



CYBERPUNK RED DATA PACK

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WHAT'S IN THIS BOOKLET

You're going to find two types of content in the **Cyberpunk RED Data Pack** booklet. Up front, between pages 3 and 14, you'll discover six **Screamsheets** to run as one shots or part of your campaign. In the back, starting from page 17, we've added six **20 Things in Night City** lists to help you populate your **Cyberpunk RED** campaign with people, places, and things.

WHAT'S A SCREAMSHEET?

In the world of **Cyberpunk RED**, screamsheets are custom-designed newspapers either printed on flimsy paper or downloaded to an Agent via the local Data Pool.

Screamsheets are also what we call something that pairs a page of in-world text (in the form of articles from *Night City Today*) and a page or two of instructions for running a scenario during a game. These Screamsheets are simple to setup, easy to customize, and, with just a little work on the part of the Gamemaster, easily a full session's worth of adventure.

If you're a Player, we highly recommend you don't advance to the next few pages. Skip to **PAGE 17**, instead, and take a look at the **20 Things in Night City** section because that contains some juicy stuff you can use to flesh out your Edgerunner's Lifepath.

If you're a GM, read on. Don't be afraid to change things up to move a scenario to a different city, tie one into the Lifepaths of your Edgerunners, add in your own NPCs, throw in some random encounters, or just make things more interesting for you and your Players. In fact, you'll notice we don't detail every aspect of these missions. There are questions purposefully left unanswered so they can be used by you as hooks for future missions or as ways to connect these Screamsheets to your existing campaign.

Remember, **Cyberpunk** really is what you make it.

ABOUT ONE BLOCK AND TWO BLOCK

In a few of the Screamsheets you'll come across reference to One Block and Two Block. **One Block** is a slang term for a neighborhood that borders a Combat Zone. As conditions change on The Street, a One Block might transform into a **Two** or **Three Block** (by being two or three blocks away from a Combat Zone), becoming safer, but just as often, a One Block will be swallowed into the Combat Zone, until it is reclaimed again.

In other words, while we specify a mission as taking place in "One Block", you can set it anywhere you want so long as it is a stone's throw away from a Combat Zone.



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Missing Persons Cases On the Rise

by Jackie McGee

Night City PD has put out an alert to blocks near the Hot Zone after a spike in missing persons' reports. Most of the missing are transients living in back alleys and shanty blocks. Investigations have come up empty handed which is why NCPD is asking the public for help in locating the missing persons. If you have seen anything suspicious in these areas, please contact NCPD.

[Link: NCPD Missing Persons Bulletin](#)

Militech Exec Sacked for Ethics

by Jericho Hunt

Norman Rider, former combat research engineer and corporate officer was terminated from Militech last month after it was determined that he was redirecting funds to a series of projects involving human experimentation. What those experiments were have yet to be revealed and may never be. Since his firing, Mr. Rider has not been seen and does not respond to inquiries from the media. At a press conference this week to discuss the future of Militech's investments in Night City the spokesperson was pressed for information and responded that "Mr. Rider was involved in theft of military product and redirection of funds for the purpose of self-gain. These included funding for human trials of tech that was not ethically ready for implementation." Afterwards the press was promptly removed from the room.

[Link: Norman Rider, Militech](#)

[Link: Combat Cybernetics Rumors](#)

Help Rebuild Night City

by Friends of Night City

Night City is hiring able-bodied individuals to help in the Rebuilding Center. Do you have construction or heavy machinery experience? We are looking for you! Even if you don't, we will train you! Good pay and benefits!

Disclaimer: By submitting an application, you acknowledge that all present and future injuries, illnesses, and loss of life are a result of pre-employment factors and conditions and not due to on the job incidents, exposures, or conflicts.

[Link: Night City Reconstruction Employment Application](#)

Gang Activity Increases

by Ziggy 'Front' Page

In recent months there has been an uptick in gang activity across the 'burbs which has prompted a cry for more police. Local block leaders have begun hiring Solos to keep out the gang elements, which has led to warzone-like conditions in some parts of the Night City suburbs. While some gangs claim to be defending their turf, others are clearly making moves to take over more blocks. In the last week alone over fifty-six people were gunned down on the sidewalks of the western block with dozens more in other parts of the 'burbs. Something clearly needs to be done.

[Link: Turf Wars](#)

[Link: Ziggy's Database](#)

Forlorn Hope Gets Hit

by Ziggy 'Front' Page

In a brazen move, the Bozos hit the Forlorn Hope on Wednesday night during a battle of the bands. There were eleven fatalities in front of the popular Solo bar, along with damage to the front exterior and kitchen. Former Back Bay Brawlers, including Grace Steel and a handful of Solos managed to drive off the Bozos. Witnesses say that the attack was unprovoked and that the Bozos showed up in two beater school busses. When confronted about a poor choice in parking, the Bozos opened fire on everyone in sight. Bodies of flatlined Bozos were quickly removed by what some believed to be a Trauma Team unit, but further inquiries reveal that it wasn't Trauma Team. The whereabouts of the dead Bozos remains to be seen. When asked for comment the Bozos denied the attack with their standard "Honk Hooonk" (Bozo for 'no way'). No matter who carried out the attack, someone is in for a world of hurt.

[Link: The Bozos: Have Their Deadly Pranks Gone Too Far?](#)

[Link: Tales from the Forlorn Hope](#)

[Link: Grace Steel Nails Battle of the Bands](#)

**HILARIA 2045****HONK HONK! HONK!****HONK HONK HONK!**

Autotranslation: Party time. Tonight. Get your clown on!

► Player Information ◀

Rex of One Block is looking to hire some muscle to protect his turf during the Bozos' Hilaria 2045 event. He doesn't want to engage with the clowns, but instead deter them from doing damage to the block. Night City PD isn't willing to offer support because it's too close to the Combat Zone. He explains to the hired muscle that he's only looking to hold a line that the Bozos aren't allowed to cross, in turn keeping the clowns out of One Block. No one is authorized to fire on the Bozos unless they fire first or if they enter the neighborhood. In other words, it's a sit there and watch everyone outside of One Block die.

Rex allows the team to set up defensive barricades as needed, but nothing too bulky. He doesn't want to have to deal with cleaning up a mess afterwards. At exactly 5pm, the Bozos begin their party.

► Gamemaster Notes ◀

The Bozos roll up in three ice cream trucks (Use **Compact Groundcar** with heavy chassis and combat plows) and start wreaking havoc on anyone they can find. Between smashing rides, running down pedestrians and crashing into buildings, the Bozos seem to be having a lot of fun. Two more ice cream trucks come rumbling onto the scene, but these ones are heading for One Block (Use **Road Ganger** for Bozos and other participants, but not for Dirty Bozos. Each clown is armed with a [Roll 1d10] 1-3: assault rifle with 2 clips, 4-7: spiked baseball bat [heavy melee weapon], 8-9: squirt gun with CHOOH2 [does 4 damage direct to HP if ignited] or 10: red nose grenade). **Note:** At some point a Red Nosed Grenade Bozo should appear, even if for a quick cameo. His appearance shouldn't make any sense at all and he should vanish back into the crowd once he blows something up.

Each ice cream truck is carrying a number of Bozos equal to the number of Player Characters.

The next block over isn't sitting by as the Bozos run amok. People are fighting back. Every now and then someone will yell to the One Block team for help and ask why they are just standing there.

Three Solos also show up for a little payback (Use **Security Officer**, armed with assault rifles with 2 clips each and wearing heavy armorjack). It's turning into an all-out war. On the plus side, it's keeping the odds even as one ice cream truck blows through the barricade. The Bozos pour out and begin their siege of One Block.

While all this is going on, something sinister is happening just inside One Block. A manhole cover slides open and Bozo-like clowns armed with SMGs, emerge (2 per Player Character; Use **Boosterganger**, Replace VH Pistols w/ SMGs, 2 clips each. Add Pain Editors). They begin opening fire on the

residents all while cackling a twisted mechanical laugh that is extremely annoying...and it doesn't stop (even if one is killed the laughing will continue until the clown's head is smashed in).

If one of the Solos sees the new threat they'll yell out "Those are the little bastards that hit the Forlorn Hope!"

The Bozos will stop dead in their tracks. Hilaria 2045 wasn't a party; it was a trap for whoever hit the Forlorn Hope and brought a world of hurt on their gang from countless pissed off Solos. There is a lot of honking as the Bozos all gather into a large mob in front of One Block.

The team is going to be caught in the middle of serious payback. Most likely the hired help isn't going to notice the silence from the streets since the Dirty Bozos are a handful and have everyone caught up in a firefight.

Another wave of Dirty Bozos (in a number equal to the number of PCs) emerges from a nearby building inside One Block. If the team is busy with the first wave, the Bozos step in to fight the second wave. The people from the other block will just watch because karma is a bitch. The Solos follow the Bozos and engage the Dirty Bozos.

After dealing with the Dirty Bozos, the Bozos will pack up and leave with the understanding between the Solos and them that justice has been served.

Rex isn't impressed. The battle inside One Block has left the street level and most of the buildings with blown-out windows, not to mention all the residents who were either shot or killed by gunfire from all parties involved. He'll still pay the crew because he knows that most of it was out of their hands.

Inspection of the dead Dirty Bozos reveals that these clowns were average-sized people that had their lower-arms and lower-legs amputated. Cyberhands and feet were surgically implanted onto the stumps. Voice boxes were removed and replaced with mechanical voice synthesizers. Inside the skulls are processor units that appear to have been implanted in a way that lobotomized the clown. This made them immune to pain (ala Pain Editors), but also took away any free will they may have had. The memory chips inside the head melted down once the clown's vitals stopped. By the look of the bodies, these augmentations couldn't be more than a few days old. The firepower that the Dirty Bozos were armed with was mostly outdated Militech SMGs. The sewer tunnel they came in from provides no clues whatsoever.

As the cleanup begins, Rex notices a large box wrapped in colorful paper with a huge yellow ribbon on top. It's sitting on the curb just inside his turf. Inside is either (Roll 1d6) 1-4: a powder bomb that will send white powder all over everything within a twenty-yard radius or 5-6: a big bomb (10d6 damage, one-block blast radius)!



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Grace Steel Nails Battle of the Bands

by G. F. Bits

This past week Grace Steel, that true chromed-out indie rocker, won herself the Wednesday Night entertainment slot at the Forlorn Hope. Not even an attack by some Bozos could crack up her jams. Could this mean bigger and better things for this middle-aged musician? Very doubtful. Her competition the night of the challenge was either killed by Bozos or just sucked that bad. But she doesn't care. Grace had this to say about her performance "Yeez gotta be mad to not dig me tunez, mate. Nonz of datz inspirationz, mate. Jutz pure jamz of me soul." We couldn't agree more Grace.

[Link: Dirty Bozos? What the Hell?](#)

[Link: Chrome Skin Jobs?](#)

[Link: Tales from the Forlorn Hope](#)

Faulty Memory Chips Cause Psychosis

by Angie Wu 3.2

Memory chips. They are one of the top-used bits of technology today. Almost everyone has them. From the top Execs to the lowest form of choomba, these little chips are practically essential. Yet, with all the failsafe features and safety protocols there are some memory chips that are proving to be hazardous to the user and the public. In the last five years the increase in chip-related Cyberpsychosis has been on the rise. The origin of these tainted chips has been elusive because the issue has been discovered across different manufacturers. Could it be industrial sabotage? Maybe a Netrunner dumping new toxins into Data Pools? And if it is a Netrunner, could this mean a crash of Data Pools altogether? The Council is warning citizens about second-hand memory chips and encourages people to report any strange side effects of chip use or activities of those using memory chips.

[Link: Cyberpsychosis, Defined](#)

[Link: Nightmare of the NET](#)



OUR NEWS IS BETTER
THAN THE CRAP YOU'RE
READING RIGHT NOW.

[Link: Real Balanced News You Can Trust from N5](#)

Ziggurat Data Analyst Found Dead

by Ziggy 'Front' Page

Dresden Marquee, a data analyst for Ziggurat was found dead in his flat two days ago. Cause of death appears to be a cerebral embolism triggered by a poorly implanted data processor, according to an investigator. The coroner's report has been sealed at the request of Ziggurat to protect Mr. Marquee's privacy. Is there something else to this story? It's hard to tell, but one thing is for certain, data analysts make more than enough to pay for a top-of-the-line processor. This reporter will keep you informed if any further information comes available.

[Link: Ziggurat](#)

[Link: Dresden Marquee, Ziggurat Employee of the Week](#)

The Plight of the Rocker

by Kelly Oddmeyer

Just about every rocker likes to have adoring fans and they really love to have large crowds at shows. But when the blood starts pumping and the sweat starts dripping, who is responsible for the fan that takes it too far? This is an issue that some in the suburbs have been dealing with. From graffiti on buildings to trashed street corners, fans have been tearing up residential zones during and after shows. Blocks have been hiring lawyers to go after the bands, hoping to have some accountability. Are the bands responsible for the show? That is not always the case. Promoters mostly pick the locations, and they tend to hit high traffic zones. There is zero regard for residents. The band Digital Divas has been plagued with after showing collateral damage in the form of fans lighting nearby government offices and police precincts on fire. There has been a call to cancel their concert series until their promoter does something about it. Sizzle Jams, the Digital Divas' promoter, has refused to shut down one of the hottest alley bands in the city. When asked about the band's song, 'Burn it Down' with lyrics like "You can clean up the tower but can't clean Night City—only fire will make the filth burn away..." Sizzle Jams simply replied "It's music. It's not telling people to do dumb shit. People do it without us. No one at Sizzle Jams is holding a gun to anyone's head. Crime is crime, don't blame it on us". Does Sizzle Jams have a point? Are bands responsible for their fans? It's a debate that isn't going away anytime soon.

[Link: Digital Divas](#)

[Link: Sizzle Jams](#)

THE DIGITAL DIVAS BURN IT DOWN

Run this scenario before *Don't Fear the Reaper*

► Player Information ◀

The band Digital Divas has been rocking it out with a series of street concerts. After every show, since the release of *Burn it Down*, someone has started a fire and it's clearly a case of arson. The band has been vocal about their disapproval of the fire-bug and at one point told a reporter that they weren't going to perform until the person was caught. But Sizzle Jams, their promoter, made them walk it back a day later. Unknown to Sizzle Jams, the band has reached out to the characters to find the arsonist and put an end to the fiery terror. It doesn't pay a lot and the band tries to play the "we're celebrities" card to win the characters over. To make more of a statement, Digital Divas is going to perform in a parking lot adjacent to Sizzle Jams' office this weekend. They want to get back at the promoter and this is the only way they feel they can. While not an official show, the Digital Divas have been getting the word out as quickly as they can before Sizzle Jams can intervene.

At dusk, the Digital Divas roll in their setup on the bed of a tow truck and run a power cord to a nearby building. They ask that the characters stay backstage and make sure the staff of Sizzle Jams doesn't unplug the show. Since the launch of *Burn it Down* there have been three major fires set the day after at the location of the shows. It's possible that the person doing it attends the concerts. That means keeping Sizzle Jams from stopping the show, all while keeping an eye out for a shady character. And the crowd roars and the guitars scream!

► Gamemaster Notes ◀

Sizzle Jams really doesn't care about moral outrage or have any sense of blame for the fires. They see it as a way to draw in bigger crowds and make a boatload of money, which is what they have been doing. They are only giving Digital Divas enough of the cut for the band members to survive. The band thinks that they are getting played because they are all women, but Sizzle Jams could give a shit. They are just enjoying the hype, which spells more clients for their company.

The parking lot connects to two other businesses in addition to Sizzle Jams' office and is underneath an overpass. There is a lot of background noise as the overpass rumbles from cars and trucks. The Digital Divas plug into a nearby Ho-Jo's Rickshaw office's exterior power jack. The Ho-Jo staff could care less. They are secretly plugged into an underground conduit that provides juice to Sizzle Jams' office. The electrical requirements needed to get the speakers louder than the highway are tremendous.

A crowd of one-hundred-plus people are in place before the band even arrives. The Sizzle Jams office staff is confused and keeps asking the crowd to disperse. People keep chanting, "Digital Divas." The manager of Sizzle Jams' office tells his Agent to get the band on the phone. That's when the tow-truck rolls in, pulling along makeshift stage, and one of the band's groupies jumps down and runs a power cord over to the Ho-Jo jack and plugs in. The sound of speakers rumbles to life and the crowd roars.

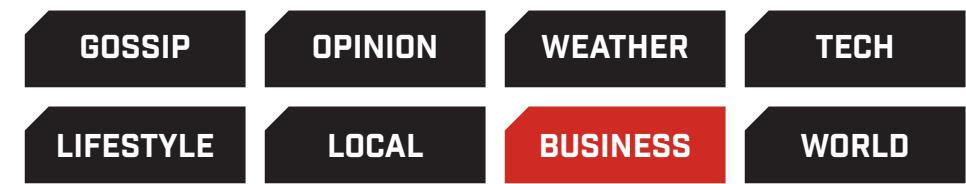
Two Sizzle Jams parking lot security guards (Use **Security Operative**) will come running out and try to pull the plug. The Digital Divas will get the crowd singing *Burn it Down* in a variety of ways as the show carries on. If the plug is pulled at any time, the fans rush the Sizzle Jams parking lot office and get the cord plugged back in. The show will go on.

The crowd gathered is mostly a mix of teens decked out in wanna-be punk outfits and jewelry. There are a lot of people wearing Laser Light Street Jackets, which are making it hard to focus on anyone. It's going to take a lot of moving through the fans to try and find a possible suspect.

There are two possible arsonists in the crowd. The first is a girl in her late teens. She looks out of place and people keep giving her the evil eye. She is wearing all black and has black makeup, making her look ghoulish. She even has zombie-gray eyes thanks to some cyber implants. She shows zero emotion. If confronted, she runs out into traffic, dying instantly.

The other person is a man in his early twenties covered in iron cross tattoos (Use **Outrider**). He's got spiked hair and he's decked out in some serious white leathers and black shades. Stuffed in his back pocket is a road flare. If he isn't spotted before the show ends, he pulls out the flare during the last song and lights it up, waving it back and forth. If he's grabbed before the end of the show, he will put up a huge fight. He'll tell the characters that the flare is for the end of the show.

When the Digital Divas performance ends, the tow-truck drives off and the crowd disperses. The characters will need to stick around. A few hours later a woman walks into the parking lot with a large CHOOH2 can in one hand and a flare in the other. If not stopped, she will pour CHOOH2 on the Sizzle Jams parking lot office front door and light it up. If confronted she will pour gas on herself and light herself on fire. If the characters stop her from a fiery death, the Chipware Socket on the side of her head will spark out and she falls dead to the ground. The woman is later identified as Bev Hetric, secretary at DyneTech with no criminal record or history of mental illness (For a follow up to this Screamsheet, see **Don't Fear the Reaper** on **PAGE 8**).



Militech Exec's Daughter Dies at Concert

by Angie Wu 3.2

Major Veronica Stiles, Militech's regional base supervisor, lost her daughter, Jezz Stiles, this past week in an impromptu Digital Divas show. The initial cause of death was ruled as suicide, but the Major has taken over the investigation. She has vowed to bring those responsible for her daughter's death to justice. Jezz Stiles was a low-level Netrunner working for Ziggurat's entertainment division. Ziggurat could not be reached for comment. The coroner's report has been sealed. If young Ms. Stiles was murdered, justice won't be anything pleasant.

[Link: Major Veronica Stiles Transferred to Night City](#)

[Link: Fatalities at Impromptu Digital Divas Show](#)

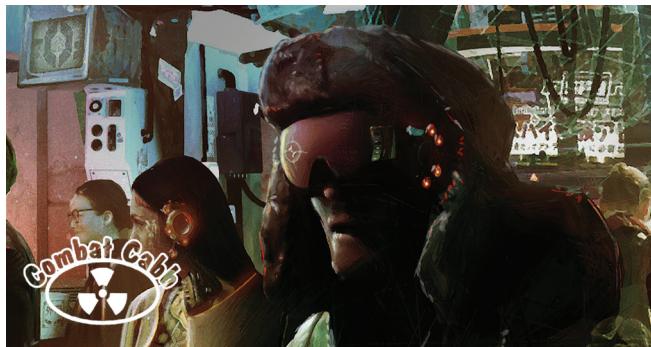
Drone Parade This Saturday!

by The Two Block Neighborhood Morale Association

Heads up all you Techies! Two Block is holding its first annual Drone Palooza! Get creative, get fun and get a prize! Spectators will be able to vote for their favorite drone. Winner gets a trailer full of random electronics! There will also be food trucks and live bands! That night Faisal's Customs will host a battle royal for those who want to enter combat drones into a gladiatorial competition. Winner gets a 100eb credit with Faisal's Customs! It will cost 5eb to enter. There is a 2eb admission cost for spectators. So, don't miss out on this Techie extravaganza! Saturday starting at 11am! Two Block!

[Link: Two Block Neighborhood Morale Association](#)

[Link: Faisal Farah, Entrepreneur of Night City](#)



EVERY FIGHT. EVERY FUCK. EVERY RIDE. EVERY SEASON.

THE MOST AWARD WINING SHOW IN HISTORY.

[Link: Watch Combat Cabb Classic](#)

Body Sculpting Disasters

by Jackie McGee

Posergangs are trending and the amount of back-alley chop-shop bodysculpts is increasing. Cutting corners on this art form can come at a great cost. Gangs like the Lightning Cats are great examples of disasters in bodysculpting. The entire gang went in together for a group bodysculpt to make them look like their favorite anamorphic cartoon cats only to come out looking like burn victims with random hair implants across their entire bodies. Even two years later and the Lightning Cats still haven't healed from the butchery done to their bodies and have exiled themselves into the Hot Zone out of fear of being mistaken for radioactive mutants. Fabulous Mayhem was another tragic tale. Their posergang hit a back-alley chop shop to get a hardcore beauty upgrade. The meat butcher took their cash and mutilated them so badly that when the bandages came off, half their faces had been removed. The entire Fabulous Mayhem gang committed mass suicide. Gomez, the posergang leader of the Sinful Adams explains that people just need to shop around. "There are plenty of wanna-be sculpt artists out there, but most are self-taught. Those 'watch a vid and go' amateurs. They also lack imagination. Almost all my children have had some form of bodysculpting performed by myself. Did I go to medical school? No, but I do have an art degree. Look how pretty they are. All dark and gloomy. Such beauty". The Sinful Adams don't look that bad considering who did their work, but they are a rare case. Health expert suggest using a clinic that specializes in bodysculpting or a hospital. There is no need to take risks.

[Link: Sinful Adams Street Show](#)

Solo of Fortune Classifieds

from Solo of Fortune Magazine

[Link: Seeking - Hired gun for milk money run](#)

[Link: Seeking - Samurai to take out the trash](#)

[Link: Seeking - Hot time w/ slightly radioactive lover.
Must provide geiger counter levels.](#)

[Link: Seeking - Ronin for non-exclusive relationship.
Global traveler preferred.](#)

[Link: For Sale - Low yield nuclear warhead. Best offer.](#)

[Link: For Sale - Stiletto Mr. Studd. Used.](#)

[Link: For Rent - Militech patrol boat. Retrofitted for comfort.](#)

[Link: For Rent - Safe house. Fully armored. Netrunner friendly.](#)

DON'T FEAR THE REAPER

Run this scenario after *Digital Divas Burn it Down*

► Player Information ◀

Major Veronica Stiles of Militech has contacted the crew to find out who is responsible for her daughter's death. She sets up a meet at the Forlorn Hope in a back office. When they arrive, the club is pretty quiet. Doc Stoic is patching up a Solo over in the corner. A man wearing a Militech uniform is standing left of the stage by the door to the kitchen. He motions for the crew to come through. Major Stiles is sitting at a desk.

She tells the characters that her daughter was at a Digital Divas show earlier in the week and was murdered. The Major pulls out a briefcase with a laptop built into it. She types in a few commands and a hologram appears showing a scene in a parking lot. There are dozens of people around cheering. The view appears to be through the eyes of one of the fans. A few minutes into the scene a group approaches the person and there is a chase that leads into the street. The person turns and looks at a massive hauler coming down the street and seconds later jumps in front of it. The scene goes black. Major Stiles explains that the video was gathered from her daughter's micro video implant. If the crew were the ones who provided security at the show (and possibly appeared in the video), Major Stiles assures them that neither the video nor her own investigations implicates them in her daughter's murder. It is clear her daughter purposefully threw herself in front of the truck and she wants to know why. Otherwise, she simply says she investigated the security for the concert and is convinced they weren't involved.

Major Stiles knows her daughter had been involved with a sketchy posergang, the Sinful Adams, that were obsessed with the occult but has been unable to dig up anything to connect them with the death. Major Stiles wants the crew to do some investigating and see if there is something else that she might have missed.

► Gamemaster Notes ◀

Jezz Stiles, the major's daughter, fell victim to the Reaper. The story of the Reaper is something of folk lore amongst Netrunners. Some guy, somewhere, who was totally insane and murderous uploaded his memory and persona into the NET as a program. It floated around eating R.A.B.I.D.S., but was eventually trapped in the old NET when Netwatch shut down access to it. Somehow, a clone of the Reaper program was downloaded by an unwitting Netrunner. The Reaper provided the man with blueprints for an epic VR headset that looked like a mask. It even had interface plugs that linked to the wearer. When completed, the Reaper was unloaded into the mask. The Netrunner put the mask on, and a Soulkiller-like virus fried his mind instantly. The Reaper had made

itself a puppet. Over the last few years, the mask has made its rounds with different users using the bodies to carry out acts of murder based on the original programmer's modus operandi. When the Reaper finishes with a body it just plans to be sent to someone new, usually someone that has been in communication with the program and has been promised loads of creds.

There are some investigation avenues the crew can take. The first would be to shake down the Sinful Adams, the occult posergang that Jezz was rolling with (Use **Road Ganger**; remove Very Heavy Pistol and Crossbow). These are mostly young teens. Their leader's handle is Gomez, a dramatic guy in his late fifties. At first, he will act like a major player and his gang will threaten to dismember the crew, but if they get smacked around, they do submit. When asked about anything out of the ordinary about Jezz someone will mention that she had been corresponding with a new input, but the gang never met the person. Jezz was pretty secretive about it, but she did get some new ink the day before she deleted herself. It was a weird skull.

The next stop could be the coroner's office to look at the autopsy report and look at the cadaver. The crew can bribe their way, bluff their way in, sneak inside, or simply ask Major Stiles for access. Jezz Stiles' cause of death was massive blunt force trauma. There was also additional cerebral hemorrhaging that may or may not have been caused by the impact. Jezz's corpse is seriously broken. Bones are sticking out of flesh. The eyes are missing from the skull (taken by Major Stiles). There is a tattoo on the body's left leg, just below the knee. It looks like a digital skull.

The last stop is Jezz's flat in One Block. It will require a hack to bypass the lock on the door (Electronics/Security Tech DV15). The décor inside is illuminated in all black light with images from classic horror movies that glow when the crew enters. It's a small unit with a shower, mini-kitchen, and a couch that pulls out into a bed. There is a coffee table with a laptop and two small boxes. One is packed with 5 doses of Blue Glass. The other looks like it once contained Blue Glass. There is a burner unit and syringe just under the table on the floor. If anyone touches the laptop a projector will click on and the image of a skull, like Jezz's ink, appears on the wall. Seconds later 3 drones (Use **Mini Air Drone** with Dart Gun) will pop up from behind the couch and open fire. The Reaper has hijacked the building's NET Architecture (see **PAGE 16**) to control the drones. The projection will mock the crew and confess to causing Jezz's death during the battle. After the drones are defeated, the laptop will start crackling and meltdown.

After dealing with the drones, the crew can report back to Major Stiles. She listens with an intense look on her face and informs the crew that she'll have more work for them soon.



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From Outcasts to Mainstream

by J.D. Munroe

Before the end of the 4th Corporate War the term 'nomad' was associated with packs of RVs and motorbikes rolling through the Midwest. They were displaced and victims of sprawl. But now Nomads have come into their own as saviors of those displaced by the war and global instability. Their convoy system and fleets of haulers have helped refugees get from decimated cities to new residential zones far from the chaos. Nomad Aerozeps can be seen high above transporting cargo between commercial and residential blocks. Even the food-supply chain relies on Nomad convoys and protection.

Alberto Sinclair, a Nomad who helps organize civilian transportation discussed the new age for the Nomad. "There was so much stigma about us in the past. We were seen as biker MCs that had no place in the city, which was fine by us. City life is so crowded and the open road, that's where you really want to be. Then it all went to Hell. People started fleeing places like Night City and they were coming out here. These refugees were unprepared for all this. In the first year we must have rescued over three dozen families. There is a car graveyard about sixty miles out, just off I-5, where people ran out of CHOOH² or their transports overheated. Gangers also started moving away from the cities. We had to structure our organization in a way to help drive unwanted elements back into the city. Overall, we did a good job. We do have scavvers out here, but they tend to hit less crowded targets. If there is one thing we know as Nomads, it's travel in large convoys. Your typical freeway hijacker is less likely to hit a large group of people waving guns. To those of you thinking of coming eastward, contact the nearest Nomad Pack and we'll set up a travel itinerary and escort for you. We do have police out here, but the highway patrol has jurisdiction issues in the territories between the Pacific Confed and the BosWash. We also see a lot of TransGuard convoys. Just keep your eye out. There are a couple of cyber-psychobiker robocops further out that have been nailing people for a variety of outdated crimes and holding trials on the side of the road. It usually ends up with an execution. If you are coming out here, you want Nomad protection".

The help from Nomads has been hailed by many who have used their services. Skepticism does exist with some claiming that there are no scavvers and that Nomads are exploiting

people's fears, but after the attack on the American Rail Service recently and eye witness reports it's clear that there are threats out in the Midwest territories. It might be wise to heed the warnings of Alberto and other Nomads.

[Link: Aerozep Industry Boom, Nomad Air Power](#)

[Link: Nomads Deliver Refugees to Safety](#)

[Link: Nomad Transport Network Services Portal](#)

Militech Cracks Down on Deltajocks

by the Ziggy 'Front' Page

Suborbital scram-jets have been wreaking havoc on Militech's air traffic control systems for the past few months. With smuggling operations on the rise into the Pacific Confederation there have been one too many 'close calls' between Militech aircraft and Deltajocks. President Kress' requests for the Pacifica Confederation to tighten restrictions has gone unanswered by the local magistrates. She has authorized Militech to begin tracking Deltajock activities and confiscating all cargo being transported by these individuals if they enter New United States air or orbital space. Anyone failing to follow the commands of Militech air control will be shot down.

[Link: Deltajocks, Low Orbit Space Cowboys and Cowgirls](#)

[Link: Militech Survey Drone Buzzed by Unidentified Scramjet](#)

Fight Your Battles Without the Gats!

by CyberGen

Want to throw down without alerting the authorities? Download 'Gladiator' today, the agent-brawling app. Link up and pit your digital rumble skills against a rival. Want to up the ante? Plug into your neural link and play for keeps! 'Gladiator'—fight your battles without the gats!

[Link: Purchase CyberGen's Gladiator](#)

[Link: Editorial - CyberGen's Gladiator is a Murder App](#)



LITTLE DETECTIVE • BIG GUN

THE BAD GUYS NEVER SEE US COMING.

[Link: Danger Gal](#)

► Player Information ◀

An insider with US StratCom has tipped off the crew, or their Fixer, that a Delta was shot down by a Militech drone east of Night City in a territory called the 'Badlands'. This region has little life and is mostly sand dunes and tumbleweed. It also happens to be near where an American Rail Service prototype train was hit by scavvers. To sweeten the pot, two different Execs are looking to hire a crew to retrieve the cargo. They have word out with multiple Fixers.

The operation will require some wheels. The crew can either use one of their own transports or hire out a Nomad to take them to the location. The rumored value of the cargo is around 50,000eb. This means that a lot of interested parties are going to head out to the area to grab the goods.

► Gamemaster Notes ◀

This mission is plagued with problems. A Militech drone is circling the site sending back a live feed to a ground response team (GRT). Added to the mix is a band of Nomads who saw the Delta go down and are looking to claim some salvage.

The good thing is if the crew has a Nomad already, they won't need to hire one. If they do hire a Nomad to get them in range, that will be Aerozep pilot Lane Hawk (Use **Racer** from the **Single Shot Pack**; replace Drive Land Vehicle with Pilot Air Vehicle; she flies an **Aerozep**). She'll be chill and won't make an issue about going up against other Nomads. She runs for 1,000eb. Going by air does attract the attention of the Militech drone which will try to shoot them down.

By Aerozep it will take two hours to reach the crash site and by ground it will take four hours. There is also a one-hour prep time. By the time the crew arrives Militech is thirty minutes out.

By air, the crew will be able to see the crash site in the distance. There are flames visible and about a dozen headlights pointing towards a larger dune. Lane Hawk kills the lights of the Aerozep and pulls out a pair of old LB goggles. She'll scan the sky until she sees the drone and points it out to the crew. She sets the Aerozep down and opens the cargo doors revealing a dune buggy (Use **Compact Ground Car**) for the crew to use. Lane Hawk stays with the Aerozep for a quick takeoff.

By land the crash site is partially visible, only because of the headlights illuminating the horizon. As the PCs draw near, they can make a Perception Check DV15. If they succeed, they see a silver balloon flickering in the moonlight. Seconds later they hear the drone start to make strange sounds as it zooms around overhead.

There are Nomads on bikes at the crash site and one pickup truck with a driver and a passenger (Use **Road Ganger**; 1 per PC. All have **Roadbikes** except 2 who are in a

Compact Road Car w/ a Heavy Chassis). When they see the crew, they will tell them to take a hike. If there is a Nomad in the party, they will talk instead.

The drone (Use **Large Air Drone** armed with an Assault Rifle) can be countered using a radio communicator or similar equipment but there is one small problem: someone else (who isn't with the Nomads or Militech) has already hacked the drone using a counterfeit controller set to drone frequency. Anyone trying to usurp control will automatically become the drone's target.

Otherwise, the drone attacks anyone who gets close to the Delta (including Militech), but it won't fire on the crash site. Everyone can hear the Deltajock (Use **Road Ganger**; replace Drive Land Vehicle with Pilot Air Vehicle. He has 5 Hit Points and is suffering from the Whiplash Critical Injury) inside the downed craft shouting about how no one is going to take his cargo and while he still breaths. If he pops his head out, the drone will dive bomb him.

Eventually the Militech team will arrive (Use **Security Operative**; replace Poor Quality Assault Rifle with Assault Rifle and Kevlar with Medium Armorjack). They arrive in a **Compact Ground Car** with Heavy Chassis, Seating Upgrade x2, and an Armored Chassis; 1 per PC). They order the Nomads to disperse but won't open fire unless the Nomads or the crew does. If it comes to a firefight, the Nomads will side with the crew and Militech will shoot at whoever is shooting at them. The drone continues to attack anyone that tries to get close to the crash. When Militech sees that the drone is being controlled by someone, the response team starts picking off anyone who looks like they might be the hacker. If the soldiers can be convinced that the crew isn't behind it, the commander will offer the crew a job: get control of that damn drone and scrap it!

If an accord can be reached peacefully, Militech will try to arrest the pilot, one Mr. Sionnach, for violating United States airspace and for operating a Delta on a suspended operator's license. Because the Nomads outnumber, and retrieval isn't their primary mission, Militech allows them to keep the cargo. Inside the wreckage are two large portable freezer units carrying cases of human embryos. There is a Biotechnica logo on each case with a series of numbers. Completely disenchanted by the find, they hand the cases over to the crew.

The two Execs who put out the bounty are a husband and wife team from Biotechnica that were experimenting with their own eggs and sperm. Despite putting out different contracts, they're actually working together and will pay 2,000eb (per PC) and make the crew sign an NDA. Failure to follow it will result in a hit squad. Selling the cargo to someone else is possible but problematic as it is very specialized.



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Braindance Perversion Leads to Death

by Max Jenkins

Braindancing is all the rage for immersive entertainment, but not all virtual experiences are enjoyable. Two days ago, a Zetatech Exec was found dead in his office, plugged into a Braindance viewer. The BD he was viewing was a 'black market snuff experience' with poorly constructed safety mechanics that caused the exec to die from shock. The day before Night City PD reported that a woman was found in her apartment dead. She too was plugged into a Braindance box. That BD, too, was a 'snuff' experience. Last week a ganger at a rave died while jacked into a Braindance box using a 'snuff' chip. The manufacturer of the chips the BDs were loaded onto, ZetaTech, has called for an investigation into these 'snuff' chips and claims no legal responsibility for them once they leave the plant. Night City PD is concerned because production of a 'snuff' BD means that someone was murdered in the process. No deaths in the last year fit a cause of death matching the recovered BDs. These are clearly custom jobs made by a blackmarket source.

[Link: Inside the Braindance](#)

[Link: Riot Breaks out at BD Release Party](#)

Militech Wants You!

by Militech Recruitment Offices

Are you tired of city life? Need a break from civilian life? Have an urge to lock-and-load legally? Militech wants you! From ground-response teams to orbital strike pilots, Militech has something for everyone!

[Link: Militech Recruitement Portal](#)

LoadStar Cuts Through Panama

by Ziggy 'Front' Page

A brand new combine, LoadStar Continental Shipping, has begun moving cargo vessels through the Panama Canal this week after months of negotiating with the Panamanian government. This will open shipping to BosWash and European supply chains. It remains to be seen how the Thelas Nomad Nation and other Corporations will react to the news or even if the agreement will last in the long term, considering the massive repairs still needed for the Canal to function at full capacity.

[Link: LoadStar Continental Shipping](#)

Confessions of a BD Widower

by Treble Gates

In couples' therapy they tell us to experiment a little and see what works and what doesn't. All the self-help books suggest it, other than that one about just leaving your spouse. So, my husband and I thought we'd try something new. He works all day at the construction site, and I am at the office until 7pm. We happened to see a commercial for Braindancing and figured—what the Hell. We both were equipped for it. So, I brought home a box and he picked up a chip. The experience was amazing. On the beach surrounded by the hottest cabana boys. It was so much fun that we began buying more and more. The chips started getting into kinky things that I wasn't willing to do.

Our intimacy level decreased until eventually he was Braindancing more than making love to me. Our communications almost stopped completely. It was always "I'm hitting the box" and dammit I wanted him hitting me. We had been married for eight years and I thought I was being a good husband too. Then one day I came home to an empty apartment. He had left a message telling me he was moving into a smaller place and that our marriage was over. I was mortified.

And do you know what the first thing I noticed was? He took the fracking box and all the chips! That slag left me for a simulation of reality! I haven't been the same since and my self-esteem and worth is absolute shit. The people who write those marriage counseling books ought to be shot. Maybe that's what I'll do next. Hear that writers and so-called experts? I'm coming for you!

[Link: More Funny Editorials](#)

Satan Would Like You

from the Chombi Zombi Message Board

Are you down on your luck? Has the system got you down? Is life just not what it once was? Satan has the answers you seek. He will help you forget all that is wrong in the world and you'll even get paid by the minute. If you could use a break from life, contact Satan today.

[Link: Chombi Zombi Message Board](#)

[Link: International House of Satan and Waffles](#)

► Player Information ◀

The crew is summoned to HardGrind, a braindance club located on the east side of the Upper Marina. The club has two bouncers, both experienced Solos. The front of the establishment has been renovated. Inside there is a modest crowd of Execs on couches plugged into Braindance boxes. There is a counter off to the left where a man wearing a very tight butler's outfit points to the back of the club. Maximum, the club's owner, is sitting on a black pleather couch, and next to him is a very large brown bear polishing a shotgun. At closer glance, the bear has a set of glowing green cyber-eyes. Maximum explains to the crew that some slag is flatlining people using 'snuff' BDs. He wants them to hit the streets and shake down the black market chippers until the person responsible is found. He suggests starting with Mr. Gazm.

Mr. Gazm is due to pop up at a nearby Night Market.

► Gamemaster Notes ◀

The Night Market is in a parking garage and opens at 1am. There are a bunch of small cars (Use Compact Ground Cars) parked in a circle with their open trunks facing one another. There are three Solos standing guard (Use **Security Operative**; Replace Poor Quality Assault Rifle with one shotgun for one and Heavy SMGs for the other two, Replace Kevlar with Light Armorjack for all). The whole scene would be discreet but one of the cars has their speakers blasting out some hardcore jams. The base is cranked so loud that the vibrations can be felt throughout the garage.

Mr. Gazm is easy to spot. He's a skinny dude decked out in a light jacket decorated in female and male genitalia. One thing is for certain; Mr. Gazm has good rhythm and shows it with his dance moves between sales. There are 1d6 customers at any time coming and going from the Night Market. The crew can talk to Mr. Gazm in front of everyone or ask to talk to him privately. For the right amount of eb (Bribery DV15), the conversation can be private; otherwise, he will suggest that it be kept out in the open. When the crew mentions 'snuff' BDs he will quickly pull them around to the front of his car and tell them to keep it down. Mr. Gazm is insistent that he isn't dealing in 'snuff' Braindance chips. It must be all naked, all shag for him to even consider buying. He has heard some whispers on the message boards about a guy who does deal in 'snuff' chips. The guy's handle is Satan.

The Netrunner will can hit the Data Pool or their contacts and try to find Satan. The message boards are loaded with references of 'Satan', but mostly in the biblical sense (Library Search DV15 to find the right one). The Satan the crew is looking for will be found on the 'Chrome Zombi' message board. A user by the handle of Satan is paying

big bucks for recorded near-death experiences (50eb per minute of experience). Anyone interested can message Satan with their contact info.

The crew can set up a sting operation to draw out Satan. If they leave contact information, the crew gets a message explaining that the meet is only good for one person, no others. That means someone has to be bait. There are plenty of needy people that will gladly play bait for 10eb. The meeting is set up just after 3am in an empty lot near a construction site. The lot is wide open so there aren't many places to hide that are close to the meeting point. The bait stands around for about fifteen minutes before a large black hauler pulls up. There are no markings on it. There is a side door to the trailer, which opens. A voice from inside tells the bait to enter and the door shuts.

The door to the trailer is Thick Steel (50 HP) but the lock can be bypassed with an Electronics/Security Check DV 17. The hauler also has a NET Architecture that controls the door (see [PAGE 15](#)).

When the players enter the trailer, they are blinded by a white light. As their eyes adjust, they see their bait sitting in a reclining chair that looks like something out of a medical office. The person is strapped down with their eyes pulled wide open by strange medical devices. Behind the bait is a man, all cybered out in archaic blades and Medtech gear (Use **Cyberpsycho**; Replace Cybersnake with Nasal Filters. Add Biomonitor and Agent). He introduces himself as Satan. He won't put up a fight and he will let the bait go if asked. No matter if the crew puts up a fight or tries to leave, knockout gas will fill the interior (Use Sleep Elevator). If everyone gets knocked out Satan kills the bait, and the players will wake up on the side of the road. The body of the bait will be sitting on a nearby park bench.

If the crew takes out Satan or manages to subdue him, they will find a case of BD chips. Each is a Braindance 'snuff' experience. There is no ID on Satan and the vehicle's registration data has been purged from any local records.

If Satan is killed or if it looks as if he will lose the fight, a self-destruct system activates. There is a five second countdown and then anyone inside the trailer gets electrocuted, taking 6d6 damage (Electronic/Security Tech Check DV29 to stop). The NET Architecture and any files are fried as well.

When the crew reports back to Maximum, he shells out 3/4 of the agreed upon price. The characters don't get the rest for another month, just in case Satan wasn't the actual guy behind this or has partners.



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Weekly Weather

by Your Weather Balloon

The week is looking good for the workers in the Rebuilding Urban Center. Sunny skies with highs in the 70s with nighttime lows in the 50s. Expect rain for Thursday with potential flooding in lower regions of Night City and the Hot Zone. Humidity will be uncomfortable for the end of the week and possible radiation increases inside the Hot Zone for early next week. I'm Your Weather Balloon, for NC 141 Radio.

[Link: The Dangers of Extreme Sun Exposure](#)[Link: Your Weather Balloon](#)

The Dangers of Unregulated PopMedia

by Ziggy 'Front' Page

PopMedia has been streaming into our homes for the last decade, but unregulated content has begun to appear. Shows like 'Got Me!' encourage show contestants playing tag to run into scenarios that only the most hardcore parkour enthusiast would even dare attempt. Meanwhile ThrillKill, a gang favorite, has gangers rolling all over the city murdering innocent people while recording it.

The police won't touch PopMedia, and Corporations avoid speaking out because they fear loss of a substantial revenue stream. Ziggurat was asked about the programming and declined to comment. During the last ThrillKill tournament over sixty people were brutally murdered and the vid was a top Garden watch in the suburbs. Maybe it is a sign that people have truly lost their humanity.

[Link: Don't Touch My PopMedia, Choomba](#)[Link: Trauma Team Captain Murdered During Livestream](#)

Biotechnica: Returning You to You

by Biotechnica

Were you injured in a horrific workplace accident and lost a limb? Don't panic. Biotechnica can grow you a new one. Did you suffer from a flesh eating bacteria and need new muscles? Biotechnica can grow you new ones. Are you suffering from organ failure? We've got you covered there too. Biotechnica cloned organs: Keeping you, you.

[Link: More Information on Biotechnica Cloning](#)[Link: Black Market Bodybanks Go Botique](#)

Freeway Gang Activity Declines

by Angie Wu 3.2

Night City PD has reported that gang incidents have slowed down this week by 23% on the freeways, especially on State Highway 828 and I-5. These statistics might be skewed due to a lack of actual police presence along much of the freeway length. Some attribute the decrease to a series of Nomad and security force escorts that occurred on Monday. There is a consensus that gangers are less likely to prowl roadways used by large paramilitary units. Anyone planning to travel outside of Night City or to nearby blocks, now would be the time to do so safely.

[Link: Nomad Convoy Leaves Trail of Dead GoGanglers](#)

Trauma Team Seeking Upgrade

from Ziggy 'Front' Page

Trauma Team North America is no stranger to busting onto the scene of a Friday Night Firefight to save lives, but as weapon technology evolves, so must their gear. They have begun talks with TransGuard to purchase large quantities of TransGuard produced tactical body armor. While not available on the open market, the TransGuard armoring is much more durable and lighter than standard armorjack and comparable to Metalgear. The armor includes both ceramic plating and TransGuard Kevlar. Best of all the TransGuard Tactical Armor has been field tested and proven well worth the investment. Both parties hope to wrap up negotiations soon.

[Link: Trauma Team North America](#)[Link: TransGuard Reactive Kevlar](#)

THRILLKILL

► Player Information ◀

There is a new game being played between gangs called 'Thrillkill'. Each gang gets points for specific types of kills. The winner of the tournament gets unclaimed turf. It wouldn't be a big deal, but the point targets aren't gangs. A group of local Execs have hired the crew to put a stop to the carnage. The gangs participating are all bikers. To help fight the ThrillKill crowd, the crew has been provided with high speed bikes (Use Superbikes) which need to be returned after finishing the job.

► Gamemaster Notes ◀

The rules to ThrillKill are posted on the local message boards. They are pretty simple:

- Points per Kill: Houseless Person 1, Street Vendor 2, Street Security 3, Low-Ranking Exec 4, Mid-Level Exec or Media 5, Trauma Team/Lawman 6, High Level Exec 7, Entertaining Kill +5 points (based on audience votes).
- The team with the highest confirmed points by the end of the week wins.
- All kills must be recorded for the weekly ThrillKill compilation vid along with a live feed of each hit.
- No kill may be done with a firearm.

The biker gangs (Use **Road Ganger**; each rides a Roadbike) are all using standard bikes, so the crew will have a slight advantage. There is no telling how many gangs are participating. The only advantage is that the gangs must go live on a Garden patch with a vid. To increase viewership, the gang often advertises their intention to stream in advance. The crew can monitor Data Pool activity to work out when something is about to happen. There isn't much time either because each ThrillKill tournament only lasts for six days (so technically it's not a week long unless someone pulls one hell of a kill on Saturday).

The start of ThrillKill tends to be slow. The older gangs are looking to score big in the last few days because it brings less attention from authorities and security units. Fresher gangs don't care. They are going to pile the meat up as quickly as possible.

To see how many gangs are active in the game each day roll 1d10

1d10	Number of Gangs
1 to 5	1 Gang
6 to 8	2 Gangs
9 to 10	3 Gangs

For number of members present roll 1d10

1d10	Number of Gang Members
1 to 6	2 (because someone has to record)
7 to 9	3
10	4

To what their weapon of choice might be roll 1d10

1d10	Weapon of Choice
1 to 2	Broken Bottle (Light Melee Weapon)
3	Machete (Medium Melee Weapon)
4	Chain (Heavy Melee Weapon)
5	Chainsaw (Very Heavy Melee Weapon)
6	Sledgehammer (Very Heavy Melee Weapon)
7 to 8	Crowbar (Medium Melee Weapon)
9	Broken Baseball Bat (Light Melee Weapon)
10	The Chair (slang for death by electrocution)

To see where they are hitting roll 1d10

1d10	Where They Are Hitting
1 to 4	One Block
5 to 7	Rebuilding Urban Center
8	Overcrowded Suburbs, East
9	Overcrowded Suburbs South
10	Overcrowded Suburbs, North

For time of day roll 1d10

1d10	Time of Day
1 to 4	3am to 8am
5 to 7	8am to Noon
8	Noon to 5pm
9	5pm to 9pm
10	9pm to 3am

There is no way that the crew can respond to all the hits, especially if they camp out in the wrong part of the city. It will require either splitting people up, being on constant patrol, or recruiting help. The average length for a ThrillKill vid is around five minutes due to the typical bragging and build up, maybe even including the entire selection process, since fans love to watch it all unfold.

In most cases the gangs won't seek retribution for an attack on them. There is the unwritten rule that ThrillKill participants do so at their own risk and the rule of 'when you attack one of us, you attack all of us' is suspended. When the crew nails a gang cell, they don't need to worry about people looking for payback.

There are three primary hits that are set to happen. The first is a World News Service Media correspondent who is covering traffic. He's driving a compact ground car and there is a gang stalking him. They will drive him off the road and then do him in.

The next is an Exec from Biotechnica. She has been overseeing the collection of rats from the suburbs to make sure there won't be a resurgence of plague. She has a bodyguard (Use **Bodyguard**; Replace Poor Quality Shotgun with SMG. Replace Kevlar with Light Armorjack). The Exec doesn't like to get her hands dirty and will be camped out by the nearest clean-looking food vendor .

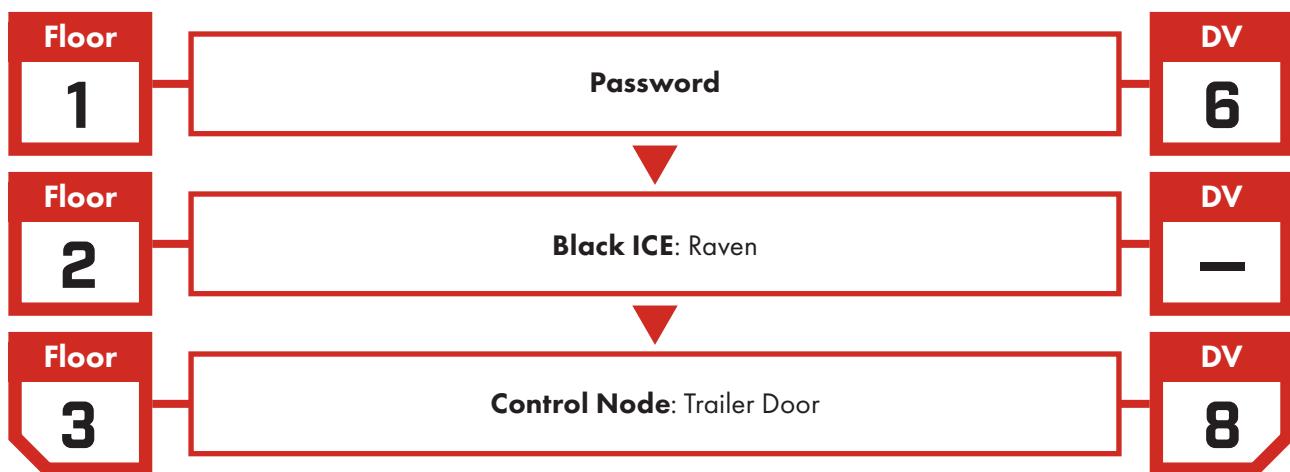
The third target is a Trauma Team unit captain (Use **Security Officer**; Remove Light Assault Rifle. Replace Kevlar with Light Armorjack) who makes weekly runs delivering medical supplies to clinics that are set up to help the poor and homeless. The officer isn't in uniform. Unlike the other two targets, any attack on him will draw the attention of 1d6 bystanders (Use **Boosterganger**) who are likely to intervene.

To stop this round of ThrillKill, the crew must kill 5 or more gangers. If they just capture them the event continues. Send a message to succeed.

10 of 10

NET ARCHITECTURE: HAULER

Use this NET Architecture for **Snuff** (PAGE 12)

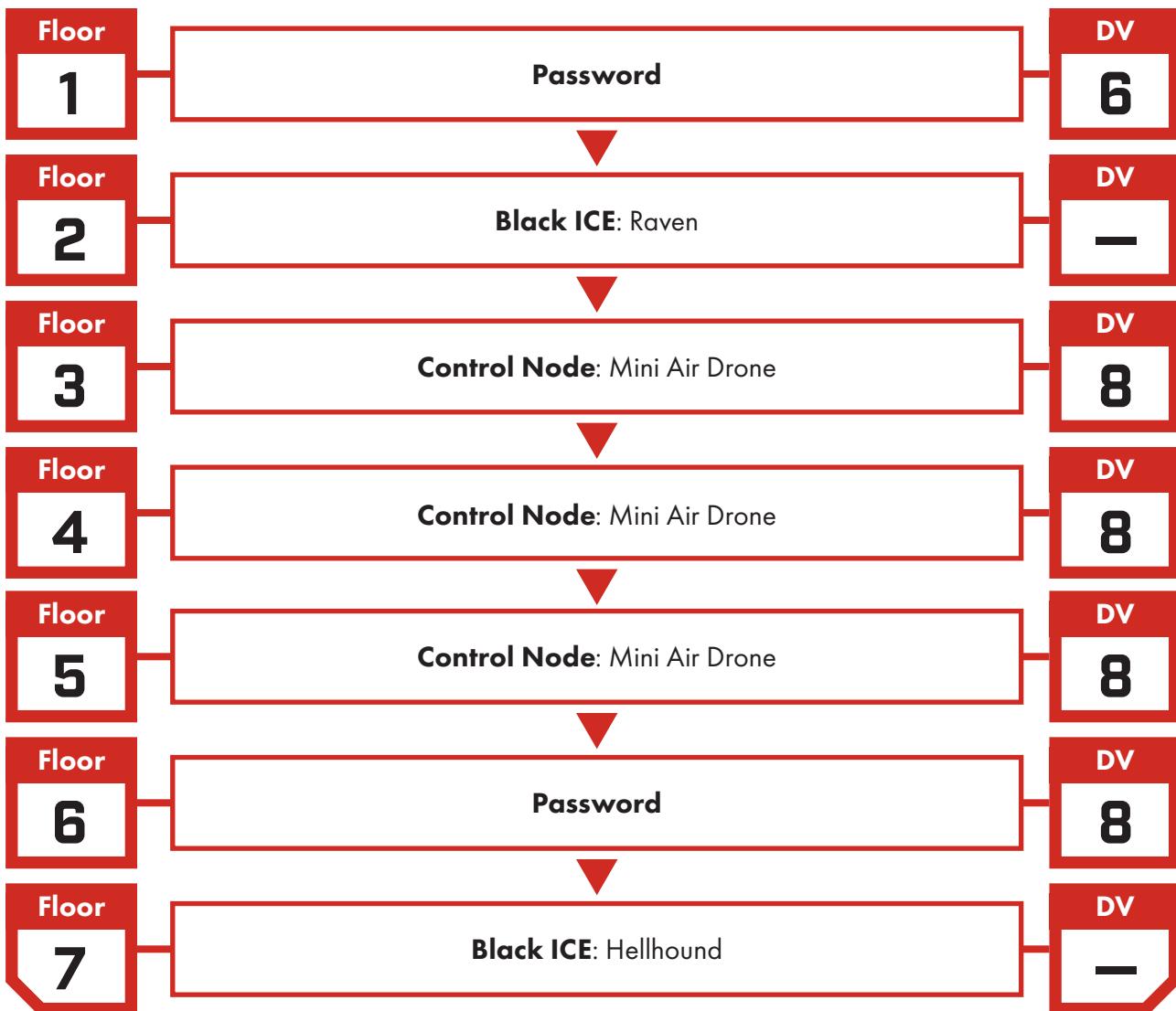


DATA PACK SCREAMSHEETS

NET ARCHITECTURE: APARTMENT BUILDING

Use this NET Architecture for **Don't Fear the Reaper** (PAGE 8)

Demons Installed: 1 Efreet



20 THINGS IN NIGHT CITY

Every GM knows it's bound to happen. You've got a job all worked up using a Beat Chart. Tons of notes. NPC profiles. Maps. You throw out the hook...

... and the Players decide to head downtown, looking for a good time, instead. Now you've got to improvise. Where do they go? Who do they meet? What's there to see? Don't worry. We've got you covered.

On the following pages you'll find six different lists, each containing 20 people, places, or things to help you populate the Streets of Night City. Roll a percentage (2d10, with one die representing the ones' place and the other the tens; 00 on the dice equals 100) or just pick one that looks like fun. You can use these lists for a quick "what the heck is here anyway" situation or as inspiration for an entire mission.

Players, feel free to use these lists, too! The people and places from this list can be used to flesh out your Lifepath as a friend, enemy, ex-lover, or partner, give you a favorite watering hole you know your Edgerunner likes to hang out in, or serve as inspiration for your own Character concept!

20 FREELANCERS OF NIGHT CITY

Just twenty random NPCs to use, two of each Role. Use 'em as friends, lovers, acquaintances, enemies, professional contacts. We've left their stats up to your discretion, depending on how badass you want them, but listed their looks and specialty, and favored hangout, if any.

(1-5) John Doe, a **Solo**, is a slender man of indeterminate age, with long mouse-blond hair and light-brown eyes. He's also a **Tech** who specializes in surveillance and drone applications. He almost always wears a nice, boring suit except on ops, where he switches to a tac-vest and surplus fatigues. John Doe is notable for two things: He has never ever lost his temper or his cool in public, and nobody knows where the hell he came from. His past is a black box. He's professional, though, and that's what counts, right?

(6-10) Peaches is a **Tech** who hails from Georgia, hence her nickname, and her speech bears the distinctive accent of the urban South. She wears her pink and purple Techhair in elaborate box braids, and the chrome of her cyberarm contrasts with the terra-cotta brown of her skin tone. She dresses in athleisure outfits: mesh tops and sweatpants, and can be found hanging out at Bear's microbrewery when she's not on the job. Peaches is a good hand on the job, but she won't back down, ever, and must be ordered to abandon an objective.

(11-15) Lupita "Little Wolf" Garza is a **Medtech**, and her biggest public claim to fame is that she's the niece of the lady who ran Maria's. She used to work for Trauma Team but quit recently to go freelance; something about ungrateful clients not being worth her time. She has extensive Nomad ties via her large family, and tends to run Nomad ops, but you can still hire her for the occasional independent job. While she wears the usual jeans and punk shirt in public, on jobs you'll find her wearing armored scrubs and nitrile gloves. She can patch up anyone who isn't dead yet.

(16-20) Kirin is a **Rockerboy** of Korean-American descent. She hangs out at Chatelaine's because she loves the 1930s theme, and also because her brand of heart-rending torch song is exactly the kind of thing they like there. She sings smoky cabaret ballads while clad in an antique tux and has finished sets to a rain of thrown panties. She's especially popular among rebellious young Corporate zone ladies who love to demonstrate that they are now adults and their parents can't do anything about it by bringing a hot-ass lesbian back home for dinner. As a result, Kirin has gotten very good at defending herself when fired upon by upset parents.

(21-25) 80/20 is one mean fucker. He's a **Fixer** that specializes in loansharking and fencing. He runs his business out of the back of his uncle Norman's bar, in a now-defunct walk-in freezer that he's had fitted with ventilation. He's rumored to have shoved at least one or two loan defaulters through the old meat grinder in



the back of the bar, too. But if you want to know what's going on in the less-legal end of street acquisitions, 80/20's your man. Just don't eat any meat products he tries to serve you if you're squeamish about who it might have been.

(26-30) Sunshine is a cute little thing working as an empty-headed hostess at Anjelika's, and she's had the biosculpting required to keep the job, with gold-plated skin and eyes like blue topazes. Those eyes contain a *Virtuality* rig and she's got a cyberdeck built into her right arm. She is also far from empty-headed. She's a **Netrunner** and a good one. Approaching her with a job requires a client to book an hour with her at Anjelika's, where the comfortable booths and loud music help with privacy. She normally takes jobs from **Media** types trying to ferret out dirt and is therefore very comfortable with corpo databases.

(31-35) The **Nomad** known as **Murphy** hangs out at Fiddler's Green when he's in Night City, which he often isn't, but the owner Kate Mulvaney will pass messages on to him for clients. He's a former U.S. Aerospace Force pilot who now does smuggling runs in and out of Night City in his beloved AV-4, and he's good enough to evade U.S. and *Pacifica* Coast Guard watches. He's been adopted into the Aldecaldo Nomad family due to his impending marriage to his fiancé Diego.

(36-40) Candlemaker was a corporate insurance fraud investigator, before they shitcanned him for his drinking problem. One new liver later, Candlemaker is a reformed **Lawman** who likes to hang out at Kasim's and play backgammon with Kasymbek, because there is no alcohol there to tempt him with. He's also taken to tackling private investigation jobs. Most of them tend to be minor things, like catching Execs cheating on each other, but there was once a kidnapping case that made him almost start drinking again. He wears a trenchcoat and monologues on occasion, hence his nickname (Candlemaker is a pun on Chandler).

(41-45) Finster's an **Exec** that's been fired by his Corp. It's not his fault. He wants to make things right, and he's willing to pay out of his savings to ensure that happens. Finster is a nice, nervous-looking, young Exec with a cardboard box in front of him. The box contains the contents of his

desk. He's hanging out at whatever the PCs' usual bar is and took the train to get there. Oh. So that's where you saw him before. On the train there.

(46-50) By daytime **Red Ribbon** is Darla Wu, food critic for *Night City Today*, writing puff pieces about the latest flavor of kibble *Continental Brands* has put out. By night she's a **Media** who publishes an anonymous blog about *NCPD* corruption and the widespread abuse of refugees. Nobody really expects the food critic to hold any kind of opinion or moral stance, which makes Red Ribbon's job a little easier. She gets access to places using her food critic articles as cover and saves the dirt for her blog. You can find Darla in places like *Sakura's* and *Red Oktober*, reviewing food.

(51-55) Jacqueline "Jack" Sawyer is a **Tech** and one of Night City's best independent gunsmiths. Her dad used to work at *Salander's* but got fired for inflating costs and then pocketing the difference. He wasn't very good at being a dad or a businessman, even if he did know what he was doing with the mill and the CNC machine. Jack's not as stupid as him, though, since he turned up floating face-down in the Night City harbor about seven years ago. No, Jack's vice is that she can't ever resist a pretty face. Also, she's proud and prickly to a fault, and has gotten in fights that way. She hangs out at *Greta's*, pool-sharking to impress the femmes.

(56-60) Xiaolajiao, or "Little Chili Pepper", is one of Night City's best **Nomad** couriers. You want to get it somewhere—she'll get it there. She's fast, reliable, and uses a combination of an ultralight folding bicycle and parkour to cut through the city's architecture. Xiaolajiao has ties to the sea Nomads out in *Flotsam*, having been dropped off by a people-smuggler ten years ago as a starving child whose dead parents got dumped overboard. The staff at *The Randy Dandy* took pity on her and let her wipe glasses and tables for her keep, before the Skipper semi-adopted her as a surrogate sibling. She's also really good with a baseball bat.

(61-65) Aunt Kevin is a middle-aged drag queen who tends bar at *Chatelaine's*, and therefore Aunt Kevin knows everything there is to know about Night City's gay scene. And most food and service outsiders don't know this, but bartenders do a lot more than pour drinks. They wheedle the Fixers into letting them

have more of the good booze and less of the cheap stuff. They know the preferences of rich and powerful and favorite customers. They soothe feelings, break up fights, and sometimes start them. Aunt Kevin is not as notorious a **Fixer** as 80/20, but their influence goes somewhat further and is much subtler. They have been in poorer health in recent years, and their death would leave a void in Night City's gay community.

(66-70) Bobby Tables (not his real name) really wanted to go to Night City University, but his parents didn't have the money to send him there. So, he went to a Corporate technical school instead, and learned to program there. That state of events came to a screeching halt when he won a Corporate scholarship and went to a private hot-house program for the bright future programmers of the world. Unfortunately, that was where nice little Bobby Tables learned to be an asshole, from all the richer, meaner kids who poked fun at his cheap hand me down shirts and secondhand textbooks. Now he's gone freelance as a **Netrunner**, setting his smarts against the system because he's bored working for it. Bobby likes to hang out at Redline watching fights when he's not working. If he can swing it, he'll even pay for a private room. And he's always up for anti-corporate jobs; because he's sick of how all those silver-spoon Execs treat people.

(71-75) Velvet Lux. How to describe her? She's one of Night City's most imitated **Rockerboys**, as some of her fans have had themselves bodysculpted to look exactly like her. None of them have that certain *je ne sais quoi* that the real Velvet Lux has, though, that comes from a life trained in dance and comportment. In truth Velvet was raised to be a trophy bride. It was her foster mother's idea. And get married she did, to an Exec forty years older than her (with a hefty bride price that went to her foster mom.) Her new husband was a sadist in several ways, and in desperation she fled their luxury conapt and was rescued by the Princess of Justice posergang, who took her to their safehouse in Princessland. Now she hides in plain sight, among fan doppelgangers, and donates 10% of all her profits back to Princessland.

(76-80) Freya is a former **Exec** who hasn't spoken in six years. She used to work at Sleepwalker's as a custom editor of braindance experiences, something

that she was phenomenally good at, up until a very important client landed in her lap. What he wanted horrified her, and at first, she tried to delay his requests by citing a lack of data to work with. Her bosses, unfazed, started supplying her the relevant braindance files and told her to get on with it. When she hesitated further, her employers realized that she was likely to break her non-disclosure agreement and arranged an accident. Unfortunately for them, the Solo they hired was a Smash-head and didn't quite finish the job. Freya now works at Smash/Cut as one of their silent staff and is looking for someone she can trust with the deadliest secret of her life: her client's identity.

(81-85) Keloid is a street **Medtech** who runs a tattoo shop near the harbor, and as a result his joint is frequented by sea Nomads and salvagers. He's also a former Army medic who performs meatball surgery in the back of his shop. Keloid's not as current on cyberware installation as he'd like to be, but he's really good at getting people back on their feet with insufficient supplies. He's also privately a fucked-up wreck of a human being, possibly due to what he saw while enlisted. He can sometimes be found drinking his woes away at Rusty's Dive Shack.

(86-90) Maxime Raunche is a six-foot-tall drag queen with 8-inch heels built into her cyberlegs. A veteran, she lost her organic legs to a landmine, and then had her VA-issue prosthetics replaced with her current fabulous sparkly pair when she came out of the closet. She's also the current head of the Street Queens, a gang protecting queer homeless youth. While their organization is generally loose and anarchic, they look to her for leadership whenever something important comes up, and in such situations, her word is law. As a result, she can call upon the Street Queens for backup when protecting their collective flock of runaways and rejected children and counts as a **Lawman**. Raunche's reign will be up this summer, as the vote for a new Monarch will take place at Night City Pride, and it remains to see if the incumbent will keep her Throne.

(91-95) Edelweiss Lee is a small-time actor, once with a major supporting role in a popular prime-time drama, but her career evaporated because she refused to sleep with a director. Now she's back in

her hometown, Night City, working as a **Media** and using a braindance rig to document the horrifying corruption and squalor she grew up with. Edelweiss would have been killed several times over on her investigations, except that a mysterious Solo has been murdering whoever's been sent after her and then escaping right after. She has no idea who her guardian angel is, and she would very much like to find out.

(96-100) Merlin is your stereotypical glasses-wearing nerd-looking guy, except if you look closely, those glasses have no prescription. Other tells include the fact that his Madras check shirt is Kevlar, and that he never sits with his back to a door. Merlin is a **Solo** for hire, specializing in quiet assassination jobs where he enters the building as a completely unremarkable janitor, and then gets close to the target and plugs them with a poisoned dart gun before he makes a quick escape. Merlin doesn't seem to hang out anywhere, but you'll come into possession of his calling card if you have any business calling him in the first place.

20 HOTSPOTS IN NIGHT CITY

So, you all meet in a bar. But which one? Night City is full of nightspots, legal and not. Here's a few interesting places that may slake your thirst and scratch your various itches.

(1-5) Smash/Cut. Smash/Cut is a dance club owned by the EDM band URBIS, and frankly, the place would have closed entirely if it weren't for the fact that URBIS are propping it up with their royalties. This isn't because Smash/Cut is unpopular. To the contrary, it is one of the most popular nightspots in Night City. No, it's because most clubs and bars make their profits off alcohol sales and Smash/Cut's main clientele are drugged-up neo-ravers.

The interior decor is perfunctory, with a few desultory chairs and tables arranged around an immense dance floor. 360 degree wraparound vidwalls and holoprojectors in the ceiling and dance floor combine with strobe lights and mirrors to create an atmosphere described as "an armored truck having sex with a neon sign". You do not go to Smash/Cut to talk, as most conversations are inaudible under the loud dance beat. You go to Smash/Cut to dance, and to

have casual sex with people you haven't spoken to. The staff at Smash/Cut are trained in American Sign Language to communicate quickly in a crisis, and many of them have dazzle compensation in their smart glasses or cybereyes. Noise-cancelling earplugs are standard issue.

Signature drink: None, but the bar always has energy and isotonic drinks available for the thirsty neo-ravers. 10eb (Cheap) per 20oz bottle.

(6-10) Fiddler's Green. Fiddler's Green is a popular Irish pub run by a veteran of the SouthAm wars, Kate Mulvaney, who can be seen mopping the bar with her medical-grade cyberarm. She, her wife Audrey, and their extended family staff the place, which is also open from 11:30am on for lunch hours, as Fiddler's Green also serves classic American-Irish food such as corned SCOP on cabbage. It's a lively but not overwhelming place full of military and PMC veterans looking to unwind.

A former Panzergirl, Kate named Fiddler's Green for the place cavalrymen supposedly go to after they die, while mere infantrymen must go straight to their infernal rewards. It's a good place for Edgerunners to pick up the gossip and hear about jobs. Kate operates a poste restante service for various mercs, holding mail for them until they come to pick it up.

Signature drink: The Pint O' Plain. Actual dark Irish stout imported from Ireland, with a softer edge than Canada-brewed stout. Kate has contacts with some Nomads who bring it over. 10eb (Cheap) per pint.

(11-15) Kasim's. Kasim's is an unusual nightspot since it does not serve alcohol, as its proprietor, Kasymbek, is a devout Muslim of Turkish descent. What Kasim's has is strong thimble-size cups of Turkish-style street coffee and some of the best-scented tobacco on the market, all compounded to be smoked in water-pipes, or nargile. Kasymbek's thick, bitter street coffee (no actual coffee beans involved) is served in small cups, unfiltered, and flavored with cardamom, and drinkers are supposed to drain the liquid contents and leave the dregs behind.

As a compliment to guests, Kasymbek serves each pot of coffee with a plate of free sweets, sometimes loukum (Turkish delight) or baklava, made by Kasymbek's mother Elif, who runs the kitchen. Elif will occasionally

leave the kitchen to come out and greet favorite customers and take a puff or two of rose-scented tobacco herself. If she really likes you, she might read your coffee grounds for you and try to tell your future. Kasim's is closed on Fridays for Friday prayers.

Signature drink: Strong black street coffee, with a small plate of sweets. 10eb (Cheap) per cup, to be refilled as long as you keep buying tobacco for your nargile, 20eb (Everyday) per foil packet.

(16-20) Bella Mia. Bella Mia is an exclusive club to see and be seen at, established by Rockerboy and ultra-model Velvet Lux, who uses the place for PR and for soft releases of new clothing from her exclusive Lux Lines fashion label. The bouncers at Bella Mia's are all issued with custom Wardrobe and Style skill chips that allow them to only let the best-dressed people in. In practice this means you're probably only getting in the door if you were dressed by someone who has a Wardrobe and Style Base of 14 or better. Detractors unfairly call Bella Mia's "Bulimia's", which is slightly unfair since part of Lux's brand is an emphasis on healthy eating.

Signature drink: The Velvet Lush, Prosecco with passionfruit pulp. 20eb (Everyday) per glass. Yes, Velvet's just bad at naming things, but she tries her best, really.

(21-25) Sakura's. Sakura's is an izakaya, an informal bar where customers may partake of beer or sake over a wide selection of Japanese drinking snacks. Marked by distinctive red paper lanterns flanking its door, Sakura's is a Night City mainstay. They've curtailed the menu in recent times, but fans of edamame and yakitori can still find those old favorites, as long as they're willing to accept fake meat on the chicken skewers. Sakura's was never really a hangout for Arasaka expats, who tended to frequent more upscale establishments. Instead, Sakura's main clientele were Night City denizens of Japanese-American descent.

The original owner, Sakura Yamamoto, is long dead, and her grandson, Toru Evans, now runs the bar.

Signature drink: Warmed sake, 20eb (Everyday) per flask.

(26-30) Greta's. Greta's was originally a lesbian bar back in the 1990s, but of recent nights its clientele has expanded, as it is now more famous for the quality

of its amateur pool players, and the amount of betting that can take place over a single game. A pleasantly dive-y bar, Greta's still attracts a healthy proportion of sapphics each evening, especially because the top non-professional pool player in Night City is the butch and dapper Tech, Jack Sawyer, and she will only play and drink at Greta's.

Jack has her pride and will not lose a game to please bookies. That has led to the armed lesbians among Greta's clientele forcibly escorting injured Fixers out of the club after they dared make that suggestion to Jack Sawyer.

Signature drink: The Sunk Pocket, cherry infused vodka, Grand Marnier, and a splash of heavy whipping cream, topped with a Maraschino cherry. 20eb (Everyday) per glass.

(31-35) Chopper's. Chopper's is not a biker bar, despite the name. No, the name alludes to the fact that this bar used to be a local butcher's shop, up until there just wasn't any more meat to sell. The proprietor of Chopper's, a slightly pouchy-looking man named Norman, has put the old chill-cases to good use by keeping booze cold in them. Customers sit on high stools up against the chill-cases, and Norman and his staff pour out the shots and slide them over.

Customers also come to Chopper's because Norman's nephew, 80/20, runs a Fixer business out of the now-defunct walk-in freezer in the back. 80/20 got his nickname by what he's willing to do to people who try to fuck him over, because unlike the walk-in, the meatgrinder still works. Enterprising Techs or Medtechs also come to Chopper's for pre-owned cyberware. You just gotta clean it and fix it back up.

Signature drink: What kind of fancy place do you think we're running? We got beer. We got rotgut. What do you want? 10eb (Cheap) per glass of beer, 10eb (Cheap) per shot of rotgut.

(36-40) Redline. Redline is the place to watch fights. Not bar fights, no. Redline brings the best in augmented and unaugmented mixed martial arts. The entire bar is built around a window-lined fighting pit. Customers willing to book the private viewing rooms (100eb [Premium] to 1,000eb [Very Expensive] depending on the fights) get to sit up against those



big, armored windows, watching people fight each other, while waiters and waitresses bring them their drinks and their bar snacks.

Less wealthy customers can hang out in the bar area, watching the fights from the caged top of the pit, or on screens mounted on the walls. The cage on top of the fighting pit is a new addition, installed after a cybered-up fighter threw her opponent clean out of the pit and onto some customers. Officially all fights are to the knockout; and Redline maintains a Trauma Team membership so fighters who get badly fucked-up can get treated. However, the rumor goes that there are deathmatches every month, on the new moon, for special guests and customers only. Owner-proprietor Jenny Nails denies all of that, naturally.

Signature drink: The Winner's Cup. Salty beef bouillon (made with a bouillon cube nowadays), cognac, Worcestershire sauce, lemon juice, and a garnish of soy bacon, 20eb (Expensive) per glass.

(41-45) Red Oktober. Red Oktober is a Soviet-themed bar and restaurant based on an old novel about a nuclear sub that went rogue. The bar, built in a defunct subway station, is done up to look like the inside of a Soviet bomb shelter, and its staff all wear replicas of Soviet military uniforms and speak with varying Russian accents (some good, some awful). The walls are plastered with Soviet propaganda posters and the jukebox only plays patriotic Russian songs sung by the men of the Red Army Choir.

Tank, the owner-operator of the joint, inherited 4 Green Box storage units full of cold war era Soviet propaganda posters and kitsch from his late granduncle Ollie, who had been a political science professor at Night City U. That inheritance was largely useless to Tank, up until he had the idea of opening the Red Oktober as a theme bar and restaurant.

The Red Oktober attracts Red Army posergangers, real Cold War veterans, and Soviet emigres alike, if only because Tank also managed to poach the kitchen staff of a defunct Russian restaurant before they left Night City altogether, and now The Red Oktober serves the best Russian cuisine in the city.

Signature drink: Vodka. 20eb (Everyday) per double for the good stuff.

(46-50) Bear's. Bear's is named for its huge, hairy owner, but also for the moth-eaten bear head sitting above the bar. Bear is a jolly giant of a man with forearms the size of hams, whose deep rolling laugh can be heard frequently over the clink of beer mugs and the low hum of conversation. If asked to, Bear will relate the story of how his great-grandfather shot that bear whose head is mounted above the bar, with many, many embellishments.

Bear's is famous for its microbrew beers and has a limited menu of SCOP burgers and fries, chili con kibble, and tofu hot wings. To Bear, a proper beer ought to be thick and rich, like a liquid loaf of bread, and he despises the practice of covering up inadequate flavor with excessive chemicals. Bear is an ale man, and he will die on that hill. Bear runs the place with several apprentice brewers; he seems disinterested in sex or romance, and he intends to continue his legacy by adopting an heir.

Signature drink: Bear's Berry Beer, a strong ale with pureed blackberries poured into the wort for secondary fermentation, giving it a whopping ABV of 9%. 10eb (Cheap) per mug.

(51-55) The Randy Dandy. The Randy Dandy is built in a passenger ferry out in Flotsam, Night City's floating district out past the harbor, and can only be accessed by swimming (ugh) or by boat. Occasionally, very rarely, she puts in to harbor herself to pick up important dignitaries when the Randy Dandy is booked for Nomad family meetings. Run by a sea Nomad known only as The Skipper, the Randy Dandy is the place to go to pick up harbor gossip or buy sweet lots of salvage before it makes it to the middlemen on land, who will mark it up as it passes through their hands.

The Skipper is a lean, leathery woman of middle age with iron-gray hair, and a harsh, low voice. She's missing the two smallest fingers on her right hand—"an accident with a coil of rope when I was young and stupid,"—but does well enough without prosthetic replacements. Her rule for the Randy Dandy is "don't start none, won't be none," and disobedient customers will be swiftly tossed overboard by one or two of her burly crew. Business is the general atmosphere at the Randy Dandy, and the Skipper arranges matters so that the eurobucks keep flowing.

Signature drink: The Blackbeard. Rum, ginger oil, and a squeeze of lime, on the rocks. 20eb (Everyday) per shot.

(56-60) Yum Seng. Yum Seng is run by Alan Lam, a Chinese-American raconteur of Cantonese heritage. Lam's grandfather fled Hong Kong with his sizable fortune shortly before Hong Kong left British control, and Alan has used his inheritance wisely, building a modest empire in the vice scene of Night City. Yum Seng (Cantonese for "cheers!") is a host and hostess bar, but it's also oddly one of the best places to get a seafood meal, because Alan Lam is also something of a gourmand. Customers to Yum Seng are asked to choose their seating by the host at the entrance. Customers who just want to eat are escorted to tables in the communal eating hall. Customers who want more personal attention are escorted to booths, where they will be attended to by pretty, pretty people.

Lam is smart enough that he's not using Yum Seng as a money laundering front. No, that's for the other businesses he controls in Night City. Yum Seng is just his personal hangout. He takes great interest in the comfort and satisfaction of his customers, stopping at their tables or booths to ask if all is well, and is very responsive to their concerns. The seafood is the best and freshest in Night City, the drinks are of high quality, and the hosts and hostesses are all beautifully and elegantly bodysculpted and trained in manners and etiquette.

There are also soundproof karaoke boxes because Lam loves karaoke. Any Edgerunners wanting to do business with him will have to participate. He doesn't expect them to sound good, but he wants them to have the balls to try.

Signature drinks: Anything expensive and showy. Veuve Clicquot, 18-year Scotch, all at least 150% of standard price, except when Alan Lam visits your table, then he comps you the drink after asking if you've had a good time.

(61-65) Chatelaine's. Chatelaine's is a atmospheric old cabaret decorated and designed to look like it came out of the 1930s. The mirrors are scratched by hand and hazed with airbrushed pigment to look smoky and stained, the synthetic floors are treated to look like scuffed wood, and the staff all dress in period costume.

Chatelaine's is also one of the more popular gay bars in Night City, with a Friday Burlesque Night and a Saturday Drag Fest, to the point where some nights they have more heterosexual tourists than actual queer customers.

This has led to some murmurs that Chatelaine's has "sold out", and members of the Night City Queens gang have begun shunning Chatelaine's Drag Fests. Owner and proprietor Lulu deLuz remains supportive of queer concerns, however, and she has allowed young houseless queer people to sleep in the club's office space while she arranges for emergency housing for them.

Signature drink: The Cocktease, peach schnapps, Cointreau, crème de cassis, 20eb (Everyday).

(66-70) The XX. The XX (pronounced "The Twenty") is a raucous punk dive that serves no liquor. That's because the punk band that owns and runs it, Breakfast, are straight-edge, partaking of no booze or drugs. The XX has a juice bar instead of a booze bar, and their smoothies are particularly good. That's because Breakfast bassist Ten Ton used to be a pantry bitch at one of Night City's finest eateries, Angelo's, and she uses her restaurant contacts to pick up bruised and wilted fruits and vegetables before they get thrown in dumpsters. Her pickup runs save the back-of-house staff a drop-off trip, and she saves on ingredients for the bar's juices. After all, nobody's going to care how beat-up a fruit looks if you're going to stick it in a blender.

The XX's other draw is live punk music, every night. While the various members of Breakfast aren't always available every night, they allow other acts to perform at the club with one caveat: Nazi Punks Fuck Off.

Signature drink: The Lean Mean Machine. Frozen bananas put in a blender with soymilk, chocolate-flavored syrup, and peanut-butter flavored kibble to make a mean smoothie. 20eb (Everyday) per cup.

(71-75) Yewtree. Yewtree is a slightly overpriced neo-hipster bar near the new Night City U campus and is therefore crammed with students most nights. The bouncers seem constitutionally incapable of recognizing a fake ID, and yet Yewtree has never been raided by NCPD. That's because Yewtree was set up with the covert cooperation of NCPD. College kids will drink. They're going to do it no matter how many

enraged calls their parents make. So, why not make sure they can do so with a minimum of trouble? Thus Yewtree welcomes its fake ID wielding hordes, and waters the drinks down just enough. Bartender Stuart Hedley keeps an eye out for anyone trying to get someone drunker than they want to be, and he listens to the gossip, and if anything truly alarming reaches his ear, then he passes it on to the Lawmen.

Signature drink: Slightly overpriced, watered-down beer, 10eb (Cheap) per mug.

(76-80) Air is a sterile white cube with transparent glass bars, and uncomfortable brushed-steel stools, and it sells curated blends of scented, purified air to the afflicted masses of Night City. It's an unfortunate truth that the air in Night City can be heavily polluted at times, and Air was established to make breathing a commodity.

Ranks of transparent oxygen masks hang above the bars at Air, and customers choose their blend of choice from a touch-screen embedded in the bars themselves. Then they put on the mask, insert their credchip, and the flow starts.

Signature drink: Alpine Mountains Blend, 20% oxygen in nitrogen with assorted herbal scents. 10eb (Cheap) per minute.

(81-85) Rusty's Dive Shack. Need a drink while you prep your salvage dive? Need to rent mostly-safe dive equipment to do a salvage run? Want to trade salvage for booze and eliminate the middleman? Rusty's Dive Shack is the place to go. Rusty is a sour old coot with the heart of a pawnbroker and the merciless gaze of a seagull, and he caters to those salvagers too poor to own proper kit, and too desperate to not work for him.

There are all kinds of stuff out there in Night City Harbor. Most of the stuff on ships has already been cleared out by Families of sea Nomads, so it's the stuff in the drink for the unconnected and ill-equipped. Rusty will rent would-be salvagers equipment for a share of the finds. He'll also take their salvage if they want to trade it for booze.

Signature drink: Homemade shark liver oil, supposed to keep you warm in the cold depths. 10eb (Cheap) per cup. Tastes fishy and rancid.

(86-90) Maria's. Maria's is a lively little beer tent with outdoor seating. The chairs and tables are loosely chained together so nobody can run off with individual pieces of furniture. Not without bringing bolt cutters, anyway. Maria's is a popular hangout for road Nomads as it's set up in the vast amount of parking space near several industrial workshops: an auto body shop, a couple chop shops, and a Tech workshop shared by two vehicle specialists.

The original Maria passed away five years ago, and now members of her extended family are running Maria's, among them her niece, Lupita Garza, or Little Wolf. Little Wolf is a trained Medtech, but she comes around and tends bar in between jobs. The Nomad connection means that Maria's is one of the few non-executive bars where you can get real tequila, as it gets trucked in by various Nomad families on a regular basis.

Signature drink: Real tequila. 20eb (Everyday) per shot.

(91-95) Buffalo's. Buffalo's is cursed. No two words about it. Track down a hospitality professional after shift and ask them, and they will tell you about the Bad Restaurant Curse. The Bad Restaurant Curse works like this: A restaurant will open in a space, and it will be a bad one. All future restaurants using that space will also be bad ones. This apparently applies also to bars.

The first bar opened in Buffalo's space was Foxy's, a topless sports bar and wing joint, which was acceptable enough except that the management got busted for using "illegal" meat in the boneless wings. Commonplace, in Night City. Foxy's was replaced by Baby Grand, a piano bar and lounge, but their management got busted for money laundering. Baby Grand was replaced by Frezh, a juice bar that got shut down after it gave most of its customers food poisoning one night, and so on so forth, for the past sixty years.

The current management of Buffalo's has lasted three months and there's a healthy betting pool projecting its closure in timespans ranging from the next week to the next month.

Signature drink: The Buffalo Nose. Bourbon, pickle juice, lemon juice, Tabasco sauce. 20eb (Everyday).

(96-100) Anjelika's. Anjelika's is a host and hostess bar, and the destination for anyone who might have a cyberware kink. The hosts and hostesses are all body-sculpted and have EMP lines and Chemskin to help them look like attractive androids and gynoids. Some of the staff have taken on employment at Anjelika's so they can save for further cybernetic modifications to their bodies.

The most popular host at Anjelika's is Gavin, a beautiful young man with bronze-tinted skin, custom cybereyes, and cybernetic arms and legs. He lost his organic limbs in a childhood accident and has spent his whole life with more chrome than some Solos. His cyberlimbs are custom designs from Rocklin, and he changes the casings to suit his wardrobe. Gavin's popular not just because he's the most cybered-up host in Anjelika's, but because he has a warm, sympathetic manner with his clients, who just want to be pampered emotionally for an hour. He also does modeling work in the daytime and has been solidly booked three months ahead for the past year.

Signature drink: The Coolant Flush. Midori, peppermint schnapps, seltzer. 20eb (Everyday) per highball.

20 PEOPLE IN THE NIGHT CITY SUBWAY

When the tunnels aren't flooded and the trains aren't broken, the Night City subway's one of the best ways to get around town. And you'll meet all manner of interesting people there.

(1-5) A spindly looking dude with a shock of messy hair, wearing scrubs and a cargo jacket, with a name tag belonging to a local hospital. He's nodding off in his seat and twitching awake every time his head drops too far. He's a resident and is on the way home from a double shift. Leave him alone, all. He's exhausted.

(6-10) A fierce looking drag queen in 8-inch heels and a glittery sheath dress, her makeup is on fleek. Her hair and eyelashes are a luminous teal, and a crown made of tinsel and zip ties sparkles atop her head. She seems guarded, but also friendly, and may wink and nod appreciatively at a PC whose fashion sense she admires. She sports a tattoo indicating her membership in a gang that protects homeless LGBTQIA youth.

(11-15) A bag lady muttering to herself as she sorts through the contents of the five packed trash and grocery bags that hold all she possesses. She appears

to be looking for something, and she goes over the bags again and again, becoming more agitated as she searches. Maybe she lost what she's searching for.

(16-20) A pair of boostergangers on their way somewhere. They aren't violent for now because they're both staring at an Agent's screen. GM discretion as to what's got their attention. Could be a video of a gang fight they're reliving, or a cooking video on how to turn kibble into a tasty casserole. They pass a flask between each other and mutter excitedly about what they're watching.

(21-25) A party-kid of neutral gender; it's not immediately obvious under the neo-rave gear, the glowing bracelets, the fluorescent cape. They are doped out of their skull and listening to some very loud Hacienda-EDM music on a pair of headphones. Anyone nearby is able to make out the lyrics, the band, everything, through how high they have their music cranked to. They shuffle on the spot and do a little dance every time the train is stable enough that they can let go of the hold bar.

(26-30) A little girl, her hair in adorable little afro puffs. She's working through the exercises on a school-issue tablet. She's doing New Neo Math, which will take an Education base of 12 to understand. She's stuck on a long division problem. She gnaws at the end of her stylus as she thinks and murmurs the questions out loud to herself.

(31-35) A woman in cheap office gear, a temp worker of some sort, with a tiny, tiny dog in a large purse. It's probably a Simlife™ synthpet. She fusses over it quietly. Her makeup is smeared, as though she has been crying at work.

(36-40) A worn-out old geezer reading a screamsheet. He's wearing a much-mended, worn jungle camo jacket, and his left arm and both his legs are old military-issue cyberware. Almost the stereotypical veteran of the SouthAm wars. He's also wearing a MAKE AMERICA UNITED AGAIN cap and has a KRESS 4 PREZ campaign badge on his jacket.

(41-45) An unremarkable looking woman. She's knitting a pair of socks with sharp, pointed steel knitting needles, though. Click-click-click, the needles go, quietly, unobtrusively, as her hands repeat the motions of making a stitch one after another. The sock she's knitting is red.



(46-50) A pair of Moe-Aesthetic posergang-ers, who have had themselves elaborately biosculpted to resemble characters out of circa-2000 dating simulation games. One of them has blue pigtails and is wearing an antique Japanese school uniform with an exaggeratedly short plaid skirt. The other one has her white hair in ringlets and is wearing a painstaking copy of a Victorian girl's dress. The one in the school-girl outfit is carrying a spiked mace. The other one, in the Victorian dress, is carrying a rifle case. They chat excitedly about the "tea party" they're about to attend. Make a Local Knowledge or Cryptography Check DV15 to realize they're discussing a raid on the rival Princess posergang, in code.

(51-55) A Rockerboy in a '60s revival getup saunters through, wielding his acoustic guitar like a weapon. His synth-leather pants and cowboy boots give him a rakish air. If the GM wishes so, he will pick out a PC and serenade them all the way to his (or their) destination, and leave them his calling card as they part, asking them to call him. He's good-looking, and smooth, but not as smooth as he thinks he is.

(56-60) A young woman wearing a pair of blood-spotted jeans and a hospital gown. Her bloodied t-shirt rests in a clear plastic bag in her grip. She's got a black eye, bruised knuckles, and a white bandage around her head, with a large gauze pad over her left ear. She glares at anyone who would even dare to pity her, retorting with, "You should see how fucked up the other guy is."

(61-65) A harried young father with two bags of groceries on one hand and an unhappy infant strapped across his chest in a baby carrier. "Shhhhhh," he says to his child, looking apologetically around at everyone else, who is stuck with his crying infant's complaints in the confines of a train car. His Agent pings him several minutes in, and he answers, "Honey? Yeah?"

(66-70) An unlicensed street food seller proferring home-made wares to anyone who will buy them. 10eb (Cheap) for a Night City Sno Ball. What's a Night City Sno Ball? Simple. It's a confection made by grinding a dessert kibble into crumbs, and then reconstituting the crumbs into a creamy ball using synthetic shortening and sugar to make a basic "crème." Kids love 'em.

(71-75) A nervous young man in a suit that's way too nice for the subway. He's holding what looks like the contents of a desk in a cardboard box across his knees. He looks profoundly unhappy, and he's biting his lower lip hard enough to draw blood.

(76-80) A neo-Goth in a spiked leather collar, a poet shirt, drainpipe pants, and enormous buckled boots, holding a bouquet of wilted synth roses. Black lipstick, black eyeliner, ivory Vampyres jutting out under their upper lip. This gives them an unfortunate lisp as they talk to someone else on their Agent, heedless of anyone else's disapproval.

(81-85) A young student in a Night City U hoodie with a battered schoolbag across their lap. They're scowling at a set of notes on their Agent as they cram for an exam. In typical college student fashion, they are also eating a meal bar for breakfast, drinking street caffeine from a refillable travel cup... and wearing pajama pants and slippers with their hoodie, as though they decided not to change into street clothes when they woke up today.

(86-90) A man who is wearing a traffic cone on the top of his head like a party hat. He seems otherwise unremarkable. The traffic cone clunks hollowly on the bars overhead when he stands, at which point he doffs the cone, nods stiffly and politely to all, and exits. You see him putting the cone back on as the train pulls away. Surely, a man of dignity.

(91-95) A neo-Evangelist who starts handing out cheap paperfax tracts, asking all and sundry if they have accepted Jesus into their heart as their Lord and Savior and been cleansed by the Blood of the Lamb. He is terrifyingly sincere and serene. Imagine Nick Cave in his "oh yeah I did a lot of heroin" days, wearing a black suit, with a padre's collar around his neck. Now make him creepier. Yeah.

(96-100) A gimp. They are wearing a full-body synth-latex suit with a full face-concealing zipper mask, with the eye zippers open so that they can see. They don't appear to be doing anything lewd than just riding the train, and if they are seated, they will vacate the seat for the young, pregnant, or elderly. How polite! At the GM's discretion, they may attempt to ask the PCs for directions, but the first attempt will fail because they have forgotten to unzip their mouth

zipper. They try again, after unzipping. They seem earnest and truly unfamiliar with the place they're going to. Even gimps gotta go places, y'know?

20 SAFEHOUSES IN NIGHT CITY

Need to hide out from your enemies? Need a new place to sack out now that your mainline and output have found out about each other? No fear. We've got you covered! We've marked the safehouses suitable for long term housing solutions with prices so you know how much rent to pay each month.

(1-5) A **garment factory** making cheap knockoffs of Exec fashions for the working-class. There's dorm space and bathrooms for the sweatshop workers, and a couple food Vendits hooked up that charge a premium. If there's no space for you in the dorm, there's room for you under the long cutting tables. Just shove some bolts of fabric aside. The factory manager will take a bribe to let you hide out for 1d6 days, as long as you leave the workers alone. They're constantly on shift, so you gotta deal with the noise of sewing machines.

(6-10) The back room of a **bodega**. The owner is a middle-aged lady who lives upstairs of the shop proper, and she's got a soft spot for you, GM discretion as to why. There's water, power, and food as long as you pay for it, but it only holds 2 Edgerunners max at any time. There is also a very large, friendly orange cat named Hubert. Hubert is the resident ratter and mouser. He likes to treat hiding Edgerunners as self-warmed cat beds. The packs of toilet paper make a good, improvised sleeping spot. *This is considered a Cargo Container for purposes of Housing.*

(11-15) The **costume stock space** at Night City U's theatre department. A large 12mx8m cage under the smaller of two stages in the theatre building, fenced in with mesh fence lined with opaque cloth. Chains fastened to ceiling joists are threaded through steel pipes, which hold hangers loaded with costumes two rows high. There's a vast selection of slightly dusty, musty-smelling clothing from the 1940s to present, and shelves full of hats and shoes.

The occasional student worker comes in to check out or return costumes, or mend and repair costumes under the supervisor's watchful eye. There's a couple

of Vendits selling meal bars and various kinds of caffeine. There's power and showers in the backstage areas. You just need to bribe both the security team and the costume supervisor for access. It's also considered good manners to leave the students alone, and pay the ones working in the costume stock coffee money (10eb [Cheap] to 20eb [Everyday]).

(16-20) **Evergreen Apartments.** More like "Everwilt Tenements," Evergreen Apartments used to be this huge warehouse-store, 13,000 square m/yds in footprint. Slumlords moved into the abandoned shell of this building, forcibly evicting the squatters, and converted it into a set of tenements, subdividing the space with cheap drywall and rickety metal stairs. Bath and cooking spaces are communal, using what used to be the public bathrooms, and the niche for a small shop that sold churros, hot dogs, and pizzas.

Bribe the slumlord running the place enough and he'll evict a poor family just to make room for you and your team, choomba. (Roll 1d6 for how many people get kicked out of a cube.) For extra privacy, have a family evicted out of a cube converted out of what used to be freezer space. Good thick walls. *This is considered a Cube Hotel for purposes of Housing.*

(21-25) **Princessland!** Princessland is a defunct theme park that used to feature rides and tea parties catering to little children reared on the cartoons about the Princesses of Justice. The space has now been taken over by a Princesses of Justice posergang, led by one Adorable, who wields a flawless replica of the sword her cartoon counterpart does. The Princesses posergang takes good care of the facilities—as best as they can, in any case—and have turned the flowerbeds into actual guerrilla gardens. The Mermaid Princess waterpark has been turned into a small but thriving fish farm.

You don't bribe the Princesses of Justice posergang for entry into Princessland. Instead, you must prove that you, yourself, are worthy of Princesshood. In practical terms, the Princesses expect favors. As Princessland is one of the few functioning shelters for people fleeing domestic abuse, they'll probably send you out to teach some violent spouses/partners a lesson before they let you in.



(26-30) You know that the Night City subway has a couple **dead stations**, right? Yeah, there were a couple stations built in anticipation of new neighborhoods, but there just wasn't a sufficient population mass to justify the trains ever stopping at those stations... which tanked property values, which then led to beaver flight, because the inhabitants of Beaverville love convenience. Those train stations are locked up tight on ground level, but if you bribe some of the subway maintenance workers, they can take you in to those stations through maintenance tunnels, and you can hide out there. You'll have to bring your own food in, but the public restrooms still work.

(31-35) L'Ermitage. L'Ermitage is a set of conamps that remain largely empty most of the year as most of its renters are high-flying Pacific Confed Exec types who use the conamps as living space when they're in Night City. The building caters to such absentee tenants year-round but are also known as a discreet short-term leaser of safehouse space. Edgerunners must put down a 5,000eb (Luxury) deposit per apartment at the start of their stay, and damages and rent are deducted from that total. An apartment at L'Ermitage is gracious, full of light and air, with curated furnishings, able to house a team of 4 in high style. You can also get all manner of goods and services delivered via the apartment's house vid channel, but the prices are all significantly marked up for the convenience. *This is considered a Two-Bedroom Apartment for purposes of Housing.*

(36-40) The Garden of Earthly Delights. The Garden of Earthly Delights is a bordello that caters to anyone who might be able to cover its entrance fee. Various services are offered within. Most of the workers at The Garden are colloquially known as meat puppets — joytoys who have a cutout chip implanted in their heads so their bodies can be run by programming to suit clients' needs. The most expensive service offered at The Garden is a private room without a joytoy in it.

The Garden of Earthly Delights has an extensive bathhouse and an employee shower and locker room, and while there are no kitchens on the premises, you can always pay a waiter or waitress to run food in for you from a nearby establishment.

Rumor has it that if you have the big Eurobucks, you can access a whole other level of services, up to and including snuff kink stuff. But people always say that about meat puppet joints.

(41-45) The Street Queens. The Street Queens (and Kings, and Monarchs) are a gang of non-gender-conforming individuals who provide protection to LGBTQIA street kids. Their organization is largely anarchic, with the gang leader chosen by member vote after a yearly fête during Night City Pride. This year's current Queen of Queens is a six-foot-tall drag queen named Maxime Raunch, famous for her love of sparkle and glitter. Insiders who have seen the inside of her wardrobe describe it as "if a grenade had a baby with a disco ball". Edgerunners who know a Street Queen can tap into their network of crash space, sleeping on the couches and floors of various queer folks in the city, but that flexibility comes at a price. The Street Queens expect favors in return, and they are stringent about calling their markers in, say, when their charges are being threatened by neo-Nazis.

(46-50) Honest Hiro's Used Cars. Honest Hiro sells used cars. He's pretty honest about it, too. He's a sedentary individual but has a steady network of Nomad contacts who always need new vehicles to add to the churn. Honest Hiro has 1d6 used Kombis parked in his lot at any given time, and he'll let Edgerunners run water and power lines out to them for a rental fee. Nomad PCs may be pointed his way by family members. Honest Hiro also used to have a past as an Edgerunner himself, but he kicked that in the head and retired to sell used cars. He's now married with three kids. He hasn't kept himself in shape, but his husband Steve has. Don't upset Hiro, or Steve might come and evict you before your stay is up.

(51-55) Lola Lola's Atelier. Lola Lola is a famous, if eccentric, artist who has made it her *raison d'être* to study The Street in all its raw but beautiful authenticity; and she is always looking for models, darling. A faded pan-European beauty, Lola Lola keeps a studio in some converted loft space on the fashionable side of town, where a constant stream of interns, lovers, synthcoke runners and gallery agents vie for her time.

Lola Lola will host a team of Edgerunners in rare style, with free booze, real caviar, and synthcoke on buffet service all day, as long as they put up with

her eccentricities and lets her draw and paint them all day long. She will try to bed all of them in a casual, friendly manner, and tends to treat them more as living curios than actual people. She's not mean, she's just a bit jaded. And very weird. Roll 2d10 to see how many days Lola Lola stays fascinated with the team. She gets bored of them and moves on to a new muse after that.

(56-60) Dilly's. Dilly's... is a love hotel. With a slightly disturbing animatronic mascot, Dilly The Pickle, who wears a rolled-up prophylactic atop its bumpy green head like a knit cap. Dilly The Pickle Reminds You To Wrap It Before You Tap It. Dilly The Pickle Would Like To Welcome You To Dilly's Pleasure Palace. Dilly's is, for the price, the most private lodging anyone can find in Night City. The rooms are booked via a Vendit in the tiny lobby. Stick your credstick in, and the Vendit spits out a room pass good for 1 hour (10eb [Cheap]), 2 hours (20eb [Everyday]), or 24 hours (100eb [Premium]). Each room is just large enough to hold two people, with a luxurious bed, a clean, very fancy bathroom, and a couple of Vendits in each room. One Vendit sells food and drink at ridiculous markup, the other Vendit sells sex toys, lingerie, and souvenirs Dilly's T-Shirts.

The rooms at Dilly's are all soundproof, and house-keeping is only permitted into a room to tidy up once the guests have left. Guests may renew or extend their hire of a room via a console in the room. Guests requiring space for group activities may book a block of rooms; the walls fold up, in that case.

(61-65) Greenbox Storage Units. Greenbox is Night City's premier storage facility with 2mx2mx2m climate-controlled storage cubes available for a monthly fee. Greenbox is meant to be used as storage space. Greenbox retains security staff to patrol the facilities and make sure nothing happens to your worldly possessions. In truth, Greenbox security staff are bored and underpaid, the company likes to screw them out of full-time employment and benefits coverage, and it's become a common Night City crime-show trope to have nefarious hackers hiding in a Greenbox Storage Unit.

While there are no plumbing or food facilities for Greenbox Storage Units themselves, the guard station has a food and drink Vendit, and a small toilet attached. *This counts as a Cube Hotel for purposes of Housing.*

(66-70) Herschel's Crematorium. Herschel is an undertaker who will take on charity cases. To fund those charity cases, he accepts donations from Edgerunners, and sweetens the deal by renting space out to them. It can be a bit creepy bunking beside the dead laid out on refrigerated mortuary slabs, but Herschel himself is a pretty cool fellow. It's a family business, and Herschel Jr. is attending pre-med at Night City U in-between helping her dad after school. Mrs. Herschel does the faux flower arrangements.

Herschel will also deal with a fallen comrade on the down-low for an additional fee; he'll perform an unregistered cremation, and the ashes are yours to deal with afterwards. He believes truly that all deserve a dignified disposal. Herschel and his family are Buddhist vegetarians, and they'll feed you vegetarian food while you stay with them. They only ask that you respect the dead while you stay there. There have been... problems in the past.

(71-75) The Night City Animal Shelter. The Night City Animal Shelter used to be packed with unwanted animals waiting to be euthanized. Nowadays the building lies empty of animal guests, and the veterinary offices have been taken over by a ripperdoc, street name of Bingo. Bingo has been biosculpted into an exotic dog-person of neutral gender, but they're good at what they do.

Bingo has converted the outdoor pens into mini-cabins with the ample application of plastruct and spray-on gap-filler and hired a crew or two of Nomad HVAC specialists to provide adequate roofing and ventilation to the "recovery rooms" where clients may recuperate after surgery. Bingo usually rents the recovery rooms out to clients who come in for clandestine cyberware installations or bullet-removal services, but Bingo will also rent the rooms out to Edgerunners if business is slow.

There is no food but kibble at the Shelter, and you get your water out of a hosepipe.

(76-80) The Dirty Hippies. The Dirty Hippies aren't exactly a '60s posergang, but the nickname stuck, and they can't shake it. What they are is a group of stoner urban reclaimers who farm ganja and build efficient solar and aquaponics setups. They always welcome sweat equity and financial help to

make abandoned neighborhoods in blighted zones more livable. Most of the Dirty Hippies have Nomad connections to fight off the forces of Continental Brands, who they consider the ultimate oppressor. The ganja they farm goes largely to internal use, but a percentage of it shows up at Night Markets and gets shipped out on Nomad convoys in exchange for hard currency.

The Dirty Hippies are mostly commune-based, and a Hippie who does not agree with their local cell often wanders off to hook up with other Hippies, leading to a steady circulation of outside talent and knowledge. They're not perfect, though, and can seem rather cultish to outsiders. Dirty Hippies often set up mutual advantage arrangements with Edgerunners, exchanging food, lodging, and ganja for firepower and physical protection.

(81-85) The Flotsam. The Flotsam is a collection of skiff-size and smaller boats moored out in the clogged Night City Harbor, past the derelict container port. Largely made up of sea Nomads, the Flotsam is a parallel city in-and-of itself, dedicated largely to smuggling and salvage ops. Landbound Flotsam members live out of shipping containers in the container port, all connected with makeshift plumbing and ladder access, while yet others live out on the water in their little houseboats. They farm seaweed and fish for sustenance and get drinkable water out of jackleg reverse-osmosis rigs. Count quarters here as *Shipping Containers for the purposes of Housing*.

(86-90) The Boneyard. The Boneyard used to be The Night City Garden of Rest, a peaceful graveyard. Refugees moved in during the Time of Red, however, and they've built a mini-shanty out there that's now nicknamed the Boneyard. It's oddly peaceful out there, as the shanty has now evolved to a poor but pleasant neighborhood. It's probably because the ground there is unusually fertile even post-Red, from all the corpses buried there fertilizing the soil, and the local neo-Goth gang, The Sinful Adams, takes great exception to anyone desecrating the graves that the squats and homes are built over.

The food is plain but ample, and very healthy, and water is gotten by illegally tapping the Night City water mains. A few college-educated Sinful Adams have set up a small school for the neighborhood

kids, and there's even a local bar, The Crypt, which makes booze out of raspberries and blackberries harvested off wild thickets allowed to go to seed. The Sinful Adams will allow unaffiliated Edgerunners to live temporarily in the Boneyard provided they don't cause any trouble, in exchange for a small tribute of hard liquor, Eurobucks, and a promise to protect the citizens if they come under attack. The Sinful Adam's war-leader, Ophelia, is a six-foot-three woman with her hair dyed a bright, unnatural red.

(91-95) The Signboards. There are a lot of signboards lining the highway into and out of Night City, and back in the 2010s an enterprising architect, working in conjunction with Night City Community College, converted the long, narrow spaces between the signboards into houseless housing. Most of the Signboards have fallen into disuse as time has gone by, but a few enterprising Edgerunners have repaired the ladders leading up to the Signboards and refurbished the housing within.

Each Signboard has enough space to hold 4 people with minimal gear, but there is no water or plumbing available, nor is there food. They're good hideouts if you want to bring your own supplies and a honey bucket, though.

(96-100) HTown. HTown was a contemporary Hooverville, a tent city for the jobless and dispossessed of Night City, named for the last initial of the Vice-President who enabled the Gang of Four in their corruption-fueled destruction of the American Experiment. It has also been nicknamed Potatoetown, for an obscure historical event. NCPD dealt with the homeless denizens of HTown by bulldozing the tents set up and incinerating all personal effects found; vagrancy was temporarily punished with incarceration, and then braindance, as prison room filled up.

The large homeless population had caused a drop in property values, however, and the drop in property values caused beaver flight, which led to some enterprising real estate developers buying up the entire parcel, eminent-domaining anyone else who didn't want to move out, and then turning HTown into tract housing for the working class. It's got a more palatable name nowadays, but the street name will forever be HTown. In the Time of Red, HTown has gotten significantly gentrified, and many of the

original inhabitants have been squeezed out by rising rents and the buying-out of bodegas and other small businesses. Upwardly-mobile Edgerunners may be able to rent a subdivided house for their lodging, or they may also be offered room by a HOA gang who are desperately trying to protect themselves against the depredations of neo-Yuppies. A home in HTown counts as an *Upscale Conapt* for purposes of Housing.

20 THINGS IN A SUBDERMAL POCKET

Subdermal pockets. 2"x4" pocket, hidden in the skin, flesh zipper. OK. But what do people really put in their pockets? Here's a not-entirely-serious list of 20 things you could find in a dead person's subdermal pocket; in case your Players ask what's in their pockets after they waste a poor fuck in the Combat Zones.

(1-5) A winning Body Lottery ticket. Or what would have been a winning body lottery ticket if you hadn't shot them and added them to the city death toll. Oops.

(6-10) Family pictures. But not their family pictures. No, pictures of several families. Some bloodstained. Looks like they're a collector. Who, and why?

(11-15) Non-latex condoms or dental dams and a couple packets of **lube**. Play safe, choombas, wrap it before you tap it. Flavor of lube is entirely up to the GM.

(16-20) Bees. The fuck, you say. Well, a single genegineered queen bee, kept in a cryostasis box the size of a matchbox. Labeled "Biotechnica". Is that buzzing you hear in the background?

(21-25) A small plastic vial of **synthcoke**. Sniffle snort.

(26-30) A bug. No, not the insect. A small listening device. It's still recording. Quick, get the data before it overwrites its available storage space!

(31-35) A scratched gold **ring** engraved on the inside with a date and two sets of initials.

(36-40) A small, fossilized **shark tooth**. A souvenir from the beach, maybe.

(41-45) Breath mints. Slightly melty from body heat, each of them stuck to their wrapper. Spearmint-flavored.

(46-50) A completely unremarkable **pebble**, until you get it appraised at a jewelers. Then you find out it's a rough gemstone. Valuation entirely up to GM.

(51-55) A half-used stick of **Rouge Noire lipstick**, 50eb (Costly) at retail.

(56-60) A micro survival kit in a tin that used to hold candy. Matches. Mylar blanket. Fishing wire and fish hooks. Tiny scalpel blades. Thread. Needles. Button compass.

(61-65) A length of rusty **piano wire**, the ends looped over rough pieces of disposable chopsticks. Wait. That's not rust.

(66-70) False identity documents for the decadent, covering several nearby areas. Passports, driver's ID, and so forth.

(71-75) A **paper letter**, handwritten, folded and refolded many times. Age has reduced the paperfax to the consistency of tissue paper. GM's discretion as to author and contents.

(76-80) A small aluminum tin of **solid perfume** that smells spicy, floral, and lush. 20eb (Everyday) at retail.

(81-85) A single **plastic earring**. Maybe they misplaced its twin?

(86-90) An unmarked **cyanide vial**. Rubber over glass. Bite to break, ingest, and die. Looks like you beat them to it, though.

(91-95) A small porcelain **box** the color of heartache, with a wax replica of a human finger in it.

(96-100) A pawnshop receipt for a small item less than 50eb.

20 VENDORS AT MISTER K's MARKET

Of all the Night Markets and Midnight Markets in Night City, none is more luxurious or expansive than Mister Kernaghan's. While he specializes in one-of-a-kind, super luxury goods, Mister Kernaghan also rents out stalls, tents, and cargo containers in his Markets to other Fixers and vendors, making his Midnight Market's the closest thing to a shopping center Night City has for those people powerful enough to score an invite. Here's just a few examples of stalls and shops someone might find in Mister Kernaghan's Market.



(1-5) Kimiko's. Kimiko's is currently run by Hanamura Fujiko, the original Kimiko's daughter-in-law, and the stall specializes in selling upcycled and reclaimed kimono silks from before the Time of the Red. For an additional exorbitant fee Kimiko's will turn the silk into a kimono. Kimiko's also sells kimono accessories like obis, fans, obiage, zori, and tabi socks. Fujiko has rather more modern ideas than her mother-in-law and will recommend tailors who will turn that kimono silk into modern garments if the client wishes so. Rumor has it Kimiko herself does not approve.

(6-10) Pen and Quill. Pen and Quill specializes in selling paper and services associated with paper; it is at once a custom bookbinders', a high end name-card printer, and an art-supply shop. They also sell hand-made pens, inks, and other writing implements. A hand-engraved pen from Pen and Quill is a fashionable corporate promotion gift, as are journals embossed with corporate logos. While Pen and Quill is distinctly old-fashioned, they have not hesitated to adapt to new technology, and they do sell e-pens and e-ink journals as well.

(11-15) Torrell and Chiang. Torrell and Chiang is a tailor's shop geared towards the very finest end of bespoke tailoring. A 3-piece suit costs 5,000eb (Luxury) but is also expected to last 10 to 12 years barring any unfortunate bullet holes or stains. For that princely sum you get a suit coat, a waistcoat, and two pairs of trousers to alternate. All count as High Fashion clothing. For shirts, ties, socks, cufflinks, you'll have to find a reputable haberdasher somewhere else. Their house specialty is discreet armor and stain-proof coatings to make sure the upwardly mobile Exec doesn't ruin their clothing in the occasional hostile takeover attempt.

(16-20) Angelo's. Angelo's is a fine restaurant constructed from mobile units right on the spot of the Midnight Market. They specialize in rare and exotic ingredients presented with the utmost simplicity so that diners may fully enjoy the decadence of having an entire beeve slaughtered simply for a 12-ounce steak. The restaurant itself feels as if you took a portal into the past, with comfortable velvet and leather chairs, polished teakwood tables, and low, dim lights. There are several private rooms, and the cost for booking a

private room varies on the specific degree of privacy required. Angelo's also maintains a sizable collection of old and exquisite wine vintages. Business casual dress code and up only; no children allowed.

(21-25) Cara's Spa and Bodysculpt. Anyone can be beautiful in these days of cheap bodysculpting. But to be striking, to be unusual, and yet attractive, that is the province of Cara's. Trained aestheticians will scan a client's head and body, accounting for their bone structure and muscle distribution before custom-designing a bodysculpt that is guaranteed to turn heads. These are not the bland Hollywood average bodysculpts with generic presentations of beauty we're talking about. Clients come out with features like subtly crooked noses to imply a base savagery, or asymmetrical jawlines to highlight their narrow faces, and being able to afford bespoke irregularity speaks extremely well for their wallets.

(26-30) Harar. Harar is run by an Ethiopian expatriate named Fatima Berele, and this shop sells only one thing. Hand-roasted coffee beans. Coffee beans are a rare luxury in the Time of the Red, and Fatima's carefully curated blends, imported from her homeland, are a status symbol. Any Exec wishing to curry their boss' favor should consider sinking at least 500eb (Expensive) into a gift basket at Harar.

(31-35) Ruby's Services. Ruby's Services specializes in talent acquisition and brokerage for said talents. Need a harpsichord player for your 18th-century themed costume party? Ruby's can find you one. Need a geisha who can perform a traditional Japanese tea ceremony for a visiting Oyabun? Ruby's. Ruby's screens their talent and their clients very strictly, to ensure that talents are not going to use contract work at Ruby's as a prelude to assassination. Clients with rather more outré tastes can request some very interesting talent indeed. Ruby's frowns upon clients permanently harming their talents but some are willing to put up with rather extreme treatment for an accordingly extreme fee. While Ruby's sometimes rents a spot in Mister Kernaghan's Market for face-to-face meetings they are always available via Agent for those in the know.

(36-40) Phosphor. Phosphor is not anything as base and vulgar as a furniture shop. Phosphor is a curator of comfort. Clients with rarefied tastes may

consult at Phosphor for suitably rarefied interior decor, and the shop specializes in high-tech furnishings and lights with artisanal casings and exterior. For example, during last year's Neo-Nordic Revival decor trends, Phosphor was selling curly birch armchairs with reindeer fur seats and backs—that also hid heat and massage pads, accessible through a customer's Agent. Prices: if you have to ask... then you can't afford it.

(41-45) Plein Air Gallery. Plein Air specializes in one of the most decadent things in the Time of Red: actual physical art. In a world where most of the population travels light and owns only what they can carry, Plein Air sells physical artifacts of a lost time; a time where people could afford to own things that weren't necessities, and where they lived in homes large and gracious enough that they could decorate it with unnecessary pretty things. Plein Air's proprietor, Muriel Berry, is a trained curator and appraiser... and she may have a job for a discreet team of runners who might be able to help her with art acquisitions.

(46-50) Mootassem's Investments. More a financial service than a shop, Mootassem's Investments is run by a Lebanese exile, Adam Mootassem, and he caters to Muslim clients who wish to invest their money in ways compatible with Islamic religious law. Mootassem's Investments is rather humbler than it used to be before the Mid-East went nuclear, but Adam Mootassem's work in drawing in non-Muslim clients who want to invest ethically in the moral hell-scape of the post-4CW world has helped diversify his business and keep it afloat. He works with his sister, Nur, a religious scholar, and her husband Muhammed Sissoko, a historian of French-Malian descent. Adam Mootassem is the man to talk to if you want to contact Mid-Easters in exile. Mootassem's Investments maintains a stall at Mister Kernaghan's Market for important meetings but can be reached anytime via Agent.

(51-55) The Birdcage. Usually contained inside a complex of elegant tents, the Birdcage is what some would have called a gentleman's club a century ago. Staffed with attractive people all over the spectrum of genders, the Birdcage specializes in comfortable chairs around low stages, acrobatic, if lascivious dances, and classy, if overpriced drinks. Private

rooms are available for corporate groups who wish to enjoy some very pretty company while discussing business matters. As lewd as things may get at the Birdcage, outright sex is forbidden on the premises, and cybered-up assistant managers will be sure to prevent customers from getting overly handsy. Meeting an entertainer after their shift for a spot of supper, however, well, that's on their own time, and their own business. The house takes a cut, of course, for arranging the meeting in the first place.

(56-60) Bon-Bon's. Bon-Bon's is a classy chocolatier, an atelier of sweet confections that are as much art as treat, and accordingly it receives most of its business in the days leading up to Valentine's Day. They also make a decent Eurobuck selling very upscale chocolate advent calendars and are commissionable for catering at truly exclusive events. A pair of siblings, Simon and Yvonne Lee run the shop. Simon is the shop's manager and accountant, and Yvonne is the certified pastry chef who works wonders with ganache. Both Simon and Yvonne have a benevolent mindset—they started out on the street with very little until Yvonne's street candy-making became viral on a Rockerboy's braindance music video, and they try to hire apprentices from similarly humble backgrounds.

(61-65) Forever Friends. Forever Friends is a boutique pet shop specializing in extremely lifelike synthetic animals. Why get a rare dog that smells... like dog, who needs to eat smelly foods, and then needs to be walked? Why not license one of their Simlife™ dogs that barks and jumps and licks your face exactly like a real dog, without any of the downsides? Forever Friends doesn't so much sell pets as much as rent them out for use, though, as the pets will only remain adorable and active on payment of a monthly subscription. Still, lonely corporate children love Simlife™ pets. You wouldn't want to make young Emi cry by discontinuing payments on her beloved Wuffles, would you?

(66-70) Roberts Mendocino. A vastly overpriced housewares stall. So overpriced. So unitasker. Roberts Mendocino specializes in selling empty-hearted corporate Execs the next culinary gadget that will make their lives complete, ranging from 50eb (Costly) slice-and-bake cookies to 100eb (Premium) "personalized peppermint bark" to 5,000eb (Luxury) espresso machines that only work with real, ground-up coffee beans.



(71-75) Salander's. Salander's is a custom gun shop with a waiting list six months long. And when Salander's says custom, they mean custom, with resident gunsmiths machining your gun from scratch without the aid of 3D printers. Only the most exquisite pieces are made here, and Salander's guns have ended up in the secret desk drawers of CEOs and the armories of dictators alike. Currently it's quite fashionable for Corporate families to present a child with their first firearm on their 15th birthday, as they start dating... just to reinforce the lesson that no means no even in the Time of the Red, and personalized, inlaid guns from Salander's are the most fashionable of all. The stall Salander's maintains at Mister Kernaghan's Market is for delivery and maintenance only. Orders are taken via Agent.

(76-80) Glass Gardens. Glass Gardens is a custom biotope boutique. They specialize in selling minimum-care fish tanks and vivariums designed to hold synthetic animals and engineered plants that can sit prettily on a desk or a coffee table and require little-to-no maintenance at all. Of course, the plants and creatures still need nourishment via battery/nutrient packs that pop in and out with filter cartridges, and that's where Glass Gardens makes their real income. If tiny synthetic fish and lizards don't mesh with the aesthetic of your decor then perhaps an engineered, truly miniature bonsai might?

(81-85) Mona's. Mona's is another upscale restaurant, but it could not be more different from Angelo's in tone or style. Located in a large and comfortable field tent, Mona's purports to be a "family restaurant", serving hearty, wholesome food from a lost time, and they deliver that experience wholesale. Waitstaff are trained to be warm and familiar with customers, and the entrees range from meatloaf and macaroni and cheese, to tteokbokki, and soto ayam. All the foods are made fresh, and children are welcome. The restaurant even gives kids crayons and paper placemats to draw with. Mona's is a popular place to celebrate family events with, but some more informal CEOs prefer to take their staff out to Mona's in an attempt to soften their image.

(86-90) Sleepwalker's. A bedspoke braindance studio, Sleepwalker's specializes in the most exotic and rarefied experiences. After all, if it's fictional,

it's not real, and therefore, you can't be sued or arrested for doing anything in a fictional experience. Sleepwalker's braindances range from creating an anniversary dinner for a bereaved spouse, or a birthday party for a client with a difficult childhood, to the most graphic and debauched fantasies to please the most depraved of tastes. The possibilities are endless with Sleepwalker's proprietary editing suites. Sleepwalker's will also rent you coffin-sized chambers in which to view your braindance sims in, good for people who want to make sure nobody else knows what they like to experience behind their eyes.

(91-95) Little Princes. Want to experience all the joys of parenting without the trouble of changing nappies? The staff here at Little Princes are here to help. The professional nannies at Little Princes are all specialists in caring for children from high-profile families who may be targets for kidnap or unlicensed corporate extraction. Nannies must take classes in childcare, nutrition, childhood pedagogy, child psychology, first aid, defensive driving, and body-guarding to pass its stringent standards, and are all discreetly armed and armored to ensure that no harm will come to their precious charges. Little Princes maintains a booth at Mister Kernaghan's Market to sign up new clients but the nannies go to homes or offices as needed.

(96-100) Memorials. Memorials is a ... well, they're not an undertaker, per se. It's just that cremation is currently the most common method of body disposal due to a lack of grave space. Specialist columbariums cater to all walks of life, to have nice, pleasant places where you can inter an urn of ashes and leave some synth flowers every year or something. It's nice to have a gravesite to visit, even if the niche is at most 1'x1'. Memorials is a shop that specializes in tasteful memorials for a columbarium or a home display of an urn, ranging from the traditional funerary tablets of East Asia, to diamonds made from compressed samples of human ash, set in mourning jewelry. The Memorials booth at Mister Kernaghan's Market exists primarily for customer interface. The actual monuments are located elsewhere in the city.



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