BEYOND THE EDGE

Inside the Edgerunner Altcult



the complete edgerunner sourcebook for

CYBERPUNK

BEYOND THE EDGE

Inside the Edgerunner Alt-cult

Cyberpunk®



THE CYBERPUNKS RETURN TO NIGHT CITY

BEYOND THE EDGE

Inside the Edgerunner Altcult

MEET THE CAST, CREW AND THE LEGAL STUFF

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Dedicated to Baby Sister Dar-Dar. Little did you know I was taking notes while we were hitting the bars.

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MEET THE EDGERS: RETURN OF THE OLD SCHOOL PUNKS

STILL ON THE EDGE IN 203X

Rise of the Runners
The Known History

The whole world knows the story: From the palaces to the projects, from the arcologies to the barrios. It's whispered around campfires, shouted out by rockers, mixed by DJs, cut up by medias, worn like a badge by rebels across he globe: The Fall and Rise of The Edgerunners.

In 2022 the beating urban heart of the Cyberpunk movement, Night City, vanished in a nuclear fireball, a blast that deprived the cyberpunks of their greatest champions and Arasaka of its intended monopoly on the information age. The blast was devastating, reducing the city core to glowing slag, shattering the water table, obliterating towering city blocks packed with terrified people and spilling lethal radioactive fallout into the sky to contaminate what little clean food and water remained, but still more terrible than the bomb or its toxic aftermath was the EMP.

When the nuke blew, the electromagnetic pulse it generated instantly burned out and shut down every unshielded electronic device in Night city, including the countless cybernetic implants imbedded in nearly every adult citizen. For some it meant that carefully programmed techhair fell dead or their biomonitor went off-line, but thousands more were instantly denied sight, hearing, and functioning limbs. Essential medical prostheses failed. Hearts stopped. Netrunners died at their consoles as feedback cooked their lobes. The cyberpunks, the urban predators, masters of technology, discovered in a terrible instant that they had fallen off the top of the food chain.

And nature, as they say, abhors a vacuum.

Like a tide of rats, the gangs swarmed out of the Combat Zone. Unlike the complacent technofetishists downtown, they had spent years scavenging, stealing and trading for any junked cybernetic hardware that could give them an edge over C-SWAT. They didn't care if their cyberlimb was chromed or sheathed in realskin, they didn't give a frack if their cybereyes carried designer holographics. What they wanted was military surplus kit that was durable, armored, and (of course) EMP hardened.

No longer hemmed in by the paralyzed NCPD and corporate security services, they turned their attention from each other to the crippled city. For the next year they rampaged through the ruins, looting, murdering and raping, carving out huge new territories to terrorize. Packs of Raffen Shiv descended on the convoys of refugees attempting to flee the horror, and once they had their fun with them they followed the trail back to Night City to grab their share of the carnage. Ripperdocs and techies in hidden workshops survived the holocaust by grafting more and more cybernetics onto the new masters of the street until they became metal and polymer monsters, completely bereft of humanity. As hidden food stocks were finally expended, many gangs turned to cannibalizing the population, taking tribute from the conquered in human flesh, while the few desperate defenders still trying to hold back the flood of anarchy from their shrinking districts could only watch as the city descended into hell.

One of those defenders was the now legendary Dylan Murphy.

By the time the 4th Corporate War started ,Dylan was already redundant. He wasn't a company man, but a solo from the old school. He had no time for cybernetics or fancy technology; he believed in a steady hand, a well maintained rifle and the good Lord above to guide him. He had been smart enough to retire from the mercenary game years before as it became clear that his un-augmented reflexes were no match for the young 'punkers coming out of the underground surgeries wired for combat. He still took on a few local contracts in his home neighborhood of Northside, dealing with extortion rackets run by would-be gangsters, issuing revenge beatings on rapists, maybe returning stolen property to a poor family. Charity cases mainly, given to him by his drinking buddy and confidante Father Kevin of the Holy Angels: a little quiet atonement for a lifetime of bloodletting. Even the paid jobs were small change for a man who was still happily living off the accumulated Euro from a lifetime of assassinations. In 2022, Dylan was a man quite happy to slide into obscurity with the other relics that congregated nightly to reminisce on Old Times in O'Flaherty's Tavern.

But the nuke changed all that.

Northside, once a rundown and forgotten part of Night City, became the heart of the



father kevin

resistance against the rule of the gangs. Father Kevin rallied the community to its own defense, breaking open long-hidden caches of old but serviceable arms from his hidden IRA past that he had stashed in sympathetic homes across his district. He called on his congregation, old exiled Fenian patriots and young American firebrands, to rise up and defend their neighbors. They had the guns, the guts, and the will, but what they needed was leadership. Kevin turned to Dylan and begged him in the name of God to help. He agreed without hesitation. It was to be the old men and kids—solos and soldiers of a previous era and youngsters too junior to take implants—who would become the saviors of the city.

The fight was brutal. Many lives were lost to the rampaging cybernetic monsters before the under-equipped defenders of Northside finally learned how to use the city against their adversaries, employing sudden ambushes, booby-trapped cyberware and lethally spiked drugs. Led by Dylan and inspired by Kevin, regular people achieved incredible things and discovered courage they never knew they possessed. Slowly, block by block, month by month, Northside expanded, freeing neighborhood after neighborhood to join the fight until all Northwest Night City was liberated. Always with their back to the wall and down to the last clip, making crazy plays and taking wild risks, Dylan's makeshift army became known as the Edgerunners. The name stuck.

In the spring of the year following the nuke the Edgerunners finally liberated the home offices and R&D lab of Dynalar Technologies, a cutting-edge cybernetics research company that leased out their technology to other mass-manufacturing corporations.

In the weeks following the rediscovery of Dynalar, the Edgerunners pushed out a splinter faction of the Red Chrome Legion to take back the Night City Technical Exchange, an off-the-shelf cybernetics surgery franchise turned into a production line for producing amped-up fascist goons. Using Dynalar's high tech labs and NCTE's accumulated resources Dylan started equipping the youngest and fittest of his troops with the means to do battle with the enemy on equal terms, but they were few, and every one that fell was irreplaceable.

> The defenders of Night City had the guns, the guts, and the will, but what they needed was leadership. What they got was Dylan Murphy.

While they had achieved much with cunning and tenacity, Dylan knew that the only way to beat the gangs was to outfight them. To do that they needed new cybertech, gear that wasn't going to fry in an EMP wave, that didn't require complex surgery to implant, that anyone could wear. They needed the means to

turn a starving kid into a war machine that could take on the Boosters toe to toe, and that technology didn't exist.

Yet.

In the rush to grab territory after the nuke, the organized crime families (yet to become the NeoCorps) moved fastest, securing the resources they needed to continue their business. The principal of the Night City University certainly didn't expect *Organitskya* fixer Oleg Mikhailov to offer the whole campus the protection of the Russian mob in return for its facilities and brainpower. In the chaos following the nuke and the DataKrash, and with no-one else offering to save her, she agreed. Oleg was an ambitious man, and not given to loyalty to anyone but himself. By the time Dylan and the Edgerunners liberated the University district he had turned the school into a fortress, cut ties with his old paymasters, and was making his riches from the school pharmacology labs. While Kevin was reticent to make any deals with a villain of Oleg's reputation, Dylan saw the opportunity evident in having him as an ally. Kevin reluctantly capitulated when life-saving drugs and medicines from Oleg's labs began finding their way to the beleaguered districts liberated by the Edgers and the Ukrainian agreed to let Dynalar and NCTE technicians have unrestricted access to the university's research. All Oleg required in return was to simply continue his business unmolested.

The University Applied Materials Faculty had been in the process of developing a substance with very low conductivity they called lamilarisolinear metal, an engineered fusion of semi-metallic long-chain buckyball molecules that could be manipulated to change shape and density instantly upon neural command. Oleg couldn't see much of a use for it in the present economic climate as in his opinion people



needed drugs and guns more than untested polymers, so he was happy to let Dylan's team have it to play with. Dynalar instantly saw the potential. In concert with the university team and NCTE neurosurgeons they created the first experimental 'cuff', a garter worn around an arm that seamlessly hooked itself into the wearer's nervous system without invasive surgery. When activated, the Lamilarisolinear metal of the cuff unfolded about the host limb, sheathing it in artificial mesh muscles and a flexible armored polymer carapace. With small adaptations, additional weapons, tools and interfaces could be integrated, linking in to the host's nervous system through the parent cuff.

New Cybernetics, or NuCybe, was born.

Dylan put out the call to resistance cells, neighborhood watches, local militias and vigilante gangs, anyone still fighting to keep their homes safe, and offered them the tools to take back the city. With NuCybe came an empowerment that the people of Night City had been denied since the rise of the Megacorps:

Anyone could use it, anyone could wear it, not just an elite few 'punkers with the Euro to blow. Within a year Night City was pacified and the gangs driven into the wastelands outside the city boundaries or into the ruins of the Combat Zones. In the true spirit of Night City, Dylan and Kevin had given away the technology to anyone who could make use of it, but it became clear that, as the new community forces became more and more reliant on NuCybe to do their job and the knowledge of how to manufacture and repair it became diffuse, a more structured approach was needed to maintain the city's defense against further threats.

The first District Leader's Convention was to be held on the underground concourse of the old Bay Bridge NCRT terminus, just above the reach of the floodwaters left by the cracked water table. It would be a council to divide up the responsibilities of governing the city: who would be given access to NuCybe technology and who would be trusted in the aftermath of the struggle to prevent it from getting into the hands of the Corporations and gangs. Kevin invited community and militia leaders to send delegates to the meeting and requested that Dylan co-chair it with him, expecting to need the old warrior's authority to keep the room in check. They anticipated a handful of uncooperative attendees; they got a room full of cheering men and women, drunk on victory. No one remembers it as the District Leader's Convention now: It was the Edgerunners Convention, and that's what it's still known as today.

The first Edgerunner's Convention was as much a meeting of gangs as it was of leaders; a collection of pirates dividing up a conquered city

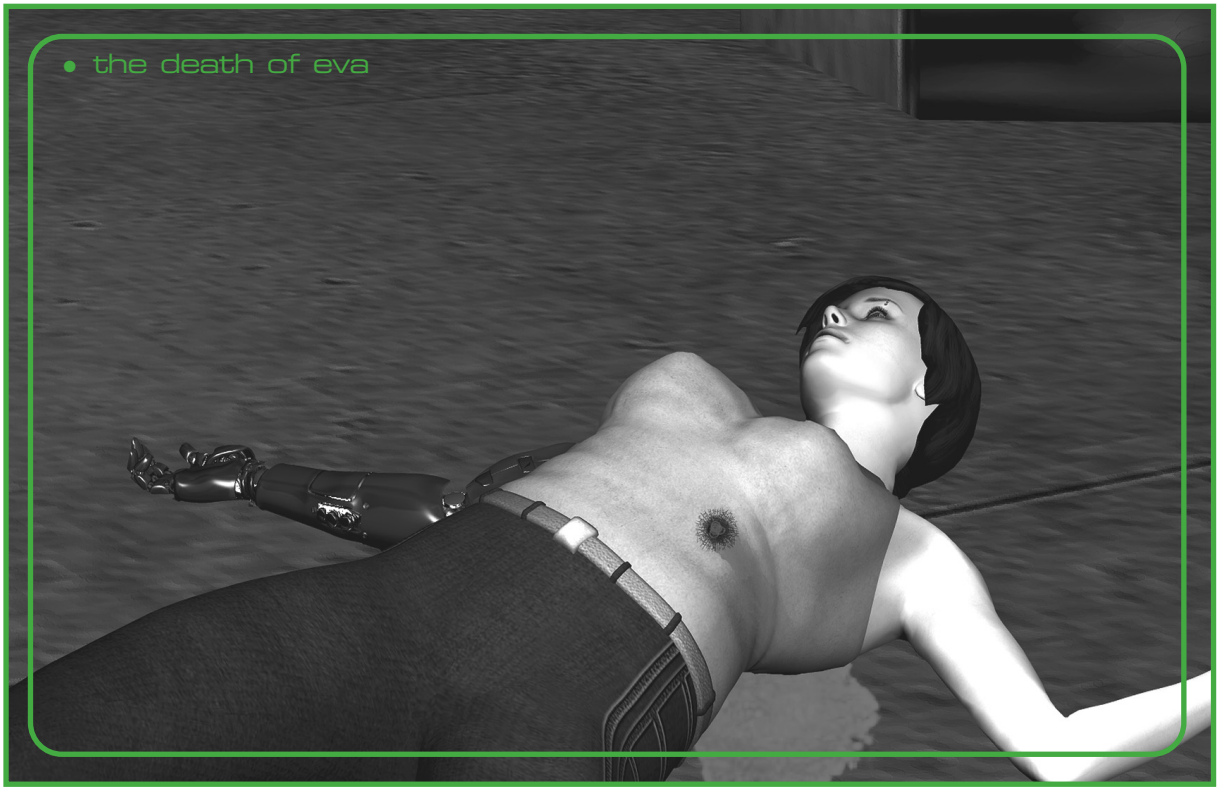
The Edgerunners Convention hasn't changed much since that first meeting. The districts eventually became Enclaves, self-sufficient Edgerunner communities answering to themselves but with acknowledged ties and responsibilities to each other (a system of governance later adopted by all AltCults as the most workable), with each Enclave sending its delegate to speak for it at the Convention. They still meet on the Concourse, although the original attendees would tell you that it's unrecognizable from the way it used to look, and Kevin and Dylan, now old men, still chair, though they do so with the aid of four others— the Edgerunner Council, the movement's most respected elder statespeople. Radically committed to liberty and self-reliance, the Edgerunners are the natural inheritors of the *cyberpunk* meme.

The Secret History of The Edgerunners

Okay choomba, you've heard the fairy-tale, now here's the real skinny.

Everyone thinks that Dylan and Kevin were brothers, spotless paragons who turned things around and saved the city arm in arm when it was about to fall, the heroes who rallied the people to their own defense and left no man behind. Think again.

In the first few weeks after the nuke everyone was out for themselves, including Dylan Murphy. The guy didn't survive as long as he did as a solo by being sentimental. He was a hardened killer. He wasn't afraid to take what he wanted, and he sure as hell wasn't going to share what he had unless he would gain by it. He and his old solo buddies Jesualdo Martinez and Eva Ceszlic, his on-and-off paramour, took over O'Flaherty's Tavern and turned it into a fortress, stockpiling food and weapons and



providing high-caliber ventilation for anyone dumb enough to come trying to break in.

Kevin, on the other hand, *was* doing good works. He and his old Fenian compatriots were feeding the hungry and arming the defenseless, but the food was stolen from aid workers and refugees fleeing the suburbs with guns bought with American money for an Irish uprising that had never happened and never would. The only thing Kevin had in his mind was his congregation and the survival of his neighborhood; the rest of NC could pray to God and take care of their own rear, because Kevin didn't intend to help. He had to beg Dylan again and again for assistance in organizing his Northside rabble into a militia before it fell apart. Sure, Dylan did good in the end, became a hero without doubt, but did he start that way? Nah. He held out in O'Flaherty's for four months, drunk on free whisky and watching the skyline burn before he took on the job, and that was only for revenge. Eva caught a 5.56 round to the gut while looting a crashed supply truck a block from the bar. While she lay drowning on her own blood, a few hundred yards away Dylan and Jesualdo sang old army tunes and took drunken potshots at stoned boosters for kicks from the roof of the tavern. When Dylan finally found out about Eva, he was sick with grief and guilt. He got so maudlin drunk even Jesualdo couldn't stand him. Eventually Jesualdo got word to Kevin and told the priest to speak to Dylan. Kevin talked him down, sobered him up, and once again offered the veteran the chance to lead the militia, this time to get some payback. Dylan finally agreed, but they all had to play things his way or he was out. Kevin accepted. So begins the legend.

Dylan started by turning away folk at the borders of Northside unless they had their own food and arms and told his sentries to loot anything they thought they could use from soft targets coming into their territory. They

made and broke alliances with other factions, most notably the famous Nomad outrider Sean Doyle (who still despises Jesualdo for abandoning his braves on Dylan's orders at the Battle of The Bay Bridge). It took months of consolidation and hard, bitter choices before Northside was secure enough that the Edgerunners could turn their attention to the rest of the city. By then the suffering was so incalculable that even flint-hearted Dylan Murphy was beginning to lose the will to fight on. But Father Kevin thrived on the chaos. As the situation grew more dire, *he* grew more political. To Kevin, the fall of the city was a gift, the beginning of a revolution that would sweep America. He began to politicize the militia, mixing up a heady brew of insurrection and religion for the troops which led to division in the Edgerunner ranks as the army was quickly polarized between Dylan's increasingly egalitarian politics and Kevin's revolutionary zeal. Dylan realized that if he gave up the fight then Kevin would turn their struggle for liberty into a crusade, with the priest as the messiah. The solo knew that to keep his authority and derail Kevin's plans he would have to find a way to consolidate his own position, which meant giving his loyal troops an edge before Kevin got too powerful. He found that edge when his faction liberated Dynalar.

Laura Winterman, the head surgeon of the NCTE stood on her moral grounds and refused to aid Dylan. He responded by threatening to execute one of her staff every ten minutes, starting with the janitor, until she agreed. From that day on, she harbored a private loathing for the Edger Leader

Dynalar Technologies and the NCTE gave Dylan Murphy access to the cutting-edge cybertechnology his troops had been denied since the nuke. Dynalar came on board with Dylan's faction without much persuasion. To them, isolated and besieged for months, Dylan's forces represented food and protection. Dynalar's R&D director, Seth Mendez, signed the offices up for the fight without any more persuasion than a good meal and the sight of some armed guards. NCTE took a little more persuasion. They couldn't see any difference between working for the Edgers or the Red Chrome Legion. In the opinion of Laura Winterman, the head surgeon of the franchise, they were trading one set of gun-toting tyrannical overlords for another, and so she stood her moral ground and refused to aid Dylan. He responded by threatening to execute one of her staff every ten minutes, starting with the janitor until she agreed. A doctor and a humanist, Laura capitulated after the first bullet. For the rest of the struggle she remained as close as possible to the Edgerunner leadership in the hope of moderating their violence, while harboring a private loathing for Dylan.

Dylan 'borged up his personal guard first, the youngest, most loyal, and most capable of his fighters, and field-tested them against the nastiest boosters on the street. The ones that came home he prepared for a dirty mission. Dylan let slip intelligence regarding the disposition of some of Kevin's men and their movements to gangs in 'hoods through Jesualdo's lowlife contacts. When the boosters predictably took advantage of this information and attacked, Dylan was ready to send in his newly 'borged troops to take them on, rescuing the beleaguered Edgerunners at the last moment, thus painting himself as the unquestionable hero of the hour and spectacularly demonstrating his military superiority at the same time. The new cyber elite tore apart the gangers, and it was no coincidence that several of Kevin's most trusted lieutenants also failed to survive the fray, though no one saw how they died. Well, nobody ever owned *up* to it anyhow.



Dylan and his troops become legendary and Kevin's authority dwindled. The priest reluctantly handed over effective control of the Edgerunners to the solo, but his political fervor was undimmed. He still retained a potent core of loyal supporters who, while they had no evidence and no surviving witnesses, suspected Dylan of engineering the raid that left so many of their leadership dead. They might have accused him publicly, but to do so would divide the whole movement just as it was gaining significant momentum. They even tried to bribe Jesualdo to come over to their faction to sway the rank-and-file Edgers, but Jesualdo refused though he never spoke of it to Dylan. In the end, Kevin decided that victory for the city was more important than his own personal agenda. His chance would come again. Things come full-circle in their own time—that's why they call it a revolution after all.

With Kevin out of the way Dylan was finally free to do what he needed to win the fight. Unknown to everyone but Seth Mendez, the reluctant Laura Winterman and Jesualdo, Dylan had already struck deals with Oleg Mikhailov in private, allowing Dynalar and NCTE months of development time on applying lamilarisolinear technology before they announced it to the Edgerunners. In return for access to the Applied Materials Faculty's discoveries his guard provided secure escort for Oleg's products across the city. Dylan had worked with the fixer on a contract basis in the past and knew the gangster's reputation for profit over loyalty, but figured he could trust the Ukrainian to see the benefit in cooperating willingly before he was forced to.

NuCybe made Dylan the undisputed leader of the Edgerunners. He had organized them, led them, equipped them, come through for them again and again, and now was ready to provide every free man and woman the tools they needed to take back their homes from the mechanized animals that terrorized them. He had become the savior Kevin always imagined himself, while all the priest could do was watch jealously in private while showing public unity with the man who had undermined his dreams of a unified new America in favor of a ragged confederacy of individual districts. He publicly opposed Dylan's intention of issuing NuCybe to anyone who wanted it, concerned that the more folk who had access to the new technology the greater the chance it would fall into an enemy's hands. Surprisingly,

everyone in the ad-hoc leadership of the Edgers, even Jesualdo, recognized the potential danger and agreed with him. The only support Dylan had was from Oleg (whom nobody trusted anyhow) and so Dylan was reluctantly forced to back down on the issue. Instead, volunteers were vetted based on their reputation in their communities, their loyalty and commitment to the struggle; a concept called *giri.which* the Edgerunners borrowed from the Japanese community.

Giri: a concept borrowed from the Japanese, it has become the measure of your absolute commitment to the group and its goals.

These new volunteers didn't have any particular loyalty to Northside and had no interest in politics beyond their personal freedom: They took up arms to avenge themselves and defend their families. Their involvement in the battle for the city further decentralized power in the Edgerunner ranks to a local level, denying Kevin the chance to recruit new support and further disseminating the notions of rugged self-reliance to the surviving districts. This decentralization gained momentum when key members of the Northside Edgerunners began allying themselves with new communities, starting with Seth Mendez who abandoned Dynalar and took on the role of tutor at what became known humorously as Edgerunner High, a NuCybe technical laboratory set up in the East Bay after numerous catastrophic failures of Dynalar prototypes in combat. Others followed his example, choosing to offer their support to fledgling districts as they struggled for increasing self-sufficiency until the city was a collective of allied neighborhoods with a loose group agenda: the defense of Night City against threats to liberty from within and without.

What every old Edger knows (but no one likes to admit) is that things didn't go well at the start. The Edger enclaves had discovered their individuality and now resisted any attempts at unification, declaiming it as a thinly disguised attempt at tyranny. They'd developed a taste for freedom, and they weren't going to give it up, not for anyone. The neighborhood militias had beaten back the gangs with the aid of NuCybe, but victory had left hundreds of militarized, battle-hardened troops with no one to fight and time on their hands. As soon as the enemy slunk off, the districts started picking at each other. They refused to share tech, hoarded their resources, stole from each other and even fought over territory. Dylan's old guard, the 'borged up boys and girls who had fought his secret battles for him, went rogue, furious at having been cheated into taking on humanity stripping implant surgery while NuCybe was only months away. Dylan's rep and charisma were no longer sufficient to hold it all together without a definite enemy.

It took Kevin to save the day by proposing the first Convention. He and Dylan agreed that the only way the city was going to survive was if the enclaves acknowledged their responsibility to each other. He invited the leaders of the fledgling communities, many of who were old comrades, to confer with him in secret in the ruins of the old Bay Bridge NCART terminus. He offered them all the same thing: Complete access to NuCybe technology and the absolute right to govern themselves with no enclave more senior than the next, regardless of size or membership. All they had to do was put aside their grievances, acknowledge their responsibility to each other and spread the word. They had it in their power to change the world, block by block, city by city, state by state, against all odd. They became the masters of the new city—the Edgerunners.

The rest is history, choomba—*your* history.



edgerunner council meeting

Who Runs The Edgerunners?

So you've got a clear head, you know your tech, can handle a gun and shine a blade, know the street from the Highcity to the Undercity, and you're not afraid to speak your mind. You make a bond and you keep it and folks like your face. Well, maybe you'll get a chance to speak out for your people at the Edgerunners Convention.

The Edgerunners pride themselves on their rugged independence and egalitarianism, refusing centralized governance and imposed hierarchies, choosing instead rule by community consensus and an enlightened meritocracy. From its foundation as a tiny meeting of arguing district leaders in a half-flooded metro station the Edgerunner Convention has become the forum of a movement that has revolutionized America.

The purpose of the Convention is to give Edgers across the nation a voice. From its inception three basic tenets have defined the Convention: No enclave has more or less authority than another, no enclave can send more than three delegates and so sway the vote, and all enclaves have a common responsibility to the Edgerunner community. These concepts underpin all negotiations, oratory, argument, debate and conflicts of interest. This isn't to say that Edgers will heroically leap to bail out their neighbors with Boy Scout *bonhomie* if they come asking for help, but it does mean they'll be prepared to share the tools to do the job themselves.

Delegates sent by an enclave are always in the top ranks of their game. They're the toughest fighters, most skilled negotiators, smoothest orators, sharpest techies and smartest hackers, with a public rep that travels well ahead of them. Edgers place absolute trust in the peo-

ple they choose to represent them. If you're selected to stand up and speak for your people then you know your rep is spotless and your word is unquestionable in the eyes of your enclave. Don't let it go to your head though, choomba: Anyone can be challenged when in council. Everyone has a voice and no one is denied their say, but that means you get to go under the microscope too. That's the Edger way.

The Convention has no set schedule. Any enclave can call ia meeting if they have an issue they need raised, and while its spiritual and physical home is Night City, it has been held in abandoned desert arcologies, in flooded cities, underground bunkers and even in the air aboard the floating dirigible city of Armada. When it meets in session the first order of business is usually to admit new members to the AltCult based on the recommendation of senior Edgers with a solid rep of their own, followed by a yes-or-no vote by every delegate present. If the nominee is known and proved already, the vote is often a formality, but most would-be Edgers have to shine like chrome to be given admittance. The Edger nominating a new member is also risking a lot as well. It's a loss of face to have your nominee refused in council, and if they're allowed to join and then screw up the heat stays on you until they've grown up enough in the AltCult to take it for themselves. After admittance, its on to rewards based on giri, agreeing who receives fresh NuCybe, discussions on politics affecting the Edgerunner community. Then it falls to the Elders to negotiate treaties and deals, and finally assign missions. And if the deal or job's sensitive it might require a closed session with just the team, the Elders and their Aides.

The Elder councillors are the closest thing the Convention has to leaders. They're Edgers with such reps and skills that the whole AltCult knows and venerates them. These people represent the whole society when they speak, and only a fool doesn't listen. The original convention numbered six delegates, and that number has been considered since then to be the most workable. Each Elder is allowed to bring two Aides to the Convention for advice or particular expertise, and it is generally accepted that anyone in this role has a potential future as an Elder when a seat becomes vacant.

With that in mind, let's meet the Council.

Leaders

They're the people who get the job done. They make sure the Edgers stay true to the vision. And as Edgers themselves, these are people who aren't afraid to pick up the cyber and lay down the law when they need to.

Dylan Murphy.

Dylan was born in Galway, Ireland, in the winter of 1992, to a bleak future of crushing poverty and abuse at the hands of an alcoholic father. Eventually Dylan's mother could endure no more and fled to Dublin, taking the children with her and bravely attempting to hold the family together despite absolute penury and an increasingly dysfunctional relationship with her resentful elder sons. Young Dylan idolized his brothers, so when they fell in with nationalist gangs he followed their example and further contributed to the growing schism in the family.

Estranged from his mother by age 14, Dylan earned his Euro as a mule for arms dealers, carrying plastic explosive across the city on his bicycle. At fifteen he got a rep at O'Flannigan's Gym as an amateur fighter to watch. At sixteen those same quick fists and bad attitude got him work keeping two-bit dope peddlers off the streets of his neighborhood. At seventeen, his brothers introduced him to an uncompro-

mising young Republican radical called Ardal Mullaney, who offered him the chance to take the fight to the enemy. Inspired by his brothers' example and Ardal's rhetoric, Dylan joined the Sons of Finn (*Sinn Fein*)

While the Sinn Fein negotiated with Westminster, the Sons trained for and took part in an elaborate bombing campaign on the British mainland. Outraged that the political process had been destabilized by their actions, the IRA cut off the Sons and passed on their identities to the British government. In synchronized raids across Dublin, SAS hit squads annihilated the whole cell. Only Ardal and Dylan escaped the massacre, fleeing to the *Gaeltacht* where they bought passports on the black market and took flight for the US. Ardal settled in Boston and took on the name Kevin Sullivan, while Dylan bought a gun and vanished into Night City.

After half a decade of low-profile solo work he was head-hunted by a Militech talent scout who picked up his contract to provide muscle for a team working out of Gdansk on select high-profile defections. As Eastern Europe began getting crowded with army surplus cyber-enhanced goons, Militech started putting pressure on Dylan to go under the knife to keep up with the game. He refused, saying that cybertech was no substitute for skill and experience, but each tussle was getting tougher. In the end he knew he was through. He bought out his own contract and went freelance, taking with him a solid reputation and a shaky love affair with a Polish hitwoman called Eva Ceszlic. They settled in Shanghai to look after the interests of subtle men who appreciated discretion, but the age of the cyber-soldier had arrived and Dylan was looking like a dinosaur.

So he cashed in his check and headed back to America, leaving Eva and looking up an old



solo contact, Jesualdo Martinez, who owned a private security firm in Marin County. Dylan found himself a glamorous wife, a house in Sausalito, and settled in to spend his accumulated blood money. After a year, the wife filed for divorce once she found out heíd been cheating, but in return Jesualdo found Dylan some footage of her own little indiscretions. Dylan promptly shot all three of her lovers dead in one afternoon then headed south to Night City. Sure, the cops froze his U.S. accounts, but his money in the Caymans was plenty liquid. A new face, a new identity, and soon Dylan was back where he liked to be: anonymous. Two years later and Eva was back from Asia, saying she was through. Jesualdo sold his firm, moved to Night City and put his money in real estate. All was sweet, until the 4th C War.

Dylan settled in Northside permanently after the struggle for Night City was done. He had gone from a selfish killer on the edge of burnout to a community leader and an inspiration to thousands in two short years, but his duties weren't over. The natal Edgerunner movement still looked to him for guidance and still expected him to have all the answers, even when he was as clueless as they. So he learned the answers. He figured out who to trust and who to drop, what people need and how to provide for them, how to put others before himself and how to negotiate for what he wanted. Four years after the start of the war he was married in the ruins of the Holy Angels to a new wife, and the following year had a son, Liam.

In the high speed world of the Street, Dylan is now an old man counting his days. The Night City nuke left him with a body full of carcinogens that heís been fighting ever since, and the older he gets the more the cancers eat him up. He's still a formidable man, sharp, tough and compassionate, but his intimidating frame is withering due to his illness and he knows that he's fast running out of sand.

CHARACTER	DYLAN MURPHY									
Stats	INT	REF	TECH	DEX	COOL	WILL	STR	CON	MOVE	BODY
Stat Value	6	7	5	6	7	8	4	4	4	6
Derived Stats	LUCK	HUM	REC	END	RUN	SPR	SWIM	LEAP	HITS	STUN
Stat Value	6	80	4	8	8	12	4	4	12	30

KEY SKILLS	LVL.	KEY PERKS/TALENTS	LVL.
Combat Sense	9	Renown	9
Leadership	8	Authority (Council)	10
Rifle	8		
Boxing	6		
Handgun	7		

OUTFIT: Battered Armor trenchcoat (SP 18, armors torso, legs), twin pearl-handled Peacemakers (C3, p.185) in a fast-draw rig, ivory rosary, secret holo of Eva.



Dr. Seth Mendez

Dr Seth Mendez is the senior delegate, councilor and co-founder of the Night City East Bay enclave, or 'Edgerunner High' as it's commonly known. Like Dylan, Seth has sat on the council since its inception and remains the undisputed authority on NuCybe, having been involved in every stage of the technology's evolution from its first laboratory tests to the highly developed systems used by Edgers today.

Born and raised in Orange County, California, Seth was the privileged only son of peaceniks turned dot-com entrepreneurs. Already an introverted and awkward boy and facing prejudice from kids his own age for being both precocious and 'new money', Seth's social set contracted to just his parents and their technophile friends. Despite involvement in challenging and groundbreaking educational programs, social inclusion eluded him.

His interpersonal limitations didn't inhibit his schooling though; it swiftly became clear to

every tutor who encountered Seth that the boy was gifted with an astonishing intellect. His junior year mid-term scores led to a sponsorship by Dynalar Technologies and an early admission to the Cybernetics Study faculty at the University of California at Berkeley. Seth eventually left Berkeley with a BS in Cybernetics, *magna cum laude*, and headed south to Night City University to do his PhD, overseen by his new patrons at Dynalar.

Seth was behind many of Dynalar's early military successes, working with his mentor Sally-Ann Miller on early nervous system interfaces for high-speed fighter jets, and later pioneering implanted human reaction time enhancing systems that led to the development of both Sandevistan and Kerenzikov boosterware. For Seth, his work was a series of quandaries that required solutions, academic exercises in overcoming the arbitrary limits of nature. Until Jenny.

Jenny Moran was a lab assistant at Dynalar R&D. A vivacious NCU cybernetics undergraduate at not much younger than Seth, she was earning a little extra rent money by taking a late shift in the clean room. Against all likelihood, the two began a relationship. Jenny discovered the gentle, generous man that Seth could be, and in return Jenny showed him how to connect to the world in a way he had never been able to before. He made friends for the first time in his life. They even talked about marriage. But in the summer of 2013 (the year she was due to graduate) while rushing to meet Seth for coffee, Jenny was hit by a car and critically injured.

Seth was crushed. But he decided he could still make it right: he could make her *better.* When Jenny's parents asked the doctors to switch off life-support and declare her dead, Seth secretly took the comatose Jenny back to the lab and started to work. When the rebuilt

CHARACTER	SETH MENDEZ									
Stats	INT	REF	TECH	DEX	COOL	WILL	STR	CON	MOVE	BODY
Stat Value	8	5	9	5	6	8	4	5	5	4
Derived Stats	LUCK	HUM	REC	END	RUN	SPR	SWIM	LEAP	HITS	STUN
Stat Value	6	80	4	10	10	15	5	5	8	20

KEY SKILLS	LVL.	KEY PERKS/TALENTS	LVL.
Cybertechnology	9	Longevity	9
Medical Tech	9	Authority (council)	9
Teaching	6		

OUTFIT: Neural Net, NuCybe Techie Package, Light Armor Jacket, Laboratory

Jenny awoke, there was nothing of *his* Jenny left, just a cyberpsycho'ed monster of metal, wires and plastic that company security had to put down with shotguns before it could take his life. Dynalar covered it up elegantly, but Seth never recovered. He transferred to non-invasive interface research hoping to find a solution to cyberpsychosis, but the inevitable reality was that all cybertechnology had its price: *humanity.* The price his Jenny had paid for with her life.

Then, in 2023, came Dylan's liberation of the besieged R&D labs and the discovery of lamilarisolinear technology reality changed forever.

Seth began to see a hope for mankind again, and redemption for himself. He became dedicated to the Edger cause. In his mind, Dylan gave him another chance at living, at being accepted and respected, perhaps even loved. Without question, Seth is acknowledged as the utmost living expert on NuCybe technology, and he and his team of East Bay enclave techies are obsessive in their exploration of its potential. While he's an infuriating pedant and a borderline autistic, Seth is also committed to a world that works for everyone, and even in his early middle years is full of enthusiasm, vitality and nervous energy.

Monica Cheung

The legendary Monica Cheung is New York City's most glamorous predator. A fashion icon and diva, gangster and racketeer, she's reputed to be the subject of half of Kerry Eurodyne's most obsessive love songs, the mistress of at least two corporate CEOs, and the killer of three would-be muggers using only a Prada stiletto heel. How much of her legend is true is something no one is sure of. What they *can* be sure of is that for three decades, Monica has been the Big Apple's most successful fixer.

Born Cheung Chi-Liang, the youngest daughter of a Triad father, Monica took naturally to two things: martial arts and manipulation. She worked the family business, using the combined lever of family wealth and her charisma to break new markets in the fashion world and club scene. She shifted vast quantities of designer drugs and prohibited braindance to the downtown glitterati, eventually creating the city's most exclusive clubbing experience, Salvation, as the platform for her products.

Anything was available at Salvation for a nominal fee, and everyone who was anyone went there at least once. Monica created a cult of personality with herself as a goddess far above the needs of her clientele, encouraging them to indulge their needs as they wished without fear of recrimination. Pretty soon the dirty secrets of the rich and influential were opening doors to anywhere she wished to tread.

By 2019 she owned her own fashion house, record label, string of restaurants, three drug labs and a substantial number of shares in major corporations. It was so easy.

That was the problem. For Monica Cheung, everything was easy. Bored and jaded, she started taking an interest in the nastier aspects of the family business. She went on drug buys,



watched brutal interrogations, executed punishment beatings and couriered cash-only payoffs to the hired help. One rainy night in a sleazy Brooklyn dance club, she encountered her first Old School 'punkers, chromed bad boys and girls; high-tech lowlives who wore their rebellion like a badge.

Monica got hooked on a world of danger where success and failure made the difference between life or death. No safety net of family, wealth or reputation would rescue her if she screwed up on the Street. All she had was a Sternmeyer 35, a mean straight right and a heart-stopping smile. She anonymously slid into the world of the cyberpunks, hustling, fighting and cutting deals for sums of money she would have considered loose change in her other life, then stepping out of her tactical boots and armor jacket into Prada heels and black chiffon to walk back into a world of glossy privilege, champagne and doting admirers.

But the Street leaves a mark on the soul, not just the body. Monica was spending more time in the gutter and less in the boardroom, and knew she had to make a choice. The 4th C War made it for her. In a nuclear flash, all the money and glamour in her world evaporated, but the Street still welcomed her. She could move materiel while every other crime family was paralyzed by the conflagration; she turned a profit when other gangsters hid in their basements. She ran multiple teams of black-ops freelancers when everyone else was reduced to hiring gangers. She exploited marketable military tech even before it reached the battlefield. She even kept Salvation open. In a month, Monica Cheung became the undisputed mistress of the underworld.

In 203X she's an icon, the fixer who worked both worlds at once. Uncomfortable with cybernetics, she prefers to rely on her surgically perfected looks, flawless business acumen, silky negotiating skills and astonishing Kung Fu rather than technology, believing that she's more than a match for most cybered goons when she's naked. There may well be some truth in that boast; she's never been taken down, and many have tried. When the Edgerunner Convention needs to convey dignity they send Dylan. When they need to negotiate or seduce, they send Monica.

They normally get their way.

CHARACTER	MONICA CHEUNG									
Stats	INT	REF	TECH	DEX	COOL	WILL	STR	CON	MOVE	BODY
Stat Value	6	7	4	8	9	7	6	5	6	5
Derived Stats	LUCK	HUM	REC	END	RUN	SPR	SWIM	LEAP	HITS	STUN
Stat Value	6	70	5	10	12	18	6	6	10	25

KEY SKILLS	LVL.	KEY PERKS/TALENTS	LVL.
Streetwise	9	Streetdeal	9
Kung Fu	8	Authority (Council)	9
Wardrobe & Style	8	Beautiful	8
Seduction	8	Wealthy	8
Negotiation	9		

OUTFIT: Chic armored clothes, Sternmeyer T-25, Chinese Straight Sword

Vida-Maria West

Matriarch of the Denver enclave, Vida-Maria is a veteran hacker and network security specialist who administrates the Edgerunner communications net from the Aurora Nexus. Vida started her career working for EBM in the reprographics department after flunking her fine art degree. Denied high-speed net access at home, she and her colleagues grew quite competent at making use of company internet facilities without triggering alerts in the system. When their activities were brought to the network manger's attention, he chose not to bring the group of teenage malingerers up on a disciplinary. Instead, impressed with their ingenuity, he decided that their bumbling attempts to defraud the company of a little bandwidth would present EBM with an excellent chance to test its electronic security. After all, if the reprographics interns could hack it, any moron with a cybermodem could walk right in and take what they wanted. So, without realizing it, Vida and colleagues became the rats in the electronic maze EBM called "The Playpen."

What EBM didn't anticipate was just how smart these kids were. The proto-hackers rapidly learned to spot and circumvent the traps left by sys-ops. Seeing the possibilities, the EBM directorate gave permission to use The Playpen to gauge technical potential in its support staff by setting them against each other in an elaborate clandestine game with net access as the prize. Within three months EBM started routing the kids to external test sites and leaving 'cheats' (intrusion software) for them to find and experiment with. Eventually they were sent against the EBM AI



for final evaluation. Those that couldn't cope were logged out automatically, de-briefed privately and posted elsewhere in the company, but those few who made it all the way walked into the EBM virtual boardroom where the CEO proudly explained that they were ready to start playing a different game...

Vida-Maria worked in EBM's network security department for years, seeing frontline action and enduring nervous system trauma during the 3rd C War. While convalescing from her injuries, she developed her personal philosophy of freedom and sovereignty for the net. The virtual atrocities and misuse of technology she witnessed during the war gave her a belief that cyberspace should remain inviolable, a place of absolute neutrality where knowledge could be stored and shared for the benefit of all mankind, and that any individual or group using it as a battleground needed to be dealt with swiftly before they threatened legitimate peaceful users or their data. Vida knew she couldn't do what she needed to as part of EBM, so when her contract expired in 2017 she joined Netwatch.

The truth was that the Net already belonged to everyone, and no matter how much she wanted to stop it, people would still scrap it out with dirty software and fry each other's data fortresses for kicks or the bucks. Despondent, she left Netwatch in 2020 to drift around the southwest, finally settling in Denver in 2022 and getting a job providing technical support for a cable TV company. Just in time for the DataKrash.

For most human beings the DataKrash was a disaster, but for Vida-Maria it presented an opportunity. She began constructing simple LANs and inputting whatever verifiable information she could into them, pooling as much data as she could to create reservoirs of knowledge isolated from mass-communication systems and only accessible through simple VR or 2D screens. The notion caught on as people desperately tried to save as much information as they could from Bartmoss' depredations. With the help of community leaders, Vida started developing simple hardwired fiber optic links between rural servers and arranging bandwidth on Asian communication satellites for cellular calls. By 2025 Denver had rudimentary communications and Vida-Maria had a network she could trust not to kill an unwary user. She called it the DataPool.

Vida-Maria lives in the Denver enclave, tending the vast and fragile Edgerunner intranet. Unlike most Edgers, she values light and space and is often found trekking in the mountains alone, leaving the daily administration of the Nexus to her team. Her skin is a deep tan, her blonde hair streaked with gray, and her slight frame is sparse, fit and wiry. In her face, pale blue eyes sparkle with wit, humor, wisdom and intelligence. Because Vida-Maria is at last where she belongs.

CHARACTER	VIDA-MARIA WEST									
Stats	INT	REF	TECH	DEX	COOL	WILL	STR	CON	MOVE	BODY
Stat Value	8	5	8	6	7	9	5	7	6	4
Derived Stats	LUCK	HUM	REC	END	RUN	SPR	SWIM	LEAP	HITS	STUN
Stat Value	6	90	12	14	12	18	6	6	8	20

KEY SKILLS	LVL.	KEY PERKS/TALENTS	LVL.
Coding	9	Lightning Calculator	
Electronics	7	Authority (Council)	10
Jury Rig	8		
Wilderness Survival	7		
Interface	8		

OUTFIT: Neural Net, ports, links & amps, extensive toolkit, wrist computer, Winchester M-70 rifle, well worn REI backpack.

"Prince" Leo Bakhtiar

Only 32 years old, Prince Leo is the youngest of the councillors, having inherited the position of *Voice of The Diyonisians* from his now-retired mentor (and legendary party fiend) Amber Novak. Unlike other members of the Edgerunner Convention, Leo does not represent an enclave. Instead, he is the spokesperson for a growing number of young Edgers raised in the megacities who have no political agenda beyond seeking out the greatest high, the most vivid experiences, the most fabulous parties and designer chips.

A child of the industrial Midwest, Leo was conceived in a bundle of coats behind the DJ platform at a huge warehouse party, and will cheerfully tell you that the combined effects of the colossal amount of drugs his mother and father had taken that night, mingled with the particular resonations of the fabulous *Nu Breaks* set that DJ Select was spinning, amplified exponentially by the psychic emanations of the tripped-out crowd, and finally focused by certain unique astrological events has had a profound and fundamental effect on his development. Well, he'll *tell* you that.



The *facts* are that Leo was born to a culture of squatters and urban nomads that migrated between major Rustbelt conurbations, putting on world-class underground parties and moving drugs and stolen good to fund their transient lifestyle. The group's children were raised in an unruly feral pack, being taught by whichever adult was available or patient enough to impart information at the time. This resulted in an astonishingly varied education, from basic electrics to motor mechanics; breaking-and-entering to martial arts; classical philosophy to cookery. Leo was raised by the community to believe in a bastardized mix of New Age and Epicurean principles; that the world was his playground, that anything he wanted from life was his by right; that material wealth was transient and that all property, and that meant *everyone's*, was communal. He grew up to become an immensely charismatic, charming, amoral sensualist, with a natural gift for music and an astonishing physical grace that gave him expertise in Parkour, Capeoira (and of course dancing) and zero

restraint when it came to helping himself to other people's stuff.

At 18 he knew he had achieved all he could on the Rustbelt scene. The drugs had gotten boring, the sex was too easy and he saw the same tired old faces wherever he stepped up to spin his set. It was his reputation as a maverick more than as a DJ that encouraged Amber Novak, a rockergirl on the cyberscene, to offer him the chance to join her entourage and see a larger world. His confident charm and capable intellect quickly promoted him from pet savage to part time lover and confidant. Together they pushed back the frontiers of excess, taking drugs that didn't yet have names and rocking parties that even names like Silverhand and Eurodyne couldn't score invites to. Even the 4th C War didn't impact their lifestyle much; the globetrotting ceased but the party still boomed.

In the end it was Amber who called it a day on their carnival of excess. She'd been partying hard for decades, and it had begun to catch up with her. She had tutored Leo as best she could, imparted all of her experience, ingratiated him with her scene, and now Amber was ready to hand over the torch for him to carry. She retired to Detroit to produce dance music while Leo, now his own master, went forth to spread the word of just how much fun life is when you're totally unfettered by restraint.

Now Leo tirelessly promotes young talent, provides financial resources for new collectives, networks for the scene, distributes music, publicizes parties and expands the markets for new drugs and statchips, undermining traditional thought and encouraging hedonism wherever he visits. His libertarian attitudes and complete disregard for convention have brought him both celebrity and infamy. He's the public spokesperson for the Edger movement that calls themselves the *Diyonisians,* an increasingly vocal group who have gone from being a disregarded youth fad to a direct political challenge to the old guard. It's not just the young who support him in Council; many old school Edgers have begun to see his renegade attitudes as a true return to the original Cyberpunk values of a decentralized world. Leo has no shortage of friends amongst the Edger ranks, but he's starting to make some very powerful enemies as well.

CHARACTER	"PRINCE" LEO BAKHTIAR									
Stats	INT	REF	TECH	DEX	COOL	WILL	STR	CON	MOVE	BODY
Stat Value	6	8	5	8	9	6	6	6	8	5
Derived Stats	LUCK	HUM	REC	END	RUN	SPR	SWIM	LEAP	HITS	STUN
Stat Value	7	60	6	12	16	24	8	8	10	25

KEY SKILLS	LVL.	KEY PERKS/TALENTS	LVL.
Performance	8	Charismatic Leader	5
Dance	7	Authority (Council)	6
Capoiera	8	Handsome	5
Athletics	7	Wealthy	7
Education	6		

OUTFIT: Neural Net, ports, links & amps, subvocal phone, controversial novel chips, drugs, really expensive Agent, stylish armor clothing, vast chip collection of new music.

Vincent "Silk" Foucault

Atlanta's suave councilor and legendary triggerman, Silk is an enigma. Gently spoken, elegant and modest, he is an aesthete and an assassin, courtier and killer, a stage magician, a comedian, a man with a gallery of faces and a library of names. An icon: The Edgerunners' own Don Juan.

Born Vincent Foucault in El Djazair, Algeria, Silk was the son of Henri, a disgraced French chemist working for a cartel of drug smugglers, earning a wage by refining and testing the quality of their product before it was shipped to the mainland. Paid only cursory interest by his father, Silk's early life was spent in dusty streets and deserted courtyards, playing soccer barefoot with ragged children,

sleeping on bales of dope in the back of rocking trucks and throwing stones into the midnight sea while keeping watch for the lights of police cars on the Coast Road. The hired guns taught him Arabic, how to judge the purity of dope and how to hold a knife. Henri's boss Azif, a fierce French-Algerian brute, taught him *Le Savate* and took him to shoot wild dogs on the outskirts of town. When Interpol busted up the El Djazair ring and extradited his junkie parent for trial, Silk didn't much care; by then Azif was his father and the gang was his family.

When Silk was twelve, Azif sent him to his Aunt Eloise in Paris to broaden his education. Eloise Adjani, Azif's ex-wife, was a consummate con artist, fixer, raconteur and gold-digger. She taught him how to dress, how to play the piano and how to judge the quality of wine. She also taught him how to pick up debutantes and clone their credit cards. Together they traveled Europe, scamming, scheming and living like royalty on other people's money until Eloise got picked up for using a stolen ID and Silk had to walk away. The cops came looking, but by then he had far surpassed his Aunt in the art of deception. He was invisible.

At seventeen, Silk was making a fair wage in Paris as a con artist and a gigolo. But it was in the arms of one Madame Trieste that he discovered his true vocation. The Madame had married a man almost seventy years her senior in order to inherit a substantial fortune, but the old fellow just wasn't courteous enough to die. Exasperated at the inconvenience, she wondered if her young amour might help her out for a share of the loot. Two days later Monsieur Trieste died outside a Parisian hotel when an armed robbery went tragically wrong, and Silk discovered that killing a man was no more difficult than shooting a dog.

Sadly, Monsieur Trieste had willed his entire fortune to charitable causes, but Silk had discovered a new and very easy way to make Euro.

At eighteen Silk was called up for national service. He banked his money offshore and cheerfully vanished into the army to learn as much as he could about taking lives. After his two year hitch was complete, he returned to Europe with a new face, charmed his way back into society and started taking contracts. After a dramatic hit on a would-be SovOil defector in a plush Gothenburg hotel, the offers of corporate sponsorship came flooding in. Companies were looking to cultivate unknown talent in preparation for war.

Half the most important hits of the 4th C War are rumored to be attributed to Silk. Specializing in soft targets, his captivating charm, physical grace and deceptive gentleness allowed him access to the most sensitive locations: parties, penthouses, spas and boardrooms. When the War went to the open battlefield, Silk quietly retired to Atlanta to avoid the worst of the carnage, working for Monica Cheung as her negotiator on the Eastern Seaboard, where he earned the moniker he's known by today.

They say the Devil is a handsome man. And anyone you ask will say he looks like Silk

CHARACTER	VINCENT "SILK" FOUCAULT									
Stats	INT	REF	TECH	DEX	COOL	WILL	STR	CON	MOVE	BODY
Stat Value	6	6	4	6	9	7	5	4	4	6
Derived Stats	LUCK	HUM	REC	END	RUN	SPR	SWIM	LEAP	HITS	STUN
Stat Value	6	80	4	8	8	12	4	4	12	30

KEY SKILLS	LVL.	KEY PERKS/TALENTS	LVL.
Combat Sense	6	Contact	4
Seduction	6	Authority (Council)	5
Streetwise	7	Handsome	5
Knife (stiletto)	9	Light Sleeper	
Social Ettiquitte	6		

OUTFIT: Expensive European armor suits, briefcase with 100mm silenced pistol w/ +3 sniper rig, stiletto in boot, expensive AV-9 aerodyne, jeweled Agent

The Players

THE PLAYERS: Movers and Shakers who don't have official titles. But they don't need titles; because everyone *knows* who they are. They may not officially make the rules, but their clout is undeniable and their ability to shape the agenda unquestionable.

Father Kevin Sullivan

Despite his legendary standing in Edger history, Kevin's reputation has dimmed since the battle for Night City. Born Ardal Mullaney, Kevin was an Irish émigré and Republican terrorist who fled to America with fellow IRA member Dylan Murphy to escape the deadly retaliation of British Special Forces earned for a high profile bombing campaign on the mainland. With the net closing on him, Kevin spent his last Euro on a false passport and ran for the sympathetic Irish-American community in Boston, where he later joined the seminary, took orders, and began a new life under his newly assumed name.

Kevin, always an impassioned and charismatic orator, campaigned tirelessly across the US for the cause of Irish liberation, addressing community groups and petitioning sympathetic members of Congress while secretly accumulating funds from armchair Irish Republicans across the country for a promised future uprising in the Old Country.

Eventually, Kevin was investigated by the IRS and spent a little time in prison. But his fund kept growing, tended by his supporters. By the time he was released, he was ready to start buying arms for shipment back to Ireland. The guns were easy to find, but for all the financial support he was offered there was very little will to help the cause directly by taking up arms. Kevin had enough guns to invade China, but no hands to put them in.



Kevin settled in Night City in 2016, a tired and dejected man. It had been ten years since he had first escaped to the U.S. and he despaired of ever returning to Ireland. He mothballed his weapons and took over the care of the Holy Angel's church in Northside as its priest. He fast became the core of the impoverished community, as he turned his attention from revolutionary matters to humanitarian ones; spending his gun money on community projects and raging impotently at the increasingly desperate situation faced by everyday Americans.

The 4th C War gave Kevin his fighting spirit back. He'd hoped to use the Northside uprising as a spark to ignite a revolutionary fire across America, freeing folk from the economic prison imposed by the MegaCorps and the feeble and corrupt Federal government. But Dylan Murphy, as the story goes, had other ideas.

Unable to remain in Night City due to his increasing antipathy toward Dylan, Kevin has

grown increasingly radical. He now lives in the Tijuana enclave in self-imposed exile, but even in his old age he is still an intensely active political spokesperson for a small but fanatical number of Edgers who believe that his vision of a global revolution is not only right but absolutely necessary in order to create the perfect society that mankind has been denied. He travels the enclaves of America, a tall, imposing, patrician in shabby priest's robes, with cropped silver hair and hands cluttered with Nu-Cybe rings, preaching that the founding of the AltCult was only the first step, the training ground for an army that will liberate America. For Kevin's New Revolutionaries, the edge isn't far enough: They intend to go beyond it, to shape a new world.

CHARACTER	FATHER KEVIN SULLIVAN									
Stats	INT	REF	TECH	DEX	COOL	WILL	STR	CON	MOVE	BODY
Stat Value	6	7	5	5	6	8	6	6	5	6
Derived Stats	LUCK	HUM	REC	END	RUN	SPR	SWIM	LEAP	HITS	STUN
Stat Value	6	80	6	12	10	15	5	5	12	30

KEY SKILLS	LVL.	KEY PERKS/TALENTS	LVL.
Combat Sense	6	Renown	9
Leadership	5	Authority (as Priest)	6
Rifle	6	Credibility	2
Demolitions	6		
Expert (Catholicism)	6		

OUTFIT: Armored robes (SP 18), leather jacket, rosary, Bible, Neural Net with NuCybe Ranged Combat Package, FARBFG, Church

Oleg Mikhailov

Witty, charming, avuncular and gleefully amoral, Oleg has been in a permanent orbit around Edgerunner society since the first days following the Night City nuke. A gangster from the new school, he has no romantic notions regarding his profession. For all his bonhomie he is fully aware that he'll only survive as long as his products are premium, his service impeccable and his word absolute.

Oleg began his career in organized crime while serving in the Russian army, falsifying requisition orders for weapons and materiel and selling them across the border to gangsters and tribal warlords in return for Euro or uncut heroin. When his tour of national service was over, Oleg took his contacts with him and approached the *Organitskya* in his beloved home town of Odessa, who, recognizing his talent for crime and military connections, took him on as a business partner. He spent several years just before the 4th C War running arms to Estonia and arranging contracts for freelance cybersoldiers escaping the Russian military before emigrating to join the Night City branch of the business (after a notorious incident involving some fissile materials, a Russian gas pipeline and a nasty Caucasian warlord with something to prove).

Night City revealed to the ambitious Ukrainian just how lucrative the American Dream could be. Within six months he had a team of well-bribed neuropharmacology undergraduates cooking up designer drugs in the NCU chemistry labs and a campuswide distribution network (thanks to the cheerleading team). When his boss, Vassily Perchencov, discovered that Oleg was dealing on the side and diverting company funds to personal projects, he sent his goons to bring him in for a little chat, only to be ambushed by off-duty campus security guards armed with shotguns. While there were no surviving witnesses, Oleg deemed it prudent to lay low for a while, spending three months on the run and living on his nerves before the Night City nuke detonated and the city tore itself apart.

Ironically, the resulting holocaust made Oleg's life considerably easier. With the mob off of his back, his new allies from Northside providing the muscle he needed to consolidate his little empire in return for a crateful of low cost antibiotics and access to the least profitable, and department of the University, he thrived. Out of

an absurd sense of generosity he even married the NCU Dean. (It didn't last, but he did get a son and a daughter, Illya and Tatania out of it.)

Since then, Oleg has been involved in almost every aspect of Edger life, from providing drugs and meds to sourcing out vital technology, arranging bandwidth on satellites to finding aerodyne fuel. No one knows the extent of his connections or his personal agenda, but he remains a reliable source for just about anything an Edger could want (at very reasonable prices). His personal relationship with Dylan isn't clear, but the two treat each other like family, despite Oleg's reputation for rapaciousness, much to the continuing disgust of Father Kevin. With a girth and an appetite as large as his personality, Oleg is formidable character, possessed of a sardonic mirth and an unbending will.

CHARACTER	OLEG MIKHAILOV									
Stats	INT	REF	TECH	DEX	COOL	WILL	STR	CON	MOVE	BODY
Stat Value	7	6	5	5	8	7	7	8	3	7
Derived Stats	LUCK	HUM	REC	END	RUN	SPR	SWIM	LEAP	HITS	STUN
Stat Value	6	70	7	16	6	9	3	3	14	35

KEY SKILLS	LVL.	KEY PERKS/TALENTS	LVL.
Streetwise	7	Streetdeal	9
Human Perception	6	Authority (Russian Mafiya)	6
Persuasion	7	Contact	6
Resistance	6		
Handgun	7		

OUTFIT: Armored clothes (SP 18), expensive jewelry, scrambler, anti-surveillance gear, flashy armored groundcar, hot young companion, armed goons, vodka on tap.

Verity Nguyen

A resident of the D.C. enclave, Verity Nguyen is the most influential young media artist of the Edgerunner movement today, with an astonishingly high rating in the Veracity Index for her work. Born to Edger parents, she was raised in a kaleidoscopic cut-up culture of high-tech mixed media, where truth was relative and reality subjective. Even as a child, she was obsessed with the notion of Truth as a fixed and inviolate thing, and the more her parents and peers tried to convince her that the world didn't operate that way anymore the more she rebelled and tried to fix it.

An intense and uncommunicative teen, she soon hooked up with other young Edger outcasts to start hacking local newspools, uncovering and publicizing raw footage from the sanitized stories that made it to the mass media. By illuminating the conveniently forgotten details she hoped to give her audience the chance to choose the truth for themselves without clever manipulations or distracting flash and noise. Other Edgers thought her pranks well-meaning but childishly naive at best and a pointless and irritating waste of bandwidth at worst, but despite their opinions Verity persisted: She had faith.

She spent three years cracking LANs and sifting other people's data, earning kibble money by outing dirty secrets and despising herself for the compromises she made in order to eat. As her friends began to drift away, Verity remained true, trawling datapools accompanied only by Chad Ransom, another introverted teenage hacker. At sixteen, her activities brought her public notoriety when she intercepted a live feed from a police helmet camera during a food riot in downtown DC. While the streets burned and aerodynes whined overhead, two cops cornered a number of teenage looters in a candy store. While one cop covered them with his rifle and chuckled away, (cheerfully chewing on a stolen chocolate bar), the other systematically beat the terrified kids to a pulp and left them to die in a pool of their own blood. Chad hacked into the live news feed from Net54 camera crews, while Verity coolly inserted the cop's brutal contribution to



the story. Mixing in real time, Verity's live cut up mix of images went nationwide, while she added a little reportage of her own when the dialogue became indistinct (due to the thump of the cop's baton on flesh and the kid's pleading and screaming).

The country exploded in outrage and the two cops were arrested and sentenced to twenty years in a very public trial. While everyone wanted to know who was behind the coup, Verity wasn't interested in fame; she was interested in the truth. But she couldn't escape what she had done. Word got out, as word always does, and people began to scan the airwaves for her signature mix of stolen images and uncompromising honesty. They're waiting for the message behind the vids, but the fact is she doesn't have one. Verity just wants to give people the chance to choose the truth for themselves from unbiased, un-sanitized facts.

A remarkably pretty young woman, her shaven head, quiet, intense demeanor and minimalist approach to personal dress and adornment is striking in its modesty when compared to other Edgers. Now only 23, and still supported by Chad's expertise, Verity is unquestionably the Edgernet's most respected media, not for her style, but for her unbiased honesty and her unstained reputation. And in a world where you *are* your word, that means a lot.

CHARACTER	VERITY NGUYEN									
Stats	INT	REF	TECH	DEX	COOL	WILL	STR	CON	MOVE	BODY
Stat Value	8	6	7	5	7	7	5	5	6	6
Derived Stats	LUCK	HUM	REC	END	RUN	SPR	SWIM	LEAP	HITS	STUN
Stat Value	7	70	5	10	12	18	6	6	12	30

KEY SKILLS	LVL.	KEY PERKS/TALENTS	LVL.
Composition	8	Renown	4
Basic Tech	6	Credibility	8
Surveillance	6	Eidetic Memory	
Photo & Film	6		
Library Search	9		

OUTFIT: Neural Net, Media NuCybe package, beat-up AV-4 with broadcast gear, fiber-op jacket patches, Armorjacket (SP16), medium handgun.

Abigail "Baby Knives" York

Abigail York is the North Hollywood enclave's most famous resident, a warrior goddess. Born in the slums that grew like fungus on L.A.'s southeastern outskirts, Abigail was cursed in the womb with a drug addiction thanks to her junkie parents. Starved and systematically abused, she was finally sold at six years old for a fix and a handful of Euro to The Diamondbacks, one of the gangs who roamed the lightless alleyways looking for young flesh. When they got her back to their lair it soon became clear that the child they'd bought was

already soiled by drugs, pollution and poverty. Enraged, they went back down into the barrio and torched her parents' shack, laughing as they stumbled out shrieking in agony and wreathed in flame. They forced the little girl to watch her parents burn until they stopped twitching, then lit her ragged dress with the flames from her mother's burning hair.

Her skin burned raw, no good for sale or spare parts, they chose to keep Abigail as a slave, forcing her to fight other children for food. When it became clear that she was the fiercest brat in the hungry mob, they started grooming her for the kiddie-ring, filing her milk teeth, pumping her up with growth hormones and teaching her how to really hurt people. At seven, she made her first kill. By ten she was trussed up in a harness covered in old knife blades, taking on dogs for the crowds in the empty swimming pool out back of the ruined villa the gang occupied. Poppa Diamondback started letting her eat at his table and gave her the best cuts of meat before his lieutenants. People called her name in the street: Baby Knives. The Diamondbacks thought they had a tame killer, a little monster who lived to make them money from blood.

They were wrong.

When she was fourteen, Poppa Diamondback, himself an old man of nearly 30, got drunk and decided to take her to his bed. When the door was closed, Abigail showed him just what a monster she had become. The screams brought Poppa's guards running, but Abigail was waiting, knives drawn, to make each one of them pay for the years of horror she had endured. She escaped the wreck of the villa and went down into the slums, spending the next year hunting any ganger she could find.

Her skills and reputation took her into the city where she worked as a solo specializing in gang problems. Bitter, detached, inhumanly quick and utterly merciless, she was offered enormous sums of money by organized crime families to enforce for them. She always refused, preferring small change and the chance to slaughter the scum that arrogantly thought they could own the street.

It was her hatred of the gangs and her deadly reputation that brought her to Dylan's attention. Her rep as a fighter had by this time reached Night City and he sent word south that he wanted the legendary Baby Knives to join his group. When she refused, he went to her instead, tracking her to a downtown LA backstreet. The legendary solo offered Abigail the tools she needed to make the street her own: NuCybe. All she had to do was say yes, and it was hers. She had earned it.

Baby Knives has become a totem to the Edgers, the ultimate survivor, a myth of shadows and glittering blades, stalking out of North Hollywood to find deserving victims. But no-one sees the profoundly lonely woman trapped behind the legend. Her face is fixed, the burns from her dress have vanished, her teeth are even and her skin is clear, but inside she's still on fire, and will be until she dies.

CHARACTER	ABIGAIL "BABY KNIVES" YORK									
Stats	INT	REF	TECH	DEX	COOL	WILL	STR	CON	MOVE	BODY
Stat Value	6	8	4	8	5	9	9	8	7	4
Derived Stats	LUCK	HUM	REC	END	RUN	SPR	SWIM	LEAP	HITS	STUN
Stat Value	7	90	7	16	14	21	7	7	8	20

KEY SKILLS	LVL.	KEY PERKS/TALENTS	LVL.
Knife	9	Combat Sense	7
Intimidate	8	Renown	9
Athletics	6		
Brawling	6		
Handgun	7		

OUTFIT: Neural Net, Hand to Hand NuCybe Package, 2 combat gauntlets, Med. Kevlar Armor Jack, twin hvy autopistols, 20 monoknives hidden all over her body.



• reefers and runners face off in combat

CHOOSE YOUR SIDE: EDGERUNNER FRIENDS & ENEMIES

HEART OF THE CYBER CITY

When you're looking in from the outside, the Edgers seem as tight as Kevlar weave: Cooperative, egalitarian, territorial and protective of their own, they're the lords of the Volumetric. A single culture, building the future and living the ideal, defending it with renegade tech and hand-held high-caliber ordinance that would make an armored division think twice. It's a well-known fact that if you're an *auslander* and you mess with an Edger, then you can expect the rest of the AltCult to step up to the plate for a swing at you too. If you're still in any doubt, please let me lay it out straight for you. Edgerunners: One nation, one family. Don't mess with them.

What Edgers don't like people to know is that if you live inside an Edger enclave things are very different. Kulturekampf is absolutely essential to the Edgerunner identity. Without the constant ebb and flow of debate and disagreement, rebellion and counter-rebellion, Edgers begin to stagnate. While they claim an enlightened view regarding other lifestyles what they really need is conflict—it's fundamental to who they are as a nation, and when

they're not looking for it out on the Street they're finding it at home. In an AltCult as diverse and as committed to personal liberty and freedom of expression as the Edgers, it's inevitable.

Family Disagreements

The internal rivalry that polarizes most Edgerunners is the schism between the Revolutionaries and the "Old School." What started as a term of derision for aging pre-Krash 'Punkers and their metal-is-better-than-meat attitudes, black synthleather jackets and sneering rebellion has become a badge of honor worn by Edgers of all generations who have to come to fundamentally identify with the original Cyberpunk ideal.

Going Old School

The Old School are in essence the original Edgers, staying true to the ideal of free thought and decentralized government which is at the core of the AltCult's philosophy. For most members it's a genuine political stance of absolute authenticity. They live their life in daily accordance with the original traditions of the movement. For a member of the Old School, personal liberty and personal responsibility are indivisible. They answer to themselves and their own conscience first, their AltCult second, and conventional morals third. This ethos has attracted some Edgers that are simply selfish, using the Old School meme as an excuse to do exactly as they please without restraint. This naturally antagonizes the true believers, who regard an individual who acts purely out of self interest to be no better than the corporate running-dogs the 'Punkers battled to the death in times past.

The Revolution is Televised

The Revolutionaries believe that the Edgerunners have lost their way and are trapped in outmoded and self-destructive memes as exemplified by the Old School's snotty rebellion and willfully regressive attitudes. Founding leader Father Kevin teaches that the Edgers once had the chance to rebuild the whole of human society from the foundations up and create a new world that worked for everyone, but then squandered that chance when they yielded to petty short-term interest, internal division and a lack of courageous leadership. The Revolutionaries are completely committed to the belief that the work of the their AltCult is to reshape society for its own betterment, and that the present AltCult system leaves human society fragmented when it most needs a unity of effort and purpose. As much as the Old School, they are completely committed to their ideal, firmly believing in the rightness and essential benevolence of their cause.

> The Old School is the closest thing to the classic, idealistic Cyberpunks of the 2013 era. Shame about that...

To the Revolutionaries, the Old School represents an unwillingness to "grow up" and take responsibility for the future. To the Old School, the Revolutionaries are deluded proto-fascists set on designing a totalitarian megastate in their founder's image. Both are in conflict with the Dionysians, a small group of urban sophisticates, utopian idealists and hedonistic pleasure seekers who don't much care for either of their philosophies, regarding them as negative isolationist memes belonging to the pre-Krash world. Unlike the dogmatic Revs and Schoolers, Dionysians see Edger culture as fluid rather than fixed. Essentially a confederacy of rebels, they prefer to hang with each other in small mutually beneficial collectives with common ideals rather than associate with a set AltCult-wide political doctrine. Even in this radical and diverse group, two distinct and conflicting philosophical standpoints have recently emerged—the Blurred Earth and the Hedonists.

Blurred Vision

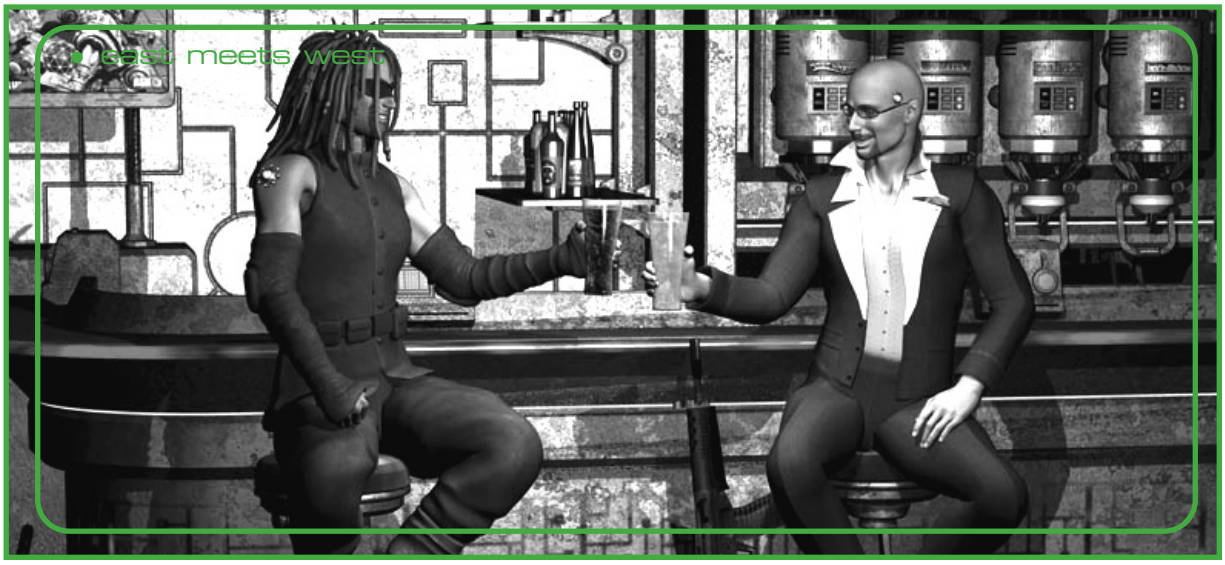
Blurred Earth looks at the present AltCult system as a noble experiment, but ultimately unworkable. Unlike most Edgers, who are intensely territorial even if they don't want to admit it, the Blurred Earth actively embrace other AltCults, believing that their vision of a borderless world of unbridled indulgence can only be achieved through the complete mélange of all cultures until physical, spiritual and technological differences are finally dissolved and mankind becomes one, with everyone benefiting from the lessons learned. How cool would it be, they argue, if we could all swim like dolphins or fly as hawks? What would the world be like if the drudgery and struggle was taken on by mecha, or people didn't fear injury or death thanks to adaptive nanotech? These borderline treasonous notions antagonize hard-line Edgers, who feel that Blurred Earth is undermining the efforts of previous generations and disrespecting the sacrifices made by the AltCult's founders. Even though they don't buy into Blurred Earth's utopian dream and won't let them give away Edger Altech, most moderate Edgers recognize their intent and ultimately respect the benign, if deluded, stance they take.

The Party Never Stops

The same cannot be said for the Hedonists. Of all the sub-memes in Edger culture, theirs is the most misunderstood. Their creed is simple: Life is a theme park and everyone you meet is one of the rides. If most Edgers are in constant battle to change the world for the better, then the Hedonists are alone in being ready to embrace it as already perfect, flaws, cracks and all. To the Heds, the megacity is the final most exalted expression of humanity's genius, and failing to enjoy it at every level of sensation is a criminal disgrace. The Revolutionaries find the Hedonists' apparent nihilism and laziness repugnant, but many Schoolers recognize and admire the ease with which Hedonists interact with their urban environment and the respect and gratitude they show for the lessons it teaches. Most Dionysians are rational enough to recognize that despite their radical stance their predominant role in the AltCult is as a voice of moderation when other Edgers grow too militant. A minority (but a very well-publicized one,) have become so lost in their excesses or so committed to the cause of integration that they have had to be ignominiously stripped of their AltTech before it fell into unsympathetic hands, a severe blow indeed to the rep of the Dionysian meme.

Finally, the Edgerunners are also polarized geographically. Distinct Edger subcultures have evolved on both coasts: The urbane, organized, east coast Progressives representing BosWash, and the rugged, individualistic Wild West of the Night City megaplex.

The eastern Edger communities are well organized and in constant communication with each other, their remit defined by carefully ratified treaties regarding the division of territory, resources and bandwidth, monitored and arbitrated by Negotiators, slick fixers and smooth operators elected by the East Coast Council to keep relations cordial between enclaves. The Progressives regard themselves as the natural evolution of the Edgerunner meme, a dynamic urban culture dedicated to mutual advancement at the expense of other less resourceful AltCults. While they respect the Revolutionaries' attempts to unify Edger culture, they despair at the naive totalitarianism of their politics. They also have little time for the entrenched, "primitive" attitudes of the Old School, who (in their view) would stagnate the AltCult until it was unable to compete in the modern world. And they downright ignore the grubby isolationists out west. The east coast is fast-paced, sleek and chic. How you look is just as important as



what you say, so your wardrobe better match your rep and you had better keep up with the in-crowd. Eastern Edgers wear their NuCybe discreetly and keep their weapons out of sight. Instead it's their attitude, style and street smarts that they wear like six-guns, ready to blow you away.

West of the Edge

Edgers of the Wild West have a very different view of how the AltCult works. They regard themselves as the personification of self-reliance and self-sufficiency inspired by Dylan in the aftermath of the 4th C War. In the eyes of a Wilder it's simple: If an enclave can't stand on it's own then it doesn't deserve to stand at all. They'll tell you that there's a plenty of enclaves out east who only survive because their neighbors prop them up like a dying relative, and that's a crime against the AltCult. Wilders are singularly practical people with a frontier attitude: form follows function, and you are what you do, not what you say. To a Wilder, it doesn't matter if you look like a million bucks if your word isn't worth a dime. They regard the Progressives' obsession with 'east coast flash' as a signal that they're getting soft and threatening the integrity of the whole Edger culture.

The Revolutionaries detest the Old School for undermining the quest for the perfect society, the Old School believe that they're protecting the world from the despotism of the Revolutionaries. The Dionysians can't decide if they want to recreate the world, embrace it, or just get loaded and have a good time. The Progressives think the Wilders are regressive infants and the Wilders think the Progressives are degenerate weaklings.

It's hard to imagine Cyberpunks living in the Old West without becoming Nomads. But Wilders are urban all the way. The cowboy part is in the mind, not the environment.

Somewhere in the middle of all this is you.

Allies

Whether you're packing a BFG and riding the RoadZones of the Wild West or playing the players with the urban sharks of the Manhattan enclave, one thing remains true: everyone looks to their friends when things go south. You know your history, you've chosen where you stand. So let's talk about the people you look to outside the AltCult when things turn bleak.

Rolling State

Ask any Edger Elder and they'll tell you the same thing; that there's a unique bond between the Rollers and the Edgerunners, two mingled nations rising from the same ashes. They'll tell you the Rollers personify freedom and integrity like no other AltCult, that they possess a sense of responsibility, spirituality and undiluted connection to the Earth keenly missing in most urbanites, and that if the Edger in question didn't curl up into a ball and cry like a child every time they were exposed to the Wide Open Spaces they'd give up the hectic city life and join a Roller City right now.

Back in the day many urban 'punkers *were* nomads. The highway warriors of old would ride into the city with the dust of the road still on their leathers and a powerful need for payback against the Megacorps that displaced them. It's the memory of these heady times that the Elders keep alive with their stories, but times change.

Many young Edgers have inherited this romantic view of the Roller lifestyle. They imagine a nation of sun-staring wayfarers living off the land, weaving colorful blankets from goat hair and getting high in sweat lodges. This image is spoiled somewhat when they actually meet a Roller and discover that they are far removed from the Technicolor noble savages they've been painted as. Socially sophisticated and technologically advanced, they don't take kindly to the average Edger's patronizing beads-and-firewater approach to first meetings. In fact, much to many Edgers' surprise and disappointment, Rollers can also be judgmental, opinionated, clannish and downright superior, totally contradicting the heroic picture painted of them. Despite these awkward social conflicts, it is still correct to say that the two AltCults have a remarkable amount in common with each other. Both exemplify honor, loyalty, tenacity and community, and both share an ingrained hatred of the Corporations that stripped the world of hope and dignity. It's these common cultural traits coupled with a grudging acknowledgement of their shared heritage that have allowed alliances to form between Roller clans and Edger enclaves.

The Rollers are a lot like Edgers—maybe too much. Just because the City moves *with* them doesn't mean they don't have the City *inside* them...

How much support and help a Roller clan is prepared to offer Edgers is dependent on how much giri an individual carries with the Clan, how much the enclave has done to aid them in the past, or what kind of payment the Edgers are offering in return for the clan's assistance. Edgers have to be careful in their dealings with Rollers; once a pact is made, both parties are expected to keep to the letter of it exactly, and if the representative of the Clan doesn't feel right about a deal or feels that the Edger isn't worthy of trust, then it's over, right then. If the Edgers are prepared to play it straight and observe the subtle rules that Rollers lay down then, the relationship can begin. If the Edgers do well by the clan and respect the rules then they earn reputation with them. The more rep they gain, the more assistance the Clan may be prepared to offer in the future. A young Edger relying on the rep of his enclave for the first time might be able to get an escort or a guide from a friendly clan. An individual with the reputation as a straight player might get a lift across country in a combi or Roller City. Someone with real giri might get allies in a personal fight. An Edger with a truly heroic reputation as a defender of the Rolling State might get a small army at their back. While generally reluctant to involve themselves in the struggles of others without good reason, the one enemy that Rollers will agree to take on with little negotiation is the NeoCorps.

Rollers have long memories. There are generations of Nomads living in the Roller Cities who lost their homes and livelihoods to the relentless appetites of the Megacorps, and all the Clans agree that the Corps should never get that much power again. If Edgers approach Rollers with solid evidence of NeoCorp perfidy, then they will invariably throw themselves behind whatever needs to be done to stop it.

Rollers: Show them respect, keep your word and you'll find yourself with allies who'll die before they let you down. Do them wrong and you'll be stranded a long, long way from home.

Fallen Angels

Hanging above the thronging cities and silent wildernesses of Earth are the decaying remains of the orbitals, vast half-abandoned habitats crowned with scavenged solar panels and transmitter arrays, cluttering up the night sky like a scattering of dirty jewels. This ring of high-orbit wreckage is home to the last of the highriders, human beings unworthy of joining the corporate diasporas into deep space and unwilling to give up their dreams of freedom and return to Earth. Now, a generation later, their kingdom is an amazing network of improvised townships brushing the Earth's atmosphere, kept in place with kilometers of solar sails and salvaged booster rockets from a myriad of tiny transports.

This zero-gee community has adapted to the constraints of the high frontier, harvesting deserted orbital factories and launch platforms for the tools required to expand and maintain their homes. Even with the huge variety of equipment available to the enterprising scavengers, the highriders were clear that what they had to use was finite. They might survive for decades, but what of their children maturing in the maze of tunnels, hydroponics globes and cavernous spaceship drydocks? What of their children? Unlike the L Colonies, the workshacks weren't *designed* to be self-sufficient and had to be dependent on the glowing orb below. The answer: make that orb dependent on them. So one by one, the highriders manually deactivated the comsats encircling the planet, and for forty-eight hours in July 2025, the entire Earth went silent.

When the Highriders reactivated the sat network, the nations below howled in protest and threatened obliteration. The Highriders calmly reminded them that 1) they could utterly destroy the global communications network if pressed, and 2) they still had functioning massdrivers and no shortage of objects to launch at Earth from them. But they also offered a compromise. The Highriders were in a unique place to operate and maintain the vital post 'Krash web, and would be happy to do so in return for the support of mankind. It was blackmail, but that fact didn't stop Earth's nations from stumbling over each other to start brokering deals to snap up bandwidth before their competition could.

The Highriders call themselves caretakers, the Guardian Angels. To the desperate mudders the Highriders are carrion crows: the Fallen Angels. So how can the Edgers call the Angels their allies?

Simple. The Angels provide two vital commodities to the AltCults: knowledge and bandwidth. And the Edgers need both to maintain their freedom. Neither the DataKrash or Arasaka's V524 virus made it up the well, so vast gigabytes of uncorrupted data and libraries of freeze-dried paper still hang, waiting to be mined in long abandoned facilities. The truth behind corporate plots, untested experimental technology, alliances between enemies, betrayals of allies—all of the combined genius and corruption left behind

by the Megacorps when they abandoned Earth, lie at the top of the gravity well. The Edgers buy this knowledge by providing resources; fissile material, medicines, autofac facilities, even AltTech—shipped into the upper atmosphere aboard unmanned high-altitude dirigibles for collection by Angel deltas. But the commodity the Angels value most from the Edgers is a promise: They have pledged to protect the Angels' interests on Earth.

While most AltCults are prepared to accept the Fallen Angels as an essential part of life in the 203X's, neither nations nor NeoCorps can forgive the Highriders for having the complete monopoly of Earth's sat net. So the Edgers have made a pact to keep the skies free and the bandwidth clear by sabotaging the nefarious plans of the Angel's enemies on Earth by whatever means necessary. In return, their orbital brethren prioritize Edger communication access whenever they need it, and constantly dredge global transmissions for anything that might threaten or aid the Edger cause. Theirs is a symbiotic relationship between two nations of survivors, watching both land and sky for their mutual enemies' inevitable return to power.

Riptide

Migrating across the wilderness of Earth's oceans are the Drift Cities, vast floating dwellings occupied by the enlightened, pacifistic Riptide Confederacy. Once a flotilla of refugees living in terror of both their enemies and the elements, they have mastered the waves just as Reef have mastered the depths, perfecting the science of bioengineering to create a limitless menagerie of pets, servants, tools and companions to support them in their endless migration. Having escaped from the shadow of tyranny and war the 'Tiders have dedicated themselves to a life of liberty and peace, choosing to anchor their astonishing patchwork homes in the shadow of the megacities in defiance of the threat their militant urban cousins could pose.

The Rip don't hold grudges and they don't seek revenge. They may have suffered terrible depredations at the hands of others during the 4th C War and its aftermath, but the time for redress has passed. Now all they want is the right to live as they choose. If they have to fight to defend that right, then they'll fight to the death. But only because they have to.

You might think this philosophy puts them at odds with the Edger meme of taking the fight to the enemy and evening even the smallest score. But ultimately, Edgerunners are idealists, and in the Riptide Confederacy they see an ideal that's worth defending. Unlike the warlike Reefers, the Edgerunners don't regard Riptide as weak. They recognize the courage needed to take a stand for peace in a world of conflict and are prepared to throw down and back the Rips for it. As with many Edger causes, there's a variety of motivating reasons. It's part about championing the underdog and standing up to the Man; it's part an excuse to start fights with the would-be powers of oppression; it's part good economic sense as the drift cities provide much of the megalopolis' natural resources; and it's part just having a deep respect for the Rip way of life and a desire to see them get their chance to make it work.

Riptide pacifism can be infuriating. 'Tiders often exhibit a sense of overbearing superiority over shore dwellers when they come inland to trade or explore, showing disdain for the urbanite obsession with prestige and violence. But when it all boils down, the Rips are city dwellers with a city dweller perspective on life and a fascination for the ebb and flow of urban living. Because of that (and despite themselves) they make natural trading part-

ners and allies for the Edgers. While the 'Tiders see their drift cities as entirely separate from the volumetric, the Edgerunners regard them as a natural extension of it— isolated enclaves out on the fringe.

Arrangements between 'Tiders and Edgers are normally personal, pacts of mutual support based on friendship or debt, but relationships between drift cities and enclaves are not unheard of. Edgers often act as brokers between 'Tiders and the wider city, and because of this 'Tiders are more willing to give Edger enclaves first refusal on interesting or unique cargoes. The willingness of Edgers to go to war to protect Rip cities has led to an increasing reappraisal of their AltCult by the Confederacy. Some City Fighters have even broken long tradition by taking up arms without first being provoked into battle to defend Edgers owed a debt of honor.

Due to the casual nature of the relationship between Edgers and 'Tiders it's hard to say what sort of backup you can expect from the Rip when you're up against the wall and the lead is flying, but the chances are that if you've behaved with dignity and respect in the past then you'll find you've got a lot more friends, human and otherwise, then you thought you did.

The Street

One place that Edgers can always find support is from the mean streets of the volumetric itself. Edgers are part of street culture: they speak the same language, wear the same clothes, use the same slang, listen to same music and share the same prejudices as millions of urbanites across America. An Edgerunner's world is the city and their strength and wisdom come from its people. Edgers naturally develop close relationships with the communities surrounding their enclave, offering support, protection and accepting their favored district's problems as their own no matter how dirty. It's the spirit instilled in them by Dylan: *Protect your own.*

Edgers instinctively involve themselves with the struggles of the oppressed, remembering that those struggles were once their own. They take on insurmountable odds because that's what *they* once had to face. In return, the Street takes care of them, creating a vast network of support and obligation that protects their interests. An Edger with a good rep can find a whole lot of unexpected backup on their block: Teenage techies that'll dredge for data they need, South-Am veterans with an FN-RAL stashed under the bed for 'home defense', or mama's pretty daughter who's ready to sweet-talk a corporate goon for you. Edgers can call on differing levels of support from locals depending on their personal rep and the work other Edgerunners have done to create strong ties between their enclave and the locals. If your face is new, it might be nothing more than a quiet place to hide for an hour until the heat dies down, but if you carry serious rep, you might get a whole neighborhood coming out to back you.

Edgerunner enclaves ally themselves closely with neighborhood militias and protection gangs to undermine the creeping influence of the NeoCorps and help defend against the threat of boostergangs. Young gangers often accumulate giri with Edger enclaves by acting as allies or scouts, eventually being sponsored to join the AltCult by a senior Edger who has studied their skills and character out on the Street and is willing to act as a mentor. This sometimes antagonizes the gang, but more often they regard it as a mark of honor that one of their own has been accepted into the ranks of the Edger AlCult. In this way, new links are forged between the Street and the Edger enclaves, reinforcing the ties of obligation.



It's not just the gangs that the Edgers turn to. The most valuable thing that the Street has to offer the AltCult is information. Street knowledge travels fast, and the Edgers have ears everywhere. They can hear about a NeoCorp hit squad disguised as communication engineers before they even leave the compound, dust them three blocks from the enclave, sell the unventilated parts to the organ harvesters and pay the reward money into the local church organ fund to say thanks before their NeoCorp bosses even know their hitters are MIA. It pays to listen to what the Street has to say, and it pays to keep it sweet. Your life might just rely on tipping the waitress a little extra, but it's worth it, right choomba?

Edgers and the Street: As close as lovers.

Enemies

So, you must feel pretty cozy now, eh Edger? You've got Rollers, Drifters, Angels and the whole damned volumetric covering your back. Well, it's bad news time. There are a whole lot of people out there who don't like you much, and they're ready to do something about it. It's about time for you got to know your enemy, because you can bet your gold teeth that they know all about you.

NeoCorps

With the end of the last great Megacorps, the 'Punkers thought they had won their final victory. The total corporate domination of Earth had been overthrown, the electronic anarchy of the DataKrash had broken the monopoly on information, and in one moment the world's banking system had been reduced to meaningless bits. Corporate power that once seemed so eternal disintegrated like tattered lace. Mankind was free.

The NeoCorps are sharks in suits. Amoral, cold-blooded and always moving forward, looking for the next thing to kill.

But even with their structure destroyed, the corporations still had vast physical resources; resources that could be exploited by those with the will and the vision to think ahead. The Mafias and Triads of the world; the huge underground networks of highly organized, militarized criminals, seamlessly took up the reins of corporate power, bringing direction and focus to the flounder-

ing divisions and paralyzed factories. They took on the displaced workforces, fed them, protected them, gave them hope and their families a future, and quickly disposed of any troublesome remnants of the old order with a double tap to the skull.

Within a decade the corporate structure had changed from a faceless entity autonomous from its workforce to a feudal hierarchy based in the traditions of the criminal cultures of old. There was no longer a division between legal and illegal goods and services, because the NeoCorps now owned and marketed them all. The Megacorps had been forced to hide their worst excesses from the state, but not so with the NeoCorps. There was no longer any state to hide from, just markets to exploit and resistance to exterminate. Just as criminals had battled for territory and markets or divided cities in the past, these new corporations fought to obtain strategic areas of the market place, monopolizing vital services first, then expanding into profitable new areas as they acquired fresh resources from the carcasses of dead Megacorps.

With national Governments on the ropes, the NeoCorps don't even *have* to pretend to be good citizens. They're free to do anything they want. Only the fact that the 4th C War broke their power base keeps them from utterly enslaving the rest of non-Corporate humanity. That and the Edgerunners.

While the NeoCorps are as rapacious, divisive and competitive as their combined ancestry would suggest, they are prepared to acknowledge a collective enemy in the Edgerunners, regarding them as the most direct threat to a Corporate return. While other AltCults may reject the Neos, it's the Edgers who violently oppose them. So Neos and Edgers fight a constant war of espionage, sabotage and infiltration, each struggling to derail the others' plans through cunning and force. With the vast resources at their disposal NeoCorps can afford to be subtle, building manufacturing facilities in Edger-sympathetic areas to provide employment, putting money into charity hospitals and schools for local children and funding community projects to increase their positive profile. Meanwhile, they also use more traditional techniques; pushing drugs into a neighborhood to undermine it, relocating whole boostergangs to Edger territory to create chaos, buying out and using local security companies to put heat on the Street. And if that's not enough, there's always murder, intimidation, sabotage and datacrime to fall back on. The Edgers return the favor through lightning raids on NeoCorp facilities, deep infiltration of the corporate structure, nasty virus attacks on NeoCorp mainframes, and assassinations of key NeoCorp staff in spectacularly public ways. All in good fun, neh?

The NeoCorps are the ultimate expression of all that Edgers despise, combining the heartless exploitation and brutal excesses of organized crime with the cynical indifference and monolithic fascism of the old Megacorps. The omnipresence and vast influence of the Neos make them a particularly dangerous and insidious enemy to face, and both Edgers and Neos know that only one of them is going to survive this fight. So the Edgers fight to undermine the NeoCorps steady, inexorable growth, attacking their resources (human or otherwise) stealing and corrupting data, uncovering dirty NeoCorp secrets, and working to turn public opinion against them. For the Edgers it's a battle for freedom, but for the Neos, it's a struggle for absolute control.

Federal US Government

The Edgers might see themselves as a force for liberty and truth in a messed-up world of would-be oppressors and dirty compromises, but their rebellious attitudes, disrespect for

national borders and immovable demand for personal freedom is embroiling them in an escalating ideological conflict with the Federal U.S. Government.

Although contracted to the northeast coast, the U.S. is still an active player in the game of nations. While Elizabeth Kress's government is publicly attempting to establish good political relations with the leadership of seceded states, ostensibly to create pacts of mutual cooperation and defense against hostile foreign powers, but she and her Chiefs of Staff have other, wider reaching, intentions: Reunification.

Kress believes that the end of the Union was a disaster for America. The 4th C War that finally freed her nation from the tyranny of the Megacorps has also allowed it to fall into the hands of anarchists, criminals, rogue cyborgs and would-be despots: everything that she pledged to oppose when she became a cadet at West Point. For three years, she has been overseeing the training and deployment of specialist intelligence units with a specific brief: destabilize neighboring nations, foment revolt, create pro-US sympathies and prepare for cross-border invasions by US-COGS. But the process is being hampered by deliberate acts of sabotage perpetrated by Edgers across the divided nation, and unless stopped, the Reunification is doomed.

The Fallen Angels deciphered Kress' plan through a year of careful analysis of intriguing communications between US embassies. When it became evident that the Federal US had its eye on the rest of America once again, they gave what they had deduced to the Edgerunners. In principle, the Edgers reject the very concept of reunification—even the Revolutionaries who seek a united America stand against a return to the disproved concept of the US as a political entity. Edgers are committed to local rule, and the idea that after over a decade of total freedom to decide their own affairs, giving up this way of life and bowing to the rule of another nation is absolutely out of the question.

Edgers have been a constant thorn in the side of national governments since the 'Punker days. Now that they don't have to disguise their politics, they're making even more trouble. So Secret Service agents are working hard within the Federal US to find evidence that enclaves are providing support to insurrectionists, while US Special Forces across America are mounting counter-espionage ops against Edgers they suspect are working to undermine U.S. Government plans.

In short, Kress wants to make things right by putting them back the way they were, while the Edgers are committed to abandoning the systems that gave the Megacorps untrammeled power. As they see it, the US represents a philosophy of ethics and government that repeatedly brought the world to the brink of conflagration. In contrast, Edgers see themselves as children of a new world born of fire, where anything is possible and one individual can shape the future of a whole society. The more Kress pushes forward, the more radical the Edgers are becoming. Reasoning that the more problems Kress has on the homefront, the less she can concentrate on her master plan, they continue to provoke her by trashing US intranets, conducting surprise attacks on government facilities and high profile (but harmless) bombings in municipal areas.

The US Government knows the Edgers pose a significant threat to its plans and so have begun targeting enclaves and DataPools for retaliation. If reunification is to succeed, every potential form of resistance needs to either co-opted or crushed before it can gather momentum. Under the threat of potential tyranny, the Edgers are therefore once again

committed to another bitter struggle against another implacable foe.

Desnai

Desnai: Even the name thrown into casual conversation makes an Edger twitch. If there's one AltCult that exemplifies everything the Edgerunners despise, then it's this one. EMP the mecha, concrete over their parkologies and let them sing their cheery work anthems until they all starve down in the darkness. Enough said.

What? You want to know why the Edgers harbor such a vitriolic hatred of the Parkers? To an Edger, Desnai are the culmination of a Corporate beaverville dream—a world completely detached from human experience, figuratively and literally, with artificially engineered parkologies designed to erode the occupant's connection to reality. In fact, the Parkers are so scared of the real world going on around them that they create completely imaginary versions of it to distract themselves, waking up for work in Inca Paradise or Astro Mountain and cheating themselves into thinking it's normal. Until one day it is.

As any Edger will tell you, the Parkers have built a time capsule and tried to distill all of the old world's saccharin corporate insincerity into one self-perpetuating merry-go-round of distractions, hoping that their meme of intellectual snobbery, absolute social paralysis and reliance on dislocating their consciousness into machines to avoid contact with their humanity will prevail over real, vital, living cultures. While there's not a lot to trust in Cee-Metal at least they're honest. Desnai are the most singularly untrustworthy bunch of spineless corporate suck-ups crawling across this good Earth. They contribute absolutely nothing to the benefit of mankind, and as long as they're permitted to perpetuate their warped meta-reality then Edgers will be there ready to tear it down.

Desnai have put up with this aggressive attitude from the Edgers for over a decade, so it's no wonder that they've become rather militant concerning their Street-dwelling neighbors. Desnai's isolationist attitude *can* be antagonistic, but ultimately it's their perpetuation of the original Megacorp structure that brings them into direct conflict with the Edgers: They're are a constant, embarrassing reminder that their 'Punker ancestors never fully eradicated the Megacorps. Desnai's existence demonstrates to Edgers that the Megacorp meme is both astonishingly powerful and astonishingly attractive, and they want to destroy it before it can take root in a new generation that doesn't remember the atrocities the Megacorps committed when they last held dominion over the planet.

Naturally enough, the average Mechanaut doesn't view things that way. All they see is a group of urban savages jumping up and down and spouting counterculture cant while shooting holes in the maintenance mecha. For a time, the Parkers were willing to ignore the Edgers' petulance, but now they've had enough. If the Edgers are convinced they're such monsters, then the Desnai plan to give them a *reason* to fear them. Recently, young Mechanauts have taken to looking for trouble on Edger turf, stamping through community centers or playing catch-the-car in a children's playground until the Edgers arrive looking to scrap. Shortly after, the block goes to war.

The Edgers claim that conflict between the AltCults was inevitable, and that the Desnai are finally revealing to the world what the Edgers always suspected. But the reality is that the Edgerunners *created* this conflict, and while it's not yet a full scale war between the two AltCults, more and more young city soldiers and mechajocks are cannoning up and looking for the chance to take each other on. Delegates from Blurred Earth have been strug-



desnai spiderstorm attack

gling to get Desnai senior managers and Edger Elders to the negotiating table, but so far have met with very limited success. Both AltCults are entrenched in their need to be right about each other, and until they acknowledge that, there will be no peace.

The Lost Guard

The Lost Guard are renegade cyborg street fighters, a corps of urban mercenaries outfitted with the pre 'Krash world's most advanced cybernetic systems. They've survived the fall and rise of whole civilizations, battled armies of psychotic gangers toe-to-toe in the atomic wreckage of their city, given up their humanity in the service of liberty, even turned on their own to protect the dream of freedom and justice for all, and at the end, despite their sacrifices, they were betrayed.

The Lost Guard is what the Edgerunners call the young men and women of Dylan's original cadre who volunteered for humanity-stripping cybernetic augmentations towards the end of the battle for Night City, unaware that NuCybe was only months from field-testing. As the Northsiders' only cybered troops, they saw more combat than any other unit in the city militias, facing down the worst street beasts the ragged city had to throw at them. Day after day, they battled on, until injuries and relentless attrition began to wear them down and force them back under the knife again and again. Within six months, the volunteers were unrecognizable cybernetic war machines, their original bodies reduced to little more than biological support systems for their fraying minds. It was only their loyalty to Dylan's cause and the belief that their sacrifice had a purpose that allowed them to retain the last tatters of their humanity.

When it was revealed that Dylan had been using their blood to buy enough time to produce combatworthy lamilarisolinear prototypes, the last shreds of humanity finally vanished. In its place bloomed a sickening rage.

The Lost Guard are the tragic heroes of the Edgerunner story. Betrayed by those who needed them the most, they are enemies only because they demand what is owed them.

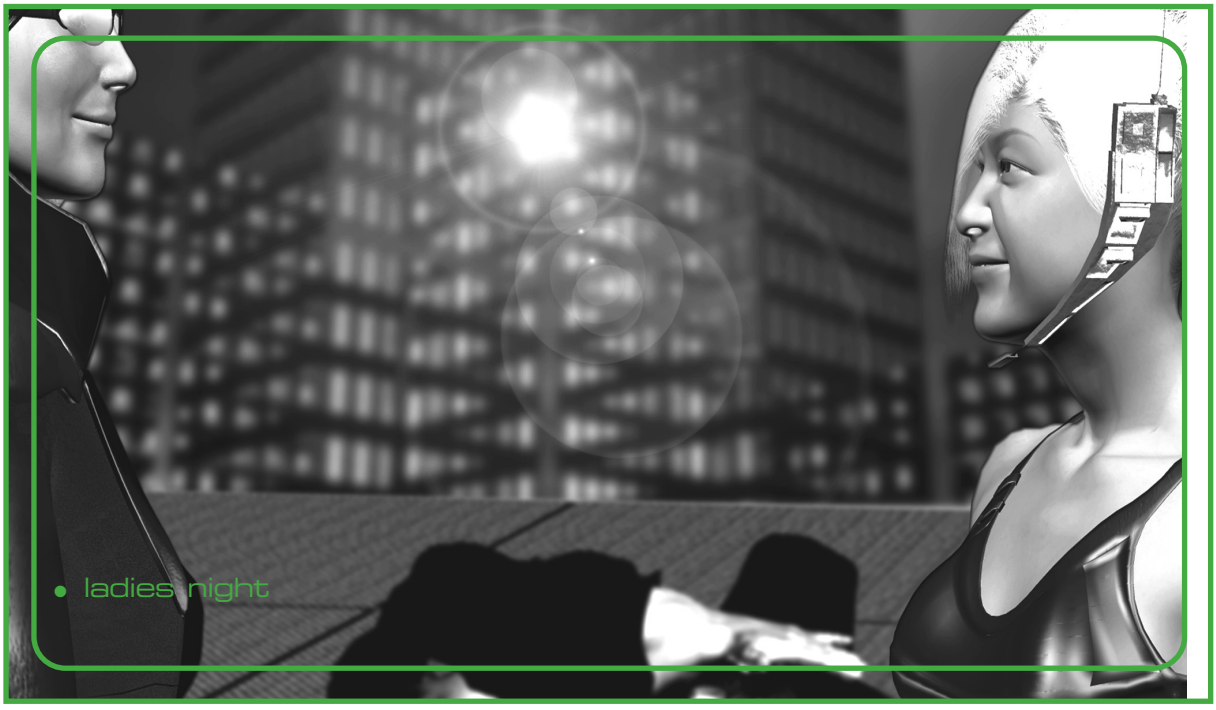
The Lost Guard turned on the Edgers. Unable to get close enough to Dylan or Kevin to assassinate them, they instead attempted to destroy the NuCybe prototypes being manufactured at NCTE, in the very same clinics where they themselves had been transformed. Using all the tactical skill accumulated serving with Dylan, they executed a raid on the facility, capturing NCTE director Dr. Laura Winterman. But before they could succeed in destroying the building, they were interrupted by Northside militia from the University, packing experimental NuCybe. Despite augmented bodies and raging hatred, the Lost Guard couldn't hold the NCTE against the Northsiders and their new, and highly effec-



tive technology. They were forced to fall back into the combat zones edging the liberated districts, vanishing into war-torn barrios to become invisible among the other tribes of boosters, but not before submitting the innocent Winterman to a horriffic series of random 'augmentations' on her own operating table as punishment for her part in their torment.

The sudden turnabout of Dylan's cadre shocked the Northsider leadership. They had blindly failed to predict the impact their choices would have on their young volunteers. There was bitter irony indeed in Dylan's abandoned elite finding a home among their most savage enemies. What the Northsiders didn't expect was that the Lost Guard's hatred of the Edgerunners would endure through the years of psychosis, dislocation and mania to follow. Their pain and betrayal became their focus, an obsession that drove them on when all other purpose was stripped from them. They would have their revenge on the Edgerunners, *punish* them for abandoning the ones who had given the most to the cause and had been cruelly denied a future.

The Lost Guard began assimilating members of street gangs broken by the advance of Dylan's militias, creating cells of cyberpsycho guerrillas barracked in the decaying urban wastelands of the suburbs and artificial caverns of the undercity, remorseless killers focused on the total destruction of the AltCult. Now they're guns for hire, a chapter of mercenaries paid in spare parts and munitions for acts of wanton carnage, fighting for any master who can offer them the tools they need to continue their endless campaign against the Edgerunners. Their numbers continue to dwindle as the guns of their enemies, cybernetic system failures and the relentless ravages of age claim them. But this private war can never end until the last NuCybe enhancement is destroyed or last of the Lost Guard has been... deactivated.



• ladies night

YOU'RE IN THE FAMILY: GIRI, TEMPLATES & SIGNING UP

FOR GIRI AND HONOR

Let's talk about the glue that binds Edgerunner society: Giri.

How do you get Giri? Giri isn't rank and it isn't rep, but it can grant you both. It's not a currency you can save or spend, though it can buy you what you need. It's not favors owed nor is it favors granted, but it is your obligation to others and their obligation to you. It's wealth without money and prestige without fame. At its core, giri is a responsibility: The more you gain, the greater your responsibility to others.

Not what you thought? Jeez choomba, what else did you expect from a concept borrowed from the Japanese? It's tricky, but as an Edger it's integral to who you are and who people know you to be, so you'd better grasp it *now.*

Start with the Street. Giri is the political juice that gets things done in your AltCult. It gives your opinion a voice and puts the tools to do the job in you hands. Big giri doesn't automatically make you a leader, though leaders more often than not possess it in spades. What it *means* is that people listen when you

speak because you've earned the right to do so, and what you say counts because you're speaking with utmost integrity. What it *doesn't* mean is that you can do or say anything you want, or hand out orders and expect them to be obeyed like a king; that attitude will lose you giri (and friends) fast.

Giri isn't just about the heroic things that you've done, the bullets you've taken or the plots you foiled. It's about the little things as well. It's about being there when you said you would *every single time*, helping without being asked, acting selflessly for others, and being conscientious of what best serves the AltCult. Remember this principle, because you'll live and die by it: the core of giri is how much other people trust you to look after their interests without thought of reward.

No reward! Do you get that? I bet that's blown your stack.

You had to accumulate giri to even be here. Maybe you were born an Edgerunner so that the rules were written into your DNA, it's but equally likely that a sponsor got you in; an Edger who gave you the nod because they saw something in you they admired. That gave you your first giri. Your sponsor was risking a lot. They had to already have mondo giri just for the enclave council to be willing to try you out, and if you screwed up, it would cost them. A dumb move could wipe out the rep of someone who'd put it on the line for you. The bigger your mistake, the more they giri lost. How does that sit with you?

Now you're getting an idea of what giri really means. It's not about a free trip to the candy store; It's about you as a person and how much people trust your word. Yeah, you get more AltTech and more backup, people show you face and hold you up as an example, but It's because of who you've shown yourself to be by your actions every single day. You want examples? Okay, scan this. Father Kevin, he's got mad giri. How many Edgers buy into his Revolutionary thing no one knows, but *everything* he does, right from the beginning, has been for the AltCult. Every word he speaks, every step he takes, is about the Edgerunners. You might not hold with his politics, but the man lives his life for you, protecting you, empowering you. Can *you* say the same? That's why he's got mad giri.

More? Baby Knives got her giri by taking the fight to the enemy when she could have sold out and got rich on NeoCorp dough. With the kind of life she came up from, no one would have blamed her for taking the money. But she said no every time. She's the chief razorgrrl of the LA Integrate because she knows no compromise, and in a world full of dirty sell-outs, that earns an Edger big giri.

Giri Inside The Group

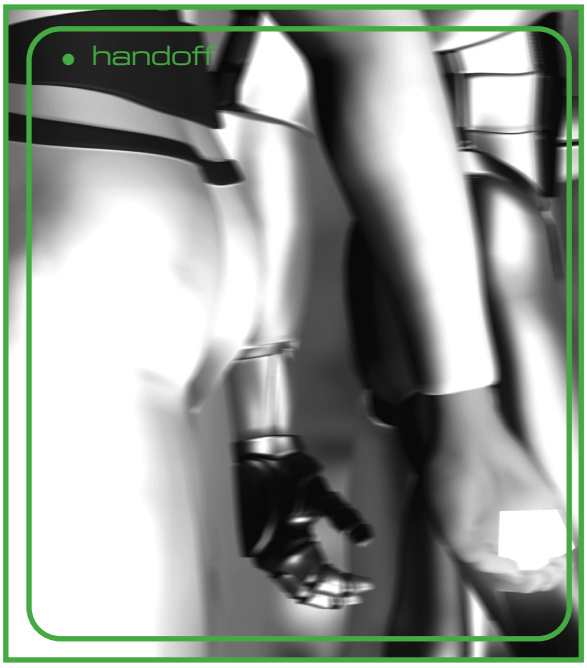
Enough abstraction. The real question is how does an Edger *earn* giri? Trust is the foundation of giri; you can't build ties of obligation without it. So the most important thing is to always keep your word. If members of the AltCult can't rely on what you say, then whatever giri you earn is effectively halved; it's like anti-rep. But maintaining a good name with your peers isn't just about doing what you say you will. It's about taking responsibility for what you don't do as well. Once you've got a handle on that you're on your way.

An Edger can earn giri by being of service to the AltCult in small ways; looking after other's interests, fixing AltTech, offering to back each other financially in small deals or just being there when a fellow Edger needs muscle. These quiet acts gradually raise your profile in your enclave. After that it's about what you take on for the enclave itself; the missions you're prepared to shoulder, the jobs you'll

do. It starts out small— maybe helping escort a sensitive cargo or offering to ride shotgun on a shaky deal. Get a little giri for these kinds of jobs, and you'll eventually be offered more sensitive work with higher risks and a higher profile. It takes already having some giri to get a shot at the big time (what—you think the Council hands out important missions to unknowns?). Sometimes you might luck out: be in the right place at the right time to uncover that NeoCorp plot to drug the volumetric water system, stumble across a Trojan Horse in the EdgerNet or bust up an assassination attempt on the Edgerunner Convention. These are the legendary scores that elevate a rank-and-file Edgerunner to Local Hero real quick, but from *that* moment you only *keep* that mondo giri by being everything that's now expected of you.

There's giri to be had for ingenuity as well. Finding new uses for old tech or pushing the envelope of what new tech can do, securing supplies for the enclave, making clever treaties with fixers or outwitting other AltCults when it comes to resources. Having guts is another way: being prepared to stand up for the enclave by facing down its nastiest enemies, taking the dirty missions into the wasteland or the Undercity, or just standing up for what's right when others compromise no matter the personal cost.

Different Edger groups have their own opinions on what earns giri. Dionysians gain it by pushing the envelope of excess, but Blurred Earthers gain it by shaping treaties and agreements with neighboring AltCults. Hedonists earn it by walking out into the volumetric as trashed as they can be and surviving to bring back the wisdom of the Street. Revolutionaries give up giri to Edgers who show total commitment to the Cause. Schoolers give giri to Edgers who embody the Cyberpunk meme of taking it to the absolute Edge, running the



wildest risks, and playing for keeps every single time they roll. Progressives consider giri absolutely essential to the way the AltCult functions on a practical level. It's the daily currency of the East Coast; the means by which accord is maintained between enclaves: everybody benefits from Edgers meeting their obligations, so the AltCult prospers. The Wild West 'Edgers see giri as a finite resource, a scarce commodity that only a few can hold at any time, regarding it as acknowledgement of an individual Edgerunner's skill and courage in the service of the AltCult.

Other groups might not shower you with giri for your actions, but if your name is spoken with respect among any group long enough, the rest will take notice. That's how Prince Leo found himself with a voice on the Elder Council: lots of Edgers began to honor his word with such profound respect that the rest had to acknowledge him. What happens if he slips? Giri can be lost as well as gained, and if you screw up; if you break your word and don't acknowledge it; if you lie or back out on a deal; if you betray the trust of the AltCult (or, even worse, abandon a comrade), then your

giri will start to vanish fast. Remember: your AltTech is a *loan.* It doesn't belong to you. It belongs to the Edgerunners, and if you can't be trusted to use it in the interest of your own people, then you can't be trusted to carry it at all. Word travels, so you can assume that whether you're known as a selfless hero or a cheating dog, your rep will get ahead of you. If your giri has been sliding away, some enclaves might just deny you entrance, no matter what business you're on. That's when you *know* you've hit rock bottom. You've only got two choices then: serious atonement or walking away from the AltCult for good.

Giri Outside The Group

So you want in with the Edgers? Maybe you're ready to do what it takes to get admitted as a full blooded member. Maybe you're a fixer looking to trade inside the Edger enclaves. Maybe you're a rocker looking for an audience. Maybe you need some AltTech to take on the scum destroying your district. Maybe you're already a member of another AltCult with friends (or perhaps that *special* friend) on the inside, and you can't bear to be apart. Whatever you want, to get it you're going to need giri.

Well, you may be in luck. Of all the alternate societies across new America, the Edgers are the most willing to acknowledge and respect others for their contribution towards their AltCult. The Edgers' rebel attitude, renegade origins and high ideals mean they are generally prepared to celebrate other lifestyles, even if they don't agree with their cultural ethos or their modus operandi. What counts with an Edger is *spirit*; the *will* to act is more important than the *act* itself. If you've got the guts and you've got the heart, it goes a long way toward earning the right to step inside an Edger enclave. Many non-Edgers earn giri without realizing it. Edgers celebrate it when others take action against their enemies. A vigilante risking it all to defend a neighborhood from NeoCorp-sponsored drug pushers might find themselves with some unexpected Edger backup. If a Reefer sharkboy single-handed-busts up a horde of the Red Chrome Legion on their way to an arms buy, that Reefer's name is going to be on the lips of local Edgers. If you're held in high regard, even for a day, you get a little giri. It's fair to say that if you consistently and deliberately act in the interests of the AltCult, Edgers will notice. Maybe that'll get you some giri and access to the enclave if they're impressed, but it's just as likely they'll decide that you're trying too hard and brush you off. The Edger rebellious streak means they don't like suck-ups, sycophants or posers.

It's way easier to gain giri for your actions if your philosophy is compatible with the Edgers; Rollers, Reefers and Rippers all have earned dog tags just for staying true and backing Edger plays. If you come from an AltCult that's at odds with the Edgerunner meme, then it's damn hard to make up for it. Cee Metal have to be consistently spotless in their behavior before Edgers will trust them enough to even let them inside an enclave, and as for Desnai— a Mechajock would have to carry in Dylan's bleeding body while holding in their own guts and have twenty witnesses to say that *he'd* saved Murphy's life before he'd be permitted past the EMP guns and rocket launchers.

Edger Templates

Looking for a job? It's the first start to gaining the giri you want so badly. Here are eight Templates to introduce new blood into your Edgerunner groups. After you try *these* out, you'll never settle for a plain vanilla Solo again.

Edgerunner Template: TACTICIAN

LIFEPATH: When combat ability isn't enough—when planning and battlefield savvy are needed—you need a Tactician. From the battlefields of the 4th C War to today's inter-cult KultureKampfs, Tacticians are masters at using *all* the forces of combat—from elite cybersoldier units to the heaviest assault tanks—to win battles. Your Tactics Skill (equivalent to the Common Sense perk) gives you the ability to set ambushes, find cover and guess what the enemy is planning next.

CHARACTER								SEX	AGE	
Stats	INT	REF	TECH	DEX	COOL	WILL	STR	CON	MOVE	BODY
Stat Value	7	5	2	5	6	3	4	4	5	5
DERIVED STATS	LUCK	HUM	REC	END	RUN	SPR	SWIM	LEAP	HITS	STUN
Stat Value										

PERKS & TALENTS Combat Sense +4, Intuition, Authority (to lead up to 5 troops at Grunt level)

STARTING SKILLS	LEVEL	SOFT?	COST
SMG , Handgun or Rifle (choose one)	3	No	3
Leadership	2	No	2
Expert (Tactics)	**4**	**No**	**4**
Human Perception	2	No	2
Dodge/Escape	3	No	3
Awareness	3	No	3

OUTFIT & CYBER ADVANTAGES (see C3 for pages)	LOCATION	COST
Neural Net (pg.193)	Internal	25
Ranged Combat Package (pg.194)	Internal	25
Med.SMG (pg.185) or Hvy. Pistol (pg.185)	Carried	NA
Flack Jacket (SP20, pg.189)	Torso	NA
Helmet (SP 20, pg. 189)	Head	NA
Basic Agent (pg.182)	Carried	NA

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Edgerunner Template: CYBERSOLDIER

LIFEPATH: Solos are fine for bodyguarding jobs and the occasional black op, but when you're at war, you need a Cybersoldier. You've got the heaviest battle armor available short of a PA suit and you've also got the skills you need to jockey a tank or shoot heavy arty. You aren't sneaky and you aren't fast with all your heavy cyberwear, but you don't need to be— not with your squad mates (4 Referee-controlled Grunts who are usually with you) around to cover your back.

CHARACTER								SEX	AGE	
Stats	INT	REF	TECH	DEX	COOL	WILL	STR	CON	MOVE	BODY
Stat Value	2	4	2	4	3	2	6	4	3	6
DERIVED STATS	LUCK	HUM	REC	END	RUN	SPR	SWIM	LEAP	HITS	STUN
Stat Value										

PERKS & TALENTS Combat Sense+ 3, Direction Sense, High Pain Threshold, Membership +3 (in your particular army or squad, your buddies will look always out for you)

STARTING SKILLS	LEVEL	SOFT?	COST
SMG , Handgun or Rifle (choose one)	5	No	5
Operate Hvy. Machinery	3	No	3
Gunnery (vehicles)	3	No	3
Heavy Weapons (tanks, etc)	4	No	4
Dodge/Escape	2	No	2
Awareness	2	No	23

OUTFIT & CYBER ADVANTAGES (see C3 for pages)	LOCATION	COST
Neural Net (pg.193)	Internal	25
Ranged Combat Package (pg.194)	Internal	25
2 Combat Gauntlets (pg.195)	L.Arm	17
Uprated Metal Gear Armor (SP30, pg.189)	Full Body	NA
Full Assault Ballistic Flechette Gun (pg.186)	Carried	NA

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Edgerunner Template: NEGOTIATOR

LIFEPATH: You don't see Monica Cheung with a gun very often, and there's a good reason for that. Real negotiators know that guns only come out when you've screwed up. As an Edger who hammers out big deals that can spell life and death for entire enclaves, your job is to get your side what it wants through bribery, intimidation, threats or just plain out-thinking the competition. You know you can talk a Neo-Corporate out of his furlined jockstrap—because you're the best.

CHARACTER								SEX	AGE	
Stats	INT	REF	TECH	DEX	COOL	WILL	STR	CON	MOVE	BODY
Stat Value	7	3	2	3	8	7	4	4	4	5
DERIVED STATS	LUCK	HUM	REC	END	RUN	SPR	SWIM	LEAP	HITS	STUN
Stat Value										

PERKS & TALENTS Streetdeal +4, Eidetic Memory, Contact +4, Favor +3

STARTING SKILLS	LEVEL	SOFT?	COST
Bribery or Seduction (choose one)	3	No	3
Persuasion	6	No	6
Intimidation	5	No	5
Martial Arts	2	No	2
Dodge/Escape	2	No	2
Human Perception	4	No	4

OUTFIT & CYBER ADVANTAGES [see C3 for pages]	LOCATION	COST
Neural Net (pg.193)	Internal	25
Media Package (pg.194)	Internal	18
Media Bracer (pg.195)	L.Arm	12
Urban Fox Kevlar Jacket (SP14)	Torso	NA
Luxury Agent (pg.182)	Carried	NA

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Edgerunner Template: YOJIMBO

LIFEPATH: *Yojimbo.* It's an ancient Japanese word with an honorable history. It means *bodyguard*—a sword or gun for hire with one purpose: to make sure your "principal" (the person you're hired to protect at all times) survives. Even if you're facing a full-on cyberpsycho'ed Cee-Metal Dragoon in assassin mode, you're ready to take him down or die trying. Because you've sworn to uphold the tradition— to honor the name you've earned. *Yojimbo.*

CHARACTER								SEX	AGE	
Stats	INT	REF	TECH	DEX	COOL	WILL	STR	CON	MOVE	BODY
Stat Value	4	7	3	5	5	4	5	5	6	5
DERIVED STATS	LUCK	HUM	REC	END	RUN	SPR	SWIM	LEAP	HITS	STUN
Stat Value										

PERKS & TALENTS Combat Sense +4, License (to kill assassins) +3, Light Sleeper, Blind Reaction

STARTING SKILLS	LEVEL	SOFT?	COST
Handgun	5	No	5
Drive (Principal's chosen vehicle)	4	No	4
Martial Arts	3	No	3
Melee	3	No	3
Dodge/Escape	3	No	3
Awareness	6	No	6

OUTFIT & CYBER ADVANTAGES [see C3 for pages]	LOCATION	COST
Neural Net (pg.193)	Internal	25
Ranged Combat Package (pg.194)	Internal	25
Hand to Hand Package (pg.194)	Internal	25
Kuji West Kevlar Jacket (SP16)	Torso	NA
Med.SMG (pg.185) or Hvy. Pistol (pg.185)	Carried	NA
Expensive Agent (pg.182)	Carried	NA

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Edgerunner Template: SCRAPPER

LIFEPATH: Last night you used a stolen AV to uproot 120 DataTerms and strip the innards out of them. *Then* you stripped the AV. You can reduce a groundcar to components in 15 minutes. No Parkers' mecha is safe when you're around, and you think you could dismantle a Cee-Metal Dragoon's leg before he realized it was gone. You're a Scrapper—King Rat of the Urban Jungle, scavenging parts, equipment and raw materials for big profit and even bigger Street cred.

CHARACTER								SEX	AGE	
Stats	INT	REF	TECH	DEX	COOL	WILL	STR	CON	MOVE	BODY
Stat Value	7	5	6	4	5	4	4	4	9	4
DERIVED STATS	LUCK	HUM	REC	END	RUN	SPR	SWIM	LEAP	HITS	STUN
Stat Value										

PERKS & TALENTS Contact +3, Streetdeal +4, Intuition

STARTING SKILLS	LEVEL	SOFT?	COST
Pick Lock or Electronic Security (pick one)	2	No	2
Basic Tech	3	No	3
Jury Rig	6	No	6
Brawling	3	No	3
Dodge/Escape	6	No	6
Awareness	4	No	4

OUTFIT & CYBER ADVANTAGES (see C3 for pages)	LOCATION	COST
Neural Net (pg.193)	Internal	25
Techie Package (pg.194)	Internal	17
Tech Bracer (pg.195)	L.Arm	12
Armored Coverall (SP10)	Body	NA
Techscanner (pg.182)	Carried	NA
Microtool(pg.182)	Carried	NA

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Edgerunner Template: WEAPONMASTER

LIFEPATH: If it can be shot, you can shoot it. If it can be swung, you probably have swung it. You can field-strip a pistol in five seconds and a main battle tank in twenty minutes. You *live* for weapons: to make them, fix them, play with them. The Solos and Yojimbos all come to you to get their stuff upgraded. The Tacticians look to you to supply their field teams with hardware. Even the Cybersoldiers are in to you for ammo and repairs. You're their "go to" guy—the Weaponmaster.

CHARACTER								SEX	AGE	
Stats	INT	REF	TECH	DEX	COOL	WILL	STR	CON	MOVE	BODY
Stat Value	6	4	7	3	3	3	4	4	4	4
DERIVED STATS	LUCK	HUM	REC	END	RUN	SPR	SWIM	LEAP	HITS	STUN
Stat Value										

PERKS & TALENTS Streetdeal +3, Renown +2, Contact (with a Fixer or Scrapper) +2

STARTING SKILLS	LEVEL	SOFT?	COST
Rifle, Handgun *and* SMG	2	No	2
Melee (any one weapon, of any type)	2	No	2
Weaponsmith	6	No	6
Jury Rig	3	No	3
Dodge/Escape	3	No	3
Awareness	3	No	3

OUTFIT & CYBER ADVANTAGES (see C3 for pages)	LOCATION	COST
Neural Net (pg.193)	Internal	25
Techie Package (pg.194)	Internal	17
Kevlar Jacket (SP14, pg.189)	Torso	NA
Techscanner (pg.182)	Carried	NA
1 SMG, 1 Handgun, 1 Rifle (all Light)	Carried	NA
1 knife		

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Edgerunner Template: WHEELMAN

LIFEPATH: What?—you think when an Edger needs to get around the volumetric at top speed, he's got time to find some punk Transporter or Rollerboy to ferry him around? No, an Edger needs a Wheelman; a fellow Edger who knows how to travel using all the go-fast stuff in the megacity garage—AV's, mantas, groundcars, cycles, aircraft, ultralights, micro-blimps, you name it. Because when you're an Edger in a hurry, you don't have time to wait on some Rollerboy taxi driver.

CHARACTER								SEX	AGE	
Stats	INT	REF	TECH	DEX	COOL	WILL	STR	CON	MOVE	BODY
Stat Value	5	7	3	5	5	4	5	5	6	5
DERIVED STATS	LUCK	HUM	REC	END	RUN	SPR	SWIM	LEAP	HITS	STUN
Stat Value										

PERKS & TALENTS Animal Empathy, Common Sense

STARTING SKILLS	LEVEL	SOFT?	COST
Driving	4	No	4
Piloting (all types)	4	No	4
Motorcycle	3	No	3
SMG or Handgun (choose one)	3	No	3
Dodge/Escape	3	No	3
Awareness	2	No	2

OUTFIT & CYBER ADVANTAGES	LOCATION	COST
Neural Net (pg.193)	Internal	25
Smart Bracer w/4 chip ports (pg.195)	R.Arm	25
Driving Links for AV, groundcar, cycle	Internal	17
Kevlar Jacket (SP14, pg.189)	Torso	NA
Lt.SMG (pg.185) or Lt. Pistol (pg.185)	Carried	NA
AV-4 or Trojan Battlecar (choose one)	NA	NA

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Edgerunner Template: DETECTIVE

LIFEPATH: Edgerunners know the means streets of the City better than anyone else, so when someone needs help to track someone down, ferret out a clue, or just get the dirt on someone, you're the guy to go to. A lot better connected than your usual Solo, you've got the contacts and a knack for pumping them for information. But make no mistake, you're also enough to take the hits—and dish it back double. You may not be a cop, but you don't *have* to make arrests. You deal in justice. As a Detective.

CHARACTER								SEX	AGE	
Stats	INT	REF	TECH	DEX	COOL	WILL	STR	CON	MOVE	BODY
Stat Value	8	6	4	6	7	8	5	4	6	6
DERIVED STATS	LUCK	HUM	REC	END	RUN	SPR	SWIM	LEAP	HITS	STUN
Stat Value										

PERKS & TALENTS Combat Sense +3, Streetdeal +3, Common Sense, Contact (+4)

STARTING SKILLS	LEVEL	SOFT?	COST
Deduction	5	No	5
Handgun	2	No	2
Brawling	3	No	3
Shadow/Track	5	No	5
Dodge/Escape	5	No	5
Awareness	6	No	6

OUTFIT & CYBERTECH	LOCATION	COST
Neural Net (pg.193)	Internal	25
Ranged Combat Package (pg.194)	Carried	25
Tracker Package (pg.195)	Carried	20
Kevlar Trenchcoat (SP14, pg.181)	Torso	NA
Med.SMG (pg.177) or Hvy. Pistol (pg.177)	Carried	NA
Basic Agent (pg.174)	Carried	NA

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HOW TO USE YOUR GIRI: LEARNING, MASTERING & MAKING

MASTERING EDGERUNNER ALTECH

So now you're in the Edgerunner AltCult and ready to rumble in the name of the Convention. You may have even earned enough Giri to score your own bad 'wares, allowing you to match any old school go-ganger with maximum force.

But you're still just another consumer, choomba. Because no matter how bad you *think* you are, you're *still* not making your own cybertech. You're just taking it off the rack like any other Edger standing in the Giri line. Until now. Until you too master the secrets of Edgerunner Alttech. The secrets of NuCybe.

NuCybe

NuCybe is the second generation of cyberware enhancements, designed to be modular and removable, rather than invasive and inflexible. When an old school cyberarm breaks down, it requires removing the limb itself and grafting on a new replacement, a process of many hours or days. But with

This Way Lies Madness

In Which Maxmike Warns You About The Dangers Of This Chapter

Okay, so you're not going to be able to say we didn't warn you.

From the moment C3 hit the Street, players have been bugging RTG about rules to build their own cyberware. Never mind that we didn't really give them build rules in the previous two editions—no, the cyberhounds of fandom have been baying at our heels for the ability to make their own in this version of the game.

But there's a *reason* why we didn't do it. See, every game, no matter whether it's chess or the most complex Massive Multiplayer Online Game in existence, depends on one key element. Play balance. Play balance is that careful match of power, accessibility and accuracy that makes sure that there is never any one perfect weapon, perfect stratagem that can defeat all others. Every weapon, cyberbit or even cyberbeast in the entire history of Cyberpunk has been pretty carefully play balanced just to make sure that the players can't throw their game out of whack—that they can't get something too powerful or too easy to use that will make them the proverbial Unkillable Brick.

Now, we're breaking that rule. But there are a few tricks that we've put in to—just possibly—keep play balance from going right out the window. The first is that every single option in the C3 world, no matter what the AltCult, is balanced against each other from the start. There's a counterbalance for every weapon, every attack, every critter. So no one group should be able to get the upper hand.

The second is that we've been watching you ever since this sucker came out. We've noted the strategies and the favorite weapons. And now that we have a good idea of what you guys have been able to do so far with the system, we feel confident that it's not going to be so out of control that a good Ref can't scale things back.

Third, we've started out with the all time safest AltCult—the Edgers. Since they're patterned after the original Cyberpunk models of the 2020 era, this means that *statistically,* there ain't nothin' here that you haven't had before. And we all made it through the Malorian .557 period alive. As we roll out the next AltCult books, we'll be doing it based o the level of impact to the overall campaign. That way, if you guys bust the game along the way, we can still fix it.

Lastly, we've built the brakes in so that the Referee can control the sped of change. Sure, you need over 4,000 GIRI to get all the way up to Master. But you have to do it through *missions.* That the Referee assigns. That can be doled out as frequently or as slowly as he wants. And, incidentally, be as deadly as he chooses. You're going to have to work for every GIRI point, kids. There are other brakes in the system; you need NPC sponsors to get into the Techmasters; you need to spend time practicing and gaining specialized Skills; you even need to go to specific places (like Dynalar) to learn anything. And finally—the Ref can just REFUSE TO LET THE PLAYERS USE THESE RULES.

So we give this chapter to you with fear and trepidation in our steely 'lil hearts. We already know you're going to be back here in six months screaming about how your game is busted. And we'll just smile and say, "Yeah, well, we warned ya." And we'll walk away laughing. Cause we *did* warn you.

And because that's the way things are when you're *Cyberpunk. BWAH-HA-HA!!!*

NuCybe, all it takes is pressing the release button— the damaged part retracts its links to the body and can be replaced in moments. While this means that a captured Edgerunner can effectively be stripped of his cyberware, it also means that an EMP'd cybereye won't leave him with a smoking crater in his skull.

Most Edgers think the trade is worth it.

Lamilar: The Core of NuCybe

Lamilarisolinear pseudometal (aka "lamilar") is what makes NuCybe possible. A hybrid blend of long chain carbon "buckyballs" and suspended molecular titanium, lamilar can be reshaped almost instantly by applying electrical current to specific areas of the material. These "activation points" contain programmed instructions that then dictate the shape and tensile state of the surrounding lamilar object. In its non-programmed state, lamilar looks something like a thick metallic paste; but when "active", it can take on specific shapes— nano-thin neural wires, hard metal cuffs and rings, gloves, optical goggles, ear covers— the list of possible shapes is endless. Combined together and fitted to their user, you have NuCybe--the most advanced human enhancement tool in the last decade.

All NuCybe is made up of four basic elements—Components, Splices/Ports, Amps and Modds:

Components

Components are the basic frames for key NuCybe parts. Think of them as the base parts you put all the other bits of NuCybe on. They include:

Neural Nets: This is a mesh of microscopic wires that thread through the nervous system. The net is spread through the body using nano-tech factories that disperse from a small control capsule that self-implants itself at the base of the brain stem (when pressed against the neck). Since both capsule and its net are made of lamilar material, they can be retracted like any other type of NuCybe, with the capsule falling free of the neck at full retraction. **SP=0, SDP=2**

Bracers: Bracers are cyberware designed to be worn on the limbs. Most bracers resemble chunky cylindrical cuffs until activated, whereupon the bracer extends flexible silvery lamilar segments that link to adjacent bracers on the same limb. Each limb area (finger, toe, bicep, forearm, thigh and calf) requires its own bracer type fitted to that area; to sheath an entire arm in NuCybe, for example, would require bracers on bicep, forearm and all five fingers). **While extended, the bracer gives the covered limb an SP of 16 and a Strength modification of +5** (based on how the limb's strength is applied). **SDP=7, SP= 16.**

Bracers link into the wearer's neural net on contact, using the same basic "rooting" system as splices. Because of this rooting, the skin under a bracer must remain clear of any obstructions or coverings (including splices). To handle chipware, Bracers (with the exception of rings) have built-in openings similar to splices set into their surfaces. These "skillchip ports" allow the user to insert various types of skillchips, although they cannot be used for amps or links.

Digit **Rings** are smaller bracers used on fingers, toes and other smaller body extremities. **Sex Bracers** like *Mr. Studd* and *Midnight Lady* (dubbed "dongles" on the Street) provide enhanced sexual response and performance (although they are typically not designed to mount either modds or ports). **SP=16, SDP=6**

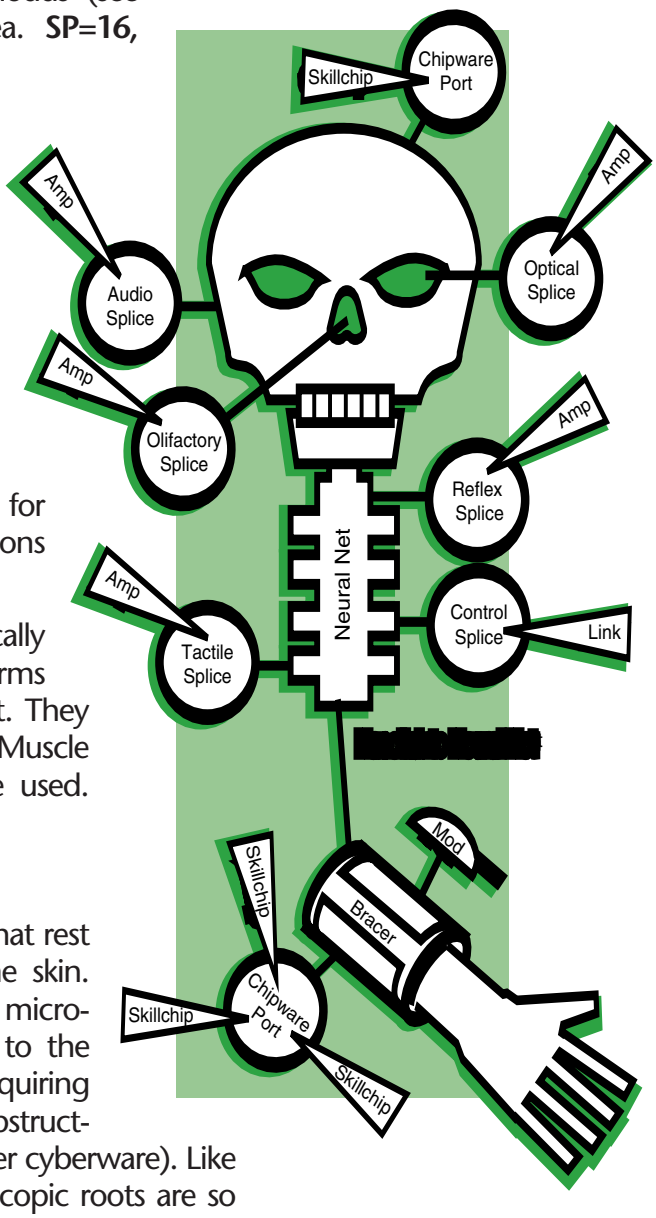
Besides the usual bracers and rings, the Components also include other designs with similar operational parameters.

Gauntlets are fingerless "gloves" that are worn on the hands, imparting armor protection and the ability to add modds (see below) to that body area. **SP=16, SDP=7**

Skull Mounts include goggles, headsets and ear covers that integrate modds and ports **SP=16, SDP=6**

Muscle T's resemble lamilar "wifebeater" T-shirts, extending around waist, shoulders and back; these impart armor and strength protection to the torso, as well as hardpoints for extra "arm" modds, weapons and tools. **SP=16, SDP=12**

Extra Cyberarms are basically remote controlled cyberarms that tie into the neural net. They must be mounted on a Muscle Tee bracer in order to be used. **SP=16, SDP=10**



Splices & Ports

These are small "buttons" that rest in the surface layers of the skin. Each splice sends down microscopic "roots" to connect to the mesh of the neural net (requiring that the area below be unobstructed by any coverings or other cyberware). Like sweat glands, these microscopic roots are so small that infectious organisms cannot easily follow them through the skin barrier. Once connected, the nerve splice acts as a microprocessor and plug-in point for cyberware mounted outside the skin. All splices have built-in, spring-loaded openings where cyberware chips, probes or other controllers can be inserted. The openings do not penetrate the skin, which stops the potential of infection. Since each splice is made of lamilar, it can automatically detach itself when deactivated (done by pressing a deactivation stud on the side of the splice). Note: A splice cannot be placed on a finger, toe or other (too large).

Some splices are used for specific functions and require placement in very specific areas for maximum functionality. For example, Reflex Splices are hooked into the spine to reduce impulse transmission time between the brain and body. But while these splices may have specific names, they still *function* the same as any other splice. **SP=N/A, SDP=1**

Chipware **Ports** are very similar to splices, but are designed specifically to allow the user to insert skillchips. They can be placed almost anywhere on bare skin, or attached to other components like bracers or skull mounts. **SP=N/A, SDP=1**

Amps

Amps (aka chipware) are tiny triangular slivers of doped gallium and lamilar combined with molecular-scaled microcomputers. They act as co-processors, neural acellerators, or physio-feedback compensators. The information they send to the brain can enhance existing reflexes, brain functions, allow the user to operate external hardware, enhance physical/mental abilities, and even "learn" preprogrammed physical or mental skills. Other amps store information or work as audio/data playback devices (the I-Pod is dead in 203X). Inserted into a splice, they are locked in with only a small part of the upper chip showing. **SP=N/A, SDP=1** Amps include:

Physical/Perceptual Amps: . These alter sensory perceptions and can improve Reflexes or Dexterity. They are packed with nano-tech co-processors, nerve acellerators, and physio-feedback compensators that can increase or modify both incoming and outgoing nervous data.

Links: These chips send and receive information from the brain via the neural net, translating mental commands into instructions and directional controls. Most links have transmitters that allow them to send information to associated receivers in weapons, vehicles or personal electronics without the need for physical attachments; others are designed with connection cables or wires as part of the link.

Skillchips: These chips either contain a neural recording of another person performing a particular skill or a memory copy of a person who knows a particular area of information. By overwriting this information into the brain in a manner similar to an Amp chip, the wearer is thus instantly able to perform skills he normally would not know without prior training. *Physically based* (REF, DEX) chips require a first time "breaking in" period (2 days for every level of the chip) to let the body and the new chip synchronize.

Modds

As well as ports, most components also have external attachment points for other tools or equipment, called **modds.** Smooth metal "lumps," shapes" and "cylinders," modds contain weapons, tools, personal electronics or storage spaces. Bracers have a limited number of external modd points (6 for a Muscle T, 4 for a gauntlet, 2 for an arm or leg bracer, and 1 for all other types). Modds include:

Cybertools: These are modds which hold a variety of built in tools, from the simple mechanical (storage spaces, lock picks and so on) to more complex electronic tools like tech-scanners and Agents. **SP=N/A, SDP=5**

Weapons: These are modds which hold weapons, usually in a miniaturized form. Making these smaller weapons requires the skill of an advanced Weaponmaster, but the containers (modd pods) they are placed in can be made by NuCybe designers, who buy the weapons and mount them accordingly. Off the rack, these weapon Modds cannot be hidden or disguised. **SP=N/A, SDP=5**

Techmasters

Edgers who construct NuCybe, create new types of NuCybe, or manufacture the raw lamilar material that is the basis of NuCybe are known as **Techmasters**. Techmasters are a rare breed, even in the NuCybe-rich world of the Edgers. Requiring high skills in molecular manipulation, nanotechnical shaping and a lot of just plain natural artistry, the Techmaster path is a hard one to walk, but for those very rare few, it carries the reward of shaping tools that can turn ordinary men into cybernetic gods.

Techmastery involves three levels of skill. Apprentices begin by learning how to construct, fine tune and fit NuCybe to their clients, using pre-constructed components. Journeymen graduate to shaping raw isolamilar materials into custom NuCybe components with

new abilities and structures. But only Masters have, after years of diligent practice, the skills to shape combinations of radioactive carbon, high pressure metallic gasses and nano-programming factories into something that will one day be useful NuCybe.

Instead of an indestructible, acidic, blob of radioactive waste that mindlessly eats anything it touches. More on that later.

Apprentice: Mix n' Match NuCybe from Pre-built Components

Ever wonder why you can't swap NuCybe with your buddy? Building NuCybe is an art—especially because each piece must be individually constructed for a specific wearer. When a neural net entwines itself through a person's nerves in an exact match, there isn't any room for error and one size definitely doesn't fit all. The same is true of bracers and their associated hardware; lamilar armor plates extending from a bracer must sheath the wearer's body seamlessly with the right amount of pressure and density or risk tearing apart the underlying skin and muscle—NuCybe segments of the wrong length or power can easily end up twisting and breaking the bones supporting the limbs beneath. And you don't even want to *think* about the hazards of a badly fitted Mr.Studd.

This means the first skill an apprentice Techmaster has to learn is the proper way to construct a NuCybe component to fit the user. For while the actual modules may have already been built and their activation points integrated, an impressive amount of molecular manipulation will need to take place before that new cyberbit will be safe to put on its new owner.

The final step is to get three well known Edgers (one on the Council) to stand up for your application. Assuming you make the cut, you'll spend the next year mastering the Dynalar Way of NuCybe, graduating out of your Apprenticeship by reaching a minimum base +3 skill in the **Building Discipline** skill [TECH] and 1,000 Giri earned on Apprentice-style missions. The final exam is simple. You're thrown into a long hall with a random assortment of NuCybe components and some tools. Naked. On the other side of the hall, a door opens up and an irritable 500 lb Siberian Neo-Tiger (or equivalent) is prodded in. The door shuts. You're on your own, choombatta.

Apprenticeship

Newbie Techmasters start their Apprenticeship by working at the Dynalar Technologies lab. But before you even get in the door, you'll need to make the min spec. **That means a total of a minimum 1,000 Giri for starters**--accumulated proof that you've put it on the line for the Edger Convention over and over and over again--and that you're trustworthy. After all, this IS the most important secret in the Edger AltCult. They're not going to just hand it out in a box of *Kelpie Krunchies*

To make sure you can be trusted with their most important asset, the Edger Council requires that at least a third of this Giri be earned through activities or missions related to protecting, retrieving or guarding NuCybe. This may mean hunting down the body of a fallen Edger and retrieving his gear. Or taking out a traitor before he can hand his NuCybe over to the bad guys. On this path, expect to spend a lot of time breaking into labs, stealing NuCybe from enemy compounds, killing people who betray the AltCult's secrets--in short, *keepin' it in da family, bro.*

To build a customized NuCybe package, use the following steps:

1) **Decide what Components you will be using.** If you want to cover a limb, remember that you'll need a bracer for each area of a limb (bicep & forearm, or thigh & shin) you want to cover.

2) **Choose any splices or ports you want.** If the splice is a specific type (like a Reflex Splice), install it at the body area defined by that splice. Make sure that you don't put a Splice on anything but bare skin! If you want to add ports to a Bracer, Gauntlet, Skull Mount or Muscle Tee, this is the time to do so.

Component	Ports	Splices	Mods
Neural net	0	0	0
Limb Bracer	2	0	2
Gauntlets	1	0	3
Rings	0	0	1
Skull Mount	2	1	2
Muscle Tee	2	0	4
Extra Cyberarm	0	0	4

3) **Choose the Amps you want to use.** This includes any Links, Physical/Perceptual Amps, or Skillchips. Make sure that all your Amps have Splices or Ports to match their types.

4) **Add Modds you want** from the list below. Use the table above to determine how many you can place on a component. Note that you can swap modds to change a Component's abilities, so if you plan to keep a few extra Modds in your pockets, pay for them now.

6) **Add together all DV/Giri Costs** for the NuCybe package you want to make. Divide this value by 2 (round decimals *down*). The result is the DV required to make that NuCybe package. (example: Neuralware has a giri cost of 25, or a DV of 12 (25÷2=12.5 or 12). The **consumer** cost is the GIRI total +10 for all your hard work.

Each week as an Apprentice, you have access to as many Giri points of NuCybe components as your *Building Discipline* Skill x 10. You may save up to a maximum of 4 weeks of these points in any one consecutive period.

Following is a list of NuCybe components and their associated Giri Costs.

Components

Neural Net 25
This is the base cyberware needed to support a NuCybe package. It must be installed first before any other NuCybe is chosen.

Limb Bracer 4
Bracers are bands around the upper or lower limb that extend to cover the limb from below the bracer. When active, bracers will automatically link up and cover the body space between them with an armor plated shell. Bracers automatically protect (SP16) /strengthen (STR +5) the limb. A human can wear three bracers per limb (bicep/forearm/wrist) (thigh/shin/ankle).

Gauntlet 5
Gauntlets are bracers with mounts for large weapons that need full hand support. Resembling a fingerless glove, a Gauntlet integrates itself automatically with any bracers or rings the wearer currently has on, extending its mods from a hardpoint on top.

Rings 2
Rings are "mini bracers" designed to integrate one cybercapability. They are worn around fingers, toes or in/around other more personal parts of the anatomy (these are usually called "dongles").

Skull Mount 4
Skull mounts include goggles, headsets, ear covers and ear canal inserts—basically anything that is joined to the cranium.

Muscle T' 7
Muscle T's are bracers that extend around the waist, shoulders and neck. When active, they extend a reinforced body shell that, when combined with bicep bracers, increases upper body strength to astounding levels (STR 12). Muscle T's have four hardpoints (one on each shoulder, two on the waist) when activated.

Extra Cyberarm (Muscle t only) 8
Two metal arms similar to old-fashioned cyberarms. STR5, with a penalty of -3 to your DEX to operate. You cannot place ports or splices on a Cyberlimb.

Splices & Ports

Audio Splice (ears) 2
This splice jacks into the auditory nerves. It can be threaded as earplugs, or as buttons just below the ears on the mastoid bone. Both locations are best for jacking in amps for hearing.

Control Splice (neck or forearms) 2
This splice is mounted on the neck, skull or forearms. When the right control links are jacked in, the user can control vehicles, weapons and personal electronics.

Olfactory Splice (nose) 2
This system links through olfactories to the brain to enhance smelling abilities. Installed on the face or upper nose area these are used for amps that enhance smell related abilities.

Optical Splice (temples, skull) 2
These splices tap into the optic nerves at the temples. Amps for visual software are then jacked into them.

Reflex Splice (spine) 2
This is jacked directly into the spinal column at the back of the neck; the best place to support amps for increased Reflexes.

Tactile Splice spine) 2
This splice links to the nerves at the base of the tailbone; the best site for jacking chips that allow increased tactile sensitivity.

Chipware port (1 way) 2
These splices allow you to "jack" skillchip s directly into the mind, allowing you to do things that normally would take hours of learning or practice. Usually on the skull for optimum conductivity) This model can insert and activate a single skill or data spike.

Chipware port (4 way) 8
Allows the user to insert and activate four skill or data spikes.

Amps

Amped Acuity 2
Improved hearing and sound recognition ability, adding +1 to any sound-related Awareness check.

Amped Hearing Range 2
Allows the user to hear tones in the subsonic and supersonic ranges.

Amped Olfactory Sensitivity 2
Increase Awareness via smell by +2.

Amped Reflexes (Kerenzikov) 4
Adds +1 to REF permanently

Amped Reflexes (Sandivistan) 2
Adds +3 to REF for 5 consecutive turns

Amped Tactile Sensitivity 1
Increased sensitivity. +2 on any touch-based Awareness check.

Amped Vision Sensitivity 2
+2 Awareness when using visual search

Analyzer Amp 1
Can identify compounds by smell alone. 5m range. 70% effectiveness.

Anti-dazzle Amp 2
Immunity to flash, laser blinding, strobes, flashbombs and bright headlights

Infrared Vision Amp 2
See in total darkness, using heat emissions.

Level Damper Amp 1
Compensates for loud noises, such as stun-bomb attacks or sonic weapons. Characters with this option ignore effects of these weapons.

Low Light Amp 2
See in dim light, near total darkness.

Microvision Amp 1
Equivalent to lab microscope, allowing user to see tiny images, such as fingerprints, scratches on locks, etc.

Pain Editor Amp 2
Tunes out hot, cold, pain. +4 to Will feats.

Radiation Vision Amp 2
Projects visual glow around objects in presence of radiation. Glow varies with intensity. 10m range. 80% detection effectiveness.

Scent Tracking Amp 2
Adds +2 to Shadow/Track skills. 50% chance of locating a scent to begin tracking, unless the target has taken particular pains to disguise its scent).

Smell Damper Amp 1
Selectively cut out smells as desired. +1 to Smell Tracking if present.

Sonar Amp 2
50m range sonar. chip projects pulse, boosts audio to hear it. 70% effective.

Sound Editing Amp 1
Allows selective editing on specific bandwidths. +2 to hear specific sounds if desired.

Subvision Viewscreen Amp 1
Projects mini "screen" in vision field for messages, visual data.

Subvision Chrono Amp 1
Projects image of time into the far right corner of your vision. Can be mentally programmed with alarm.

Subvocal phone Amp .....
An improved radio splice, this implant is wired to communicate directly to wireless communication links like an Agent or cell phone.

Synthesizer Amp 2
This unit alters impulses to the vocal cords. Allows user to mimic any recorded sound (60%), up to 10 sounds. +2 to Performance.

Targeting Scope Amp 1
Projected scope allows +1 on all ranged weapon attacks.

Taste Sensitivity Amp 1
+1 to taste related Tasks, such as cooking, sensing poisons, bad food, etc.

Telescopic Vision Amp 1
Telescope ability to 20x

Thermographic Vision Amp 2
See heat patterns, temperature readings.

Ultraviolet Vision Amp **2**
See in darkness, using UV flash or other UV light source.

Control Link (Radio) **1**
A microminiature radio transceiver that allows you the ability to talk to any receiver on the same band frequency for up to 1 mile.

Control Link (Smartgun) **2**
Smartguns are modified firearms directly linked to your nervous systems; using them automatically gives you a +2 to any firearms attack you are making. The cost of adapting a normal gun to smartgun configuration is twice the normal cost of the gun.

Control Link (Subvocal phone) **1**
An improved radio splice, this implant is wired to communicate directly to wireless communication links like an Agent or cell phone.

Control Link (Targeting) **2**
This projects a targeting sight into the field of vision at will. The targeting scope will read range to specific objects, speed of movement, bearing and size, as well as providing several types of scope reticle for aligning weapons. In game terms, this option allows you to add +1 only to smartgun attacks.

Control Link (Vehicle) **2**
This allows the user to control a vehicle through direct mental control. Cybervehicles include cars, AV-4s, aircraft, rotorcraft or motorcycles which have had their normal control systems replaced by a computer. A cyberassisted vehicle will automatically give you a +2 on any driving, piloting or motorcycle driving skill you are using at the time. To modify a vehicle to cybervehicle stats costs an additional 40% of base vehicle cost.

Control Link (AutoFac) **2**
This allows the user to control any autofactory or heavy machine operating from a MLINK-based control system. You can also control small machines/appliances in non-factory situations.

Skillchip ..... **see description below**
This gives the user the equivalent of one level in a specified skill (CPv3, pgs. 168-177), multiplied by that Skill's Difficulty Multiplier (for example, 1 level of Aikido with a 3 multiplier would cost 3 x2 for a total Giri cost of 6. Two levels would cost 12)

CyberTool Modds

CyberTool (Air Hypo) **1**
Ring bracer that extends an air-driven hypo from the fingertip. Holds 4 doses.

CyberTool (B&E Kit) **1**
Matchbox sized) kit which holds lockpicks, wirecutters and other breaking and entering tools.

CyberTool (Digital recorder) **1**
Tiny pencil width recorder can store 2 hrs storage audio-video from any digital source; replays to any Agent.

CyberTool (Grapple & 20m Line) **1**
Fires a small grapple and line up to 20m. Can support and reel in 100kg (320 lbs).

CyberTool (Holoprojector) **4**
Projector about the size of three stacked quarters can project any stored holographic image up to 1m high.

CyberTool (Lighter) **1**
Tiny (size of a match) butane lighter.

CyberTool (Micro Toolkit) **1**
Matchbox sized kit containing driver tool, screwdriver/socket heads, microwrench with cutter.

CyberTool (Mini Flashlight) **1**
Pencil-sized LED flash can be extended from the bracer or removed and used in a free hand.

CyberTool (Mini saw) **1**
Pencil-sized monoblade saw can be extended from the bracer or removed and used in a free hand.

CyberTool (Miniflare) **1**
Pencil-sized flare gun can be extended from the bracer or removed and used in a free hand.

CyberTool (Miniphone) **1**
Pencil-sized phone that can be extended from a bracer or removed and used in a free hand.

CyberTool (Remote speaker/monitor) **2**
Marble-sized remote speaker/listener that can removed from a bracer and placed anywhere within 100m.

CyberTool (Smart Keyboard) **1**
Palm-sized digital plastic "floppy screen" can be unrolled from bracer and used on any flat surface. Links to techscanners, computers, Agents as desired.

CyberTool (Tracking Device) **4**
Matchbox sized tracking screen can be extended from a bracer or removed and used in a free hand. Links to button-sized tracking device (1km range).

CyberTool (Techscanner) **4**
Matchbox sized scanner can be extended from the bracer or removed and used in a free hand.

CyberTool (Video Optic Transmitter) **2**
Transmitter/camera about the size of a marble, can send images back to a screen or an Agent.

Chipware storage (4) **1**
Contains cushioned storage for four data or skill soft spikes.

Chipware storage (8) **2**
Contains storage for eight data or skill soft spikes.

Weapon Modds

Arc Thrower **10**
EX +2 — U 3D6/6D6 61 ST 20m
Bracer mounted weapon discharges massive electrical arcs. *Deadly (6D6) to Cee-Metal combatants

Microwaver 5
EX 0 — U 1D6/Special 5 2 VR 20m
Bracer mounted microwave projector.

EMP Pulse 10
EX 0 — U 3D10 4 1 VR 10m
Limited shot EMP projector pod. Only effective against electronics (3D10)

Big Knucks 5
MELEE +2 — U 1D6+2 — 1 ST 1m
Ring bracers that project hardened ball peen hammers over the knuckles.

Buzzsaw 6
MELEE +2 — U 2D6+2 — 1 ST 1m
Can be integrated into a Gauntlet as a monobladed chainsaw, or stored in a bracer as removable chain rip.

Capacitor Laser 4
EX 0 — U 1-6D6 6D6 total 1 UR 10m
Minilaser pod. Can be dialed from 1D6 to 6D6 for a total of 6D6 shots.

Taser 1
EX -1 — U Stun 8 1 ST 1m
This modd is a small contact taser with probes that extend from two ring bracers. See Stun rules, C3, pg. 245.

Dartgun 2
EX -1 — U Varies 10 1 ST 5m
Compressed air dart pistol. Loadout varies.

Explosive and det link 4
HVY -2 — U 2D6 2 1 ST 1000m
Contains 2 marble-sized explosives with radio detonator

Flamer 6
HVY -2 — U 2D6 4 1 ST 5m
Liquefied napalm sprayer. .....Can be extended from the bracer or removed and used in a free hand.

Gas Sprayer 3
EX -1 — U Varies 4 1 ST 5m
Gas sprayer jet. Can be extended from the bracer or removed and used in a free hand.

Grenade Launcher 3
HVY 0 — U Varies 2 1 ST 50m
Grenade Launcher tube built into bracer modd. Loads vary: explosive=3D10, also gas and flash (C3, pg 239).

Hammer Hand 6
MELEE +2 — U 1D10 8 1 ST 1m
Attached to a bracer, this pod uses an explosive shell to jackhammer a hardened, metal handguard forward at incredible velocity.

Heavy Pistol Pod 4
P +1 — U 4D6 6 2 ST 50m
A powerful (but limited shot) heavy automatic pistol modd.

Medium Pistol 3
P 0 — U 2D6+1 12 2 ST 50m
Less powerful autopistol modd, with larger clip capacity.

Light SMG 4
SMG +1 — U 1D6+2 30 15 VR 50m
Light caliber SMG with large clip capacity.

Microflamer 2
HVY -2 — U 1D6 3 1 ST 2m
Tiny liquefied napalm sprayer built into a ring bracer. 1D6 first round, 1D6/2 for 2 additional rounds.

Microgun 2
P -1 — U 4D6+1 1 1 ST 20m
One shot ring bracer.

Minigun Pod 10
HVY -2 — U 1D6 60 60 ST 100m
Low caliber, high ROF rotating minigun pod.

Micromissile Pod 9
HVY +2 — U 4D6 4 2 ST 100m
Launches a group of 2 micromissiles per attack from a bracer-mounted pod. Self-guided, with 30% chance of losing target through one 90° turn.

Rippers 4ea
MELEE +2 — U 3D6 — 2 ST 1m
Extends three very long carboglass blades from either back of gauntlet or from three ring bracers.

Rocket Launcher Pod 8
HVY -2 — U 2D10 2 1 ST 200m
Launches two rockets from bracer mounted pod.

Scratchers 1
MELEE +2 — U 1D6/2 — 2 ST 1m
Extends carboglass blades from adjacent ring bracers. Scratchers cut on the bias, requiring a slashing movement to use. Can be placed on hands or feet.

Slice n' Dice 3
MELEE +2 — U 2D6 — 1 ST 1m
Mono-molecular wire with weighted tip. Good for garroting or slashing.

Talons 3
MELEE +2 — U 1D6 — 2 ST 1m
Larger versions of Scratchers, talons extend curved carboglass blades from from three adjacent ring bracers. Can be placed on hands or feet.

Wolvers 6
MELEE +2 — U 4D6 — 2 ST 1m
Extremely long (1 foot) carboglass blades that extend from a pod along the back of a bracer.

Journeyman: Making NuCybe From Scratch

In its non-programmed state, lamilar looks something like a thick, gritty metallic paste; when "active", it will take on specific shapes—nano-thin neural wires, hard metal cuffs and

rings, gloves, optical goggles, ear covers— the list of possible shapes is endless. But getting the molecular bonds to line up and take the proper shapes and characteristics is no simple task. Put in the wrong activation points; write the wrong molecular shaping program and you could end up with a bracer that crumbles into dust--or worse, goes berserk and snips off the user's arm in a razor sharp death throttle.

Journeyman
Assuming you make the cut and survive your Apprenticeship, during the Journeyman phase you'll spend the next year split between working on the Street for the Edger Convention (building, tuning and installing NuCybe on your fellow Edgers) and studying the theory and practice of programming NuCybe systems at the Night City Tech Exchange. To move to the Master level will require earning a minimum of 1,000 Giri at this level on these types of missions. You also must come out of your Journeyman period with at least a base +3 skill in the **Shaping Discipline** skill [TECH], ready to try for the Master program by shaping three of your own NuCybe designs for your Journeyman Thesis. There aren't a lot of Journeymen out there. Mostly because the Final Exam requires that the student be the first one to try out his or her Thesis project.

For this reason, one of the more advanced skills required of a journeyman Techmaster is the ability to make NuCybe components from scratch, imbuing the raw material with the right programs and activation points. These combinations are called **Upgrades.**

Upgrades are programs that are added to the construction of a component to allow it to do unique things. For example, non-standard Bracers can be made stronger, better armored, with more hardpoints and even with multiple forms to allow them to access different abilities. Upgrades include camouflage, armor, EMP shielding and other useful abilities usually not available with off the rack NuCybe.

To build custom NuCybe:

1) Decide what Components or Amps you plan to create.

2) If there are any upgrades you want to add to the component or chip, do this next.

3) Add on any Modds (Tools or Weapons) on Bracers or Mounts. Note that Weapons must be purchased as off the rack systems from the charts on pgs. 59 thru 60. (you're a Techmaster, not a Weaponsmaster!)

4) Add up all GIRI Costs. To determine the final DV for constructing your NuCybe Package, divide GIRI cost by 2, rounding fractional values down. The consumer cost is the GIRI total +20 (custom charge).

Feel free to use the examples associated with each option to decide what your new Chips or other types of NuCybe can do. Be sure to get your Referee's approval before bringing your new tech terror into a game. Note that since these are one of a kind customs, the off the rack costs of NuCybe in C3, pgs.194 thru 196 won't (with the exception of weapons) apply here.

Components

Components are the basic frames for key NuCybe parts which can be modified through Upgrades (below):

Type	Stock GIRI Cost
Neural Net	4
Limb Bracer	4
Gauntlet	5
Ring	2
Skull Mount	4
Muscle T	7
Extra Cyberarm (with Muscle T only)	8

Upgrades

These are upgrades to basic components, giving them better durability, shielding or other improvements.

Type **GIRI**

Display skin (bracers & gauntlets only).....3
Display skin allows you to use downloaded finishes, from the DataPool, an Agent or created by yourself . These could be anything from a classic Candy Apple Red, to elaborate Manga scenes.

EMP Shielding (all types).....6
This upgrade protects the selected NuCybe from all EMP attacks.

Camouflaged (all types, including weapon pods).....5
The Nucybe is camouflaged to look like jewelry or part of the body (describe) making spotting it a 22DV Awareness Task.

Subdermal (splices & ports only).....5
Splices and ports are hidden just under the skin, making spotting them a 24DV Awareness Task.

Lockable (all types).....4
This NuCybe cannot be removed without a special command word subvocalized by the owner.

Speedy (splices & ports only).....5
The splice or port learns especially fast, reducing "chipping in" times by half.

Boosted (leg bracers only).....3
Special myomar supports in the leg bracers boost Jump MV by 2x.

Armored (all types).....8
The NuCybe is armored, increasing it's SP to 20.

Enhanced Strength (bracers & gauntlets only).....6
The NuCybe is enhanced, increasing it's STR boost to +7.

Enhanced Durability (bracers & gauntlets only).....5
The NuCybe is especially durable, boosting it's SDP by +4.

Wireless link Upgrade (Links only).....3
This Link has a wireless transmitter built into it, allowing it to be used without a direct cable connection to the object.

Splices & Ports

These are the small input jacks that allow you to access Amps. Refer to the descriptions on pg.s 54 through 55 to see what the limits of each type are and where specific splices must be placed. Designing your own allows you to improve the number of Amps that can be inserted, or the types of Upgrades possible.

Splices & Ports.....2 for every 1 loadable
Allows you to insert amps, links and skillchips. Examples: Audio Splice, Control Splice, Olfactory Splice, Optical Splice, Reflex Splice, Tactile Splice, Skillchip Splice, Chipware port

Amps

These are chips for altering sensory perceptions, improving Reflexes or Dexterity, mentally controlling hardware or gathering data from sensory input. Decide what class the Chipware you want to create fits into, then construct it based on the examples shown below. If you can't decide, discuss it with your Referee until you can reach a mutual decision.

Enhanced Reaction.....4 for each +1 to Ref or Dex
Examples: Amped Reflexes (Kerenzikov), Amped Reflexes (Sandivistan)

Perception/Body Control.....2
Allows user to control or fine tune an existing perception, such as sight, hearing, touch, smell, or a body function such as voice. Can be used to give the perception an added ability (for example, using smell to track things), or to protect against damage Examples: Sound Editing Amp, Analyzer Amp, Scent Tracking Amp, Synthesizer Amp

Perception Defense.....2
Protect senses from damage or overload, such as pain, blinding lights or loud noises. Examples: Anti-dazzle Amp, Level Damper Amp, Pain Editor Amp....., Smell Damper Amp

Enhanced Specific Perception.....2 GIRI for each +1
Increases the sensitivity or range of a perception, such as increased Examples: Amped Tactile Sensitivity, Amped Vision Sensitivity, Amped hearing Acuity, Taste Sensitivity Amp, Amped Hearing Range, Amped Olfactory Sensitivity, Telescopic vision

Alternate Perception.....2
Allows user to perceive information from alternate areas of the electromagnetic spectrum, such as infrared or sonars. Examples: Infrared Vision Amp, Ultraviolet Vision Amp, Microvision Amp, Radiation Vision Amp, Sonar Amp, Low Light Amp, Thermographic Vision Amp

Perception Display 1
Projects information directly into one of the five senses (touch, taste, smell, sight, hearing) Examples: Subvision Viewscreen Amp, Subvision Chrono Amp, Subvocal phone Amp, Targeting Scope Amp

Link.....2
Amps that allow you to control remote machines and hardware. Examples: Control Link (Radio), Control Link (Smartgun), Control Link (Subvocal phone), Control Link (Vehicle), Control Link (AutoFac), Control Link (Drone)

Skillchip .....see description
This gives the user the equivalent of one level in a specified skill (CPv3, pgs. 168-177), multiplied by that Skill's Difficulty Multiplier (for example, 1 level of Aikido with a 3 multiplier would cost 3 x2 for a total Giri cost of 6. Two levels would cost 12)

CyberTool Modds

These Modds contain built in tools or storage spaces. There are two types: Mechanical (like screwdrivers, cutting torches or flashlights) and Electronic (like phones, scanners or recorders). Decide which type the device you want fits into, using the examples below as guides. or If you can't decide, discuss it with your Referee until you can reach a mutual decision. When inventing a totally new device, remember that you will first have to build that device (using applicable Tech skills and making a suitable skill check) before you can install it!

Mechanical 1
Examples: Chipware storage, CyberTool (Air Hypo), Storage space, B&E Kit, Grapple & 20m Line, Lighter, Micro Toolkit, Mini Flashlight, Mini saw, Miniflare

Electronic 4
Examples: Miniphone, Digital Recorder, Remote speaker monitor, Tracking Device, Techscanner, Video Optic Transmitter, Holoprojector, Digital recorder, Smart Keyboard, Cybermodem, Drone, Agent, Microwaldos

Weapon Modds

While weapons cannot be made by Techmasters, you *can* purchase weapons from the Apprentice Tables on pg.59 and build them into in a Weapons Mod of the appropriate size. The cost **(1 GIRI)** is the same no matter what size, but the size of the mount will influence whether the modd can be hidden or not.

Micro .....automatically hidden
Fits: Dartgun, Gas Sprayer, Microgun, Microflamer, Explosive/det link

Hand .....yes, with camouflage upgrade
Fits: Big Knucks, Hammer Hand, Rippers, Scratchers, Slice n' Dice, Taser, Buzzsaw, Talons, Wolvers

Small .....yes, at 2x camouflage upgrade cost
Fits: Arc Thrower , Microwaver , Light Pistol

Medium .....yes, at 3x camouflage upgrade cost
Fits: EMP Pulse , Medium Pistol, Light SMG

Large .....no way
Fits: Capacitor Laser, Flamer, Grenade Launcher, Heavy Pistol Pod, Minigun Pod, Micromissile Pod, Rocket Launcher Pod

A Custom Example: Skywatcher

Limb Bracer 4
EMP Shielding (all types) 6
Lockable (all types) 4
Drone (Electronic Cybertool) 4
Small flying drone resembles a pigeon. 1 hour battery time.
4 way skillchip port 8
Medium Weapon Pod 1
Light SMG 4
Splice 2
Speedy (splices & ports only) 5
Drone Link 2
Wireless Link Upgrade 3

Total GIRI=43 Total DV= 21

Master: Mixing the Prime Material

While NuCybe is composed of specialized components, none of those components could exist without the underlying lamilar material they are made from. Although lamilar may look like gritty silver paste, in reality it's a highly unstable material that exists by balancing dangerous molecules in a mesh of one of the most complex artificial carbons on earth. You don't just mix that sort of thing up in your kitchen blender. The Street is full of stories of people who tried—and the horrible things that happened to them; radioactive compounds that melted their flesh; faulty mixes that turned the experimenters' bodies into chalky dust as they died screaming--and the all-time Street favorite--Bozo--the unkillable multi-ton mass of silvery, semi-intelligent goo that is still inexorably eating its acidic way through the center of the South Fresno Integrate. There's a reason why NuCybe isn't left lying around in large amounts--and why only a very few people are willing to try making it at all, no matter how valuable it might be. Another problem is that there is no exact formula for making NuCybe--as in any great art, each Master tends to throw in his or her

own variations on a basic theme. While this means that there are often breakthroughs that allow for better types of lamilar, it also means there are almost as many potential chemical disasters just waiting to happen.

Master

Assuming you have all your limbs intact after your Journeyman Thesis is complete, you'll spend the next year working at Night City University, studying higher order Materials Science under the baleful eye of Faculty Head Dr. Ichigo Matasuka. At the end of this period, you must have at least 2000 Giri in Journeyman-type missions, plus a base +3 skill in the Forming Discipline. Armed with this knowledge, and with Dr. Matasuka and a trained Extreme HazMat team watching behind meter thick safety glass, you will assemble your own lamilar material. This will be your specific design, which allows you to produce up to **5kg** (equal to **200 Giri's** worth of NuCybe) per month. You might want to make your first task to produce enough to make a new arm to replace the one you lost during your Journeyman Thesis.

So mixing lamilar from its molecular components is something limited only to the most accomplished, Master-level Techmasters. If you're good with radioactives, thoroughly understand nano-chemical bonding and have a knack for using twenty terrawatt gamma-ray emitters, making lamilar may be the next step in your Techmaster career.

But don't forget Bozo.

To make your own batch of lamilar :

1) **The base DV for making standard Lamilar is 14.** To make a "vanilla" batch, make a Forming Discipline roll greater or equal to this value. If you fail, it didn't work. If you fumble, check the fumble table.

2) **If you want to make a more interesting batch,** decide what Attributes you want this batch to have.

ATTRIBUTE	DV
Special Color	2
You have a signature color that marks this as "your" batch.	
Color changing	5
Like special color, but with 1 new color possible for each application of this attribute.	
Special Pattern	4
The mix has a pattern in its structure. The pattern will be repeated over and over throughout the structure, (like a logo) as opposed to one large "picture"	
Durable	7
This batch is especially strong, giving objects made with it twice their normal SP.	
Higher Strength	10
This batch has a higher tensile reactivity, giving nucybe made with it +1 to the normal STR enhancement. for every application of this Attribute.	
EMP Resistant	10
Nucybe made with this batch is immune to EMP effects.	
Easily worked	8
This batch is especially malleable, reducing the DV of making nucybe from it by 10%.	

3) **For each successive Attribute added to the mix,** you will have to make a *Forming Skill* roll greater than that DV plus 2 for every previous Attribute you have added.

6) **If you FAIL your Forming roll, you were not able to integrate that Attribute into your lamilar.** Stop right there: that's as many Attributes as you were able to get into it this time. If you FUMBLE the roll, roll 1D10 again to see what happened:

FUMBLE TABLE

1-2	The lamilar is inert and won't function at all.
3-4	The lamilar is unstable and will double the cost of anything constructed from it.
5-6	The lamilar is poisonous and will do 1D10x5 damage to any living thing it touches.
7-8	The lamilar is corrosive and will do 1D10x10 damage to *anything* it touches.
9	The lamilar explodes into billions of razor sharp shards (roll 1D10x10 for area damage)
10	The lamilar goes Bozo and starts eating its way out of the building (1D10x50) damage to *anything* it touches.

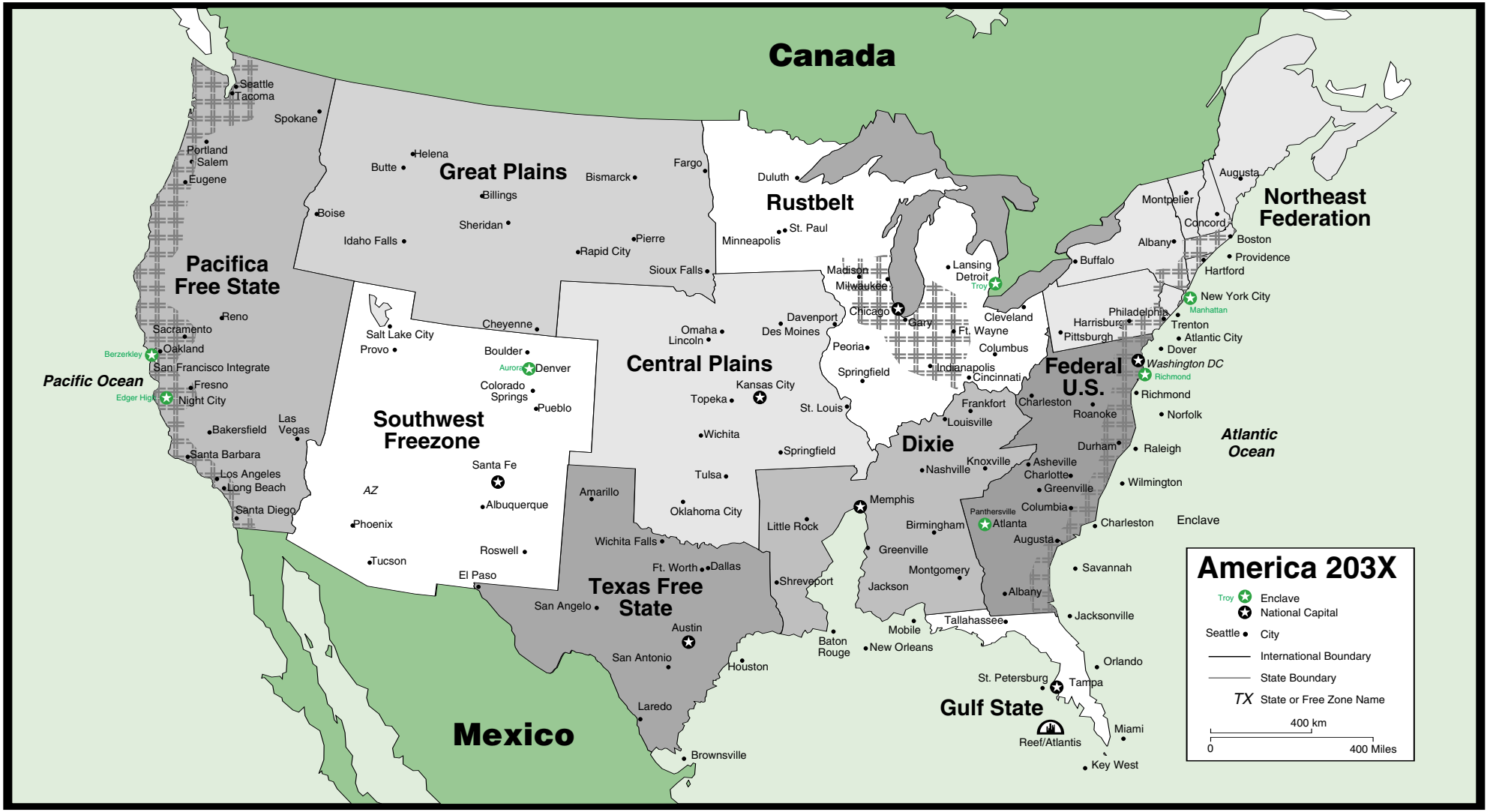


EDGERUNNER AMERICA: WHERE TO FIND *YOUR* PLACE

A NATION INVISIBLE

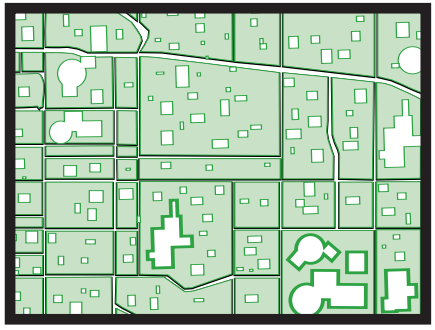
The Edgerunners are continental America's most diversely spread, adaptable AltCult. With enclaves in all major coastal conurbations, throughout the industrial cities of the Rustbelt and even in the Rockies bordering the Cee-Metal-held Southwest Free zone, the only defining limits of the Edgerunners' migration are borders set by other hostile AltCults or the limits of geography. They establish their enclaves in sizable urban areas, the denser the better, as Edgers universally feel vulnerable and exposed in smaller cities where there's too much sky to be seen and too much nature close by. In short, wherever there is enough concrete, there are Edgers; it's their natural habitat.

The intensely urban focus of Edgerunner culture coupled with their egalitarian attitudes and inclusive politics has allowed them to integrate seamlessly into cities that might reject more inflexible memes. Other urbanites recognize that Edgers have a natural place in the city, and as such are more likely to accept an Edger enclave on their doorstep than another more alien AltCult.





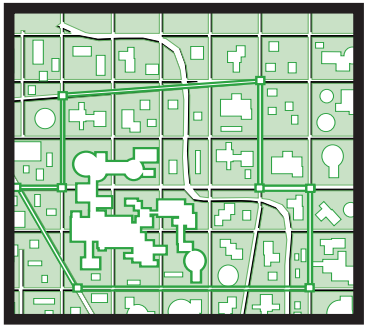
edger high, night city



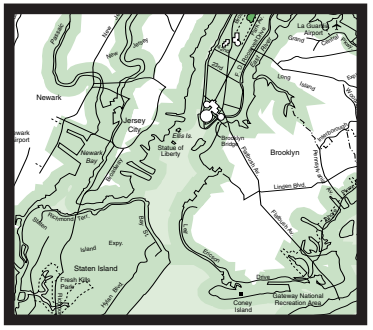
aurora



panthersville



troy



manhattan

The majority of Edger enclaves are within the Night City Megaplex and the BosWash Corridor, with the larger and older integrates hosting more than one enclave. The Central New York Integrate has two (Manhattan and Brooklyn), The San Francisco Integrate has three (Berzerkley, Mission and Alameda), with San Jose on its southernmost fringe. Night City hosts two enclaves (East Bay and Northside), the sprawling Los Angeles Integrate has a staggering four (North Hollywood, Burbank, South Central and Chino), and Washington three (Arlington, Silver Springs and Alexandria).

Smaller conurbs can usually support only a single enclave, but in the vast, interconnected sprawl of the coastal megalopoli' they're all geographically adjacent to each other anyhow, a fact which can be either reassuring or antagonizing to Edgers (depending on their philosophical bent). Inland enclaves tend to be the smallest and least self-sufficient, relying on a far greater level of integration with the city around them than their larger metropolitan cousins, often sharing power, water and transport links with the surrounding districts. Ironically, this reliance on a wider community means that these more isolated enclaves tend to be less isolationist and have a more cosmopolitan and relaxed attitude towards other memes.

Major Enclaves

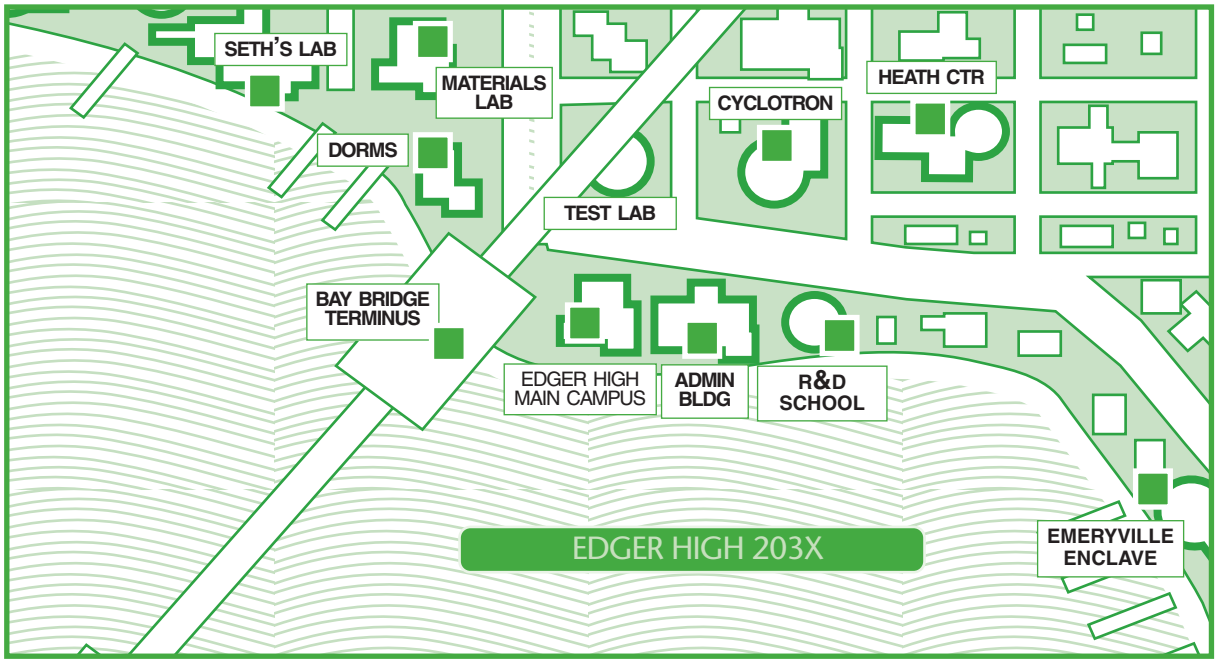
Among the many Enclaves scattered across 203X America, six stand out as the core of the Edger ideal.

Edger High

The single most famous and influential Edgerunner enclave isn't Night City's Northside, the capital of the Edgerunner nation if such a thing could exist, but East Bay, home to the renegade technophiles of Edger High and site of the original Edgerunners Convention.

Edger High is the AltCult's most sophisticated research and development facility, a sprawling township of laboratories, factory facilities and testing grounds where brilliant minds take incredible risks to expand on the potential of Edgerunner technology. East Bay has always attracted the mavericks and visionaries of the Edger ranks, offering them an unparalleled creative environment in which to develop their potential and ideas under the expert guidance of the men and women who first pioneered NuCybe.

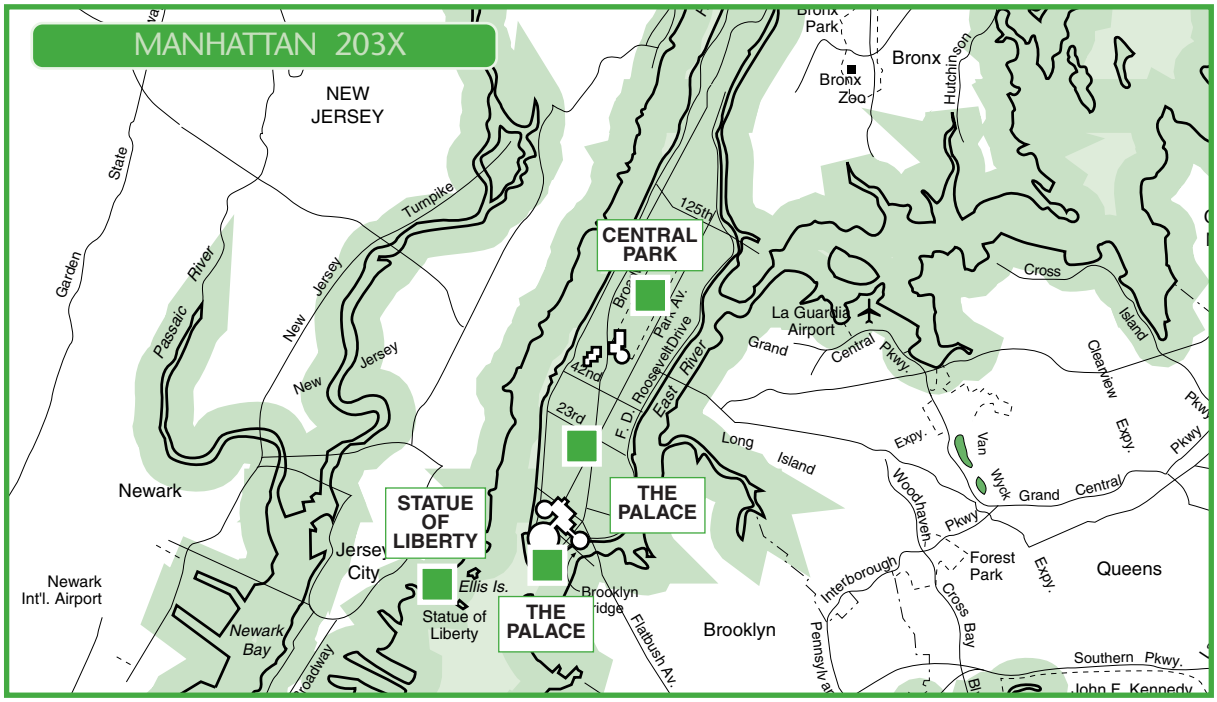
The enclave was never meant to be permanent. East Bay was to be a temporary testing ground for NuCybe prototypes. Set in an abandoned water treatment plant reclaimed from the hinterland between the carbonized city core and the battleground of the suburbs by Seth Mendez and his Dynalar team after some disastrous failures of their new technology in the field, the cavernous concrete halls were stripped of decaying heavy machinery, filth and graffiti sandblasted from the walls and the administration block turned into barracks. Here, technicians hot-bunked and cooked pre-pack over camp stoves while struggling to meet Dylan's demand for working military hardware. As the facility's profile increased, the number of occupants swelled. The original guards and cyberneticists drafted to assist Seth Mendez and his team were joined by militia volunteers that thronging to East Bay to get their share of the new technology. In a short time, the plant buildings were crammed, forcing the Edgers to clear and settle the surrounding blocks and establish a permanent infrastructure, becoming the first true enclave outside of Northside.



Nearly two decades later, Edger High is a densely-populated, walled district that has expanded block by block to incorporate the waterfront, all the way to the ruined pilings of the old Bay Bridge. As befits its elder status, the enclave has preserved many of its original historical landmarks against the relentless hunger of Dr Chiang's nanobuilders. The water treatment halls remain unchanged, although they are now more a museum than a working laboratory. The blackened and heat twisted remnants of the original bridge hang like gnarled tendrils over Pier 1, the enclave's access to the Bay and its aquatic communities, and the subterranean chambers of the Bay Bridge Terminus still carry ancient PreKrash signage preserved under near-frictionless transparent polymers. The rest of the enclave soars above these antiques; the genius buildings adapted, embellished and locked into their ultimate forms by experimental counter-nano and interlinked by a sophisticated light monorail system. The enclave's DataPool is enviable and its defences subtle and comprehensive. Much of the efforts of Edger High's labs are first enjoyed by the enclave's citizens, which it takes a great deal of pride in.

Despite its rep as the source of the AltCult's technological edge, the East Bay is very much about permanence and tradition, and as such attracts Edgers (in particular advocates of the Revolution) who prefer stable communities and hold a deep respect for their AltCult's pre-4th C War origins. Revolutionaries regard Edger High as an example of what is ultimately possible if their dream comes to fruition.

But not every Edger has the same positive view of the enclave. The rugged individualists of the Wild West regard East Bay as an artificial paradise which resonates unpleasantly with the Parkologies of Desnai. They accuse the Edger High council of deliberately insulating its precious techies from the reality of the city outside their high walls and denying the rest of the Altcult access to their discoveries in order to maintain their position as masters of NuCybe. Whether the Wilders are correct or not, the one thing that gives East Bay its absolute authority in Edger culture is that for the last two decades the Edgerunner's Convention has called it home. At its northernmost tip, deep underground and half submerged, lie the ruins of the old Bay Bridge



Terminus, site of the first district leader conclave between Kevin and Dylan: the place where the Edgerunners were born and an indelible symbol of the enclave's quiet but absolute authority in the AltCult.

Manhattan Tower: The Palace of Jewels

Glittering above the patchwork, mostly submerged skyline of New York is Manhattan's most famous landmark: the star-scraping crystalline wonder affectionately known by locals as Cleo's Needle (or by more romantic BosWash citizens) as *the Palace of Jewels.*

Built between 2013 and 2015, the Manhattan Tower is America's Taj Mahal, an epic monument built by Greek tycoon Nikos Archontides to celebrate the memory of his late wife, movie star Cleo Wilson. Made from patented reactive polymers and astronomically expensive orbital-grown crystal, the Tower's construction bankrupted Nikos. In 2017 the heartbroken industrialist took his own life in the basement mausoleum of the building and was interred next to his wife, while his multi-billion Euro empire was rapidly devoured by the greedy Megacorps. But his true monument remains: the astounding architecture of the Palace itself.

Such an astonishing structure didn't remain vacant for long. The prime location, coupled with the romance behind its construction and the uniqueness of the building itself meant that Cleo's Needle became the literal "ivory tower" of Manhattan's rich and powerful. In the pre-4th C War years, the Tower rented offices to most of the world's most influential corporations and the entire spectrum of its most notable and wealthy individuals.

The first sign that trouble between the megacorps was imminent came when, literally overnight, half the Tower was emptied in a series of tense rooftop evacuations guarded by twitchy armed guards. Twenty-four hours later, the world toppled into the chaos of the 4th Corp war, and Nikos' magnificent, melancholy wonder was abandoned to the incoming tides that would later flood Manhattan.

During the war years the tower was occupied only by the last of the East Coast's glittering elite—ultra-rich nihilists who watched the conflict unfold from the sanctuary of its heights, partying away their wealth until their resources were swallowed by the rise of the NeoCorps or seamlessly co-opted by what would become the AltCults. The Manhattan Tower saw the first inter-AltCult conflicts as the newly emergent Edgerunner meme began to take root in the minds of urban East Coast 'Punkers and sent them looking for a place to establish their first enclave. Their sudden and aggressive expansion led them into Kulturekampf with their neighbors, and in the early post-war years the Edgers, in a brutal exercise in urban social Darwinism, exterminated numerous other rival AltCults. In New York, the result of that dominance was the establishment of the AltCult's third (and to date largest) enclave: the Palace of Jewels.

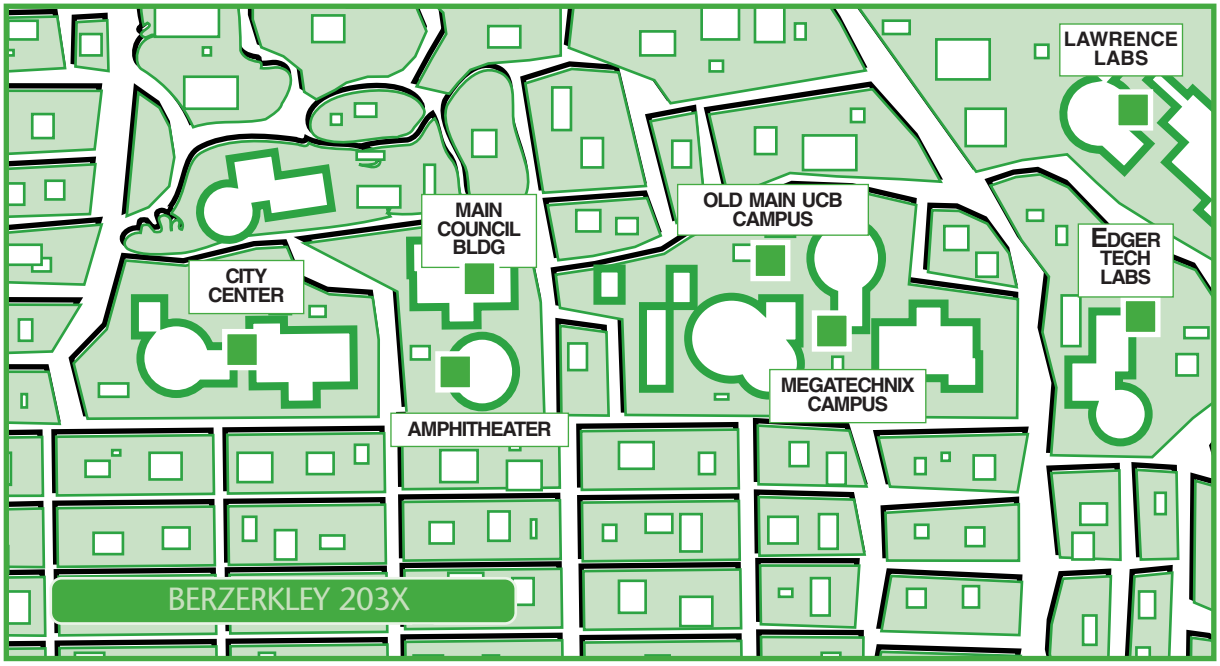
The Manhattan enclave is the centre of East Coast Edgerunner culture and the birthplace of the Progressive meme. From the heavily defended waterlevel entry ports through innumerable stories of apartments, sweeping staircases, hanging gardens and vast auditoriums to the starscraping penthouses and the needle-like dirigible moorings at its summit, the building is suffused with an otherworldly elegance that belies the intensely businesslike attitude of its occupants. Manhattan is about maintaining the integrity of the Edgerunner meme and ensuring that the AltCult never loses its place as the principal player in the shaping of new America. To the Manhattan Edger, this is achieved two ways: maintaining unity within the AltCult and undermining any other potential rival that could threaten the group. This aggressive Machiavellian policy often seems to contradict the relaxed liberal attitudes that pervades the rest of the Edger AltCult, but the denizens of the Tower are very clear in their view: if an AltCult's members don't act to protect it then that meme will be lost. The Manhattan enclave was born from conflict, and a steely will to survive always lies beneath its deliberately cultivated urban sophistication

Manhattan is the home to some of the Edger's best-known characters and subtlest players, and as such a visiting Edger must play a very sophisticated game to be taken seriously. A killer smile and a fast gun hand might get you noticed Out West, but in NYC you need to add tact and discretion to your armory if you intend to make yourself a name. If you want to flex your might, put your combat boots on the table or talk guns, take the Maglev to the Brooklyn enclave and they'll be pleased to see you. But if you want to swim with the sharks of Cleo's Needle, then you'd better mind your manners, change your shirt and engage your brain. Or else.

Berzerkley

The San Francisco Integrate is host to the legendary Berzerkley enclave, the Edgerunner AltCult's most vigorous Dionysian community and spiritual home of the Hedonist meme. Berzerkley is unique in that it literally. has no clear boundaries. Other Edger enclaves are walled districts or self-contained structures within a city, but Berzerkley is the city, and its Edgerunner citizens all but indistinguishable from the other residents of the colorful and vibrant city of Berkeley, CA.

While San Francisco thrived with corporate investment during the twenty-teens, the residential neighborhoods of Berkeley suffered a decade of economic neglect as the Megacorps redrew the economic landscape to suit their needs. Corporate employees cosseted with generous relocation packages and the promise of safe neighborhoods relocated far from the growing troubles of the inner cities to company-owned suburban housing "beavervilles" and inland arcologies. Local



businesses were either "purchased" by force to be turned into faceless franchises or they simply folded, squeezed out by inexorable rises in rent and utility bills. By 2019, the University had purchased the blocks surrounding the campus, leveled the area and walled it off. Finally the city closed the BART stop and Berkeley was left to decay.

As the situation grew increasingly dire and the residents more restless, the police (pushed into action by their corporate sponsors) set up checkpoints to control the migration of Berkeley residents into more prosperous parts of the Bay Area: no job meant no exit. Satisfied that the citizens were effectively powerless and trapped on welfare, the Megacorps began to exploit the "increased leisure potential" of their captive audiences, marketing fast food, entertainment, lottery schemes and (of course) liquor and drugs to the hopeless population. By 2020, anyone who could leave the decimated district had done so, and of those remaining, almost 90% were unemployed. The city seemed doomed to a hideous future of poverty and exploitation.

But amidst the misery, people found opportunity. Empty warehouses and abandoned shopping malls became experiments in communal living, attracting rebels and malcontents who formed clans and communes to challenge corporate exploitation. Rooftops and empty lots became gardens as neighbors attempted to feed themselves on something better than the sugary mush dispense from the corporate fast food outlets. Tribes of streetkids, fed up with a constant barrage of formulaic pop music, adverts and soap operas from the medicacorps, squatted buildings and transformed them into clubs and studios. In the derelict city, new memes now took root.

Can't afford a car and the street is too lethal? Want to avoid the roadblocks and gangs? Sick of watching the people in your burg get fat, sedated and hopeless in front of the TV? Learn to run the roofs. Use the city like a jungle gym. Connect your body and soul with the Street and learn its lessons. Party deliberately, create community, learn to appreciate the liberty that comes with self-reliance. The Berkeley's outlaw status attracted other residents who

could hide in its shadows: the *Cyberpunks.* Berkeley developed a new economy, a hidden strata of society that needed the cooperation of the Street to stay hidden from its enemies, the same enemies who had reduced Berkeley to a shell. Isolated, but far from defeated, the city turned for trade to the Nomads, establishing the unique enclave-within-an-enclave that is 'Rollertown' for their guests.

When the 4th C War erupted, Berkeley was *ready.* Its residents had long ago abandoned Corporate America, and while the rest of the world was reduced to desperation, *they* were well-fed, organized and ready to fight for their corner of the world of 203X. The city had evolved a meme parallel to Night City's Edgerunners that was completely compatible. When word of the Convention began to spread to urban centers outside of Night City the Edgerunners discovered to their surprise that Berkeley was *already* an enclave in all but the name. In fact, even the name fit—drawing upon the unofficial tag establish during the city's 1960s countercultural roots, Berkeley had become *Berzerkley.*

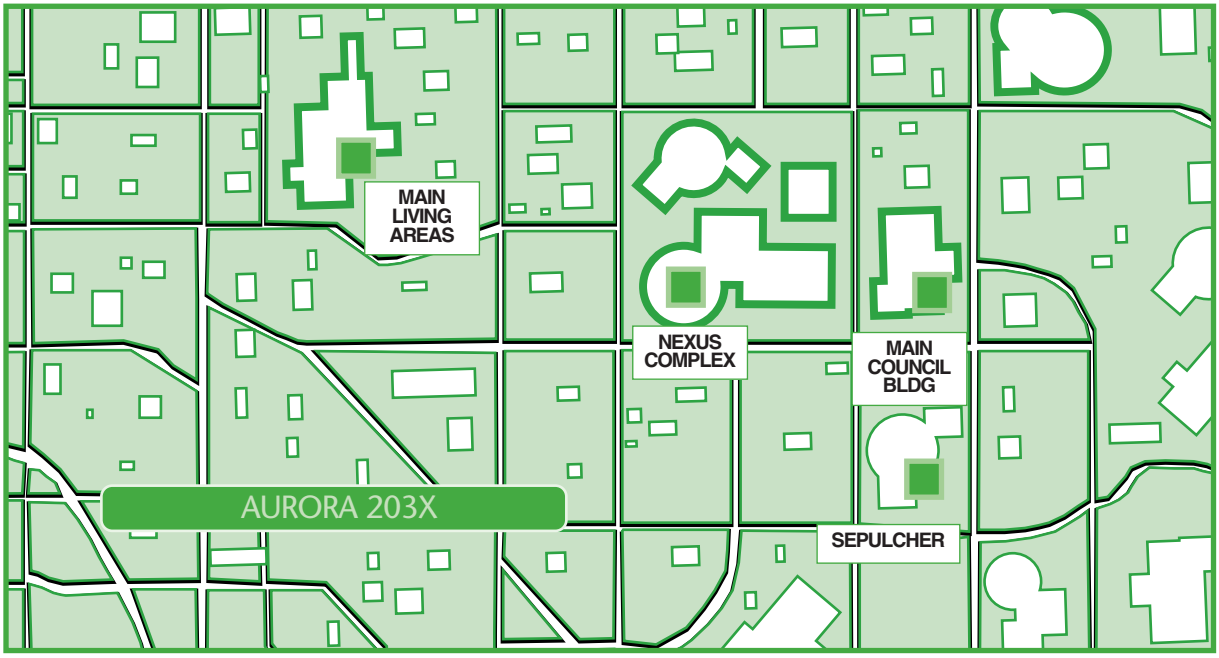
The Berzerkley enclave forms the core of the new town, centering on several blocks bordering Telegraph that loom over the now Megatechnix-owned campus of the Old University. Edgers provide guidance and leadership, pairing up with residents to help build community and and feed their families. The enclave's colorful street culture and clannish spirit of often reminds visitors of Roller or Drift cities, but Berzerkley is very much an Edger stronghold, attracting tough, open-minded urbanites who aren't afraid of change or getting their hands dirty. Berzerkers are ultimately anarchistic, preferring to rely on immediate family or friends rather than deal with the AltCult as a single nation. But they're all committed to the success and safety of the wider community, be it their neighbors, their block, the enclave or the Edgerunners as a whole.

Berzerkley is not without problems. As an open enclave it has to stay especially vigilant against incursion by hostile gangs, NeoCorps and other AltCults: The enclave DataPool is tirelessly guarded by a dedicated cadre of SysOps, and the thronging streets patrolled by volunteer militia. When it was abandoned and forgotten the city thrived in its invisibility. But with its integration into the very visible Edger AltCult, Berzerkley will have to stand tall or get rolled over by the larger world.

Denver: The Aurora Nexus

Denver is on the frontier of Edgerunner territory, a spur jutting out from the enclaves of the Rustbelt cities, nestled high in the Rockies on the border of the hostile Cee Metal-held Southwest Free zone. Small and geographically isolated from the coasts, Aurora seems a distant colony that hardly merits major enclave status, but it is exactly the combination of physical location and what is concealed below in its subterranean vaults that gives it such authority. For disguised behind a front of parochial isolation is the Nexus, the very hub of the EdgerNet, and the AltCult's extended DataPool network between major Enclaves and the hub of its satellite transmissions. From Aurora, the Edgerunners direct and protect their entire communications infrastructure. In its datavaults they store the information they've accumulated by looting corporate databases and trading with the Fallen Angels, preparing for a return to the instantaneous communication that characterized the pre-'Krash age.

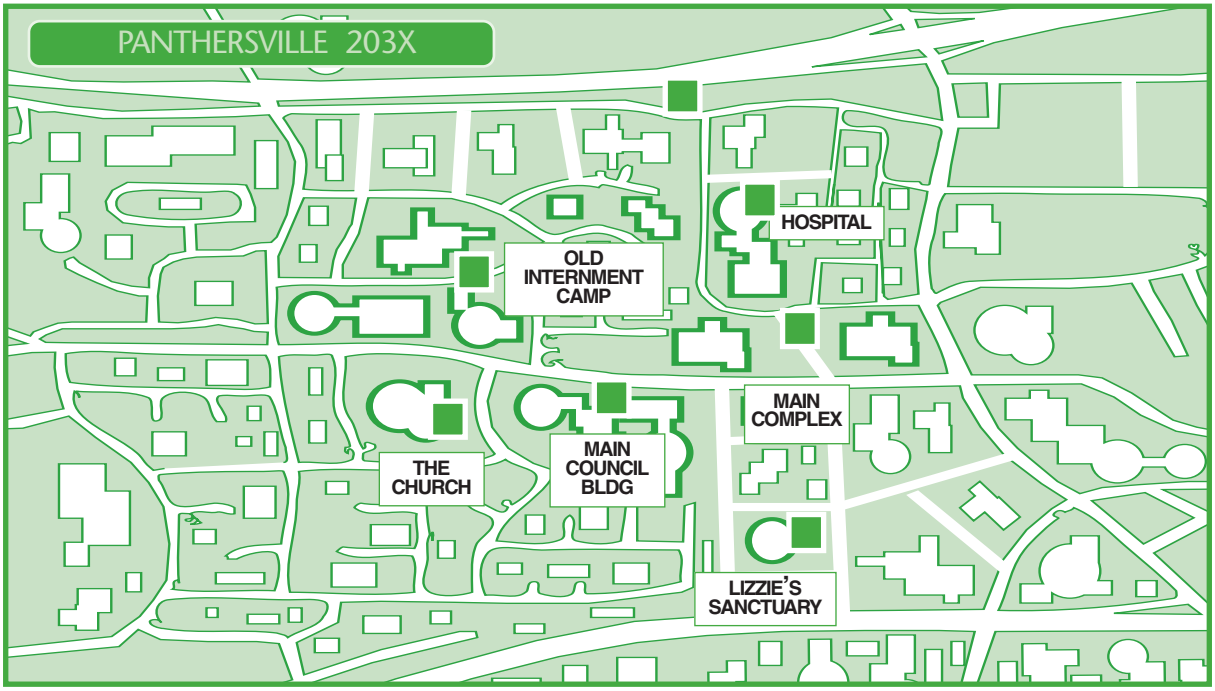
Aurora is highly integrated into the local community, welcoming visitors from local districts who use the public access DataPool and relying for its external security on guards provided by the Denver Militia, a citywide volunteer police force funded at the local district level. Before it was absorbed into the Edgerunner



nation, the Nexus was the router for Denver's primitive post-'Krash communications system, a function it still performs today. Because of this, the city ensures that the enclave has uninterrupted access to power, water and plenty of willing hands to help defend and repair the network (locally at least). Because of its geographical location, Aurora is often used as a way station for Edgers making the hop between coasts by aeroliner. As such, the Aurorans often have a cosmopolitan worldliness absent from other more isolated or militant Edger communities. Visiting Edgers often find the apparent lack of security and willingness to trust local citizens with AltCult business extremely unsettling, but even the most curious spy would be thwarted by the subtle layers of obfuscation created by the Aurorans to keep their secrets hidden.

Below the city surface, the enclave is a warren of electronic and physical storage caches, backups, test labs, satellite uplinks and computer systems constructed and maintained by the Edgerunner's most dedicated techies scanning the lines for alien cargo being carried by Edger transmissions. Any packet of data larger than a casual 'phone call from one enclave to another is first routed through Aurora and screened for viruses or spyware before being bounced on to a destination via Angel comsat. While secretive and obsessed with security, Aurora is ultimately a practical enclave dedicated to maintaining and expanding the AltCult's ability to communicate and archive information. Residents are committed to the idea of developing the fragile Edgernet into a completely secure laseroptic network, a speed-of-light link that will connect every Edgerunner enclave. The majority of Edgerunner enclaves' anti-intrusion software and communications technology come from Aurora Edger research or (more accurately) from a room that only the Edger Council and the senior members of the Aurora leadership know about—the ominously named 'Sepulcher'.

The Sepulcher is a portal to the Net as-was, a district government mainframe colonized by the dead: victims of Soulkiller who have created a digital paradise for their disembodied intelligences. During her time in Netwatch, Aurora leader Vida-Marie West witnessed the



desperate flight of these digital life forms attempting to escape from the oncoming RABID tide. When it became clear that the Net was lost, she decided to save as many of the disembodied as she could, turning a local mainframe into an isolated sanctuary for the electronic refugees. In return, the "ghosts" have agreed to process code and tackle design problems for Vida-Marie. Between them, the living and the dead are trying to recreate the original cyberspace of the Net one googlebyte at a time.

Panthersville

Atlanta's Panthersville enclave is the largest Edger stronghold in the "Dirty South" region of the BosWash corridor, a sprawling network of tenements, barracks and chapels sweltering under sultry polluted skies. It's also home to the Edgerunners' most radical and powerful Revolutionary sect outside of San Diego: The Church of a Thousand Heavens.

The flooding of most US coastal cities forced thousands to seek refuge inland. Some joined the Nomad packs moving along the desolate highways or drifted along the coasts to loot the drowning conurbations. But many more sought sanctuary in townships bordering the suburbs of corporate city cores. The US government's few remaining National Guard units attempted to direct the migration, but the desperate conditions, coupled with corporate indifference and heavy handed local police forces inescapably led to smoldering resentment between the dispossessed and their guardians. By summer 2023, denied basic amenities by the government and driven to madness by relentless heat and vile conditions, the shanties around Birmingham exploded into violence. Raging mobs swept into the city to loot and burn, clashing with police and turning the downtown into a battleground.

Rioters occupied the town for four days, demanding that the US government recognize their right to homes and food for their children. Paralyzed, Washington turned to the corporations for help—while corporate security teams went in for the kill, the regular army surrounded the city center and trapped the rioters inside. In the bloody aftermath, the

ringleaders of the insurrection were executed and the survivors interred in camps, the largest being Panthersville, GA.

Panthersville Relocation Camp became notorious throughout America: a sordid ghetto administrated with brutal efficiency by the remaining Megacorps on behalf of the US government. Inmates soon lost the will to survive, becoming drab eyed zombies, while others went feral and turned on each other like rats in a cage. Those that kept their wits and dignity began to develop a new spirituality, a survivors' religion, a faith of idols and icons, of street corner worship and personal saints that gave them purpose and hope. The meme began to take root amongst those who refused to succumb to either misery or hate. It was a humble rebellion, a simple refusal to submit founded in a faith that all gods and saints were a single heavenly family and mankind was a reflection of their divinity. The guards saw religious devotion and ignored it, unable to recognize unity in all the disparate symbols and icons: It was to be a fatal mistake. For all its advocacy of charity and dignity this new faith embraced all deities, and that included Kali, Sehkmet, Ares and Satan. By the end of the 4th C War, the Church was ready. They rose up and enacted a bloody coup, taking the camp and turning it into a fortress. From there, they could launch forays into the surrounding countryside to liberate and defend other shanty towns still being rolled over by the corporate armies.

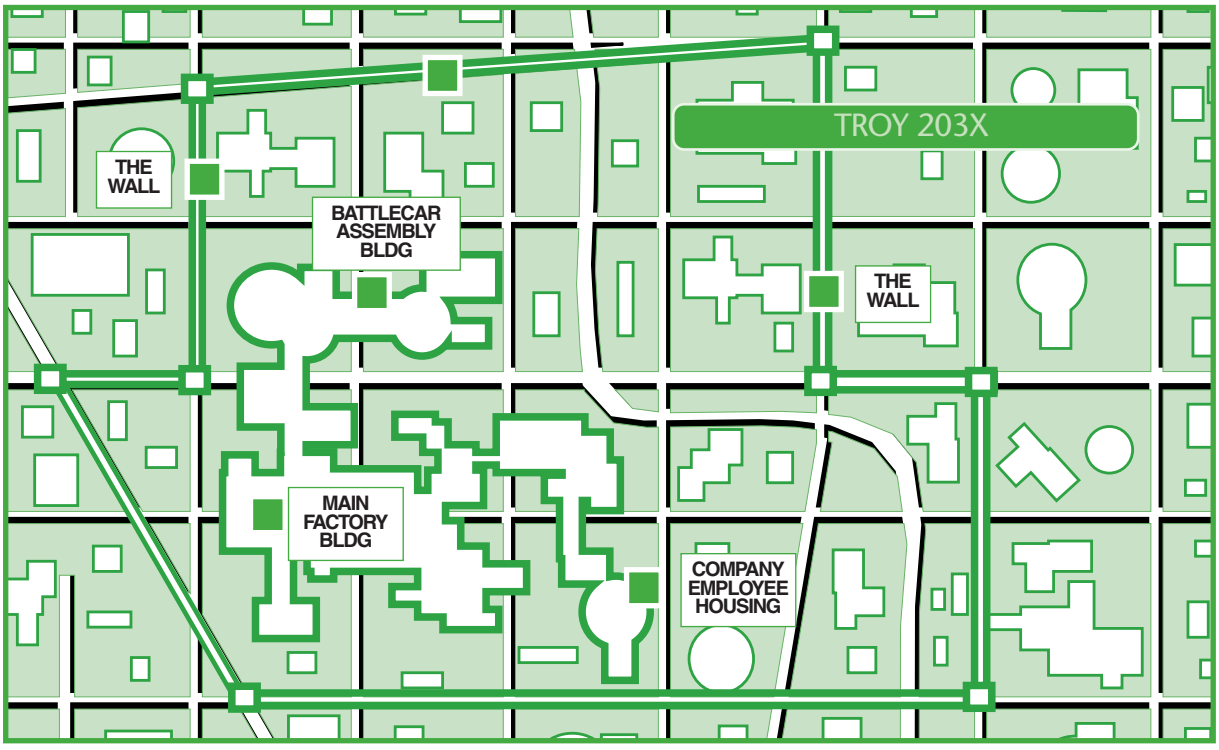
The expansion of New Atlanta eventually swallowed Panthersville, but the enclave, now domed and walled in ferrocrete, remains on the site of the original camp. While now an Edgerunner stronghold, the most powerful meme in Panthersville is still The Church, which influences every aspect of Panther life. The Panthers themselves are more sedate and genial than most Edgers expect from a Revolutionary cult, but they possess an unsettling intensity that colors their relationship with other enclaves and AltCults. While they embody the key qualities of the Edgerunner meme: political egalitarianism and revolutionary zeal, they take both to such a bizarre extreme that their fellow Edgers have trouble relating to them. To a Panther things are simple; when they were desperate refugees, the government did nothing to protect them. When they became inconvenient, they were handed over to corporate thugs for disposal. As far as they're concerned only the Church helped them. The US Government will never have jurisdiction on Panther turf again and since the NeoCorps are the bastard children of their oppressors, both must be destroyed without mercy.

It's a long observed irony that Silk Foucault, the legendary negotiator, chose Panthersville as his home. He claims the archaic architecture and calm self-assurance of the locals remind him of boyhood France. But perhaps it's just that the rock-solid faith of the locals that seems so refreshing in a protean world.

Midwest: The Walls of Troy

Where the offices of the Oracle Automotive Corporation once stood now tower the impregnable Walls of Troy, surrounding the most militant and militarized enclave of the Edgerunner nation. A fortress born of rust, industry and asphalt, it is the great mover of the Edger AltCult, the source of of its wheeled warriors and horsepower heroes.

Detroit was hit hard by the MidEast Meltdown at the turn of the century, and the American automotive industry went into sharp decline as gas supplies dwindled to a slow drip. Then the Megacorps began marketing inexpensive electric/hydrogen hybrids assembled by cheap labor overseas. Without the car plants to buoy



up its already precarious economy, Detroit slid into an inexorable decline, resulting in a familiar tale of poverty and neglect that shaped so many Edger enclaves. First, the grand skyscrapers in the city center were boarded up and left to decay. Then the industrial parks and factories ringing the city were abandoned. Finally, the suburban neighborhoods were deserted as the occupants drifted away seeking work. The gutted shells that remained became the lair of the road dogs, mechanized marauders and thrill seeking go-gangs that battled each other to the death for ownership of pitted strips of asphalt. As the police lost the battle for the freeways, neighborhoods grew increasingly isolated, islands in a sea of decaying ruins besieged by nihilistic savages.

One such district was Troy, MI.

By 2020, the suburb of Troy clung to survival thanks to the Oracle Automotive Corporation, America's last great custom automobile company and completely committed to its Michigan roots. Oracle's influence as a minor subsidiary of Mitsubishi-Sugo ensured the neighborhood's food and power. Then the board of Oracle declined contracts for specialist assault vehicles to prevent Troy from becoming a target for hostile corporate retaliation. That choice was prophetic. Days later the 4th C War erupted and Mitsubishi-Sugo's manufacturing base was hit by an indiscriminate bombing campaign. As chaos seized the world's reins, the road dogs grew more reckless and daring. No longer fearing reprisals, they quickly finished off the beleaguered highway patrol, then began to lay siege to the surviving neighborhoods of the Motor City.

The Trojans took up their own defense, closing off the city streets with wrecked cars and fighting the gangers block by block. But they knew that if they remained trapped in their district, they would eventually be starved into submission. A council of war formed of grizzled SoAm veterans, young firebrands and surviving police officers finally approached Oracle Motors with a desperate plan. The only way the neighborhood could survive was to take

the fight to the enemy. If the Trojans had the guts and the guns to man them, would Oracle would build them the vehicles? Thus Oracle ended making the very warmachines they had sought so hard to avoid creating. On January 1st, 2021 the first Trojan Battlecars roared onto the highways to extract bloody revenge for the years of terror the gangs had inflicted on the Rustbelt. In the months to follow, the Trojans cleared the roads east, reclaiming the highways surrounding Detroit,driving out the gangs and liberating Pontiac, Royal Oak, and retaking the downtown heart of the Motor City in 2023.

While some vibrant communities, linked by maglev and aerobuses have strung up in the old neighborhoods,much of Detroit still remains deserted. And the roads still ceaselessly rumble with the sound of Trojan battlecars patrolling the decaying highways watching for the return of the enemy.

The original factories of the Oracle Corporation are still the core of the Walls of Troy enclave; huge, rumbling shop floors of autofacs and armories where Edger techs design and repair the powerful battlecars that own the roads of the Rustbelt. A descendant of tough auto workers and immigrants used to defending themselves, the typical Trojan Edger is ready for a fight at all times. Favoring heavy armor in matte grays and bright industrial colors; toting outsized ordinance that could drop a dragoon, they still prefer to settle their scores on the asphalt arena in spectacular high speed showdown if given a choice.

Trojans are regarded by other Edgers as generous and magnanimous hosts and sound allies but are universally renowned for their short tempers, quick fists and long memories. Once they take a stand, Trojans never compromise and never back down, and as such are constantly antagonizing their more progressive neighbors on the east coast. Hardcore, unbending and honest, Trojans wear their name well.

Enclave Leadership

Among the exceptional people in Edger society, some really stand out. Their giri, their rep and charisma, their good sense and their desire to steer the AltCult right elevates these special few to positions of authority in the Edgerunner nation. These men and women reflect the character of their enclave and shape it by their actions, speaking for their people at the Edgerunner Convention and offering leadership and guidance at home.

Edger High's most famous resident is (of course) Seth Mendez, the Father of NuCybe. But Seth takes very little part in the daily administration of the enclave; that falls to Head Councilor "Principal" Sally Bowman (an engaging ex-physics lecturer from NCU) and her advisors, the taciturn Alfredo Alonzo (head of East Bay R&D) and the wry and witty Joe Doggett (services manager, a title that encompasses everything that isn't research, security or policy).

Berzerkley, as expected, has a more unconventional leadership structure. The enclave is governed by consensus with jointly chosen "Chancellor" standing as arbitrator between the different factions that gather in the Rose Garden above Rollertown. The present Chancellor is the beautiful Suki Samson, who is guided in her decisions by her mentor, Boris Khan (an enigmatic netrunner-turned-shaman), Suki's sister Letitia Cloudtop Samson (chief sysop of the Berzerkley DataPool) and her Militia Captain, Jackhammer Sam Davis, an acerbic 4th C War veteran.

The structure of Manhattan Enclave leadership is extremely rigid and unusually autocrat-

ic. A board of twelve specialists and negotiators is selected from the enclave's ranks based on their skills and past successes in their field. The present Chairman is the fiercely charismatic ex-solo Mark Laurence, who is flanked by his old "Punk era fixer Lou Moriarty (a solid gold rogue turned Head Negotiator) and Monica Cheung's scintillating protégé, the ice-cold Anabella Morrissey. From the Penthouse of Cleo's Needle, these Twelve direct the policy that influences Edger dealings throughout the entire BosWash corridor.

Aurora leadership is more like a family gathering than a government. While Vida-Marie is head of the enclave council she takes very little part in local affairs, concerning herself with representing the interests of Aurora at the Convention and developing the EdgerNet instead.Day-to-day, he enclave is run by Jack Reynolds, a genial ex-cop who tirelessly works for the interests of Aurora. He's assisted in looking after the distracted techies in his care by the ethereal Claire Boone, known as "The Medium" for her work in the Sepulcher, and his ever-practical Security Chief Al Baxter, a veteran Marine Corps sergeant.

Panthersville is broken into districts known as Chapters, each with their own elected representative to the enclave council. The council is chaired by a spokesperson selected from the ranks of the Chapter Heads. Called a Sister or Brother, they are advised (and sometimes chastised) by a spiritual mentor titled Father or Mother whose sole purpose is to ensure that the worldly doings of Panthersville remain ethical. At present, the elected Sister is Lizzie Devereux, a preternaturally calm and centered young woman who was raised in Panthersville after the revolt. She is counseled by Father Beau, an irascible old jester of remarkable insight and compassion, and her lover, the fierce Danny DiMarco, a veteran of the revolt and committed Revolutionary.

Troy's council still meets in the boardroom of Oracle Automotive, around the same steel table it first convened at during the siege of Detroit. Anyone who sits at the table does so out of the merit of their own achievements, but the role of Chairman has been given over to "Captain' Bob Lysander., the aging grandson of the last owner of Oracle. Bob's function is to keep order between the representatives of the belligerent warrior clans and the short-tempered techs that often crowd the room. The most vocal members around the table are Kate "Cutie" MacMillan, fuchsia haired warleader and battlecar pin-up, and the dour Constantine Checinski, head tech and the senior production engineer on the Oracle shop floor.

Enclave Leaders

"Principal" Sally Bowman

Sally Bowman, Edger High's Head Councilor, entered the Edgerunner ranks while working as a tutor at Night City University during Oleg's interregnum. A math prodigy as a child, she gained her doctorate in theoretical physics at 22. An outspoken, vivacious, theatrical exhibitionist, Sally enjoyed celebrity status in California's scientific community, appearing on popular television chat shows in suits and in men's magazines in her underwear. While she took great delight in her unlikely fame, her passion remained science, and she was quite willing to exploit the attention she got for the benefit of Free California's ailing educational system. During the twenty-teens she campaigned to raise state funding for school and university science programs and also wrote two books on physics for laymen (one of which made the New York Times' bestseller list). At age 28, she took up a teaching post at NCU. She remained there through the bleak year following the Nuke



until the university was liberated by Dylan's Northsiders.

Sally is a striking woman in her mid-forties with a cheerful, sassy disposition and a mane of unruly blonde hair that she barely attempts to tame with an assortment of clips and barrettes. Fond of exotic fashion, she favors well-cut, feminine suits that flatter her figure (which has received only slight surgical modification over the years), elaborately patterned ankle-length synthsilk greatcoats and Chinese umbrellas with holographic iconography. She appears to take her role as Head Councilor very lightly, but beneath the coquettish bonhomie is a highly focused intellect directed with laser-like precision toward the survival and growth of the enclave in her care. This attitude is reflected in her personal life; most Edgers only see the flirtatiousness and breezy goodwill, not the extremely passionate woman with an absolute commitment to the people and causes in her life. For Sally, the Edgerunners—particularly the Edgers of the East Bay—represent America's future, and her part in that future to nurture the dangerous young minds of tomorrow in her care.

CHARACTER	SALLY BOWMAN									
Stats	INT	REF	TECH	DEX	COOL	WILL	STR	CON	MOVE	BODY
Stat Value	8	4	7	6	7	6	4	5	5	4
Derived Stats	LUCK	HUM	REC	END	RUN	SPR	SWIM	LEAP	HITS	STUN
Stat Value	10	60	6	10	10	15	5	5	8	20

KEY SKILLS	LVL.	KEY PERKS/TALENTS	LVL.
Handgun	3	Lightning Calculator	
Education	9	Beautiful	3

LIFEPATH Math prodigy and famous TV science personality; the Carl Sagan of the 203X period, her shallow exterior hides a brilliant mind.

GOALS Educate a generation of Edgers to become the dominant scientists of the future. Stop the Corps from controlling the science frontier.

Suki Samson

Beautiful Suki Samson, Berzerkley's visionary young half-black half-Korean "Chancellor", was born into the proto-Edger ranks during the founding of the enclave and has lived through its evolution from forgotten slum to self-realized city. Born into a close community of liberals and radical intellectuals, Suki's father was a Tae Kwon Do instructor and prolific essayist and her mother a vegan chef, both of whom refused to quit the neighborhood even after the blockades came down and the town turned ugly. Her early childhood was an urban idyll of play and schooling by her devoted parents in one of the first communes on Gilman.

That idyll shattered when she was eleven: Her father was brought home dead, murdered by a pack of gangers when he tried to prevent the rape of a teenage girl. All joy left Suki that day, replaced by a cold fury at the cruelty of the world. Sickened by the savagery of the street and the passivity of her extended family she went searching the city for some meaning. And on the roofs, Suki discovered Boris,



ex-Netrunner turned urban shaman who found a new spirituality in the chaos of the city and was willing to share his discoveries with the girl. In the discipline of martial arts and Parkour she regained her peace; through Boris' guidance and insight she regained compassion. At 18 she was ready to go back down into the city to be a part of the work of transformation, starting with healing her family.

Suki is a lean, muscular, captivatingly beautiful young woman of 24, who dresses in simple minimalist street wear. Favoring snug cropped vests that show off her tattooed arms, skintight pants, utility belts and light boots, her long curly black hair is braided into tight cornrows against her scalp to keep it out of her way. Bizarrely, she chooses to go about the enclave unarmed. Adopting the role of Chancellor of the enclave was a natural and comfortable step for her; bringing accord between the Edger families was an extension of her need to bring peace back to her family. Suki believes that the divisions between Edgers, AltCults, even all Mankind, are artificial. Committed to the Blurred Earth, she advocates peace, unity and cooperation between the AltCults in order to undo the NeoCorp threat before they exploit the divisions between those who can resist their megalomania.

CHARACTER	SUKI SAMSON									
Stats	INT	REF	TECH	DEX	COOL	WILL	STR	CON	MOVE	BODY
Stat Value	6	7	5	8	5	6	5	6	7	5
Derived Stats	LUCK	HUM	REC	END	RUN	SPR	SWIM	LEAP	HITS	STUN
Stat Value	9	60	8	12	14	21	7	7	10	25

KEY SKILLS	LVL.	KEY PERKS/TALENTS	LVL.
Martial Arts	7	Charismatic Leader	5
Athletics	7	Beautiful	5

LIFEPATH When her father was murdered by street thugs, Suki became a martial arts master determined to protect the weak.

GOALS Help Blurred Earth unify the Edger AltCult. Stop the NeoCorps' drive for world domination.

Mark Laurence

Saturnine Chairman of the Manhattan enclave and veteran of the *Cyberpunk* movement, Mark Laurence was born around the turn of the new century in Queens. As a teenager, his natural bulk and quiet fierceness led him to bare-knuckle bouts in dirty warehouses and enforcing for local minor-league gangsters until he was finally arrested for a serious assault in a bar. (Ironically, it was one of the *few* fights he didn't start.) But the judge wasn't interested in excuses—Mark was given two choices: the county jail or the US Army. He chose the Army, discovering much to his own surprise that soldiering came naturally to him. Ten years later, he was back on the streets of New York just in time for the dawn of the cybersoldier era, this time with a whole new skill set to sell to his previous employers. After a few low-key criminal engagements, Mark realized that the big money was in corporate work, so he got himself a razor sharp Bronx



fixer named Lou Moriarty to be his agent and set about making a name in the cyberpunk underworld. In the end, Mark got out of the corporate espionage game before it turned into a major war, securing positions for both himself and Lou on Monica Cheung's personal staff. Working for Monica, Mark found himself with increasing responsibility for the shadier aspects of her business; people trusted him, and he repaid that trust. And when it was time to find the New York Edgers a new home, it was Mark who led them to Cleo's Needle.

Mark's dark good looks, unreadable demeanor and absolute confidence, coupled with his bulk and reputation for soldiering earned him an enviable reputation amongst 'Punkers during the 4th C War; a rep he scrupulously maintains to this day. His wardrobe of tailored high-fashion outfits (with a functional military edge) and his immaculate grooming are a key to his rep, since in the Manhattan enclaves appearance is a mark of authority. Mark is also deeply secretive, sharing his aspirations for the Edger nation with only his most trusted confidante

CHARACTER	MARK LAURENCE									
Stats	INT	REF	TECH	DEX	COOL	WILL	STR	CON	MOVE	BODY
Stat Value	7	7	5	5	7	5	6	7	5	7
Derived Stats	LUCK	HUM	REC	END	RUN	SPR	SWIM	LEAP	HITS	STUN
Stat Value	10	50	9	14	10	15	5	5	14	35

KEY SKILLS	LVL.	KEY PERKS/TALENTS	LVL.
Rifle	7	Combat Sense	5
Handgun	5	High Pain Threshold	

LIFEPATH Old School Cybersoldier and Monica Cheung's partner, he rose from a tough kid background to run the New York Edge.

GOALS Make the Edgers the most powerful AltCult. Keep an eye on Monica and her ambitious protégé Anabella Saftin.

Jack Reynolds

Jack Reynolds is the paternal head of the Aurora enclave, a veteran cop with 15 years of Street experience under his belt until the 4th C War destroyed his life. A family man who'd grown up in the Denver area, he'd intended to raise his children the same way, but his inability to deal with the unending stress of his job resulted in a messy divorce and two estranged teenage sons.

Despair sent him to the bottle, which is where he would have stayed had tragedy not have shaken him out of his stupor. His eldest son, Martin, followed the Reynolds family tradition into policing, but instead of choosing to serve in the force of his new home town of Boston, he opted for the glamour of working for Militech. Wrapped in his own alcoholic misery, Jack failed to spot the signs of the impending Corp war, and by the time he did, it was too late and the shooting had started.

Martin was killed by a car bomb while guarding a bank in Pittsburgh in 2022. Then son David, seeking to avenge his older brother's death, signed up with Militech only to be felled by an Arasaka bullet the day after he was posted to Miami. In the end, all Jack had left was the job that had cost him his marriage and a city full of terrified civilians waiting for the War to find them. The bottle was no longer enough; Jack put back on his badge and turned to patrolling the streets of Denver to find absolution for his failure as a father.

Hitting the Street day after day, he weathered conflict and chaos until he finally came to understand what the well-trodden phrase *protect and serve* really meant. In the aftermath of the War, he also took on the role of community leader, working with the battered emergency services to establish heat and shelter during the ferocious Colorado winters. During the cold winter, he hooked up with a charismatic young techie named Vida-Marie West, who'd come to town to establish an emergency communications network. Maybe he saved her, maybe she saved him; no one will ever know for sure. But nearly two decades later, Jack's still with Vida. And he's still taking care of people, this time as the custodian—some say the Father—of the Aurora Nexus.

Now approaching his sixties, Jack still has all of his old vigor. His back is straight, his blue eyes clear and his grey hair thick. He has the leathery, tanned skin of a man used to being outdoors and a slightly cowboy style that he exaggerates in the company of flash urbanites. Relaxed and jovial in public, Jack also has a fierce loyalty to his adopted Edger family that manifests in flashes of temper when they're criticized (which is one of the reasons that Vida wisely keeps him looking after the enclave and nowhere near the Convention.) Generally calm and paternal (especially with younger Edgers) Jack exudes all the authority of a veteran street cop, and he's perfectly willing to drop the hammer on you if he thinks you're stepping too close to the line.

CHARACTER	JACK REYNOLDS									
Stats	INT	REF	TECH	DEX	COOL	WILL	STR	CON	MOVE	BODY
Stat Value	6	5	6	5	7	8	5	5	4	6
Derived Stats	LUCK	HUM	REC	END	RUN	SPR	SWIM	LEAP	HITS	STUN
Stat Value	8	80	7	10	8	12	4	4	12	30

KEY SKILLS	LVL.	KEY PERKS/TALENTS	LVL.
Handgun	6	Family (Aurora Enclave)	9
Streetwise	8	Common Sense	

LIFEPATH Veteran cop who lost it all in the 4th C War when his estranged sons took on Arasaka. Vida's main man in more ways than one.

GOALS Preserve his Edger "family" and make sure no one messes with them. Keep the peace. Live down his guilt over his sons' deaths.

Sister Lizzie Devereux

The wise and willowy Lizzie Devereux, called by some *"Le Saint de Taudis,"* is the present Sister of the Chapter Heads of Panthersville. Born in 2010, in Lafayette, LA, Lizzie was the daughter of a local Christian minister and a Haitian immigrant, both tireless campaigners for the rights of those families displaced by the rising waters of the Gulf. In 2015, the Devereux family gave up its parish and took to the road to provide spiritual guidance to lost souls dwelling in the shanty towns that ringed the inland cities of the South. Lizzie was raised in tents pitched by the swollen banks of the Mississippi, in the pitted concrete huts of abandoned railroad yards and in ramshackle labyrinths of truck and trailer parks. As a small child, she was carried through the thronging crowds in her mother's arms as the Devereuxs distributed food, blackmarket medicine and the comfort of the Lord to the desperate and hungry. With her honey-colored curls, coffee-colored skin and angelic blue eyes, she became iconic: a tiny cherub handing antibiotics to the sick with chubby little hands. The refugees



named her *The Saint of the Slum (Le Saint de Taudis)* and they loved her.

By the time the Devereuxs settled in the township that squatted bleakly on the suburban borders of 2018 Birmingham, the tension between the dispossessed and the cities was at its height. Her parents were instrumental in the rising that led to the occupation of the city, and were swiftly executed when the corporate strike teams retook it. Lizzie, the people's beloved daughter—the little earthly Saint of the Church of a Thousand Heavens— was hidden in Panthersville and secretly raised by the hundreds that the Devereuxs had saved.

Lizzie was raised to lead. She possesses a keen empathy, confidence in her own judgment and an instinctive understanding of the motivations and needs of others. This, coupled with her striking features, otherworldly demeanor and her history as the talisman of the new faith made that her rise to Chapter Head and Sister inevitable. Lizzie is not without doubts, though. She has spent a lifetime being revered, and the responsibility of her position as inspiration and holy mother to an entire religion weighs heavily on her. It's only the stabilizing combination of her mentor, Father Beau, and her lover and protector, Danny, that keeps her focused on the earthly task of administrating an enclave and not becoming caught up in her own legend.

CHARACTER	SISTER LIZZIE DEVEREUX									
Stats	INT	REF	TECH	DEX	COOL	WILL	STR	CON	MOVE	BODY
Stat Value	7	5	6	5	8	7	5	5	4	4
Derived Stats	LUCK	HUM	REC	END	RUN	SPR	SWIM	LEAP	HITS	STUN
Stat Value	9	70	7	10	8	12	4	4	8	20

KEY SKILLS	LVL.	KEY PERKS/TALENTS	LVL.
Awareness	7	Charismatic Leader	9
Human Perception	7	Intuition	

LIFEPATH Her childhood ministering to the poor and afflicted has made her into a saintly and beloved Panthersville figure.

GOALS Protect and feed the poor. Stop the Corps from exploiting those unable to protect themselves. Lead the Enclave wisely.

Bob Lysander: Last of a Dynasty

Born in Grosse Pointe in 1967, Robert Lysander is the aging grandson of Samuel Lysander, an amateur military historian and the last owner of the now-legendary Oracle Automotive Corporation (once America's most prestigious and elite automobile engineering firm). Raised by Sam to be more than a businessman, Bob was sure he was destined to be the captain of the good ship Oracle. So he learned to study the trade and how to govern men well at his grandfather's knee. Sam



knew that the time would come when Bob would have sole responsibility for taking the helm, and he wanted to make sure his grandson would be equal to the job.

Then Sam died when Bob was in his teens, leaving Oracle to be managed by his father Jim. Bob went on to CalTech to study engineering, still harboring the romantic notion that he was an industry captain in training, waiting for his chance to honor the family legacy. But his fantasy was dashed when his father merged Oracle into a subsidiary of Mitsubishi-Sugo. Jim Lysander may have thought he was making the right move; certainly after the MidEast Meltdown the age of the gasoline-powered automobile was over and Bob's romantic notions outdated and inappropriate for the megacorporate age. But Bob resented the move; he loved his grandfather and wanted Oracle to be a name still associated with homebuilt American quality and integrity.

The following decades were a struggle between two generations of the Lysander family as both Bob and his father battled to direct the destiny of the company. The Oracle NASCAR team won championship after championship under the guidance of Bob's Special Projects team, raising the profile of the company as an independent automobile producer and creating a new market in prestige custom vehicles for the rich. However, with the effective end of hydrocarbon power, the company made the majority of its money developing military prototypes for corporate security forces (which Bob saw as a disgusting betrayal of his grandfather's ideals). Bob finally got what he wanted when the threat of the 4th C War led Jim to float the remainder of Oracle's stock. Bob cashed in his private fortune and purchased 51% of Oracle's shares, removed his father from the board and rejected any new military projects to spite him. To Lysander, Detroit was the *Motor* City, it built *cars,* not weapons. Ironically in the end though, it was only the fact that Oracle could do *both* that saved it from the road dogs.

Bob's a lot older and wiser now; lean, gray and hawkish. He still wears the same relaxed combination of old sports jackets, faded NASCAR team shirts and cowboy hats that so antagonized his corporate father. Due to increasing infirmity, he's taken to wearing NuCybe bracers to support his aging body and worn-out frame. . As the chairman of Troy's council, Bob's first duty has always been to the people who work for him, and he feels a keen responsibility to the Edger fami-

lies who share his home and the city that surrounds the Walls. He still thinks of himself as a nineteenth century naval captain, stern and aloof but ultimately fair and generous as he guides the good ship Oracle through rough seas. He views the Trojan Edgers at his table as ship's officers that he leads with discipline and consideration if their vessel is to survive the uncharted waters of 203X. The Edgers regard him with affection and give him the veto at council out of respect for all that he has done for Troy, but as Detroit rebuilds after decades of neglect, they are growing frustrated with Bob's idealistic isolationism.

CHARACTER	BOB LYSANDER									
Stats	INT	REF	TECH	DEX	COOL	WILL	STR	CON	MOVE	BODY
Stat Value	8	3	7	4	7	8	4	4	3	4
Derived Stats	LUCK	HUM	REC	END	RUN	SPR	SWIM	LEAP	HITS	STUN
Stat Value	9	80	6	8	6	9	3	3	8	20

KEY SKILLS	LVL.	KEY PERKS/TALENTS	LVL.
Handgun	4	Wealth (millionaire)	9
Automotive Design	9	Authority (Troy Enclave)	8

LIFEPATH Third generation auto manufacturer whose clear vision kept the Detroit Dream alive.

GOALS Restore the Motor City to its old greatness, while keeping the Neo-Corps from turning Oracle into a weapons manufacturer.

Communication: The EdgerNet

Thanks to the unique alliance they share with the Fallen Angels and coupled with an imaginative use of technology, the Edgerunners have access to one of the most sophisticated and integrated communications system in 203X America: the EdgerNet, an impressive network of local DataPools linked across the continent by heavily encrypted satellite communications and local ingenuity.

At the local level, enclaves use fairly simple and efficient forms of communication. All Edger living areas have access to internal fiber optic networks that allow them to log on to the DataPool to retrieve information, make video calls domestically or to queue up a recorded transmission (for inclusion in a burst to the local cellular mast or uplink for inter-enclave messaging). Radio is still a popular and effective means of communication, often used by Edgerunner Security when patrolling an enclave or on sensitive missions that require instantaneous tight-band communication instead of relying on the local cellular networks. In many enclaves messengers are still the preferred means of sending information from individual to individual (and a very effective way for an Edger to earn giri if they show that they're dependable and discreet) but if you want to get in touch with your neighbor and be *sure* they get the message, it's still just easier to walk on over and knock on the door.

Inter- or extra-enclave communication is more complex and much less reliable. Larger enclaves have their own cellular masts and routers for telecommunication, giving their residents a much better level of cellphone coverage and instant local access to the DataPool. Small enclaves that are geographically adjacent will generally have an agreement to share a major cellular mast or satellite uplink and provide towards its defense and repair but will limit its use due to restricted bandwidth, preferring to reserve it for exchanging information with the DataPool or receiving priority messages from other enclaves. Private communication is secondary. Data for transmission is stored in highly compressed packets which are sent to uplink hosts via radio or maser, where they are screened for viruses and hitchhikers before being sent on to their target des-

tination via the Angels' orbital satellites where they are scanned again before de-coding.

Due to this uplink system, Edgerunners requesting information from another enclave's DataPool or sending an inter-enclave message can expect a degree of lag dependent on their assigned user priority, based on their giri and which code prefix they're using. A casual user usually gets a very low priority code and will be slotted into the transmission hierarchy by the operator based on traffic, when the user put in the request and how well known they are in the AltCult. An Edger with a high priority prefix on a mission for their council gets a higher local priority (not that the enclave on the other end will see it that way), but you deal with that as it happens. The highest level of code prefix is issued to agents of the Convention itself. This code overrides all other transmissions and automatically accesses any DataPool without delay.

This system clearly has its problems. The constant need to submit, encrypt, transmit, scan and re-transmit data makes the process slow, precarious and unreliable for an individual who doesn't have a priority code even if their information is vital. Because of this fact many Edgers prefer to rely on their Agents to automatically find the strongest commercial cellular signal and pay the exorbitant cost asked by a private provider to get an important message out rather than rely on EdgerNet.

While boasting that they have a safe and integrated communications system, the Edger's aren't complacent. The EdgerNet has deliberate flaws built into the system to protect it. There are still computer networks connected to the old Net, occupied by sentient, hostile denizens hungry for bandwidth. If these find a way into the DataPool through the cellular network, the present system must contain the infection before it spreads. Until the Aurorans and their ghostly allies find a solution to the threat of RABIDS or complete their dream of linking all Edgerunner enclaves with a continent-spanning physical fiber-optic network, the present cumbersome system will have to remain to protect the fragile DataPools. Despite these limits, the EdgerNet is a comprehensive standardized system that any Edgerunner has access to, and offers far more electronic freedom than most AltCults enjoy in the tumultuous days of 203X.

Governing the Enclaves

Edgerunners are intensely proud of their anarchist collectivist roots and their systems of local government reflect this fact. Edger enclaves are deliberately-created communities of committed individualists, who have chosen to take the Edgerunner meme as their own, and are personally invested in the daily survival of the AltCult. Each individual has a responsibility to contribute to the success of their enclave and a right to help decide its future.

Or so the theory goes. The problem with giving every individual the right to define policy is that there's a sufficient majority opinion on *anything* to get something done. The reality is that Edgers have had to reply on the more practical model for local government inherited from the genesis of the AltCult—the Edgerunners Convention. And this in turn forms the basis for the daily administration: The Edgerunner Council.

The Council is made up of six to twelve individuals selected from the ranks of the enclave each year. Anyone can put themselves forward for election with no more than the belief that they've got what it takes to do the job of Councilor, and if their peers agree, can find themselves serving a *lot* of people in a very



short time. Candidates are selected by their local community based on their contributions to the enclave or the AltCult and their accumulated giri. There is no debate or public oratory around election time; each Edger has the responsibility to make themselves aware of the qualities and giri of the candidates before making their choice. They simply vote and accept the result.

Elected Councillors take on responsibilities based on their areas of specialization, then request volunteers—aides, experts and team leaders from the community— to help them do their jobs: . Once again, the average Edger gets to vote, only this time with their feet. If they don't like the individual or agree with their election then there's no obligation to support them. Re-elections for a spot on the Council can take place at any time if a vote of no confidence is taken against a Councilor, and a Councilor who can't justify their position to their peers doesn't stay in their post for long.

A Local Council always elects a spokesperson from within their own ranks; this individual takes on the role of enclave leader and is generally (but not always) the enclave's representative at the Convention. The spokesperson is normally an Edger that has accumulated so much giri that their word is inviolate and their integrity unquestionable so can be guaranteed to act in the interest of the AltCult above any personal motivation.

While the Council is the most common form of local government in Edgerunner enclaves, there are other successful models in use. Berzerkley employs the *forum,* a form favored by the Dionysians, where collectives debate and seek arbitration under the guidance of a chairperson and rely on common interest and the will to cooperate to keep the enclave functioning. Manhattan employs the most autocratic system of any Edgerunner enclave. The Twelve select their successors from their own ranks, rather than rely on the vagaries of democracy. They have a very clear plan for the East Coast and won't risk democracy interfering with it until they have finished establishing the AltCult as the defining meme in 203X America.

Aurora is unique in that the council chamber has the feel of a family dining table in a frontier homestead. Each section of the enclave's membership sends along a representative to report to Jack on how things are at the end of the day and talk over what they need to do their job tomorrow. Sometimes Vida-Marie attends, most of the time she doesn't, preferring to leave things in Jack's capable hands. The meeting always ends with a consensus because nobody walks away from the table without saying their piece and being satisfied that they've been listened to. At the other extreme it's been said that Wilder councillors with profound difference of opinion find a quiet backstreet, draw and shoot, but whether this is true or not is open to speculation.

Relations Between Enclaves

In an AltCult as dominated by powerful memes as the Edgerunners, a shifting conflict of interests between enclaves is inevitable. This is particularly acute in the megacities of the East and West Coasts, where enclaves' districts can overlap, bringing them into dispute over water, bandwidth, trading rights with neighbors, access to transport routes, territory to expand into or even which Volumetric they can recruit from. While these disagreements may appear to manifest as bitter wrangling over resources, their true nature is ideological and most could be easily resolved were it not for the profound divisions caused by each enclaves' beliefs.

The East Coast is dominated by the Progressive meme, and as such the majority of enclaves are committed to the ideal that Enclaves are in service to each other and should pool their resources for mutual benefit, allowing weaker or less developed enclaves to use facilities that they haven't yet been able to establish for themselves. This notion, while dominant, is not accepted by everyone: several enclaves in the BosWash corridor resonate more with the Wild West meme, and reject the notion that they should support enclaves incapable of protecting themselves just because they're fellow Edgers. This brings them into bitter conflict with their neighbors: the Progressives have often physically severed fiber optic links or put up firewalls to deny neighboring "rebel enclaves" access to shared uplinks, or (in more extreme cases) banned entry to Edgers from uncooperative Wild West-leaning enclaves entirely. In response to this, several enclaves between Philadelphia and Baltimore have formed a pact to reject the interference of Manhattan in their dealings and have chosen to only do business with each other, resulting in accusations of betrayal from hard-line Progressives being met with counter accusations of tyranny from the Wilders.

> Edger Enclaves are like any family. You can diss your sis all you want, but you'll totally trash anyone *outside* the family who disses her.

Where enclaves' territories overlap in the Night City Megaplex, there are complex agreements made to ensure that resources are available to all ("watering at the same trough' as the Wilders derisively like to put it). These agreements stand to ensure that Edgers don't have to start a fight over access to what they need, but these contracts are more like requests than rules. For example, the Edgers of Alameda (a predominantly Old School enclave) have a bandwidth treaty with Mission San Jose and the fringe Dionysian colony in neighboring Emeryville, but since Schoolers share a clear opinion that if you need it and you ain't got it, then you should just go ahead and steal it, even if it means denying the other enclaves their full share as

long as they get what they need. The Schoolers say they are staying true to their "Punker ideal of food chain ascendancy, whereas the unaffiliated enclave of Mission sees it as an example of childish selfishness triumphing over the common good. The result has been Mission putting a bandwidth tax on the fresh water they supply to the inland enclaves (*nobody* wants to drink from the Bay), which has affected supplies to Berzerkley and led to tension all over the greater Bay Area, with bands of young Edgers hacking DataPools for free bandwidth and picking fights with opposing enclaves' affiliates in order to gain giri with their enclave.

Blurred Earth tries their utmost to maintain cordial relations between enclaves, offering to arbitrate between Councils when conflict arises, but individualistic memes don't like to be meddled with when they believe they're in the right and liberal enclaves grow increasingly paranoid when the militant memes appear to be banding together. If conflicts grow out of hand and enclaves start a shooting match over a dispute, then the Convention will call the Councils to meet and will arrange a new treaty; a request that no Council will deny coming from the most influential and respected Edgerunners in America. To refuse these guys would be to turn your back on the Edger meme and go rogue. And, as yet, no enclave has dared go *that* far.

Trade Between Enclaves

Edger enclaves aspire to be as self-sufficient as possible, but the limits of their geographical location and their relationships with their neighbors often make this impossible. Because of this, Edger enclaves have established extensive trade agreements with each other; it's acknowledged by every Council that despite their philosophical differences the survival of the AltCult is more important than any local disagreements. While these treaties give enclaves access to trade, they do not guarantee supply, price asked or even they they will have something other enclaves will necessarily want in return for their goods. They also do not guarantee if KultureKampf breaks out between two enclaves, so Councils always have to be cautious before starting projects they can't afford not to finish.

Local trade is generally for raw materials and vital utilities. Dense downtown areas that don't have access to sunlight or wind to generate their own power must trade with coastal enclaves for wattage. Isolated inlanders trade geothermal energy in return for sophisticated polymers and unrefined metals for use in manufacturing. Water is always an important trading commodity; inland wells or coastal desalination facilities give an enclave an immediate trade advantage, but only if they have the technology to guarantee that the result is clean, uncontaminated and potable (not to mention avoiding antagonizing local Reefer colonies or sucking unfortunate Rip bioforms into the pipes by mistake). There is extensive private trade between DataPool sysops in software and virus protection updates along with computer hardware (which of course, is cracked, adapted, rebuilt, improved on and sold back to the original owners for them to do the same in return.) Enclaves also need new skills, fresh ideas, experts in certain fields and sometimes gun hands as much as they need nanotech or electricity.

Due to the limits of intercontinental travel in 203X, trade between the coastal megaplexes is limited to small prototypes or transmittable data: Edger High could sustain itself indefinitely on its blueprints alone. Technological innovation isn't limited to Night City. There are ingenious Edgers in every enclave pushing the envelope of existing tech, but only a major enclave can provide the resources needed for

teams of dedicated researchers to pursue blue-sky technologies: even NuCybe, the singular technology that defines the Edgerunner AltCult, developed out of an existing project.

An enclave's memes often affect dealings with the neighbors. On the East Coast, business is easy and uncomplicated. Progressive enclaves have extremely low tariffs on trade, apportioning a certain amount of production for new or struggling enclaves in accordance with their philosophy. West Coast enclaves create local agreements and prices fluctuate with demand and availability. Old Schoolers trade for new technology and innovations in weapons and armor but steal pretty much anything else they can't manufacture or produce themselves from the NeoCorps. Dionysians are prepared to trade with non-members, even with other AltCults, for basic materials if local Edger enclaves don't have what they require or the supply has been cut. Revolutionary enclaves establish themselves in the most self-sufficient position they can with the clear intention of becoming a base for the Crusade. Wilders put down wherever it suits them, trade only for what they can afford, and if they can't make it on their own, they'll be damned if they'll accept charity.

Groups within enclaves are free to establish personal trade agreements with sources outside of the AltCult, but whatever goods they receive are must be bought out of their own pockets. Edgerunners selling enclave goods or data to outsiders for personal gain will find themselves in a world of trouble. And if they try and sell AltTech, death is probably going to be the *best* thing to happen to them.

Moving Between Enclaves

Relocation is a tricky prospect for an Edger in the 203Xs. If you want to change enclaves in your home city, it's the equivalent of boxing up all your possessions, loading them into a canoe and attempting to paddle across the ocean to another Polynesian island (presuming both your chief and the neighboring chief are happy with the idea). Edgerunners are expected to show loyalty to their home enclave, and the decision to leave has numerous political, personal and practical implications. So you'd better be *serious* before you even raise your request at Council. But it happens. You might have had a profound shift in allegiance to another meme. You might have an irreconcilable difference with another Edger with more giri. You might be in love. Whatever the reason, you need to deal with the fact that moving on from the enclave that raised you in the tradition of the AltCult is going to permanently affect your relationship with it. Dionysians regard migrating between enclaves as a positive, life-affirming thing, Revolutionaries see it as a chance to spread the message, but Schoolers get suspicious, Wilders hostile and Progressives haughty if you choose to move on. Think about it: your family—the people you ate, slept, laughed and bled with— may no longer trust you because in their eyes you've chosen to abandon them. Enclaves are *families* and everyone in them is irreplaceable.

If you plan to move, you'll need a sponsor in your new enclave; an Edger with enough giri to gain you residency. Once provisionally accepted by their Council, you'll have to repeat the process of mentoring under them. Just because the Council has allowed you entry doesn't mean that the other Edgers will accept you with open arms. Since you're an adult and should know how things are done, if you screw up, you could find yourself dumped back in your old enclave (if they'll take you back). You'll also take a hit in your giri until you can prove that you're a dependable member of your new community.

The process of applying to reside in a distant enclave where no-one has a clue as to your value is even more arduous, starting with applications made via the EdgerNet or at the Convention where your character and giri can be scrutinized. If your request seems legitimate, then a mentor is selected for you; a role that nets them plenty of giri if you turn out to be an asset, or a lot of grief if you turn out to be extra baggage. How you *get* to your new home is your business. Some Edgers have made their names by choosing to risk all and swap Megaplexes, but more just find that the problems that drove them to run away are still waiting for them when they arrive.

Some Edgers don't get a say in where they live. Edgerunners who prove themselves highly valued to the Convention may find themselves uprooted from their home and posted to other, perhaps hostile, enclaves to do the Convention's work. These few are always remarkable men and women of unique skills and flawless giri, and will be welcome anywhere.

Not every move is a trauma. Many Edgers have moved from an unhappy life in their enclave to discover a fulfilling role in their adopted home. Dionysians celebrate members comings and goings and encourage them to range as far as they can, knowing that whatever lessons they learn out in the Volumetric benefit all Edgers. Ultimately, whatever obstacles come your way, you're still an Edgerunner, and if you want to exercise your freedom, then nothing on earth will stop you.

Travel Between Enclaves: Hard Roads

Being an exclusively urban AltCult has its advantages when it comes to getting around. Cities rely on an integrated transport network to connect and move their most significant asset, people, and the cities of 203X are no different. From the old East Coast metropoli with their antique subways, monorails and pitted highways, to the multi-level roadways, personal fancars and high-speed Maglevs thundering through the guts of Night City, there's always a way to get around.

Let's start with the most basic method: on foot. Most American cities are designed on a grid, and despite the vast expansion of the coastal sprawls, this system has still been universally adhered to. Maybe the buildings are five times taller and you might need to check whether the cross street you're looking for is fifty floors up, but the principal remains the same.

Next are the Roadzones. Out East, highways are haphazard remains of the original interstates that have been built over or around. They vary in size and repair from block to block, city to city, and have been almost entirely superseded by the BosWash monorail system (a joint Federal/NeoCorp-funded project to link every neighborhood on the East Coast Megaplex together with quick, inexpensive transport). Even so, the highways are still used for freight. Automated roadtrains thunder up and down the coast between major ports, factories and farms, but only the gutsiest of drivers would want to travel any distance playing tag with those monsters (or the road gangs that track them hoping to pirate their loads). Night City Roadzones are modern and sane by comparison—if you're happy sharing a twenty-lane highway with about a million other vehicles thirty blocks above surface level and not knowing if your onboard safety system will register that the freeway ahead is being devoured by Nanobuilders before you reach the off ramp. That aside, the West Coast Roadzones are straight, well lit, have excellent signage, and you only have a medium-to-high chance

There's plenty of ways to get around the Un-United States. If you have enough money. And enough guns. Just don't expect your luggage to get there the same time you do.

while riding them of being attacked by psychotic gogangs or strafed from above by a rogue dogfighter.

If you're put off by road travel, there's always the rails. Out East you can take that shiny new maglev from city to city, but only if you want to share it with everyone else in BosWash. The mono is even more egalitarian; anyone can afford to ride it. Unfortunately that includes cyberpsychos, gangers, pickpockets and escaped mental patients as well as the nice family visiting Aunt Jessie, the Washington High Cheerleading Squad and the Salvation Army Band. If you want to spend a few more dollars, the high-speed lines running north-south are a little more exclusive and secure; if you need a little rest before you hit the Street again, this could be an option.

Out West, there's still the Transcontinental Maglev, a supersonic serpent streaking under the desert. While it's wrecked and partially incomplete after years of ganger attacks and neglect, it'll usually get you near to where you want to be (within 100 clicks), and you can even load your transport onto it for use at the other end. Your safest bet is to pack some coffee and kibble, stay in your car in the freight section, and listen to your music chipware.

For the Edger with disposable green, a sense of adventure and no fear of heights, there's a variety of intercoastal air travel options available. You may have your own personal gyro or fandisk; just remember that fuel is dicey in some areas of the country. More likely you'll end up paying for a ride. Aerobuses—slow, dependable dirigibles that ferry passengers on set routes through the Highcity—operate on both coasts. If you have a hot date and someone with deep pockets is footing the bill then you'll want to book an aerodyne. And if you slip the Trauma Team enough money, sometimes they'll act as a taxi service.

Sometimes your enclave will need to fly you cross-country. You may not like the idea—no Edger does. The fastest option is by suborbital delta, but if the Convention has access to one of these super rare scramjets, then you haven't heard about it. The Fallen Angels may, but it'll take more than a mere handful of cash to get them to come down from their perches and ferry *you* around. There are also aeroliners: slow, comfortable, secure, and by far the most common form of transcontinental travel. The downside is you get to see an awful lot of sky and you're pretty vulnerable up there. Private charter aeroliners are available if you don't fancy traveling commercial (which will at least allow you to stop off at Aurora for a bit of sanity before you hit BosWash or the Rustbelt) but they don't come cheap. If you've got the giri (or at least work for someone who has) maybe the Rollers will take you, but you'd better mind your manners or you might find yourself with a long walk home. The least popular option for Edgers is the old blacktop. The interstate highways are still around and folk live along them, but they share them with some of America's most savage scum and it's a long long drive for an agoraphobic.

So, ready to roll, choombatta? Good luck and bon voyage!

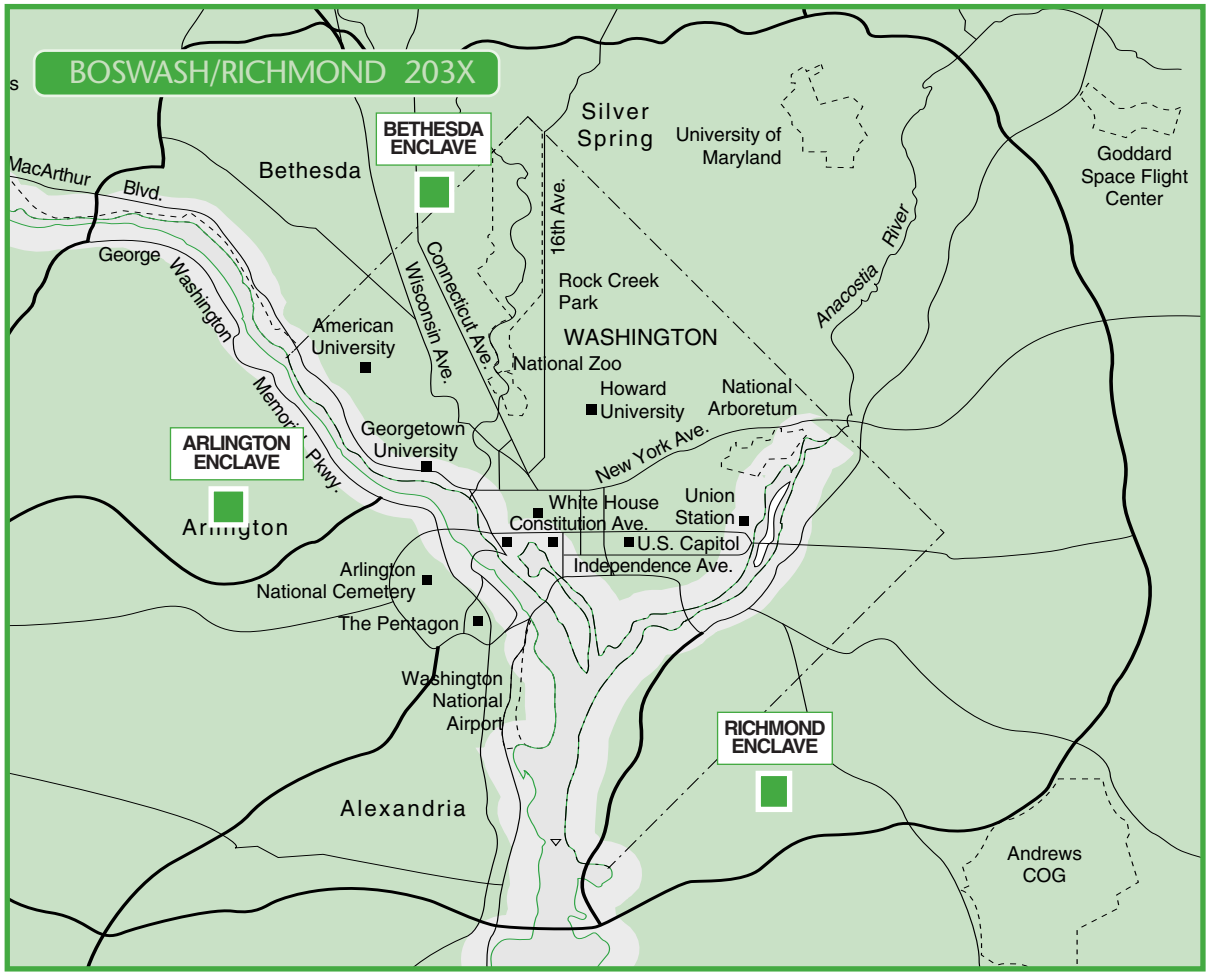


A WORLD WITH WALLS: A SAMPLE ALTCULT AREA

THE RICHMOND ENCLAVE

Richmond is a small and self-sufficient enclave in the BosWash Corridor south of the major Washington DC Urban Zones that primarily allies itself to the Progressive meme, but has Old School, Dionysian and neutral Edger communities living and working within its walls.

1) The substantial armored main gate is moved and held in place by enormous hydraulic pistons that are set into reinforced concrete below the gatehouse. The gate can be operated manually by security staff, but is generally opened and closed by operators in the Administration block at the request of incoming traffic if they demonstrate the appropriate clearance. When activated the gate slides down into a trough set into the road, taking around 60 seconds to rise or



descend completely. Anti-armor weapons and EMP guns are set into the gatehouse walls as a deterrent to aggressors attempting to force entry, but the gate itself is quite capable of holding off a tank.

2) Adjacent to the main gate is what the locals call 'the Sally Port', a smaller gate large enough to admit a single vehicle at a time, and most commonly used by foot traffic. It is generally left open, but guarded by volunteers equipped with scanning gear and high-caliber ordinance (unless KultureKampf has been declared or intelligence suggests trouble brewing; then it is sealed).

3) In the northeast corner of the enclave is a covered walkway between the enclave wall and the nearby monorail station. Dogtags are required to gain admission to the station or the tunnel from the enclave side. As with the other gates, the monorail tunnel is guarded by volunteers.

4) Richmond enclave is dotted with hydroponics gardens, polymer domes that filter daylight and adjust humidity depending on the crops they're cultivating. These urban farms are manned by horticultural teams from the main production center and researchers from the Medical and R&D section exploring the potential of GM research. The majority of the enclave's fresh food is produced here.

5) The main accommodation blocks are large apartment complexes broken into

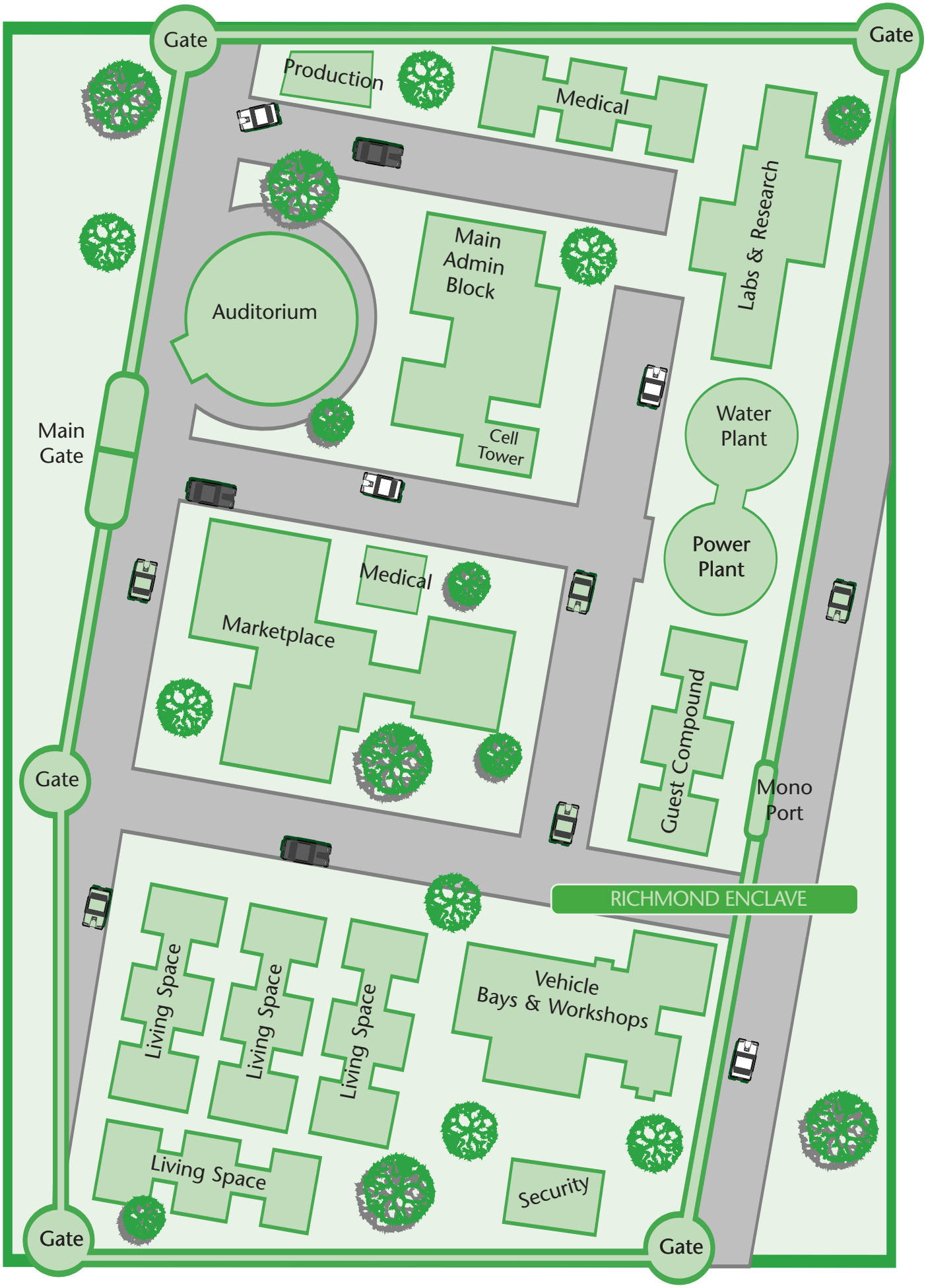
wings, each containing living space for families and singles. Families are automatically given larger units, size depending on their numbers. Singles are billeted in shared dorms consisting of a private room linked with communal cooking and washing facilities. All apartments have access to internal communication and the DataPool. In addition, each block has exercise facilities in the basement, a laundry, two general communal areas, and a bar with a small dance floor. At the top level are communications rooms and a limited library for reading, private research or DataPool access, and an entertainments complex for communal tri-D, flatscreen movies, massive multiplayer braindance games, pool tables, card games or social pursuits like virtually-based role-playing games.

Running down the centre of each accommodation block is a central shaft that admits natural light, capped at the top with transparent polymer to keep pollution out and heat in. At the base is a small garden with allotments for herb and vegetable gardens and areas set aside for recreation. It tends to be hot and humid, so Edgers like to use it as an exercise or sparring area. The block Kindergarten reserves one green space exclusively for its little charges, so try not to let your big kid's games spoil their playtime.

6) Richmond has two security centers, one at the center of the enclave and one in the southwest, adjacent to the private garages. East Tower is the command and control section. The Edger leadership uses it as the intelligence headquarters and regular meeting place of the Richmond Council during times of crisis. The enclave's electronic warfare specialists are based in this building, monitoring the main DataPool center and satellite uplink in the Administration block. The West Tower is the enclave armory and training facility for volunteer security officers. Edgers looking to develop military skills can apply to train here, but have to sign on for a minimum three month tour on the enclave security rotation in return. The security teams can requisition equipment here for specific missions.

7) The enclave medical center is by the north wall. For a comparatively small enclave Richmond has an excellent hospital and a well-renowned medical facility that works in cooperation with the modest R&D and production team to push forward med research. The hospital has a department dedicated to tissue banking. Any Edger prepared to pay for the cost of storage and replication can have organs, skin, bone and tendon, blood, hair, or areas of the nervous system grown and kept safe for emergency transplant surgery at short notice, a popular choice with the enclave's black ops teams. The medical center offers the same services to other East Coast Edgers at a slightly higher than cost price, but casualties need to find their own way to the surgery; it may be a hospital but it doesn't have its own Trauma Team.

8) The largest building in the Richmond enclave is the Central Market, a huge domed structure made of reactive polymers that can shift from transparent to opaque to provide shade or privacy. Inside are multiple mezzanine floors which by day have stalls and shop fronts which can be collapsed and stored to provide seating or standing room for concerts or assemblies. At ground level the floor of the market can be marked out with bioluminescent strips for team games or high-profile matches. The Richmond Central Market is often booked by other enclaves to host the finals of sporting leagues or title fights. The enclave's Labyrinth League game team trains here every morning between 0600 and 0730hours:. Richmond takes its place in the Edgerunner Labyrinth League very seriously. The enclave Council also meets here for public


Gate
Gate
Production
Medical
Labs & Research
Main
Admin
Block
Auditorium
Main
Gate
Cell
Tower
Water
Plant
Power
Plant
Medical
Marketplace
Gate
Guest Compound
Mono
Port
RICHMOND ENCLAVE
Living Space
Living Space
Living Space
Vehicle
Bays & Workshops
Living Space
Security
Gate
Gate

sessions in the penthouse theater once monthly to which any local Edger can attend.

9) Buried underground adjacent to the Guest Compound is the enclave's power plant and water recycling system. Richmond purchases most of its electricity from coastal enclaves, but it does have limited wind and solar generation systems in place that charge emergency batteries for the Admin block, door systems, medical facilities, DataPool and communication systems. The plant is manned by technicians and guarded by security teams around the clock.

10) On the north wall adjacent to the medical center is the Richmond R&D facility. While it doesn't have the resources to conduct original research into high technology it has an excellent reputation for drug research, specializing in synthesizing GM crops grown in the enclave's hydroponics facilities. Visiting pharmacologists from other enclaves have apartments here rather than in the visitor's quarters. R&D also tends to take on a lot of NuCybe repair and upgrading work for Production which is often overburdened by the enclave's need for food and materials.

11) Next to the south gate are the enclave vehicle bays and workshops. On the western side are private garages where Edgers keep, maintain and customize personal transportation. On the eastern side are the enclave's land and air vehicles, maintained and upgraded by a dedicated team of technicians. The enclave's Battlecar is also based here. Both garages are well-equipped, bustling and noisy, with a good-natured rivalry that manifests in the yearly Richmond Rat Run, a 100 kilometer road race between vehicles entered by each garage. The enclave garage team have won for the last three years running, but the private garage promises that they've got something 'special' lined up for this year's competition.

12) Richmond's main auditorium and gathering place is adjacent to the main gate. Here is where most of the enclave's social life takes place, with bars, diners, restaurants, raves, gigs and revelry of all kinds going on pretty much twenty-four/seven. The penthouse is reserved as a 'quiet space' where Edgers who need a little rest or contemplation can go without being disturbed by electronics or com devices; a popular spot for study, Yoga, or soft style martial arts. The basement houses the enclave's close-quarter battle training area where Edgers can prepare for specific jobs. Security keeps a permanent eye on the camera feed from the auditorium to ensure that intoxicated Edgers don't end up doing harm to themselves or others, or wobble down into the CQB rooms for a little drunken sparring and get ventilated. Unsurprisingly, there is an infirmary on the ground level.

13) Near the upper center of the enclave is the Administration block. Each council member has an office in this building, and from it they work alongside their team leaders to keep Richmond running. The Admin block has the most full-time staff members, providing support to the other specialist areas of the enclave. From Admin the Council arranges inter- and extra-enclave trade, controls the DataPool, develops software, writes new levels for 'Red Swords' (the enclaves' present favorite massive multiplayer braindance game), monitors the local cellular network, assigns jobs and off-enclave missions, books entertainment, controls each department's budget and arranges the materials they need to complete their projects. Without the Administration team working flat out, the other high profile departments in the enclave wouldn't have the tools they need to do their jobs. The north wing of the Admin block also houses the enclave's school and hardcopy library.

'Rep.' Davis Dormon

Leader of the Richmond Enclave, U.S. Rep. Davis Dormon (R) was the representative for the 5th District until his local party office was overrun by Neo-Corporates looking for a foothold in the United States Government. The Neo-Corp "lobbyists" started by bribing the government officials they wanted to influence, but soon worked up to assassinating any holdouts that opposed their agenda. Left for dead in a "legislative cleanup," Davis was rescued by a band of Edgers who had long admired his principled stand against the takeover. He paid back the giri by helping his rescuers thwart Neo-Corp legislative moves on their territory, eventually rising to become the enclave's leader and founder of the new Edgerunner Independent Party.

CHARACTER	DAVIS DORMON									
Stats	INT	REF	TECH	DEX	COOL	WILL	STR	CON	MOVE	BODY
Stat Value	7	7	5	5	7	5	6	7	5	7
Derived Stats	LUCK	HUM	REC	END	RUN	SPR	SWIM	LEAP	HITS	STUN
Stat Value	10	50	9	14	10	15	5	5	14	35

KEY SKILLS	LVL.	KEY PERKS/TALENTS	LVL.
Handgun	4	Authority (Richmond.Enclave)	8
Expert (Legislation)	6	Charismatic Leader	6

LIFEPATH When he refused to toe the Neo-Corp line, this ex-Congressman was left for dead, but survived to help his Edger rescuers.

GOALS Keep the Neo-Corps from undermining the U.S. Government. Promote a new Edgerunner-based political party in Washington, DC.

14) Next to the south wing of the Administration block is the enclave cellular mast and satellite uplink. EdgerNet transmissions are screened, queued, encrypted and decrypted here. This vital structure is staffed by technicians, sysops and security guards at all times. As a precaution, electronic traffic through the uplink block is monitored by sysops in Admin and both are monitored by the East Tower.

15) Against the north wall is the enclave R&D Production facility. This area is part warehouse, part factory. Working from existing blueprints or developing prototypes from new R&D designs Edger techs produce the daily items that the enclave needs, from window glass to car parts, fabric to foodstuffs. The Production facility is also the enclave's storehouse, with supplies of processed food, reservoirs of potable water and tanks of fuel cached in underground bunkers. NuCybe is manufactured here, so security is tight. The roof of the Production facility is flat (to receive cargo modules lowered from airship gondolas) with a large hydraulic cargo elevator in the center to transport goods to and from the factory and warehouse levels. The Production facility roof is also used by visiting VTOL aircraft, helicopters and Smartkites as a landing pad. The production center is busy with forklifts and linear frames, so keep an eye and an ear out for safety.

16) In the north-east corner of the enclave adjacent to the monorail gate is the guest accommodation. These quarters are reserved exclusively for visiting Edgers and guests from outside the AltCult. Luxury accommodation is reserved for visiting Councillors and their staff, dignitaries from other AltCults or agents of the Convention. More general billets are available for less prestigious guests, but their privacy is considered paramount no matter their rank — guests will never have to meet, or even see, each other in person. While the guest quarters have the appearance of privacy and serenity they are riddled with monitoring devices to maintain both the security of the residents and the safety of the enclave.



• edgers on the bay

NEW TOYS FOR PUNKS: EDGERUNNER TECH & GEAR

CHROME AND THE EDGER MACHINE

We've said it before, and we'll say it again—the essence of *Cyberpunk* is all about Style over Substance. Why else would metalheads work so hard to stack up huge piles of expensive, shiny, dangerous goodies in their high security Volumetrics if it wasn't *cool* to do it? Known on the Street as "chrome," these toys make all the sneaking, shooting, slashing and screaming worthwhile. And sometimes they make all of the above easier, which gives them a bit more Substance than you'd suspect.

A few years of H^2O may have passed under the reactor coolant bridge, but the Edgerunner of 203X is not really much different from his Old School Punker ancestors. Flash him something cool with a lot of glittery bits and he's all over it like a booster on thunderdust. Make it dangerous and he'll shell out his hard won En-Cee-Dee even faster. It's the *Cyberpunk* Way...

So this section is for you—the hard-rockin' hard-fightin' cybernauts of the Second Cyber Age. Time to crack a can of *Smash Classic*, hit the DataPool, and start shopping!





Fashion

The two hottest designers vying for *your* NCD are the industrial strength high tech street styles of LA's Urban Fox Couture and the New York flash of Kujo West Studio.

Urban Fox

Urban Fox offers a complete package of programmable streetwear: racing-style synthleather jackets with asymmetrical styling and invisible fastening, snug boot-cut jeans, combat-styled fatigues, Reeplay tee-shirts and lightweight industrial boots (for the West Coast 'Punker looking for rock star chic), ankle-length Reeplay coats, biomech-reactive corsetry for ultimate support and comfort, micro-skirts, Reeplay stockings, snug military-styled vests and knee-high toxic biker boots for the ladies. The real treat is that a Reeplay garment's memory can be programmed with up to eight colors, patterns, prints or animations and activated at will, with new looks downloadable by your Agent for only $30! For an additional $50, your outerwear can include the FoxMeeja package, a complete music and video system with 130 hours of data storage that you can watch or listen to through your Reeplay garment!

A complete Urban Fox ensemble will come in at $500 with a choice of 8 Reeplay looks, and add +1 to COOL. FoxMeeja is an integrated media system that turns the garment into a TV or MP3 player for an additional $50: Handy for long Maglev journeys or hacking and storing illicit software.

Kujo West

Kujo West has command-and-control chic in mind this season, with modern military styling to bring out the general in you. Their new 'Commander in Chief' range is in functional blacks and industrial grays with severe tailoring to maximize your imposing stature and the highest quality fabrics to show your refinement. As ever, Kujo West garments are individually fitted, so a trip to one of our outlets is essential. The C'n'C range includes adjustments to the cut to disguise the ugly bulge of personal firearms and ensure your lines are clean when you hit the Street. Kujo West: High fashion for the modern warrior.

A complete Kujo West ensemble costs $1,200, and add +2 to COOL and +1 to the difficulty modifier of someone attempting to spot a concealed firearm on the wearer. Both outfits are self-cleaning, adjust to body temperature, fireproof and armored to SP 12 everywhere but the head.



• nanopick in action

Stealth, Infiltration & Incursion Gear

Things you need to get in—and leave no trace.

Nanopick

Risk Labs of Milwaukee have developed a piece of kit that no self-respecting cracksman would want to leave for a job without: The Nanopick. Essentially a set of lock picks in a bottle, it comes disguised in the shape of a small keychain flashlight (complete with working LCD light) but is actually a reservoir of inert memory metal. When the nanopick is placed against a physical lock and activated by an electric charge, the memory metal infiltrates the lock and conforms to its internal dimensions, rendering other tools redundant. Within three minutes the nanopick can insinuate itself into even the most complex lock—then you just turn it. When deactivated, the memory metal rapidly breaks down into carbon. Each Nanopick contains enough memory metal for 6 complex locks. Refills are available from Risk Labs directly or through your local neighborhood fixer.

The Nanopick adds +2 to a character's Pick Lock skill, costs $600 and comes with a full reservoir. Additional refills cost between $15 and $60 depending on the source.

Everyman Suit

Risk Labs have provided the urban infiltrator with another innovative tool: The Everyman Suit. Based on a rip of Urban Fox's Reeplay technology, Risk have developed the ultimate garment for sneaking in under the radar. The Everyman Suit is a loose fitting garment of drab gray polymer that covers the wearer from the feet to the neck. When activated, the suit stiffens and shapes into the outward approximation of up to 4 different complete outfits, including texture change, removable gloves, working pockets and shoes. These garments will pass a casual inspection with no trouble, but due to being a coverall, it will not pass a thorough search; your executive suit will look like the real thing as you walk down the corridor until a guard asks you to open your jacket so he can pat you down. The gloves can be programmed with up to 3 different sets of handprints from a complete source for $250, and for an additional $300 Risk will provide a pair of reactive contact lenses with 2 different retina patterns programmed in. The suit cannot manifest accessories, so if you need a tool belt, security pass or a stethoscope then you had better do your forward plan-





ning. What it does allow is one well planned mission to be conducted by a single individual with the right tools and good intelligence. Warning: one thing the suit isn't is bullet-proof.

An Everyman Suit costs $800 with software to program it included. Contacts cost an extra $300 and the palm print gloves an additional $250. Wearing an Everyman Suit will give a character +1 to stealth and +2 to 'disguise'. '

Gekopads

Edger High has developed a new toy for the urban ninja and would-be superhero: gecko pads. These nano-impregnated gauntlets and boots allow the wearer to cling to sheer surfaces, scuttle up impossible gradients or hang upside down from glass. Nanites in the pads extrude and form a rock-solid bond until the wearer withdraws the pressure.

Gecko pads are available for $300 per full set and give a +2 bonus to any climbing Athletics roll, no matter what the surface.

Scanners & Anti-Intrusion

See them before they can see you. Or make sure they don't see you at all.

Tagscan

Knowing an individual's primary allegiance is vital intelligence. Now Kongo Labs has developed the Tagscan, a tiny concealable broadcast unit that can be disguised as something as incongruous as the arm of your mirrorshades or a jacket button. When activated, the Tagscan 'pings' all Dogtags in the area, identifying them by AltCult and feeding the information to your NuCybe visor by highlighting the target of a successful ping with a color code decided on by the owner. The downside is weak signal strength (a busy street will block it) and limited range (12m). The bonus is that the target will be completely unaware that they've been scanned. A more powerful handheld version with a stronger signal and twice the broadcast range is available for security teams or the actively paranoid at a higher price. What you do *with the information is up to you.*

At only $40, Tagscan are cheap and readily available. The hand held version is slightly more expensive at $65, but has a 24m/yd radius and much more effective signal strength.

Cybershack Patchbox

For the Edger who wants to watch the watchmen, Cybershack brings you the Patchbox. Designed to be completely unobtrusive, the Patchbox attaches to any fiber optic cable, allowing you to monitor traffic over that line. The Patchbox won't interrupt the signal or decode the content; its function is to spy invisibly on traffic. On its own, the patch box is useless, it needs to be attached to a computer or an Agent in order to store and translate the information. Patch boxes can be installed as monitoring devices if they have a transmitter attached, but for complete secrecy a passive storage device is best. Used by Edgers who want to do a little spying, or are concerned that they're being spied on.

A basic Patchbox from CyberShack costs $30. To turn it into an effective passive *recording* device takes an additional $25 of parts and a successful Electronic Security check at 'challenging'. If using the patch box to see if others are reading your mail costs another $25, an Electronic Security check at 'hard," and a computer to translate the data into something you can use.

Noisebox

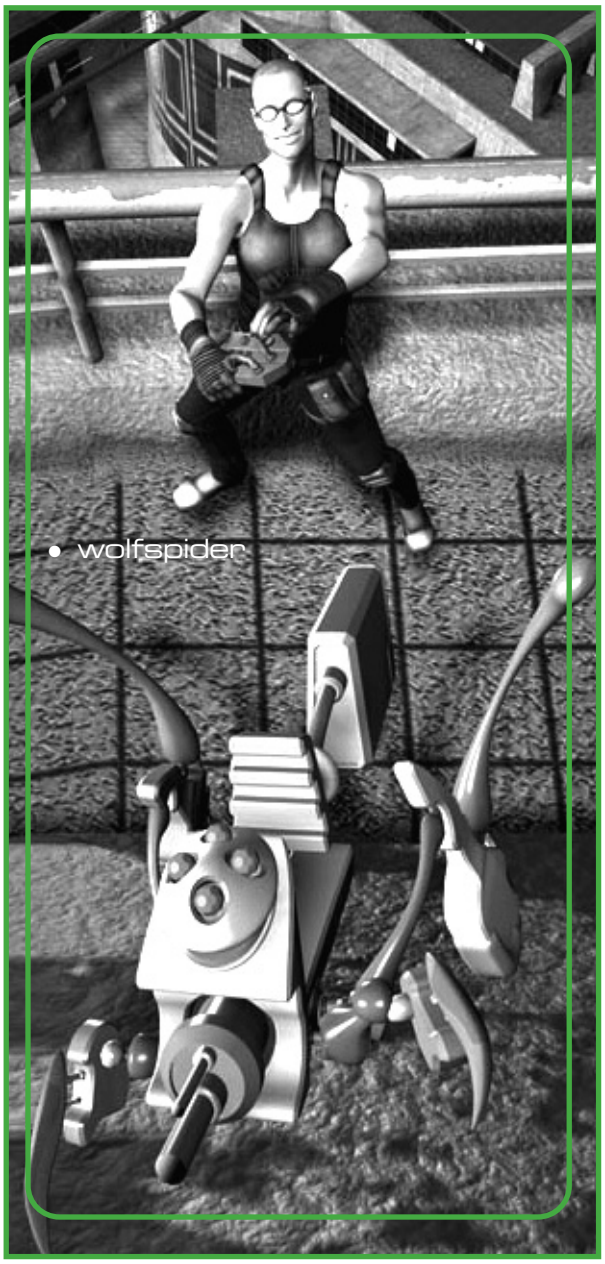
To make sure you're not being monitored by static listening devices, you need a Noisebox. Worn on the body, this active transmitter sends out roaring static on multiple rotating frequencies to corrupt any signal sent to a monitoring device. While this has the obvious advantage of providing privacy for conversations, the Noisebox can also be used to attempt to get a fix on any device that is receiving its transmission and report its approximate location to the owner's NuCybe visor, an active computer with the appropriate software or even to a sophisticated Agent. With an active, Noisebox Edgers can monitor their immediate location for transmitting spy devices, but will not be able to locate recorders.

A Noisebox has a 15m range and will corrupt any listening device in its range if it succeeds in a resisted roll against the STR of the monitoring device. A noise box has an effective STR of 4 + 1D10. If used in conjunction with a computer system, NuCybe visor or Agent, the Noisebox adds +1 to Awareness checks when tracking down bugs in its range. $350.

Wolfspider

"What made you think that Desnai have the monopoly on Bots, Edger? Just because the Park Zombies are obsessed with the little monsters doesn't mean you can't use drones too."

There are times when it doesn't matter how good your surveillance gear is or how reliable your sensors are: you know *you'll feel better if you can go and take a good look around for yourself. When that paranoid urge grabs you then you need a Wolfspider from Risk Labs. The Wolfspider Security Drone is an EMP-hardened, armored, eight-legged drone about the size of your palm that can be operated from a Deckchip or a Smartboard. The Wolfspider is small and flexible enough to climb into almost any compact space to investigate bugs, bombs, transmitters, cables, or waiting constructs, has a full spectrum of scanning devices, micro-manipulators for tricky disarming jobs and a small cap laser if you get fed up of fiddling around. Best of all, if it dies a fiery death then hey! It's not you!*



The Wolfspider can see in the full spectrum from X-rays to radio waves, has a microscope, light amplification rig, extendible manipulators, a microlab to relay sample data to the Edger's computer for analysis, and a tight beam cap laser with 2D6 worth of charge. It has 12 SDP, has an SP of 10, a MOVE of 7, a DEX of 8, a 24 hour battery and an effective range of 1000 yards. The Wolfspider plus software costs an Edger a paltry $8000. What price would you pay for a good night's sleep, choomba?

Services

When you don't want to do it yourself, or just want some *help* getting it done, *services* are the edge every Edgerunner wants.

Metropolitan Escorts

Need some "company" for the evening and not interested in the dating game? Is your ex going to be at the same party as you and you want to put in the jealousy boot? Maybe you just need a dazzling distraction on your arm .to fit into the Highcity scene? Whatever your personal needs, Metropolitan Escorts have the answer for the lonely Edger with cash up front. With branches in all major East and West Coast Integrates, Metropolitan can provide a perfect partner to order within two hours—just dial our catalogue available via your Agent or on DataChannel 877.

Remember: Your Metropolitan Escort can handle just about any circumstances, but you should be clear about requirements. If you order 'conversation over dinner' and decide that you want 'complete personal services' half way through the entré then you better hope you've requested the right escort—not all of them will take on those duties no matter how much money you put up.

Metropolitan has a long-standing relationship among the Edger enclaves, providing gorgeous, discreet, charming and well-schooled staff of all genders and orientations. They're also excellent stalking horses in almost any social situation where you have an ulterior motive. What they *aren't* are bodyguards, so if things go wrong, don't expect them to bail your sorry butt out of a mess!

A "purely for show" escort can be hired at $75 per hour; if you want company and conversation, the cost goes up to $125. If you want to take the relationship further, expect to pay up to $250 per hour. Metropolitan will allow clients to put their escorts on a fixed-term contract if the escort is happy with the arrangement and a fee negotiated up front; a very handy thing if you're looking at long-term undercover work (or if you *really* hate your ex).

Phony Express

Sure, if you're on a tight budget you can trust your message to a local courier service if it isn't too sensitive. If price is no object, and you really need whatever it is there fast, then try a microlight courier; they might not get shot down by the go-gangs. But when your message has to get through and you just can't trust the EdgerNet, the local couriers or your cell phone provider, you can always trust the Phony Express! Our skilled couriers get your messages, letters or packages to the destination, whether by foot, road, air, sea or even bicycle! In a world where even the best communication systems are unreliable, put your trust in the experts to make sure it gets there in person. Our couriers will even escort goods across the continent for you, by aero liner or even by road. Phoney Express couriers are also extremely discreet; ex-cops, Special Forces or corporate espionage agents who invisibly transport your information through cunning and subterfuge. Like urban cowboys riding the range our solid reputation for getting the message there on time, no matter the location, no matter the danger, is unbeatable. If it's crazy and dangerous enough sometimes we'll even do the job for kicks rather than cash! Phoney Express. Its the real deal!

A discreet messenger within your enclave will cost you $5, a local district courier between $3 and $20 depending on the size of the package, a city courier from a reputable firm will set you back between $10 and $60 within your integrate and up to $300 elsewhere in the megaplex, and a specialist courier will cost a flat rate of $1000, but you'll be able to guarantee the item's arrival anywhere in continental America within 14 days, be it a love letter or the British Crown Jewels.

Persacon

Like everyone else, you want to be in your best shape or to keep your professional skills razor sharp But that doesn't always mean you can get motivated about it. Sure, you can enroll in an online class to master more conventional skills, but for the more esoteric, one-on-one instruction Edgers need to survive in the megacity, you need a special kind of dedicated coach. That's where a Persacon personal trainer comes in. Persacon instructors are available in just about any field, from basic physical fitness to martial arts, from mathematics to ballet. We teach you how, we teach you fast, and we motivate you to do your best! Persacon!

An instructor teaching a general skill (equivalent to learning to drive, joining an aerobics class or going to night school to learn basic electronics) to a maximum of level 3 will cost $10 per hour. The student will earn 1IP per session. A tutor in a martial art or vocational skill will have a smaller class and gain an additional 2 IP per session at a cost of $25 per hour Private tuition to bring your increase to 3 IP is $40 per hour. For an unusual skill, or to receive tuition from a renowned expert in a chosen field, the student must commit to regular 4 hour sessions without fail to gain 4 extra IP per session at a cost of up to $150-$200 per hour.

Sunset Temporary Properties

Got a sting in mind, Edger? Perhaps you need a fly pad to impress for just as long as it takes? Perhaps your Mom doesn't know you're a hard-boiled street soldier and you need to convince her that you're still at college studying accounting? No problem, choombatta!



Whatever the circumstances, Sunset Temporary Properties has just the right domicile to suit your needs, and at competitive hourly, daily and monthly rates. Originally a service for traveling rock stars, movie icons or millionaires who refused to stay in hotels when a luxury apartment overlooking the bay could be found, Sunset now offer their services to anyone who can pay. Sunset Temporaries also offers a large catalogue of properties from regular apartments to luxury mansions all of which can be decorated and furnished to your needs with only 24 hours notice.

A two-bed condo will cost $300 an hour, a flash townhouse will set you back $750 per hour, a ranch or villa will go for $1000 per hour and a mansion or luxury penthouse will cost $1500 per hour. Having dealt with Edgerunners before though, Sunset Temporaries now require a 100% damage deposit in advance.

Drugs & Meds

Edgers love drugs. It's a fact. From the most uptight Revolutionary to the most libertarian Hedonist, every Edger recognizes the benefits of modern chemistry. They also are keenly aware of the cost that follows, which is why statchips have become so popular for recreational use: instantaneous gratification, no comedown, no hangover, and only the peril of psychological addiction to contend with. Warning: these drugs are too new to be fully tested and their effects on the body may be too profound to be classed as purely mental stimulation. Here are *our* favorites:

Deadline

Lots of sleepless nights and high-pressure tasks ahead? Finding it hard to maintain your attention to detail? Need a little edge? That's what Deadline's for. Stay awake and alert without any of the pesky psychosis, overconfidence, jitters or the need to dance like a loon associated with conventional uppers.

Deadline increases the character's CON stat by 3 for an hour per dose when facing mental or physical exhaustion, the downside being a -1 drop in COOL for the duration of the trip and -1 DEX for 24 hours after the drug has worn off. The real plus: If you keep taking it you can just keep rolling until your body shuts down. And at a very reasonable $100 per dose (in easy-to-swallow capsules), what's to stop you taking it *all* the time?

Kinetica

Ready to party like it's 1999, Edger? Well good news, we have just the derm for you. If you plan to look like a god on the dance floor, stalk through the city like a jaguar and make love like Casanova then you need Kinetica. Kinetica is a party drug that has leapt from the club scene to the Street, becoming popular with urban daredevils across the megacity for its DEX boosting qualities.

Each dose of 'K' increases a character's DEX by +2 for three hours, not bad really. Unfortunately, along with the increase in your physical prowess comes a highly impaired sense of judgment, overconfidence, mild visual and aural hallucinations and a very high chance that you'll wake up the next day beside someone you'll regret. Worse still is the -1 to COOL for 24 hours after your trip is done. But Kinetica comes at a hefty $600 per dose, so you won't be partying *that* often.

Glacier

Got to deal with Mr. Big and his goons for the first time? Perhaps you're going to stroll into Megatechnix HQ waving a stolen pass around like you own the place? Any time you know that you're walking in to the lion's den might we recommend you slip a dermal patch of Glacier onto your skin near an artery and let it work its magic?

A hit of Glacier does what it suggests: increase your COOL by +3 for 1 hour. The downside is a -1 drop to both your REF and DEX stats while tripping. So make sure you can brazen it out, because you won't be much use if it comes down to a fight. Glacier costs $500 per derm, so don't waste it.

Body Armor

Modern firearms are getting smarter and smarter, but body armor has remained on the Short Bus; layers of padding and plate that leave you immobile while your enemies target you with Genius guns, high capacitor lasers, ramjets, cannon shells, HEAP rounds and railguns (and that's forgetting the nanoblades, monoblades, powerblades, Kung-fu, tire irons and all the other nasties your flak vest can't handle). Till *now,* that is.

Titan

Instead of walking the Volumetric looking like the Michellin Man, here's a simple solution for the Edger who can pay: Titan Reactive Armor. Titan armor is made of multiple micro-fine layers of reactive polymer that each respond to a different form of attack. Ablative layers absorb and dissipate heat and laser fire, electrical and microwave attacks are blocked and safely earthed, smartweave fibers change in density to redirect the force of kinetic impact from bullets or blows across the whole suit; Titan armor will even prevent AP rounds from penetrating! A versatile range of stylish, flexible, armored garments are available for the 'Punk with deep pockets.



Titan Armor is modular and can be purchased as a vest, jacket, pants or hood. Arms cannot be sheathed separately. As the armor functions by dissipating impact and heat, the more areas the wearer has linked, the more effective the protection. A hood alone has an SP of 10 and a vest an SP of 15. Combined they both have an SP of 18 with an EV of +0. Jackets and pants have a separate SP of 18 , but combined have an SP of 20 with an EV of +0. A complete suit of jacket, pants and hood gives an SP of 25 with an EV of +1. In addition, Titan armor reduces the effectiveness of AP attacks and blades by one half (3/4 SP against AP attacks) and adds +1 to the wearer's COOL stat. A hood will cost $1,010, a vest $1,160, a jacket $1.210, and pants $1,190. But it's well worth it.



Trojan

Some Edgers see the city as a battleground: the alleys are trenches, the enclave is the CP and everyone else on the Street is either the Enemy, going to be the Enemy, working for the Enemy or waiting in line to become Collateral Damage. If this is your meme, why be seen in prissy armor that cries out VICTIM? Wear the battlegear that challenges those suckers to step up and take a swing if they dare! They'll learn the hard way that real Warriors wear Trojan! From the famed Walls of Troy (MI) comes distinctive, imposing, industrial body armor with head to toe protection, available to you for only $1800. Each hand-fitted suit is unique and adheres to the brutal Trojan design aesthetic of bulky interlocking ceramic plates, undecorated polymers, tech-hair crests, deck plates and splashes of attention-getting color so that your enemies have no trouble identifying the guy that killed them. Trojan Armor is fireproof, includes a respirator and is designed to act as load bearing gear to not encumber the wearer. Needless to say stealth isn't an option in a Trojan suit. But when you wear one, you'll want *to be noticed.*

Trojan armor provides SP25 to all body locations, has a +2 EV, and adds +1 to COOL and +1 to 'intimidate'. You look and feel pretty invincible in Trojan gear. Might I recommend adding a Powersword to the ensemble, madam?

Communications

Edgers need to be linked in. Communications are the Street's heartbeat and data its bloodflow. Here's what you'll need to keep that link active—and safe.

Fallen Angelware

Edgers on a mission need a guaranteed means of communicating with their enclave. The cellnet is unreliable and easily monitored, you can pick up radio on a twisted coat hanger and the messenger always gets shot. The solution: trust your friends upstairs—the Fallen Angels. The Angels own Earth's satellite communications network and (thanks to the alliance) will prioritize Edger signals over all others, especially if they're prefixed with a recognized operation code from a registered Angel uplink device. Smart Edger teams always requisition a portable satellite uplink system for any serious job. It comes in a simple six inch long carbon fiber tube that is attached by a fiber optic cable or wireless link to a computer or com device. When activated, it stabilizes itself, extrudes a polymer fan, and tracks for a satellite. When it locks on, it sends a squirt confirming that it's an Angel/Edger device followed by the encrypted data packet. Thanks to the prefix hardwired into each uplink, Edgers can be confident that the message has gotten through. The uplink can be worn, held or fixed in place and still function, so Edgers on the run can send and receive secure burst transmissions even while things are maximally hot.

An Edger coded satellite uplink with the appropriate software for a computer or agent will cost $375 and is hardened to SP15.

Inkcom

They say a picture paints a thousand words— if so, the Edgerunner Inkcom is the proof. A top secret subcutaneous communications system linked to an Edger's neural net and disguised as elaborate tattoo designs, Inkcom can be used as a short range radio transmitter, conducting subvocalized sounds to the ear by bone induction from tattoos on the neck and skull. It can be used to encode simple pheromone messages—"scent markings" that can left in an area to warn or inform another Edger with an Inkcom. More complex data packets can be prepared for transmission through tattoo-to-tattoo contact for translation into sound by the receiver's Inkcom, effectively allowing Edgers to silently report to each other through a handshake or casual touch. All this in system that is there with you, 24/7, silent and ready to work.

There are drawbacks to Inkcom. For the system to work the 'tattoos' must be exposed, so gloves will prevent the Inkcom from reading packets or pheromones, and a hood will prevent transmissions. If the Inkcom network is disrupted (say you get shot or cut for instance) then it ceases to operate. It's not compatible with other technologies; for it to work then the recipient of the message or transmission must have Inkcom themselves. Also, many other AltCults can detect pheromone traces and may get suspicious if there's a lot of musk in the air. There's nothing you can do to hide the tattoos, either, but hey, Reefers can't hide theirs either, cha?

Inkcom is a giri item, only available to Edgerunners and requires a functioning Neural Net. The Giri cost per person is 25.

Computers & Programs

Hardware isn't the only thing you need. A little software is often the ticket when you need to get in—or out—of a major problem.

Odyssey

Hard to believe, but Edgers may love computers even more than they love guns. And while the rest of the world may have to deal with the drudgery of a Smartboard, Edgerunners enjoy the compact pleasures of a Deckchip and all its associated peripherals. If you're on a serious DataPool-cracking mission, you'll want to be packing a Micronet Odyssey Deckchip. A serious amount of processing power and versatility in a sleek bulletproof gunmetal ellipse the size of a matchbook, the Odyssey can be clipped to a garment or worn on a lanyard (quite the retro-1337 status symbol in the megaplex right now). Due to the variety of hostile environments your Odyssey may be exposed to, it is completely sealed, conducting all its functions through wireless links. If a hardlink is necessary, then the computer has a detachable peripheral that can be plugged into the socket to act as a wireless relay. The Odyssey has a built-in wireless modem that automatically roves for a signal, a Neural Net link and can broadcast its data to a NuCybe visor (a trip if you're wearing a 360-degree Corona visor).

The Odyssey has an INT of 5, can run a respectable 4 tasks, is the size of a matchbook, EMP-hardened, sealed and almost indestructible. Unfortunately, if it needs upgrading it has to go back to Micronet. The Odyssey costs a hefty $4000. Don't lose it.

Sidekick

Edgers have a passion for personalizing their computer systems. Any Edger computer with an INT greater than 4 and more than 2 Task slots avail-

able can run a piece of software called 'Sidekick', a program that learns the Edger's preferences and tries to anticipate their intentions. The more time the user spends online working with Sidekick, the more accurate it will be in preparing systems for use and freeing up RAM for other tasks. Edgers preparing for a mission can use Sidekick to help by repeating dry runs until the program has learned what is required of it and under what circumstances. For every 20 hours an Edger spends working online with Sidekick, they will add +1 point to any Netrunning skill check (to a maximum of +4). The downside is that Sidekick permanently takes up 1 Task slot in a computer until deleted. If a series of tasks are performed repeatedly in a set pattern (such as diverting a security camera or interrupting a silent alarm), Sidekick will learn to do the task for you, freeing you up to concentrate on the construct that's trying to swallow your face.

Sidekick costs you $800 and up to 80 hours of programming time, but hey, you're a Deckjockey so what else are you going to be doing?

Taxi

Taxi is a simple and popular program with Edgers who need to concentrate on something other than the road. By synching their computer with a vehicle with a cybernetic control system, an Edger can order their ride to drive them home, allowing their cyberdeck to select the best route based on satellite reconnaissance, security and police radio traffic and city core reports. Taxi has limited intelligence and must ask for confirmation when making changes to the original authorized route (often disturbing Edgers trying to take a nap or decrypt some vital stolen software) but will avoid automatically obstacles and provide a safe ride back to the Batcave. If Taxi encounters a situation that it's *not* programmed to deal with (say a dirigible crash or attack by Raffen Shiv) it will politely ask its owner to resume control.

Taxi is the equivalent of 'Drive' at +3 and costs $600.

Collate

Medias! Got a metric ton of data sources to trawl through and not enough time to piece the story together? Collate is the program busy Edgers use to reduce information from disparate sources into a concise brief. If given access to multiple media (DataPools, radio, newsmedia, cellular nets) and clear parameters (collate all information on the firebombing of the local Saucy Burger on Sunday the 4th) Collate will piece together the information into as coherent a narrative as possible, with all related images and stills. While this won't necessarily provide you with all the clues you need to solve a case it will cut down on cross-referencing and time wasting legwork.

Collate is a level 2 Reference program; the equivalent of 'Datapool Search' at +2, and costs a reasonable $400.

Entertainment

Edgers like to party and they're very creative about it. Sure, there are the old classics: drink, drugs, raving, gigs, casual liaisons, shopping, prize fights and ambushing Boostergangers, but there's more to Edger fun than deliberate hedonism and random gunfire. Trust us on this.

Parkour

An ever-popular Edger pastime for the physically oriented is the French import *Parkour,* or Free Running. "Freerunners" turn the Volumetric into a jungle gym, taking incredible risks by scaling sheer buildings, leaping between roofs or mounting moving vehicles from overpasses. A Freerunner never takes the easy route—they go direct. And if that means jumping thirty feet out and two stories down from a balcony to a parking lot over a busy road, then that's exactly what they'll do. Like the BASE jumpers of the previous century, Freerunners are motivated by the thrill of danger and the challenge of the impossible.



• edgers partying

There's a highly developed sense of rivalry in Freerunning circles that leads to deadly, sometimes fatal, challenges between champions looking to establish the biggest rep. Needless to say Hedonists favor Parkour as their primary means of transport, particularly when high.

Edgerunners can take Parkour as a skill for moving through the urban environment at a +2 learning modifier. To demonstrate their nerve and talent for navigating the perils of the city, the Edger may add their skill levels to their RUN, SPR and LEAP stats when using Parkour.

Enclave Braindance

Braindance is back! After a decade in the wilderness as a fringe hobby for wish-fulfillment nerds and Parkology zombies the Edgerunners have reclaimed it, thanks to the Massively Multiplayer Enclave Braindance Game that's eating up computer memory in every enclave in America: 'Red Swords'! Played over an enclave's LAN, Edgers choose a character among The Red Swords, an army of medieval Chinese heroes armed with ludicrous weapons and gifted with impossible martial arts skills, who stampede through a gorgeously rendered fictional Far East, saving villages, sacking citadels, vanquishing villains, taming dragons and dueling gods. Unlike previous forms of Braindance entertainment Red

Swords is effectively limitless in scope, as it has no victory conditions. Some enclave Councils have become concerned at how much time some Edgers spend 'levelling up' and are capping play time. Red Swords has become so popular that there's been some discussion of a player vs. player league being started between enclaves, where picked teams can scrap it out for specific goals within a time frame with the action being projected in Tri-D for an audience. So get online and start practicing with your choombas; it might be *your* swords they pick to represent the enclave!

Red Swords Braindance: 14 NCD per 72 hrs play. Breaking an addiction to Red Swords is a Challenging (18DV) Will-based Task.

Labyrinth

For those Edgers who like their team sports more actual than virtual, there's the Labyrinth—the Edger AltCult's violent mix of football, dodgeball, tag-team wrestling and kendo. Seven player teams from opposing enclaves, armored in garish team colors and armed with batons meet at opposite ends of the field. The game starts with a randomly generated maze of padded dividers rising from the floor of the playing field. Within this maze are concealed fist-sized silver 'orbs' that pulse with white light when collected from their niches. The rules are simple; the team that banks and returns ten or more orbs to their goal first, or collects the highest number within 45 minutes wins the match. When an orb is placed in a goal the holographic scoring system above the maze lets everyone, players and crowd, know the score and how many orbs remain undiscovered. The catch is that there are only 15 orbs, and the other team is willing to beat holy hell out of you to get them first. Orbs can be stolen from an opposing goal, ambushes and ganging up are popular techniques, and if a player gets themselves stretchered off there are no substitutes and no penalties. Orbs can be thrown, but any player passing or throwing one over a wall will be disqualified.

Labyrinth Games are a big spectator sport in Edger society, with skilled players receiving prestige status. Of course, if you get on a losing streak, that love and respect can become resentment real quick. Edgers who think they have the chops and want to get involved can audition for a team. Got six friends? Think you've got the skills? It's time to armor up, because if there's anything Edgers love, it's an underdog.

Labyrinth League Membership: 200NCD year.

People's Party

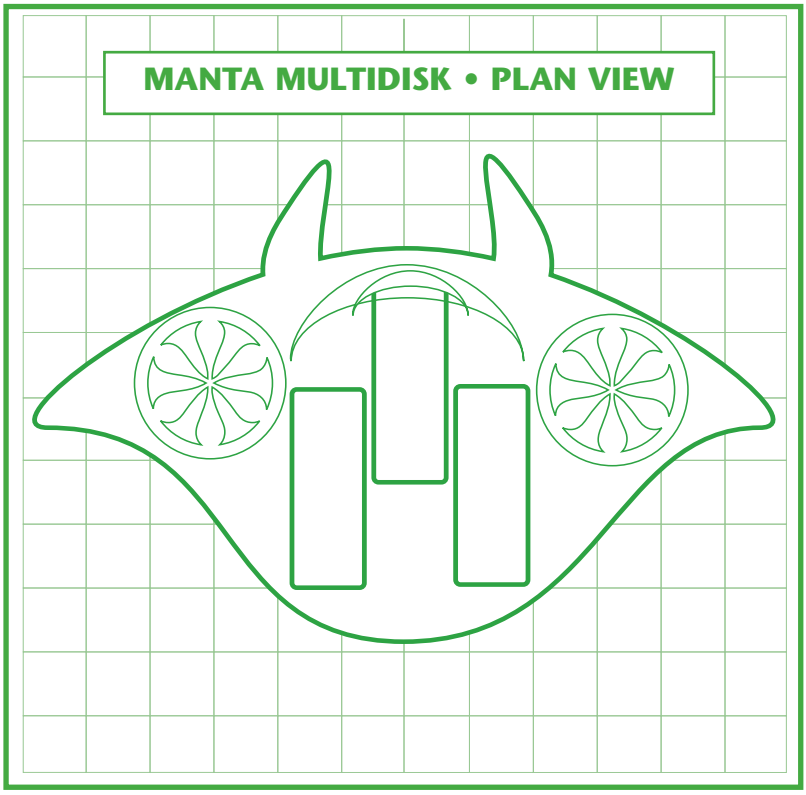
If you're tired of superstar DJs and puffed up Rockerboys strutting about demanding your adoration, why not join the People's Party and reclaim the playlist yourself? Edgers from all over the spectrum, tired of being passively entertained and having their music tastes dictated to them, have created the People's Party; a cross-enclave collective for hosting Deckchip jams on club nights. Edgers can bring along playlists of their favorite tunes, hook up to LANs and join other deckers in a live mix mashup. The results are spontaneous, eclectic, fun and bizarre as Wilders and Dionysians mix breakbeats with neo-country, followed by Progressive electro-house hooking with Old School metal-industrial. The combination of high tech and homespun, along with the healthy mix of drugs and alcohol available, has made the People's Party a popular alternative night out. Anyone can get involved; all you have to do is post a list of the tunes you're planning to bring on the local DataPool and bring your Deckchip to the Party. Powa to da People!

PP Club Pass: 100 NCD per night. The skills 'Interface', 'Play Instrument (DJ)' or 'Coding' are needed to do a smooth job, but if you fudge it, no-one will really mind.

Weapons For Road Warriors: New Edger Vehicles

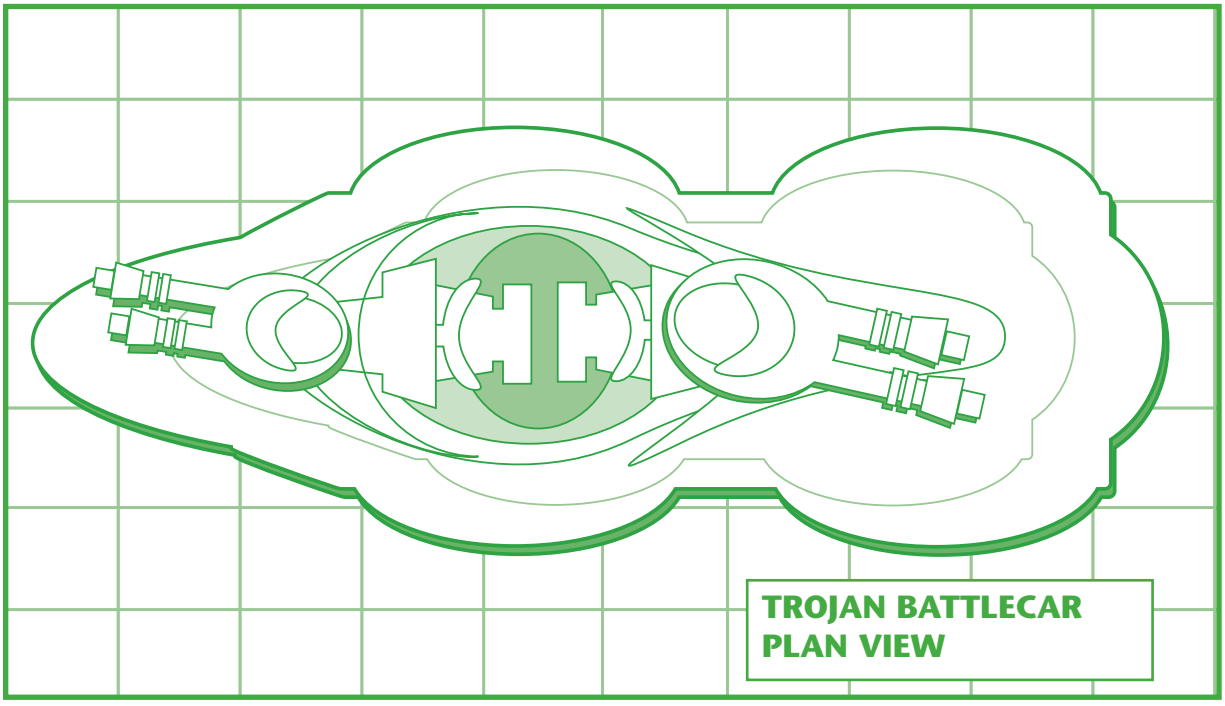
As urban animals, Edgers have specific requirements for their vehicles, favoring speed, maneuverability and versatility over weapons, armor or carrying capacity, (with the obvious exception of the Trojans , who require all of these and won't settle for anything less). Edger personal transport is a mark of status as well as a practical means of getting around the Volumetric; extras such as custom bodywork, chrome, luxury interiors and a sound system that would make the average nightclub DJ jealous are as essential as wheels and an engine. Face it: any Edgerunner with a modicum of self-respect would rather walk than roll up in a rustbucket.

Manta Multidisk



The Manta Multidisk is popular with Edgers who want a highly versatile and stylish means of transport through the crowded streets of the Megacity. The Manta is a smooth, multi-passenger triangular fandisk with powerful electric rotors at each corner. The pilot lies forward on an ergonomic couch nestled into the forward point of the vehicle and is flanked by two snug passenger couches either side, covered by a large three-way canopy. Thanks to its feather-light reactive polymer bodywork and disproportionately powerful engines, the Manta can power straight up air shafts and hold a stationary hover with zero difficulty, and its onboard radar can identify obstacles long before they're a problem. The Manta's high speed, compact size, nippy acceleration, quiet electric engines and maneuverability have made it a popular tool for Edger insertion teams as well a fave of performance vehicle fetishists.

A Manta Multidisk has 75 SDP, 10 SP, a top speed of 165mph, an MV of +1, an ACC/DCC of 17/10, an ECM package, radar, a satellite uplink (programmed with an Edger prefix code to ensure priority bandwidth), two concealed 7.62 miniguns, 2 AAMs to deal with troublesome pursuers, 2 cluster rocketpods to clear the road for a fast getaway, a smooth metallic finish in a variety of custom colors, full chrome trim and an impressive in-disk stereo with excellent bass resolution. This Ferrari of fandisks has a sticker price of $46,875.00. Comon. You know you want one.

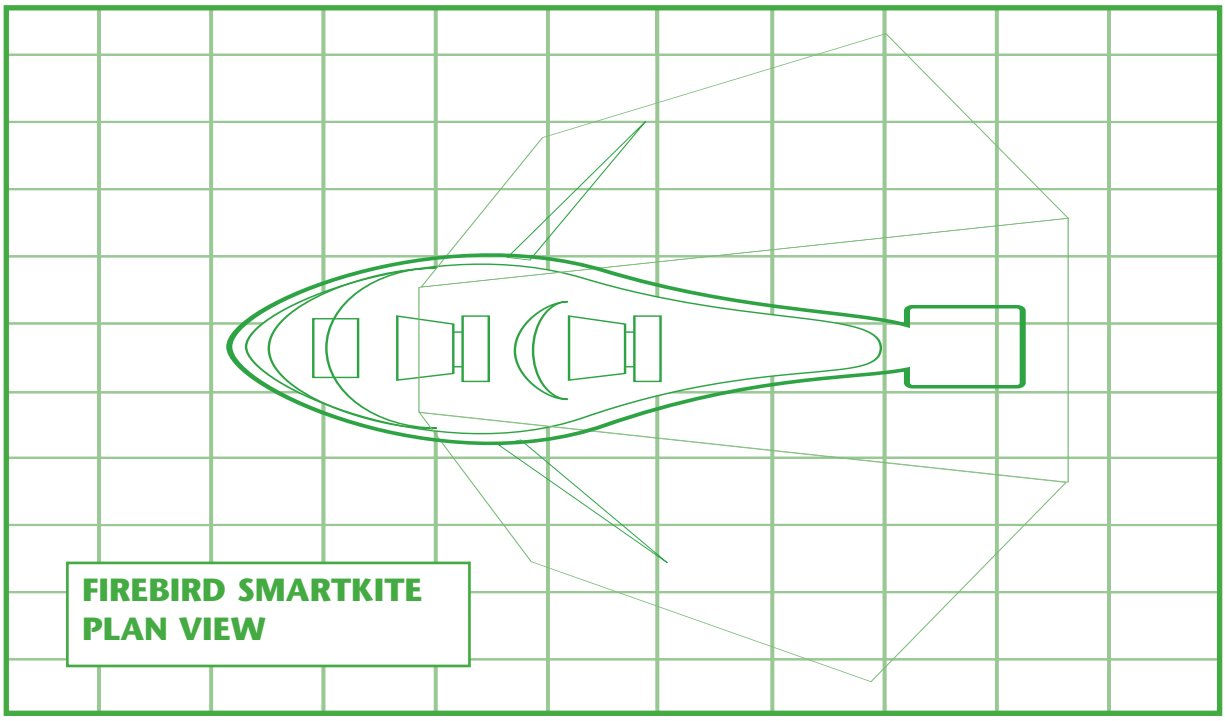


TROJAN BATTLECAR
PLAN VIEW

Oracle Motors Trojan 3GX Battlecar

Of all vehicles employed by the Edgerunners, the Trojan Battlecar is the most specifically designed for combat. Born in the bleak days of the Siege of Detroit, Oracle's paramilitary monster is part NASCAR hotrod, part tank, and all lethality. Built for a single purpose: to utterly dominate the highway, this generation of Battlecars are far more refined than their original improvised forebears, although many of the original vehicles are still rolling after years of loving remodeling and modification. An Oracle Battlecar sports a monstrous V12 CH00H2 power plant with racecar transmission, computer controlled handling, armored tires, polymer armor plating, complete passive/active defenses and an arsenal of devastating weapons that can drop a combat assault tank in its treads. The driver and gunner sit in tandem, cocooned in an armored cockpit with just enough room to fit themselves, their body armor, hand weapons, personal talismans and two cup holders. Off the factory floor, Trojan owners like to decorate their personal Battlecars with jetfighter stencils, kill markings and garish designs. Due to their tremendous weight and thirsty engines, a Battlecar almost never has a range greater than 300 miles, but if your enemy is still twitching after ten miles of pursuit, then there's something wrong with *your* aim. Because they are so heavy, Battlecars are rare on the West Coast as they have to be transported in parts by cargo dirigible. But many enclaves are wiling to pay the additional cost to have such a prestige vehicle, because once you've driven one, there's no going back to a mere Punknaught.

A Trojan Battlecar has 80 SDP, an SP of 30, a top (generally cruising) speed of 140mph, a MV of +2, an ACC/DCC of 23/40, a range of 300 and a crew of 2. Standard armament includes a turret-mounted light railgun, two rocket pods, two forward-facing 12.7mm gatling guns and two Hellfire antitank rockets for dealing with the big boys. In addition, it carries a full package of smoke, chaff, oil slicks, flares, ECM, a standard Edger satellite uplink, ship/shore radio and wide-band radar. It may not have a stereo, but it *always* has two cup holders and a fire extinguisher. It *definitely* doesn't have air bags. A stock Battlecar costs $80,500, shipping not included.



FIREBIRD SMARTKITE
PLAN VIEW

FA-152 Firebird Smartkite

Conventional aircraft are no use to an Edgerunner; big, expensive, noisy and obvious, the cramped nature of the megacity also means that they can't exploit their range and speed, let alone find somewhere to land. The solution is the elegant FA-152 Firebird Smartkite, an ingenious microlight aircraft controlled via a hardlink to the pilot's Neural Net. In flight, the pilot can control the shape and dimensions of the vehicle's reactive polymer wings, contracting, expanding, reconfiguring or folding them entirely in response to the airspace being traveled. The kite's radar is overlaid on the pilot's field of vision through the Neural Net, allowing him to plan a route even in absolute darkness. The Firebird is powered by an efficient electric fan located at the rear of the lightly-armored, lozenge-shaped cockpit (which can carry one additional passenger or equivalent load in addition to the pilot). Firebirds are the only choice for the maverick pilots of Microlight Couriers, who need versatility, range and speed to guarantee safe arrival of sensitive cargos to waiting enclaves. While standard Smartkites come only in grey, they can be factory customized with a variety of finishes and wing designs upon purchase for a 10% additional cost.

A Firebird Smartkite has 35 SDP, 10 SP, a top speed of 375mph, a MV of +3, an ACC/DCC of 23/20, and a top range of 750 miles. Radio, radar, ECM package, intercom between pilot and passenger and a retractable belly mountable 7.62 minigun are standard features. The cockpit is fully buoyant and can be used to land on water. A Firebird will cost you $76,750.00.

Kittyhawk Torpedobike

The Kittyhawk Torpedobike stands out as the Edger AltCult's most unique ground vehicle; a super-streamlined, bi-wheeled alloy bullet that owns the road. The Kittyhawk rider lies along the body of the bike, close to the ground, sinking into a reactive gel that moulds to their optimum riding position inside the sealed elliptical opaque canopy. The bike's control systems are located on the handlebars or

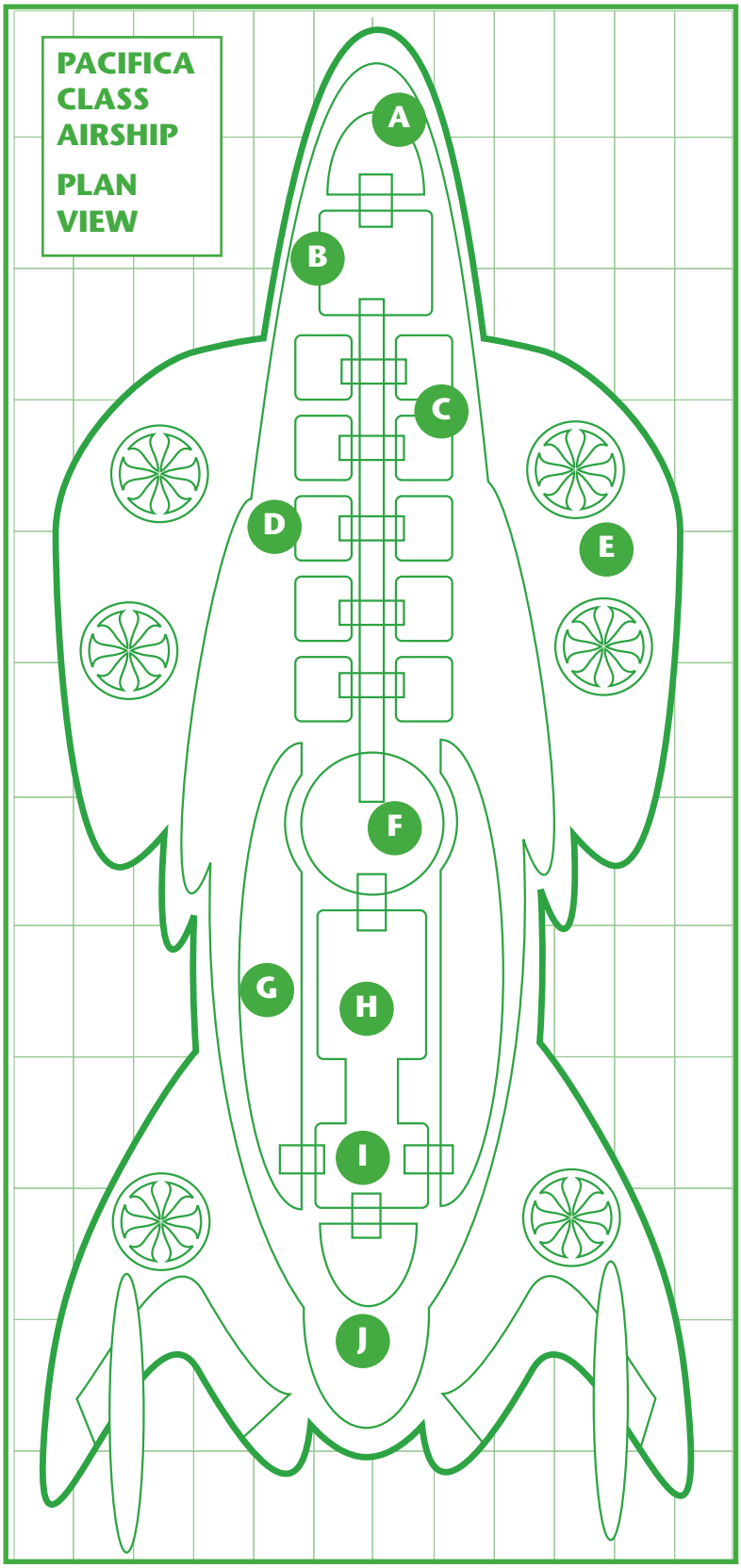
projected on the inside of the canopy so as to avoid the need to take the pilot's attention from the road or to shift position in the protective gel cushioning. Two stabilizing stands keep the bike upright when stationary, withdraw as soon as you accelerate, and descend smoothly when you come to a stop. The Kittyhawk is so low on the road that it can comfortably slip underneath many trucks, buses, combis and pickups. (If you're planning to try this move, the on-board radar will let you know if it's possible *before* you commit suicide.) The bike's most original feature are its extendible polymer 'bat wings', an option which has proven very useful to Edgers in tight spots. If the rider needs to make a jump and isn't confident that momentum alone will carry them, the bike can automatically extend the wings to get more "hang time," allowing the Kittyhawk to leap between distances impossible for other ground vehicles. (The onboard radar and computer will calculate the speed required for the distance you plan to make, but it's up to you to make the jump.) While the wings will increase the distance of a jump the Kittyhawk is designed for neither gliding nor flight. But with a road rocket like this, do you really *need* to go airborne all the time?

A Kittyhawk Torpedo Bike has 25 SDP, an SP of 5, a top speed of 200mph, an MV of +1, an ACC/DCC of 20/30, a range of 400 miles and carries only 1 passenger. In addition it comes with an onboard computer and radar that works very hard to keep you alive despite your best efforts to the contrary. A Kittyhawk will cost you $4000.

Hamilton Pacifica Aeroliner

Edgerunners like flashy, powerful, status-enhancing vehicles that add to their prestige and mystique, but sometimes they need something more sedate for practical purposes. In 203X, the workhorse of any land-based AltCult is the aeroliner; it's simply the most efficient way of transporting the maximum number of people and materiel at minimum cost. But the modern aeroliner is very different from its blimp ancestors. The frame is lightweight alloy that flexes and reacts to weather and sudden maneuvering, the skin of the balloon is silk-thin polymer that can deflect bullets and completely mimics the surrounding terrain to camouflage itself, and the interior of the lift section is a honeycomb of thousands of individual helium packets monitored and balanced by dedicated computer systems. The gondola of the aeroliner is entirely modular. It has a cockpit and command deck to the fore, power plant and propulsion systems aft, and the central cargo and passenger sections can be removed and replaced depending on the requirements of the journey (allowing for complete flexibility of workload). Large enclaves will often have an airpark for berthing aeroliners and disembarking passengers and cargo, but smaller enclaves often require the aeroliner to lower specific gondola sections from its belly for unloading. The standard aeroliner employed by

The Hamilton has 1500SDP, an SP of 20, an MV of -3, an ACC/DCC of 5/30, a range of 4000, a minimum crew of 8 and a maximum passenger compliment of 200. Modular gondola sections can be added and swapped out to take cargo or berth passengers, with large luxury sections available. An airdock for Smartkites and an umbilical for airship-to-airship passenger transfer can be fitted at the rear of the gondola section. The Hamilton has chaff and flare launchers, ECM and ECCM systems, onboard computer system, self-diagnostics, radar, radio, a standard Edger satellite uplink and laser rangefinders for its weapon systems. The Hamilton's loadout includes six 30mm gatling guns in turrets above, below, fore, aft, port and starboard, ten rocket pods concealed in the gondola for aerial bombardment, and 20 AAM launchers to discourage aerial aggressors. A fully equipped Hamilton Pacifica with a variety of gondola modules and full armament will cost an enclave (or a *really* rich Edger) $115,000.00



the Edgerunners at present is the Hamilton Pacifica, a large and versatile vehicle powered by electric turbofans recharged via solar panels built into the skin of the lift section. The Hamilton needs a crew of 8 to keep it in the air, but generally flies with a full complement of 30, including command crew, engineers, hospitality staff and security. Edgerunners predominantly use the Hamilton for trade, running cargo up and down the seaboards, but it has a passenger capacity of up to 200 when employed purely for transport, with luxury sections available for dignitaries. While large, slow moving and seemingly defenseless, in addition to its camouflaged skin the Hamilton can easily be modified to carry substantial ordinance to protect its passengers, crew and cargo.

Hamilton Pacifica Airship

A Observation Lounge
B Ballroom/Dining
C First Class Staterooms
D Second Class Staterooms
E Starboard Turbopods
F Main Control Room
G Port Fuel Cell
H Main Hold
I Main Powerplant
J Aft Control Area



Bigger Than A BFG
New Edger Weapons

More than any other AltCult, Edgerunners live and die by the gun. Whether it's gigantic personal cannon the size of a sewer pipe, or more subtle quick kills that can pop out of a cyberlimb in a nanosec, Edgers are the masters of heavy hardware—and for enough NCD (or Giri in some cases) all that lovely firepower can be yours. So grab your cred stick and an armored goody-bag, 'cuz it's time to shop till *they* drop!

Rifles & Handguns

Malorian 2020 Pro-Shooter 50m/300m Giri
P +3/+2 J U 8D6 10 1 ST
This lightweight target pistol can extend its own NuCybe-based stock, stabilizer and associated targeting scope, turning a jacket-carried assassin's weapon into a long range sniper gun in seconds.

FN-MAS A1 Assault Rifle 150m Giri
P +1 J U 6D6 10 1 ST

FN-MAS A2 Assault Rifle 150m Giri
P +1 J U 6D6 10 1 ST
Two very compact assault rifles of bullpup configuration and smartlinked. The A1 is a 5.56 with a longer version with a 40 round mag, high reliability and high ROF. The A2 is super compact (can be worn on the thigh), with an integral silencer and a 20 round box mag for concealment.

Hurricane Assault 10 gauge 150m $800
P +1 J U 6D6 10 1 ST
Three barreled rotary rapid fire 10 gauge shotgun, 100 round belt, only to be used when linear frame or a NuCybe-enhanced STR > 10 is activated (will knock you down otherwise) Lethal in close quarters.

Ballistic Flechette Guns

BFGR (Ballistic Flechette Revolver) 10m Giri
BFG +0 J U 8D6 3 1 ST
The ultimate holdout pistol, with 3 rotating barrels, each holding a single extra powerful round. *Serious* bad news at close ranges.

BFGO (Ballistic Flechette Optical) 10m Giri
BFG +0 J U 7D6 3 1 ST
More of a survelliance tool than a weapon, the BFGO (aka "Biff-Go") fires a large ballistic shell with a remote camera built into it. The

shell is designed to bury itself into a wall, vehicle or body with the optical unit exposed—the signal can be picked up by the gun's receiver and transmitted to the owner's cyberoptics. Great way to spy on your enemies during a firefight.

Exotics

LAZTECH 3515 SCRIBBLER 200M $7000
EX +1 N R 2D6 10 2 UR
An advanced capacitor laser, projecting a very tight beam rather than a wide, high energy one. The laser aperture is designed to randomly spin in a tight arc, cutting the target with multiple swaths of energy; this is reflected by rolling damage, then rolling *another* 1D6 to see how many areas are hit with that damage amount.

LAZTECH 10 THUNDERGUN 100M $1000
EX +2 N R 2D6 10 2 ST
This handgun-sized weapon fires the equivalent of a flash-bang grenade without the flash. It's projectile detonates at a distance (from 50-100m) set by the user before firing. Anyone within 5m of the blast must make a Stun Save at -2 to avoid being knocked down and deafened for 1D6/2 turns.

Melee Weapons

KENDACHI MONONAGANATA® NA $750
MELEE +3 N R 5D6 NA 1 VR
Polearm (2m) version of monoblade that collapses into a 30cm (@1ft) handle with retractable blade. The monoedge can cut through almost anything.

U Want Kelp-Fries With That?

More NuCybe Goodies 4U

It isn't an Edger party without a new party favors. And what could be more favorable than a few NuCybe toys to take home to your conapt?

TacPak (Off the Rack)

When you need to command large numbers of troops, or just have the bird's eye view of the battlefield, this is the system that gets the job done.

Optical Splice 2
- Telescopic 1
- Lowlight 2
- Amped Vision 2

Audio Splice 2
- Sound Editing.....1
- Amped Hearing.....2
- Radio Link.....1
- Subvocal phone 1

Total GIRI 14

Cybersoldier (Off the Rack)

Optimized for combat applications, this unit combines power with versatility.

Reflex Splice 2
- Amped Reflexes (Sandevistan +3) 3

Tactile Splice.....2
- Pain edit.....2

Optic Splice.....2
- Anti dazzle.....2
- Amped Vision 2

MUSCLE T BODY PACK.....4
Extra (2) Arm mount (8x2=16)• Hvy Pistol shoulder mount (RT) • Flamer mount (LFT) .....16+4+4=24

FULL METAL GAUNTLET (2).....5
A very standard combat bracer loadout, with a good mix of long and short range weapons and a grapple to get into those hard to reach places.
Light SMG • Heavy Pistol • Grenade Launcher • Grapple & 20m line.....4+4+3+1=12

Total GIRI 48

Snoopy (custom)

A good intrusion & distance spyware system.

Neural Net 4
EMP Shielding (all types) 2
Wide Angle Vision (Perception/Body Control) 2
The user can clearly see objects up to 90 degrees on either side, negating any need to change position to aim weapons or spot activity.
Eavesdropper (Alternate Perception).....2
User can pick up close range cellphone conversations by tapping into local networks.
Perception Display 1
Ports information from eavesdropper to user's auditory nerves.

Total DV .....5 Total GIRI 11

Battleview (custom)

A Tactician's dream machine.

Neural Net.....4
Radar (Alternate Perception).....2
User can scan the area with radar implant up to 2 miles
Anti Jamming (Perception Defense).....2
User can spoof radar jamming
Drone Link.....2
Wireless Link Upgrade.....3
3 mile range
Limb Bracer.....4
EMP Shielding (all types).....6
Lockable (all types) 4
Armored (all types) 8
Drone (Electronic Cybertool).....4
Small flying drone resembles a pigeon. 1 hour battery time.

Total DV.....19 Total GIRI 39

Beefy Tee (custom)

Designed for the guy who *really* wants to pimp slap his enemies.

Muscle Tee Bracer 4
+6 Enhanced Strength.....6
EMP Shielding (all types) 6
Lockable (all types).....4
Armored (all types) 8
Large Pod (rt.shoulder)
Rocket launcher 3
Large Pod (lft.shoulder)
Grenade launcher 3
Arms (2) .....(8x2)=16
Hand to hand Weapon pod
Wolvers.....6
Hand to hand Weapon pod
Tasers 1

Total DV.....28 Total GIRI 56

Techmaster Skills

The (unchippable) skills required to customize, make and formulate NuCybe from spare parts to raw goo.

Building Discipline [2]: This is the skill required in order to assemble and install NuCybe from pre-built components, as well as repairing damaged NuCybe. With a Building Discipline of +3 you can assemble/fix most basic NuCybe. A Building Discipline of +6 or better allows you to regularly construct complex NuCybe as needed. With a Building Discipline of +9 or more, you are known as a NuCybe customizer of great skill.

Shaping Discipline [3]: This is the skill required in order to build custom NuCybe components from raw lamilar isolinear materials. With a Shaping Discipline of +3 you can make basic NuCybe components of your own design. A Shaping Discipline of +6 or better allows you to construct unusual NuCybe components. With a Shaping Discipline of +9 or greater, you have created NuCybe components that influence other designers throughout the AltCult.

Forming Discipline [3]: This is the skill required in order to mix and activate lamilar isolinear materials. With a Forming Discipline of +3 you can make "vanilla" lamilar without screwing up. With a Forming Discipline of +6 or better, you make unusual types of lamilar and have your own trademarked formulas. At a +9 or greater Forming Discipline, you have created some of the more groundbreaking formulas and are known throughout the AltCult as a NuCybe Master.



"Metal is Better Than Meat," and no one knows it better than the Edgerunners. Descendants of the classic Cyberpunks, these ultra-chill street warriors are the masters of NuCybe—advanced cyberware that shapes itself to fit *your* design. Whether it's gigantic handcannons that can drop a full-body borg in its raging cyberpsycho tracks, or full-metal enhancements that explode into action with the speed of thought, the Edgerunners are ready to rip, rock and ravage their way through the heart of the Mega City. New weapons, new vehicles, new gear and enhanced NuCybe—it's all here in this AltCult Insider. But that's not all! Do you have the street skills to master the Edgerunner challenge and build your own NuCybe? Find out, as you face down the mysterious Edgerunner Convention and unlock its secrets! AltCult Insider: Beyond the Edge. Test YOUR metal!

BEYOND THE EDGE

Inside the Edgerunner Altcult

AltCult Insider #1: Beyond the Edge

FEATURING:

- **Full background** on the world of the Edgerunners; their history (the known stuff and the secrets underneath!) where they hang, what their power structure is, how to get ahead and how to join up!
- **Full MetaCharacter stats** for playing the Movers and Shakers of the Edgerunner World. Know who the players are—and play them! Plus new Edgerunner Templates to challenge your gameplay!
- **Complete breakdowns** for all new Edgerunner vehicles, weapons, NuCybe and more!

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