of their contacts attending the demonstrations around the clinic and they could lose a lot of their street connections if the bombing goes off. The team could also be reminded that their contacts could lose friends in the attack, and in the future they may not want to deal with a team that knew what was happening and didn't do anything about it.

BEHIND THE SCENES

Parker has caught wind of a plot unfolding. Some of his more violent peers within the SoS are planning something big and violent—he has heard word of a bombing. He doesn't have any details, but he was never a huge fan of collateral damage. He's much more of a surgical strike individual. Parker contacts the runners via commcall and asks if they are interested in a nice payday.

His call comes shortly after the team is hired by ORC to stop the bombing. The team can then try and earn a double payday. The offer is simple. Parker says he will send them a list of names, all suspected members of the Human Nation conspiracy in the hospital. For each target confirmed dead, Parker will pay 7,000 nuyen. If all the targets are killed, he will pay a bonus. Parker doesn't want just a few dead, which may allow the situation to simply continue with new faces.



DOCTORS' LOCATIONS

- **Dr. Roland Chanson (Head of Paladin Hospital):** Currently at the clinic facility due to the protests, he is using Dr. Bavar's office and never strays far from that office between the hours of 6 a.m. and 6 p.m. He orders in meals from local restaurants with delivery or he sends out a lackey to get his food. He will most likely be on a commcall in his office if the team looks for him during those times.
- **Nurse Brittany Salomon (Head ER Nurse at PHWC):** Nurse Salomon is in the Aurora Warrens ER. She is usually near the main entrance doing triage and directing everyone else in what they are doing wrong. She is working an eighteen-hour shift, 0600–0000.
- **Dr. Renee Montalban (Pediatric and Family planning, PHWC):** Dr. Montalban is in her office in the Aurora Warrens clinic from 0900 to 1200 and from 1300 to 1800. She is at lunch in the cafeteria between 1200 and 1300.
- **Dr. Namo Bavar (Head of Paladin Health and Welfare Clinic):** Dr. Bavar is down in the regular ER doing some hands-on work since his boss has taken over his office. He will be in his office from 0400 to 0600 and 1800 to 2000 getting his own paperwork and calls done once his boss is gone.
- **Dr. Duke Astolpho (Clinical Psychiatrist, PWHC):** Dr. D is in his office 0900–1700. He has appointments all day and only takes thirty minutes between 1200 and 1230 to eat a lunch he brought from home. During any other time, there is a patient in his office or waiting for him.
- **Dr. Elaine Fierambras (OB/Gyn, PWHC and Paladin Hospital):** Dr. Fierambras has appointments throughout the day. She takes a lunch break and heads to the cafeteria around 1130 and gets back to her office at 1220. Her time is spent split between her office, the lab rooms, and the rooms of a few patients in the Warrens side of the hospital. She is on the move most of the day.
- **Dr. Bishop Turpin (Head of Clinic ER):** Dr. Turpin is on call all day and on the second half of a forty-eight-hour shift. He will be in the Aurora Warrens ER if he is needed, but the rest of his time is spent resting in his office.
- **Dane Ogiér (Head of Clinic administration):** Dane is buried in a pile of electronic paperwork in his office. He works 0900–1700 and will order in lunch around noon. Other than at lunch time, he will be jacked in and working in VR. He has a small camera on his desk watching the door of his office and a sensor on the door to warn him if anyone enters. He saves what he is doing and jacks out if anyone comes in.
- **Nurse Floris Mart (Pediatric Nurse):** Nurse Mart splits her time between the Aurora Warrens hospital area and the main area. Babies are kept in the room with their mother so she moves around a lot. She is on duty 0600–1800 and takes her first meal around 1000 and her second around 1400.
- **Dr. Ren Malagig (Clinic Practitioner):** Dr. Malagig can be almost anywhere. He has patients in the hospitals, appointments in the clinic, paperwork to do in his office, and lots of wandering to do in the clinic. He rarely sits down and even eats his lunch—SoyPower bars—on the go while at work.
- **Dr. Olivier Friend (Clinic Practitioner):** Dr. Friend is not at work today. He is at his house in Archer Heights. He's keeping an eye on the news to see if the clinic needs him, catching up on some reading, entertaining a joygirl from 1300 to 1400 and then napping from 1400 to 1700 before getting ready to head into the clinic for his shift at 1800.

He wants all of them gone so no one is left at the clinic to continue the work. Eleven targets means a possible 77,000 nuyen for the team. If all of them are killed, Parker will double the pay, for a total of 154,000. Parker requires video footage and biomonitor readings for each target. He doesn't believe in paying for shoddy work or "he looked dead" situations. There is one other very large stipulation on the job: No innocent collateral damage. The team cannot kill any innocent civilians. This doesn't mean they can't shoot at guards or cops; what it means is they can't blow up the doctors and injure bystanders or shoot up a scene to cover up the hit. For every innocent civilian reported dead, Parker will reduce the payment by 10,000 nuyen.

This extra stipulation also prevents the team from letting the bombing occur and then just taking credit for the dead doctors. And even if that was the runners' plan, the doctors could all be in the lower lab and safe from the blasts. As long as the team is going after the doctors at the time of the bomb plot their locations around that time are detailed in the sidebar.

PUSHING THE ENVELOPE

The doctors don't have combat stats, but you can always take advantage of a little Edge to Blitz (p. 56, SR5) and have

the doctors or nurses get in a surprise swipe on the runners or bolt into public areas. Other than little surprises like that, the scene can get tougher with some increased security, especially if one of the doctors is discovered dead. Word will spread through the hospital, and the building will go into lockdown. Additional security from Hard Corps, Knight Errant, and Lone Star will be contacted to do sweeps and investigations. Runners trapped inside may need to practice their Sneaking and/or Con skills.

DEBUGGING

The work here is fluff. The team doesn't need to do it. They could choose not to take the offer and just work at stopping the bombing. They could also get a few of the targets and just enjoy a little extra money. Since one target is offsite, it might be tough to collect the full payoff. The team also does not have to do the killing while dealing with the bomb issue. The adventure can go longer if the team wants to kill off the conspirators over time. The problem with that is that HN will notice the pattern and move the rest of their staff while replacing them with new evildoers.



AFTERMATH

The runners, whether successful in all their endeavors or just a few, have played a big hand in bringing down this Human Nation operation. They can pat themselves on the back and while they are at it stick a minicam there to watch their hoops. They were the go-to team in Denver for a bunch of operations, and the Nation will know who they are. Every member of the team will earn the Human Nation as an enemy. How adamantly the Nation attempts revenge is based on just how much the runners accomplished. If the runners assassinated the entire HN staff at the clinic, they will be higher on the hit list. If they just exposed records and broke in a few times, no biggie.

For now the HN is just looking to clean up in the FRFZ. They will be selling the Paladin Health System clinics and the hospital once they get all their dirty business cleaned out of them. Once the places are sold they will hire runners to cover their tracks by destroying sections of the facilities before new companies can move in. The runners from this adventure could even be hired, though the odds are they would be double-crossed before the end of the operation.

The next group to worry about is the Sons of Sauron. They had a high opinion of the runners after the break-in, but if the team stopped the bombing they will not be happy with them. The runners can remain in the Sons' good graces if they killed the doctors Parker contracted them to hit, but some of the other members of the Sons leadership might be a little angry they didn't get to blow the place up. No one likes to have their plans thwarted even if the endgame is the same.

ORC will be happy with the runners if they stop the bombing, especially if they leave enough evidence to make the thing look like the work of the Humanis Policlub. They will not approve of the assassinations though. Violence is not the answer for them. As a national organization, they make good friends no matter where the team heads next. Word will spread of their efforts in Denver.

The IOND and Jonathan Blake couldn't care less about the runners. If the runners were able to get them the information they wanted, it opens up potential work in the future. Both entities like capable runners. If the runners failed to get anything for them, oh well, no skin off their backs. Neither one would pay up front, so no loss, no gain is called a wash.

PICKING UP THE PIECES

MONEY

- 2,000¥ apiece (plus 250 per net hit on Negotiation test) from Parker James to break into PHWC.
- 5,000¥ for the group from Parker James to pick up Hippocrates.
- 700¥ from Parker James for each interview they were able to conduct in the Aurora Warrens.
- 2,500¥ apiece from the IOND to locate the secret lab.
- 2,000¥ apiece (plus 250¥ per net hit on a Negotiations test, up to 3,000¥ total) from the Ork Rights Committee to stop the bombing at the PHWC.
- 7,000¥ from Parker James for each confirmed dead staff member of the PHWC; doubled if all eleven staff members are confirmed dead.

KARMA

- 1 Karma if the team gets medical records from PHWC
- 1 Karma if the runners get info on the Human Nation for IOND
- 1 Karma if the runners get info on Brackhaven for Blake
- 1 Karma if the runners stop the bombing
- 1 Karma if the runners kill 1-4 HN staff
- 2 Karma if the runners kill 5-10 HN staff
- 3 Karma if the runners kill 11 HN staff
- 1 Karma if the runners save Hippocrates
- -1 Karma if the runners kill Humanis attackers in Scene 1
- 1 Karma if the runners negotiate past Nocturna
- 1 Karma if the runners overcome barghests
- 1 Karma if they locate and interview 3 or more patients
- -2 Karma if innocents are killed in any scene





REPUTATION

- PCs that are responsible for the death of any innocents in the course of the run gain (at least) a point of Notoriety.
- If PCs received any Karma for killing HN staff, they receive one point of Street Cred.
- PCs who fail to stop the bombing gain one point of Notoriety.
- PCs who receive useful information on Brackhaven for Blake receive one point of Public Awareness.

CONTACTS

- Completing any job for Parker James successfully gains him as a contact at Loyalty 1, Connection 4.
- Picking up Hippocrates gains him as a contact at Loyalty 1, Connection 3.

LEGWORK

As the runners go through the adventure, they'll have numerous opportunities for research. This section gives some results for legwork the runners may attempt. Research can involve searching the Matrix, checking with contacts, or any other method the player characters devise.

Note that some information is best presented to the players as handouts. These are found at the end of the book. You can provide them as handouts prior to starting the game or give the player characters the information only after they research the topic. Some information may be best presented during specific scenes.

CONTACTS

When a PC gets in touch with an appropriate contact, make a Connection + Connection Test for the contact. The results of this test determine how many ranks of information the contact knows about the subject in question. The PC then rolls

Charisma + Etiquette + Loyalty and receives a number of levels of information for free from the contact equal to the hits they rolled (up to the limit of what the contact knows). If the contact knows more than he's saying for free, additional information is available for a payment of 250 nuyen per level.

If the PCs have worked all of their contacts and are still missing important information, they may request that a contact ask around. If they do, have the contact make an Extended Connection + Connection (1 hour) Test. Additional information is available at the cost of 750 nuyen per level.

SEARCHING THE MATRIX

A Matrix Search action (p. 241, SR5) may also be used to gather information. Have the character making the search roll a Simple Computer + Intuition [Data Processing] Test. In this case, the character receives a -1 dice pool penalty because this information is considered intricate and specialized. The threshold of the test and the time required both depend on the secrecy of the information in question, although a Browse program cuts the base time in half. The number of net hits rolled determines the degree of information gained.

Not everything is available on the Matrix. Gamemasters may decide what data is reasonably available on the Matrix, what data is available inside secured nodes, and what data simply isn't available at all.

PALADIN GROUP LLC

An investment firm primarily funding the Paladin Health Services operation and related communities. They have an office at Paladin Hospital and a satellite office at the Paladin Health and Welfare Clinic. They're staffed by accountants moving money with no concept of its purpose and only the vaguest information on its sources.

The company is just one more level of shells and shields to hide their sources of funding.

Contact	Matrix Search	Results
0	0	What's LLC stand for? (pause for answer) Then nope, never heard of them.
1	1	I've lived in the Front Range a long time, of course I've heard of them.



- 2 2 They own the Paladin clinics around town.
- 2 2 Mid-size shark in the Denver waters. Nothing on the megas, but they have some serious clout. They control a number of clinics around town and actually own housing communities around a few of them.
- 3 — This is a very positive organization. They help out poor and SINless all over the FRFZ.
- 5 — The group has some shady investors. Conspiracy theorists put them in bed with some kind of anti-meta hate group, like a super-secret Humanis Policlub.

PALADIN HEALTH AND WELFARE CLINIC

A free clinic focusing mainly on metahuman medicine, the PHWC is located on the border of the CAS sector across from the southwest corner of the Aurora Warrens. The clinic has a very positive street reputation with 99 percent of the Warrens' citizens. It is well-known for its ER, hospital, and ICU services available for free to the Aurora Warrens residents.

Contact	Matrix Search	Results
0	0	What do I look like, the fraggin' directory? Hit the 'trix or the bricks, chummer, I ain't your secretary.
1	1	It's down near the south end of the Aurora Warrens. Does lots of charity work out in the Warrens. The docs are out there every few days or so, more often in the height of winter and summer.
2	2	The clinic has some solid security provided by Hard Corps, but the guys who work there are serious about their work. Many of them live in the neighborhood south of the clinic, Bowmen Heights or something.
3	—	For as much help as it gives the metahumans in the Aurora Warrens, I would expect it to catch a few more demonstrations by Humanis or something. The policlub has a chapterhouse in Archer Heights, a little community around the clinic, but they rarely protest against the clinic. They must play a great balancing game to keep those drekheads quiet.

- 5 — You didn't hear this from me, but I've heard that clinic has a secret underground research lab. Could just be street rumor, but Denver has a lot of secrets underground.

HUMAN NATION

An anti-meta, anti-magic hate group considered nothing more than a conspiracy theory by most. The group supposedly consists of genocidal sociopaths bent on removing the aberrations of metahumanity and magic. Sadly, the group is real, and so is their goal. They maintain a soft touch through medical and social genocide instead of outright mass homicide.

Contact	Matrix Search	Results
0	0	That noise band out of Kentucky?
1	1	Sounds like the Humanis Policlub. They related?
2	2	Secret conspiracy of metahuman and magic haters.
3	—	Whispers in dark corners by magical and metahuman friendly groups. Can't imagine they're real with the power laid out against them, but stranger things have happened.
5	—	Supposed backers for Brackhaven's run at the presidency. I've heard they have a nasty inner circle that calls themselves the Flaming Sword or something.

HUMANIS POLICLUB

A pro-human political organization with a variable reputation mostly dependent on the shape of your ears. Most of the world thinks of them as a social/political club promoting human rights.

Contact	Matrix Search	Results
0	0	Who hasn't heard of them?
1	1	They get a bad rap for their anti-metahuman stance, but they do a lot of good.
2	2	Some greater force pulls their strings. Probably a cabal of rich old Anglos angry for everything they think they've lost since the Awakening.
3	—	They have a presence in the FRFZ, but they don't do near as much head beating here as they do in other spots. A lot of folks think that's because of some big conspiracy group above them.



5 — The polyclub seems to recruit a lot more mild-mannered troops around here for a reason. They are trying to keep the Humanis Polyclub from revealing the presence of the Human Nation.

FLAMING SWORDS

As the militant arm of the Human Nation, they are more likely to be spoken of in whispers by warrior types. Very few people know about this group, and it is quite small. They act as the sharp instrument for the Human Nation.

Contact	Matrix Search	Results
0	0	I love that club on drag night
1	1	No idea. Sounds violent.
2	2	Not sure if we're talking the same guys, but I've heard of a runner team by that name. Pretty serious fraggers. (Note: This is true but a case of mistaken identity.)
3	—	Nasty cats. They are enforcers and assassins for some other organization.
5	—	These guys are the militant arm of the Human Nation. A real bogeyman for metahuman and Awakened children everywhere.

CAST OF SHADOWS

ANDERS "SCIMITAR" FLEMING

Anders "Scimitar" Fleming is the leader of the cell of Flaming Swords that operates in NYC and other areas of the East Coast. He's a planner through and through and hates going into any situation uninformed. He didn't get recruited into the Flaming Swords like others—he was born into the organization. His father was a founding member of the Swords, and he brought his son up in his footsteps.

Fleming is 1.88m and weighs 120 kilos. He has a blonde flat-top over deep blue eyes.

	B	A	R	S	W	L	I	C	EDG	ESS
	6 (+3)	4 (8)	4 (7)	4 (8)	4	3	4	3	4	2.5
Condition Monitor Boxes	14/10									
Armor	24									
Limits	Physical 6 (10), Mental 5, Social 5									
Initiative	8 (11) + 1D6 (4D6)									
Skills	Athletics skill group 4 (6), Clubs 4, Computers 5, Con 6, Etiquette 3, Firearms skill group 7, Intimidation 3, Perception 6, Sneaking 4, Throwing Weapons 3, Unarmed Combat 8									
Qualities	Magical Resistance (Rating 2), Tough as Nails (15)									
Augmentations	(all deltaware) Dermal plating 3, muscle augmentation 4, muscle toner 4, synaptic booster 3, synthacardium 2, titanium bone lacing									
Gear	Commlink (Device Rating 5), medkit (Rating 6), SWAT armor [w/ biomonitor and fire resistance (Rating 4)], SWAT helmet [w/ gas mask, image link, low-light vision, smartlink, flare compensation]									
Weapons	Colt TZ-120 [SMG, Acc 4(6), DV 8P, AP -1, SA/BF, RC 2, 40 (c), w/ smartgun system, 4 clips explosive ammo] Custom Savalette Guardian [Heavy Pistol, Acc 5(7), DV 9P; AP -2, SA/BF, RC 1, 12(c) w/ 3 spare clips explosive rounds, smartgun system] Survival knife [Blade, Reach —, DV 8P, AP -1] 2 flash bang grenades [Grenade, DV 10S, AP -4, Blast 10m radius]									



DYSON “DIRTBAG” BRACH

Dyson “Dirtbag” Brach got his nickname when he beat a young ork to death with a bag of dirt during a mercenary operation in Africa. He spent a few weeks awaiting trial for the incident, during which time he was visited by Anders Fleming and offered a place among friends. Dyson took the offer, got put in touch with a good lawyer, and walked out clean as a whistle. He has been working with Anders ever since.

Dyson is 1.86m and 108 kilos. He has a mop-like head of greasy black hair and hazel eyes.

B	A	R	S	W	L	I	C	EDG	ESS
5	4 (7)	3 (6)	5 (7)	4	2	3	4	2	0.75
Condition Monitor Boxes	13/10								
Armor	16								
Limits	Physical 6(9), Mental 4, Social 5								
Initiative	6(9) + 1D6 (4D6)								
Skills	Athletics skill group 4, Automatics 5, Blades 5, Clubs 4, Heavy Weapons 4, Negotiation 2, Perception 3 (Visual +2), Pilot Ground Craft 2 (Auto +2), Pistols 5 (Semi-automatics +2), Sneaking 4, Throwing Weapons 4, Unarmed Combat 5								
Qualities	Guts, High Pain Tolerance (15)								
Augmentations	Cyberarm [left obvious customized full, w/ Armor 2, Enhanced Agility 3, Enhanced Strength 2, small smug-gling compartment], cyberarm [right obvious customized full, w/ Armor 2, Enhanced Agility 3, Enhanced Strength 2, spur, shock hand], dermal plating (deltaware) 3, wired reflexes (deltaware) 3								
Gear	CommLink (Device Rating 4), jammer [Area, Rating 4], lined coat, monocle [Rating 2, w/ image link, smartlink]								
Weapons	Custom Savalette Guardian [Heavy Pistol, Acc 5(7), DV 9P; AP -2, SA/BF, RC 1, 12(c) w/ 3 spare clips explosive rounds, smartgun system] Fist [Unarmed, Reach —, Acc 9, DV 10P, AP —] HK 227X [SMG, Acc 5(7), DV 7P, AP -4, SA/BF/FA, RC 2(3), 28(c), w/ gas-vent 2, internal sound suppressor, retractable stock, smartgun system, 3 clips APDS ammo] Spur [Blades, Reach —, Acc 8, DV 9P, AP -2] Shock Hand [Unarmed, Reach —, Acc 8, DV 8S(e), AP -5] 2 flash bang grenades [Grenade, DV 10S, AP -4, Blast 10m radius]								

ALEXANDER “XANDO” OBILON

Alexander “Xando” Obilon has a dirty little secret he doesn’t want any other Flaming Swords to know: He’s Awakened. He has enough cyber to cover for the powers he has managed to learn. He lives with a constant sense of hatred and confusion toward himself.

Xando stands 1.87m and weighs 101 kilos. He has brown hair and brown eyes.

B	A	R	S	W	L	I	C	EDG	EDG	M
4 (+3)	4(6)	4(5)	5(7)	4	4	4	4	3	4	5(3)
Condition Monitor Boxes	10/10									
Armor	18									
Limits	Physical 6(8), Mental 6, Social 6									
Initiative	9(10) + 1D6 (2D6)									
Skills	Athletics skill group 3 (5), Close Combat skill group 4 (Blades 5), Firearms skill group 4 (Automatics 5), Negotiation 3, Pilot Ground Craft 3, Sneaking 3									
Qualities	Adept									
Adept Powers	Combat Sense (1), Improved Ability (Blades) (1), Improved Reflexes (1), Improved Sense (Flare Compensation, Low Light)									
Augmentations	Bone density augmentation 3, muscle toner 2, muscle augmentation 2, platelet factories, reflex recorder (Automatics)									
Gear	CommLink (Device Rating 4), full body armor (w/ Chemical Protection 4, Nonconductivity Rating 4), helmet									



CANDICE “CANDY CANE” KAINBRIDGE

Candice “Candy Cane” Kainbridge is a cruel woman. She doesn’t play well with others and joined the Flaming Swords at the request of her father. She doesn’t carry the full, specific hatred of metahumans and Awakened, she just has a generally foul disposition toward everyone. She works as security for Hard Corps but not at the clinic.

She is 1.65m tall and weighs 65 kilos. She wears her long red hair in a braid most of the time. She has green eyes and is quite pretty, but she hates when people point it out.

	B	A	R	S	W	L	I	C	EDG	ESS
	4 (+2)	4(6)	4(6)	4(6)	5	3	4	4	3	1.28
Condition Monitor Boxes	10/11									
Armor	21									
Limits	Physical 6(8), Mental 5, Social 5									
Initiative	8(10) + 1D6 (3D6)									
Skills	Athletics skill group 3 (5), Clubs 4 (Batons +2), Computer 2, Etiquette 3 (Corporate +2), Firearms skill group 4, Hardware 2, Intimidation 5, Perception 3 (5), Sneaking 5, Throwing Weapons 2 (Lobbed +2), Unarmed Combat 3 (Block +2)									
Augmentations	(all alphaware) Aluminum bone lacing, cybereyes [Rating 3, w/ eye recording unit, flare compensation, image link, smartlink, thermographic vision, and vision enhancement 2], dermal plating 1, muscle augmentation 2, muscle toner 2, synthacardium 2, wired reflexes 2									
Gear	CommLink (Rating 4), full body armor [w/ biomonitor, helmet, and non-conductivity (Rating 5)], stim patch (Rating 5)									
Weapons	Custom Savalette Guardian [Heavy Pistol, Acc 5(7), DV 9P, AP -2, SA/BF, RC 1, 12(c) w/ 3 spare clips explosive rounds, smartgun system] Fist [Unarmed, Reach —, Acc 8, DV 8P, AP —] Stun Baton [Club, Reach 1, DV 6S(e), AP -half] HK 227X [SMG, Acc 5(7), DV 7P, AP -4, SA/BF/FA, RC 2(3), 28(c), w/ gas-vent 2, internal sound suppressor, retractable stock, smartgun system, 3 clips APDS ammo] 2 flash bang grenades [Grenade, DV 10S, AP -4, Blast 10m radius]									

TRENT “TOUCHDOWN” DADE

Trent “Touchdown” Dade is a rich socialite heir who once made a name for himself almost making it into pro football. His father is a long-standing member of the Human Nation who slowly pulled his son into the group. Trent found out about the Flaming Swords after joining the Human Nation and has worked hard at joining this elite combat unit.

Trent is 1.9m tall and weighs 102 kilos. He has short-cropped black hair and ice-blue eyes.

	B	A	R	S	W	L	I	C	EDG	ESS
	5(+3)	5(9)	4(6)	5(6)	5	3	5	4	1	2.0
Condition Monitor Boxes	15/11									
Armor	15									
Limits	Physical 7(8), Mental 6, Social 5									
Initiative	9(11) + 1D6 (3D6)									
Skills	Athletics skill group 4, Close Combat skill group 5, Electronics skill group 2, Etiquette 4 (High Society +2), First Aid 3, Intimidation 4, Perception 5, Pilot Ground Craft 4, Pistols 5									
Qualities	High Pain Tolerance (10), Magic Resistance (Rating 3)									
Augmentations	Cybereyes (Rating 4 w/ flare compensation, low-light vision, smartlink, thermographic vision, vision enhancement 3, vision magnification), titanium bone lacing, muscle augmentation 1, muscle toner 4, synaptic booster 2									
Gear	Armor jacket [w/ Rating 8 non-conductivity], commlink (Device Rating 6)									
Weapons	Custom Savalette Guardian [Heavy Pistol, Acc 5(7), DV 9P; AP -2, SA/BF, RC 1, 12(c) w/ 3 spare clips explosive rounds, smartgun system] HK 227X [SMG, Acc 5(7), DV 7P, AP -4, SA/BF/FA, RC 2(3), 28(c), w/ gas-vent 2, internal sound suppressor, retractable stock, smartgun system, 3 clips APDS ammo] Fist [Unarmed, Reach —, Acc 8, DV 9P, AP —]									



SCOTT “D-DAY” TAUG

Scott “D-Day” Taug spent almost a decade fighting for MET2000 before finding a place in the Flaming Swords after an incident in Azania. He hates all metahumans but despises elves the most. He can’t stand the pompous air about them.

Scott stands 1.82m and weighs 76 kilos. He has scraggly blonde hair and brown eyes and is usually unshaven.

B	A	R	S	W	L	I	C	EDG	ESS
6(+3)	5(9)	5(8)	5(9)	6	3	5	3	1	2.01
Condition Monitor Boxes	14/12								
Armor	12								
Limits	Physical 7(11), Mental 6, Social 5								
Initiative	10(13) + 1D6 (4D6)								
Skills	Athletics skill group 4 (7), Automatics 4 (5), Clubs 4 (Pistol-whip +2), Etiquette 3 (Corporate +2), Intimidation 4 (Physical +2), Negotiation 3, Perception 5 (7), Pilot Ground Craft 4, Pistols 5 (Semi-automatics +2), Stealth skill group 4, Throwing Weapons 3, Unarmed Combat 5 (Subdual Combat +2)								
Qualities	High Pain Tolerance (15), Magical Resistance (Rating 4), Tough as Nails (20)								
Augmentations	(all betaware) Audio enhancement 2 (inner ear modification), cybereyes [Rating 4, w/ eye recording unit, flare compensation, image link, low-light vision, smartlink, thermographic vision, and vision enhancement 3], damper (inner ear modification), muscle augmentation 4, muscle toner 4, reflex recorder (Automatics), synaptic booster 3, synthacardium 3, titanium bone lacing								
Gear	Commlink (Device Rating 5), lined coat (w/ rating 6 nonconductivity), medkit (Rating 6), tranq patch (Rating 10), trauma patch (Rating 6)								
Weapons	Custom Savalette Guardian [Heavy Pistol, Acc 5(7), DV 9P; AP -2, SA/BF, RC 1, 12(c) w/ 3 spare clips explosive rounds, smartgun system] Fist [Unarmed, Reach —, Acc 11, DV 12P, AP —] 2 flash bang grenades [Grenade, DV 10S, AP -4, Blast 10m radius] HK Urban Combat [SMG, Acc 7(9), DV 10P, AP -5, SA/BF/FA, RC 2, 36 (c), w/ sound suppressor, smartgun system, 3 spare clips APDS ammo]								



AT THE TOP

The dark-haired man sat quietly. He listened patiently to the long distance call he had just answered, considering the implications as the caller began speaking.

"I'm sorry sir, it looks like Operation Paladin has been compromised. We've lost a number of assets, and the media coverage has been more prevalent than expected." The voice on the other end of the commcall was apologetic, but not appeasing. The caller spoke of events in a rather matter-of-fact way that the dark-haired man always liked. People who spent too much time trying to appease their superiors were doomed to never be superior to anyone.

"My gift was not enough? Must have been quite a spectacle for her to be unable to sway the masses."

"She was amazing, sir. Very convincing. As good as, and possibly better than, than any of the manipulative adepts I've met in my life." The caller's voice held a hint of affection, which did not surprise the dark-haired man at all. The woman they spoke of was quite amazing. Most men had those moments of awe in her presence, and he was only saved by a tiny secret he knew about one of her past relationships—and its untimely ending.

"Are any of the assets salvageable? That was a large operation."

"The other clinics and the main hospital have not been implicated, but it's only a matter of time. Someone will dig, and even if there is nothing to find, they will sling dirt until it piles up. I would recommend a total clean-up. Move viable projects to other facilities, sell what we can, then arrange a few operations to level the facilities. We can even sell them to other assets of ours and collect the insurance on the deal." The caller paused for just a moment. "That is all pending your approval, sir."

The dark-haired man smiled, though the caller couldn't see the sign of approval. He was impressed with the planning and forward thinking that had already been done by the man he had originally considered a superior lackey at best, definitely not a plotter and a planner. It had been a few years since he had brought in any new members for the Nation, too busy with so many other concerns, but he thought this might be a good test. And a good chance to bring in some new blood.

"Move forward with your plans. Once everything is settled contact me again. I may have a new opportunity for you."

"Thank you, sir. I'd like to ask a few more questions, if you have time?"

"I have a few more minutes."

"Thank you. Can I use the Swords? Are your gift's services still available? And do you have any connections to Chase Blackstone?"

"No Swords for operations, but if you need them to clean up hired assets, I'll authorize it. But be careful, that's a dangerous game. The gift will need to return home. She is missed here. And I don't know Chase Blackstone. Who is he?" The dark-haired man answered and started a search for Blackstone at the same time.

"An employee at your firm. Just avoiding ties or troubles. I'll get this situation cleaned up and then contact you again. Have a good day, sir."

"Enjoy your evening."

The pair disconnected at the same time. The dark-haired man was pleasantly surprised by the savvy of his Denver contact. He had been expecting a phone call full of excuses and apologies for the failures in the mountainous free zone but got only a single apology and no excuses. He was disturbed by the lack of success by his aide. He had sent her as a test for the Nation, and this failure did not bode well for her future. The situation collapsed quickly in Denver, almost too quickly, so the failure was not completely hers. He would see how she reacted upon her return. He hoped she had the same poise in the face of failure as that young man.

The situation in Denver was dire indeed. The Paladin Group had weathered quite a few storms in its long history, and to see it come down now after it had done so much good was disheartening. At least the programs it had in place would still carry their long-term benefits, and many of those projects could easily move to another clinic. Seattle had a few that could benefit from these new procedures. The young man from Denver would definitely send some his way. The man would make it seem like a safe move, switching to a close-by facility, but the dark-haired man knew the young Denverite would simply be buttering up his potential new boss.

His commlink dinged as it completed its search routine, and he briefly scanned the results for "Chase Blackstone." It took less than ten seconds for him to tally another point on the Denverite's scorecard. Chase Blackstone was an analyst and investor at Brackhaven Investments' Denver office. He had exceptional work reviews and an average 312 percent return rate, which was phenomenal, but he had one huge problem—he was currently dating an elf. Unacceptable. The young man from the FRFZ knew how to pick his patsies.

The intercom buzzed to signal that his assistant needed his attention. He could see the green light of a held call blinking on his desktop comm, so he knew what she wanted, but he answered her anyway.

Activating the intercom with a mental command, he leaned back in his posh leather chair and spoke to the air. "Yes, Rebecca."

"Miss Trenton on line 18. Encryption is running."

"Thank you, Rebecca. Please prepare travel arrangements for Miss Trenton. Denver to Seattle, first thing in the morning?"

"Will do, sir. Anything else?"

"Nothing else. Thank you Rebecca."

"My pleasure, Mr. Governor."

The dark-haired man, Seattle Metroplex Governor Kenneth Brackhaven, waited another minute before he sent a mental command to connect his call to Alexa Trenton. He let her sweat a little waiting on hold. She was good, but he wanted to be sure about her before making her the first of two new Nation members he would indoctrinate this year. Two more pure souls in the fight for the Human Nation.



PLAYER HANDOUTS

PALADIN RAISES ITS SHIELD

Looks like Paladin Health Services is back in the news. Last time it was the patient molestation scandal at Paladin Hospital, now it's accusations of unauthorized and genocidal research and testing being performed at the clinic on its unwitting patients. The Paladin system of health facilities is wholly owned by Paladin Health Services Inc., which is fully funded by the Paladin Group LLC. This company has been a landmark in the Front Range since its earliest days, but throughout its lifetime it has repeatedly been hit with serious allegations. Nothing ever seems to stick, but the mud keeps getting slung.

This time the Paladin Health and Welfare Clinic in the Aurora Warrens is being accused of sterilizing patients and altering patients' reproductive systems. ER records show a serious bias against metahuman patients, with survival rates thirty percent lower than that of humans brought into the ER. All this, and the whole Paladin system claims to be specializing in "meta-cine"? More like "meta- sins."

And how did we get all this information, you ask? Concerned citizens. The people of the Aurora Warrens talking to each other and getting together to share stories. Stories with remarkably similar endings and characters. And from some concerned citizens gathering up records from the hospital. Yeah, yeah, yeah, I hear you. Confidential. But confidential should not be an excuse to hide genocide.

And now we see Paladin's response: Alexa Trenton. Pretty face, silver tongue, and adept at spinning stories and pushing focus off the topic at hand. So far she's come out to tell the city that Paladin is cooperating with the Council of Denver in conducting an investigation of both the allegations and of the serious breach in security that allowed private patient records to be released. It's the same old story.

Just for those who've never heard of Miss Trenton, she most recently made headlines in Seattle for her part in Governor Brackhaven's "Power for the People" campaign. I won't bore you with what the campaign was about above the table, but below the table it was all about making sure the people of Seattle understood how bad it would be if the Ork Underground gained official status. It was a great piece of pleasant smiles basically telling the folks of Seattle that giving the area official status meant turning Downtown into a slum and taking on the tax burden of all the SINless and poverty stricken of the area. But it was veiled in pleasant words and covered by tales of additional efforts that should be made before the city considers such a difficult measure.

If this story rings to you, head down to Paladin Health and Welfare Clinic and add your voice to the protest. Paladin needs to be stopped. They need our voices to be heard. They need us to stand up for ourselves and our futures. Come down to the PHWC and join the hundreds of others already showing their support.

STATEMENT MADE BY ALEXA TRENTON IN A PRESS CONFERENCE EARLIER TODAY.

The Paladin Group would like to thank all the local, corporate, national, and international news agencies that have taken the time to come down and take part in this news conference. We believe in the importance of the official media and their power to act as an unbiased source to deliver good, factual information to the people who are currently concerned by the allegations made against the Paladin Health and Welfare Clinic and its parent company, Paladin Health Services Inc.

First, let me state that these allegations are being made by non-medical professionals. The primary source of these allegations is an evaluation done by a known member of an anti-human hate group which I will not dignify with free publicity for their atrocious actions. The individuals behind these accusations have no medical degrees and no special certifications in data analysis on record. They have no legitimate training to support any of their accusations.

Second, I will point out that these records were acquired through illegal means. This comes as no surprise when considering who is making the accusations, but actions of this nature cannot be tolerated. There are official and legal methods to gain medical records for evaluation. People who resort to theft and murder to get the things they want lose much of their credibility. In reference to accusations of this nature, there is always the old saying: "People who live in glass houses should not throw stones." These criminals live in a house of shadowy glass, and though their perception of the world may be skewed by the smoky hue of their home, that does not make their position any stronger when the feldspar starts to fly.

Third, I would like to state a few facts. The PHWC ER has saved 9,653 metahuman lives in the course of its history, over seventy-five percent of whom arrived at the clinic in critical condition. In that same period of time, 296 humans have been saved by the clinic. How, with those kinds of numbers, can the clinic be accused of any misconduct against metahumans? Also, this clinic alone has offered clinical and health services to thousands of metahumans at little to no charge. This facility spends 4.6 million nuyen on care for metahumans each year, compared to only 674,000 nuyen annually on human patients.

Now in the spirit of fairness, we have begun releasing medical records to the Council of Denver and Corporate Court, as authorizations and waivers are signed. The process is taking a little time, but that's what happens when you follow the law. These records will be evaluated by analysts and medical professionals, and any signs of misconduct will result in charges and punishments to the full extent of the law. Any patients of the clinic who have not been contacted yet due to a change in address or error in communications, please come to the clinic for a waiver of rights and authorization to release medical records.

Questions can be directed to the Paladin Group offices at the PHWC. Thank you for your time and attention this afternoon, as well as your efforts in bringing enlightenment to the people of Denver and beyond.





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FAIRLIGHT

Sharp. city

SHIN



SIoux

PUEBLO
CORPORATE
COUNCIL

Rocky Mountain
Arsenal National
Wildlife Refuge

The Hub

AURORA
WARRENS

CONFEDERATION
OF AMERICAN STATES
(C.A.S.)

UNITED CANADIAN AND
AMERICAN STATES
(U.C.A.S.)

Note: No Aztlan sector is shown on the map, as it has not been recognized in any official capacity. The area they have moved into is the southern section of PCC territory—that is, the areas south of Sixth Avenue (Route 6).

WHERE TO GO IN DENVER

New in town? Been here before? Whatever the case, there are some useful places to know about to help you do business. Here's a rundown.

FIVE BY FIVE (CAS SECTOR)

Five by Five is a small but comfortable bar for smugglers and coyotes to relax a little away from prying eyes and people trying to do business. It's a great place for finding some help, but make sure you don't actually talk business while you're in the bar—if anyone catches you doing that, you'll have to buy everyone in the place a round.

DOCWAGON HOSPITAL COMPLEX (PCC SECTOR)

The largest DocWagon facility in the FRFZ boasts some of the top docs in the sprawl, as well as the best trauma center Denver has to offer. If you've got an emergency, go to the trauma center. For other services, get a visitor's pass (forged or real, whichever) and make your way to room 4-203. A few docs in the complex run an under-the-table street clinic there. They won't do anything excessively complicated, like full limb replacement, but they'll do some quick and dirty jobs for you. It's more expensive than most street clinics, but the care is way more competent.

HARDPAN (SIOUX SECTOR)

It seems odd that people would travel to the worst-smelling, worst-located bar in the sprawl for the atmosphere, but that's the way it is with Hardpan. The only things near it are Apex Plasmid's algae tanks, a sewage treatment plant, and a cemetery, which does a lot to keep random passers-by from wandering in. The only people who come to Hardpan are those who want to be there and want to be in the company of its owner, Raquel "Sandy" Sands. On the whole, they're a tough, hard-nosed group which lots of great stories to tell—and a lot more information that they know but don't share with just anyone. If you're looking for a recruit or for inside info for what's happening on the Sioux streets, this is a good place to go.

KLUB KARMA (CAS SECTOR)

This Chinatown meeting place has been a runner hub for years, but it's also Mafia territory, so be careful. They keep a careful eye on things, and while they certainly tolerate people talking business, they don't want any actual combat occurring there, and they certainly don't want people targeting them for runs. The private rooms on the second floor are excellent places for meetings, if you can convince the owners to let you use one.

MARCEL'S (UCAS SECTOR)

Marcel's is a good, mainstream Italian restaurant, but a city like Denver is full of good, mainstream Italian restaurants. What sets Marcel's apart is that it is both the money-laundering front and primary haunt of the Casquilho family. It's also known for the unusual visuals presented by the staff, which includes changelings, people wearing more tattoo ink than clothing, and folks with some radical body modifications. It's a little overpriced, but it has some private rooms that even have one-way mirrors that allow you to overlook the patrons.

MYSTIC CURIOSITIES (CAS SECTOR)

A good talismonger is half crack researcher, half con man. It's tough to make a good living simply with quality teslema—the competition for such goods is high, and the supply is tight. If a talismonger wants to make a living, they have to be willing to get people to overpay for some cheap crap.

Zhang Wong, proprietor of Mystic Curiosities in Chinatown, has sold his share of cheap crap in his time. Sometimes people use that to dismiss him, to label him as ignorant or a cheat. Ignoring him, though, means missing out on his considerable body of knowledge—and on the good stuff he occasionally has on display in his shop.

The best way to get the good stuff when it goes on sale is not to just show up, browse, and hope. Cultivate Zhang, ask him advice, and pay him when he tells you something useful. Build up that relationship, show him he's valued, and eventually you'll get a call from him telling you that he's got something in stock you may be interested in taking a look at.

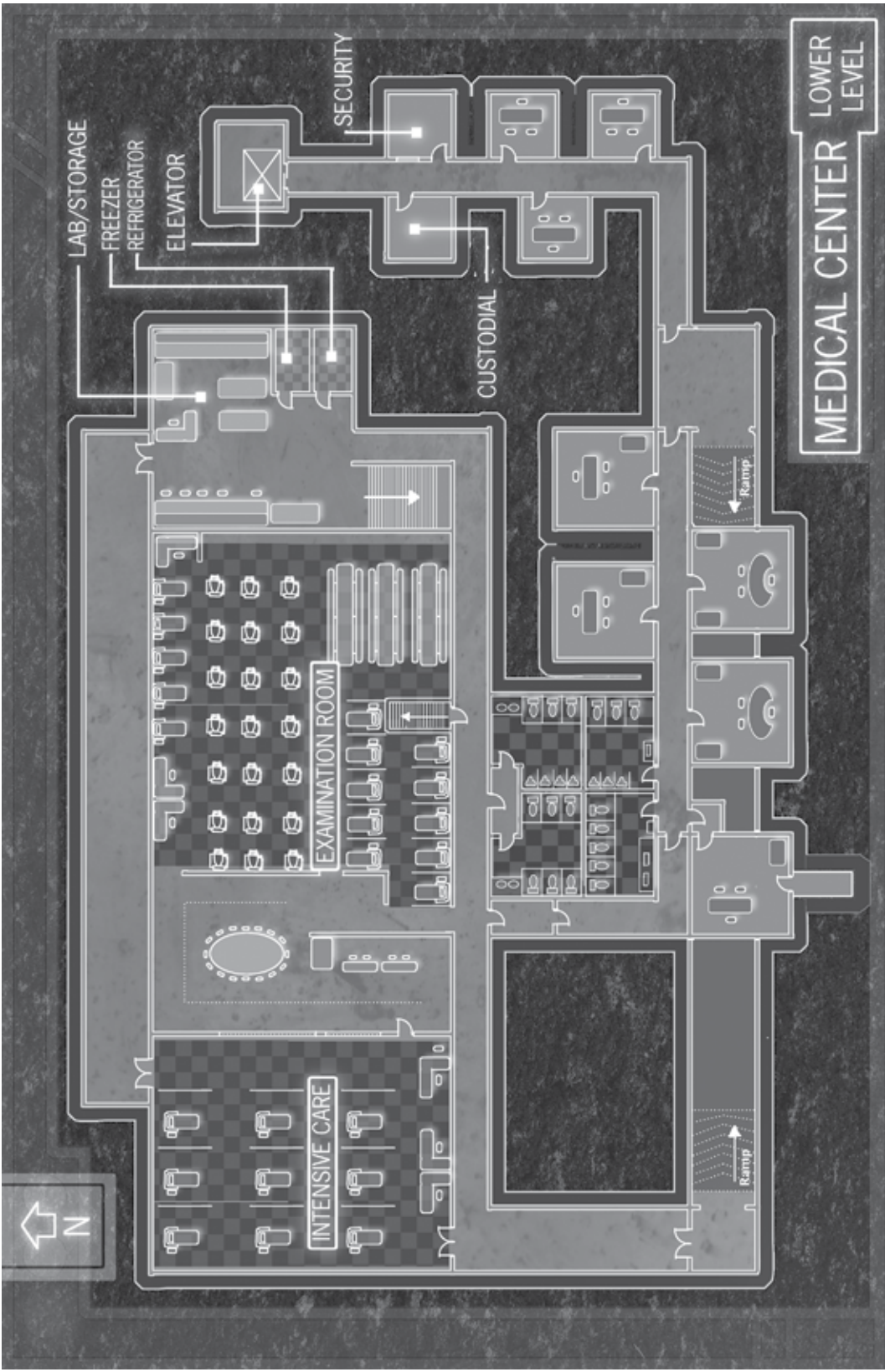
ROCKY MOUNTAIN ARSENAL NATIONAL WILDLIFE REFUGE (UCAS SECTOR)

After years of indecision about what to do with the abandoned Rocky Mountain Arsenal, nature intervened and settled the question. The site had been damaged by interlopers, a few gang fights, and other illicit activities, and nature had been busy moving into the cracks that had been left behind. Plants started growing, animals followed, and eventually the government decided to make the whole place a wildlife refuge. It has a fine selection of animals and critters; an embracer colony has taken up residence there, and there are a couple of thunderbird nests. A couple of gyres have nested there as well, leading to the ominous sight of the birds hovering far over the UCAS sector, looking for the remains of a run gone bad.

THE TOWER OF BABEL (THE HUB)

This bar/nightclub on the UCAS side of the Hub is a popular gathering place for all sorts of Denverites, including many notable underworld types. Noted for its tall, etched-glass windows and the dynamic, colorful AR displays on its interior walls, the club recently underwent significant renovations after the dramatic appearance of a large alchera in the Hub. True to its spirit, it turned the rebuilding into an excuse for an inventive series of parties that incorporated the sounds of construction into the pounding rhythms of the club's music. As a result, the club didn't drop a bit in popularity while it rebuilt.







SHADOWRUN

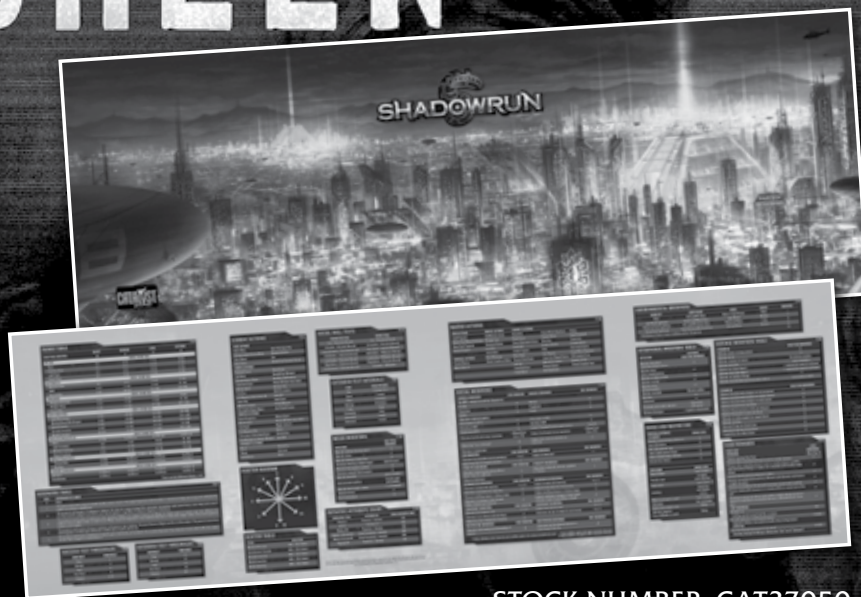
FIFTH EDITION

GAMEMASTER SCREEN

Every shadowrunner knows the value of good information. The right fact, the perfect piece of data, can be the difference between success and failure on a run, between life and death. And in the right hands, information can be more than valuable—it can be powerful.

The *Shadowrun Gamemaster Screen* provides a collection of useful tables from *Shadowrun, Fifth Edition* for ease of reference in game play. With range tables, action lists, combat modifiers, social modifiers, and more, this is a critical game aid to make your *Shadowrun* games faster and more fun. And to provide that all-important secrecy so that the players don't know what you're up to.

This screen is for use with *Shadowrun, Fifth Edition*.



STOCK NUMBER: CAT27050



FIN

SCALPEL OF HATE

The Sixth World is many things, including a stunning series of case studies on the mechanisms of hate. There are some true experts out there, people who know that just walking up to someone or something you don't like and throwing a solid punch is satisfying, but nowhere near as satisfying as causing destruction that runs deep and lasts forever.

The Aurora Warrens of Denver hold a dark secret, as some people trusted to help its residents are instead giving full rein to their darkest impulses. Shadowrunners typically are not heroes riding in to save the day, but in this case the work they're being offered gives them a chance to dig into these secrets, perhaps fix some of them, and maybe even bring a few people to justice—however they happen to define justice. With dark secrets, double-crosses, and plenty of nuyen flying around, *Serrated Edge* gives players plenty of chaos to keep up with while launching them into a series of adventures that will shake up the city of spies and maybe bring about a better future. Or curse it to worse.

Serrated Edge is an adventure for use with *Shadowrun, Fifth Edition*.



SHADOWRUN
FIFTH EDITION

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\$19.99
ISBN 978-1-936876-57-0
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