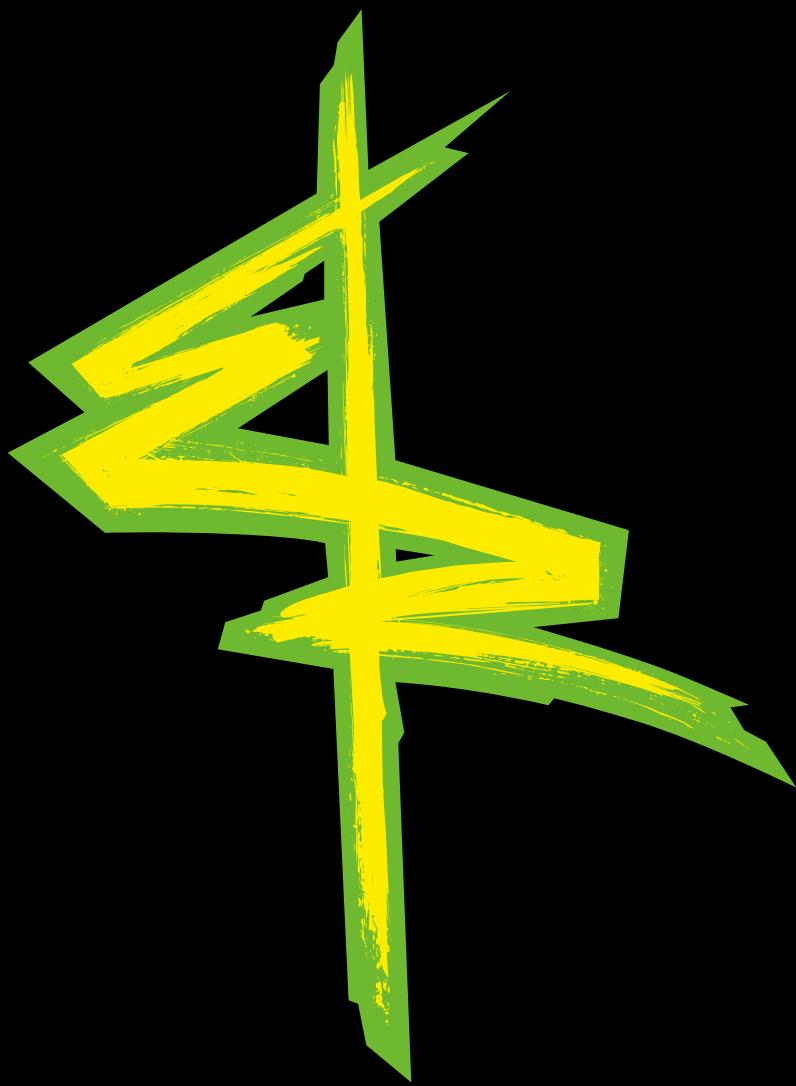


Cyberpunk® EDGERUNNERS MISSION KIT



EDGERUNNER'S HANDBOOK

01

VIEW FROM THE EDGE



Hey, kid, you alright?

Someone did a number on you. Come on. Let me help you up. Come on. I know a ripperdoc nearby who can patch you up. Name's Maximum Mike. You're lucky I found you. One of the locals would probably trade you to the scavs for a scopdog and a bottle of booze.

Warning: What you're about to read contains spoilers for *Cyberpunk: Edgerunners*, *Cyberpunk 2077*, and *Cyberpunk 2077: Phantom Liberty*.

You want to be an edgerunner, don't you? Yeah, I can see the hunger in your eyes, even with one swollen shut. I recognize it. After all, I've been doing this longer than almost anyone. While we're walking, I can give you the lay of the land. Focus on what I'm saying. It'll keep you from passing out.

You've heard the stories about the legends. Morgan Blackhand. "Boa Boa" Weyland. Rogue. The Cyber6. David Martinez. Edgerunners, all, burning bright and proud, and you wanna join them. You've got big dreams of eddies in your pockets and megaviolence on the streets.

Well, listen up! If you're gonna run The Edge, you need to know the score. Being an edgerunner means more than packing a Budget Arms Carnage and chatting up the local fixer. You need to cram some knowledge in your dome if you want to survive. Only gonks stay ignorant, so pay attention to what I'm saying. Learn the history, learn the city, learn the world, learn the players, and maybe, just maybe, when the shit hits the turbine? You'll live long enough to enjoy the eddies you earn from your first gig.

Let's start with the rules. Memorize them. Live them. And you'll always take it to The Edge.

#1 STYLE OVER SUBSTANCE

It doesn't matter how well you do something, as long as you look good doing it. If you're going to blow it, make sure you look like you planned it that way.

#2 ATTITUDE IS EVERYTHING

It's truth. Think dangerous; be dangerous. Think weak; be weak. Never walk into a room when you can stride in. Never stare at someone unless you can make it your best "killer" look. Use your finest "I'm bad and you're not" smile. Don't sit around waiting for the next job. Get out and hit the clubs and hangouts. Make sure you're there when the party starts.

#3 LIVE ON THE EDGE

The Edge is that nebulous zone where risk-takers and high-rollers go. On The Edge, you'll risk your cash, your rep, even your life on something as vague as a principle or as solid as a big score. As an edgerunner, you want to be the action, start the rebellion, light the fire. Never drive slow when you can drive fast. Throw yourself up against danger and take it head-on. Never play it too safe. Stay committed to The Edge.

Getting close. Come on, kid, stay awake. Listen to my voice. I'm not carrying you if you pass out.

THE ROLES

When most people think about edgerunners, they picture cybered-up street mercs doing illegal jobs for shadowy fixers in the back alleys and combat zones. That's not all an edgerunner is, though. It's in the name. Edge. Runner. Someone who runs on the edges of society and refuses to live by the rules force-fed down their throat by megacorp marketing. Yeah, those cybered-up street mercs are edgerunners, but so's the musician on the corner belting out songs about megacorp atrocities despite the last beat down she got from the cops. Hell, so's the fix-it guy down the street who mods your ride with parts no corpo shill ever approved.

When you're dealing with a fellow edgerunner, it helps to know what type they are. We call those Roles.

FIXERS

The deal makers, organizers, and information brokers on The Street. The biggest names run small empires connecting chooms who need something with chooms who can provide it, but most do smaller jobs moving merchandise, trading information, and making deals.

Examples: Faraday, Padre, Wakako

MEDTECHS

Once upon a time, healers were as much artists as they were scientists. Today? They're technicians, patching up meat and metal alike. Medtechs run the gamut from the sketchy ripperdoc working out of some dirty basement to the shiny Trauma Team surgeon flying high in the sky.

Examples: Doc, Gloria Martinez, Viktor Vektor



NETRUNNERS

Cybernetic hackers, brain-burning chrome crackers, and information rebels. Netrunners jacked their brains directly into networks to manipulate electronics, liberate secrets, and quickhack enemy cyberware.

Examples: Kiwi, Lucy, T-Bug

NOMADS

The ultimate road warriors and pirates, the nomads left the urban decay of "civilization" decades ago to forge their own mobile path through the world. Born behind the wheel, even the worst Nomad driver can usually outperform their city counterparts.

Examples: Nomad Santiago, Panam Palmer, Saul Bright

ROCKERS

There used to be a movement where rockers spoke truth to power with words and music. That's long since dead. Today, most rockers come complete with minders to ensure their message is megacorp-approved. Only a rare few dare rebel against the sanitized media to scream their message into the void.

Examples: Johnny Silverhand, Kerry Eurodyne, Lizzy Wizzy

SOLOS

The classic mavens of megaviolence. They're the assassins, bodyguards, killers, and soldiers-for-hire in a world where everyone's armed and real skill still wins a firefight.

Examples: David Martinez, Maine, Rebecca

TECHS

Techs are the ultimate renegade mechanics and tech wizards. Every inch of the city is stuffed with circuits and motors, so society as we know it can't run without them. Techs built a world full of glimmering skyscrapers and flying cars. If need be, they know how to bring it all crashing down.

Examples: Claire Russell, Judy Álvarez, Pilar

We made it. I'm leaving you here, kid. You can trust this ripper. He'll patch you up and help you figure out a payment plan afterward. I'm also tucking a shard into your pocket. Something I made a while back for newbs like you. Call it the Edgerunner's Handbook. Got a nice ring to it, right? Good luck, kid. I hope you're breathing the next time I see you.

02

A CYBERPUNK HISTORY

THE COLLAPSE

In the 1990s, the old United States collapsed and dragged the rest of the world down with it. Environmental ruin, income disparity, plague, government corruption, and good old-fashioned greed downshifted the States from global superpower to hellhole in a matter of years. To keep order, the government declared martial law but still lost several states as they declared themselves “free” and in control of their own destinies. All this while the megacorps made technological leaps, learned to merge flesh and metal, mind and machine, and changed humanity forever.

THE CORPORATE WARS

As countries lost their grip on power, the megacorps stepped up. They seized the reins and used their influence to reshape the law to their advantage. Lacking any real oversight, the megacorps plundered and pillaged and, eventually, went to war against each other. The historians mark four conflicts in the modern era as “Corporate Wars.” The most devastating, the 4th Corporate War, began with two smaller corporations squabbling over the carcass of a third. One corporation hired Militech, an American-based security megacorp, to fight for them. The other hired Arasaka, Militech’s Japanese counterpart. Controlled by uncompromising CEOs determined to prove their megacorp’s superiority, in time Arasaka and Militech forgot their clients and went to war against each other directly. The resulting damage decimated the world’s supply chain, ruined countless cities, and released a doomsday virus that destroyed the Net and scrambled information in data banks worldwide. It only ended after a nuclear weapon was detonated in Night City, and the world’s governments moved in, clawing back a bit of power and forcing the megacorps to stand down. The United States nationalized Militech while the Japanese government restricted Arasaka, banning it from operating outside of Japan’s sphere of influence.

THE TIME OF THE RED

For years after the end of the 4th Corporate War, atmospheric particles from the nuke, orbital weapon strikes, massive firestorms, and wartime burning cast an eerie red pall over the skies. The color led to the naming of an era: the Time of the Red (aka the Red Decades), as the world tried to rebuild. It took decades to restructure supply lines and return to some sense of normalcy. In the United States, President Elizabeth Kress declared

by Maximum Mike

You’re probably thinking, “Why bother learning what happened a hundred years ago when I might not even be alive next week?” Choomba, you learn it because the world’s like a megabuilding; Layers built on layers, with the top floors resting on the bottom.

History’s a chain of events, and knowing what happened in the past will help you understand the shit you’ve just stepped in. Knowledge is a weapon. Without it, your chances for success, and survival, diminish.



martial law, although the government's reach didn't extend much farther than the Mississippi. Meanwhile, Netwatch failed to recover the Net and blocked it off with the Blackwall, a virtual barrier between the newly established CitiNets and the now AI-dominated Old Net. As time progressed and the world returned to some sense of "normal," Kress stepped down. A new constitution was written and the New United States of America (NUSA) was born. Elections were held and the screamsheets promoted them as a "new day for democracy." Funny, though, how the first president of the NUSA, David Whindam, came from the megacorp ranks and so did the woman who followed behind him. Meet the new boss - same as the old.

THE UNIFICATION WAR

Elected in the late 2060s, NUSA president Rosalind Myers put forward a plan to extend federal rule over the Free States, intending to bring all historical territories of the United States together under a single government. The New United States declared war on the Free States, fielding a military bolstered by nationalized Militech forces. Also known as the Metal Wars, due to the cutting-edge technology used in battle, the conflict escalated until NUSA forces advanced into the outskirts of Night City in 2070. Desperate, local councilperson Lucius Rhyne reached out to Arasaka for aid. A day later an Arasaka supercarrier arrived in Coronado Bay, and the NUSA Army withdrew. In the aftermath, the New United States and the Free States coalition signed a treaty. The majority of the Free States agreed to participate in the federal government - while still retaining some degree of autonomy - in exchange for a halt to hostilities. The Unification War was over.

For now.

DARK FUTURE COUNTDOWN

A Timeline for the Dark Future from 1990 to 2076

» 1990

The **Gang of Four**, a coalition of government agencies led by the current Vice President, launches a secret 'coup,' effectively ending federal democracy in the United States. Many states begin ignoring federal authority, declaring themselves "Free States."

Start of the **First Central American Conflict**. American Imperial ambitions, justified as part of the war on communism, terrorism, and narcotics, kill hundreds of thousands.

» 1991

Biotechnica develops a new biofuel, **CHOOH**².

Artificial muscle fibers developed in a research center at Stanford, paving the way for more advanced cybernetics.

» 1993

The first **nomad packs** form: The Aldecaldos, an alliance of former residents of East Los Angeles, and the Jodes, farmers pushed off their land by megacorporations.

» 1994

The **World Stock Market crashes** when the United States is caught manipulating European and American stock markets; a worldwide financial meltdown results from the news being made public.

» 1996

The Collapse of the United States. Weakened by losses in the World Stock Crash and overwhelmed by unemployment, plague, homelessness, and corruption, many local governments collapse or go bankrupt. The United States government, snarled in a staggering deficit and the machinations of the Gang of Four, is totally ineffective.

Hundreds of thousands **riot** throughout the United States in protest against a lack of food and housing. Nomad packs spring up on the West Coast and spread rapidly through the nation.

Martial law is declared and the **United States Constitution is suspended**.

» 1997

"Rockerboy" Manson murdered in England. A legendary force in the "populist rock" movement, his stage name is adopted as the term for any musician or other artist who advocates for political change.

» 1998

Drought transforms the Midwestern United States into a **dust bowl**. The family farm all but disappears.

» 2000

The **Wasting Plague**, a disease in which the body is unable to absorb nutrients, kills millions.

Construction on the **Crystal Palace**, an orbital space station, begins.

» 2001

Construction of the WorldSat network establishes the framework for **the Net**.

» 2003

Start of the **Second Central American War**. The United States invades Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, and Venezuela. The War is a disaster and leaves thousands of American troops stranded in the region with no way home.

Martial law ends and **elections resume**, with politics heavily influenced by the megacorporations.

» 2004

1st Corporate War begins as EBM and Orbital Air battle for control of a third, failed corporation. Commando raids and cyberspace attacks between the two introduce the world to the age of direct corporate warfare.

» 2005

Cybermodem/Cyberdeck invented, allowing the human brain to navigate the Net directly.

» 2006

1st Corporate War ends when Orbital Air commandos capture EBM CEO Ulf Grunwalder and force the European company to surrender.

» 2007

Researchers in Santa Cruz, California develop **brain-dance technology**, allowing a human experience to be fully recorded and played back.

» 2008

2nd Corporate War begins. SovOil and Petrochem negotiations over newly discovered oil fields in the South China Sea collapse, and the two megacorps begin blowing the hell out of each other. Even cynical observers are shocked at the level of violence.

» 2010

2nd Corporate War unofficially ends after significant losses for Petrochem. The conflict transforms into a "cold war" that lasts for decades.

» 2011

Construction on the **Crystal Palace** is completed.

» 2013

Soulkiller virus developed. Originally designed by programmer Altiera Cunningham of ITS as a way to implant recorded personalities into cloned bodies. The transfer technology is a failure, but Arasaka spies learn of its existence and kidnap Cunningham in order to force her to develop it into a weapon.

On April 13, 2013, a **Johnny Silverhand concert** spirals into a riot in Night City. The rioters kill 18 and wound 51.

» 2016

3rd Corporate War begins. Cyberterrorists attack the networks of corporations worldwide, causing billions in losses. The war is fought primarily on the Net. It ends when Asukaga & Finch turns over the corpses of the two former executives responsible for starting the mess to the Los Angeles district attorney's office.

» 2021

Euro Aquacorp CINO **attempts to acquire** bankrupt Aquacorp IHAG. Rival Aquacorp OTEC acts as a "white knight" to prevent the hostile takeover.

» 2022

Covert operations expand as Arasaka Security and Militech spar to see who will control the outcome of the CINO/OTEC War.

Rache Bartmoss, arguably the world's most skilled netrunner, is reportedly killed in a corporate raid. Two weeks later, the dead-man switch for his **DataKrash Virus** activates.

4th Corporate War begins in earnest. Covert operations explode into a shooting war as Arasaka and Militech leave behind the pretext of "defending their clients" and move front-line troops into battle.

» 2023

On August 20th, 2023, a **nuclear device is detonated** during an assault on Arasaka's Night City headquarters, destroying most of the city center. Over half a million people are killed. Rumors swirl as to who is responsible, with various groups pinning the blame on famed rocker Johnny Silverhand, ace solo Morgan Blackhand, Militech, the United States Government, or Arasaka itself.

United States President Elizabeth Kress **nationalizes Militech**.

» **2023 (continued)**

Beginning of the **Time of the Red (aka the Red Decades)**, named for the red tinge the skies take on for the next several years.

» **2025**

End of the 4th Corporate War, according to some scholars. The world's supply chain infrastructure is severely impacted and global trading slows to a crawl.

Netwatch declares the **Net is officially down** thanks to the DataKrush.

» **2030**

The **reconstruction** of Night City begins.

Ziggurat, a new corporation based out of Night City, **builds the first CitiNet**. This new network functions on a smaller, citywide level and supposedly bypasses the problems of the Old Net.

» **2035**

Rebuilding of old factories by corporations and other groups begins to replace lost technology as nomads reopen ports, reactivate railways, and facilitate regional trade.

» **2040**

Construction begins on the **first megabuildings** in Night City, financed partly by corporations looking to house their expanding workforce.

» **2044**

Netwatch attempts to clear rogue AI from the Old Net but fails. Construction of **the Blackwall** begins as old nodes are permanently sealed off.

» **2051**

An **outbreak of “bird flu”** kills 7,000 people in Night City. A second, even more deadly outbreak occurs in 2059. In response, the city government works to eradicate all birds inside the city limits.

» **2052**

With the radioactive rubble of the “Hot Zone” caused by the destruction of the Arasaka Towers in 2023 finally cleared away, construction begins on a **new Corporate Center**. Megacorps across the city make plans to shift their headquarters to this promised land.

» **2053**

The **New United States Constitution is ratified**. After over three decades in office, President Elizabeth Kress steps down and new elections are held.

David Whindam, a Biotechnica executive turned political operative, is **elected the first President of the New United States of America**.

» **2062**

The **Caribbean Exodus begins** as residents of island nations flee rising ocean levels.

» **2065**

Rosalind Myers, former CEO of Militech, is **elected the third President of the New United States of America**.

» **2067**

An **Arasaka bodyguard foils an assassination attempt on the Emperor of Japan**, earning the megacorp considerable goodwill among both the government and the public.

» **2069**

The **Unification War begins** as the NUSA attacks the allied Free States in an effort to “reunify America.”

» **2070**

After the arrival of an Arasaka supercarrier in Coronado Bay, the **Unification War ends with the signing of the Arvin Accord**, also known as the Treaty of Reunification.

The Arvin Accord **classifies Night City as an international Free City**, fully independent from any nation or state.

» **2072**

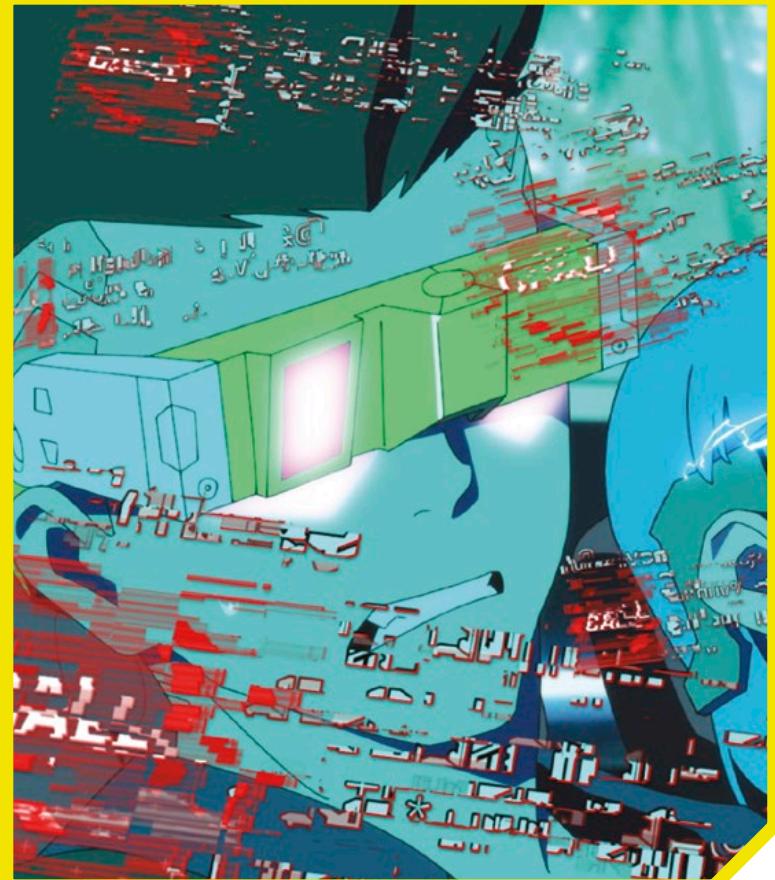
The **Voodoo Boys repel an NCPD task force** and emerge as the defacto authority in western Pacifica.

» **2076**

An incident involving Arasaka and Militech forces causes damage in the Corporate Center of Night City. Though the media calls it a **terrorist attack** by unknown forces, rumors circulate suggesting the incident was the last stand of David Martinez, an edgerunner who had quickly risen to prominence in the previous year.

03

DARK FUTURE TECHNOLOGY



Cyberware (by Omni Kismet, Ph. D)

These days, almost everyone's packing chrome. Like tattoos and piercings before it, cyberware remains a trendy part of modern culture, and if you aren't showing it off, people might consider you to be some Neo-Luddite behind the times.

Cyberware – technological devices implanted in or on your body – can be purchased almost anywhere. Clinics offering walk-in surgery can be found in any mall or, if you prefer to keep things on the down-low, in a back alley ripper-doc's shop.

THE EARLY GENERATIONS

The path to chipping in started in the 1990s, when university researchers developed mind/machine interfaces and synthetic muscle fibers known as myomar. As is often the case, militaries pioneered the technology, outfitting their soldiers with "generation zero" cyberware. Active military units in South and Central America served as real-time test subjects, showing megacorp engineers back home how to improve the technology and make it viable for the mass market. As a result, commercial cyberware offerings blew right past a first generation of cyberware and into a second. While soldiers suffered from after-effects ranging from discontinued support on their gen zero chrome to cyberpsychosis, corp-backed celebrities showed off sleeker gen two models on runways and in films, creating a whole new cultural zeitgeist and driving up demand. When Johnny Silverhand mentioned falling for a woman with Teknics 2350s because her eyes were "like crystals of lace" in an interview, sales quadrupled.

Cyberware development reached a frenzied peak during the 4th Corporate War as the megacorps hawked implants as the answer to every problem. Anything could be replaced and upgraded, even your entire body if you had the eddies. Borgs, also known as Full Body Conversions (FBCs), became the solution for any hazardous labor condition, from walking through fire and radioactive wastelands to working in the vacuum of space. Perhaps the greatest example of how ubiquitous cyberware had become, however, was the cyberpillow: An inflatable cushion you could install in a cyberarm for those occasions when you needed to sleep but just couldn't find a bed.

The Time of the Red saw a noticeable decrease in implant production but a rise in cybernetic innovation. For a brief, shining moment, the chrome-coated grip of the megacorps over research and development loosened, and street techs rose to the occasion. As the old saying goes, "The Street finds a way." Of course, as the megacorps clawed back their power, they either squashed, bought, or forcibly appropriated all those innovations, leading to a third generation of cyberware.

GEN THREE

Gen three cyberware changed the game with the invention of the neuroport. Before gen three, each piece of cyberware operated independently from the others unless a specific need existed to link them together. This resulted in disconnects as, for example, the frame rate of a cybereye

and the reflex processors of a cyberhand sent conflicting signals to the brain, resulting in a general clumsiness requiring hours of maintenance on both implants.

The neuroport changed everything by upgrading older neural link technology to create a central operating system for all cyberware implanted in the body. This promoted communication, making upgrades, firmware updates, and maintenance read-outs quicker and easier. It also allowed for cheaper miniaturized technology as most cyberware could draw supplementary power from the neuroport's internal battery, freeing up space for other components.

The neuroport began as an idea proposed by Jacinda Hidalgo, the CEO of an American cybernetics corporation known as Rocklin Augmentics. Obsessed with transhumanism, Hidalgo directed her engineers and designers to push the boundaries of human existence. Her obsession with creating a gestalt human being – multiple bodies with one consciousness – proved untenable without a central control system. The result was the neuroport, an idea soon copied by larger and more affluent megacorps.

The neuroport proved so useful it became a key part of everyday life as the vast majority of people implanted one. The benefits extended beyond the utility of a central cybernetic control system. The neuroport hooked into the body's nervous system, the brain, and the optic nerve, allowing for various upgrades and uses. Megacorps competed with each other to offer the best option packages at the cheapest prices. Today, it has become standard for neuroports to come equipped with shard slots, optic and brain-connected holophones and heads-up displays (HUDs), and interface plugs (aka "personals").

These days, you won't find much cyberware capable of functioning without a neuroport. Even regurgitated gen two chrome, made as part of cheap product lines by megacorps or by knock-off companies looking for a quick eddie, is retooled to work with them.

GEN FOUR AND BEYOND

Of course, that's just the present. Engineers are already hard at work creating a fourth generation of cyberware. As always, you'll see bleeding edge chrome like this either in the hands of the ultra-wealthy who can afford it or the piss-poor who end up being used as test subjects. Either way, watch out. More than a few early adopters have ended up full of holes, thanks to MaxTac. In other words, it might be best to stick with what's tried and true if you want to live to see another sunrise.

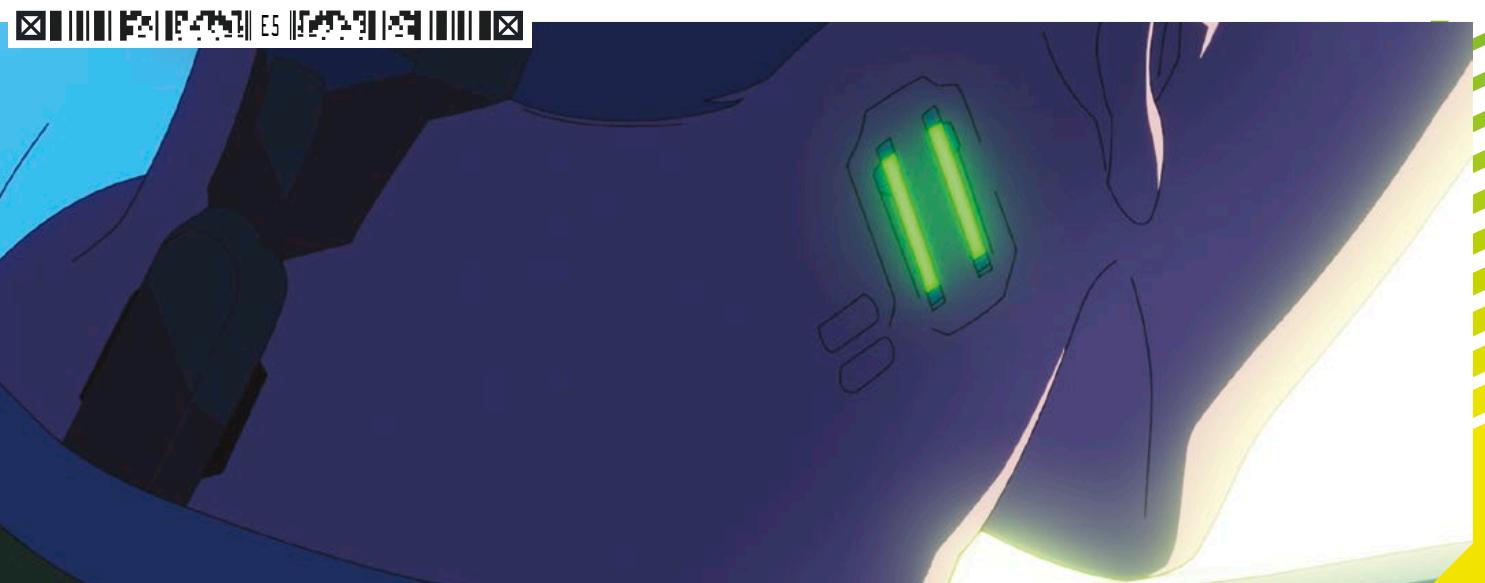
TYPES OF CYBERWARE

Like most of the population, you're probably already chipped in, but if you're going to succeed as an edgerunner, you'll need to optimize the chrome you slot into your body.

» Neuralware

You've got some of this already. Your neuroport, installed in your brain when you were a kid, is the foundational element of today's neuralware. Neuralware connects directly with your brain and nervous system to enhance them.

Your neuroport is an all-in-one tool. Unless you've got a really cheap model, chances are it can do at least the following.



- Connect to your optic nerve and auditory processing centers, letting you see and hear information transmitted by your holophone, slotted shards, and other cyberware.
- Grant access to a built-in holophone, letting you make calls with just your brain. The “just your brain” part is important. With some practice, you can communicate with others via your holophone without speaking out loud. However, chances are the person on the other end will hear artifacting (repeated words, unusual word placement) because thoughts are messier than speech. Your holophone can also be used for limited CitiNet searches, simple photography, basic task management and scheduling, and text messaging
- Project a customizable HUD over your field of view. The HUD interfaces with loaded databases to label important objects and people, push status updates, keep track of consumables like ammunition and drugs, show you the time, and even provide subtitles for vids and text translations for other languages.
- With the addition of a biomonitor, it can monitor your health and feeds the information to you as needed. If you’re a Trauma Team member, your neuroport will even contact them in an emergency.
- Interface with computer systems, some wirelessly, some through your personal link: The interface plug you yank out of your wrist and connect to devices. Ignore doomsayers who talk about how neuroports leave you vulnerable to malicious netrunners. The manufacturers build security into every model. Besides, according to the NCPD, random quickhack attacks were down by a whole five percent last year.
- Plug in shards. Most neuroports contain two slots, allowing you to insert both enhancement shards and data shards. Your neuroport can even dip you into virtu by overriding your senses so you can experience a presentation, a short interaction, or even some games fully in your mind.
- Monitor, regulate, and provide processing power for the rest of your cyberware.

You can build on your neuroport, adding other neuralware. Netrunners love plugging their cyberdecks directly into their brains. Solos boost their reaction time with speedware like a Kerenzikov or Sandevistan. There’s neuralware for every occasion. Want to be the next big detective? Plug in some neuralware to enhance

your senses of taste and smell. And if you need to know something you forgot (or never learned)? Just plug in a skill shard and you’re an expert.

Side note: Your eyes shine with specific colors when you’re distracted while using a function of your neuroport to let other people know you’re busy. Blue for transferring data or money or when you’re accessing a computer system. Gold when you’re on a phone call.

» **Fashionware**

Fashionware is precisely what it sounds like – cyberware you install to look good. The most common kind is EMP Threading (those metal lines you see built into everyone’s faces). Once upon a time, people actually thought EMP Threading protected a body from electromagnetic radiation but all they do is make you look good. You can also change up your look with programmable hair, custom eye color and designs, and pattern and hue changes dyed into your skin. If you want to go big, get a light tattoo – nothing says fashion like being your own neon sign.

» **Cyberoptics**

Sure, your neuroport projects information directly into your eyeballs, but why not go a step further and implant cybernetic optics instead? Once you’ve scooped out your ‘ganic eyes and slotted in some chrome ones, the possibilities are endless: telescopic vision, microscopic vision, image enhancement. The list goes on. Hell, you want to put a hidden dart gun in your eye? There’s cyberware for that!

» **Cyberaudio**

Just like your eyes can be replaced, your auditory system can be, too. Ever wanted to hear a conversation from across the room clear as day? Or run voice stress analysis to see if someone’s lying? Or be able to follow a homing beacon from across the city? That’s all possible with a cyberaudio system.

» **Cyberlimbs**

Are you thinking you’ll implant a set of cyberarms and instantly get super strength? Cyberlegs for super speed? Sorry, but it doesn’t work like that. Sure, cyberarms and legs provide advantages but by themselves, they don’t make up for the rest of your organic body’s inherent limitations. Try to lift a motorcycle with just a pair of cyberarms and those arms might not break, but your spine probably will. Hope you enjoy your time in traction!

Of course, you can cheat with the right enhancements. Gorilla Arms apply force multipliers, letting you push, pull, pry, and punch like someone twice your size. Jumpboosters propel you through the air farther than any old-school Olympic athlete could dream of. Hell, why not just go straight for the weapons: mantis blades, monowires, and projectile launch systems? With the right cyberweapon loaded, you can slice, dice, or explode any obstacle in your path.

» Internal and External Cyberware

These are catch-all terms for various chrome you slot inside or attach to the outside of your body. There's a wide range of possibilities here. AudioVoxes make your voice as smooth as cream. Grafted muscle and bone lacing enhances your strength and stamina. Gills let you breathe underwater. Subdermal armor protects you even when you're in the shower. You're smart. You get the idea. If you want it, chances are a megacorp's offering it for sale.

» Borgware

Here's the big one: Borgware. This shit pushes you way beyond the human baseline. You know how Maelstrom members all have a half-dozen eyes each? That's a piece of borgware known as a multioptic mount. Ever see someone so huge they can't fit through the door? That's

thanks to an enhanced skeleton and support structure known as a linear frame. The bartender pouring drinks using four arms has an artificial shoulder mount. After plain old cyberware, borgware's the next step on the journey to abandoning the biological altogether. It isn't the last step, though.

» Full Body Conversion

If you want to embrace the chrome revolution and leave the meat behind for good, the only choice is to go full borg. A Full Body Conversion (FBC) is just what it sounds like. A team of surgeons scoops out your brain and a few other choice bits, then implants it all into a body composed entirely of cyberware. Cybernetic skeleton. Cybernetic muscles. Cybernetic organs. Cybernetic everything. Borgs push everything to the limit. They don't need to eat, drink, or even breathe. They can't get sick or be poisoned (except in some rare cases involving their brains), and while they need to sleep to rest their gray matter, their bodies never physically tire. Even better, they can switch bodies. One body for fighting, one for partying. Sound good? Wondering why we aren't all living inside robot bodies? That's because of the downsides. Going borg is expensive, and it isn't cheap to maintain, either. Plus, borgs risk falling into cyberpsychosis faster and harder than anyone else. Just existing puts you on the MaxTac watchlist. No wonder they're still rare, even decades after the technology was first invented.



CYBERPSYCHOSIS

Let's chat about the elephant drone in the room: Cyberpsychosis. Chances are, if you somehow made it through school, you saw one of those educational vids. You know the ones. "Too much chrome drives you crazy. Be careful!"

The truth is, we're no closer to understanding cyberpsychosis now than we were when soldiers began displaying symptoms during the first Central American Conflict. Officially, cyberpsychosis doesn't exist but the word is used by the public as a blanket term for several different dissociative disorders seemingly connected to the use and abuse of cybernetics. Dissociation, in case you didn't know, is a mental process of disconnecting from one's thoughts, feelings, memories, or sense of identity.

Let's be clear. What little we know about cyberpsychosis indicates it doesn't happen because someone lost an arm and got a simple replacement. Instead, it seems to require voluntarily pushing far past the human baseline. See, an arm mimicking human function isn't a big deal, but an arm capable of punching a mantis blade through solid steel? That is. Especially when you cut off your old arm voluntarily to install the new one. The story's been told in countless movies. When you begin seeing your body as nothing but a collection of easily replaceable parts, you begin seeing other people's bodies as nothing but a collection of easily replaceable parts... and if that's the case, what does it matter if you slice them into pieces? That's when someone goes over the edge, starts rampaging in the streets, and MaxTac comes in to put them down.

Only, the reality of cyberpsychosis isn't so simple. Plenty of people are jammed full of cyberware and never go over the edge. Others suffer a cyberpsychotic break after implanting just a few pieces of chrome. Recent theories suggest the need for other factors, whether biological, neurological, or environmental, to cross the line. Getting some nova new chrome might not do it, but being coerced into implanting poorly-fitted and painful cyberware by your unfeeling boss, who then deducts the costs from your meager paycheck just might.

Plenty of people suffer from the various dissociative disorders covered by the blanket term "cyberpsychosis" and don't go on killing sprees. They might display various symptoms, ranging from a lack of empathy to poor impulse control, but they go about their day and do their thing without bothering anyone. The real reason why we think of the streets running red with blood when

someone mentions cyberpsychosis isn't that the world is full of chromed-up monsters slicing and shooting their way through crowds but because the few times a rampage does happen, it makes the news nice and loud. MaxTac likes it that way. How else can it convince the city to buy it some shiny new toys?

While we still don't fully understand the phenomenon, there are treatment options to help those at risk and prevent a slide into full-blown cyberpsychosis. Therapy via drugs, braindance, and good old-fashioned talking can draw someone back from the edge. So can making connections with others, being part of supportive social groups, and taking time to relax and unwind. If you're really having trouble, chemical solutions exist. Most people know them as immunoblockers because they're shorthanded as such by the medtechs selling them. These go beyond suppressing the body's immune system in order to prevent implant rejection, though. The good stuff contains a cocktail of chems, including anti-depressants and anti-psychotics.

If you're worried about going cyberpsycho and decide immunoblockers are the solution, make sure you can trust your source. It isn't uncommon for unscrupulous ripperdocs to sell cheap, synthetic opioids instead of the real thing. The high will trick you into thinking the drug works but, in the end, all it does is make you an addict, jonesing for your next fix.

THE NET (BY OMNI KISMET, PH. D)

It started innocently enough, with people connecting computers and telecommunication devices across the globe. Then some brilliant minds figured out how to jack their brains directly into the Net, and everything changed. A whole new subculture of netrunners emerged to explore this strange new virtual world but soon encountered a problem: None of it was standardized. What worked in one part of the Net wouldn't work in another. One person might view virtual reality as a dungeon, while another would experience it as a 1920s prohibition city. The differences in protocols caused glitches and threatened to destabilize everything.

The problem was solved in 2014 when Nobuhiko Ihara and Janice A. Grubb released the Ihara-Grubb Transformation Algorithms (IGTA). Acting like the world's most complex and benevolent virus, the IGTA "infected" every portion of the Net and everything connected to it, stabilizing and standardizing it all. If a netrunner in

Night City traveled virtually through the Net to Tokyo, they knew their software would work, and their perceptions of the digital reality would match what their local contemporaries experienced. Everything was great!

Except it wasn't. In the shadows lurked Rache Bartmoss. The most brilliant netrunner of them all, Bartmoss ate, slept, breathed, and lived the old-school hacker philosophy: Information wanted to be free. Oppression should be fought at every turn. No one should control the digital frontier. Rache knew the megacorps would move in and try to dominate this brave, new world. So, he snuck in and planted a failsafe inside the IGTA – the DataKrash.

The concept was simple. If Rache didn't check in with the correct codes every so often, the DataKrash would seek out Corporate information and begin meddling. You know how all data is made up of 1s and 0s? The DataKrash swapped those 1s and 0s between files. Think about it. What happens when parts of Militech's troop deployment schedule are swapped with lines from some granny's cookie recipe? Or when even a single line of a nuclear reactor's carbon rod control codes is swapped with a few words of digital poetry?

Rache Bartmoss held the end of the world in his hands, and no one knew. So, when Arasaka – or Militech or some random edgerunners, no one knows for sure – killed him during the 4th Corporate War, everything went to

hell. The DataKrash was released. Maybe Bartmoss intended it to infect only megacorp systems, but his virus worked too well. It infected almost everything. Worse, it also released Roving Autonomous Bartmoss Interface Drones (R.A.B.I.D.s) into the Net. With personalities modeled after Bartmoss himself, these guardians of the DataKrash proved extremely unstable. Traveling through the Net became something akin to swimming through piranha-infested waters. To protect the world, the organization responsible for monitoring the Net and keeping it safe from threats, Netwatch, was forced to shut down every possible access point they could find while they tried to clean out the infestation.

Why not just power down the entire thing, you ask? Good question. Many servers were shut down or destroyed, but others remained online, quietly humming away out of sight in cities abandoned by war and plague. Maybe Netwatch thought it could salvage the Old Net for the good of humanity. Maybe they didn't want to lose so much valuable data. Or maybe, the AIs living in the Old Net made a deal: Spare our home, and we'll help you. We may never know why since neither Netwatch nor the AIs are talking.

Whatever the case, for most of the world, the Old Net was dead. Following the DataKrash, something new was needed. In Night City, a new corporation, Ziggurat, stepped in. They created the first CitiNet: A smaller-scale, more limited version of the Old Net built on the backbone of the old public dataterm connections. It didn't take long for the concept to spread to other cities across the globe. These new CitiNets were localized, with each city possessing its own. Communication between them was limited to quick data bursts, and everything was carefully regulated by Netwatch. Netwatch also monitored the development of Artificial Intelligence to ensure nothing like the DataKrash ever happened again.

Eventually, Netwatch gave up on reclaiming the Old Net and launched the Blackwall – a complex and protective firewall separating the Old Net from the new CitiNets. It turns out the CitiNets weren't quite as isolated from the Old Net as Ziggurat promised. Points of connection existed, allowing AIs to interact with our world and vice versa.

Whether the connections were intentional or not isn't known, and the truth may never come out. In the 2050s, Netwatch shut down Ziggurat, took control of the CitiNets, and classified all of the corporation's files.



The average person has grown used to the more limited CitiNets, accessing them through holophones and dataterms to communicate and share information. The Old Net, however, remains a dream for many. Megacorps seek ways past the Blackwall, hoping to recover lost technologies and projects. Netrunners use the Blackwall as a tool, sliding along it to “deep dive” from one point of a CitiNet to another without leaving their homes.

Mind you, what they’re doing is incredibly dangerous. One wrong move, and they won’t be surfing along the Blackwall. They’ll be yanked inside, where their brains will get eaten alive. As for the Als on the other side? Who knows what their goals are. They don’t think like us. They don’t perceive the world as we do. And we can’t know for sure if the Blackwall truly keeps them at bay. Think about it. How could Netwatch have built the Blackwall so quickly without their cooperation? Maybe, just maybe, the Als want the Blackwall in place.

Maybe they have plans of their own.

OTHER TECHNOLOGY (BY MAXIMUM MIKE)

They say you’re only as good as your gear. If that’s true, it’s best you know some of the other tech out there. It might just save your life!

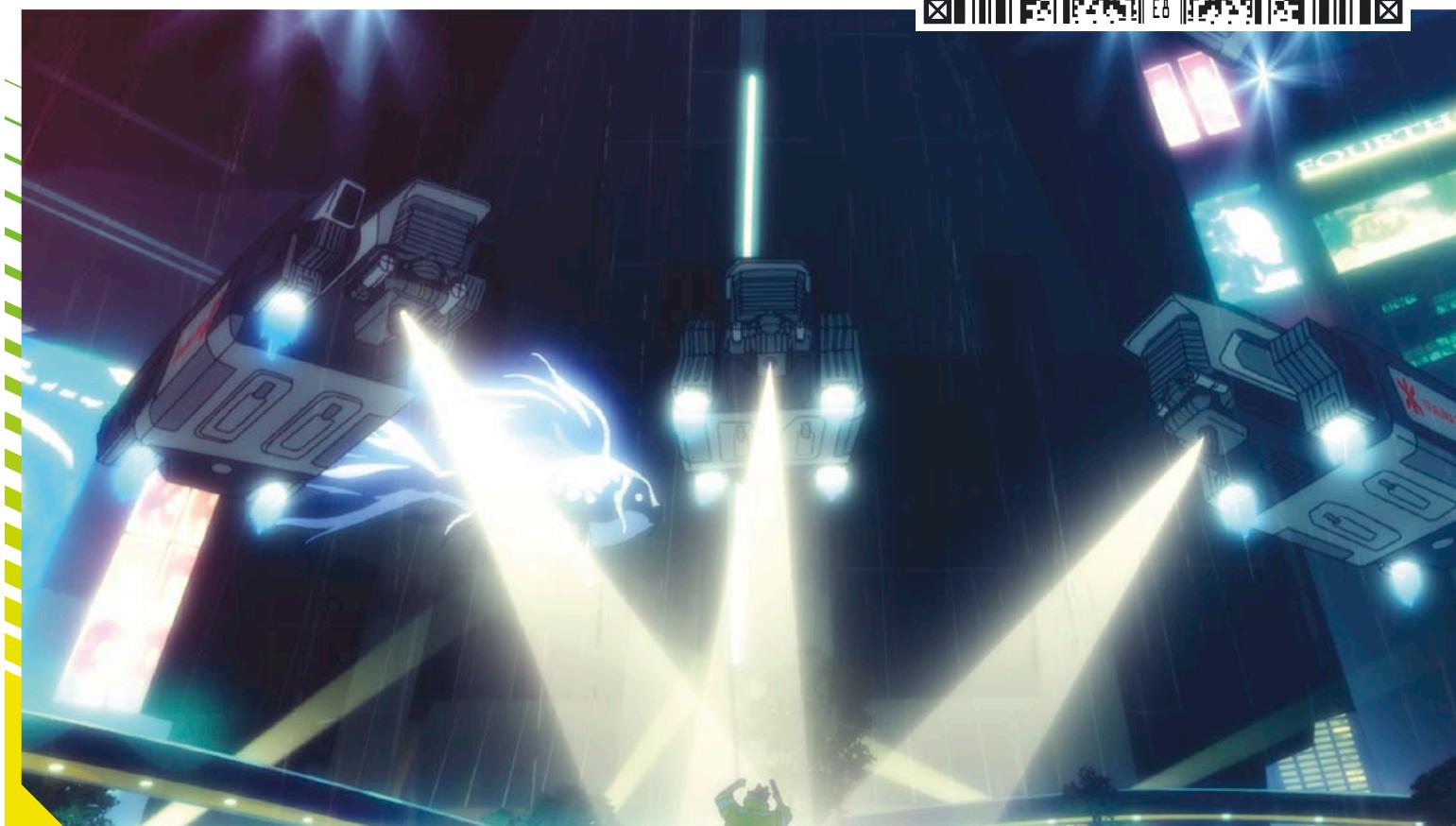
AVS (AERODYNES)

Take a ground vehicle. Stick on some jet engines. Now you’ve got an AV, known to engineers as an aerodyne. Yeah, there’s more to it physics-wise, but that’s the core concept. AVs are basically flying cars (or vans or trucks). Easier to control than commercial aircraft, they make for excellent urban transport if you’re rich enough to afford a ride.

BRAINDANCE

I probably don’t need to tell you what a braindance (BD) is. Someone with the correct chrome records an experience, someone else edits it, and then you plug it into your wreath to live it out. This isn’t some vid, either. You feel everything the person recording felt. If they orgasm, you feel the rush of pleasure and joy. If they get shot, you feel the pain and the fear. Want to know what an actual cut-out-of-a-cow steak tastes like? Braindance might be the only way you’ll ever get the chance.

Of course, braindance has a dark side, too. Commercial BDs can feel too safe. Too secure. Deep down, you know you’re not experiencing reality. That’s because BD editors insert limiters to prevent your brain from engaging fully with the content as if it were real. Take those limiters off, and your body reacts even more intensely to the highs and lows.



If you go to the right parts of Night City, you can buy XBDs, illegal, black-market braindances with the limiters turned down or even off. Experiencing one of those is a high so intense it can't be described. Just be careful. XBDs are often poorly tuned. More than one choom has been left a drooling mess because a bad XBD fried their synapses.

Braindances can be used for therapeutic purposes and in the treatment of mental illnesses. They're also used to pacify, brainwash, and even torture people – a common sight in some prisons.

CHOOH²

The most common form of fuel in the world is CHOOH², a biofuel developed by Biotechnica using a genetically modified form of wheat, *Triticum Vulgaris Megasauvius*. Biotechnica then licensed the technology out to other companies for manufacturing – specifically Petrochem and SovOil. It says something about our society that more of the world's remaining farmland is dedicated to growing CHOOH² wheat than it is to edible food crops.

WEAPONS

If you're going to run The Edge, you'll require a weapon. Even if you don't do wetwork, you'll eventually need to defend yourself from some gonk who thinks they deserve to take what you've already rightfully stolen.



» Firearms

Since the 4th Corporate War, revolutions in weaponry have accelerated gun technology. Today, we classify most firearms in one of three ways.

Power Weapons: The least advanced, technologically, but reinforced to handle the increased firepower of modern munitions. Power Weapons do more damage than other firearms of a similar type, and skilled shooters can perform trick shots by ricocheting bullets off walls and other surfaces.

Examples: *Arasaka HJSH-18 Masamune, Budget Arms Carnage, Militech Crusher*

Smart Weapons: An extension of the smartgun designs of the 2020s, Smart Weapons sync with your neuroport via your personal or a subdermal grip to provide targeting assistance. Smart ammunition will even track an enemy using gyrojet technology, swerving mid-flight if it calculates the bullet will miss. As you can imagine, this makes hiding in smoke, mist, and even darkness a thing of the past.

Examples: *Arasaka HJKE-11 Yukimura, Arasaka TKI-20 Shingen, Kang Tao L-69 Zhuo*

Tech Weapons: These powerful weapons incorporate railgun technology to magnetically propel projectiles toward their destination. Their rate of fire is slow compared to other weapon types, but the extra oomph provided by the electromagnetic propulsion allows Tech Weapons to fire through walls and cover. Most Tech Weapons come with built-in sights that transmit faint outlines of targets obscured by thin obstacles to a user's neuroport.

Examples: *Militech M-76e Omaha, Rostović DB-2, Satara Shotgun, Tsunami Arms Nekomata*

» Melee Weapons

Plenty of gonks arm themselves with the old favorites: ordinary blades and blunt trauma weapons. After all, they're cheap, easy to use, and always available. The truly enlightened edgerunner knows the real action's in monoweapons. The edges of monoblades and wires are a single molecule thick and combine with rapid vibrations to slice the enemies into ribbons.



by Professor Rip R. Jackson

The story of Night City begins with Richard Night, a man with a dream. Concerned with the violence and disruption plaguing the United States, Night planned a new city – engineered to be self-sufficient, defensible, and a shining beacon of enlightened capitalism. He took advantage of a massacre in Morro Bay, California, to buy up land on the cheap. Then he lured in megacorporations like Petrochem, Asukaga & Finch, and Arasaka to help clean up and finance the building of what he called Coronado City.

NIGHT FALLS ON CORONADO CITY

Coronado City was a miraculous feat of engineering, as the surrounding hills were leveled and used as fill by dumping the reclaimed earth into the bay to create a new landmass. The harbor was dredged to make it capable of porting the large ships needed to carry goods to and from the city. Taking inspiration from the theme parks of the past, Night planned every section of his city as a neighborhood, each with a different architectural style and ambiance.

Then, like so many visionary plans, it all went wrong.

At first, Night proved effective at keeping crime family-controlled construction companies out of his rapidly rising city, but his luck ran out on September 20, 1998, when he was shot and killed in his penthouse suite. Night's murderer was never caught. In his memory, Coronado City was renamed Night City, and without his guiding hand, the criminals moved in.

THE MOB WARS

For the next decade, criminal organizations effectively ruled Night City. In the beginning, they were smart enough to leave the megacorps alone, and in return the megacorps didn't interfere with criminal activity. Night City decayed into a war zone, with new gangs rising to carve out turf and cybernetic terrorism running rampant on the streets. Ultimately, the mob got greedy and started muscling in on megacorp territory. Hit in their wallet, the megacorps had no choice but to retaliate. By 2011, corp-funded troops had destroyed the criminal underground's power base in Night City. The megacorps placed a puppet mayor in control and the city entered a golden age, where crime seemed to vanish and the Corporate Center gleamed. Or so the official corp-backed histories want you to believe.

THE EARLY 21ST CENTURY

With a firm grip on the city, the megacorporations ensured any law passed benefited them. Money for municipal projects overwhelmingly flowed to districts already flush with cash while the poorer neighborhoods deteriorated, and each day, the borders of the combat zone expanded by inches. Gangs, no longer kept in check by larger criminal organizations, acted with impunity. The megacorps didn't care so long as the gangs weren't impacting their profit margins. If you had money, you lived in relative safety. If you didn't, you rolled the dice every time you left your home. Assuming you had a home to begin with.

Besides the rich, another class of people benefited during the first few decades of the 21st century: edgerunners. While the megacorps cooperated publicly for "the good of Night City," they plotted and schemed against each other below the surface. Hiring edgerunners to carry out missions of sabotage, kidnapping, theft, and murder gave corps plausible deniability should something go wrong. The classic flow of work, client to fixer to edgerunner, was established at this time, and it continues to this day.

THE 4TH CORPORATE WAR

Then Arasaka and Militech decided to go to war. The 4th Corporate War wasn't kind to Night City since the two megacorps used it as a battleground. Thousands fled, and other megacorps pulled out their resources as street-to-street fighting became a daily occurrence. The war, at least as far as Night City was concerned, ended with a small nuclear explosion that obliterated Arasaka Towers and devastated the Corporate Center. The explosion sent ripples through the city, liquefacting the fill it was built on - in effect, Night City experienced not only months of war and a nuclear explosion but a devastating earthquake as well.

Just who set off the bomb remains a mystery to this day. Ask ten people, and you'll get eleven different answers. The NUSA maintains that Arasaka caused the explosion as part of a denial strategy. Arasaka blames Militech/NUSA-backed terrorists led by famed rocker Johnny Silverhand. In the background, rumors of other players involved in the incident propagate, from the legendary solo known as Morgan Blackhand to a squad of elite Aldecaldo warriors known as the Lobos. Ultimately, we may never know the truth since most evidence of what happened died the same day Arasaka Towers did.

THE TIME OF THE RED (AKA THE RED DECADES)

They called it the Time of the Red; the time postwar when the skies were tinted bloody by the detritus of the 4th Corp War. Following the war, Night City struggled to rebuild. With manufacturing and shipping disrupted worldwide thanks to damage from the war and the collapse of the Old Net, obtaining the materials and labor necessary seemed impossible - until the nomads came along. They came en masse, taking on contracts and hauling their own supplies. Having obtained expertise by helping to rebuild Los Angeles, Chicago, and Mexico City in the past the nomad families, led by the Aldecaldos,

proved vital in the initial reconstruction effort. In time, the megacorporations began to recover and contribute as well. By 2045, large swaths of Night City were either mostly recovered or in the process of rebuilding, with huge megabuildings rising up to house the population. By 2052, the megacorps began building new, gleaming towers to proclaim their glory proudly.

DREAMING ONCE MORE

As the megacorps recovered, they also seized their power back. The nomad families, instrumental in the rebuilding process, were pushed out of Night City. Megacorps literally bought seats at the table of the City Council and maneuvered matters to avoid electing a mayor. A single person leading a city could only answer to a single owner, after all. No megacorp was willing to allow their rivals a shot at becoming the most powerful puppeteer in the city.

By the 2060s, Night City shone like a jewel as one of the most influential metropolises on the West Coast of North America. Those were the boom years, with investment money flowing in like water. The city council wanted even more and schemed with developers and megacorps alike to transform Pacifica into the most incredible playground the world had ever seen - better than any theme park or gambling mecca. Once they were done, Pacifica would become the tourist destination for visitors from all across the world. Night City was the city of dreams again.

Too bad it couldn't last.

WAR CHANGES EVERYTHING

The Unification War halted all progress on building up Pacifica as the economy fell flat and the forces of the NUSA rolled across the continent. South California allied with the New United States, while North California, the home of Night City, opposed the conquerors. The fighting was brutal, and Night City prepared for another war to break out on its streets. In 2070, NUSA troops advanced to the city's outskirts, ready to invade.

In desperation, Lucius Rhyne, then a member of the city council, made a deal with the devil. Rhyne reached out to Arasaka for aid and the Japanese megacorp sailed a supercarrier bristling with weapons and troops into Coronado Bay. The NUSA forces withdrew, and soon after, the Arvin Accord was signed. As part of the agreement, Night City was recognized as an international

free city - part of neither North California nor the NUSA. Lucius Rhyne was elected as the mayor of Night City by popular acclaim, while Arasaka rolled in to openly dominate the political landscape once more.

THE DISTRICTS OF NIGHT CITY

The landscape of Night City has changed dramatically since its founding. Districts have risen, fallen, and even moved as war and changing demographics have transformed them.

CITY CENTER

The heart of Night City's economic power, the City Center is home to the most prominent players around: the megacorps. In the modern era, it serves as the city's showcase, highlighting Night City's rise from the ashes after the nuclear devastation that ended the 4th Corporate War.

» Corporate Plaza (aka Corpo Plaza)

Home to the skyscraper regional headquarters of multiple megacorps, the Corporate Plaza symbolizes the true power of Night City. Few places are more secure, with swaths of NCPD officers and corporate guards on patrol. Outside of the corpos who spend most of their time here, the most common visitors are tourists.

► Notable Locations ◀

Arasaka Academy: A primary education facility dedicated to molding the next generation of Arasaka executives. Most students come from within the Arasaka corporate family, but the Academy does accept notable students from other backgrounds.

Arasaka Memorial: A memorial to the victims of the 2023 nuclear explosion, located beneath the current Arasaka Tower.

Empathy: A club specializing in hardcore porn brain-dances and live stripteases.

Megacorp HQs: The Night City headquarters of multiple megacorporations, including Arasaka, Biotechnica, Kang Tao, Militech, and Petrochem.

Memorial Park: A roundabout park at the center of the Plaza, honoring the victims of the 4th Corporate War.

The View: A shopping mall located on the boundary of the Corporate Plaza, offering beautiful views and luxury shopping.

» Downtown

Following the 4th Corporate War, an effort was made to rebuild this area along Western European architectural lines. Necessity and budget concerns soon began



to outweigh planning, and the area quickly transformed into a riotous blend of entropic and neomilitaristic styles. Downtown is a district of two worlds, bright and gleaming on the broad avenues but riddled with dark alleys where the rich and poor mix in glorious chaos.

► Notable Locations ◀

7th Hell: A nightclub owned by former edgerunner Jack Mausser.

Electric Orgasm: An unlisted, secretive bar used by some edgerunners to plan their gigs

Jinguji: A high-end clothing store. Part of the Japanese Jinguji chain.

N54 HQ: The Night City headquarters of Network 54.

Night Corp HQ: The global headquarters of Night Corp.

HEYWOOD

Often called “the biggest bedroom in Night City,” Heywood houses more people than any other portion of the city. A district of contrasts, you can find both luxurious apartments and poor slum dwellings there. Interestingly, Heywood wasn’t always where it is today. The district used to occupy land on the east side of the city, in a district split between Santo Domingo to the south and North Heywood to the – you guessed it – north. The area known as Heywood today was once South Night City, a vicious Combat Zone filled with constant street fighting. Following the 4th Corporate War, a group known as reclaimers moved into the area and began cleaning it up. They did too good a job, though. Once the people in North Heywood realized South Night City was better than their own digs, they moved in and kicked the reclaimers out. Then they renamed the district. To them, Heywood was who they were, not where they lived.

» The Glen

An example of government and corporate cooperation, the Glen was built following the 4th Corporate War to be the new seat of municipal power. As a result, parts of the Glen are tidy and filled with gorgeous architecture – especially around Reconciliation Park. Move towards the borders, though, and you’ll find the shine wears off quickly as the NCPD cares more about protecting the government than the people.

► Notable Locations ◀

City Hall: The center of power in Night City. At least as far as governmental politics is concerned.

El Coyote Cojo: A bar frequented by the Valentinos. Owned by “Mamá” Welles.

Embers: An exclusive club with rather important members, including high-ranking executives from multiple megacorps.

Reconciliation Park: A large, pleasant park containing a small lake. Built to celebrate the rebuilding of Night City – specifically the Corporate Plaza’s shift from a radioactive hot zone to skyscraper forest.

Time Machine: The most famous music store in Night City, selling instruments, albums, and memorabilia. Patronized by various famous artists, including Kerry Eurodyne.

» Vista del Rey

The poorest part of Heywood, Vista del Rey is primarily controlled by the Valentinos, but other gangs constantly nibble at the borders. Strife between the residents of Vista del Rey and their neighbors in the affluent areas to the north and west is unceasing and sometimes violent. Many wonder how long before the megacorps engineer gentrification of the area for “the good of the city.”

► Notable Locations ◀

Delamain HQ: The home of the Delamain cab company, the only transport service in Night City owned and operated by an artificial intelligence.

Dicky Twister: A gay bar owned and operated by the Valentinos.

La Catrina: A funeral home controlled by the Valentinos and used as a front for various operations.

Mercado Sonora: A pedestrianized market and meeting hub for the local community, located next to Megabuilding H5.

» Wellsprings

No subdistrict exemplifies the contrasts of Heywood better than Wellsprings. Where it borders the City Center, Wellsprings provides reasonably safe housing for the small middle class of Night City. Travel further away from the border, however, and you’ll see old, shabby buildings dating back to when this region was better known as South Night City.

► Notable Locations ◀

Bulwark: A clean, well-maintained shopping center on the Wellsprings waterfront.

Wellsprings Water Treatment Facility: A defunct water treatment facility. It is occasionally used as an illicit meeting point.

PACIFICA

The southernmost portion of Night City was once home to opulent mansions, coastal estates, and its own theme park: Playland by the Sea. Known far and wide as the place to go for entertainment, be it for children or of a more adult variety, Pacifica struggled to maintain its party-place status through the 4th Corporate War and the Time of the Red. The old estates died, but Playland by the Sea lived on, providing joy to those who could afford it. In the late 2050s, investors tried to expand Pacifica into a booming tourist resort. They imported hundreds upon hundreds of laborers, primarily from Haiti, and poured billions into building hotels, casinos, shopping centers, spas, and a newer, bigger, bolder Playland by the Sea. The Unification War ended the dream. Investors withdrew their money. Buildings stood half-finished. Those who could leave left. The rest did their best to move on with their lives and built their own communities.

» Coastview and West Wind

Following the Unification War, Night City and the megacorps tried to reclaim this part of Pacifica, but resistance from the Voodoo Boys led to riots. The City Council shut down all services to the area but the Voodoo Boys found ways around the official lack of water, power, and CitiNet. Today, they act as a defacto government, though their rule isn't absolute. Gang fights are common, and crime is rampant. Coastview and the West Wind Estates, once intended to be crown jewels of a tourism empire, are now a combat zone where each day is a struggle to survive.

► Notable Locations ◀

Batty's Hotel: Used as a base by the Voodoo Boys. It contains a bustling market for the local community

Eden Beach Mega Ride: The remains of an amusement park, complete with abandoned Ferris wheel and roller coaster.

Grand Imperial Mall: Built to be the district's largest shopping center, the Grand Imperial was almost finished when funding dried up and investors abandoned the project.

Hotel Pistis Sophia: One of the oldest surviving buildings in Night City. That it still stands is more a fluke of luck than a testament to its construction.

Pacifica Serenity Bible Church: Originally intended to be a chapel for a connected hotel complex, the Church now serves primarily as a meeting place for the local Haitian community.

» Dogtown

During the Unification War, NUSA Colonel Kurt Hansen led his troops into a portion of Pacifica and seized control. It would have made the perfect beachhead for a ground assault into Night City if it weren't for the Arvin Accord. Finding the thought of withdrawal distasteful, Hansen ignored his orders to leave and transformed the area into a fiefdom with him as a military overlord. Now known as Dogtown - named for the BARGHEST militia enforcing Hansen's will - this combat zone is the beating heart of black-market trade on the West Coast. If you're willing to step into Dogtown, you can find anything you're looking for - so long as you're willing to pay.

► Notable Locations ◀

Black Sapphire: A skyscraper and base of operations for Kurt Hansen. A club at the top of the tower lures in elites looking to make shady deals from all over the world.

Eden Plaza: An open-air mall. It is notable for the sculptures and art built around and into the buildings, including pieces by Elle and Marc Rolloos and Imelda Ayala Carballo.

EBM Petrochem Stadium: Built during the 2060s as the new home of the Nighthawks, Night City's pro football team. It was abandoned like the rest of Pacifica when investors pulled out. Following the Unification War, BARGHEST forces under the command of Kurt Hansen shot down a Zhirafa cargo aerozep. It crashed into the stadium, and its atomic fission engine became Dogtown's power center. Today, the stadium serves as the center of Dogtown's black market.

Heavy Hearts: An Egyptian-themed nightclub reserved for the elite of Dogtown. Stylized as a pyramid.

Terra Cognita: A technology-themed exhibition park that was abandoned when investment dried up. Planned exhibitions included CHOOH2.0 Nova Superwheels, Militech Engineering Liberty, and DIG1SCAPE Futurenet.

SANTO DOMINGO

During and immediately after the 4th Corporate War, refugees escaping the chaos in central Night City fled to the beaverly suburbs to the east. Once idyllic, if stagnant, neighborhoods

were swallowed up by tent cities and refugee camps. When the nomads came to rebuild Night City, they made their camp here. Megacorps, looking for cheap land, built factories in a newly established industrial zone. Today the nomads and refugees are gone, but the sprawl remains, as power plants and factories mingle with rundown developments and neighborhoods. Real estate changes hands regularly as factories shut down, retool, or reopen in order to meet the constantly changing whims of the market. Meanwhile, the houses and apartment buildings offering refuge to the local workforce slowly decay as time marches on.

» Arroyo

If it can be built in Night City, there's a good chance it is manufactured here. Arroyo is under constant construction as automated factories transform whenever a megacorp division undergoes a rebranding, organizational restructuring, or product paradigm transformation. Security is tight here, with each corporation protecting its manufacturing capacity and trade secrets to the utmost.

► Notable Locations ◀

Arasaka Industrial Park: A heavily guarded industrial area owned by Arasaka. One of the largest supply depots in the city.

Dewdrop Inn: A low-rent motel. If you're an edgerunner looking to lay low for a while, this is a good spot... so long as you're not on the wrong side of 6th Street.

Night City Prison: A penitentiary where convicted criminals are housed and punished. You don't want to be sent here. Trust me on this one.

Red Dirt: A small bar. It is best known as an early venue for Samurai, a band led by the infamous rocker Johnny Silverhand.

» Rancho Coronado

Factories need workers. Workers need places to live. To answer that need, the megacorps built Rancho Coronado: A suburb with its own bars, shopping, parks, restaurants, and more. Most people living here work in Arroyo, and many spend their entire lives in Santo Domingo, never leaving. Of course, building a community is different from maintaining one. The megacorps care less about the upkeep of Rancho Coronado's infrastructure than they do about the regular retooling of Arroyo's factories. Every day, residents wake up to more cracks in the road, more leaking pipes, and more grime on the walls.

► Notable Locations ◀

Coronado Dam: Built to create a reservoir and provide electric power for the area, the dam was abandoned when the water dried up. The former reservoir now serves as a neighborhood trash dump.

Night City Center for Psychiatric Health: A facility for the treatment of mental health issues, including cyberpsychosis. It prides itself on its "safe space" program, which completely isolates patients from the outside world.

Rancho Coronado Public High School: An actual, honest-to-God public high school in Night City. It functions about as well as you would think.

Tripple Xtreme Epic Workout Center: A gym and fight venue controlled by the Animals. A former paint factory, gladiatorial bouts are held in an enormous vat once used to mix chemicals together.

WATSON

Before the 4th Corporate War, the northern parts of Night City housed those with comfortable incomes. They fled the area during the conflict, leaving it open for the displaced populations of Old Japantown and Little China to move in. A conglomerate of Japanese-based megacorps known as the Night City Co-Prosperity Sphere flooded the area with money, renaming it Watson. The district boomed during the recovery but faltered afterward as affluent citizens migrated to shinier areas like the City Center and Westbrook. Once the beating heart of Night City, today Watson is one of its poorest districts.

» Arasaka Waterfront

To cement its influence on Night City, Arasaka needed access to the water. The megacorp seized the Watson waterfront, kicked everyone out, and built their own facilities, complete with some of the tightest security in the city. If you aren't Arasaka, you aren't getting in. If you are Arasaka, you're only getting to where you need to go. This is Arasaka's main port in the Western Hemisphere and they guard it tighter than the FIA guards the White House.

► Notable Locations ◀

Konpeki Plaza: Night City's most exclusive hotel, where every inch is devoted to luxury and decadent entertainment. Part of a chain, the main hotel in Tokyo is said to shame Night City's branch.

» Kabuki

When the residents of Old Japantown first moved north to Watson, they settled in the area now known as Kabuki, under the patronage of the Night City Co-Prosperity Sphere. When the Sphere crumbled, and the member corporations moved on, the residents of Kabuki left with them. In their place, the local Chinese diaspora moved in, transforming the area into a bazaar almost as illicit as Dogtown. If you know the right people, you can buy anything here except safety.

► Notable Locations ◀

Ho-Oh: A casino and nightclub run by the Tyger Claws. Most of the criminal activity here is conducted out of sight on the upper levels.

Kabuki Roundabout: A central plaza and marketplace in Kabuki. Almost every corner of the roundabout is occupied by street stalls where high-end brands sell at low, low prices.

Lizzie's Bar: A braindance club owned and operated by the Mox. It was originally owned by Elizabeth "Lizzie" Borden. The Tyger Claws murdered Lizzie after she stood up to protect her workers from their exploitation.

No-Tell Motel: A large, automated hotel used for clandestine meetings and illicit rendezvous.

» Little China

Little China was the planned heart of Watson. In fact, the first megabuildings in Night City went up here. They weren't the first planned, hence why their assigned numbers are so high, but money from the Night City Co-Prosperity Sphere ensured they jumped the queue. When the residents of the original Little China, located in what is now Vista del Rey, gave up on their homes and moved north, they settled here.

Immigrants from China followed, transforming the area. Today, Little China is a mixture of classes, with condominiums living next door to brothels and illegal gambling dens. The neon lights, food, shops, and entertainment add a thrill attracting bored corpos from elsewhere in the city so they mingle with the dangerous, the desperate, and the poor.

► Notable Locations ◀

The Afterlife: Night City's most famous and infamous edgerunner bar. Owned by the Queen of the Fixers, Rogue Amendiares, no one is allowed in until they've proved themselves worthy. Drinks at the bar are named after edgerunners who went out in a blaze of glory.

Deravaja Dojo: A martial arts studio owned by the Tyger Claws. In theory, anyone can take lessons here, but few students who aren't already gang members attend.



Night City Medical Center: A hospital complex with its own public transit station. Owned and operated by Trauma Team International.

Riot: A nightclub notable for attracting big-name entertainers to play on stage, including Lizzy Wizzy and the Cartesian Duelists.

Tom's Diner: The primary location for a chain of restaurants located throughout Night City. Well known for its retro, pre-Collapse vibe.

Urmland Street: A shopping district in Little China. Go there to buy preem clothing, flashy cyberware, or have your tarot cards read.

» Northside Industrial District

As Night City recovered, the members of the Night City Co-Prosperity Sphere built high-tech factories in the north of Watson, providing residents with good jobs. Then Arasaka returned to the city, the Co-Prosperity Sphere collapsed, and its component companies moved to other districts. Now, only a few of the old factories remain operational, while gangs and criminal organizations use the shells of the rest as hideouts or warehouses.

► Notable Locations ◀

All Foods Factory: A factory once owned by a popular NUSA food and beverage giant, used to manufacture protein slurries marketed as "meat." It now serves as a main hideout for Maelstrom.

Totentanz: A "drink and riot" nightclub where heavy rock blasts at deafening volume. Gangs from across the city are welcomed as long as they acknowledge Maelstrom's authority while inside the club's walls.

WESTBROOK

If you live in Westbrook, you know you've made it in Night City. This is where the rich and powerful keep their estates and mansions and where everyone with eddies to spend travels to taste the high life. A triumph of gentrification, Westbrook housed more refugees following the 4th Corporate War than any other area in Night City and the squalor surrounded the city's most prosperous walled community, known only as the Executive Zone. When the powers-that-be decided to expand their safe and secure paradise, they paid for city backing to legalize the process, hired mercenaries to clear out the destitute, and reformed Westbrook in their own image.

» Charter Hill

Those who have clawed their way up the corporate ladder but haven't quite reached the top, need to live somewhere. For many of Night City's lower-upper class, that place is Charter Hill. Reasonably clean and safe, an address in Charter Hill is proof a choom has climbed out of the gutter but not yet reached the golden gates of ultimate success.

► Notable Locations ◀

Dynalar Complex: Regional headquarters of Dynalar, a cyberware manufacturer. They are well known for their sexually provocative advertising and slogan, "It's all about the touch."

Kiroshi Campus: Kiroshi, manufacturers of the world's most popular high-end cyberoptics, maintains a presence here.

Red Queen's Race: An invite-only braindance club. The elite of Night City come here when they want luxury but don't want to be seen drooling.

» Japantown

Benefiting from its position as a nexus point for the city's northern districts, Japantown serves as an entertainment center for Night City. It is a vibrant location, full of life and its many bars, fancy restaurants, gaming parlors, and markets make it a must-visit destination for locals and tourists alike. Just be careful. The Tyger Claws control this district, earning a cut of every eddie spent there.

► Notable Locations ◀

Cherry Blossom: A market covered by a glass roof. The ever-changing line-up of vendors offers an eclectic selection of goods unavailable anywhere else in Night City.

Clouds: An esteemed venue known for high-quality braindances and dolls custom-programmed for each customer. Located at the top of Megabuilding H8.

Dark Matter: A nightclub reserved for the elite of Night City. The hottest celebrities mingle with premium joytoys here, providing fodder for screamsheet gossip columns.

Fourth Wall Studios: A blockbuster-producing braindance studio always looking to push the envelope. Their latest hit is *Foreign Body*.

Jig-Jig Street: The reddest of red-light districts in Night City. The best place to find love by the hour, illicit BDs, and drugs of every variety.

» North Oak

North Oak contains more concentrated wealth than anywhere else in Night City (except Corpo Plaza) but also has the city's lowest population density. If you live in North Oak, you live in an estate, complete with a mansion and actual land. This is an enclave of the super-rich, each with their own security team guarding their homes 24/7. The guards here operate on a principle of "shoot first, ask questions never," so be careful if you're "visiting." Outsiders aren't welcome here without an invitation.

► Notable Locations ◀

Arasaka Estate: A temporary home used by members of the Arasaka family when they visit Night City. It is heavily guarded by elite Arasaka agents, all armed with the best weapons the megacorp has to offer.

Chram Denya Jinja: A Shinto shrine dedicated to the kami of chrome, night, and electricity. A popular tourist destination and one of the few areas in the district open to the public.

Columbarium: A memorial containing the cremated remains of thousands of Night City residents. It is well-guarded and has strict rules of conduct.

North Oak Casino and Country Club: A place for the wealthiest of Night City's residents to meet, party, and play. It is only accessible via AV.

Villa Eurodyne: The estate of famed rocker Kerry Eurodyne. It is patrolled by security bots instead of human guards.

PLAYERS OF NIGHT CITY (BY MC STEEL)

To be successful as an edgerunner in Night City, you need to know the major players. Being aware of who you're dealing with can prevent social miscues when negotiating with them for more eddies or aid in strategizing against them when dodging their bullets.

THE MEGACORPS

Megacorps rule this city. They own the politicians. They pay for the infrastructure. They manufacture all the gear you own. Hell, we're all branded with their logos, whether we like it or not. Just walking advertisements to their glory.

» Arasaka

Saburo Arasaka stepped up as CEO of Arasaka in 1960, and he's still in charge over a hundred years later. If that doesn't tell you something about how powerful Arasaka is, nothing will. This is the longest-operating megacorp in the world, and its got its fingers in everything, with hundreds of subdivisions and client companies across the globe. If it exists, some subdivision of Arasaka makes, imports, or sells it.

Arasaka's biggest money-makers are banking and security. The company is known for its top quality and the extensive training of the forces it employs to protect not only its own assets but those of its clients. If you're facing an Arasaka guard, you know you're in trouble.

Arasaka has shaped most of this century. They were one side of the 4th Corporate War and helped plunge the world into a new dark age. Later, the arrival of their supercarrier in Coronado Bay helped end the Unification War. Today, Arasaka reigns as a dominant force in Night City and is its largest employer.

» Biotechnica

Biotechnica is responsible for the food you eat, the drugs you take, and the fuel in your car. If there's been an advancement involving biotech over the last century, chances are Biotechnica's been behind the innovation – or they bought out the company that was.

The company owns a staggering amount of land to the south of Night City, where their protein farms mass-grow the worms used as the primary ingredient for most of today's food.

» Kang Tao

Once known primarily for cheap knock-offs, Kang Tao emerged from the Time of the Red with new strength as an innovator and leader in the area of smart weapon technology. Today, Kang Tao rivals even Arasaka when it comes to the quality and reputation of their weapons. Their regional headquarters is a skyscraper in the Corporate Plaza in Night City.

» Kiroshi Optical

The industry leader in optics design and manufacturing, Kiroshi Eyes are the gold standard. If your eyes aren't Kiroshis, why did you even scoop out your 'ganic orbs, choom? Kiroshi's sponsorship of Japanese pop group Us Cracks has won them the affection of the youth market across the globe.

» Militech

Almost synonymous with the New United States of America, Militech represents the ultimate evolution of the "military-industrial complex." The current President of the NUSA is a former CEO, and Militech troops often work in cooperation with American military forces domestically and abroad.

Militech is one of the world's largest manufacturers of weapons and military vehicles, with facilities on every continent. Its products range from personal firearms to missiles. In fact, most of the gear used by the NUSA military is branded with the Militech logo. The megacorp also provides private military forces for anyone willing to pay.

Militech battled Arasaka during the 4th Corporate War and seemed prepared to burn everything to the ground in order to win. The Megacorp only stood down when then-president Elizabeth Kress nationalized the company. The war ended with Militech acting as a privatized arm of the American government. In time, the relationship reversed, as Militech gained more influence over the NUSA than the NUSA had over it.

Today, it operates nominally as an independent megacorp but everyone knows Militech and the NUSA government are two sides of the same corrupt coin.



» Night Corp

After Richard Night's death, his widow, Miriam, transformed his foundation into a corporation able to play with the megacorps on their own terms. As Night City recovered from the 4th Corporate War, it was Night Corp that brought in the nomads to begin reconstruction and Night Corp that convinced the squabbling factions controlling the city's various districts to cooperate and form a new government.

Night Corp is ubiquitous in Night City and essentially runs the city's infrastructure. Despite this public visibility, little is known about the company. It is particularly secretive about its internal structure, operational goals, and resources. Employees know only as much as they need to know to do their jobs and little more. This has made Night Corp a favorite target for conspiracy theorists.

» Trauma Team International

When your life's on the line, you want the best to save you. That's what Trauma Team does... if you can afford it. The level of service a client is provided depends on their Trauma Team subscription. The best is the Platinum Plan, with 24/7 monitoring of a client's biomonitor via their neuroport, biosculpting on demand, free check ups, deep discounts on prescriptions, and a guaranteed three-minute response time to injuries.

Trauma Team plays the public relations game better than anyone and hypes its employees as heroes via advertising, public relations stunts, and sponsored programming. People thrill at the sight of a Trauma Team squad, convinced they'll swoop in and save them during a medical emergency – right up until they realize they don't have a subscription and will be left for dead.

In Night City, Trauma Team operates out of Night City Medical Center, which it owns.

» Zetatech

Zetatech began life as the smallest of the megacorps, specializing in computer hardware design. Its size proved to be an asset during the 4th Corporate War, as it came through relatively unscathed while larger rivals took big hits. Zetatech built on this advantage, expanding into avionics and AVs, drones, and robotics.

Zetatech maintains a policy of strict neutrality, resulting in its products being used by many megacorporations and governments. It isn't uncommon to go into a war zone and see Zetatech drones fighting on both sides of the battleline.

THE GANGS

The megacorps may control the city, but the gangs control the streets. If you're going to run on The Edge, you need to know just whose territory you're running through.

» 6th Street

6th Street started out with good intentions. Gather a bunch of veterans and do the job the NCPD was unable or unwilling to do. Unfortunately, they discovered doing the job required resources – guns, money, and access. Their slippery slope began with taking bribes to look the other way on occasion and charging locals protection fees. From there, it became easy to dive into other criminal rackets. Today 6th Street is just another gang wrapped in military trappings. Their main turf is Santo Domingo but they have some influence in Charter Hill and Heywood.

» Animals

If you see someone with muscles so large they look ready to burst through their skin, that's probably an Animal. Purists, the Animals eschew strength-enhancing and combat cyberware in favor of genetically tailored growth hormones, ultra-testosterone, and "the Juice," a secret chemical concoction that increases the user's strength, size, and speed. For the Animals, the term "concrete jungle" is literal in that they respect strength and ability above all else. Even internally, disputes are always handled via trial by combat.

The Animals don't usually hold territory. Instead, they sell themselves off as muscle, run underground death matches, and organize raids on residential districts, corporate supply houses, and other gangs' stashes.

» BARGHEST

When Colonel Kurt Hansen claimed Dogtown as his own territory at the tail end of the Unification War, he brought the remnants of his unit along for the ride. Hansen transformed his soldier into BARGHEST and recruited from the locals to replace the fallen. The Colonel provided his troops with weapons, training, money, and medical care, and all he asked for in return was absolute, undying loyalty.

The soldiers of BARGHEST act as Hansen's fist in Dogtown and enforce his word as law. Don't do what one tells you, and, at best, you'll be ejected out of the district. At worst, your parts will end up for sale on the local market.

» Maelstrom

Dangerous. Violent. The ultimate boostergang. The Maelstrom truly live their lives by the concept that "metal is better than meat." No one joins without undergoing extensive cyberware implantation, designed to not only enhance the body but scour away physical humanity in order to expose the new, superior metal below. Their obsession with chrome is tinged with an almost occult reverence as they blend otherworldly superstition into their gang rituals.



Despite many members skirting the edge of cyberpsychosis, Maelstrom has proven incredibly canny over the past several decades by building a criminal empire based on smuggling, black market technology, and drug dealing. They make their home in the Northside Industrial District, but their reach extends farther south, into Kabuki and beyond. They also control the Totentanz. The club is a perfect symbol for Maelstrom: loud, dark, and ultraviolent.

» The Mox

A small gang, the Mox's territory isn't so much a patch of land as it is a profession – the Mox exists to protect sex workers. They're one of the newest gangs in town, having only formed in 2067 after the death of club owner Elizabeth "Lizzie" Borden. The gang came together to protest her murder by the Tyger Claws and to protect sex workers from further exploitation. Their main headquarters is Lizzie's Bar. In the last decade, the Mox's leadership has hardened, realizing they can't protect every sex worker in the city – just the ones who work directly for them. As the Mox grows more cynical, some worry they're becoming the oppressors they were formed to fight.

» Scavs

Scavs aren't a gang. Not really. They're more like a plague, operating in small cells for as long as a leader can hold them together. All they care about is profit, and they earn it by

ripping the cyberware out of people's bodies and selling it to disreputable ripperdocs and fixers across Night City. They've got no honor. What they do have is a keen eye for implants and organs they can offload as a profit. If you're packing chrome, watch your six if you walk down a dark alley at night.

» Tyger Claws

One of the oldest gangs in Night City, the Tyger Claws grew out of the Tiger's Claw, an Arasaka-backed motorcycle club. Following Arasaka's removal from Night City in the aftermath of the 4th Corporate War, the gang rebranded itself and stepped into the power vacuum to grow its empire.

The gang is large, causing different factions to rise up and compete against one another for money, territory, and power. Conflicts caused by this factional squabbling are handled inside the organization. An outsider stepping in will find the Tyger Claws to be a unified front. Internal wars can resume once they deal with any interlopers.

The Tyger Claws operate mainly out of Little China, Kabuki, and Japantown, although their influence also extends into Charter Hill.

» Valentinos

The Valentinos are a gang tied to the community by bonds of blood. Their relatives operate local businesses ranging from bars and corner shops to nightclubs and auto shops. These legal businesses often serve as a front for criminal activity, such as money-laundering operations, drug labs, and chop shops. Members of the gang venerate the concepts of honor, justice, and family bonds, making betrayal the worst crime any member can commit.

Rumor has it the Valentinos somehow evolved from an ancient club of Lotharios who competed against each other in acts of seduction but no modern Valentino will confirm it. As far as they're concerned, they've always been as they are. They're as much part of Heywood as the land beneath their feet.

» Voodoo Boys

You may have heard of a gang known as the Voodoo Boys operating in the 2020s. These ain't them. Those Voodoo Boys were posers, playing dress up and selling drugs. These Voodoo Boys evolved from the Haitian workforce imported to build up Pacifica in the 2060s. When the investors pulled out because of the Unification War, the Voodoo Boys organized and seized control of part of the district. One part gang. One part government.



Truth is, the Voodoo Boys don't call themselves by that name. They use the term only with outsiders because it's convenient - a name given to them by ignorant strangers who didn't understand their culture or religion. Only initiated members know the gang's true name.

A good portion of the Voodoo Boys are netrunners who believe the Blackwall will eventually collapse, allowing the AIs to flood in and conquer the world. They perform acts they believe will curry favor with their future AI overlords. The Voodoo Boys intend to be on their good side when the digital apocalypse comes.

A FEW OTHER PLAYERS

The gangs and megacorps aren't the only power players in Night City. Since you're going to try to make it as an edgerunner, here are a few more you'll need to know.

» Fixers

If you're an edgerunner and you want a job, you'll need a fixer. The same's true if you need information to complete a gig or specific, hard-to-obtain gear.

Fixers are the backbone of the edgerunning economy.

Fixers operate across all levels of society, trading information, goods, and services for eddies and favors. The lowest rats on the rung operate on a street corner. The highest snag corner offices, working exclusively for the megacorps. In between, you'll find the type of fixer you'll most often deal with as an edgerunner: Fixers who specialize in specific types of jobs, areas of trade, or districts in the city. Most of the gigs you'll receive flow through those fixers, so don't piss them off.

► A Few Prominent Fixers in Night City ◀

Dakota Smith: Also known as the Mad Coyote, Dakota isn't technically in Night City. She operates out of a garage in the Badlands and specializes in nomad-related gigs. Most packs stop by and pay Dakota their respect when they visit the area.

Muamar "El Capitán" Reyes: While Muamar offers multiple types of gigs to edgerunners, his specialty is cars. He's been known to put out bounties on specific makes and models. Once a car is brought in, he turns it around and sells it via his Autofixer business.

Rogue Amendiares: The so-called Queen of the Fixers and owner of Afterlife, the premier edgerunner bar in the city. Rogue's history goes back decades to a time

when she was one of the best solos for hire in Night City. Mostly retired from her gun-slinging ways, Rogue specializes in assembling elite teams for gigs from wealthy clients.

Sebastian "Padre" Ibarra: The name isn't ironic. Padre used to be a priest before he left the clergy to pursue what he calls a more noble calling - being a fixer. He offers a variety of gigs but they all seem to be part of a chess match designed to keep some semblance of balance in Heywood.

Wakako Okada: Known as the Lady of Westbrook, Wakako operates out of a pachinko parlor on Jig-Jig Street in Japantown. She's well respected - or feared, at least - by the community, and her gigs run the full gambit of types.

» Nomads

Back during the Collapse, things got bad. Neighborhoods and sometimes entire cities became uninhabitable. People lost their jobs and their homes. Taking inspiration from the past, families and small groups banded together, forming nomadic packs and wandering across the continent, in search of work. Over time more joined them, until they numbered in the millions and formed nations of their own. For the dwellers of the cities they visited, nomads were a necessary evil - vilified by the media for



being thieves, raiders, or worse, yet necessary to fill the ranks of a depleted workforce. They acted as construction crews, ran carnivals and circuses to entertain the masses, and smuggled goods for the black market.

During the Time of the Red, the nomad nations saw their power increase. They knew the roads and seas better than anyone else, allowing them to keep goods and services flowing between disconnected cities. Their experience in construction proved key to rebuilding cities devastated by war while their traveling shows distracted people from their worries for a brief time.

Of course, nothing lasts forever. Construction companies began outbidding nomad contractors and mass-marketed media proved a more seductive lure than carnivals and circuses. Worst of all, one of the nomad nations, Meta, betrayed the others. Able to "speak corpo," Meta's shipping company, DTS, undercut other nomad groups and locked in exclusive contracts until it was the largest transporter of goods in North America.

Diminished in power, the remaining nomad nations were left with a choice: Exchange autonomy for food and money by entering into long-term contracts with various megacorps and other groups or remain free at the risk of a slow, lingering death of culture and lifestyle.

The most commonly seen nomads in Night City belong to the Aldecaldo Nation, initially formed when residents of East Los Angeles packed up their stuff and left. The Wraiths, a group of former nomads exiled from their packs, raid transports traveling to and from Night City through the Badlands.



» Night City Police Department

Ah, Night City's finest. You know the whole "serve and protect" thing you see in the vids? Forget it. The only thing NCPD serves and protects in Night City is the interests of its megacorp masters. Assume every cop you meet is corrupt until they prove otherwise because, even if they're not, chances are their partner or their boss is.

Never well-funded, the NCPD remained a barely public service until recently, when the city decided it cost too much money and brought in too little income. The NCPD went private and reorganized, with a non-cop CEO replacing the old chief of police. The new CEO fired half the force, reduced patrols, and focused on bringing in income through writing tickets over stopping or solving crimes. It also began charging the citizens of Night City five eddies per minute to make 911 calls and asking for "donations" from citizens to solve specific crimes. In other words, if you want to find out who murdered your dear auntie? You'd better be ready to help fund the investigation.

Don't be fooled by the downturn in the NCPD's ability, though. Even underfunded and understaffed, the cops still have the resources of a small army. That includes armored vehicles, AVs, and all manner of firearms and ammunition. Plus, there's MaxTac, the militarized force specializing in the elimination of cyberpsychos. MaxTac's funding remains a priority since its visibility and reputation make every action it takes a win for public relations. As the rest of the force grows less capable, MaxTac has begun responding to crimes outside its mandate. In other words, even if you aren't a cyberpsycho, if you land on MaxTac's radar, their troops will put you down.

» REO Meatwagon

REO Meatwagon is a cut-rate, no-frills emergency medical service contracted by the city to handle the cases Trauma Team won't. Which is most of them.

Unlike Trauma Team, REO Meatwagon stays on the ground in ancient ambulances held together by duct tape and good wishes. Half of the patients their paramedics pick up don't make it to the hospital alive. Some don't make it to the hospital at all. Rumors of connections between REO Meatwagon and scav groups are widespread.

Now, that isn't to say there aren't some good paramedics working for REO Meatwagon. Just don't count on them being in the ambulance when you're picked up after a job goes wrong.



by Maximum Mike

Most people in Night City go about their day-to-day without thinking too much about it, but knowing how you – and other people – live can prove crucial to a job's success. Pay attention.

It all begins with where you live. If you're down on your luck, you're living on the street. That isn't easy in a city that's hostile to the homeless. NCPD violently clears out squatter camps on the regular, and Night City's government fumigates the sewers as if the folk sleeping there were vermin instead of people.

Got a little cash? You're probably living on the lower floors of a megabuilding, in a potentially moldy apartment in one of the city's smaller complexes, or maybe in a trailer parked in a camp on the outskirts of the city. Chances are you're sharing a bathroom with someone else and can't take more than five steps before running into a wall, but at least your door's got a lock on it.

The more you earn, the more room you get. The middle floors of the megabuildings offer fairly spacious apartments with their own bathrooms, even if some lack kitchen facilities and only provide food through wall-mounted vending machines. There are similar apartments, some with multiple bedrooms even, in nicer buildings throughout the city

Of course, if you're important enough, you can get something a little extra: corporate-subsidized housing. There are functional and clean apartments inside the city proper for middle management and small, quaint little homes in places like Rancho Coronado for the important factory types.

If you're swimming in eddies, you've got two choices. Move up or move out. The best apartments rise high in Night City, on the top floors of skyscrapers and swanky apartment buildings with solid security. Most people only see squats like this on video – wide open rooms loaded with facilities. Or maybe you can snag a house in Charter Hill or North Oak, far away from the stink of the common folk. Congratulations on living the dream. Just check your back for knives.

WHAT YOU EAT

You may have heard of kibble. That's basically dog food for humans and it used to be a staple of most people's diets. Thankfully, food technology improved, and only the truly desperate munch on that crap now.

Today, most of our diet consists of artificial food. I don't mean what you're eating is plastic or something. It just isn't what it pretends to be. Let's take the burrito you had for lunch. The meat didn't come from a cow. It was "farmed" down in Biotechnica Flats, south of the city, in the form of worms ground down into a paste called scop, then molded, flavored, and dyed into a shape vaguely resembling meat. The beans and other veg are algae and soy pushed through a similar process. The cheese is made of chemicals, mixed in a vat, and left to dry. Sure, there's some cloned fruit and in vitro-grown meat out there but your diet mainly consists of worms, flavor enhancers, and soy, choomba.

What about real food? Is real steak made from real cows? Are real tomatoes grown on real vines? Those exist, but you'll pay a pretty eddie for them. Every year the world loses a little more farmland, and most of what's left goes to growing the wheat needed to make CHOOH². As a result, real food is a luxury only the rich can afford on the regular.

I've heard rumors of guerrilla gardens in places like Pacifica, where they grow their own vegetables and keep their own livestock, but you'll have to go there yourself to find out if it's true.

HOW YOU GET AROUND

You've got feet, don't you? Or maybe a mobility device? Walking – or the assisted equivalent – remains one of the most common ways to get around Night City, even as we approach the next century. Within your subdistrict, it can be easier and cheaper to hoof it from your megabuilding to the market and back. Got to go further and don't have much cash? Believe it or not, Night City's public transit system, NCART, actually does a decent job of providing cheap, reliable transportation. Maybe that's because Night Corp bought it out in 2068 after a series of poison gas attacks in the subway.

If you're lucky, you own a motorcycle or car. They work the same as they always did – make sure the fuel tank's full, turn it on, and drive. Off you go. Some people plug directly into the car's computer via their Personal and drive using only their brains, but the NCPD insists

hands-free driving causes more accidents and frowns on the practice. Of course, if you've got a few spare eddies in your account, you can let someone else do the driving by hiring a service like Combat Cab or Delamain to taxi you from point A to point B.

Or you can skip the ground altogether and take to the sky, flying through the canyons between skyscrapers like a fighter pilot in an old vid. AVs provide aerial transport for the wealthy, allowing them to bypass ground-based gridlock and literally enjoy the high life.

HOW YOU GET THE WORD

Everyone wants to stay informed. Or, at least, they think they do. Most of our news comes directly from two sources: N54 News or WNS. They control the flow of information, wheeling and dealing with the other megacorps on what to cover and what to bury. Most news sources not directly owned by N54 or WNS buy packaged content from them, sometimes supplementing it with their own, more sporadic coverage of local events.

By hopping on the CitiNet via your holophone or dataterm, you can access information provided via net-sites. These tend to be dry, boring collections of text and images meant primarily to inform and not to entertain. The old-timers remember when the CitiNet was a bright, vibrant place where everyone could share their own video, audio, and text on something called the Data Pool but those days are long since gone. When Netwatch took direct control of the CitiNets, they scaled back how



much data could flow at any given time. They say it is to prevent another DataKrash, but funny how it also concentrates the most accessible forms of entertainment into the hands of the megacorps again, isn't it?

If you don't own a holophone, or you're trying to exchange information without being traced, you can use a public dataterm. These armor-clad computer terminals can make calls and access the CitiNet for a per minute price.

HOW YOU HAVE FUN

There's no shortage of cheap thrills in Night City! For the extroverts willing to brave the danger, there are hundreds, maybe even thousands, of nightclubs, bars, casinos, gambling dens, brothels, braindance clubs, and even the occasional museum or movie house. If you're more introverted, you can stay home and consume everything from vids to BDs to screamsheets. Honestly, you're spoiled for choice. After all, if there's one thing the megacorps want, it's a city full of placated people, and nothing placates us more than mindless entertainment.

When it comes to broadcast vid you're limited to two choices: WNS and Network 54. They own the airwaves – and the cable lines – in Night City, with similar slates of programming, including corporate-sanitized news, reality dramas, talk shows, and the city's current hit program, *Watson Whore*.

Radio remains a surprisingly strong contender in commanding people's attention in the 2070s, with at least fourteen stations actively broadcasting in Night City. People still love music, and listening to it via radio remains convenient while in the car, walking along the street, or riding on the subway. By the way, you can catch me on 107.3 Morro Rock Radio. Classic tunes and deep thoughts. A perfect combination.

Pirate radio and television stations pop up on occasion, too. These illegal operations broadcast everything from old shows N54 and WNS binned long ago to propaganda-filled speeches encouraging the masses to rise up and rebel against the system. Entertaining if you're into that sort of thing.

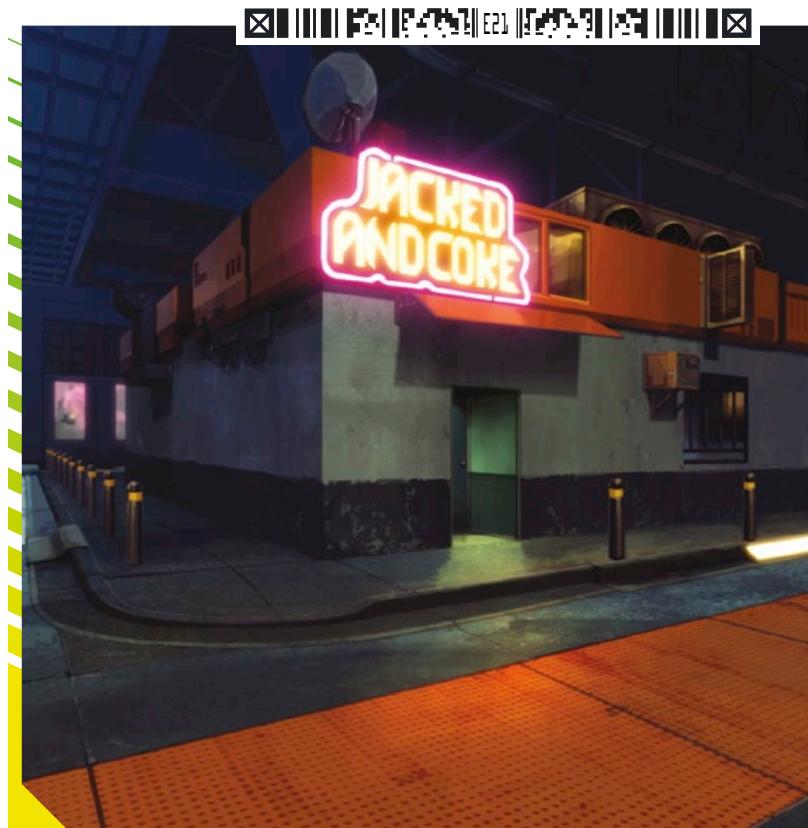
Braindances combine the best parts of passive screen-staring and drugs, addicting you to the pleasures of living through scenarios you'll never get to experience yourself. Want to know what it feels like to dive off a waterfall? To skydive from a plane? To touch real grass? Now's your chance. Of course, ninety percent of BDs are porn.

You'll also find the old standbys out there: video games, both traditional and virtual, and even the occasional book or screamsheet loaded onto a shard or printed on pulp paper.

HOW YOU GET STUFF

For the most part, if you need it and have the eddies, you just buy it. If you can afford the delivery charge, remote shopping via your dataterm is an option. Otherwise, travel down to a store and pick it up – or steal it – yourself. There are plenty of chain stores willing to serve your needs, from All Foods for eats to the local Kiroshi outlet for cyberoptic needs. If you prefer a more personal but potentially dangerous touch, try shops located in the outdoor markets, dark alleys, and back streets of Night City.

Mind you, not everything can be purchased on a whim. Some items are scarce due to limited supply or high demand. Some are outright illegal, even in Night City. When you need something you can't find on the shelf, you've got two options: Find a fixer who can procure it for you or travel to the black markets in Kabuki or Dogtown. Of course, you can always figure out who has what you're looking for and steal it from them. Just be ready to suffer the consequences if it turns out they have connections.



STAYING IN TOUCH

You've probably got a holophone stuck in your brain, thanks to your neuroport. With it, you can make voice calls and send texts. The phone even reconstructs the face of the person on the other end of the line – if the required data is included in the call – and simulates them talking by projecting it into a box in your HUD.

You might also own a holophone of the sort you can hold in your hand. It may be for legitimate purposes, like needing a second phone for business. Or maybe for less legit reasons, like you need a hard-to-trace burner phone. Either way, they work like the ones implanted in your neuroport. Just less convenient. You've got to use your actual, out-loud voice, and the words come through on a speaker or earbuds.

By the way, be prepared to pay if you're placing a long distance call. Ringing someone up inside Night City comes free with your monthly service plan. Talk all you want. If you're calling outside of Night City, however, your provider has to bounce you to satellite service, which costs a small fortune.

With CitiNet access, you can send and receive electronic mail via your holophone or terminal. Again, this is free if you're connecting with someone in Night City but costs a fee if you're sending an email anywhere else in the world. Also? Netwatch can probably read what you've written.

Finally, there are letters. You know. Get a sheet of pulp paper, write down some words, fold it up, stuff it in an envelope, and off it goes. Yeah, you can still do that, but first, you'll need to engage a courier. The only postal services in Night City are private, and they'll cost you anything from a few eddies to hire a local streetrat to a few hundred eddies to engage an armed and reputable courier.

STREETSLANG

If you're going to spend time on The Street, you need to know how to talk the talk.

AV: Pronounced "ay-vee." An aerodyne vehicle: a flying automobile-like vehicle powered by ducted jet fans.

AI: Artificial Intelligence. It can be used to refer to both non-aware systems and truly sentient artificial constructs.

Badlands: The desolate space outside of Night City. Decades of climate change and resource exploitation have transformed this area into a desert.

Blackwall: A mysterious construction allegedly created by Netwatch to block access between the Old Net and the new.

Booster: A type of drug that enhances physical or mental performance.

Borg: Someone who has undergone Full Body Conversion (FBC) by implanting their brain and a few other choice biological bits into a fully cybernetic body.

Braindance (BD): A technology allowing a user to experience another person's recorded memory, including their emotions and physical reactions. Darker and more illegal XBDs allowing someone to experience death are sadly common, but without limiters in place, it can be harmful.

Chippin' In: To implant cyberware for the first time. Taken from the title of a Samurai song.

Choom: Friend/family member. Shortened from choomba, which itself is shortened from choombatta.

CHOOH²: Pronounced "Chew-Two." A brand name for a biofuel fuel commonly used to power vehicles. Not the actual chemical formula.

Chrome: Another word for cyberware, even if it isn't actually made of metal.

Combat Zone: An area of a city more or less abandoned by the authorities, where violence rules.

Corpo: An executive-level employee of a corporation.

Cyberdeck: A device used by netrunners to connect their brain to a computer system.

Cyberpsychosis: A popular term deriving from the idea that too much cyberware will transform a person into a rampaging monster (aka a cyberpsycho).

Cyberware: A device implanted into or onto the body.

DataKrash: The event leading to the collapse of the Old Net, orchestrated by Rache Bartmoss.

Delta: To leave a location quickly.

Eddies: Slang for Eurodollars, the most common form of currency in Night City. Also called eds.

Ennies: A minuscule amount of money.

The Edge: The fringe of society outside of the borders of the legal.

Edgerunner: A street mercenary. Someone who chooses to live outside of society's normal bounds.

Fixer: A deal maker and information broker. They often provide jobs for edgerunners.

Flatline: To die or to kill.

Flick: To send something, usually digitally.

'ganic: Another term for organic.

Ghost: Leave someone's presence. Vanish from someone's life. Synonymous with "get lost."

Gonk: A fool. Something stupid.

Handle: A name someone is known by on The Street.

Holo: Short for holophone. Used for visual and voice-based communications.

Hustle: Hired muscle, usually employed for guard duties or illegal jobs.

ICE: A program designed to attack, eject, or kill a Netrunner who intrudes into a system.

Input/Output: A short-term love interest or hookup.

Kibble: Processed food. Dog food for people. Common before the Unification War but less so now. Only the poorest of the poor live on it.

Joytoy: A sex worker.

Highrider: Someone who lives or spends most of their time in space.

Klep: To steal. A reference to kleptomania, a psychological condition in which the sufferer is driven to steal by uncontrollable urges.

Mainline: A term for your partner when in a long, serious romantic and/or sexual relationship.

Meat: Flesh. The opposite of cyberware. Some netrunners refer to the physical world as "meatspace."

Netrunner: Someone who plugs their brain directly into computer systems, allowing them to hack at high speeds.

Neuroport: The most common piece of cyberware in the world – a central processing unit required for the installation of all other cyberware.

Nomad: A member of one of a number of wandering nations. The most common nomads in Night City belonging to the Aldecaldo Nation.

Nova: Awesome.

Preem: Derived from the word "premium." Cool

Proxy: Someone controlled by an external entity, such as an AI or another person, via an implant known as a doll chip. Proxies employed in sex work are known as dolls.

Ripperdoc: Originally a term referring to a medical professional who specializes in installing cyberware, it has expanded to include any surgeon.

Sandevistan: A form of cyberware that enhances reaction time and slows perception of reality. Also known as a Sandy.

Scop: A form of moldable protein used in many foods. It originally referred to single-celled organisms grown for the purpose, but the term now includes all processed imitation foods. Informally used to describe any low-quality foodstuff.

Scroll: To record a braindance.

Scroller: Someone who records a braindance.

Shard: A chip containing data or programs. Can be slotted into an external device or a shard slot of a neuroport.

Solo: A mercenary who specializes in combat and fights for cash. A solo who works primarily for megacorps is sometimes known as a samurai.

Static: A somewhat derogatory term used by nomads to describe non-nomads.

The Street: The underground subculture of violence and illegality.

Wreath: A device used to experience a braindance.

Virtu: An abbreviation for virtual. Used to refer to both braindances and virtual experiences stored on shards.

Zero: To kill or murder.

THE FINAL WORD

Hey, kid. Looks like you read through all the shards I shoved into your pocket. Good for you! I honestly doubted you would. Most new edgerunners are like teenagers – they think they know everything and ignore the wisdom offered by their elders. Which is why most don't last long enough to become old edgerunners.

I hope you'll be different. If you live long enough to make it into The Afterlife, drinks are on me.

THE CYBERPUNK: EDGERUNNERS CREW

If you haven't seen *Cyberpunk: Edgerunners*, put this book down and go give it a watch. Otherwise, the next few pages might not mean much. For those of you who experienced the whole show, you're about to read never before revealed details about the origins of David, Maine, Rebecca, Lucy, and the rest of the *Cyberpunk: Edgerunners* crew.

We hope their histories will inspire you as you play your own Edgerunners in *The Jacket*, the mission included in the *Cyberpunk: Edgerunners Mission Kit*.

On behalf of the team behind *Cyberpunk*, we'd like to take a moment and thank you for your support. When *R. Talsorian Games* first published the original edition of the tabletop roleplaying game in 1988, we couldn't have imagined how big Night City would grow.

So, thank you and until next time, stay safe on The Street.



ADAM SMASHER

The truth is, we don't know much about Adam Smasher. After all, he's been alive for nearly a century and any story we tell would probably be more legend than truth. According to an article he wrote for *Solo of Fortune* back in the 2020s, he was born and raised in New York, where he led a combat gang before enlisting in the military.

Adam spent six years in the Marine Corps before they kicked him out. Afterwards, he went full edgerunner, specializing in nasty and destructive jobs. A couple of rocket-propelled grenades ended that career, but began another when Arasaka found him, stuffed his brain into a borg body, and signed him to a lifetime contract.

We know Adam was active up to and during the 4th Corporate War. He specialized, and took joy, in leading strike forces to slaughter communities full of not only enemies but their families as well.

Rumors place him in Araska's Night City HQ when the nuke went off. If so, the metal bastard survived the blast. Then he fell off the radar. For the next few decades stories of an unstoppable metal juggernaut running ops circled the globe. How much is true remains a mystery to this day. All we know for sure is he's currently back in Night City after years away.

Or someone claiming to be him is. Maybe the real Adam Smasher died during the nuke and Araska brainwashed some poor FBC (or more than one!) into believing he's the genuine article. Weirder things have happened.



DAVID MARTINEZ

Tell me you remember... Tell me you remember those scenes from rom coms of yore, say, the previous century - big city, a man and a woman walking down the street, the woman suddenly stops due to a contraction, a big one that knocks the wind outta her. The guy flags down the first available cab, he and the woman clumsily tumble into the backseat, and the cab speeds off for the hospital. David Martinez came into the world in somewhat similar circumstances. Somewhat. Not quite so romantically comedic. David's mom, an EMT named Gloria, felt her water break while she was in the back of her speeding ambulance, trying to reattach the arm of an edgerunner who had gotten it shot off. So she sutured, sutured, sutured, got it done, told the edgerunner to swap seats with her, then proceeded to deliver her own baby on the gurney, the ambulance still speeding towards a hospital.

The edgerunner alongside her cut the umbilical cord. Using the mantis blade in the arm Gloria had just salvaged. Brutal yet somehow poetic.

It was at that moment that Gloria and David were bonded in the awareness that she would do absolutely anything for him, and he would never let her down.

Life in Santo Domingo was no rose garden. Exact opposite, actually. Trash, filth, dorphers, psychos, and death at every corner. Gloria did her damnedest to shelter David from all manner of danger. Thing is, David just never liked the peaceful mundane side of life. It bored him outta his skull. Yeah, David liked to have lots going on, liked it when shit went down because as long as he could remember, he had the feeling he was destined for something bigger. So he scoped and kept tabs on anyone and everyone in and around Megabuilding H4. And any edgerunner he'd not seen before - David would talk his ear off. Soon as the local ripperdoc had new chrome, David would be in his clinic, ogling it.

With all that curiosity bursting outta him, there'd be times he'd get his ass kicked. But the curiosity wouldn't die, and David never thought to curb it. This one time, the son of a 6th Street gangoon, pissed off at David, found him, pinned him down and started punching. He kept punching until he finally broke his own hand and promptly started wailing like a little bitch with everybody watching. David, covered in blood, laughed all the way through the beating and for an hour after it. Which pretty much meant no one in the 'hood would touch David ever again. And David was reassured that he was special, that he would do great things in life.



DORIO GUNNARSDÓTTIR

Born in Iceland, if you can believe it. Only natural, then, that some mythological accents of the Norse variety appear in her background. Mom and Pop were both accomplished athletes. Dorio's childhood and youth were a blur – training in gyms, consuming uber-healthy meals, living out of suitcases while traveling from one weight-lifting or track meet to the next. Her parents were essentially grooming her to be a world-class athlete. Until that is, Night City turned out to be a stop along the winding path of Dorio Gunnarsdóttir and her 'rents.

The fam arrived in NC for a track meet – a West Coast Grand Prix Circuit event. And it was this meet that proved transformative for Dorio's Pop, though her Mom said outright that it had "broken him." He emerged as the event's top hammer thrower and collected solid, if not overwhelming, prize money. Then he realized that what he had in hand was peanuts. 'Cause he could make so much more by winning a single punch-up on the underground fight circuit run by the Animals. One night, he signed up for a tournament. It was a hard slog 'cause anyone vying for

membership in the Animals is close to being a world-class athlete. But Pops came out on top. Ka-CHING! The Animals paid out and took him on as a member.

Dorio's mom didn't love it, In fact, she didn't like it one bit. But it gave her a comfy life in Night City. Dorio and Mom could spend their days training, and Mom's doubts were assuaged. Until there was this shootout. Animals versus Voodoo Boys, both gangs decked out in heavy weapons. Dorio's Pop got caught in full automatic cross-fire. The bullets ripped him apart – literally. A scrap of his face was the sole identifiable piece left. The family's comfy life came crashing down. But it was never the most important thing. Dorio and Mom lived on modestly, and pumped iron, day after day.

Yet as it often does for young people, boredom crept in. Dorio's Mom had made a conscious decision to be a professional athlete, to sacrifice all else and devote herself. Dorio had not made this decision. And in time she realized it was not the life for her. Then there was her hatred of Night City's gangs, which had begun with Pop's death, and only festered since. She had a special place in the black corner of her heart for Animals and Voodoo Boys. But there's fuck all she could do about it as a weightlifter. She skipped a practice here, a meet there, wandering the city streets instead, looking down many a dark alley, searching for something –she didn't know what. Finally, she bought herself a gun – it seemed organic, the natural thing to do. Then she trained her gaze on an Animal. Random guy. She observed. She followed. She stalked. A thought began to bud in her mind. This gonk, unaware of Dorio or anything that had happened to her, would die. She would kill him and quench her rising hatred.

And so one night, she followed him to a bar. She watched him drink. The guy drank a lot. When he got up to use the john, she followed him there. As he vacated his bladder, she put the barrel of her gun to his head. But she failed to pull the trigger. A split second later, she was on the floor with a broken nose. The Animal stood over her, the barrel of her gun now staring her in the face. But he didn't fire either because just then his brain exploded – its pieces looked like glitter on the walls. Maine had dropped him. Maine, who had been stalking Dorio while she'd been stalking the gangoon. Maine, who now helped her up and said he was looking for peeps for his crew of edgerunners. It only took a heartbeat for Dorio to sign on.



FALCO

Born in the Free State of Texas. Falco's parents owned vast swaths of land that they cultivated in close collaboration with Biotechnica. Falco was due to take the reins at the farm, but his favorite bit of work there involved driving tractors. Not quite as prescribed, though. He loved to hit the accelerator and keep it down, sending the big machines zipping across the fields at speeds unimaginable to any other tractor drivers. It wasn't that his tractors were better or that he tweaked their engines. It was just about having the *cojones* to do it.

Falco swapped his tractor seat for one in a stock car and began entering races on the local circuit. He turned out to be talented. Not only would he open the throttle wide, he also possessed a cool head that allowed him to smoothly execute even the riskiest moves. Pretty soon he had conquered the local circuit and began thinking globally, which took him onto the pro racing circuit. He reigned supreme there as well.

After winning an unprecedented dozen-plus races in a row, he started hankering for a new challenge. The search for one took him to Night City, where he could street race the craziest drivers from around the world on some of the hardest, most dangerous urban courses in existence. He didn't always win and he liked that. Yet he was among the best, chalking up night-race wins against NC's racing greats – Rearview and Jeremy Taylor.

It was Rearview who got him his first paid gig. He collected a couple of edgerunners ands together they pulled a heist at an Orbital Air warehouse. The crowd at the Afterlife got to know and like Falco, and he came around to liking the kind of tension that came with gigs he got from fixers. It was a satisfying life, and he mostly dropped racing, only hitting the occasional course as a special guest.

Kiwi has no recollection of her parents. Likely when she was not much older than a toddler, she was sold to a corp factory where her small hands proved useful in the production of implant subassemblies. She worked alongside other kids and machines. The factory foreman took a liking to her. He protected her, helped her when she needed it, and befriended her. When the time was appropriate, he promoted her, gave her raises, and ensured some level of comfort. And then came the time for payback. He propositioned her, framing it as a debt Kiwi owed. When Kiwi refused, the foreman sold her off to a den of iniquity.

But Kiwi was no *ingénue*. She came equipped with tech knowledge from the factory, and savvy about subassemblies, microcontrollers, and shards. She built a gizmo that inured her to sensations and cut off all emotional responses to the work she had to do. It was a way to survive. Two years in, a brutish client used his gorilla arms to tear away a part of her jaw. She concluded she would not have it reconstructed. She was done with her jaw and the cat house as well.

Kiwi had been a quick learner for as long as she could remember. So while recovering from her encounter with the gorilla arms, she delved into netrunning. She found it satisfyingly challenging, which kept her motivated. Soon, she used her newly acquired abilities to cause multiple short circuits at both the cat house and her old factory, causing both buildings burning down completely, the proprietor and foreman inside.

With all accounts now settled and a mask covering the lower half of her face, Kiwi decided to embark on a new lifepath. She headed off for Night City, where she took on small netrunning gigs. Then she met Rebecca, who in turn brought Kiwi into Maine's edgerunner crew.

KIWI



LUCY

Born in Warsaw to a Polish-Japanese family. Lucy's father – Takeshi Kushinada – was a veteran of the 4th Corporate War. When hostilities ended, he was assigned to the Arasaka garrison in Warsaw. Her mother – Shimmer – a member of a gang of Polish netrunners called 404 Squadron, dropped the underground life after meeting Takeshi, falling in love and starting a family with him.

Lucy's childhood was positively idyllic. She attended the best schools and she and her family lacked for nothing, traveled frequently, and while home, enjoyed a spacious villa and garden in a luxury, gated, Arasaka community near Warsaw's northeastern city limits. The first blemish on their family bliss appeared when seven year old Lucyna hacked into her dad's computer, and found info on his "achievements" during the 4th Corporate War. What she saw shocked her. She knew him as her wondrous father, but the files proved him to be a brutal beast; a monster who happily murdered mercilessly whenever his superiors ordered him to.

The revelation planted something sour in Lucy's chest, a stinging, a burning that commanded her to rebel, to run away from home, and to spend more and more time on the Net. She proved to have a talent for netrunning of the highest order. Her father, after recovering her from her latest adventure, decided to couple this talent with her penchant for running away. He forced his daughter to take a skills test at Arasaka, after which she was promptly assigned to the corp's netrunner outfit.

Lucy's task was recovering old, lost or archived info and data resting somewhere in the depths of the Old Net. Arasaka was drooling for info of the sort. But then the kids from Lucy's division started dying, dropping like flies. And Lucy, once again, decided to run. She made it out but thought it best not to go home, fearing what her father would do if she returned. Instead, Lucy skipped across Europe, sometimes trying to settle down. Only, whenever Lucy dared to rest, she could sense her mother, who had rejoined 404 Squadron, zeroing in on her. Uncertain of her mother's intentions, Lucy packed up and fled again and again... until she finally found herself on the other side of the Atlantic.

After roaming a good number of states, Lucy wound up in Night City, thinking that no place on Earth was destined to be her safe harbor. So she promised herself she'd amass the funds needed to flee to Luna. She started with petty thefts, rarely, if ever, training her sights on fatter loot. Until that is, she met Kiwi, another netrunner, who gently folded Lucy into Maine's crew.



MAINE

The son of a jazz singer, a woman who traveled around what used to be the lower 48, singing in bars and lounges, hoping that some talent scout for a big promoter would hear her and sign her on the spot. Which never happened, but something equally if not more momentous did. Namely, the morning after a concert in Portland, Maine, she puked... and promptly figured out she was pregnant.

Math was never her vibe, and she made a point of forgetting any lovers she took, so she could not know who the father was. What she did know, though, was that she liked Portland, and the state of Maine had been good to her in small ways, so she decided to settle down. She signed on as a waitress at a local diner and kept at it for ten years, while she raised her son, who she named after the state.

Maine was a puny and sickly boy who got his ass kicked regularly by peers and older kids alike. So he promised himself he'd be stronger. Bigger and stronger than anyone around. He started packing on size and strength and fighting in the underground boxing circuit. With his first prize purse, he bought his first bit of chrome - titanium metacarpals and phalanges in his right hand so as to knock his opponents out on his first solid contact with their jaws. And knock them out he did.

After his mama passed away, Maine took jobs as a bouncer at clubs. But he'd rarely stay long at any one place, what with the mincemeat he'd make of the faces of uppity ravers. One night, he slapped around and dropped five fridge-sized dudes with identical, patriotically-themed box cuts. When it turned out they were NUSA SpecOps, the club promptly canned Maine. Next day, Maine got a call with a job offer. From NUSA SpecOps. Learning he could let his beast out and get paid for it? Maine signed on without hesitation.

It wasn't long before his bravado vanished. Watching South American village after South American village burn was just not conducive to maintaining a sense of it. After serving two years, he took his discharge. A buddy from his unit, Solomon Reed, offered work of a different sort - specifically, work aimed at building a network of spies in Night City to support the NUSA's Unification War effort. Though Maine turned Solomon down, he did acknowledge that Night City was fertile ground for something. Not soldiering, no, but independent contract work. And thus Maine decided to become an edgerunner and form his own crew.



PILAR

Becca's big bro, and probably the biggest fan ever of their dad, the edgerunner Papa Sunrise. Pilar saw his dad as nothing short of amazing. It was Papa Sunrise who inspired Pilar and trained him in his early years. Pilar took some hard shots, and it pained his dad to see it, but they stayed the course. And then Papa Sunrise up and disappeared. But someone that impressive, well... no way he went down easy, no way it was even fair. Pilar fervently believed his dad was dropped (and dissolved). He pledged to find the killers and to murder them even harder than they'd murdered his dad. But first, he had his little sis to take care of.

Did we mention life was tough? The family's pad was quickly repossessed to settle Papa Sunrise's alleged gambling debts, and the eddies from the family account evaporated mysteriously. So Pilar and his sis hit the streets... to live there in their dad's broken-down car. Pilar promised Rebecca he'd get them off the streets fast, no matter what. He'd just show the town just how solid a merc he is, he'd be a well-known edgerunner in days. Well... maybe weeks.

But some or even most of his dad's friends and acquaintances turned their backs on the kids. Only a few – Wakako, who Pilar called "Auntie," chief among them – proved willing to help, giving him gigs and recommending him to others. Still, the going was tough, something always seemed to get in the way of bagging the big score.

After a while, Pilar realized what his problem was – his chaotic sister Becca, sank every mission they went on. He needed help to reign her in.

So Pilar signed on with Maine and his edgerunner crew. And finally, he was on the path to realizing his dream of becoming a Night City legend.

REBECCA

Night City born and bred, Becca's a true daughter of the town, having ventured outside city limits a whopping two times in total. She is the daughter of NC royalty – her father, Papa Sunrise was one of the city's best known edgerunners... until one day he vanished, as if the ground had opened beneath him and swallowed him whole. Now orphans, Becca and her big brother Pilar were forced to fend for themselves in the big city. Their mother was already gone, vanished when Rebecca was a mere six years of age. Papa Sunrise never liked to talk about her except to admonish Becca for being just like mom: emotional, unpredictable, and too compassionate.

Emotional, unpredictable, and too compassionate – that was Rebecca in a nutshell and it harmed her budding career as an edgerunner. For example, she was once late to an important meet-up with Wakako Okada because she stood up for a defenseless waitress accosted by a crew of Animals. On another occasion, she just had to stop and cuddle a painfully cute pup, thus garnering the attention of a group of passing scavs. Another time, instead of blowing a target's brains out, she spared him and took him home, gave him a roof over his head. "Had such sad eyes, the poor gonk," she said.

Papa Sunshine always believed that Becca's zaniness and her excessive compassion could lead her to an early grave and those traits formed a rift between her and her brother as they embarked on their edgerunning careers. For a time, Rebecca wasn't even sure she wanted to be an edgerunner. She spent months soul searching, and for a minute there, she was leaning towards "no." Then Pilar introduced her to Maine and the rest is history.

Rules Reference

SKILL CHECKS

Attacker's STAT + Skill + 1d10 vs. Defender's STAT + Skill + 1d10 or Task Difficulty Value (DV)
You must beat the DV (surpass the DV by 1 or higher) and not just meet the DV.

TASK DVs: 9 (Simple) • 13 (Everyday) • 15 (Difficult) • 17 (Professional)
21 (Heroic) • 24 (Incredible) • 29 (Legendary)

► Check Explosion ◀

If you roll a 10 on a 1d10 for a Check, roll again and add the second roll to the first. Do not roll again if you roll another 10.

► Check Implosion ◀

If you roll a 1 on a 1d10 for a Check, roll again and subtract the second roll from your STAT + Skill + 1st roll. Do not roll again if you roll another 1.

► Trying Again ◀

If you fail a Check, you can't try again unless your chances of success have improved for some reason.

► Complimentary Skill Checks ◀

With GM approval, a Character can make a single complimentary Skill Check to give a +1 bonus to the main Skill Check.

► Taking Extra Time ◀

Get a single +1 bonus to a Skill Check by spending 4x the required time on it.

► Using LUCK ◀

Each point of LUCK spent gives +1 to a Skill Check.

INITIATIVE & MOVEMENT

When a combat starts, everyone rolls Initiative.

REF + 1d10

► On Your Turn ◀

Your Turn = 1 Move Action + 1 other Action

► Move Actions ◀

On your Turn you can move a number of m/yds = to your MOVE x2 or a number of squares = to your MOVE.

You can split your Move Action to perform Check between movements (move, shoot, move).

Special movement (climbing, jumping, swimming, etc) is done at 1/2 MOVE.

RANGED ATTACKS

Attacker's REF + Relevant Weapon Skill + 1d10
vs. DV Determined by Range & Weapon

MELEE ATTACKS

Attacker's DEX + Relevant Melee Attack Skill + 1d10
vs. Defender's DEX + Evasion Skill + 1d10

RATE OF FIRE (ROF)

As part of an Attack Action, you can make a number of Checks = to the ROF.
This can be split across two weapons as long as both weapons are ROF 2.

AIMED SHOTS

-8 to the Attack Check in exchange for specifically aiming for the head. ROF 1.

Can aim Melee and Ranged Attacks.

On a hit, you deal x2 damage after Armor is subtracted.