

Valaskjalf



Fastjack felt old. He told himself it was the false reality of the ultraviolet host that dragged his frozen leg picked up, bludgeoned by the host.

The plain eyes on the moved with us Norse fairy tale be damned if heaved his head him.

Fastjack felt that puts you in himself better inviting it in.

~~Age is on the grids~~

January

It is only possible to live happily-ever-after on a day-to-day basis.

—Margaret Bennane

1

The tops on his knuckles was fitted, but still tight; he could feel every inch of the bum's face as his fist crashed into the craggy countenance.

The crowd cheered at the hit, and cheered louder when the bum reeled, shoving his grimy nails into his cheeks. His opponent was whiplashed then, the spare frame of a street boxer. Sticks was looking forward to seeing what he could do.

Technically, this was legwork. Tiring rough for a couple days gave him a chance to get close and scope out the target. When you're homeless, you're practically invisible.

Right now, Sticks was busy with this kid. He was young, fast, hungry; but lean on muscle, gears and fighting more on desire than skill. Still, if he made it look too easy or showed off too many fancy moves they would know something was up.

So Sticks feinted and blocked, letting the kid's ferocity get the better of him. Self-restriction was a great training exercise, and anyway, he rather enjoyed plying jabs and haymakers (with the odd elbow strike). It felt... pure.

Realty cut back in as the broken bottle slashed across his back. The kid took the opportunity to jab a couple fingers into Sticks' ribs. Looked like the fight just got interesting...

Fastjack felt old. He told himself it was the false reality of the ultraviolet host that dragged on his muscles, pulled painfully at his bones at scrawny joints, and parched his frozen, leathery skin, criss-crossed with wrinkles and thin white scars. The wind picked up, blowing his grey-gold hair about him. Arthritic knuckles tightened on the haft of the hammer. Well, even his scars felt old.

The plain was dark. Things moved around and about him, but Fastjack kept his eyes on the serpent coiling toward him. All else was distraction. Muscles bunched and moved with unnatural vitality as Fastjack launched himself at the foe. No matter what Norse fairy tale he'd fallen in, he was Fastjack, the best decker in the Matrix, and he'd be damned if he went out without a fight. With that silent battle cry, the man-god heaved his heavy hammer in a great two-handed arch at the black beast before him.

- o -

Fastjack felt old. One of these days, he should go to one of those Scottish clinics that puts you into hibernation during the winter. Not likely to ever happen, Fastjack knew himself better than that. Bad enough how the cold crept into your bones without inviting it in. Anyway, it was time for work.

~~Age is supposed to give perspective, but with all the gloom-and-doom talk on the grids, lately, he felt his years upon him.~~

7) He called himself the Skald. Six months ago, he had been Mikael, and six months before that, he'd been Ba'al. When Fastjack had first met him in deaver, damn near eight years ago, his name was Pietro and he hadn't taken to this constant identity shifting yet. His latest icon was of a ~~pale~~ blond youth, piercing blue eyes and skin so pale that his veins stood out ~~unusually~~ like marble. There was a subdued showiness to the Skald's appearance, an underplayed suggestion of skill and artistry in how the veins were actually turgid streams of blue runes, how the blue of his eyes was the reflection of aneoglow from chrome corneas. Fastjack admired the effort and the effect.

~~He~~ "You come to me for answers." He sat like a bodhisattva, nimble fingers shaping a gliver of bone with stylized ones and zeroes, then hanging it on the dead bonsai tree in front of him. One day, perhaps, it would join the other trees in the Bone Orchard, the Skald's own private datastore. "Yes. Something unusual in the Greek grids. Some thing... incomplete. A field test. ~~None of my usual methods~~ What I did find, though, reminded me of ~~some~~ things I'd seen before. Among the otaku."

"I... see. Do you wish me to engage my own contacts?"

Mashing Token $\left[\begin{array}{l} \text{Max Force} = \text{Magic} + \text{Initiate Grade} \\ \text{1 aura} \end{array} \right.$

Shield Charm - Absorption; Force dice, then burnout

Force 0 foci
↳ One use only, 1 die only?

Mana battery, - expendable spell focus, fetish focus?

The defenses for this system are still intact, only disabled... if he could activate them... Words ripped themselves from Fastjack's mouth, and as his invocation continued the sky darkened to a storm, boiling over Jormungand. Around him on the desolate plain, skeletal forms in rotting armor unearthed themselves, carrying ~~rusty~~ weapons rusted black. With a lurch, the assembled host of IC marched mechanically toward the serpent.

A dry chuckle sounded behind him. "Foolish hammer-bearer, do you think your necromancy will save you?" The demonic worm faltered as the skeletal warriors began their counter-assault, but Fastjack knew

The Wake

Cap. Chaos

Link Club

"It's how he would have wanted it."

Trite. Cliché.

"It's funny. I keep expecting him to show up."

"You're dead, Jim."

"To the honored dead."

"Do you know whatever happened to that chip Dunkelzahn left him,
JackBNimble?"

"No."

190: hear every thing
trust nothing

25 Sept 2007

Synner's Favor: A Memoir¹

A synner² came to beg a favor: everything there was to know about South and Central America. My reputation as a dataminer with ample time on my hands preceded me, but I was still surprised when I read his e-mail. It was a tall order—especially considering we were strangers at the time—but I had jack all else to do anyway, so I agreed. Copious spare time and a head for minutiae have been the doom³ of many a poor boy, to mangle a lyric.

In the meat world, this particular synner was also known as Peter Taylor, a European fanboy-turned-freelancer⁴, a wunderkind in this corner of the internet gaming community. Syn had spear-headed the European Sourcebook, a fan-project to give Europe proper coverage in the game—and then he turned around and proposed it to FanPro, who accepted it and were preparing to publish. It is not unheard of for fans of other role-playing games to produce material that later sees print, but it was nearly unheard of for Shadowrun⁵. Now, Synner wanted to do it again.

The Latin America Sourcebook (LASB) was a Syn's latest project, a collaborative effort which seemed to possess a certain doom⁶ from the get-go. It seemed more than half of the participants had English as a second language, and egos flared on issues of national pride, aesthetics, and issues of canon⁷. Synner's favor concerned the latter: he needed a list of all the references to South and Central America in Shadowrun canon. Background research, basically; you can't write a sourcebook about something without it.

There are many ways and means of going through large amounts of text, intricate strategies based on skimming and referring to indices, generally falls by the wayside to

¹ Hello, and welcome to the footnote. There's a certain amount of tangential history and theory you'll need to understand even half of the tale being told here, and this is where can read up on it.

² Synner, from Pat "the Queen of Cyberpunk" Cadigan's novel of the same name. The internet features multiple individuals called synner or some variation thereof; hence 'a synner begged me a favor.' In this specific case, his nom-du-net was simply Synner.

³ Doom in the ancient sense of a destiny or fate, not always pending death.

⁴ Something should be said here about the military origins of the term freelancer, but suffice to say the only real connection a modern freelancer (at least, of the literary persuasion) has with his or her nominal forbears is a certain mercenary attitude—more on that later.

⁵ Shadowrun is a pen and paper roleplaying game—sortof like a video game but with books and your imagination instead of a game console. The game is set about sixty years in a cyberpunk future where magic has returned—so yes, your elf computer hacker can fire lasers from her cybernetic arm at the dragon. The company that produces the game prints "sourcebooks" to expand the rules, offer different options to players, detail new areas, organizations, and threats of the game, and to announce new events. Sometimes all in one book.

⁶ Doom in the ancient sense of impending death or horrible fate, not destiny.

⁷ Canon is the correct term for the sum total of all material for Shadowrun designated "official" by the Powers-What-Is at the game company, and includes about fifty sourcebooks and three dozen or so novels, plus various bits of webfiction and the like. In case you don't know, the term 'canon' is most often used historically in reference to the book of the Bible (and canon law, etc.), which should go some way to explaining the depth of feeling some people have concerning the game.

brute force. Reading through every page and paragraph of a large number of books is a time consuming and often inefficient task, but in the end there is no doubt whatsoever that any reference or scrap of data has been missed. The names of countries split by fictional wars and their false histories, the descriptions of native critters both real and imagined, bits of Spanish and Portuguese sprinkled here or there by some author for flavor, vaguely Hispanic names that have to be dutifully recorded and re-examined for relevance—it takes more time to do than it takes to tell of it, but it's not difficult. Mind-numbing at times, but not boring—it is imperative to retain mental focus or something will be passed by. The end result is a long, rather dry list—and the undying gratitude of a synner I'd never met in the flesh.

Peter was very pleased with the results, and he asked if I'd like to join in on the nascent LASB. The project was broken down by chapter; every chapter covered a different country with a bunch of the smaller countries being covered by short entries in a single chapter. By the time Syn made his offer, the natives (those involved who actually dwelt in South America) had laid claims to their respective nations⁸ which basically meant what was left were the smaller countries. After some deliberation, it was decided the lucky nation-state I would write for would be French Guiana, of which I knew absolutely nothing at the time.

It's very common for a freelance writer to address things they know almost nothing about. That's what research is for. The art of writing, however, isn't just regurgitating facts—it's postulating. What good is it to have the names and numbers for a country in the present day when the setting is set sixty years in the future? That's the real first challenge, the first lesson to be learned: thinking about the future as the present day, looking back on its history, the conceptual sixty years that never happened, and putting it to print. Challenge two is keeping that under wordcount.⁹

For the most part, the contributors to the LASB were amateur writers like myself. Fanboys, in other words. The proposals reflected that, including some of the most common sins of native writers¹⁰, but from his cold throne Rob Boyle¹¹, the Shadowrun line developer, looked down and approved. No one can say what his reasons for this may

⁸ Or their equivalents. In Shadowrun, sixty years plus magic gives a lot of room for redrawing the map. Hell, they had a dragon run for president once (he won, by the way). So not every modern country was still in existence. Brazil, for example, was taken over by eco-terrorists and renamed Amazonia; Mexico changed its name to Aztlan and conquered Mesoamerica; and so on and so forth.

⁹ The average pay for Shadowrun freelancers is based on how many words their section or chapter is, to a set maximum which is announced at the beginning of the project (the wordcount). Typical industry rates go from 1¢ per word to a whopping 6¢ per word; mine is 3.5¢. Freelancer also get copies—so-called “comp copies” of whatever book we write in. Since most freelancers would buy all the books anyway, this works out nicely.

¹⁰ Most notably, My-Country-Is-Cooler-Than-Your-Country Syndrome. Sometimes this can be pretty blatant. Think unintentional propaganda. Possibly intentional in some cases. Very few people (with the notable exception of the freelancer that wanted a nuclear weapon to be dropped on New Jersey) really want to express their homeland as the cloaca of the world.

¹¹ I often describe Rob in vaguely celestial terms, as you might refer to a particularly esoteric saint or an ancient Norse deity. Except Rob is a pale white guy that dyes his dreads green and listens to industrial music. Rob says very little, but everyone listens when he does—for unlike mere freelancers, Rob is an actual *full time employee* of the company. He broods in his Chicago office, doing unknowable things and handing down decisions and arcane knowledge and the occasional contract from his distant and icy Valhalla. Since it is rare for me to address Rob directly, I often designate Synner as Speaker-to-Rob.

have been—perhaps the sheer enthusiasm of the writers infected him, maybe he was desperate for a product, but it was so. The book would be called *Shadows of Latin America*.

That is, if the *verdamnt* was ever written. French Guiana was allotted a rather meager two thousand words, but many of the authors were saddled with ten or twenty thousand words, and were hard pressed to meet those generous wordcounts. It didn't help matters any that aside from being new to the sourcebook-writing process¹², the LASB authors had to contend with veteran freelance writers that Rob had brought in¹³, their own egos¹⁴, and a general lack of direction.

Deadlines were missed. Many drafts were written in the poor English of those who learn that difficult language as second-or-third tongue. Egos were bruised. *SoLA* eventually entered the phase known as *development hell*¹⁵, which is a fancy way to say it was essentially sitting on a shelf somewhere and would probably never be published which meant no-one would never get paid for it.

But that was years ago. By the point *SoLA* received the kiss of undeath, my name was on the freelancer list and I got to meet and talk to other freelancers. It was through these contacts that I got my next “gigs.” I've seen been published in a number of additional books, with several more currently in the pipe, either being written or waiting to be published.

I thanked Synner the other day, when I talked to him, for getting me into this crazy business. He told me he's been offered a full-time position in the company as an assistant developer to Rob and decided to accept it. We'll be working together on the next few Shadowrun books...but I can't tell you about that yet. NDA.¹⁶

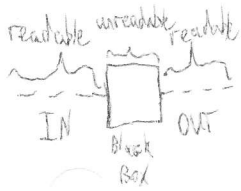
¹² It took three months of collaborative effort to write the *proposals* for *SoLa*; the actual first drafts were expected in four weeks.

¹³ Sometimes, a more experienced writer is paired with a new writer to help them along and, Ghost willing, impart some finer touches to the product. Sometimes, an experienced writer is brought in to write a crucial chapter because it's too important to leave to an untried and untested newbie, and the poor bastard that proposed for it is offered something else to write.

¹⁴ In freelancing, you don't own the characters or ideas that you come up with or write. That means the next freelancer can come along and use “your” character—or kill them, maim them, make them write bad checks, whatever. This is something freelancers have to deal with and take in stride. A much more serious issue can be the theft of *ideas* and not giving proper credit where credit is due—but frankly; if you're afraid to share ideas you probably shouldn't be freelancing anyway.

¹⁵ At the time of this writing, it looks like *Shadows of Latin America* will be published soon, but for about two years it's been collecting dust on a harddrive somewhere.

¹⁶ Freelancers sign a Non-Disclosure Agreement (NDA), which basically says you're not going to spill the beans about what's in the next sourcebook on the internet before the book is published. There's nothing in there about not badmouthing your coworkers in your memoir, but that business is all done now and I'd rather not talk about people when they have no way to defend themselves.



Con'trips → cheap, simple, easy proggyes - but useful & built using quick codes?
 Stealthy utilities → brainscan from black box
 Maser Core → ~~Why?~~

Benefit of optic interface → no electronic Warfare! (Custom job?)

QuickSilver (Alphabet?)
 Grid
 selective Faraday cage
 combine with frequencies
 shifts through frequencies
 Nano stealth/kin?

Potato Power
 ↳ Backup good for
 Wilderness forays

The basics of Modifying a Commlink

- Components:
- Case
 - Emitter
 - Receiver
 - Storage Memory
 - Chips
 - Optoelectric interface
 - Add ons(?)

Cosmetic Case Mod

Radioactive Power
 Backup circuits
 ↳ "Over-flow" for
 hardware damage

Storage Memory
 ↳ Typically protein memory
 Cold/Dead/offline storage - shunt?
 ↳ Real-time holographic storage memory

"Mini-matrix"
 ↳ illegal mod for "hotsim" only, Matrix initiative

Crystal? → Special Optoelectric interface for datajacks
 ↳ A Matrix Reaction/Initiative?

Modules:
 ↳ Biofeedback Module
 ↳ Monitor and tinker
 ↳ illegal mod → high?

Scrambler chip → ~~encrypts~~ encrypts signal
 Spurter → Penalty on initiative, but harder to trace

Traffic Analysis?
 Kicker
 ↳ record & report traffic

Encryption
 Masquer → changes ID number
 Blank → erased ID number

~~Dedicated Agent Module~~
 ↳ mini CPU for running Agents
 use.fuk(?)

Electronic Warfare Tools

Installed IC
 ↳ Only when someone
 hacks commlink/node.
 Reactive? Proactive?
 Or performs certain
 functions.

Hacks → illegal mods with ups and downs

PAW modes
 ↳ "Insect Eyes" / "Spider Sense"
 ↳ Sanction Mode

~~Directional Piercer → are shot SOS pulse to blast through Faraday cages~~

Hidden IC in
 source code / operating
 system

"Tuned" - customized interface for one user (drawbacks for other users)

~~Van Eck Proofing - key internal components protected from~~

Hacking device drivers to accept mods

Self-Destruct Circuit → experimental prototypes (anti-espionage)

laser hold-out



"I'm kind of an emotional energy sink."

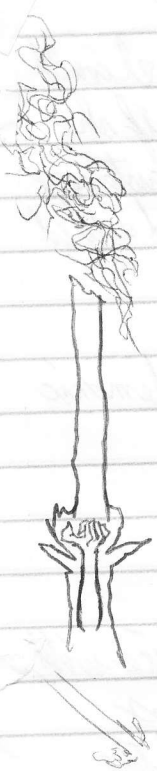
The street sang to me, bare feet to ferroconcrete, calluses scraping off and growing hard again, and every step let me hear the city's song.

On this corner, a sixteen-year old ork girl was raped by four trolls just coming into their teens. That was about three hours ago; the rain was washing her blood and the memory of her pain away.

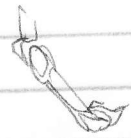
This bus stop bench is where two people found true love once a couple days ago. I cover the worn plastic and feel like a voyeur at a peep show.

I don't hurry past the BTL den. When you love a place, you have to know every part of it, the weeds and all. Like haruspicy, diving the future through the lesions on a liver.

But sometimes you find a parasite. BTLs are filthy, but they're human filth. The footprint outside the beetle den was something else again. Something foul.



Laser disguised as laser sight



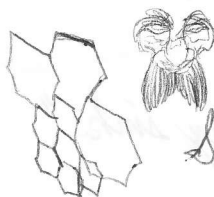
Zelss



Multiple-focusing laser eye system - flare protection

- eye laser
- range finder
- laser microphone
- laser sight





Shedin vs. Hamad



The chip stuck in her datajack was just for show, I could tell from across the room the girl was dead, even if she was still moving, aware, I imagined the smell of the customers helped cover it; the nearest patron had pussed himself and added a couple other choice secretions.

I felt Margoyls enter in me, felt my face twist in a demonic mask and look on the living stone of my sprawl



Majo Lance



When I was young, before they replaced the police with securicops, I saw the men and women in their dress uniforms, and they looked so fine, the guardians of the city.



When I call on my guardians, they come. In full dress uniform.

Breath of Tenochtitlan

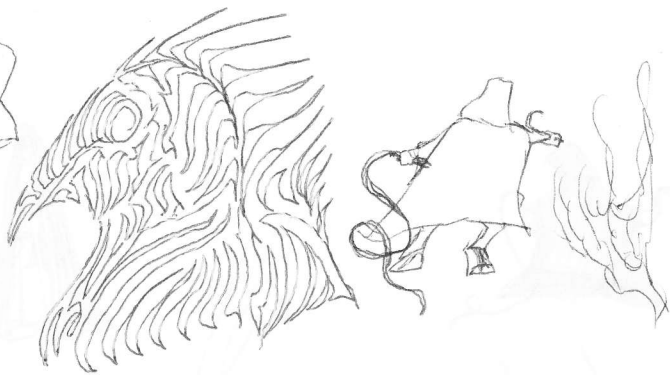
"Only nerds deal with factory-made when you can get it customized."

Desktop Forge vs. Off-the-Shelf

Neo-Tokyo

Land of the Heretic

by Otake-Zuka



Movement is life. And Neo-Tokyo never stops. Money, mana, and people move like blood through the city's veins. Geomantic architecture melds with the ^{squat} soulless ~~and~~ cubes of coffin-hotels, and the glowing mirages of futuristic pagodas. ~~There are~~

There are a thousand layers of ~~virtual~~ ^{augmented} reality, ~~all merging~~ merging into a literal data sea

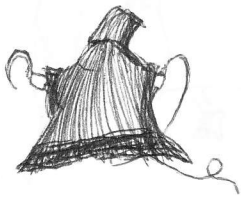
People - The data flow of traffic patterns is fascinating. The urban planners took care to maximize the flow of metahumans, eliminating as much as possible the stopgaps and constructions to achieve a homogeneity of flow.

MANA - To understand Neo-Tokyo, you must understand ~~that~~ something of the Japanese mind. We appreciate balance in our lives, but an active balance, not a negation. Energy. Yin and Yang moving around an invisible pole...

NEVER

Data





NUYEN

Satori



Tao



"The lingering influence of the Japanese corps, their most indelible mark stamped on our world: we spend their money."

1) Corporate 2) Neo-Tokyo Specific 3) Cool

Matrix

Get all copies - Matrix archived on don chip - of a private corporate party (that never happened)
Change the plans on a gate Renraku is building for the Maneki Neko Shrine
Hack Harami while other team members place special reflectors at select Neo-Tokyo sites
A feral AI weaves a web ~~in~~ below the Neo-Tokyo Tower, trapping icons there

Crime

Give a single share of corporate stock to keep sokaiya quiet at a meeting - bought back later for payment
Raid a rare beetle shop for moshi'sushi delicacies
Old Criminal hires ~~for~~ IY hit on a Yakuza money-laundering front
Destroy a shipment of tainted, yak-logo'd goods

Magic

Set-up for extraction of a researcher in Ippissimus - by another MCT branch (?) - paid in discounts
Shiawase gives the runners a gelger counter to ~~track~~ track a package - a natural plutonium radical
Breakup a glow pack scavenging the Takonashi's garbage
Nyumyo hires the runners to deliver a scroll to an underwater vassal; recover a sword

Biz as Usual

A human poseur ork ^{vice president} needs a bone ^{marrow} transfusion → from another ork - illegal medicals
Extract a corpint operative from a Kendo Club.
Runners hired to infiltrate a megacorp ~~as secretaries~~ for two weeks as reg. workers - false IDs and all

Other

Contest/Game show (?) → payoff? Lottery?

Matrix Rodeo

Find a thief that can secrete nanite dissembler from hands and feet to climb buildings
Heir apparent → Woman (female corp) who had an abortion finds out the child was saved ~~and~~ by the State

Koreans
National Intelligence Service

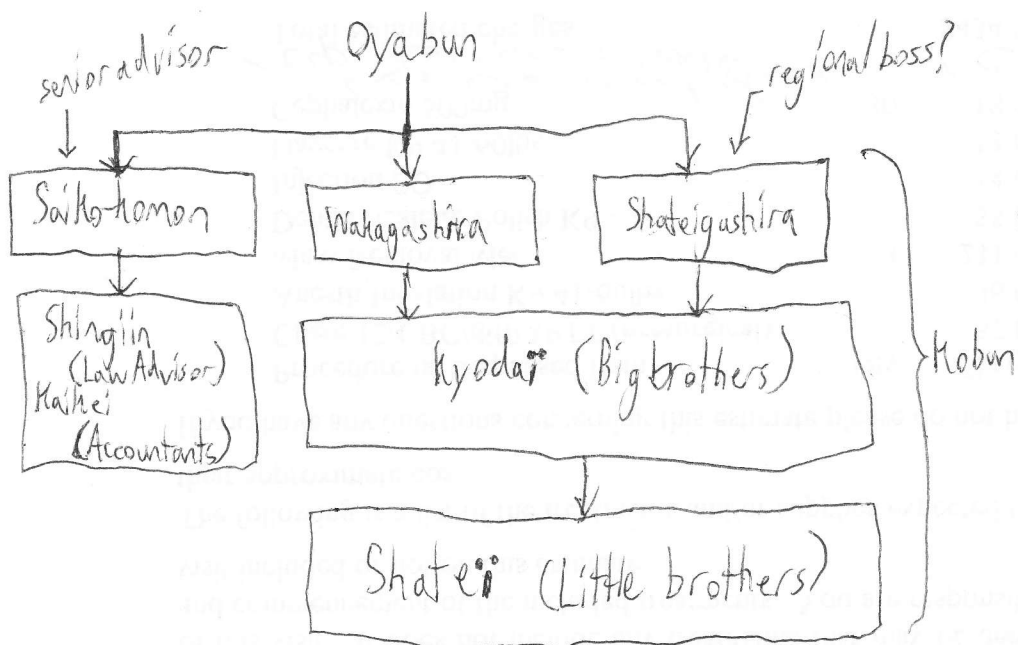
katagi (civilians)

Hideo
Hideyoshi
Hideyori
Hide tsugu
Hidenaga
Hideki

bakuto (gamblers)
tekiya (peddlers)

bōryakuden (violence groups)

sakazuki (sake sharing)
↳ sake from a single cup



o-nee "older sister"
so-hanbuchi "Headquarters chief"

Mizu shōbai (water trade)

Oicho-kabu card game
8-9-3 "ya-ku-asa"
- worst hand -

SHOCFDCBTURITAYLE

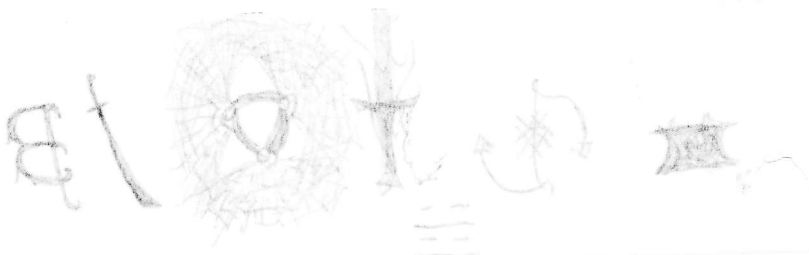
Non-coital legal in Japan
Frottage, sumata

$$\frac{x}{y} = \frac{a}{b} \times \frac{b}{y}$$

$$x \cdot \frac{b}{y} = \frac{a}{y}$$

$$\frac{31}{1250} \cdot 21$$

$$\frac{12}{100} \cdot 21$$



Ultimate reason obscure, but corporate
 Ultimate villain obscure, corporate, possibly unapproachable

mad/brach/br...
 mad/brach/br...



(?) pripped/dot



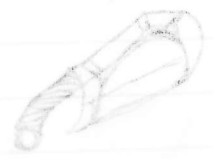
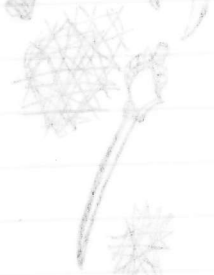
Plots:

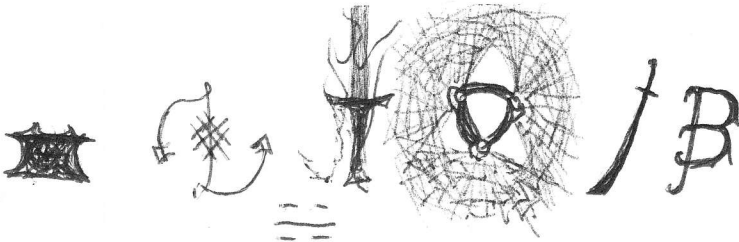
Show the size of corporations from the street.

- 1) Killed to negate competition between two companies
- 2) Killed to negate competition within a company
- 3) Killed to blame another company, causing two competitors to fight
- 4) Killed as consequence of escalating feud between two companies
 - perhaps as part of a takeover/merger?

PRIME Purpose →

- Find the assassin
- Recover power focus/tail (?)
- ↳ Nah





$$15 \overline{) 250} \begin{array}{r} 16 \\ 15 \\ \hline 100 \end{array}$$

$$\frac{d}{dx} x^{-1} = \frac{-x}{x^2}$$

$$\frac{d}{dx} x^2 = 2x$$

$$\frac{x}{x-1}$$

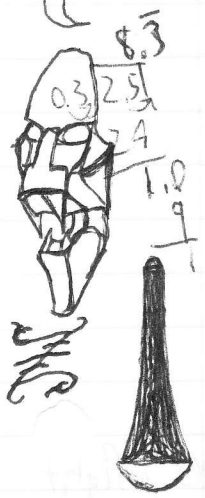
Kits \diamond \equiv
 Music \equiv

How to kill a shape shifter?

- Silver weapons 6/10
- Extremely potent weapons 5/10 - explosives, etc.
- Specialized nerve trauma 7/10 - spinal cord, brain
- Magic weapons (?) - 3/10

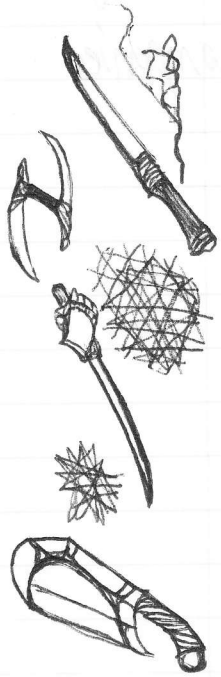


Talis/legging(?)



Reasons:

- 1) Need the exotic reagent 5/10
- 2) Eliminate the competition 6/10 - Niche market? Austral Rock?
- 3) Collect the insurance 6/10
- 4) Use notoriety to sell records? 5/10 - meh
- 5) Revenge for job 3/10 - no profit in revenge
- 6) Lab subject 2/10 - if so, bungled
- 7) Takeover bid? 7/10 ← Not bad! ... but cheaper to take out executives rather than talent



mm

A load - 50Ω? - Check pre-amps.

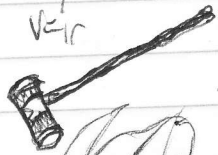
Black
Blood of
Haskut

Vice

Black market magical goods

Yakuza - Washington, D.C. (P), San Francisco?

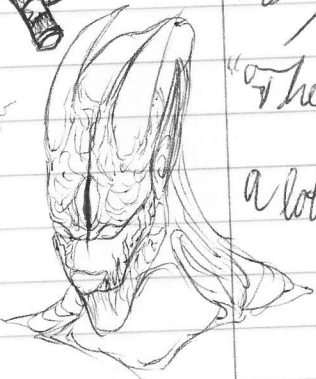
Vice



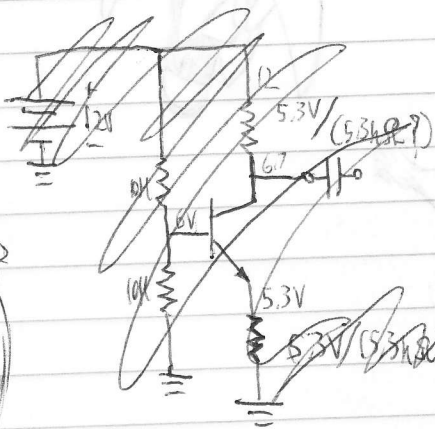
"Just because it's been living there for years doesn't mean it's your face."

"The only place I've actually drank a molotov cocktail."

a lot of these bigger syndicates...



Some people wear their scars proudly



An anvil unfinished...

... an anvil corrupted!

March Kaos!!



Spirit binding/summoning rituals.

- must be ritual magic
- mechanically similar to free spirits
- some anchor instead of some name



A xenosapient, or xenosophant, or xenosophant, does not operate under the typical models of thought. In this way, a X&S is not so much a category as an extremely broad grouping of those AIs who do not fit cleanly into any other categories.

Take, as an example, an AI that is predominantly fecal but displays a particular aptitude - bordering on the savant - in one particular area of cognition. To a degree, all AIs display particular mechanical specialties that exceed the wetware / metahuman mind - eidetic memory, perfect pitch, and superhuman calculation are all simple aspects that even a fecal AI may have access to - though whether they would have the sense of self to actively apply them is another matter. Picture instead a spider with a heightened intuition and the ability to dream, or a serpent whose heightened creativity births paranoia and eventual schizophrenia.

The prime difference between these latter-day AIs and their forebears is that while the origins - Mircage, Deus, and Morgan/Megacon - were single and complete programs, vast and intricate in their intricacy, this newer generation is the product of constructs, agents, and collections of lesser programs assembled into self-modifying, adaptive networks.

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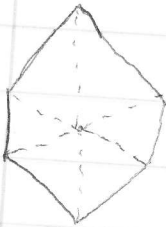
Manadyme

blood tech ware cyber magic

- Research Occulting
- Innovative Thaumaturgical Solutions

→ Products/Services & magic-related skills/softs/tutorials/suites
Absorption metamagic

→ ~~Open~~ Collaboration/Directed Research



alchemia microfac software
Appie blood calender nanotattoo

Manadyme - mainly software sculpting & LC

- o Some technomancer research, mostly directed research
- o Bought out Global Entertainment

Limited resources

Moderate protection from buyout
Nice work environment - but headhunters



Mangadyme - Carolyn Winters - gifted
Mangadyme - Carol Winters - genius

Major clients: WLD Gent, MCV, hood EV, MCV SA

Major Accomplishments: fetishes?

Products: mainly research; bulk of actual software products produced by mangadyme division

Impact of being A-rated: Heightened security/secrecy, ability to get certain "research materials" more easily; fewer restrictions on types of research (and disposal of magical hazardous waste)

Threats: Competition, Sponsors - mainly MCV



Mysteria

functional immortality is a useful thing, but it pays to have multiple back-ups."



e-paper spell-scrolls (The Black Code)

→ Open source spell/focus fully spirit formulae

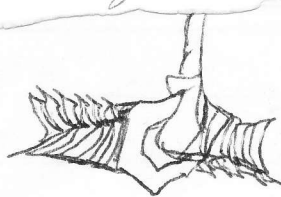
Fetish ~~is~~ formal definition

↳ potential for unique fetishes

"One of those things so basic that once you say it, it's completely obvious."

A "ring" of protein memory that matches the sense signal to your neural response power spectral density profile.

It is requisite to a magician to have additional resources than they ever believe they will need.



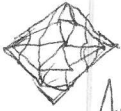
Effayed
my eye

The acquisition of power opens up the possibility of achieving greater power.

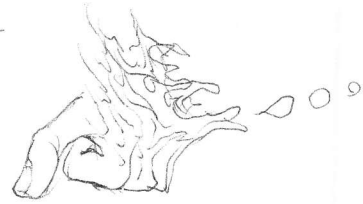
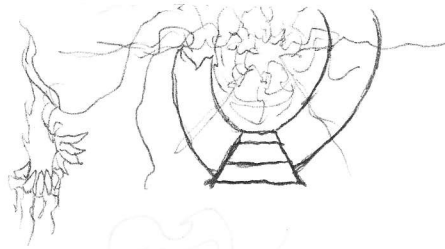
You're a punk who happened to find a grimoire that works. As far as I'm concerned, you're about as dangerous as a monkey with a gun.



Magic is a dirty thing. It likes darkness, secrecy, misery, and moral and physical degradation. Is it any wonder so many artifacts and books of spells gravitate to the basest among us?



Assaying




Enchanting Options (per force point?)

- attuned (more dice for some tests, less for others) cost: 1 per
- fortified (more astral barrier/structure rating) cost: 0.5 per
- concealed (natural mask, treat level as initiate grade) cost: 2 per
- offensive (use as magic weapon, non-weapon focus only) cost: 3
- partial/complex gear (not an all-or-nothing gear) cost: 2
- spirit-powered (trapped spirit powers instead of enchantment; eq. to pact) cost: 4
- filtered (unaffected by background count) cost: 0.5 per
- multiple-bond/shared (more than one user can be bonded) cost: 2 per
- weak link (harder to use as a ritual link, easier to lose w/flux) cost: 0.5 per
- Touch Link (can cast spells w/ touch range to anything touching focus) cost: 1
- Sense link (limited perception around focus; adepts only?) cost: 2
- Familiar focus (Familiar inhabits focus) cost: 1 per force of spirit
- Resistant (to spells) cost: 1.0 per

Essence Foci, Expendable Foci (Charms), Blood Foci, ~~Druidic Cauldron~~ ^{Dead Vessel} ~~Forming~~ _{Magi}
 Alchemic Foci, Dowser (Psychometry or sensing?)

Fetish/Talisman tats → double, treble cost?

Focus tat: +1 die for one specific test, max # is equal to Essence or Magic, whichever is lower. 3 Karma.

Spirit-trapping, , chains

Alicorn → purgative for magical venoms/magical compounds



